

Bellefonte, Pa., March 14, 1913.

THINGS WE CAN'T AFFORD.

We can't afford to win the gain That means another's loss; We can't afford to miss the crown By stumbling at the cross.

We can't afford the heedless jest That robs us of a friend; We can't afford the life that finds In bitter tears an end.

We can't afford the feast to-day That brings tomorrow's fast; We can't afford the face that comes To tragedy at last.

We can't afford to play with fire Or tempt a serpent with a lure; We can't afford to think that sin Brings any true delight.

We can't afford with serious heed To treat the cynic's sneer; We can't afford to wise men's words To turn a careless ear.

We can't afford for hate to give Like hatred in return; We can't afford to heed a flame And make it fiercer burn.

We can't afford to lose the soul For this world's fleeting breath; We can't afford to barter life In mad exchange for death.

But blind to good are we apart From Thee, all-seeing Lord; O, grant us light that we may know The things we can't afford.

—Exchange.

MARY BOLD'S CHILDREN.

Mary Bold stood at the open door, looking for the children, with a tremulous eagerness not like her.

She was a handsome, dark-eyed woman of forty, with a fine serious face, full of character. When you met her going to shop, you were aware at once that she was a separate something. Her beautiful eyes, severely studied, but altogether benign, lacked wholly that wide and childlike readiness of reply to glance or word which belonged to most of her neighbors, once they knew you and began to be friendly. Mrs. Bold thought for herself. She measured you with a grave courtesy as respectful as her old-fashioned "drop-curtain" on meeting you, and you had a conviction that you probably felt short. If you were sick, or innocently sad, she met you with a large love. But she "took life hard," exacting from herself and those around her a standard beyond that of every-day comfortable convention. You had to live for God in the world. It wasn't very likely to be easy.

It seemed to her not a day, but years, since yesterday afternoon, when the Rector had come along, and turned in and sat down, and then said—"that. She wanted to see her boy coming, and yet she shrank. Her heart was stirred; it beat in her ears. She seemed shaken with it; and rebuked herself. She had sat and prayed over her sewing all the early afternoon, but there was no calm in it. She wanted this good thing for her child; and then she did not want it. It was unknown. It was doubtful. Yet a mother's hot ambition, below all this, desired and yearned for it. If William, All at once she saw at the turn of the road a white figure, and knew it instantly for her husband's. She went inside.

William, in his cream-colored clothes, with little brown straps below the knees of his trousers, came in, a handsome, square-set quarryman, knocking the sticky white mud off his boots before he stepped over the threshold. He was a fine man and a good workman, and he had a certain cool dignity of possession as he glanced around the house his forebears had left him, and realized the small but refining improvements made since he and Mary came to live there; but he wholly lacked the curious, subtle air of distinction and character that belonged to his wife. This and their proprietorship caused the Bolds to be "looked on" in the place. The only other freehold, belonging to the Baron, was a very different place to look at.

Mary was seated beside the fire, straightening the cups on the table. "You be early, my dear," she said. "I be. We've finished up seam, and I had a mind to come back home afore the youngsters were in. I've a thought, Missus."

"You ave, then?"

"Yes, I've a thought. I'll stand out o' the money, Mr. Bold. The boy shall have a chance, if I do work for it."

A quick trembling shook Mary Bold, but her voice was quite steady.

"You be a good father, my dear. I ope as he'll give it back to ye."

Mary Bold sat still by the fire, her hands on her lap, her heart aflame. She thanked God, and snatched the words back. She called upon Him, and the cry became praise. In the midst of it she saw the children pass beyond the window.

Emily's face, round and fresh, framed in sandy hair, was merely the plain wholesome countenance of a healthy child, dependent for its attraction mainly on its mingling of unconscious sincerity and good will. Arthur, on the other hand, reminded you at once that he came of a handsome family, if not of two. You looked at him twice. The clear brown eyes, the shapely brow, the dark boyish head with its unexplained air of power, were all remarkable. He was garbed in an ancient smock-frock, a garment already, alas! fast disappearing from the earth. Granny Bold, a "terrific one to sew," had made her growing, dame-school-going William several, and had been proud of him and them, far away in "Father's" boyhood. Arthur was doing his level best to wear them out; but there is a fearful amount of standby in a smock. Hate it as you choose, it gets but little drag. Thus far he had not worn one through.

The boy was growing very tall. He was beginning to have to stoop coming in at the door, like his father. The step down inside made the doorway shallow. The smocks would have to go now. David's Albert would be glad of them, for a pattern to Emily. Bless him, he had a comely face. Would it look the same in a month or two?

William had changed his white clothes, and sat in the armchair of authority. The freight dazed on Mary's comely head, on the bright pewter teapot, on the boy over his hot toast, on Emily's round eyes above her teacup.

The girl washed the tea things every

night; before she had touched them, her mother spoke rather suddenly: "Father, I think 'tis time now for tell'n Arthur what we been a-taken of."

The boy had gravitated instantly toward the dresser, where a brown story-book lay. He turned, his face full of sudden question.

William Bold sat upright in his chair. "You can tell'n, Missus," he said. When the children were concerned, he never was the chief speaker.

"Come here to me, Arthur," said Mary Bold. When she felt a thing deeply, her tone and her face were never without a hint of sternness. The boy understood it. It only averted and excited him. He came, and stood by her chair.

"Arthur, the Lord have looked upon ee. Father and me have got a great piece o' good luck come to us for ee, Arthur. Last night our good minister came to see us. He told us as young Mr. Ryder, they've a-chose him master o' the grammar-school over to Framley. An' he's goin' to be wonderful good to ee, Arthur, and give ee teaching free gracious, same as them boys do get; more'n plain read, write, and cipher. Latin and history, books and all sorts. Nor the yin't all."

The boy's bright eyes were devouring her face.

"He says if Father can give up thoughts of you earning anything or doin' for yourself, he'll keep ee come you be nineteen; and then he'll send ee to Oxford College, for to see if the folks up there take ee to instruct, like they do the gentlemen. This here school have got some sort of a hold up Oxford College, so as they're bound to take a boy from here once a year. It mid be you, Arthur."

The boy's breath came short and quick. "You did ought to thank yer father, Arthur, as have made up his mind for to stand o' your money, and keep ee 'isself for you t'ave such a chance."

Arthur stepped across the narrow hearth.

"Thank ee, Father," he said, in a high, excited childish voice. "It be main good of ee, Father."

His mother caught her breath. The boy had taken it in.

Emily behind had stood looking on with scarlet cheeks. Her little soul, shaken and eager, was filled suddenly with overflowing with passionate pride. He was going to be seen for what he was; to do the marvels she had always known he could do! Now nothing could have restrained her. She sprang forward and caught Arthur round the neck.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" she cried out, eyes glowing and danced. No thought of selfless joy was in the child.

The boy turned, caught her by the shoulders, and jumped with her up the room and back again. His cheeks were flaming, his eyes lit; he was a creature transformed, long boy no longer,—that dumb, conscious thing that is a boy,—the tears leapt up into Mary Bold's eyes. She was not a crying woman, but they blinded her.

As the dancing children came near her, she stretched a hand and arrested them, looking on them with eyes of fierce love and with shaking lips that for a long minute would not speak.

"Arthur, when you be come up a gentleman, mind what your Mother did say to ee this night. Wherever you be and whatever you're a-done, don't ee never come ashamed o' your sister, Arthur. She do love ee faithful."

The childlike gentleness of Lady Susan's aged face was overcast. Her blue eyes were troubled. Her Honiton cap had been tilted a little to one side.

"I'm troubled about the girl Jane. Watson says she does want so to go home and see her mother. I don't see how I can let her go now," Lady Susan murmured.

"Both the girl!" said Gwen, her chin a little in the air. "Of course you can't. Darling dear, your cap! Let me. If she wants to go home, she should make a clean breast of the reason."

"How can I, Gwen, with Watson so far from home? And then, you've got to beg his pardon, a Fellow of his College! And yet, I can't bear being hard on a servant. I wonder could one put him off. But it's only for two nights, and your uncle would be sorry. He wanted him asked. It's not sickness, she said."

"Then it can wait. Gwen had her own reasons why the author of "Charles Stuart: A Monograph" should not be put off; but Auntie, she prayed, dreamt not of them. "See, dearie, shall I speak to her? We're rather friends. And I won't have you worried into a headache."

"Oh, no, dear. It's settled now; but I'm not comfortable. Suppose her parents really want her. Such dreadful things do happen to the poor! They're such very respectable people, Watson says. The father's a quarryman. And she such a nice girl, only here a month and Watson can leave her do anything. Just what I want. I wonder what it is. Perhaps some brother's run away to sea, or they're in debt, or the father drinks."

Gwen burst out laughing.

"Oh, dear, poor thing! What a tender-hearted auntie it is!"

The *Times* here arrived opportunely, under the big cedar-tree.

When Lady Susan had begun to read, Gwen got up and went in. She had seen a duster flutter out of her bedroom window.

"Oh, Jane, has my lilac muslin come home from the wash?"

Jane set down the pail she was carrying away.

"No, Miss; but I've sent round."

"Oh, thank you! Jane, I'm so sorry to hear you're in trouble."

Jane stood upon one foot, flushing to the roots of her sandy hair. She reached after the handle of the pail.

"Oh, it's—it's not anything, Miss. Another woman's eye saw it was very much indeed. 'I'm sorry I troubled her Ladyship, Miss.'"

"But—what is it, child?" Gwen thrust the door to, over the girl's shoulder.

"You're really in trouble, or you wouldn't have spoken; and I might help. Tell me; it won't go any farther, I promise."

The spirit of common girlhood was in the tone. Lady Susan's housemaid stood flushed and awkward. Then she gave a quick, hot glance upwards—(why, cannot one say "uttered a glance"?) that is the truth; just one look, but it covered the whole, from top curl to dapper slipper-toe, of Gwen's fair, dainty, summer-morning person. Then she dropped her eyes.

"Oh, no, Miss! Not if 'twas ever so!"

Gwen was startled. She felt as if she had been scorched; but she had no idea why. It was as if there was something hostile, almost tragic, in the glance. Tragical! Jane! the stolid, steady-going maid servant!

"But, if it's so serious!" Gwen found herself saying.

"Oh, 'tisn't, Miss. 'Tis—nothing. I only wanted for to see Mother."

"Well, I'm sure, next week, when the house is empty, my aunt will spare you gladly. Mrs. Watson will be better, and—"

"Oh, yes, Miss. Please, Miss, don't you be troubled! 'Tis just nothing," and Jane, the color of a hot coal, seized her pail and was gone. Gwen shrugged her grow, when Miss Gwen's like to help some people. But what on earth had made the girl look at her like that?

The girl went away in a desperate hurry, the pail clanging noisily down the passage. When she got into the roomy housemaid's cupboard, where the sink was she thrust the door to behind her, setting down the pail with a rattle, with no attempt to empty it. She stood breathing quick, big drops of agitation and stress breaking out on her forehead.

"Oh, dear!" she said in little gasps. "Oh, dear!"

"Her! her! of all people! Tell her!" She became quieter, leaning against the wall, her eyes fixed and troubled. Was ever poor girl put in such a corner before? Who ever heard of such a thing? Oh, what a heaven-sent blessing they called her Jane! 'Twould never strike him to remember her name. Well, you can't help her. Perhaps he never look up, not catch her face. If he did—good heavens, what would they both do?

All at once sob's burst up into her throat. Oh, it was hard! She hadn't seen him for so long; but stand in his way! ruin his chance with—

It was tea-time when the Fellow of his College arrived. From the bedroom window he saw the girl's white muslin come home to be carried up. Jane could see the little group under the cedar; the white table with the pretty tray, all dainty china and silver; Lady Susan, old and elegant, in the wicker armchair; the professor with his big white hat; Miss Gwen's light graceful figure in that pretty pink cotton; and clear to be seen, but with his back to her, that other figure, in dark-brown tweeds, the black head, the shoulders. No; come away! one mustn't get to crying again!

Arthur Bold, for a peasant boy, made a remarkably successful gentleman. When one has been taught from babyhood to fear God and respect one's elders, to hate a lie and consider one's neighbor, one's root-principles are not fundamentally different, to begin with, from those regulating the gentle life, technically so named, there was a shy and rather needless modesty about him, and then, that was all. The peasant, pure and simple, is not a "vulgar" person. With scholarship and culture added, and the indefinable stamp called by the name of Oxford, it had never yet occurred to Gwen to wonder under what roof that handsome head had grown up. He had "people" somewhere, of course. She would know about them, some day. They were poor, she had heard. They didn't matter now, nor much at any time, when one remembered what he was and what he had done. The Professor believed in the rough-and-ready of the future. Yes, Bold was a coming man. He was going to make us old folks look about, said the Professor with his fatherly smile.

And there, up-stairs, furtive and frightened, peering between the light summer curtains, in her tidy black frock and her rough-sewn hat, she sat. He had shared his baby plays and eaten hot toast off the same plate with him, stood, and gazed at him with hungry eyes.

"You're fond of the country?" Gwen said, as she trotted down the long path to the paddock.

Arthur Bold had come straight from three weeks' reading at the British Museum. The summer days in town, airless and dust-defiled, made all gardens more fair. He glanced round him, drawing a deep breath.

"The country and bread in the country," he answered. As he said it, a thing suddenly happened. The garden prospect, the overhanging beeches, the tangled poppy-bed mingled with white pinks, that ran beside the path, ay, even the girl so close to him, were there no more. He was alone with the garden, and the garden, where, too, the pinks grew. To go in, to where the low-roofed, tidy kitchen glowed with firelight, and a tall woman in black gown and apron sat and sewed, he must step down through the brown doorway, and stop his head a little.

The moment was very intense. It could scarcely have happened if he had not been vividly in love. He had come down here, eager, shaken with the seeing her again. He had met her first in "Eighty-week." Ever since, in the broad silent Museum's matted spaces, amidst the deep joys that came in from dusty decipherments in solemn, aged tomes, she had never been absent from him.

His life at Oxford had been quiet, but never narrow. Everyone knew he was poor, had come up from a country grammar-school. His great gifts, combined with a certain simple directness of character, due partly to youthful sincerity, partly to his peasant instincts and upbringing, saved him many of the pains and awkwardnesses inherent in such a situation. He had learnt, half unconsciously, to adapt himself. He had made friends.

All at once now, he realized the gulf. It was as if he had never seen it yawn before. He no longer belonged to that life where his mother dwelt. A light puff of wind fluttered a pink cotton skirt toward him. Gwen had come back. She was there now,—Gwen, his gracious lady, to whose world he did not belong, for good and all, who knew nothing about the other.

All at once one of those strange voices, as out of the unseen, that, at weighty hours of life, speak suddenly to shake, to inspire us, came to Arthur Bold.

"Tell her," it said, "she must know some day. Say, 'I am a quarryman's son.'"

As it came, the two turned up the path, again. When they reached the head of it, Arthur stepped aside and gathered something from the border.

"Do you like pinks?" he said. His voice was not quite steady.

He had not spoken. He did not mean to speak. He did not know her well enough. He was not ready.

Yet, at the bottom of his heart,—foolishly, unreasonably though it might be,—he was ashamed.

The shaded candles shone softly upon red roses laid on the white cloth. The soup had gone round. It was salmon now. There was an entree to come next.

Bates was distinctly worried. He could not think what was the matter with the girl. As a rule she waited capitally; was all he wanted. Tonight she seemed to

have lost her head; had missed out the guest! From the sideboard he did his best to telegraph to her; then he beckoned, and thrust the plate into her hand. Mercifully no one saw him.

Whether her nervousness or the fear of getting no fish disturbed the even tenor of his mind, Arthur Bold became suddenly aware of the air he knew not what in the air. He glanced up. Suddenly he ceased to speak. That hot strange vision of home leapt up once more. He had met full a frightened, deprecating, distressed pair of blue eyes. Bending to hand the cucumber to the Professor, he saw his sister Emily.

Arthur never knew clearly what he thought or did in that instant. An impulse to spring up from the chair, to speak, came first, for one warm natural moment. Then Emily's eyes, and an acquired instinct that in that strange crisis half of her hated, the other half respected, kept him seated, silent. He bent his eyes on his plate and helped himself to salt.

Someone else had seen; someone sitting opposite him. A pair of quick girl's eyes had intercepted that speechless message.

The color flooded Gwen's cheek and neck; but he saw nothing but his plate. It seemed to him that he knew not who he was or what he was. He was less "in a strait betwixt two" than adhering to both, fighting fiercely for his rights in both. There was a mother—Emily meant his mother, too! Gwen, the new, insistent, exquisite love, that, while the life beat in him, must come first of all things!

After dinner Gwen sat by the lamp, drawing threads from a square of coarse linen. She did not look at Arthur Bold when he came in. What did the thing mean? What had the housemaid to do with him that their eyes met like that? The girl was very young, and there was pride in her, the hot pride of birth and breeding, and fierce, tender, tremulous pride of first love. She knew she cared for this man. What had he to do with the housemaid?

Gwen swept down the passage with a rustle of silk skirts. She had shaken hands with the guest at the stair-head. As she entered her bedroom, Jane came out. She had just deposited a hot-water can, and she carried another.

The guest had just entered his room opposite, toward which the girl crossed. The one she stopped and turned to go down the passage. She had seen him. But a voice said, "I want to speak to you." Gwen, invisible herself, saw the instant of hesitation. Then Jane had crossed the other threshold, and the door was shut.

"Oh, Arthur! I didn't never mean."

The sentence was cut short. The gentleman in dress clothes caught and kissed the girl in cap and apron. Then he looked at her for an instant, his face unsteady.

"Bless the maid!—she's as red as the roses. Why didn't you tell me you were here?"

"I never known as you was comin', Arthur; not till Mr. Bates give me a letter for to put on your chimney-piece. Oh, Arthur, I'm that sorry! But I shan't say nothin'."

The well-known tones with the burr of his voice brought a queer sensation into Arthur's throat. The eyes, with their wistful love, their anxiety, did not help. He suddenly took her by the shoulders.

"Look here, Sister Emily, what time are you free tomorrow? In the afternoon? After tea? We'll chat together."

"Oh, Arthur, I couldn't. They'd all be talkin'." 'Twould come to Miss Gwen—oh, Arthur, I 'oodn't stand in your way."

The dark face flushed hotly. "What time are you free?"

"Well, 'at past five—But, Arthur—"

"I'll be there, then. You've seen Mother since I have. Well, now, good-night, Sis. I'm afraid you'd better not stay here."

Gwen lay awake a long time. Thoughts utterly unknown to her life visited her that night. She tossed through dreams for a short time, and woke, in full summer sunshine, about six. She was weary and restless. The summer garden invited. She rose, and went out. Her heart was troubled. Nature was kind under the dewy trees.

She had thought him her own yesterday. Now she was proudly aware that she relinquished him. A lady knew little of a man's life, where it was less than honorable. It was no business of hers. They were not engaged; she had no rights in him. If she were surprised, disappointed,—well, that was her affair. One attended to one's affairs oneself, even if of some people one had thought differently.

He went home to breakfast, through the woodland ways, some half-mile off, she caught sight of a black-and-red uniform, and waited.

"Good-morning, postman," said Gwen, ever good-natured, "can't I save you a walk?"

He pulled up, thanked her, shifted his bag from his back, and gave her the household letters. Gwen went toward the house, turning over the little bundle idly to find her own.

All at once, in the middle of the coach-way, she stopped. Whose address was that?

"Miss Emily Jane Bold—"

Bold! The only Bold was—that was a servant's letter, obviously. The envelope, the handwriting, said so.

As with a growing light, something slowly unfolded itself before Gwen. A hot spot burned in her left cheek.

She went through the open study window, where a girl was sweeping. "Here's a letter for you, Jane, I think; I met the postman."

Up-stairs in her room Gwen stood still. Her heart yearned over what she loved. She had misjudged him. Yes; but this was a new test. Would he stand it? The girl's lips parted in an anxious smile. Heavens, what a moment for a man! To speak out, to confess! Or else to risk for that other girl, who belonged to him, the gossip of the servants' hall, of all her neighbors in her own sphere. And—more than that. What would Arthur Bold be worth if he were silent?

"Yesterday," said Gwen to herself deliberately, "I meant to marry him. Today I don't care two straws how he is born. He is a gentleman. But the man I marry must be a gentleman."

Uplifted and tremulous, her heart shook within her, but by that test Gwen would abide.

Arthur Bold was shy, speaking less freely than usual. It might have been half-past ten when Lady Susan, armed with a large and serious book and a white parasol, took her seat on the terrace, in the shadow of the house. After a few minutes a step approached her. "Lady Susan," said Arthur Bold's voice, "may I ask you for something?"

Lady Susan looked up. She had taken

a fancy to this young man, and she smiled upon him.

"Will you give me leave to take your housemaid for a walk this afternoon? She is my sister."

Arthur Bold stood quite still. It seemed to him, in the next instant, that he had sacrificed he knew not what.

Then, with a little quick movement, he looked up. On the drawing-room window-step stood Gwen. Mary Bold's son met his bride's beautiful eyes full.

—By Mary J. H. Skrine, in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country.—Spring Conditions Here in February. English Sparrows, Crows and Squirrels in Plenty. Hockey and Fine Clothes. Laziness a Physical Necessity. Men as Seamanstresses. Fear of the Plague.

JHANSI, FEBRUARY 7th, 1912.

Dear Home Folk:

Although it is, in all probability, cold and horrible in the U. S., we here in India, are having the most ideal days; crowded full of bright, glorious sunshine, and the nights just cool enough to make sleeping a perfect joy.

Our hospital is almost empty and the plague is still with us but it seems all the English people are inoculated and we don't have many rats about so are not subject to it. The plague is carried by rats and fleas, and some of the natives simply swarm with the latter; and, although they bathe, it is done in such a homeopathic way that me thinks the flea will always find plenty of food underneath the slight coating washed away.

I go to Comore next week on medical business and, as I am told the shops there are very fine, am looking forward to a "shopping bat" with a degree of interest hardly to be expected in one surrounded, as we are here, with the curio.

I sit here at my desk looking out over the compound, wondering what you will be interested to hear. The crows, big, black beautiful birds jeer at me; dozens every place, much larger than those at home, and an impudent gray squirrel scampers past my door. There are hundreds of them, for which we are constant setting traps. They are like our little red variety, but gray in color with a white stripe down their sides, and make fine eating. Then, the ever-present English sparrow flies in the window, circles about my head and finally comes to rest on the book case. These birds are so tame here that they are more of a pest than in the States, if such a thing could be.

Yesterday the "Punjabs" (a native regiment) invited us to a hockey match, and as I had never seen one of ice I was glad to go. The hockey ground is beautifully situated amidst a mass of tropical trees and, of course, is as level as a floor. The native regiment lined three sides in a solid white three deep line. They wore large white turbans with the long scarf part hanging down their backs; long fitted coat of white reaching to their knees; white trousers and bare feet. The fourth side of the grounds was reserved for the Europeans, where tea, coffee, sandwiches, cakes and candies were served during the play. It was a beautiful game, fast and furious and the way those natives ran reminded one of football.

The English society was out en masse in their most beautiful clothes; ostrich plumes seemed to completely cover them all. I met quite a number of charming women and then drove home in the moonlight, as one never goes anywhere here until after four in the day time or nine-thirty at night and it makes the home coming quite late.

We go to the Episcopal church here and the soldiers make up the choir as well as most of the congregation, and their regulation dress at this time of year, when off duty, is red coat, little red cap (muchly trimmed with gold,) and blue trousers; a very striking outfit when seen in large numbers, and one does not often forget them.

There is so much to learn here that the days are not half long enough. One knows nothing of the language, history and last, but far from the least, the new diseases that are cropping up all the time. I wonder from where the time is to come to study it all, for this country is what it is said to be in making one lazy. If you attempted to do the work done in America you could not stand this climate many weeks; you must just naturally be "lazy" if you hope to live here for any time.

I wish you could see my Darsi (seamanster.) He is a nice little old man, with carrot (dyed) hair, tight-fitting wadded coat, and rags, composing what trousers there are, showing below the wonderful coat. He squats the whole day long on the porch with his hand sewing machine beside him, holding the long seams with his toes (in lieu of pinning to his bare knees) and sewing so busily that it seems to take him no time to make our underclothes which, by the way, are very good looking, but deliver me from the outer creations. They are as hopeless looking as they are shapeless.

The drumming and shouting for prayers is still the prominent noise of the night. Would that the plague would cease, for these nightly exhortations are so wondrous and uncanny that one's nerves must of necessity suffer. Yesterday as one of our hospital matrons was driving out to another dispensary she saw a poor soul lying in the middle of the road, dying of the plague, from whom all were running as the natives will not stay near when the soul is "passing out" so leave the body wherever the fatal illness overtakes it. It is horrible to think of, but true nevertheless.

(Continued next week.)

FARM NOTES.

—The dairy farmer should know what his milk costs him. That is just as important as knowing what it brings.

—Decaying vegetables in storage under the living rooms in the cellar are likely to promote ill-health in the household. Keep such products cleaned out as fast as they begin to rot.

—An ear of corn should be cylindrical in shape, have straight rows of regular-shaped kernels. The ear will taper slightly toward the tip; one that tapers toward the butt is very objectionable. It should be full all the way from butt to tip, the dropping of rows being considered a serious fault.

—A horse is a good deal like a man. If you keep him bundled up in a heavy blanket in the barn, he will be almost frozen when you take him out-of-doors. You wouldn't think of wearing an overcoat in the house, would you? If you blanket your horse in the stable, let it be with a light stable-blanket.

—Ground oats with the hulls sifted out make a good feed for young pigs. Whole oats sated on the ground in a dry place make good feed for the brood sows. Crushed or ground oats as a slop may form one-third the ration for brood sows and for growing pigs until they reach the period of fattening hog.

—Weeds have caused more trouble with alfalfa than any other one thing. On account of the danger of trouble with weeds in spring seeding and the liability of interference by drought in late summer seeding, it is undoubtedly safest and best, when it can be done, to spend the spring in ridding the ground of weed seeds and then sow the alfalfa alone about the end of June or the early part of July. In this case the ground can be plowed in the spring, turning under some manure if possible, and then harrow every ten days or two weeks until seeding time. Each successive harrowing will kill the lot of weeds that have started and put in a fresh lot of seeds in a position to germinate, until finally all weed seeds near enough to the surface to grow will have been destroyed.

—The cat, according to Shaler, is the only animal that has been