

AS WE NEAR THE JOURNEY'S END.

A little more tired at close of day; A little less eager to have our way; A little less ready to scold and blame; A little less anxious for things of fame; And so we are nearing the journey's end Where time and eternity meet and blend.

THE PIN-PRICK.

That? That's one of poor May Blissett's things, the one she used to say she'd leave me in her will, because, she said, she knew I'd be kind to her. Her reasons were always rather quaint. She spoke of it as if it were a living thing that could be hurt or made happy.

like you, Roly. What she means is—"What I mean is that, as Frances knows me and likes me a little—you said you did"—(It was as if she thought that Frances was going to say she didn't. She flung her a look that was not quite sinister, not sinister at all—purely exquisite—exquisitely incredulous, exquisitely shy. And she went on with her explanation)—"I should be on her mind. And I couldn't be on your mind, you know."

And queer little person was her tact. By overdoing it the least bit, by insisting on her detachment, her isolation, she would have made us disagreeably aware. When you met her on the stairs (she used to run up and down them incredibly soft-footed) she smiled and nodded at you (she had really a singularly intriguing smile) as much as to say that she was in an awful hurry, life being so full of work, of a joyous activity, but still it was lucky that we could meet like this, sometimes, on the stairs.

And she used to come in to tea, sometimes, when I had a party. She took hardly any room in the studio, and hardly any part in the conversation, but she would smile prettily when you spoke to her; the implication being that it made her happy to be asked to tea, but it was not so necessary to her happiness that you would have to ask her often. She used to come a little late and go a little early—and yet not too early—on the plea (it sounded somehow preposterous) that she was busy. Even the poor art that kept her so was tactful. It had no embarrassing pretensions, it called for no criticism, you could look at it without sacrificing your sincerity to your politeness. And if it hadn't been, May was too well bred ever to refer to it. And it kept her. It got itself hung, as I've said, now and again. Supremely tactful, it spared your pity.

Oh, it was all quite decent. Trust her for that. She was lying on the couch which she'd dragged into the middle of the great bare studio, all ready, dressed in her nightgown, with a sheet drawn up to her chin. The whole place was dim with the fog of the sulphur still burning. She had set the candles, one on each side, one at the head, and one at the foot. No, there's nothing stately and ceremonial about a sulphur candle. Have you ever seen one? It's a little fat, yellow devil that squats in a saucer, dressed in a crimson ooze from which it burns, as if the thing sweat blood before it began its work. One of those stinking devils would have done what she wanted, and there were four. Can't you see her going softly round the couch in her white nightgown, lighting her candles, smiling her subtle and mysterious smile? The ghost of it was still there. I am sure she was thinking how beautifully she had managed and how she had saved us all. The dear woman couldn't have had any other thought.

DOGS ON THE FARM MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

In Fact, if Gone About in the Right Way, They May be Converted Into an Asset.

The dog on the farm can be made a most useful acquisition, and he can be a nuisance and a detriment. Much depends upon the training begun in early life. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and therefore his education should start in puppyhood. Even a mongrel puppy can be taught to be useful. Some dogs show a great deal more good judgment and hard common sense than do some men.

CHOOSING A FARM DOG.

The most popular farm dog is the Scotch Collie. He is probably the most intelligent animal, and when properly trained is a companion ever ready to do one's bidding. He is decidedly the most sagacious of the canine race. As a rule he is always in good humor, a jolly good fellow, ready for a romp at any time, and never for a cross word or a blow. If the human face is a key to character, if expression tells what is in the soul, truly it may be said that the face of the collie indicates his disposition. His eyes, ears and nose seem to tell whether he is gentle or vicious, submissive or vindictive, kind or brutal, dull or intelligent.

SAMPLES OF DOG INTELLIGENCE.

One year we lost a large number of young chickens by the daily visits of hawks. Our collie dog "Pat" noticed that whenever a hawk was about alighting we would pick up a stone and throw it in the direction of the bird. He seemed to grasp our intention, and afterwards stood guard. Whenever a hawk or any bird about that size, would come down near the chickens, Pat would begin to run and bark, and thus scare it away. From the time he started to keep watch we never lost a chick.

THE COLLIES BECOME RATTERS.

Being considerably annoyed with rats on the farm, and the collies not being classed as ratters we purchased a dog for that purpose. We had three collies at the time—Pat, Colonel and Nellie. One day while the hired man was feeding the stock, he saw several large rats run under the pig pen. He called Tip, the ratter, who came accompanied by the collies. The pig pen was raised at one end, and out ran a rodent, which was dispatched by the ratter in quick order. While he shook the rat to death the collies stood around and watched the performance with the greatest interest.

SHUT YOUR EYES AND ANSWER THESE.

What are the exact words on a two-cent stamp? In which direction is the face turned? In what direction is turned the face on a cent? On a dime? On a quarter? What are the words on the face of your watch? What color are the eyes of your employer? Of the man at the next desk? How many teeth have you? What are the words on a policeman's shield? How many buttons have you on your waistcoat? How many toes has a cat on each forefoot, and each hindfoot? What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any \$1, \$2, \$5 or \$10 bill you ever saw? Which way does the crescent moon turn—to the right or to the left?—Cartoons Magazine.

CINCINNATI SELLS EGGS BY WEIGHT.

Cincinnati.—As a result of a controversy that has arisen in the Produce Exchange of the Chamber of Commerce, classification of eggs has been changed. The term "prime firsts" has been discontinued and a new designation has been adopted—"Fresh gathered extra firsts."

OF INFINITE VARIETY.

"My wife is a woman who always speaks her mind." "Her conversation must be monotonous." "Not at all. She is continually changing her mind." "Pa, what is the censor doing?" "Oh, just incense everybody, my son."

THE LOW COST OF HEALTH.

We hear very much of the high cost of living, but we overlook the fact that many of the best things of life can be had for nothing. It costs nothing to stand up and walk and breathe properly. Fresh air in the home is free. No expense taking a few simple exercises every morning. It costs nothing to chew the food thoroughly. It costs nothing to select the food best suited to the body. It costs nothing to clean the teeth twice a day. It costs no more to stop using patent medicines. It costs no more to read good books than trashy literature. It costs nothing to have a cheerful, happy disposition, and stop having grouches. These things cost nothing, yet they will bring content and reduce the doctor's bill to nothing a year—for you.

TEACHING WORDS OF COMMAND.

The puppy must first be taught to lead, placing a string about his neck. He will soon learn not to try to get away, and to come on hearing the word "Here," or whatever word is chosen, pulling on the string until he learns to come promptly. Lessons of

FOR HIGH CLASS JOB WORK COME TO THE "WATCHMAN" OFFICE.

For high class job work come to the "Watchman" office.