

LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

I wish there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes and all our heart-aches, And all our poor selfish grief, Might be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door, And never be put on again.

ABIAH MARSH'S "COME-UP-PANCE."

As Abijah Marsh gazed at the ancient horse, he grinned with irritating self-satisfaction. Abijah was always disagreeable; he was pompously sure of himself and never made mistakes. Mr. Ballin realized that the spectacle was incongruous and under wrinkled brows quizzically eyed old Kit, standing beside the black, shiny motor truck.

Brewster's can get to Keene inside of three hours, I'll—I'll—" The stallion suddenly darted forward in a swirling cloud of dust. Abijah pulled up the reins; then, giving the horse his head, he leaned from his rubber-tired buggy and shrieked in a voice that shook with laughter, "I'll swap hosses—swap hosses, by gosh!"

was hard going in the sand; old man Ballin chewed his whiskers in fitful impatience but Old Kit, flat on her back, with her four feet curled comfortably in the hay, closed her eyes and, soothed by the gentle motion, fell fast asleep. Fifteen minutes later, when Abijah Marsh was gently rattling up to Swanzy Factory, the wheel of Edward Ballin's car gripped the firm bed of the state road.

to see what was going on. Abijah Marsh's face turned red and white in quick succession. He looked first at Old Kit, then he looked at Mr. Ballin, then he looked at Old Kit again. He gasped, felt his throat, looked at Mr. Ballin, looked at Old Kit, drew out a large blue-bordered handkerchief and mopped his shiny forehead.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorn came in flower, what a work we should make about their beauty.

FARM NOTES. —Pennsylvania has about 7,500,000 acres of timberland, one-eighth of which is owned by the State. The total value of the State's timber is \$139,000,000. —Not many years ago sweet clover was a weed; now it is a valuable forage plant, and instead of trying to get rid of it, many farmers are sowing sweet clover seed in the fields and cutting the crop for hay.