

THE MOTHER OF TOMORROW.

Here is the mother of men to be In the unborn days that fly Swift on the wings of destiny; Eagerly drawing nigh, Fearlessly swinging her western way This daughter of pioneers, Dreaming her dream at the end of day, In the romance of love and tears.

THE MOUNTAIN.

The man leaned in the open cabin door, stooping slightly, and gazed up at the snow covered summit of Mount Shasta. He knew its lines well, and the grace of its lower curves, but he never tired of them.

A little way from the cabin the Upper Sacramento began to widen for its slow, beneficent journey through the valley. It made half of an S as it bent between high rocks bordering the small fruit farm.

His eyes left the mountain's crest and followed a clear-cut, winding trail, visible even in the falling light of dusk. Two dim figures were descending the trail, clinging together as they walked—a man and a woman, unmistakably, and the watcher knew just who they would be.

Now he saw the woman point toward the cabin. With her other hand, which had been thrown across the man's back, she removed his arm from her waist.

The man in the cabin door sighed, but did not move. "She's thinking of me," he said, almost sadly.

Joel Brooks was a man of nature, a calm man, seldom swayed by passion. He had something of the immobility of the mountain he so often gazed upon, who knows but that he also had some of the eternal fire that burns at its heart?

one of the kindest and most lovable men you could find anywhere. If Joel's disease was thought, as Hugh said, Hugh's weakness was superficiality. Brilliant, picturesque, he had never paid anything for what he possessed. They were his birthrights, unquestioningly accepted as his due, dispensed with a largesse that made his acceptance of them tolerable.

His travel sketches were dashed off on his typewriter, or dictated at top speed, and never revised. They sold easily and were collected into volumes that made every one want to go to the Solomons, of Madagascar—wherever it was that Hugh's fancy had taken him.

There was no envy in Joel's heart when he thought of Hugh. He sincerely admired him, although he laughingly chided him for his carelessness as to details.

"For example," Joel would say, "in your description of making of kava in Tahiti I observed that—"

"To tell you the truth, Joel, I was too busy drinking it to find out how it was made. I just jotted down what a Frenchman told me. I don't go in for details—I only aim to hit the high spots."

It was no wonder Lucy loved him, Brooks thought, as he watched them come down the trail. Lucy's mind only "hit the high spots," too. She had no longer the frail, delicate child that Joel Brooks had married.

If only he could show her, tell her, make her know somehow, how much he loved her! But, said his quixotically scrupulous mind, that would not be fair now that she loved Hugh and Hugh loved her. Joel should have done that long ago. Ah, but hadn't he tried?

That was the thing he often thought of—the isolation of each human being upon an island of his own experience and his own character. Sometimes love, like a vast geologic upheaval, bridged two islands and made them one; but such phenomena were rare.

Joel lit his pipe and left the room to get the brandy. As the door closed behind him, Lucy turned quickly to Hugh.

"I must tell him tonight! I can't bear deceiving him, even in thought. And you heard what he said."

Hugh reached for her hand and held it, his handsome, youthful face alight.

"I agree with you now," he said. "Before I thought it was impossible—I couldn't conceive of a man so utterly without emotion. But he has no feeling—not even for you! I'm sorry for him, awful—I wouldn't hurt him for the world. Almost, before that, I'd give you up!"

He sought to embrace her, but started quickly back as Joel's footsteps became audible outside.

Late that night, long after dinner, Joel stood outside the cabin and looked up with love at the immutable mountain that had come to be, to him, a symbol of unswerving verity.

She found Joel, if anything, more calm, more emotionless, than at dinner. He stood with an easy languor that gave no sign as she approached him.

She found it very hard to speak. She could not utter a word while he was smiling at her. Suddenly it came to her that his solid strength and wisdom were worth much more than Hugh's brilliance and fervor.

She turned back to Joel, avoiding his eyes.

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you will be very happy."

Lucy smiled provocatively at him, but it was plain that she was puzzled.

"Take care of her, Hugh," Joel interrupted. "Be good to her."

Lucy and Hugh went down the trail in silence. Nothing Joel could have done or said, nothing he could have left undone, could have hurt Lucy more deeply than his final tender, calm farewell.

She began to laugh almost hysterically as she slipped on the trail and Hugh caught her to support her.

He took an unfinished manuscript out of the drawer and tore it into bits. He tossed it into a far corner of a book he had been asked to review.

He tossed into a far corner a book he had been asked to review. Then he sat motionless until the Korean boy knocked on the door and announced luncheon.

"I'll wait until she needs me," he promised the mountain, in a whisper.

He laid the pistol on the desk.

he saw the profound calm of a woman whose soul is that of a mother of men.—From the Public Ledger.—By Benjamin Faulkner.

Omaha, Neb.—A fine year for rattlesnakes was 1925—the finest year for the crawling death since the trans-Missouri country was thrown open to settlement.

Contrary to the oft-told tales of rattlesnakes "leaping" at victims, the snake can only strike about two-thirds of its own length.

Some Little Known Facts About Sleep.

The harder a man works the less sleep he requires; strong coffee does not help to keep people awake; and anyone who goes without sleep for three nights in succession will feel far more tired on the second night than on the third.

Protecting the Birds.

Birds are naturally the friends of man, and if kindly treated many of them build nests in the trees and shrubs close to the homes.

To Beautify Washington.

Washington is expected to take her place among the most beautiful capitals of the world during the next few years.

FARM NOTES. —Friday, June 18, is Farmers' Field Day at the Pennsylvania State College. If you have never attended one of these affairs you have missed many treats. Go and take your neighbor, too.

Recent reports show only 65 per cent. of the spring plowing done by the first of this month compared to 78 per cent. last year. This drainage of the wet spots permits early plowing. It helps tilth and rushes the spring season.

It will soon be time to remove the antiques from the laying flock. About the first of production is over, many of the poor birds will stop laying and start to molt.

Travelers should give highway workers the right of way whether it is to the right or left. It makes bad work where the scraper or plow crosses the road.

Many Centre county farmers will attempt to lessen the amount of residue on their apples this year by thorough spraying with lead arsenate in the next two applications.

Seven hundred and seventy-five bushels of registered Richland oats have been distributed in rust-infected districts of Wayne, McKean, Bradford, Wyoming, and Susquehanna counties this spring.

Poultry farmers of Centre county who do not know whether their flocks are making a profit or not can soon find out by keeping records.

Anyone interested in keeping records on their flocks should call at the Agricultural Extension Office, Bellefonte where he can get information about a good system and requirements.

Good kinds of green feeds are sprouted oats, alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages and mangel beets.