

THE LITTLE RED ROOSTER AND THE OLD BLACK HEN.

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock, things are tough. Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough. What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me. There were thousands through that rainy spell, but now where can they be?"

MOORINGS.

When Whartonby was a small boy he fell over the brass fender in his father's study face forward into the fire. That was why at twenty-seven the Congo forest trails knew the white gleam of his helmet and the patter of the bear brown feet of his bearers.

indeed, for any other fellow; those days when her cheery shout of "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" seemed to ring with something very like dismay; the fact that the blue-striped galatea uniforms were now certainly several sizes too small for their doughty wearer, all provided him with ample material for conjecture.

He decided upon some shooting in Scotland, and after a month on the hills he thought of his absorption in those three devotees of Round Pond as really imbecile. Nevertheless, when afternoon came the second day of his return he found himself seeking the bench where he had used to watch them from behind the great forsythia-bush.

Whartonby stood still and groped about his mind in confusion. "What on earth do you mean?" he said at last. "Aren't you his mother?" "Oh, yes!" she answered. The face that looked up at him seemed to float against the background of gathering dusk.

Years before, he had watched a wide-shouldered young man accompanied by a tall girl in blue serge entering a furrier's shop, to return not long afterward with a luxuriant pelt of silver fox about the latter's throat. He never forgot the look on both their faces.

of a collier. Perhaps they have gone to—oh, they might be anywhere. There's nothing to be done but wait. He'll bring him back—he gets tired of him. He only does this to torture—me."

Whartonby experienced a feeling of breathlessness as he was plunged into realms of which he hitherto had guessed nothing. "He'll take good care of him, I have no doubt," he said vaguely. She gave him a look of utter supplication.

"I have done nothing wrong, if you mean that," she answered. "But I've always maddened him. You know there are some men whom women instinctively fear. It was so with me from the beginning. There was always something in his nature which beat me to my knees. And although I hid it from him as best I could, he always knew it, and it made him despondent."

Whartonby traced the whereabouts of an obscure collier by diligent search of the shipping news and occasional application to the officials of a certain transatlantic line who wondered what in the world could interest old "Congo" Whartonby in the location of one of their tramp steamers. Three months after he had found her alone by Round Pond he was sitting over his coffee looking through the shipping news when he came upon an item which sent him striding from the room and out into the darkened streets.

And all his gratitude came rushing to his face, so that he felt he must find her and let her see it at once. But now what must be done? He congratulated himself for having foreseen this possibility and withheld the fact that he was following the ship's whereabouts. Now at least, if she did not happen to see the item in the news herself, he would have time to think how best to soften the blow.

last. After all, she had a right to know it. He would tell her at once, that very afternoon. And that afternoon she did not come. For three days he haunted the place her right-making up his mind to face her righteous indignation, he called at the lodgings whose address she had once mentioned, and which, by the greatest good fortune, he had happened to remember. In response to his ring a blond girl of not more than fifteen summers opened the door. He had some difficulty in making her understand, for he discovered her to be a foreigner. He spoke many tongues, but when, hoping to make better good by asking the question in several kinds of patois, she finally smiled brightly and said, "Of Finland—I of Finnish people," he gave up in despair.

"Lady," he said slowly, "very tall—high" (he waved his hands indicating height) "—little dog—you understand 'dog'?" And very solemnly he barked until she cried out something in her mother tongue, laughing loudly. Then suddenly she said in a heavy whisper of awe, "Yes, yes—she die—she dead," and looking cautiously behind her closed the door in his face. Whartonby stood a moment staring at the door, and then with a sensation such as he had never known he went back to Round Pond. What could have happened? Had she found out the truth? Of course. Madness on his part to have supposed that it would not eventually have reached her.

Whartonby was convinced she had destroyed herself. And almost immediately he went to Scotland in search of equality of mind, for the whole affair had stirred him more than he cared to admit. The obscurity of the tale only seemed to make it loathsome. It followed him to Scotland. And there he began to be honest with himself at last. This pain within his soul meant but one thing. The woman whom he loved was dead. In his case the normal order of things had been reversed, that was all. To most men love came first and death brought bitter sense of loss; to him death had come first and knowledge of love after. But the bereavement was the same.

For weeks he avoided Round Pond with its poignance of association. But on Christmas Eve the horror and season found him strangely lonely, and he deliberately sought the place with the intention of recapturing the very things that gave him pain to recall. Coming down the familiar path he mused on the indifference of Nature. Everything was the same—just the same except for her presence. There were the usual explorers with their ships; the same little busy figures of them was squatting on its heels, and one was running toward him! He strode suddenly forward to meet it, filled with a tremendous amazement.

"Oh, sir! How d'you do?" The small straight figure stood before him shyly. "We haven't seen you for a long while, sir. I'm glad you're back." Whartonby made one long step to the nearest bench and crumpled down onto it as if some one had kicked his knees from under him. He reached out uncertainly and drew the boy down beside him.

"Where, in God's name, did you come from? Out of the sea?" He groaned. The boy settled himself comfortably beside him, and shook his head. "From Liverpool," he said simply. "But how? When?" "When Mrs. Twigham wanted her money." "Mrs. Twigham?" "Yes. My pater left me with her in Liverpool. She keeps house for him. I hate her. She's fat."

"But why didn't you write us—write to your mother? All of this tragedy might have been avoided had you written one word. I could have come to fetch you home to her." "Mrs. Twigham had orders about my writing to Mum. The pater was going to bring me back as usual as soon as the ship got in. Everything was as it had been before excepting the pater's getting drowned."

"And then—?" "Well, you see Mum couldn't come for me herself on account of being blind, so she sent the money for Mrs. Twigham to bring me."

"Blind?" Revelation after revelation broke upon Whartonby's mind. "You say your mother replied to Mrs Twigham? She wasn't—wasn't dead?" "No, sir; Zuzu was dead." "Zuzu!" "Yes, sir—our little wooly dog. Zuzu knew the way everywhere—to the shops and the studio and here to Round Pond. She could take Mum anywhere she wanted to go, almost. So of course when Zuzu died, mother couldn't get about for ages and ages until she learned the straps. She knows most of them now, though."

Whartonby got up unsteadily. "And do you think she will come to Round Pond tonight? Does she know the steps to Round Pond perfectly?" "Oh, yes. She knows them best of all. She will be sure to come."

"How do you know that she will come—that she will come—here?" "Because she comes here every night, looking for you."—By Amory Hare.

An Annual Migration. An official of one of the great transatlantic steamship lines says that during the present year no less than 500,000 Americans will visit Europe. That is 80,000 more than made the trip last year and two or three times as many as used to cross the ocean in the years before the war.

Whether they like America or not, a question that is often debated, the Europeans are glad to have us visit them, for the stream of gold we distribute among them, if for no other reason. To most Americans the experience of a foreign tour, however brief is useful. Though there are some who waste their time and money unworthily, a few travelers have a real purpose in their voyaging and nurse that purpose with a commendable industry and seriousness.

One thing all Americans abroad ought to remember. They are in Europe as unofficial representatives of their country. The ideas that Europeans have about America and Americans are largely derived from what they see of our citizens who come among them.

Swindled Out of Millions. In view of the many opportunities open to the thrifty for the sound investment of their money—such as savings banks, reputable building and loan associations, the savings departments of trust companies, well managed bond houses, etc.—it is a little startling to be told by the Better Business Bureau that glib Philadelphia-ians are believed to have lost over \$20,000,000 in 1926 through the knavery of unscrupulous promoters. Undoubtedly the amount would have been considerably greater but for the energy of the State bureau of securities, which has consistently opposed the efforts of these tricksters to dispose of their worthless paper in Pennsylvania. Persons who have a little money to invest, but who are not versed in financial dealings, should make it a point to consult the officials of well-established banks or trust companies, who can be relied upon to give them honest and disinterested advice, says the Philadelphia Record. There is no lack of excellent stocks and bonds that make a satisfactory return on the investment, and suspicion should always be aroused by glib promises of abnormal profits. There is much less of this peculiar form of crookedness than there used to be, but there is still far too much of it.

The Prince of Trees. There is no tree in the world that surpasses the white pine in beauty, statelyness, individuality and usefulness. It is the prince of North American trees, says the American tree association. Reliable records show that the first American house was built of white pine.

FARM NOTES.

—If the sod orchard needs mowing, the mower will make it much more pleasant for the apple pickers than dragging ladders and crates through tall grass and weeds.

—Lambs that will be finished for the late October and early November market should be drenched for stomach worms and then put in a good fresh pasture. Second crop clover is preferable.

—The man who has never selected fruit and exhibited it at the county fair or farm products show does not know how good or how poor the fruit he raises really is. The cash premiums do not nearly pay for the work, but the educational value is inestimable.

—If you are having trouble with control of the potato aphid try using five pounds of dissolved soap in the mixture of 100 gallons of water and one pint of nicotine sulphate. Ordinarily, however, one pint of nicotine sulphate added to 100 gallons of Bordeaux mixture will be effective if the vines are well drenched.

—The honey flow in most parts of Pennsylvania has been unusually heavy this summer, say apiculturists of the Pennsylvania State College in urging beekeepers to be sure that there is plenty of super room in which the surplus honey can be stored. It is expected that the heavy flow will continue if frost is postponed.

—Sweet corn stalks from which the ears have been picked should not be allowed to stand in the territory infested with the European corn borer. They should be cut and ensiled or shredded if possible. In small gardens they may be cut or pulled, put in a shock in the middle of the patch, and then burned as soon as dry enough.

—Roup is one of the common fall and winter poultry diseases. It is caused by damp and drafty houses, also by a lack of vitamin A in the ration. Feed vitamin-carrying feeds, like cabbage, grasses, clovers, legume hays, and cod liver oil. Five to ten per cent. alfalfa leaf meal in the laying mash or one-half to one per cent. of cod liver oil helps to keep the birds healthy and free from roup.

—Perennial borders should be looked after now and put in good condition, say landscape architects of the Pennsylvania State College. Most plants may be moved with safety after the blooming period is over, and practically any well-developed plants may be made vigorous and will provide additional plants for the border if the roots are divided. This work should be done now.

—How are your seed corn prospects? Just as soon as possible begin picking seed corn from the standing stalks. Do not let it lie in a pile or stand in bags or crates. Husk the ears and hang the corn in a dry, warm, well-ventilated place where the air can circulate around every part of the ear. Good seed corn always is worth good money but next spring it will be in greater demand than ever.

—When kept under proper conditions no farm animal pays better than sheep, and there is new interest in the animals now as shown by the fact that nearly every breeder in North Carolina has sold out his supply of rams.

"The fact that sheep produce both a crop of lambs and a crop of wool adds greatly to their value and significance on the farm," says R. S. Curtis of the animal husbandry department of the North Carolina State college. "The wool from a good sheep will pay for its keep, especially where the necessary feed is produced on the farm. In most cases from 20 to 40 sheep is a sufficient number for the average farm. There is usually enough pasture going to waste to supply such a small flock of sheep during the pasture season, and it is easy to make provision for the winter feed."

Mr. Curtis states that sheep are not so different from other farm animals. The two most serious problems before the sheep grower are the roaming dog and the active stomach worm. The latter may be overcome by a change in pastures and the use of the blue-stone treatment, while the dog may be kept at night. Placing the sheep in the corrals is one of the necessary farm chores in good sheep practice. "Other than these two things, the growing of sheep is a pleasant, satisfying and profitable job which most any member of the family may have in charge," says Mr. Curtis. "The flock may be built by using a purebred ram on a flock of common grade ewes, and any farmer can follow this plan with little initial or subsequent cost. A net profit of \$320 per year can be secured from a flock of 30 sheep, according to actual demonstrations."

A new method of docking lambs, which appears to give excellent results, has been noted recently in several agricultural journals. This method consists of cutting off the tails with an emasculator, an instrument probably familiar to most stockmen by sight. It might be described as a modified shear with a crimped edge, which severs the arteries of the tail, thus preventing excessive bleeding. The claim is made for the emasculator, as a docking instrument, that it is handier than the hot iron, does not cause so great a shock to the lamb, and does not cause as much loss of blood as the knife.

A comparison of the three methods recently made in the Colorado Agricultural college flock showed favorable results from the use of the emasculator. Lambs docked with either the knife or the emasculator were well healed, when examined two weeks later, while those docked with the hot iron were not entirely healed and a few of these showed infection. No weights were taken of the lambs so that no record is available on the rate of growth. The lambs docked with the knife usually bled more than the others, and the stumps had to be held for a minute or two to check bleeding.