are white
(An' we needn' even ask our ma about it)
We leave our shoes right where we pulled
'em off at night,
An' barefooted once again we run an'

You may take the country over-When the bluebird turns a rover,
An' the wind is soft an' hazy,
An' you feel a little lazy,
An' the nigger quits the possums—
It's the time for dog'ood blossoms.

How light! heigh-ho! I wish there was

more fences here;
We'd like to jis' keep jumpin' 'em together!
We sleds for us, no guns, nor even 'simmon
been

No nothin' but the blossoms an' fair weather! The meader is a leetle sticky right at first,

But a few short days 'ill wipe away that trouble.

trouble.
To feel so good an' gay I wouldn' min' the worst
That kin be done by any field o' stubble.
O all the trees are lookin' sappy!
O all the folks are smilln' happy!
An' there's joy in every little bit o' room;
But the happlest of 'em all,
At the mornin' rooster's call,
Are we barefoots when the dog'oods burst abloom!

abloom!

John Charles McNeill, in Youth's Companion.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, or of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by Charles M. S CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

"If I am going to stay a servant," her former habit, "I must learn what God thinks of service. I shall need all I can get out of His word to strengthen me in days to come." She had made a collection of her passages relating to service, and to-night she added to it from one of Paul's letters, dwelling on the words as she read them aloud: "Servants, obey in all things them that are your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing the Lord: whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that from the Lord ye shall receive the recompense of the inherftance; ye serve the Lord Christ. For he that doeth wrong shall receive again for the wrong that he hath done; there is no respect of persons. Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal; know-ing that ye also have a Master in Heaven.'

"Of course," Barbara mused, after saying the words, "all this was said to actual slaves, whose bodies were bought and sold in the market like cattle. But what wonderful words to be spoken to any class of servants either then or now! 'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily!' One thing that servants lack in their service is heartiness. It is done for wages, not for love of service. 'As unto the Lord and not unto men.' How few servants ever think of that! The Lord is the real Master. He is being served if what I do is a good thing that needs doing. 'There is no re-spect of persons.' How great a thing that is! In God's sight my soul is as much worth saving as any other. He thinks as much of me as He does of the rich and the famous. 'Masters. render unto your servants that which is just and equal.' If that were render done, it might make conditions far different so far as the servant-girl question is concerned. But who will tell us what is meant by 'just and equal' to-day?" Barbara shook her head doubtfully, and went on.

"Knowing that ye have also a
Master in Heaven.' That helps me. Paul must have known my need as well as the need of the poor bondservants to whom he wrote. 'A Master in Heaven.' May He help me to serve Him in spirit and in truth.'

So Barbara the next day did not present the appearance of the mod-ern broken-hearted heroine in the end-of-the-century novel. Anyone who knew her could plainly see marks in her face and manner of a marks in her face and manner of a great experience. But there was no gloom about her, no un-Christian tragic bewailing of fate or circumstance. If she were to live her life as she supposed she should, without life's greatest help to live, so far as human love can go, she would at least live it brazely as so would at least live it bravely as so many other souls have done. And yet, Barbara, you know well enough that Ambition does not spell Love. And, in spite of all, you know your heart would tremble if the young minister of Marble Square church should pass you and give you one earnest look out of his great dark eyes, as he did on that well-remembered day when he said that you were beautiful. Ah, Barbara! Are you quite sure you have forever bidden farewell to the holiest dream of your womanhood?

She busied herself during the day with her work, and in the evening went over to Mrs. Vane's to see her again concerning the proposed build-She was eager to get to work. Her heart longed for busy days to keep her mind absorbed.

Mrs. Vane suggested several good

"While you are waiting to com self, why not interview a large num-ber of factory and store girls about their work? Find out something

BAREFOOTED.

your plan is senseless. It is only work in a great variety of ways. In when people begin to try to no good the big department store of Bondin the world that they discover what man & Co., in the long row of fac-And the saucy johnny-jump-ups in the meader,

But we boys, we wanter see the dog ood blooms again

Throwin' a kinder summer-lookin' shadder;

But the first mild mornin' when the woods are white

(An' we needn' even ask our ma about it)

We leave our shoes right where we pulled 'em off at night.

In the world that they discover what man & Co., in the long row of factories by the river, in the girls' remover make an effort to better the freshment rooms at the Young Women's Christian association, in the off-arise a host of tormenting critics as fices of business friends where the soon as the idea of your proposed click of the typewriter was the containing-school is suggested. They stant note of service, in the reswill tear it all to pieces. Don't pay taurants and waiting-rooms about any attention to them. The world the big union station, in the different days of the boarding. to its practical working. There's an- and out of what seemed like mea other thing I would like to say; and and unsatisfactory opportunities

next remark.
"I think it would be a distinct saving of power if in some way we could make the training-school a part of Mr. Morton's social-settlement work.' "I don't think it is possible," plied Barbara in a low voice. manner expressed so much distress that the old lady said at once: "My him, and you will have to give him some kind of a satisfactory answer,

"There is nothing impossible

event of the night before at the church. If she had been a Catholic, she would have gone to a priest. Being a Protestant, she confessed to old lady, because her heart tener, asked the question.
They hated the drudgery and conthis longed for companionship, and there was that quality in Mrs. Vane which encouraged confidences.

When she was through, Mrs. Vane said: "There is nothing very hopeless about all this. He has certainly never been anything but the noble-hearted Christian gentleman in his treatment of you." (Barbara did not as much as he had apologized for a seeming breach of gentlemanly conduct, she did not feel very guilty in Vane.) "And I really believe he feels worse than you do over any slights you received from the members of the church."

heart was unburdened she felt grateful to Mrs. Vane, but she naturally



"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE-"

shrank from undue expression of her feelings. Mrs. Vane respected reserve as she had encouraged her

"Don't be downhearted, my dear. Go right on with your plans. Count on me for the 10,000 and more if the plan develops as I think it will. And meanwhile, if in your trips among the working girls, you run across anyone who can take Hilda's place, send her around. I haven't been able to find anybody yet. I would get along without help, but Mr. Vane will not allow it, with all the company we have. No, don't shake hands like Kiss me, my dear." men.

So Barbara impulsively kissed her, and went away much comforted. She creaded the thought that she might meet the young minister, and half hoped she might. But for the next three weeks Mr. Morton was called of Crawford on a lecture tour which the Marble Square church granted him; and, when Barbara learned that he was gone, she almost felt relieved as she planned her work with Mrs. Ward's hearty cooperation to see as many working girls as possible for information, and to learn from them the story of their choice of life labor, and its relation to her wn purpose so far as helping solve

the servant question was concerned. What Barbara learned during the next three weeks would make a volume in itself. She did not know that when the reasons that appeal to she had any particular talent for yet," Mrs. Ward said, looking keenly young women for a choice of labor.

You are not certain that you can get experience taught her that she was have not noticed any beaus in the any girls to attend your training-happily possessed of a rare talent for making friends. She managed in one

does not owe anything to that kind hotels and a few of the boarding-of criticism. But it will help your houses of Crawford, Barbara met repplan if before the building is put up resentatives of the great army of you can answer honest questions as young women at work in the city; There's an- and out of what seemed like meager I shall say it, my dear, seeing I am confidence and the sharing of real old enough to be your grandmother." purpose in labor she succeeded in "What's that?" Barbara asked, getting much true information, much coloring. She anticipated Mrs. Vane's of which shaped her coming plan and determined the nature of her appeal to the mistresses on one hand, and the servants on the other.

"With a few exceptions, then," she

said to Mrs. Ward one evening after she had been at work on this per-Her sonal investigation for three weeks, ress "all this army of girls at work repre-"My sents a real need in the home somedear, I will not say any more about where. I found some girls working it. But will you permit me to tell in the offices, and a very few in the you plainly that I am firmly constores and factories, who said they you plainly that I am firmly con-stores and you plainly that I am firmly con-stores and winced that Mr. Morton is in love were working for other reasons than with you, and will ask you to marry for necessary money. Here is a list him, and you will have to give him of girls in Bondman's. I told them him, and you will have to give him of girls in Bondman's. I told them him, and you will have to give him of girls in Bondman's. I told them printing it, and it is not necessary. But there are over 200 of these girls for he is not a young man to be satisfied with unsatisfactory answers."

"Oh, I cannot believe it!" Barbara who cannot by any possibility save exclaimed, and then she put her face in her hands, while she trembled.

"It's true!" the old lady said, sturdily. "My old eyes are not so dim and of indignation against unthat I cannot see love talking out of Christian greed in business—"a few other eyes. And that is what his of them hinted at temptations to live were saying when he was here last wrong lives in order to earn enough week. My dear, there is nothing to make them independent. And yet dreadful about it. I should enjoy havall of these girls vigorously refused ing you for my pastor's—"

"But it is impossible—"

Barbara

to accept a position offered to leave
the store and go to work at double
the wages in a home as a servant. I ofin fered over 50 of these girls four dollars love's kingdom," replied the old lady, a week and good board and room at gently. "If it comes to you, do not Mrs. Vane's, and not one of them was put it away. You are his equal in all willing to accept it, even when, as in that is needful for your happiness."

Then Barbara told her all about the over three and a half a week, out of willing to accept it, even when, as in many cases, they were not receiving which they had to pay for board and other necessaries.'

"And the reason they gave was?" Mrs. Ward, who was an interested lis-

finement of house labor. They loved the excitement and independence of their life in the store. Of course, they all gave as one main reason for not wanting to be house servants the loss of social position. Several of the girls in the factory had been (Barbara did not hired girls. They all with the scep-Mr. Morton had tion spoke of their former ork with tell of the remark Mr. Morton had tion spoke of their former our with made about beautiful faces. But, inexceptions refused to entertain any proposition to go back to the old duct, she did not feel very guilty in work. I think one of the girls in the withholding the incident from Mrs. Art mills will go to Mrs. Vane's. She worked for her some years ago, and liked her. But what can the needs of ou received from the members of the home of to-day present to labor in the way of inducement to come into its field? I must confess I had say, with a grateful look at Mrs. service sweet; but in general, I must confess, after these three weeks' contact with labor outside the home, I I went to town.

the proposed building.
"Out of all the girls I have seen,"
Parbara answered, with some hesitanitely that they would take such a with the utmost precision. course and enter good homes as

faint smile.
"It looks to me, Martha," Mr. Ward sary to put up a training-school for training our Christian housekeepers as well as Christian servants. If what Barbara has secured in the way of confession from these girls is ac-curate, it looks as if they are un-willing to work as servants because of the unjust or unequal or un-Christian conditions in the houses that employ them."

"At the same time, Richard, remember the great army of incompetent, ungrateful girls we have borne with here in our home for years until Barbara came. What can the housekeeper do with such material? If the girls were all like Barbara, it

would be different, you know."
"Well, I give it up," replied Mr. Ward, with a sigh, as he opened up his evening paper. "The whole thing his evening paper. "The whole thing is beyond me. And Barbara, of course, will be leaving us as soon as this new work begins. And then farewell to peace, and welcome chaos again."

"You are not going to leave us just yet, are you, Barbara?" Mrs. Ward asked, with an affectionate glance at Barbara.

"The house is not built vet," Barpara answered, returning Mrs. Ward's

"Of course, Barbara will leave us when she has a home of her own," Mr. Ward said in short sentences, as ne read down a part of the page Then our revenge for her leaving us will be the thought that her

troubles have just begun when she begins to have hired girls herself." "I don't think there's any sign of it "I don't think there's any sign of ...
yet," Mrs. Ward said, looking keenly

"More likely to come in through many other good people will tell you way and another to meet girls at the parlor," Mr. Ward suggested. And Companion.

face.

There was silence for a mor when Barbara went over her list of

figures and memoranda.
"I see Morton is bac "I see Morton is back from the west," Mr. Ward suddenly exclaimed, about looking up from his paper. "The fiferent News says he had a remarkable tour. and prints a large part of his recent address on the temperance issue. I predict for him a great career. Ma-ble Square never did a wiser thing than when it called him to its pulpit. My only fear is that he may kill himself with these lecture tours.

There was silence again, and Bar-bara bent her head a little lower over her work, which lay on the

table.

"He is certainly a very promising young man," Mrs. Ward said, and just then the bell rang.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Morton himself," Mr. Ward exclaimed, as he arose. "I asked him to come in and see us as soon as he came book. I'll go to the door."

back. I'll go to the door."

He went out into the hall and opened the door, and Mrs. Ward and Barbara could hear him greet Mr. Morton, speaking his name heartily "Come right into the sitting-room, forton. We're there to-night. Mrs. Morton. Ward will be delighted to see you."
Barbara rose and slipped out into

the kitchen as Mr. Ward and Mr Morton reached the end of the hall. She busied herself with something there for half an hour. At the end of that time she heard Mr. Ward's hearty, strong voice saying good night to Morton as he went out into the hall with him.

After a few minutes Barbara came back into the sitting-room, and taking her list of names and facts from the table prepared to go up to her

Mr. Ward was saying as she came in: "Morton seemed very dull for him, don't you think?"

"He is probably very tired with his lecture tour. It is a very exhaust-ing sort of—"

[To Be Continued.]

THE HORSE PLAYED A JOKE.

Drew His Young Mistress Up to Store Where She Didn't Want to Go.

"You may think horses haven't any sense if you want to," remarked a lady from Mississippi to a group of friends seated around one tables in the Peabody cafe, according to the Memphis Scimitar, "but I had an experience when I was a girl that taught me that they have sense enough to get one in all sorts of predicaments.

"I carried a friend of mine driving one afternoon. We had to pass through a town where there was a young man from New Orleans serving as a clerk in one of the large supply stores that were a feature of the country town a few years ago. He very little to say to the girls in the way of inducement. Not on account of myown experience," Barbara hastened very much, and, though I was not willing to admit it at that time, and and Mr. Ward, "for you have been very, very kind to me and made my innine promptitude in such matters, innine promptitude in such matters, I always made it a point to go to that store for something every time

see somewhat more clearly the "On this occasion, however, I had reason why all branches of woman's no excuse to go and see him and did labor have inducements that house not intend doing so, as he had caught on to the fact that I never came to "And how about the prospects for town without seeing him. But as we pupils for the training-school?" Mr. crossed the railroad, right in front of Ward asked, keenly. He had come the town, the bridle bit came in two to have a very earnest interest in and I, of course, lost control of the animal, and he, finding that no one was guiding him, turned himself around and marched as straight back tion, "only four have promised defi- to that store as if I had driven him

"And that's not the worst of it," said she, in conclusion. "No sooner course and enter good homes as servants. One of these was an American girl in an office. The others were foreign-born girls in Bondman's."

"The outlook is not very encourage—to himself, and familiar to the young to himself, and familiar to the young to himself, and familiar to the solution." ing, is it?" Mrs. Ward remarked, with man. The young fellow was there in iiffy and I-well. I wished that I wasn't. My face turned all the colors suggested, "as if it might be neces- of the rainbow and wound up in the most delicate touch of crimson. I explained to him in my confusion that I had not intended to come to see him, but the horse would bring me, and he didn't object."

Unexpected Praise.

Dr. Guthrie, an authority on military surgery some 50 years ago, was a kindly man, although somewhat brusque in manner. Sir Joseph Fayrer I was his house surgeon, and says: we got on very well together. One day, when we were going through the wards with a large following of distinguished visitors, foreign surgeons and others, we stopped by the bedside of an interesting case, when Guthrie found fault with dresser for something he had done or left undone. The student ventured to reply, and Guthrie said: "I dare say you think you're a remarkably clever fellow, don't you?" "No, sir," said the youth, earn-estly, "I don't." "But you are, though," said Guthrie, and passed on .- Youth's Companion.

"That was an excellent discourse you delivered last Sunday," remarked a veteran minister of the gospel to a rising young preacher, "but I would hardly call it a sermon." "Why not, doctor?" demanded the

other.

"Because you had no text." "Don't you call such a discourse a ermon unless it has a text?" "Certainly not."

"You have read the Sermon on the Mount, have you not?"
"Many, many times."

"Well, it has no text."

"On the contrary, my dear young friend," said the veteran, "it is com-posed entirely of texts."—Youth

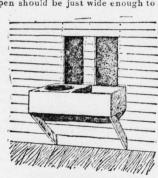


NEAT FEEDING DEVICE.

Where Calves Are Kept Confined in Small Pens the Plan Here Given Is Excellent.

The feeding of calves is never very greeable work, and especially when the feed pail is virtually at the mercy of the calf, as it has to be more or less, under ordinary circumstances. The plan shown in the accompanying cut for watering and feeding will found convenient, especially where calves are kept confined in small pens

The two slits cut in the side of the pen should be just wide enough to ad-



FEEDER FOR CALVES.

mit the calf's head. The animal can then get to either division of the feed box, one end of which is fitted to receive a pail, while the other is open to hold grain or hay. Even for calves that are old enough to be tied in stalls, this plan is useful. The box could, in that case, be continuous, having divisions as shown in front of each stall, with similar openings for the young-sters' heads. The calves could also be tied to a stanchion behind the openings. Another desirable feature this plan is, it admits of leaving a pail of water constantly before each calf, which will be much appreciated, as young stock need to drink more frenently than older animals .- Fred O. Sibley, in Farm and Home.

SECRETION OF MILK

Important and Instructive Facts Which Are Not as Well Known as They Should Be.

At a recent dairy conference, Prof Wood read an interesting paper on some recent investigations upon the secretion of milk. Although bringing nothing actually new before his audience, the lecturer dwelt on some important and interesting items which are probably not generally known. He did not place much reliance on some of the so-called points in judging the milking capacity of cows, while he considered the size of the milk vein and the shape of the udder useful guides to the amateur, though the expert was generally able to judge their capacities by the gen eral build. On the effect of the nerv ous system on the secretions of milk, it was generally known that a cow had more or less power to hold up her milk; but to what extent she may at will affect the actual secretion was not so clear. To milk a cow one teat at a time has a deleterious effect on both the quantity and quality of the milk. Circumstances that affect the animal unpleasantly decrease produc-tion, and the fat is consistently and most materially affected. On the question of food, it is generally known that it has a great effect on the quantity of milk. Poor rations will decrease the quantity of fat, though it will not be raised above the normal by liberal feeding for any length of time. The tendency of milk production is hereditary, with usualall change in the quantity and quality.

THROWING AWAY MONEY.

Farmers Who Raise Scrub Cattle Do It Systematically and Every
Day in the Year,

None but a rich man can afford to throw money away, and a rich man is a fool if he does it. But many men who are not rich are virtually throwing money away because they neglect opportunities to make Not all men can see great opportuni-ties for profit in business; such men are comparatively rare. But all men can and should see such opportunities as are open to all. Improvement of live stock is one of these free-forall opportunities. There is not a man in this country who does not have an opportunity to improve his stock and who does not have the incentive before him every time he sells an animal. Yet thousands will continue throw money away by breeding \$50 horses, three-cent steers or some thing equally as bad. Pure-bred stock is not a rare thing, that quires a vast amount of money. Good blood can be had by any man who really wants it. He can secure the service of a good sire, he can club with others and buy one, or he can sell a part of what he has and get an improver if he only wants to do it. There are sales where stock is to be had at reasonable prices, there are breeders in almost every country, and there are opportunities for all men who need better stock. Let them open their eyes and see how much they are throwing away!-Na-

Winter plowing and hauling is a good sized mortgage on the spring

Forty years ago this subject would

THE IDEAL FARM HOME.

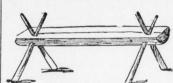
It Must Have Scores of Conveniences Unthought Of a Score of Years Ago.

have meant something quite different from what it does at present. Then a plain frame building with plastered walls and a brick chimney would have seemed a great advance on the double log cabin with its stick and mud chimney at either end, the well sweep in the yard, chickens roosting in the trees or on the rail fences. A pile of logs in the front yard was not deemed out of place in early days, and shade trees, shrubbery and flower beds were exceptional, if not unknown. The ideal farm home as we now regard it must have many ornamental features, and numerous con-veniences that in pioneer days were unthought of. As to externals our first thought is regarding walks and drives. They should be dry and clean. Mud should not be tracked into the house, and to prevent this gravel should be used freely, not only to make walks to barnvards and outhouses, but to build drives from the road in front to the wagon shed in the rear. A shed or covered way ought to extend from a side porch of the house to the drive so the ladies can enter or depart from the carriage dry shod. Cows as well as horses must be shedded at the model farm and the milkers need bring no dirt with them indoors. The stables and sheds will be cleaned two or three times each week and the refuse drawn out to the fields. A row of hothouses, sheds and covered ways will extend from kitchen to barn, so there will be no need to tramp through mud and rain at any time. The ideal home is possible only when built upon a good well-graveled road. pecause the people who dwell in are sociable and must visit and attend meetings, lectures and concerts. It must have a telephone connecting with all the neighborhood and the towns and villages near. It must have a daily mail, which it easily can have if the roads are what they ought to be. It must have shade trees, vines, shrubbery and flowers in the blue-grass lawn, and a small fruit as well as a vegetable garden, well stocked with the best varieties and well tended, and it should convenient to the kitchen so as to be most available and useful.-Indiana Farmer.

HOMEMADE SAWBUCK.

One That Will Remain Firm and Strong Even When Put to the Roughest Usage.

A homemade sawbuck is a common sight on any farm, but there is a vast difference as to their make, whether substantial, firm and solid. I have a fine sawbuck, made as follows: Hard wood, such as birch, is used for the main piece, being a log of



DURABLE SAWBUCK.

wood split in half. Two holes are then bored four to six inches from each end, close beside each but not connecting, from upper right hand to lower left hand corner, and vice versa. After four holes are made, select four sticks cut in equal lengths and height the sawbuck desired. Shave down the upper half of each until it fits holes and ram each halfway through, as far as shown, until tight. As the main log cannot slide down lower on the legs, it will remain firm and stronger -E. G. Gerlach, in Farm and Home,

AUTUMN FARM NOTES.

Remember that the hens as well as the horses want water and want it pure.

Fence posts and fixings cut now will come handy for repairs in the spring. Have a dry shelter for the reaper and mower and all other farm im-

plements. See that all animals on the farm are protected from cold rains and chilling frosts.

Ship only the solid heads of cab-bages. Take off some of the outside leaves and stems. Pack tightly.

Shoes may be made nearly waterproof by rubbing into them a mixture of rosin, beeswax and lard.

Take rides in the country in these sunny days, to inspect neighboring farms, and have the wife go too.

Attend now to the opening of the wheat field and drains in turning of the washings of the highway over the low land when the fall rains and spring floods come.-Farm

Wire Grass for Twine.

and Home

Wire grass is being now manufactured into binding twine by a Minneapolis company. Large areas of growing wire grass have been brought under the company in question. This land is marshy and at the present time is not suited to the production of any-thing but wire grass. Most of the land in question lies in Minnesota and Wis-consin. The twine manufactured from light green in color and wire grass is light green in color and somewhat bulky and it can be used only by machines with fixtures adapted to it. It sells at a price somewhat lower than other twine, most of which is now controlled by the twine trust. It will not, however, be an easy task to demonstrate the utility of this kind of twine to farmers who have been accustomed to the other kind.