BY-0-LO.

Baby, wonder-eyed and wee,
Lying on your mother's knee
As the evening shadows fall,
As the homing-birdles call,
List'ning to your mother croon,
That old, world-old, by-lo tune,
In the years to come they'll seem
Like the mem'ry of a dream;
Mother singing "by-lo-by."
And your father standing nigh,
And the casement opened wide
To the sky where high doth ride
The pale moon that yestere'en
You did cry to hold between
Your wee hands. Dear, you'll recall
As a dream the night and all.

As a dream the night and all.

You'll recall, dear, how you lay
In her arms at close of day,
And the rocking to and fro,
And the tuneful by-o-lo.

Just as I who look on you,
Just as I who hear you coo,
Do remember how I laid
In my mother's arms, and prayed
At her knee when night came down
Over hill and mend and town;
How my father tall and strong
Held me; how I heard the song.
That same song—now you're asleep.
God in Heaven, watch and keep
This our baby—to and fro—
In the land of By-o-lo. in the land of By-o-lo.

-J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

LANDRY'S LETTER &

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

FELT horribly sorry for Katherine when Landry died. It must have been an awful blow, for she seemed to lose every bit of her spirit and went about pale and listless for months.

You see, Landry was a fine fellow, an unusual fellow. I don't believe there was a selfish fiber in the man's whole make-up. He was essentially big-hearted and lovable. Homely in feature to postive ugliness, he was still attractive in appearance. He was famous in a small way as the author of certain delicate love sketches, very tender and dainty in sentiment, and sounlike him as to seem inconsistent with what we knew of his character. A right jolly good fellow, with plenty of sense and a cheerful lot of brains under his sandy poll.

He and Kit had been engaged for a laugh long time, and I knew that he fairly ment. worshiped her, though he was very quiet about it. I felt a mild sort of envy, for I had never plumbed the depths of love myself. I'd had my little affairs, but I always hated myself during their progress, because I couldn't really feel-I was only amused and entertained, never touched. My friendship with Kit was the one real sentiment of my life, for we had been like brother and sister for ten years. Ever since she had begun to yearn for long skirts and put her pig-tails up into the crown of womanly dignity. Whenever Landry was away I took his place at her side, and jolly good times we had, and many of them.

A few worths before Landry's dooth.

A few months before Landry's deat! Kit semed to change some way. She took to mooning about for all the world like a disappointed lover. Landry, too, went into the dumps. He grew thin and pale and more impersonal than ever. He was very tender with Katherine, and so I knew that is was no lover's quarrel that was wearing on them. She sort of clung to him as though she felt him slipping from her, and I've sometimes thought since that she must have had a premonition of what was coming.

One morning, on my way home from an all-night vigil, old Damon lost his head and I came a pretty cropper. It wasn't far from home, as luck would have it, and I managed to get to the I was pretty much used up, taking my weariness and the shakingup together and my knees shook as if I'd been officiating at my first operation. Afterward, when Kit came in to see me, I tried to laugh it off, and I joilied her up.

"Landry 'll be good and jealous if you don't watch out,' I told her. believe you're in love with me, old girl." Her face flamed a sudden crimson over its old pallor, and she looked at me sharply. Then I caught her hand and pulled her down to me. I kissed her, as I always had, and for s moment she laid her face against my

"What if you'd been killed?" she nispered. "What if you'd been

"You'd still have Landry," I retort ed, and Kit slapped me. It wasn't the first time by any means, for you see we'd been boy and girl together. I couldn't help seeing that her eyes looked funny. A new expression, I'd never seen there before-and I won-

It was shortly after that poor Landry came down with typhoid. It was a hard case from the start. Sometimes it gets a grip on a man and an M. D. can se that there's no hope whatever. Thank goodness, we were all there with him. He wasn't alone, as he had been the greater part of his life-since he'. been a little chap, in fact. He wasn' lonely. Sometimes it seemed to me that he was happier than I had ever seen him. I felt that he was glad to go, and I couldn't understand it. It broke us all up, every one of us, for we loved the poor fellow.

I found her on the veranda one eve ning, alone in the soft darkness. I felt a bit down myself. Things weren't going very well, and I began to think was not fitted for a professional life after all. I felt too sorry for my patients. I couldn't give a judicial, impersonal sympathy, as a physician must to be among the ranks of the successful. Every death that came under my notice worked on my mind her and a mist obscured my sight for to such a degree that it unfitted me to a moment. Then: care for the living.

in both of her own. I felt a sudden dry."

tightening at my heartstrings, and a

rush of tenderness swept over me.
"Lonely, old girl?" I asked soft!y. "Oh, so lonely, Freddy—so lonely— you can't know," and she drew my hand up to her face and leaned her

lips upon it.
"Poor heart," I said, and I bent and laid a gentle kiss on her forehead. She turned her pale, luminous face up to me, wistfully, like a child, and I kissed her warm, red mouth. Then my heart began thumping like a hydraulic ram and my hands trembled strange-ly. I tried to steady them. She would be so angry if she thought that I dared. I had kissed Katherine numberless times, as a man may kiss his sister, lovingly, tenderly, but absolutely without a thrill. They had never been like this. I was at a loss. I had never dreamed of Katherine except as my dear old friend—my manhood chum, and as for her—my heart sank, for I knew she had been utterly devoted to old Landry and mourned passionately for him. At least I thought so. If she knew what I was thinking she would hate me-loathe me, forever. If she knew-ah, if she She sat there dreaming, her eyes, as I thought, on memory's distant mountain peaks; her dear, warm, brown eyes that I loved.

She turned to me with a little laugh. "It's so nice to be loved a Hittle," she said, as she nestled against my coat, as if she belonged there. I fought with myself a moment. She must have felt my heart beating. I was horribly ashamed. Then I suddenly lost my self-control, and stooping teward her, I took her in my arms and kissed her passionately, many, many times, passionately, eagerly, as I had never kissed anyone in my life—as I had never wanted to kiss anyone be-fore. After a time I lifted my head and waited for the storm. I knew it must come. I felt like a whipped cur, though every pulse in my body throbbed with delight and joy. Whatever came, I knew now. I was blind no longer. They talk of love being blind. I say it's the other way about: it's love that clears our sight-so we can really see where we have always before being groping in a dim halflight.

She nestled closer in my arms and laughed a little, low laugh of content-

Freddy, boy," she said, "Oh, thought you would never wake up. I've been such a long, long time waiting to come home."

I started back and faced her in

amazement

And-and Landry?" I faltered. "Oh, my dear, I never loved Lan-ry." - (Ah, so I knew now why he

was glad to go, poor duffer, poor, un-selfish, loving old duffer,)
"He knew I didn't, but he—he— cared, and he knew I loved you, so he helped me. He told me you loved me. only you were asleep, and I've waited so long—so long for this," she sighed,

I looked in her eyes incredulously.

"Kit, why in the name of common sense didn't you tell me?"
"Tell you? Freddy, how could I? I wasn't sure you—you cared, and sometimes I was sure you didn't. It was only because Landry was so posi-tive that I dared to hope. I could only wait in silence, and since Landry died it has been so lonely, so

drearily lonely."
"Poor old girl," I said in her hair, 'poor darling old girl."

"You've lost a whole year," she

"a whole year." "Then you knew a year ago?"

"Yes; it's funny, Freddy, but I couldn't imagine why no man ever moved me the least tiny bit. When Landry told me he cared, I tried to think I loved him, but he said then that I didn't, and afterward, he knew it was you. He watched my eyes, he said, when you were about, and when he told me that, I was as astonished as you were when I told you.

"When your horse threw you that time, then I knew beyond a doubt, for I suffered agonies thinking what might have happened. You were so horribly frighter I felt sure that you were at least maimed for life."

And then, she brought me the letter-Landry's letter, that was not to be delivered until I had found my own. Oh, that letter. If I had only seen it when Landry died. Kit would not have grown pale waiting for what was always hers.

"You confounded blind old bat," he wrote, "what in the name of all that's holy, do you stay around here for? If I was such an egregrious donkey as you are I'd go off and die, but I've to be the one instead-and I've got yes to see. That's ever the way in this vale of tears.

"Well, you must know some time. It will come to you all at once, as the knowledge of it came to me—then, old boy. I wouldn't mind being in your I'd give my life for that one hour as happily and freely as I'd toss a copper to a pickaninny. It can't be—so I give you my blessing and what little I can and to your future—though, of course, you know, I mean hers and that is the fortune that I haven't been able to squander with all my idle worthlesness. Make her happy with it, if you can, and so I shall know ! have a hand in her comfort after all.

'You weren't cut out for a pilldoper, old man. Drop it. Well, so long. Take keer of yerself, and be good to her to make up for your cussed stupidity. Landry."

The name stared up at us in his well-known writing, and suddenly, an overpowering sense of his nearness mastered me. Kit reached out a trembling hand. I felt a shudder go over

rre for the living.

"Yes, yes," I heard her whisper.
She took my hand and held it tightly faintly, "I see you, dear, dear Lau-

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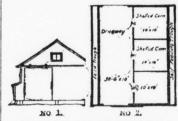
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BUILDING FOR SELF-FEEDER. placed in trough fresh for each meal the cattle seem to eat it more readily

The cut, No. 1, shows end plan, which is the same on both sides, with feeding troughs on side and rolling door provid-ing a driveway for feeding wagon.

The ground plan shown in cut No. 2 indicates the feed troughs on each side. The one at the left of driveway is used to feed direct from wagon. That on the right receives supply of feed from the three bins of shelled corn each ten by ten feet. By adjusting the feeding gates on the self-feeding troughs, only a par-tial ration may be delivered, and the trough to the left used to supply any deficiency as required.—T. D. Gayle, in Farm and Home.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES DIET

Reports from Abroad Are to the Effect That as a Bone Strengthener It Is a Success.

The use of sugar and molasses for cattle and horse feeding is gaining in popularity. Laws in many European countries have been changed exempting these products from taxation when they are to be used for feeding purposes. When recently in Paris, our attention was called to certain facts that may be interesting to our readers. The Omnibus company of the French capital owns over 10,000 horses, and as out of that number there are about 700 broken legs per annum, it was argued that possibly these accidents were in a measure due to some faulty

combination of the daily rations.

In 1901 the first experiments were made, the one kilogram of sour mash that had hitherto been used being substituted by an alkaline molasses com-bination. The results obtained were encouraging beyond the most sanguine expectations, and in 1902 the number

of broken legs was only 79. It was concluded that the extreme fragility of the animals' bony structure was due to the absence of the requisite mineral elements in their rations. There appears to be ample medical authority for asserting that heavy consumers of sugar, in cases of bone frac-ture, will recover more rapidly than when that article of luxury is eaten in moderation. In some hospitals, patients that are laid up with compound fractures of legs or arms receive in addition to their regular food allowance 150 grams of sugar, the cost of which is soon covered by the lesser period needed for the complete healing of the bony tissue.-Sugar Beet

Preventing Scours in Pigs.

Nothing is better for preventing scours in pigs than some crushed oat and barley slop run through a screen to remove most of the hulls which every household. It will clean paint, should be placed in a low trough in a corner of the pen. The young pigs go for this greedily. At two months old they are ready to wean, when they should be put in two large pens, culling out the weaker ones and putting them in pens made vacant by grouping three agreeable sows. Much more skill is required to raise young pigs in wine ter than in summer. After taking them away from their dams feed warm new milk for the first meal and after that warm skim milk with a good sprinkling of shorts in it, increasing the quantity each day until about the consistency of thin porridge. A good way is to mix a quart of oil meal with each barrel of feed and have a box in the corner of each pen containing wood ashes, charcoal and a little salt and sulphur.-Rural World.

GENERAL FARM NOTES.

Overchurning is one cause of butter not keeping.

In feeding dusty hay, shake well and dampen before feeding. See that there is sufficient shade in every pasture for the stock.

A poverty-stricken cow must first of all supply the wants of her system before she can possibly give rich milk and plenty of it.

The cheapest way to produce pork is to push the pigs from the start, and get them ready for market at not to exceed nine months.

Every careful experiment has shown that the gain is greater in proportion to food consumed in the young animal than in the older ones.

Steady work of any kind is fa-tiguing, and although the change may ot be for lighter work, it may be rest ful and refreshing for the teams



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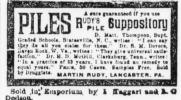
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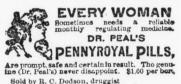
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