

## THE TASK OF LIFE.

It is not death but life I fear!  
If all the other things were done,  
'Twere not so hard at last to hear  
The summons of the sunset gun.  
But all the chance, the seeming fate,  
Dull and unconscious, hold us back:  
When I have conquered these, I'll wait  
In patience for the last attack.  
—[P. H. Savage, in Youth's Companion.]

## "S'REPTY."

BY JENNIE COLTON.

The June sunshine poured generously in at the wide doors of the Merritt "great barn," and the large, clean-room partitioned off for a carriage-house was full of the breath of summer.

Opposite the door stood the family "surrey," wearing the drapery provided for its hours of retirement, and in one corner was a lofty pile of sleighs, of various patterns and sizes. On the same side as the door stood the gaunt frame of an old-fashioned hand-loom, and high in state before it was seated the mistress of the farm-house. Many happy solitary hours Mrs. Merritt spent there.

She "loved to weave," she said, in her gentle, meditative voice.

But this love was not merely for the weaving. It was more for the pleasant sights and sounds of the summer weather, and for the kindly leisure of life's afternoon. The peaceful task belonged to summer as much as did the swaying of the daisies and the hum of the bees. In winter the loom stood neglected and forgotten, but in the late days of May, when the grass was already deep and green by the footpath, and the apple-trees had shed their last lingering blossoms, the longing for the dreamy, delightful task would awaken, and Mrs. Merritt would bestir herself to set up a "web."

The old loom had come to her by inheritance, and she valued it as she treasured the ancestral homespun linen, and the family traditions which extended back even to the inevitable "three brothers that came over from England."

She had often told her daughters of the remote grandmother who, when the men of the family had inadvertently carried on an excursion to Ticonderoga and Crown Point, defended her home and babies with an axe. To such deeds the Merritt sisters felt themselves quite adequate, had need arisen, but they could see no reason why their mother should sit in the barn and weave rag-carpeting in the fact that the loom had been framed of oak timber cut when all the hills beyond Roaring Brook was a wilderness. But if "mother" pleased, it was all right.

And Miss Sarepta Toker even was welcome to bring her knitting-work and sit in the doorway, and tell who was dead, and who was married, from Roaring Brook to the Nepesh. For Sarepta possessed married sisters and cousins in half the towns of the county, which gave her an immense advantage as a purveyor of news.

She was a meagre little woman, who had never been credited with much alertness of mind or body. It added a little brightness to her existence even to look on from the outside at the life and stir, the coming and going at the "Merritt place."

And in the interval when "S'repty" sat and knitted, with her eyes shut to visible things, she was no more hindered to the placid musings of Mrs. Merritt than would have been a cat, dozing in the sunshine.

Back and forth moved the shuttle, then followed the dull stroke of the batten. Occasionally the weaver would descend from her seat to turn the ratchet of the beam upon which the fabric was wound.

"How nice you do beat up your weavin'!" exclaimed S'repty, rousing herself to admiration. "Miss Minks don't half do her'n, and Rosalia has said, time and ag'in, she would 'nt send any more rags to her; but then she's kind o' sorry for her."

"It's hard for her to struggle along," said Mrs. Merritt. "If her children had lived, it would have been different."

"Your loom got kind o' crowded out of the house, didn't it?" said S'repty. "The old furniture has got to go. Reminds me of what Cousin Spencer Doolittle said when Square Lane fugged round an' got him turned out of the gallery to the Baptist meetin'-house. He'd played the bass viol to lead the singin' for forty years. There ain't no room left for the stable foundations of order, sez he. 'Folks must keep underminin', an' counterminin', an' improvin', sez he.'"

"It was my notion having the loom set up out here," said Mrs. Merritt. "He says it's my amusement for summer weather, that I have to have, just as the girls play croquet and tennis."

Another long, dreamy silence, except for the shuttle that went on and on.

There was a sound of wheels, and all semblance of slumber fled from Sarepta's eyes as there appeared at the front gate a very shiny top-buggy. And when in a few moments a slender shadow fell across the doorway, and Lois Merritt entered, no detail of her appearance was unobserved. The girl was tall, like her mother, with the same large, serious cast of countenance.

"What awful little bunnits they be a-wearin'!" said Sarepta, as if obeying an irresistible inner prompting. Lois received placidly this implied criticism of her new summer

millinery, and her mother thought complacently: "Lois don't mind S'repty. Emma and Lucia ain't so even-tempered. They'd have flared up."

It required but little urging to induce the visitor to stay until after tea. It had been one of the great treats of Sarepta's childhood to go home from school with Lucia.

"I don't see mother," said Emma Merritt, as with a sigh of relief she watched Sarepta's departing footsteps, "how you can like to have her come here so much. It's just to see and hear, and then go and tell. And she doesn't miss anything that's going on, for all that she keeps her eyes shut."

"There isn't any harm in S'repty," said Mrs. Merritt. "I've always known her, and it kind o' interests her to come here."

"She takes too much interest in my affairs," persisted Emma. "And everywhere she goes she tells about 'Si,' and 'Em,' and 'Lucindy,' and so on as if we belonged to her."

"Never mind Emma Jane," replied her mother, "I guess there's room enough in this world for you and S'repty, too."

"Oh, mother, mother! you're too good. You make excuses for everybody, and there's nobody you'd refuse to speak to. I do believe you'd visit with a caterpillar, if you thought it would be pleased."

This seemingly absurd conjecture was verified. The next day as Mrs. Merritt sat in solitary state at her loom, there came upon the window-sill a great fluted green caterpillar, moving with dignity, as became a creature whom splendid destiny was to transform into a still more magnificent green moth.

The shuttle lay idle as for some minutes Mrs. Merritt watched and admired, and even talked softly to her guest. All this would have seemed but foolishness to Sarepta, had she been present. Her mind must have been constructed on a larger scale, after all, for she reserved her curiosity for the human species.

Within a fortnight she was again spending her afternoon at Mrs. Merritt's, but she did not occupy her usual seat, commanding a view of the house.

She had crowded her chair into a narrow space beside the loom. The window was above her head as she sat unobtrusively busy in darning a desperate rent in her brown alpaca dress. She had caught it upon a stake which was driven beside the path; one of several stakes which were visible from the doorway. Though her place was humble and retired, S'repty was full of indignation. Her own special grievance of the torn gown only added to her wrath at what she deemed a great public wrong.

For months there had been talk of a proposed new railroad. At last the line had been surveyed, and it crossed the Merritt farm, running between the house and the "great barn."

S'repty lost no time in going to console with her friend.

"Here I be a-settin', mendin' a dress on me," she remarked. "It's a sign somebody is going to tell a lie about me, but I guess I can rest it if they can, 's long's 'tain't the truth. Wish I could make them railroad folks buy me a new dress! But you oughter git big damages, 's she went on. 'It just spiles your posy garden. It's lucky the girls is growed up big enough to keep off'n the track.'"

Mrs. Merritt assented.

"An' to have 'em comin' along screechin' in the middle of the night, shakin' the very pillars under your head! I know how 'tis to Sister Church's. But the wust was when they was diggin' and blastin', an' great stones a-flyin' an' Kentury's folks had to live all cluttered up in the ell-part, an' all nerved up when a blast went off. An' when they went to meetin', the road was all blocked up in front of Eben Clay's house, an' they had to drive up over the bank, expecting the kerriage would slip off'n the edge. An' her a-lookin' out 'o the front window, crosser'n time, because there was wheelmarks on the terris, as she called it."

"The road will be easier to build here," said Mrs. Merritt. "And now they've begun they say they're going to rush it through."

"But the emigrants will have to come, them Eytalians," said S'repty. "An' the shanties will be right under your nose, an' there they'll be cookin' themselves, an' livin' on black bread."

Even this mixed statement, hinting at cannibalistic tendencies on the part of the workmen, did not seem to shake the placid nerves of Mrs. Merritt.

"You're making a good, workman-like job of that tear," she said kindly. "There's very few can beat you at mendin', S'repty."

S'repty drew her thread with a steadier hand. She was used to less disinterested compliments than this; hints pointing directly to great baskets full of tattered garments which had accumulated ready for her needle.

"Mother," said Lois Merritt one morning some days later, "here is Bradford Toker. He says S'repty is very sick and wants to see you."

"Yessum," put in a small boy at the door, "S'repty says, if you want to see her alive again, to come soon's you can."

"How long has S'repty been complainin'?" inquired Mrs. Merritt.

"Oh, most a week—an' las' night we was kep' up with her 'bout all the forepart of the night," said the small boy with a careworn air. She was out of 'er head, an', took on pretty bad."

"I'll go over to your house as soon as I can," said Mrs. Merritt.

"She's been dretful flighty," said Azariah's wife, before she led the way to the sick-room. "She's been goin' on about bein' took up, an' about your bein' run over by the engine, an' such like. She begun with a sort of influential cold a day or two after she was over to your house. Monday she couldn't git up. I had my hands full, so I kep' Bradford home from school, an' that most killed him. But he's a great hand to read, Bradford is, an' he took the last Roaring Brook Argus upstairs an' read it through to S'repty, advertisements and all. Somethin' in it seemed to excite her, and she begun to act kind'er wild then, he thought. But of course we all know that the intellex of S'repty's mind ain't over keen at the best of times, an' havin' so much read to her right out kind'er dazed her."

It was a very pale, drawn face which Mrs. Merritt encountered a moment later,—that of the supposed victim of too much learning, but there was in the eyes a feverish brightness which gave them more expression than usual. S'repty said but little, and that in very feeble tones, until there came a call from below which her sister-in-law was obliged to heed.

Then the invalid started promptly into sitting posture and drew from under her pillow a newspaper, which she handed to Mrs. Merritt.

"I got Bradford to bring it up here, an' say nothin'," she said. "Now read that item."

Mrs. Merritt read as follows: "A considerable number of the stakes which were driven by the officials engaged in surveying the proposed route of the R. B. and S. V. R. R. were surreptitiously removed during the night of June 16. We understand the are strong suspicions as to the identity of the perpetrator of this outrage."

"Now, how dew yew s'pose they found it out," said S'repty. "These newspaper folks is great hands to make up new words, but when I heard my own name read right out so, it did give me an awful start. Who could 'a' told 'em?"

"Oh, the correspondents make it their business to find out all about these little happenings."

"But what made 'em think I did it?" persisted S'repty, in a tremulous whisper.

"You?" said her friend. "What did you have to do about it? We surmised it was those Clancy boys did it for fun."

"It was me that pulled up them stakes. An' I dunno but I'd dew it ag'in. P'r'raps it's just as well I sha'n't git up ag'in. But that sca't me so when Bradford read it out so loud, 'S'repty-shushly, just the same as sayin' it was me.'"

"Don't worry a mite about it," said her friend soothingly. "That's a real dictionary word, and didn't mean anything about you. And I won't say a word about it, even to Silas."

S'repty's eyes lost some of their distracted look.

"That's just like you, Lucindy," she said feebly. "I should hate to have it in everybody's mouth, arter I was gone, how I jus' missed bein' took up, by dyin'."

"But, S'repty, what in the world did possess you, a woman of your years, to cut up such a crazy caper?"

"'Twas all on your account, Lucindy. Comin' home from your house, I got to thinkin' about the railroad track runnin' between the house an' the barn, an' if I didn't run ag'inst another stake and tear my dress wuss'n 'twas before. An' that night I dremp how you was goin' across to the barn to do some weavin', an' the cars came along an' run over you."

"There, there, don't think any more about it," said her friend. But S'repty must make her confession.

"So flex' night when Azariah an' his wife was gone to the straw'ry festival, I cut over across to your home lot. I knew your folks was gone to the Center too, but I was afeard somebody'd be 'round an' see me. Still, I hed to risk it. I'd no idee how hard it would be gettin' them sticks up, but I remembered how good you'd allus ben to me. I tried to come home a shorter way, thinkin' I heerd somebody follerin', an' I got into that springy place in the Lloyd lot, an' got my drees wet an' my shoes."

"You poor thing you!" said the object of all this ill-starred loyalty. "To think that you should have so much trouble on my account! The railroad folks have acted real fair by us. And I wouldn't say anything about it yet, for you know how everything goes, but we expect to move in the fall."

"You don't say!" exclaimed S'repty with considerable animation. "Yes, he's been thinking for a long time the place is too large for him to carry on, seein' the boys ain't ever going to take to farmin'. And the creamery folks want it, and he had a good chance to buy the Ford place at the Center."

"What! the house with the pillars in front?" inquired S'repty, much revived.

"Yes, and so I gave my consent. It's home to me where my folks are. The girls urged me real hard. I suppose, if nothing happens, Emma will live right next door to us."

"What, has Emma Jane an' John Kilborn made up?" queried S'repty, forgetting her feebleness and sitting up.

"Yes, and I suppose there will have to be a double wedding," said Mrs. Merritt.

"Well, I never!" said S'repty. "Lois ain't goin' to be married, too?"

"The girls wouldn't thank me for telling, but you won't mention it. That's the plan now."

"When you move, I can't go an' set with you an' see you weave, even if

I should ever git up ag'in," sighed S'repty, dropping on her pillow.

"Oh, he says there's room enough in the house for my loom, and when we get moved, I want you to come and make me a good visit."

The invalid brightened again. "Hain't you told anybody you was goin' to move? Not Mis' Peters, nor Viny Smith?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Merritt. Sarepta breathed a sigh of content. "An' I know Rosalia ain't heerd of it," she said.—[Romance.]

## PROPOSED BY TELEPHONE.

### A Hardware Drummer Gets Ahead of His Rival.

An event has occurred in Michigan, near Detroit, which appears to confirm the idea that courtship, as well as most other things, will hereafter be greatly facilitated by recent inventions. It seems that there is a young lady residing in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men, one a professor in the State University at Ann Arbor and the other a travelling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada.

One day recently the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and, of course, immediately started to make the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of any rival concern should put in an appearance. He had hoped to visit the object of his affections in the evening, but business was brisk, and eight o'clock found him very busy trying to induce a prominent dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones, and a half car load of wooden pails.

At this stage of the proceedings a younger brother of the young lady dropped in to get a new jack-knife and incidentally mentioned that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house. It instantly occurred to the progressive hardware and cutlery drummer that the college man came for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his heart, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just deciding to take the pails.

But the thought of giving up the lady, who had been for months constantly in his mind, waking and sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handing the merchant a circular explaining the merits of his new double-bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the dealer's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang, sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour, talking pleasantly of the grand educational work they were doing in the department of fossilology at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang the lady's father being absent (he is a physician), she excused herself and proceeded to the adjoining room to answer it. The professor heard her step to the telephone and say "yes," make a short pause and say "yes" again. Then there was a longer pause and he heard her reply: "Why—why really, this is very sudden." Then there was a still longer pause, and he heard her say "yes" very softly, and then "good-by," and then she hung up the receiver and came into the back room.

The college man moved closer to the lady and remarked that it was a warm evening, and he thought it was going to rain, and then resumed his talk about the great work at the university. Fifteen minutes later there was a ring at the front door bell. The lady responded to it, and a district messenger boy handed her a plain gold ring, which she slipped on her finger, and returned into the parlor. "Miss —," said the professor, five minutes later, "I want to ask you a very important question this evening. Excuse me for putting it bluntly, but will you be my wife?" But we need go no further with this. Two minutes later the professor went down the front steps and shook his fist at the telephone wire, and took the first train for Ann Arbor.—[Hardware.]

## Adoption Among Birds.

Modern scientific research undoubtedly tends to place the ethics of bird life on a higher and higher level. Even the cuckoo, against whom so much has been written, is now acknowledged to have been maligned when it was universally affirmed by ornithologists that it displays in its tenderest stage of development the odious faculty of ejecting its lawful occupants from the stolen nest in which it has been placed. The Bishop of Newcastle has now made himself responsible for a touching little anecdote. Not long ago, says Dr. Wilberforce, there was a Frenchman who had a large family and who was haunted by the idea that when he died there would be no one to look after his children. While thinking of this one spring day he noticed two nests in a hedge close by each other. Each contained half-fledged birds, whose parents were lying dead. He went away sad, thinking that the young birds must die. What was his surprise, however, a few days after, to see them quite happy and apparently well fed. He stood apart and watched, and presently he saw the parent birds of other nests come to the young birds and feed them. They had adopted the little orphans, a fact which the Frenchman naturally took as a good omen with regard to his own little ones.—[London News.]

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At the Hygienic Congress just held in Budapest the fact was brought to light that stammering is far more common among men than among women, the proportion of male to female stammerers being almost four to one. The New York Tribune facetiously observes that "This is not surprising, for impediment of speech is rare among women."

ONE Mrs. Milne, an actress, in a book on her Eastern travels, says that the Burmese women are as graceful as the women of Japan; as gentle, as lovable, as the women of Denmark; as vivacious as the women of France; as capable as the women of America, and as feminine as the women of England at their best. "Say no more, madam. When does the next steamship start for Mandalay, and what is the fare?" anxiously asks the New York Sun.

THE French police have found the surveillance of the anarchists under the terms of the new law a very difficult matter. There are 800 known anarchists living in the department of the Seine. Six hundred of them suddenly left their domiciles without leaving any addresses. It is supposed that the majority have quitted Paris and its vicinity for the provinces, or have fled abroad, to England and to Belgium, where they have assumed other names.

MORE than three million signatures have been appended to the address to the governments of the world which the Women's Christian Temperance Union has been preparing. The languages of the petition are fifty in number. The names have been taken on paper, the papers are being gathered and are to be pasted on cloth, the web of which will be about five miles long. It is estimated that \$170,000 will be expended in presenting the petition. It is to be carried around the world by a committee of one hundred women with Miss Willard and Lady Somerset at the head.

STATISTICS have been compiled at Vienna of the quantity of beer drunk in 1893 in the entire world. Germany heads the list with 1,202,132,074 gallons, an increase of 34,000,000 over 1892, the consumption being 32 gallons per head, ranging from 62 gallons in Bavaria to 12 gallons in Lothringen. Great Britain second, 1,165,752,000 gallons, or 30 per head. America, including the whole of the Western Hemisphere, is third, with more than 1,000,000,000 gallons, or 16 per head. The total for the world, not including Asia and Africa, is 4,500,000,000 gallons, requiring 7,270,000 tons of malt and 82,000 tons of hops.

A Rochester inventor thinks he has solved the matter of individual aerial navigation. By the use of a new chemical compound he thinks he can overcome the law of gravity, and by inflating a bag composed of tubes arranged in a similar manner to the intestines of animals, which will be placed at the base of the spinal column of the operator, the buoyancy will be sufficient to raise the voyager into the lower currents of the atmosphere. The only objection is the unsightly appearance of the traveller, who will look as though he were seated upon a huge ball. In connection with the project is an electric steering apparatus.

How slow salutary reforms are in piercing the crust of British custom and prejudice is strikingly shown by the recent discussion of English newspapers over the use of a cat in flogging prisoners. This inhuman method of punishment is still employed in British jails, and, what is worse, its use is strongly favored by prominent organs of English sentiment. The torture inflicted by the cat is indescribable. It is often necessary to divide the punishment into installments for fear that the writhing victims will die under the ordeal if all the strokes are applied at once. To attempt to reform criminals by such cruelty is on a level with the old-fashioned effort to destroy heterodoxy and schism by means of the thumb-screw and boot. There is evidently a field in Great Britain for another John Howard.

LOUIS GATHMANN, a Chicago astronomer, believes he has discovered vegetation on the moon. In looking at the other night he saw a spot of vivid green. "The spot," he says, "was shaped much like a spool, lying in an easterly and westerly direction, and was, I estimated, about forty by seventy miles in extent, or about four times the size of Tycho. I made no accurate calculations of either its size or its exact position on the lunar surface that evening, and the next night when I attempted more elaborate investigation it had disappeared. I have not seen it since. To my mind the green spot could have been caused by nothing but vegetation in perfection of development—perhaps grass, perhaps forests. That it has not since been seen may be due to causes unknown on earth, but theoretically, quite familiar to the moon."

THE Westminster Gazette prints the report of the labor correspondent of the London Board of Trade on the strikes and lockouts of 1892 in Great Britain. The total number was 692. Of these 345 were settled either by mutual conciliation or by mediation and 16 by arbitration. The remainder were lost by the workmen. It will, of course, be remembered, says the Indianapolis Sentinel, that conciliation and mediation are preliminaries to compulsory arbitration as proposed by all intelligent advocates of that system. Notwithstanding the peaceable and satisfactory

settlement of so large a number of these strikes, the cost of the remainder was very heavy. The weekly loss of wages is estimated at about \$2,400,000. The loss on use of capital is placed at \$95,000,000. The cost of restarting works and resisting strikes is estimated at \$1,100,000. The known amount of aid voted by labor unions is \$800,000, but this is only a small proportion of the aid actually furnished.

In the midst of an age remarkable for invention there has been discovered and put to practical use a device which must surely be appreciated by every navigator. For many years the sextant has been the mariner's reliance in the determination of latitude and longitude, but it has been frequently the case that stormy weather prevented the use of that valuable instrument, and when such was the case the navigator had to depend very largely upon himself for his reckoning. Now comes an inventor—Lieut. W. H. Beecher, of the United States Navy—with an instrument which he terms a solarometer; a device which, it is claimed, can be operated successfully in all varieties of weather and at any hour of the day or night. In addition to determining the latitude and longitude of the ship on which it is operated, the solarometer also shows compass errors, something that cannot now be done at sea. The invention has been thoroughly tested, and in every instance worked most satisfactorily and accurately. The general public may fail to appreciate the value of this wonderful product of an American mind, but sailors the whole world over cannot but be under obligations to this American inventor, who has done so much to make safe the navigation of any sea at all times.

## The Starch Plant.

Yucca (not Yucca) is a brush from four to six feet high, having tubers, like horse-radish, six to ten to every plant, and weighing from one to twelve pounds each. It is an important product of Chiapas, and may be sown at any time (but it is better to do so after the rains begin, say in the month of May) from the shoots or stems by opening ditches six feet apart and planting the cuttings in them consecutively, says the Two Republics of Mexico. Vegetable and sandy soil is best adapted for it, although it can be planted and will thrive in any kind of land. In arid and hard soil it needs plowing. If the land has been thoroughly cleared before planting it requires but little weeding during cultivation. A year after being sown (if the soil is rich) it will begin to yield tubers which must be dug up at the time the tree begins to flower. In replanting, after digging the tuber, a slip is left standing and this will bear in twelve months. Besides extracting the starch from the tubers, the leaves are used as fodder for stock. The expenses consist of clearing (only once) and weeding the land and collecting the tubers and extracting the starch. The cost of clearing one hektar is \$2.25, which expense is incurred but once. Four tasks or cleanings a year at 50 cents each will keep the ground clear of weeds, insects, etc. The collection of 6,000 pounds of tubers, the yield of one hektar from 1,000 bushels, will be four tasks at 50 cents each and amounting to \$2, and extracting the starch, consisting of five journales at 50 cents each, will cost \$2.50. The product of the product of the tuber is 50 per cent. of starch; consequently 6,000 pounds will yield 3,000 pounds of starch, which cost \$8.75 to raise, a little less than 1-3 of a cent a pound. Starch is sold at the plantation for from 4 to 5 cents a pound and at the principal cities of Chiapas for \$2 an arroba of 25 pounds.

## The White and Black Cross Fish.

Both China and Japan have long been known as lands where rare forms of both vegetable and animal life exist, but I don't remember of ever having seen anything in print until lately concerning the "cross fish," a piscatorial wonder which abounds in the fresh waters of both countries. The rarest specimens of the two is the one known to the Japs by a term signifying "the fish of the black cross." It is a pink-colored fish (belonging to the goldfish family), only about four inches long, and seemingly almost transparent, with the exception of a jet black cross extending down the back, with side arms pointing down and outward toward the lateral fins. The "white cross" appears to be but a variety of the above described species, resembling it in general outline of form. In this variety the skin is of a more decided red and the tail broader and more flattened. It takes its common name from the fact that both sides are marked with perfect figures of white crosses.—[Chicago Herald.]

## Boys Co-Operate in Farming.

An instance of successful co-operative farming came within my knowledge this summer," said C. R. Sayre. "Ten boys, ranging from twelve to eighteen years of age, made a compact to farm forty acres. They rented the land near Chicago and went to work with a will. Each week a boy was chosen to have charge, and every one of the others was bound to obey him in everything. In this way each one was boss for a part of the time, and there were no clashes. They raised early truck, and have already cleared enough to pay them handsomely, in spite of its being a dry year. Expenses and receipts are equally divided, and if one shows a disposition to shirk his work, he is ducked under a pump, and only two of them have had to be treated that way.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]