

# HOW SUMMER CAME TO THE SLOPE.

BY HUGH J. HUGHES.

Chinook winds down the gulches came singing soft and low, "White flowers of the North Wind, 'tis time for you to go!"

Down many a misty canon the sunbeams danced their way; Before them sink the shadows, behind them sweep the day;

By many a stream torrential, down gulch and canon hurled, The white flowers went to bourgeon the tides that sweep the world;

Beneath the soil frost-girdled the windflower, asleep, stirred; The mighty cry of living its sentient heart had heard;

Came teal, and gray geese honking down the sloping wind; The wild-rose lakes before them, a thousand miles behind;

So came the ancient summer—the summer ever new— To the gulches, and the meads, and the fire-builders few;

"Chinook is blowing softly; the summer comes again!"

—Youth's Companion.

# JOHN WAKELYN'S WIFE.

Mr. Courtenay Pile alighted from the train at the small station at Littleton March, his handsome face wearing a somewhat troubled expression.

He passed through the booking-office and found an open trap of the type usually to be hired at village inns, awaiting his orders. He had wired for it because his visit was unexpected by those who might have seen that he had a more comfortable reception.

It was a mild February day, with a suggestion of spring in the gentle air, soft clouds chasing one another across the dappled sky. The roads were soft and muddy, and Mr. Pile looked critically at the somewhat sorry old crock between the shafts of the village fly and ruefully shook his head.

"How much for the lot, Simon? and how long before we get hauled up to March Manor?"

"Matter of 'arf an hour, sir," replied Simon, without blinking an eye. "There's more go in that there old crock than you think."

Mr. Pile swung himself up beside the driver, drew the emaciated gringer over his well-cut trousers, and the old crock, laying his ears well back, set off in a weird amble that was half gallop and half trot.

"They be gittin' on, sir, up to the Manor," said the driver, inclined for a little friendly talk. "Every day the walls gits a little bit 'igher, so to speak. It'll look tip-top when it's done."

"Is it approved in these parts, then?" inquired Mr. Pile with some interest.

"Oh, yes, sir; they says there won't be anything to touch the new 'ouse in this part of the country."

"That's good, Simon, and as it should be," remarked Mr. Pile, and relapsed into silence as they began to ascend the road to the downs, which dipped again to the sheltered valley in which the new Manor house of March was being erected for an absentee.

They reached it under thirty minutes, and long before they turned in at the avenue gates the red pile of the masonry was visible between the spaces of the leafless trees.

"You can let me down here, Simon, and go round by the back way to the stables," said Mr. Pile when they were well within the gates; "and I require you to wait there for me. I want to get back to Littleton in time for the three-ten."

"Right, sir."

The trap stopped. Mr. Pile alighted, and at once cut across the park in a slanting direction towards the house. Once only he stopped to draw a letter from his pocket and read it through. It was almost unnecessary, because he had already made himself master of the contents, which had angered him greatly.

"Confounded cheek on Wakelyn's part—confounded!" he repeated, drawing out the word with emphasis; "but he's a clinking good servant, and we can't afford to dismiss him at this point. It would create suspicion, which is what we must avoid."

When he reached the new building, which was being erected on the site of the old one, consumed a few months before by one of the most disastrous fires of the century, all the signs of a big undertaking being carried merrily through to its legitimate finish, met his eye. Cranes were at work to assist the bricklayers, great piles of dry mortar and stacks of bricks covered the short sward, seeming to destroy for a moment the fine old turf in the immediate vicinity; the air was filled with the din of labor being heartily pursued.

A man high up on the gable wall caught sight of Mr. Pile approaching, and immediately began to descend to the ground. He was a big, slow man, with a somewhat inscrutable face, careless of his dress, but never slovenly; a man whose expression and whole bearing suggested both power and determination. A brief greeting, rather curt on Pile's part, passed between the two men, and Wakelyn waited for his superior to speak further.

"I came on account of the somewhat unusual letter I received from you yesterday, Wakelyn. I started to answer it this morning, but found it difficult; where can we talk?"

"In the little office; it is empty at the present moment," answered Wakelyn imperturbably, and they turned together to the small wooden structure that had been erected for the transaction of business, which required attention on the spot. It was quite comfortable within and warmed by a small stove which sent out a bright glow. Pile closed the door, and his face hardened as he looked straight at Wakelyn.

"You exceeded your privilege, I think, this time, Wakelyn. I've stood, we've all stood, a good deal from you, but this is the limit. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing more than I put in my letter, sir. I can't stop here and see the work through on the present

lines. I don't profess to be a saint, but the stuff that's being put into this house is the limit, if I may borrow your expression. It's dishonest, and all the more so that Lord Trammere is not here himself to overlook it."

"A fat lot of good he'd be if he were here. So it doesn't come up to specification?"

"No, and you know it; when I complained, the Garrods have as good as told me they're within their rights, according to the orders they've received privately from you and Mr. Gladwyn. I won't be a party to it, that's all, and I'm quite ready to leave at the end of the week. In fact, I've so made up my mind."

Mr. Courtenay Pile's face reddened very deeply.

"So it's a very high hand you'll take, Wakelyn? Whence all this new-fangled delicacy of conscience? You've been in the building trade a good many years, and I suppose this isn't the first time you've seen things fall short of specifications. It's done every day; you know that."

"I don't know it, but as I said, I won't be a party to it," replied Wakelyn, with the same quiet, imperturbable air, which had the effect of raising Mr. Pile's anger almost to a white heat.

dust of the day's work from his face and hands, and then sat down to his solitary tea. He enjoyed it after a fashion, then, pushing his chair back, sat down on the old monk's bench by the fire. That done, he cut open the envelope of his wife's letter with great deliberation, and drew forth the written sheet within. He imagined at once that it was not long, because the outer page was quite blank. When he turned it to the other side, his face flushed a little and his eye shone. It was a long time since Lucy had begun a letter to him in such endearing terms. She was unobtrusive, a woman of few words at all times. But for once she had laid aside all her reserve.

"Darling," it began. "Your letter is lying spread out before me as I write, and I have waited a whole day before answering it, so as to be quite sure of all I wished to say. The impulse was on me when it came to sit down at once and pour out all my heart; but Ted was not so well this morning, and other things I will tell you presently intervened."

"I felt so glad when I read your letter, John, that every other worry seemed to fade away. I just slipped up to our room and knelt down, and thanked God because He had made you so good and so strong. You have done right, quite right. I understand every word of what you wrote, and it was more than kind of you to take so much trouble to make the things positively clear to me, but dear, it was not needed. My faith in you is so great that I should never have questioned your decision, whatever it had been. I understand all you say about the things that are done in business, but I am thankful beyond any words of mine to express that you will not lend yourself to these methods, and that you will suffer rather than lend your countenance to dishonest practices. I will suffer with you gladly, John, and be proud of it, and I am sure the children, if they were asked, would say the same."

"But, happily, I think there will not be any need. Who do you think came to see me to-day? Not Uncle Edgar, from Bristol, without a word of warning, and he did not seem to mind so different from any time I have ever seen him before, that I couldn't quite make it out. He is aging, too; I can't help thinking that God has spoken to his hard heart, and that he is beginning to realize some of the things he has missed in life. He was lovely to Ted, and brought him a great parcel of books, new books, from the Stores; think of Uncle Edgar being

guilty of such extravagance! He asked very kindly about you, and he said I was beginning to look rather old and tired, and that I must take better care of myself, and couldn't we have a holiday together at Morecambe at Easter."

"Finding him like this, and wanting desperately to tell somebody how proud and glad I was about you, I gave him your letter to read. He took a long time to read it, and blew his nose several times over it, and was a little gruff at the end. Then what do you think he said all of a sudden?"

"Your husband's a fool, Lucy, as the world counts folly, but I shouldn't wonder that he's chosen the better part. Tell him I said so, and if he comes home next week, as he seems to expect, out of a job, bring him to Bristol for the week-end, and we'll talk things over. I need somebody at my place I can trust, who won't buy and sell me the moment my back's turned. So bring him down."

Of course, I said I would. I hope your interview with your firm won't be very disagreeable, dear, but if it is, never mind. Come home. Never have you been so welcome as you will be this time to the happy and loving woman, who is so proud to sign herself, Your Wife."

Wakelyn's lips twitched as he turned the sheet to read it all over again, and a joy filled his heart as great as to well-nigh overwhelm him. The part concerning Uncle Edgar did not greatly uplift him. It was the knowledge that he had his wife's sympathy and that that filled and covered his whole horizon; nothing else mattered.

There occurred in his memory, as he sat there in the silence, a passage he had read from Isaiah before he slept the night after the momentous letters had been written.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for the redeemed; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." And again, "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—David Lyall in British Weekly.

Recipes For Canned Soups. Chicken Gumbo—Two quarts water, one carrot, picture of a chicken on the outside of the can.

Clam Chowder—Two quarts water, one carrot, picture of a clam on the outside of the can.

Mock Turtle—Two quarts water, one carrot, picture of a mock turtle on the outside of the can.

Calves' Head—Two quarts water, one carrot, picture of a calf's head on the outside of the can.

Ox Tail—Two quarts water, one carrot, picture of an ox tail on the outside of the can.

Electricity On the Farm. A few weeks ago the New York Tribune mentioned the enterprise of an Illinois farmer, who utilized a stream which flowed through his land for the development of electricity.

With the current so obtained he operated a variety of machines and secured light for his house and dairy barn. Since then we have seen reports of a few similar ventures in other parts of the country. It seems probable, however, that a wider use of electricity will be made on the farm when companies having big plants in cities reach out for additional custom. There are certain hours in the night and months in the year when the demand for electric lights and electric power for railways is greatly below the maximum. Companies can afford to offer favorable terms to customers who will consume the surplus output of their dynamos, and the farmer can be spared the necessity of spending money for that kind of machinery and for water wheels to run it.

An instance of this kind is afforded in Western New York. From a paper read at the meeting of the National Electric Light Association a fortnight ago it appears that a company doing a large business in Rochester found that a great part of its apparatus stood idle from April 1 to October 1, and it began an active campaign for new patrons. Already it furnishes current for forty farm motors in adjoining towns, but it has also discovered a class of work which can be performed quite as well by night as by day—pumping water for irrigation.

It might be supposed that irrigation would be unprofitable in the vicinity of Rochester, because the rainfall there is more abundant than in most parts of the country. So variable, however, is the precipitation in localities which are usually well supplied that crops frequently suffer from drought where the normal conditions are favorable. If provision should be made for supplementing the natural supply, a more uniform crop could be secured. With that expectation a few fruit growers near

# The Farm

## CEMENT FOR FARM USE. It May Be Profitably Employed in Many Ways About the House and Farm and Costs But Little.

By J. E. Bridgeman.

The proper use of cement supplies so many needs on the farm that the following article on cement brick making is sure to be of great value to every ingenious farmer.

Cement brick may be easily made on the farm, and used for all purposes for which clay brick or stone are now used, and they may also be used for some things that clay brick or stone could not be used for. The cost in most cases will be less than the clay brick.



The illustrations show the mold for making the brick, also six of the finished brick on the drying palette or board.

The two sides of this mold are formed of 2x6-inch timber; the twelve centre cross pieces are of 1x6 boards, while almost any lumber may be used. Hard wood, however, if smooth and straight, is preferable.

The brick are supposed to be 2x4x8 inches and set as shown on one face. This permits the molder to face the brick with a very rich cement mixture—say about one inch, and the remaining space in the mold is filled with a leaner or weaker mixture.

While it is true that a mixture of one part cement and four parts coarse sand will make a brick that will support a great amount of weight, it will not be waterproof, so by filling the first one inch with a mixture of one part cement and one or two parts sand we get a waterproof brick on the face at greatly reduced cost.

The various parts of this mold are, as shown, interchangeable, and must all be of the same size. The mold is held together by the two bolts C C, which have hand taps that are quickly loosened. The mold sets on a bottom board, B, and is squared and held in place by the four blocks, A A A A.

Many failures have been made trying to make cement brick with molds held together with hinges, hooks, etc., as almost all of these molds are constructed in a way that it is impossible to keep them square or sufficiently rigid to tamp the cement in the molds.

When the molds have been filled the palette or drying board is placed on top of the mold and all turned upside down, the bottom removed, the bolts loosened and the parts may then be easily taken away from the brick without spoiling or chipping the edges.

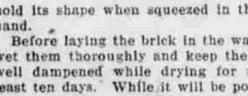
The mold must be smoothed with sandpaper and kept well oiled. After the mixture is well tamped in place level off the top with a straight board and place the brick under some shed or at least in the shade.

Keep the palettes under water for several hours before using them, but be sure that all the surplus water has been drained off.

The entire operation of molding the brick is quickly and easily done. For all ordinary work use a mixture of one part cement to three or four parts coarse, clean sand. Mix dry and add water until it is of the consistency of thick jelly and will

hold its shape when squeezed in the hand.

Before laying the brick in the wall wet them thoroughly and keep them well dampened while drying for at least ten days. While it will be possible to handle them, and if necessary lay them in the wall when only ten or fifteen days old, they will not be entirely hardened for several months.



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## Stock Water On the Farm.

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Having had much experience and dissatisfaction in regard to stock water for hogs on the farm, I think I have solved the problem that to me is very satisfactory. I am so fortunate as to own a farm with no other facilities for water than a well and to provide water at all times gave me much trouble, as I went over the long list of fountains on the market, many of which are worthless and very troublesome.

The fountains for barrels and tanks that are usually sold by dealers are all right so long as clean water is kept inside and not in daily use by stock, and will show up much better than when in actual use. The life of them in my experience is short and frequently you find your hogs wallowing in a mud hole near by where the float or valve has failed to do its work and then to get inside of that barrel and repair it (if you can) is no small job. In winter you have no good from them without a tank heater, and once the water becomes frozen your float is ruined, and next season you are in the market for a new system of waterworks. While looking for something to do the work more satisfactorily I happened onto a catalogue and saw a cut of a stock fountain. I bought one in 1906, used it that year, and next season ordered two more, and ended the trouble in my case. It is simple and any one can repair any part of it, except the float, in a few minutes, and can instantly get at any part of it, and a little care in winter will insure water all the time, as well as in summer.

I have one on a barrel and one on a tank, both on sleds, ready to move any time or anywhere with a horse. I have a windpump at the corner of four twenty-acre fields in eighty acres on my farm, and a cattle tank that I can change to suit my convenience; then a tank six by two by two feet for hogs; on it is attached a fountain so placed that water will run from the pump into either tank, and it is always ready and clean, as I keep the hog tank covered. Last fall I turned eighty head of spring shoats into a corn field and put my tank in the corner next the pump and sold the hogs the last of November. At no time did we have any trouble to keep water in readiness further than to turn on or off the windmill. My spring pigs now know the location of the water tank and visit it quite often, even before weaning. I have had as many as 160 hogs and pigs use one tank in summer and be well supplied.—S. Martin, in the Indiana Farmer.

Silo is Dairy Savings Bank. The advantages of the silo are attracting more and more attention in these times of high priced feed for cows. Of course clover and alfalfa hay to balance the cow ration with silage must not be forgotten. But one of our live stock exchanges puts this statement: The silo is the savings bank of the dairy industry. Filled with corn ensilage, it is a sure source of steady milk production and represents the cheapest efficient feed produced on the farm for dairy husbandry. It assists the dairyman to produce milk, butter and cheap fertilizers economically. It is more conveniently handled than is dry fodder and makes palatable large quantities of feed that otherwise would be wasted. With a herd of good cows and a silo the farmer can achieve all the possibilities of the dairy industry and by proper management of the droppings of the herd can also annually increase the fertility of his land.—Indiana Farmer.

Ducks and Geese. A friend of ours says geese should not be allowed in a young orchard, as they damage the bark on young trees.

Little ducks will not stand as much heat as chickens. Keep ducklings too warm and some of them will be very likely to develop leg weakness.

Don't begrudge the young ducks or goslings what they eat. They grow faster in proportion to the food they eat than any of our domestic fowls.

When a dashing rain comes up young ducks must be looked after. Ducklings or goslings will chill and sometimes die the same as chickens when they get wet to the skin if not given proper attention.

It is a mistake to allow goslings or ducklings to get into the water before they are full feathered on their breasts.

Water vessels should be arranged so ducklings may drink freely without getting wet by dabbling in the water. A small trough with a slatted cover makes a good drinking vessel for ducks.—Inland Farmer.

Hog Pasture. Every spring I sow two or three acres of rape and then I have ten acres of alfalfa all fenced hog tight. I turn the hogs on that and then on the rape, and that is all they get to eat during the summer. They do well on it, too—as well as the neighbors' hogs, which receive some corn and have no pasture to run on. I think every farmer ought to at least have some pasture for his hogs. They do much better on green feed during the summer after being shut up all winter, and they do much better than when shut up in small yards during the warm months. Every man can afford to sow some rape, even though he has no alfalfa. Renters sometimes live where there is no alfalfa, and I believe rape is a good thing for them.—R. L. Scott, in Nebraska Farmer.



# IN WOMAN'S REALM

Teach School Children to Swim. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, assisted by officers of the Y. M. C. A., started a movement to teach every school child in Chicago to swim. Instruction began at bathing beaches along the shores of Lake Michigan.

Character. Character gives weight to one's words and permanence to one's acts. Character secures the confidence of those who employ us, the respect of those above us, the love of those on our level, the loyalty of those beneath. Character is the guinea stamp on the gold, the signature at the edge of the portrait, the ring of the genuine coin, the accent of the speech of the New Jerusalem, which is found only on the lips of the true citizen.—Woman's Life.

Making and Using Stencils. The use of the stencil for wall decoration, or for ornamenting curtains, scarfs and even dresses, is effective and not difficult. Whether the effect is cheap and tawdry or beautiful and dignified will depend upon the design and colors selected.

To make the stencil, procure some fairly heavy Manila wrapping paper. Give it a coat of raw linseed oil. With a cloth wipe off the superfluous oil and hang the paper to dry. It should be used when fresh.

To cut, lay the paper upon a sheet of glass and use a very sharp knife. This keeps the under side of the cut clean and free from ragged edges. When finished the stencil should be given a coat of shellac.

It will be easily seen that since the design shows only where the openings occur, the openings alone make the design, and the paper must be so made that the paper completely surrounds each opening; that is, unless care is used in planning the design, it may fall apart when it is finished. This can readily be seen by studying

Fig. 1. When this figure is cut, the pieces A and B will fall out. In Fig. 2 this fault is corrected. In other words, the parts that make the design must in each case be separated from each other by the background of paper.

If, when the design is drawn, and before it is cut, the spaces are filled in with pencil or ink, it will be easy to determine if the figure is made so it will not fall apart.

Those stencils are best which avoid long, loose connecting parts (Fig. 3), as they are likely to be pushed aside by the brush and the design blurred. Fig. 4 shows the proper arrangement.

The space to be decorated must first be marked off into rectangles the size of unit in the stencil. Four holes cut in corners of the stencil will enable one to see where to place the design (Fig. 5).

If more than one color is desired, the parts intended for each color must be cut on a different piece of paper, and if three colors are wanted a third stencil must be made. These are used one after the other, allowing each to dry thoroughly before using the next.

If, however, the different colors are quite removed from each other in the design, or if one color is a small portion of the design, sometimes it is possible to cut them on the same sheet, and then with a separate small brush the extra color may be worked in at the time the first color is applied. The stencil must be wiped with a clean cloth from time to time, and care must be taken not to let the color get wet to the skin if not given proper attention.

It is a mistake to allow goslings or ducklings to get into the water before they are full feathered on their breasts.

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Changeable taffetas are in high favor for afternoon frocks.

Tucked long gloves are in again, and will stay for the season.

Thin brown cloth gauntlets are good for the horsewoman.

Parasols and stockings match the gown, whether the shoes do or not.

The stitching itself is varied; a broad chain effect is new and pretty.

Pink silk gloves are reversible to yellow, and just match the tearose gowns.

Yellow lisle gloves are cool and washable, and look like the fashionable but heavy chamois.

Flowered net shirred over a white Neapolitan straw hat makes a novel and pretty effect for a dressy hat.

White kid gloves are stitched in colors to match the frock. Lavenders and pinks are especially favored.

Chanterel gloves have come to match the chanterel handkerchiefs. A tiny rooster or a golden pheasant is embroidered at the elbow.

With the baryard trimmings which are so much sought for, the straw braids—so coarse that one wonders that they hang together—are the first choice.

Silk flowers, made so exactly that it is difficult to tell them from the original models, are used for fasteners at the neck with the collarless afternoon gown.

Very pretty afternoon gowns are made of the sheer batiste, which comes in the most fascinating shades this year. This material, too, is used for princess slips, worn under the white lingerie gown.

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