

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

By BARUCH DISRAELI.

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"You are incorrigible, Stella," with contracted eyebrows said Osbert Loring.

"Do you think so?" naively returned Miss Walbridge, lifting her soft blue eyes innocently to her companion.

"Most decidedly I do," energetically responded the young man, driving a pebble viciously out of his way.

"Why am I incorrigible?" pretended to inquire the other, with an adorable shake of her fine head.

"As if you didn't know!" cried Osbert indignantly. He stared at the long stretch of country road without seeing anything. "Here have I proposed to you," he went on mournfully, "let me see, six times!"

"Only six, Osbert?" interrupted the other, with a sweet ripple.

"There you go again!" ruefully laughed Loring. Turning his hazel brown eyes toward the lady at his side, he continued imploringly, "Can't I make you look at the matter seriously?"

"The girl laughed deliciously. Presently, "What is the use, Osbert, in taking things seriously?" appealed she to him, her small, straight nose wrinkling comically. "Life is so short, you know."

"Exactly," agreed the other, with enthusiasm. "Let us get married and enjoy it."

"That makes it seven times!" triumphantly cried Stella and clapped her hands for very joy.

Osbert's firm, shaven chin was up in the air.

"If you will marry me," said he, with a sigh, "I'll propose to you a hundred times!"

"Eight times," from Miss Walbridge. They both laughed. A touring car was tearing down the road. They made way for the monster.

"Well, Stella," resumed the young man, "won't you? There is a minister living half a mile back. He can tie



THE BULL WENT STRAIGHT FOR LORING. The knot for us in no time. Shall we turn back?" He swung his broad shoulders around toward the village whence they had walked.

"No!" vehemently protested the lady, with an impatient stamp of her aristocratic foot. "Of course not!"

"Very well, then," resignedly sighed the other. "Well," continued he lightly as the two walked briskly on, "if you don't wish to marry me, you needn't. There are plenty others."

"Yes," agreed Miss Walbridge. "There is Helen Swanson, for instance." An amused smile played around her small mouth.

"A bean pole," disdainfully came from the other.

"Lottie Johnson, then," suggested Stella, her eyes merry.

"An eel!" contemptuously objected Loring.

"You are hard to please," protested the lady, with mock seriousness. "How will Mamie Gridley do?" The lower part of her face was hidden behind a lace handkerchief, while her laughing eyes watched the contortions on the young man's frank, handsome face.

"Do you think I want to marry a mountain?" cried Osbert. Then, with a laugh, "I am going to marry a finer girl than you think."

"Who?" with assumed indifference queried Miss Walbridge, though a jealous pain was nibbling at her heart.

"Never mind," easily responded the young man. "Wait until you get our cards."

"When your proposal to me was merely a bluff?" angrily flashed the maid. Realizing, however, how much her outburst committed her, she relapsed into indifference. "Oh, I don't care!" laughed she. "Marry whom you please and when you please. You can have my blessing."

Loring whistled for reply. They walked on in silence, separated from fields of gold and of emerald by barbed wire fences. A little ahead of them the hard road turned abruptly; a clump of trees filled the angle and shut out the highway beyond. A sharp trotting was suddenly heard. Suspecting this to be a buggy, the young couple swerved out of the road to one side.

"A bull!" cried the girl. "Farmer Tucker's bull!" supplemented the young man. The two stopped and stared at one another. The situation was serious. They were too far away from house or barn to be able to run back for shelter before the bull would overtake them. And five ropes of barbed wire barred their way to the fields.

returned the young man, with a strug of the shoulders. "You run back to the village. I shall keep him busy for awhile at any rate."

"I won't!" announced Miss Walbridge. "Why don't you care what will happen to you?"

"You know very well why," gloomily answered Osbert. "Now, hurry up and run. Do!"

"I stay!" cried the girl. "There is the other girl, you know," she reminded him lightly. "Why don't you care what will happen to you?"

"There is no other girl," quietly said Loring. "Now hurry along with you to the village," he added, with much concern.

"I won't!" again cried Stella. "If you wish my life to be saved, save your own!"

"Then marry me!" from Osbert. "Eyes twinkling triumphantly from the girl. Eying admiringly her companion's six feet two, she added, "On that condition I will."

"Honor bright?"

"As I live."

"Cross your heart."

The girl obeyed.

They were near the clump of trees. Loring's coat was off in a minute. As the animal came up he received this coat over his head. Tightening the garment deftly over the beast's head, Osbert, with herculean effort turned the bull in the opposite direction. Now he lifted the girl up lightly and swung her gently over the fence. Stella from her safe vantage watched with beating heart the struggle of the giants.

The brute had made short work of Osbert's coat. Enraged more than ever, he returned to the charge. With his head close to the ground the bull went straight for Loring. But that young man had been an all around Yale athlete. He sprang deftly aside, and the beast's horns struck the air. With bloodshot eyes, steaming nostrils and with a loud bellow he went once more for his victim. Osbert had noticed a huge stone and had bent down to pick it up, intending to smash with it the animal's head. He was not quick enough, however. The bull's horns were at him before he could get the stone.

Miss Walbridge held her breath in terror. The next moment she beheld the bull raise his enormous head high in the air, and with it the body of her lover. A mist swam before her eyes. But she called upon all her energy to fight her fainting spell and see the struggle out.

Loring had grasped the brute's horns and swung himself upon them as if on a trapeze. When the bull reared his head at its highest the young man flung himself over the fence.

Stella closed her eyes and sank down upon the emerald carpet. Presently she felt some one rubbing her wrists and forehead. She looked up to meet her lover's gaze.

In the evening Stella related to her aunt and hostess how Loring had saved her life.

"He is a splendid hero!" cried she, with her usual enthusiasm. "Am I going to marry him? Well, I guess."

On the following day she repeated the story to the girls.

"Bull!" laughed they. "Farmer Tucker's bull? Nonsense! Farmer Tucker's bull was tied up in the barn. It was a cow. You city girls don't know a cow when you see one!"

But Stella would not be cheated or teased out of her cause for rejoicing. "I know one thing," said she. "What is that?"

"Osbert is a hero!"

A Wise Old Dog. A pretty anecdote of a dog is given to Sir C. J. F. Bunbury's "Diaries and Correspondence." It was told by Sir George Napier.

When the British army was in the south of France after the battle of Toulouse, Sir George and several other officers visited the house of a gentleman who had a very fine dog, a pointer. The dog had been trained to receive food only when offered it by the right hand, and the gentlemen amused themselves with testing his steadiness in this respect and found that he constantly refused to take bread from the left hand. But when he came to Sir George, who, having lost his right arm, of course offered the bread with his left hand, the dog looked earnestly at him and accepted the bread. Then the other officers tried to deceive him by disguising themselves so as to appear to have lost the right arm, but the dog's sagacity was not to be baffled, and he steadily refused to take bread from the left hand except from the one who was really one handed.

One of Pope's Puns. "We were talking of the amazing wit of Pope, who was often at Mawley, though much oftener at our neighbor's, the Blounts of Maple-Durham, where there are such fine portraits of himself and Patty Blount. One day Sir Walter's father was in his company and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any subject proposed offhand, when a lady in the company said, 'Well, then, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling.' He instantly replied, 'But, madam, is indeed putting a man on a hardship.' Keelhauling is putting a man under a ship. What a ready invention must the man have had! One could hardly have found a more crabbled word to exercise the punster's faculty."—Diaries of Mrs. Powys, 1756-1808.

A Nice Friend. "You're a nice friend to have! Why didn't you lend Burroughs the sovereign he wanted?"

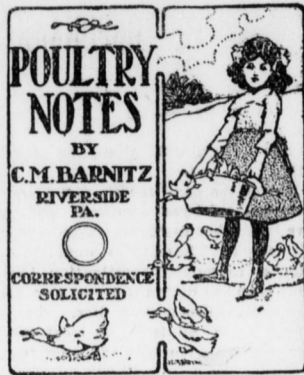
"Why should I?"

"To save me. You must have realized that he knew if he didn't get it from you he would from me. You've practically robbed me of that amount."—London Telegraph.

Criminal. The religious editor was struggling with the query, "Is it a sin to play poker?" After much puerile consideration he wrote the following reply: "Yes; the way some people play it."—Philadelphia Press.

Work Ahead. Farmer Bentover—I've just heard that the Widder Digs has married her hired man. Farmer Hornbeak—Then, by jolly, he'll have to climb down from the fence and go to work.—Puck.

"CHICKLETS." If the mother hen has been properly dusted, she and the chicks will come off the nest without lice. As nits



POULTRY NOTES

BY C.M. BARNITZ, RIVERSIDE, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

INCUBATOR CHAT.

A poor incubator is a temper tester. It beats a baby for keeping a man up at night. Say your prayers often if you've bought a bargain. Some incubators improve on acquaintance; others are advertised improvements that do not improve a man's morals. But beg pardon! Of course you have secured a first class machine and set it with good eggs in a well aired room where the temperature stands at 65 degrees. Now for a short chat.

The hot air machine warms up sooner and fluctuates less than the warm water incubator. Same with brooders. Then there's no water tank to fill, melt when forgotten nor leak. Before you run for the tinner put a handful of chop in the tank to stop the leak. They use it in radiators. It's good plug. If you happen to have a poor regulator you can keep the thermometer at 103 degrees by simply increasing or lowering the flame, but don't forget that a flame in a newly filled lamp will rise of itself, so be watchful. When the eggs warm up, remember that their animal heat increases, and as the chick develops there is more heat until the last week, especially in warm weather, the heat from the growing chick will some days run the incubator. Running a hatcher with damper up is oil waste. A smoking lamp is dangerous. If not a charcoal wick, a poorly fitting chimney, bad oil, dirty burner or a chimney shoved too tightly into the flue, the fine itself may be clogged with soot or stopped with some obstacle. If you cannot prevent it, throw the machine out. To sell a secondhand fire hatcher is a capital crime. Don't go crazy if the heat occasionally runs above 103 degrees. About the best temperature is 102 degrees to 103 degrees the first week, 103 degrees the remainder. When the thermometer hangs up it should be a degree higher. We have seen the heat at 115 degrees and a good hatch followed, but to remain at that point long means baked eggs. The hatching temperature is between 100 degrees and 105 degrees. When the heat is higher than 105 degrees, take out the eggs, cool and roll them and adjust the flame. A good incubator is not a trickster, and we never have such things to worry us.

In cooling eggs the time of turning is sufficient for the first week, ten minutes the second and fifteen minutes morning and night of the third. Mark the eggs with an X. Turn the trays end for end the second day. Beginning with the third day, turn the eggs half over morning and evening until they begin to pip, about the eighteenth day. They will hatch too soon if you run your machine too high or drag along if you run a low heat. Neither is good. The latter will stick chicks in the shell. You will forget some times. We left a tray of eggs cool two hours last summer, yet they hatched. We left an incubator door open all the eggs got cold while the chicks were pipping the shell. Got a good hatch. Wonder will never grow even if we are dumb as a hen with a fork in her beak. If you see something like that happens and throw the hatch out. You can tell by a test when the eggs get hot if they are pretty well developed. They'll wiggle in the shell. Don't let some of these incubator instructions scare you. The more rank some machines are the more particular and extensive the code of rules to run them by and the more loopholes and technicalities for escaping a refund when the smash comes.

Watch that thermometer. If the silver thread is not solid, but keeps dividing, throw it out. An air space in that thread may make a little speck at the end you overlook. You may run one point at 103 degrees, while the little speck is the real end and roasting your chicks at 110.

Some sprinkle the eggs with warm water the eighteenth day. We use the machine with the big wet sand tray, and it does dandy. If you have a machine like ours, you don't have to rock the incubator cradle all night.

DON'TS.

Better be late in hatching than never get a chick.

Don't forget that a guinea is an irrepressible hawk alarm. Keep one and be convinced.

Don't expect every egg to hatch a chick and every setting to bring six prize birds. Greedy!

Don't set heavy hens on thin shelled eggs. Crouped balls are more suitable. Set medium sized chicks.

Don't get the bull in the china shop among your China geese. It will jar the egg production. Cochins-Chinas know better.

Don't forget to set your best cluck on those turkey eggs. You want something bon ton to raise birds that bring bon ton profits.

Don't imagine that the earliest pullets are the best winter layers. Solomon says, "There is a time for everything under the sun." That means pullets. Leghorns hatched before April molt before December and don't lay winter eggs at all.

DO TRY AGAIN.

When the hens refuse to lay And there's nothing seems to pay And you're sad and mad and blue, Don't forget the old refrain Just to try and try again. For you'll get there if you do.

When the chicks mash all the eggs And sit upright on their legs And you're mad enough to swear, Now's the time to hear the strain—Brother, try, oh, try again; Just try and you'll not despair.

C. M. B.

hatched in two weeks, dust her again at time, but remove her from the chicks for thirty minutes, for the lice not killed would be chased off to the peeps. When the chicks creep under the hen the bugs will creep off the chicks. You make a mistake in feeding chicks before forty-eight hours have passed. They have not digested the yolk which they absorbed before breaking the shell. Thus you gorge them, and they die with white diarrhea. Remember they ship day old chicks 1,000 miles without feeding. They ride clear from



"WHERE'S MY BROODER?"

London to Berlin without a crumb and never mind it. Give them water and grit at once and keep them on dry floors for two weeks if you do not want gaps.

The brooder chick should start without lice, but some poultrymen never fumigate the brooder or set it in an infested place. The greedy English sparrows often carry lice to the peeps and in return carry off the feed. These lousy pests steal half the food on some plants, and back yard fanciers lose more. Thanks to our big tiger cat, who snoozes with one eye open out among the brooders and on the wire pens, we lose no feed to the pirates. Before Tom came we set up a stuffed owl among the pens. The sparrows, robins, catbirds, chippies, wrens and cherry birds gathered in the plum and ox heart trees and did some tall cussing in and threatened that long cared owl with dire calamity; but, more faithful than the majority of policemen, he stood to his duty, and not even the cackle of a juicy hen tempted him away. And the birds died.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Don't be surprised that the poultryman asks for cash in advance. He does not know you any better than you know him, but it is to be hoped that you will not know him worse after he knows you better.

"Does thunder kill chicks in the shell?" Answer: Does it kill chicks in the shell to fire off a shotgun right beside a nest? We've done the latter, and the eggs hatched. "Is thunder a million miles away worse?" Thunder—No!

The Audubon society is after the cats for killing the birds and wants a bounty put on them. Don't care if they do kill off the cat chicken killers. Say, are all the members of that society married? Must be. They certainly do beat the cats.

Many of our poultry friends are keeping fox terriers. They are holy terrors to rats, minks, weasels and skunks. An Indiana crank declares his two bobtailed pups can lick an elephant. Rats! Males are selling at \$10; females, \$5.

The clamor of the claimants for the credit of originating the dry feeding method is greater than that of sacred writ where seven women laid hold of one man. But Aristotle (384 B. C.) discarded it because his ancient hens got fat and lazy.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" asked little Willie Drake of his hen ma. "No, my darling drake. You will get the curbs in your pretty tail spoiled, the leg guards are not in duty, and this Philadelphia water is neither boiled nor filtered." Tadpoles!

The rascal who kept nonlaying culls to sell many old feather bed lays got it where the hatchet caught the rooster. He formerly had a bonanza, but high priced grain and nonlaying culls knocked him out. May his tribe greatly increase—down there.

The farmers are sprucing upon turkey stock. Buy the best, and they'll do the rest. Prices for birds descended from fifty pound gobblers and thirty pound hens: Old toms, \$10, \$15, \$25; young toms, \$8, \$10, \$15; hens, old or young, \$5, \$8, \$10; breeding flocks, four and five hens, \$25, \$45, \$60. Seems high; but, oh, my, what bronze beauts!

Will some of our farm and town friends tell us why they keep mongrels instead of thoroughbreds? Read this: In November, December, January and February fifty White Leghorns laid 1,020 eggs and fifty mongrels laid 305 eggs, a difference of 695 eggs. They were housed and fed alike. A Leghorn ate 85 cents' worth of feed for the year and a mongrel 93 cents' worth. Which pays? Better wake up.

Open Air Checker Contest.

In Colorado Springs, Colo., there is a little group of men who like outdoor exercise—a very light nature. So they take a checker or domino board to one of the many little parks there and play, no matter what the state of the weather, just so long as it is not snowing or raining. Almost any day will find the little group of men with benches drawn close together and all intent upon the game, not seeing the many strangers who regard them curiously as they sit there playing their daily game.

The games, cold weather or warm, in the little parks have aroused much interest in Colorado Springs. The chamber of commerce of the town has taken the picture of the men and will use it in a circular advertising the climate of that country.

Huge Silver Tray.

A gigantic tray of solid silver has recently been made by a firm in London for an oriental potentate. The tray is seven feet in diameter and is said to be the largest ever executed. It was in the hands of the workmen for over a year.

Senator Whyte's Fear of Mystic 13.

The late United States Senator William Pinkney Whyte, Maryland's "grand old man" and venerable statesman, stood in horror of the mystic 13 and particularly Friday, the 13th. Once when about to seat himself at the dinner table he noticed that he would make the thirteenth person and told those already seated to proceed—that he would wait awhile. The reason for his hesitation being suspected, his granddaughter said: "Why, grandpa, sit down. With me there are only twelve and a half." After this sally the grandfather laughingly assented. It may have been fate that decreed that his last illness should have come on that Friday the 13th of which he stood in fear.

The New Barn Dance.

Time was, and not so long ago, When he was much besought, So graceful that the maidens oft To be his partner fought. But now he's out of date and sad, No longer stands a chance; He was not acrobatic enough to learn The New Barn Dance.

The New Barn Dance.

Ah, me, how soon we lose our power, How quick we fall from grace! One day supreme, the next we find A younger has our place. One day in fortune's smiles we bask; The next—alack! circumstance— We're sold because we failed to learn The New Barn Dance.

The New Barn Dance.

Stranger—This village boasts of a band, doesn't it? Resident—No; we just endure it with resignation.

LOOKING AFTER TARPS

How Seamen's Society Watches Over Uncle Sam's Sailors.

REACHES TO FAR CAPE HORN

Not a Man Lost Through Shore Leave by Battleship Fleet in Its Long Cruise Around South America—Many Letters Sent Home From Society's Coast Stations.

That the 15,000 sailors of the United States battleship fleet were slipping along the far coast of South America, hale and hearty, with ever an eye to old home folks, was reported in New York city the other day.

From their five branch stations along the route about the Horn the workers of the American Seamen's Friend society are sending to headquarters the news of the eventful days of shore leave in which Uncle Sam's sailors swarmed ashore to their quarters for sight of a good American face and the rare chance of a quiet smoke, a talk and a long letter to the folks at home. Stamps, souvenir postcard, reading material from home and stacks of letter paper are exhausted at these branches, the society's officers declare, and thousands of carefully scrawled missives have left their writing rooms for homes in every part of the United States.

At Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Rosario, where headquarters for sailors have been maintained for years by this organization, the navy tars have been welcomed, entertained and piloted pretty clear of the shoals that the particularly foul of the course of the sailor in foreign ports. Human life, vice and bad liquor are valued cheaply in some of these South American towns, and it is not hard and often fatally with the sailors' man if he gets into the hands of the natives. Not even his navy uniform has saved many a jacker from badly laid in remote quarters of such cities, and today the workers of the society throughout the lower continent feel relieved and gratified that the fleet has finally stood off toward its own shores once more with all the tars aboard and alive.

From Rio de Janeiro a report recently reached New York telling of the advent of the Yankee sailors there. With other local organizations the American Seamen's Friend society's branch at New York organized a constant entertainment for the men of the fleet. An information bureau was equipped, to which the sailors went on their arrival to have their money honestly changed and embark on excursions conducted about the place for their benefit. Every square foot of the rooms of this station of the society was packed each hour of the stay of the battleships by the American crews, smoking, yarning or reading and writing home letters. Before the squadron weighed anchor a large meeting of the men was arranged by the society's workers.

On the river Plata the society had three stations ready for Admiral Evans' men. Here everything was thrown open to the visiting sailors and their path kept as straight as possible. The bloody violence of the crimps of Rosario and this entire region has fallen on many a defenseless seaman in the past, and after seven years of hard effort the workers of these branches have only just succeeded in becoming a buffer between them and the visiting sailors. That the American jacks left Buenos Aires in good order is recognized as a welcome result of the long campaign. To the friendly offices of this as well as the other branches of the American Seamen's Friend society the navy tars had been commended long before they sailed by old friends in the active branches of the organization at the Brooklyn navy yard and Newport News.

Five large institutes of the organization will be on the lookout for the men of the fleet when they touch home soil again at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Astoria or Port Townsend. There are some forty-five of these branches keeping watch over the sailorman all over the world, the officers of the society say. That such close touch could have been kept of the Pacific fleet in its continent girdling cruise is regarded by them as a good test of the work.

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WHEN BEN CAME HOME.

By LESTER ROSE.

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Vesta sank wearily upon a shoe box and gazed forlornly about her. The last of the packing was accomplished. The last nail had been driven home into the shoe box, which contained the books that were to be kept out for the new home. The rest of the beloved library remained in the cases, gaps showing where the selections had been made.

The corner of the lower shelf had been the resting place of the blue and silver "Pilgrim's Progress" ever since Vesta could remember, a book to be taken out Sunday afternoons and carried to the gentle mother, who patiently explained time after time the meaning of the fascinating woodcuts.

There was a very large gap where the encyclopedias had been. She had bought those with the eggs and butter money. As her eyes roamed over the partly filled cases she could fill every gap from memory.

And as it was with the books, so was with the rest of the household belongings. Here and there a blank corner reminded her of some familiar object now stacked in the wood shed. Very little was to be shipped, for the way was far and freight rates were high. Tomorrow the neighbors would gather and John Berwin would hang out the red flag. By nightfall the house would be emptied and its contents scattered through the farmhouses for miles around.

Tears came unbidden to Vesta's eyes as she looked about. Her earliest memories were of the homely living room with its rag carpet and the comfortable rocking chairs on either side of the stove in winter or standing in front of the north windows in summer, when the double sashes were taken down and the wind blew through the house, softly scented by the blooms from the orchard on the other side of the well kept fence.

It was the only home Vesta had ever known. It seemed to the tired girl that she could never learn to love another half so well.

Until her mother's death Vesta had been shielded from all troubles. After she had come back from the little

burial ground on a hill she had found occupation and forgetfulness in her efforts to make her father forget his loss. She had even refused to marry Ben Folsom because she had considered it her duty to stay by her father and comfort him in his sorrow.

Ben had gone west and she was left more or less alone. Then had come that terrible day, a year and a week after her mother's death, when her father had driven into the yard with Saddle Connors, who had been teaching school over at the corners, and had announced his marriage.

Vesta tried to learn to love this gaunt, bustling woman, whose every trait was the antithesis of the woman whose place she took, but the new Mrs. Brewster had repulsed every advance. She hated young persons. She had married to be rid of them, and she treated the stepdaughter with scant courtesy.

The ways of the household were amended to suit her radical tastes. The old rockers were sent to the attic as too old fashioned and two upholstered monstrosities had taken their places. The other memorials of Vesta's mother quickly followed the rockers to the garret, and the house was completely changed in appearance, as were the occupants in their attitude toward each other.

And now even the old homestead was to be given up. The fertile farm was to be sold and the household goods to be auctioned off. Mrs. Brewster had decided that the northwest offered greater opportunities for her husband, and they were to move to Manitoba and start afresh in the wheat belt.

Mrs. Brewster bustled into the room. "Come and eat some supper," she commanded. "Don't sit there looking as though you were too weak to walk. I've done twice as much as you have today, and I got the supper, too, but I don't look half as tired as you do."

Stop mooning here in the dark, and come out and have a cup of tea." "I don't feel like eating," answered Vesta, the sobs rising in her throat. To this woman the abandonment of the home meant nothing. She could not understand what it meant to the girl.

Mrs. Brewster turned away. "You'll be hungry by and by," she said sharply. "There'll be some cold things in the pantry, but I'm not going to make any more tea."

She hustled out and left Vesta to herself. Warily the girl rose from the box and left the house. She could hear her father laughing and joking with her stepmother, and the noise of mirth fell offensively upon her ears. The dusk was deepening to dark and

Peculiar "Cure Stones."

Occupying an