

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

Who hears the first carol of song-birds
When glad springtime awakes them to
song?
Who catches the music of waters
As they're rushing so swiftly along?
Who inhales the rich odors of blossoms
With the perfume God drops from on
high?
Who drinks in the ozone of heaven
'Neath the dome of the far-jeweled sky?
Who revels in fruits from the orchard
As he rests 'neath the old apple tree?
Who's alert to the thrum of the peasant
And the still sweeter hum of the bee?
He whose cheek bears the bronze of the
sunbeams
And whose soul is o'erfull of earth's

charm)
'Tis the youth who abides with Dame
Nature—
Yes, the boy who lives out on the farm.
There are thousands who dwell in the city
With its whirl and its grime and its din,
Who'd exchange all the gold in their coffers
To escape their environs of sin.
They long to go back to the wildwood,
Where their brows may be cooled by the
breeze,
And recall the dear scenes of their child-
hood
As they rest 'neath the shade of the
trees.
—Solon L. Goode, in American Farmer.

On a Buoy Barrel.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

The gold double-eagle offered by the owners of the Boothbay handliner Lance for the biggest cod on the winter trip to Quereau spiced every nibble that was telegraphed up through briny fathoms to the caloused forefingers of the lonely sitters in the ice-glazed dorics.

After the first week every man's gunwale-notches kept pace with the longest fish to date, so that he could satisfy himself about the size of a new catch before regaining the schooner.

Each record-holder in turn boasted of what he would do with that twenty dollars, only to drop into chagrined silence when some mate rowed in with a fresh monster whose scaly kale overlapped the slowly increasing limit. Up it crept, inch by inch: forty-seven, forty-seven and three-quarters, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one and a half, where it hung for a week, then leaped to fifty-four. There it stuck for fifteen days, so long that Sam Eaton's thumb could almost feel the milled edge of the coin, until one equally March afternoon Jerry Dixon, a white-crested mite dead to leeward of the vessel, struck his gaff into a giant fully fifty-eight inches long.

Dixon had a hard tussle to get his prize aboard. A hundred-pound fish is no easy proposition for a man in a jumping dory and a heavy sea. The northeast wind was blowing up a storm; already the white flakes were whirling between him and the vessel. When he glanced toward her he saw that a basket had been hung in the fore-rigging to summon in the dorics.

He stood up and looked about. All his mates were making for shelter, like hawk-affrighted chicks for the mother hen. Farthest to leeward and engrossed with his big fish, he had been the last to notice the signal.

By the time he had got his anchor up and was settled on the thwart for his long pull to windward, a fierce gale was driving the white horses down upon him, and the schooner was almost hidden by the snow.

He shot a final glance back over his shoulder to decide his course, just as a small cask was dropped over the Lance's rail.

"There goes the buoy barrel," thought he, as he buckled vigorously to his oars. The schooner had done all she could for him; the rest was in his own hands.

Almost every banker carries on deck an empty, strongly headed iron-hooped fish barrel, bearing a becket with a thimble in its centre. To this is attached one end of a 500-fathom coil of stout nine-thread Manila, the other end being made fast to a cavel, or cleat, well aft.

Occasionally a sudden winter storm catches a vessel with all her dorics out. Those to windward can get in without much difficulty, but the leeward boats stand a harder chance. Now and then some poor fellow, after almost rowing his arms off, gives out a half-mile or more away. Then the barrel is cast over, and drifts rapidly down before wind and sea, until the imperiled fisher gaffs it aboard and fastens it to his painter, when he is pulled in, dory and all, by the strong arms of his mates. It is not always easy for a man to reach the barrel, even if he knows that his life hangs in the balance.

Dixon soon realized that he was in for the hardest pull he had ever had. His dory rode deep with 800 pounds of fine cod. The furious wind buffeted the boat, showering him with spray. A strong tide, too, was running against him. Stout fisherman though he was, he could never have reached the schooner unaided. Indeed, he almost began to fear that he might not be able to get to the barrel.

Every little while he looked over his shoulder to see if it was coming. Once or twice he got a glimpse of it, dancing corklike on the billows, drifting rapidly nearer.

The Lance had been entirely swallowed up in the snow-squalls. This did not trouble Dixon much, for his last glance had discovered the barrel about 300 yards away. When he looked again, however, it was hidden behind a wall of whirling flakes.

With aching arms and blistered hands he bent now to his oars. His strength was almost exhausted. No man can hope to win out against a heavy gale. He was making very little progress. He must find the barrel in a few minutes, or his position would be decidedly unpleasant. He was beginning to fear that he had swerved too far to the right or left, when to his great joy a backward look revealed the bobbing cask just on the edge of his narrow horizon about fifty feet ahead.

Dixon wasted no time in waiting for the cask to drift down to him. He knew that probably all its rope had been paid out, and that he must pull up to it.

Never in his life did he row a harder fifty feet. His muscles cracked, and the blood spun from his nose as he forced the heavy boat through the hostile seas. A glance behind gave him fresh strength; his goal was now only ten feet away.

He threw all his power into a few mighty strokes; and presently his heart was gladdened by an irregular bumping under the gunwale of his dory, as the cask ranged alongside. The battle had taken every atom of his strength; he could not have pulled five feet farther to windward. Taking in his oars, he sprang forward, the gaff in his right hand, and the painter-end in his left. He intended, after gaffing the becket, to make fast to it, so that he might not risk losing the barrel when getting it aboard.

A sudden sea hurled the dory back. Dixon saw the cask shoot suddenly from him. Leaning out over the bow, he lunged at the becket with his gaff; but the unsteadiness of his craft made him miss his aim. The cask was rapidly receding. He threw half his body over the gunwale for another attempt, pressing his legs against the sides of the bow. This time he caught the loop fairly with the iron hook at the extreme limit of his reach. Just then another short, quick sea struck the boat a violent blow.

Dixon's toes clattered vainly along the sloping planks as he attempted to regain his equilibrium. The upper part of his body and his right arm were stretched far out over the water. He dared not release the cask which it had cost him so much hard labor to gaff; and of course he did not for an instant dream of dropping the painter. The dory shot from under him, and he plunged overboard.

As Dixon rose to the surface and shook the water from his eyes, a big comber broke over his head, burying him once more. By the time he had come up and caught his breath, the dory had been swept to leeward to the full length of her painter.

With a sailor's instinct he had kept a tight grip on gaff and rope; but his situation was both painful and dangerous.

His right hand grasped the wooden handle of the gaff, which was hooked about the buoy-becket; his left clutched the painter, at which tugged the heavily loaded sixteen-foot dory, borne to leeward by gale and sea. The barrel pulled one way and the boat another. Wrench! wrench! It seemed enough to tear him asunder when the big rollers came.

To save his dory he must draw up the painter and make it fast to the buoy. But how could he do this with a single arm, already weakened by his long, hard pull to windward? His hands were stretched so far apart that he could not get them together, unless he let go with one or the other; and this he saw that he must do sooner or later. Sheer exhaustion would soon end his power of resisting the terrible strain.

Which hand should he relax? It was a desperate dilemma. To drop the buoy and regain his boat, if that were possible, meant going to leeward in the night and freezing storm. To this there could be but one ending. To release the painter and cling to the barrel would preserve his life, provided he could withstand the buffeting of the fierce waves through a half-mile pull. He must decide quickly, for the power of choosing would soon be taken from him.

A wise man does not waste his strength fruitlessly. Dixon hated to lose his dory and his twenty-dollar cod. But what were these compared with life? His choice once made, he lost no time. He opened his left hand; the painter jerked away. Back shot the dory, tossing her bow, and disappeared in the storm.

The fisherman grasped the gaff with both hands, and pulled himself up to the barrel. It was now his sole hope. He tried to raise himself upon it, but the buoyant cask was not large enough to support his weight, and sank under water. Finally he got it under his chest in such a position that it kept his face well above the surface.

It was now almost dark. The snow drove thickly into his eyes, and he could see only a few yards over the tossing crests. How long would his mates wait before hauling in the buoy? Five hundred fathoms to windward in that shrieking gale, they of course knew nothing of his mishap, and would be sure to give him plenty of time to find the barrel. He hoped that they would not wait long, for in that icy sea a man's power of endurance was limited.

The minutes dragged slowly on. Would they never begin to get the buoy-line aboard? A dozen times he thought they had started pulling;

but the wind and sea drove against him with such fury that it was impossible to be sure whether or not he was moving toward the schooner. At last a steady succession of abrupt snatches through the water told him that they were heaving in the line.

Could he live and hold on long enough to be dragged three thousand feet through the freezing sea? The wave-crests broke above his head. Now and then he was entirely submerged by some big fellow. Cruelly bruised and strained by the crashing combers, he hugged the iron-bound cask, knowing that that steady rhythmic pull was every second bringing him a little nearer the vessel.

Dixon's eyes were spray-blinded. His bare head was crusted with brine and sleet. Dazed by the ceaseless battering, he let go with one hand; the fingers of the others were loosening. Just in time his senses came back. He regained his grip, and held on with a clutch of death. Once let the barrel escape his grasp, and it could never be regained.

Somewhere in the blackness far to leeward his empty dory was tossing, if indeed it had not already upset. He thought of it ruefully, smitten with a poignant regret at the memory of the big fish that would have won the prize. But not for a moment was he sorry that he had cast in his lot with the dancing barrel.

On board the Lance they were pulling, discouraged and heartick. The rope came in so easily that they knew the dory could not be at its end. The probability was that Dixon had been unable to reach the buoy, and was drifting to leeward in his boat. It was more than doubtful if they ever saw him again.

Dixon felt that he could hold on but little longer. The power of thought had nearly been beaten out of him. He seemed to have been dragged for hours through the swash of the sea. His body was numbed almost to paralysis. A dozen times he had imagined the schooner's light in the gloom to windward, but had found himself mistaken. He was possessed by a dull conviction that he would never reach her.

An unwonted smoothness of the sea surprised him. He raised his head, and there, not thirty feet away, shone the lantern in the Lance's fore-rigging. As her deck rolled down, he saw the swaying line of weary men heaving in the rope. At the same instant they caught sight of him, and gave a shout of surprise and joy. Very carefully the last few feet were coiled in, until willing arms hauled him over the rail.

Tucked in a bunk near the stove and filled with hot coffee, he told regretfully of the record-breaking fish he had lost. At the end of his story two men went out. Presently they returned, carrying by the gills the biggest cod he had ever set eyes on. It was considerably over five feet long.

"Stand up, Chris!" they shouted to a wiry little Cape Verde Islander. Suspended glistening in the lamplight, the monster came almost to the top of the Portuguese fisherman's head. As Dixon looked, the bitterness of loss went out of his heart.

"Good boy, Chris!" said he. "I'm glad you got him. I don't feel half so bad about losing mine, since he couldn't have won the prize."—Youth's Companion.

Stage Seas.

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, which leads me to a remembrance of others. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers" and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theatre in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while exploring of thirst on a raft, the actor felt to his annoyance that the scene, intended to be most pathetic, was provoking explosions of unsuccessfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought then the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a black cloth of perilous rocks, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of poppies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.—M. A. P.

Preparing For the Worst.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blond preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh, yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the spring and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."—American Press.

It Pays to Pay.

A man came in Wednesday, paid his subscription and incidentally mentioned that he would like to see a little rain. We didn't promise anything, but Wednesday night it rained. We do not mention this in a spirit of braggadocio, but just to show how things will work out.—Berthoud Bulletin.

Woman's Realm

Shoplifting Temptations.

Out of ten or twelve cases I have had only one professional thief, and I am convinced that in the large majority of cases where women are guilty of shoplifting it is because a passing temptation is too strong for them to resist. In my opinion, our large warehouses, with their tempting display of all kinds of desirable articles, are a great danger to public morality.—London Ideas.

Theatre Toque.

The making of a theatre toque is such a simple thing these days that a woman can be pardoned for undertaking it, even though she is not an adept in the millinery business. She can grasp a few bits of lace and some roses, and with these in her hands she can fashion a very acceptable little ornament for the head. It should be very small, and it should be worn slightly tilted upon the coiffure, while it should be held in place with handsome hat pins, which must be selected with a special eye to the color and materials on the hat.—New Haven Register.

The Charming Woman.

Of all the women born into an ungrateful and unappreciative world none can compare to the really charming one. We may admire the beauty and gaze in awe at the blue-stocking, hug the "dear things of our acquaintance" and thump the "good sorts" on the back, but in the presence of a personality which "charms" us we remain in speechless and almost breathless fascination. Truly of every such woman can it be said what was said by St. Simon of one of the most fascinating women of his time, that she walks "like a goddess on the clouds."—L'Inconnue.

Picture Restored Woman's Reason.

Mrs. R. Liberto, wife of a well-to-do Italian merchant, of Verona, is falling a victim to melancholia for an odd reason. Six years ago, after the birth of a child, her mind became affected and her husband sent her to Italy for a picture she valued highly and with which her happiest girlhood days were associated. When the picture was hung up in her room it seemed to have an almost instant effect. Her mind became quieter and she recovered.

On Easter Sunday evening some roistering countrymen fired revolvers in reckless fashion to celebrate the occasion and a bullet which entered the Liberto house did no further damage than to shatter this important picture. Since then Mrs. Liberto has acted oddly again and her husband has begun a search for a duplicate of the picture in hope of restoring her mind.—Pittsburg Dispatch to the Philadelphia Press.

Women in Real Estate.

A woman real estate agent in Los Angeles recently made the largest land sale, so far as price was concerned, ever made by a woman in that part of the country.

The deal was for nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The woman agent has been in the business only about two years, but is making a success of it.

"I have many women clients," she said, "and I have no trouble with them. I find that, as a rule, they come right to the point and transact business more quickly than many of the men do."

"The lack of practical knowledge, the ability to close a deal, is the fault that presents itself most glaringly in woman. She can demonstrate and convince, but cannot execute a deed or draw a contract for her own protection; but she is an apt pupil and only needs to be shown a few times, after which she can do without a lawyer."

"She always overestimates details and spends time on trifles, allowing the main issue to lose force by delay. Women usually enter into deals with enthusiasm, but, in the words of 'the street,' they are 'quitters.'"

"They cannot endure weeks and months of inaction and waiting for the 'right time,' but become discouraged. The 'stayers' reach the goal."—The Housekeeper.

Good Table Manners.

Never take your seat until the lady of the house is seated.

Never lounge on the table with your elbows, nor tip backward in your chair.

Never play with your knives, forks or glasses, but cultivate repose at the table.

Never tuck your napkin into your vest, yoke or collar. It is unfolded once and laid across the knees without a flourish. After the meal, at a restaurant or formal dinner, lay it unfolded at your place. If you are a time guest in the household and will remain another meal, you may fold the napkin in its original creases.

Never put the end of a spoon into your mouth; sip everything from the side of the spoon and do this noiselessly.

Never put your knife in your mouth nor use a spoon when a fork will serve. Forks are now used for eating ice cream, and salad is folded or cut with the side of a fork, never with the knife. Even small vegetables like peas are eaten with a fork.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my household was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was falling fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

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Sword Tells the Verdict.

There is an interesting point connected with the trial of naval officers in England. After the voting as to the verdict, the officer who is being tried is brought into the room, and a glance tells him his fate. His sword was placed on the table at the beginning of the proceedings, with the point toward him and the hilt toward the president of the court. If, now, the sword is reversed, the hilt toward the prisoner, he knows that he is honorably acquitted, but is the weapon's point still toward him, the accused knows that he has to await sentence.—Chicago Journal.

Long Hours on the Farm.

Boys leave the farm because they don't enjoy 14 or 15 hours of bitter hard work every day; they don't like to get up before daylight in the morning and toil like steam engines until after dark in the evening. The best way to encourage the farmer boys is to treat them as though they were human beings; let them have their sleep in the mornings; call 10 hours a day's work; let them have their evenings for themselves, without a thousand heartbreaking chores to emittier their souls and make them old before their time.—Acheson Champion.



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