

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

By EDWIN L. BABIN.

The little country schoolhouse—you remember it; of course you do!

With basket and with pail equipped, Clear-eyed, tan-checked and berry-lipped,

Around, the rolling pastures spread, With woodland patches garlanded,

What tales the scarred desks might relate Of triumphs gained with book and slate!

O little country school! In vain May critics hold you in disdain.

He put the horse into the barn and went into the house rather slowly.

A Week's Vacation

By EMMA A. OPPER.

ELLA, did you find out?" "Yes, I can take a week next month. And you?"

"I can have a week as soon as I like."

Della Freeman and Cora Gregory stood looking at each other in the New York elevated railroad station where they had met with such utter delight

The dress, a pretty, blue-figured lawn, had cost precisely one dollar and six cents, buttons and linings included;

It was nothing very great, after all, which the two girls discussed in animated tones all the way up town,

And how could Burt, with his utter inexperience of such things, do otherwise than accept his mother's view,

But to two girls, who had bent over a typewriter and stood at a glove counter for a year without a rest;

"Yes, they've come," he said, with a sigh, as he leaned over the fence to exchange a word or two with Bradley Harwood,

A week's rest, a week's freedom from the toll of the glove counter, a week's forgetfulness of the purple ink of the typewriter.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Mrs. Marsh, anxiously, addressing her husband from the window where she sat watching the group under the trees,

"We'll go as far into the country as our money will take us, Della," said Cora, raising her bright eyes to the face of the elder girl;

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

"There's the buggy, Burt," said Mrs. Marsh, joining her stalwart son at the front window;

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

Something of her distrust was shadowed in the face of the young man as he went out to help his father,

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

"I don't know but we've done a foolish thing," Mrs. Marsh had observed, in troubled tones,

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

"Of all things, Burt Marsh!" she said, as she poured a dipper of hot water over the dinner dishes,

"I told her she needn't worry," said Burt, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

line, only to find that they had already been secured, or had concluded not to "work out" this summer.

He put the horse into the barn and went into the house rather slowly.

A moment more, and he stood in the kitchen doorway, staring in bewilderment at the scene before him.

Cora, with her blue lawn replaced by a darker gown, which was half-covered by one of Mrs. Marsh's checked aprons,

The table was carefully set; the pile of dirty dishes which had been waiting for the hired girl had disappeared;

Mr. Marsh sat in a corner, surveying the irreproachable kitchen, and the little person who had transformed it,

He chuckled at the sight of his son's open-mouthed astonishment.

"We was a little mistaken that time, Burt," he observed, approaching and speaking in an undertone—"your ma and all of us. If ever there was two more capable, go-ahead girls than them—"

The inner door opened gently, and Della tiptoed in. There was an odor of camphor and liniment about her.

"She's asleep!" she announced, triumphantly. "I knew I could get her to sleep, rubbing her head, and I did. I think she's better."

"Supper's ready," said Cora, calmly, putting the last potato into the dish.

It might have been because Burt was so hungry, or it might have been because Cora was the cook, that he thought the supper by far the best he had ever eaten.

But as Mr. Marsh, comparing notes afterward, expressed the same opinion, there must have been some foundation for it.

A year or more of experience with the little gas stove at home had taught Cora a good many things worth knowing.

"I never was so beat, I declare!" said Mrs. Marsh, when her husband came to take Della's place at her bedside that evening.

Mrs. Marsh concluded not to have brain fever, after all. She felt so much better the next day that she insisted on getting up and doing the work.

But she was not allowed to do much. The young ladies from New York, having got their hands in, and thoroughly enjoying the roomy kitchen, and the plentiful supply of milk and eggs,

When he invites her to go to the theatre she accepts it with all the blushing and significant hesitation that might accompany a reply to a proposal,

"What do you think of 'em, now?" they were continually asking her with sly laughs and winks.

"Well, I never was so beat!" was all Mrs. Marsh could say.

The week flew by very pleasantly, and all too fast. Della and Cora capped the climax by presenting Mrs. Marsh with a new calico dress—"to remember them by," they said—and making it themselves with a speed and skill that took her breath away,

Bradley Harwood called several times a day.

"Strikes me they wouldn't be so far out of the way for farmers' wives, after all," he remarked to Burt.

"I don't know but we've done a foolish thing," Mrs. Marsh had observed, in troubled tones, when he reported this interview to Bradley Harwood next day.

The Way to Happiness

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory



LL human beings are trying to be happy. From the beggar to the millionaire every one of us knows the meaning of the poet's line:

"O, happiness! our being's end and aim."

But what is happiness? There are various answers to the question, but when put to the final test but one of them is able to stand, and here it is—happiness is peace with one's own self.

You may be at war with your neighbors and still be happy, but happy you cannot be if you are at war with yourself.

Peace—peace with yourself—is the only real happiness. And how is this great thing to be reached? Wishing to be happy, how are we to make the wish a reality?

It is an important question, the most important in the world—and, because this is so, it has been studied from many angles and answered in many ways.

Some have tried to find happiness along the way of ambition. In power, dominion and glory these would be supremely blest. Caesar tried that way, and in the pride of his manhood, ran up against an assassin's dagger.

And there is the way of beauty—a lonely rock in the sea. And there is the way of wealth—the broad, straight way, which from the earliest times has been crowded. But from old King Croesus down to Andrew Carnegie the verdict is the same—"Wealth does not satisfy."

Croesus' millions could not save him from a troubled life and a miserable death; and the iron master's wealth seems to be pressing down on him a terrible weight, and he is unloading himself of it as fast as he can.

Fame, beauty, knowledge, riches! They all fail us. Sooner or later we learn that the happiness we seek is not to be found in them. We grasp the imagined prize and it turns to ashes in our grasp.

Where, then, shall happiness be found? There is but one answer: In the eternal sacrifice of self. This does not mean that one should deliberately go about it to make himself miserable. It does not mean that one should imitate the authorities of old and dedicate himself to the idea so well set forth in Byron's couplet:

"Deep in you cave Honorius long did dwell, And hoped to merit Heaven by making earth a hell!"

Honorius was foolish. Self-sacrifice is not self-torture. Self-sacrifice does not mean that we shall take ourselves away from the world and be wretched, but that we shall stay with the world and try to make it happy.

To stay in the world—a man among men—and to work for the world's betterment, regardless of the consequences to one's private interests, to fling all thought of self, like a rock, into the deep sea of forgetfulness, to be willing—like the soldier in the battle line, like Father Damien among the lepers, like Paul at Rome, like the Nazarene on the cross—to die for others, this is the true self-sacrifice and the true happiness.

The happiest man in the world to-day is the man who has the most of this spirit, who to the fullest extent of his power is joyfully giving himself, body, mind, soul, to the cause of humanity—to mother, father, wife, children, neighbors, everybody; who thinks of self last, if at all, and who finds his happiness in the happiness he is able to make for those around him.

HE girl who thinks every man is in love with her is apt to be very young. For after twenty-five even the most self-satisfied and successful coquette has learned that there are some men in the world to whom her serious arts and smiling blandishments make vain appeal.

But when the average girl is about eighteen and has just looked from schoolroom atmosphere toward a horizon bounded by matrimony, she is very much inclined to believe that if a man asks if he may call on her he is only prevented by a pardonable timidity from proposing the very first time he takes advantage of the permission.

When he invites her to go to the theatre she accepts it with all the blushing and significant hesitation that might accompany a reply to a proposal, and unless a school friend with whom she can talk her trousseau over with drops in, she spends the afternoon debating whether her wedding gown will be of satin, chiffon and crepe de Chine, wondering just what her engagement ring will be like, and deciding that under no circumstances will she allow her mother to live with them.

"Yes," she confides to any one willing to listen to her, "Charley Jones was in last night and asked me to go to the theatre with him. Ordinarily, I wouldn't have hesitated a minute, but there was something so significant about the way he asked me—Oh, no! You don't mean it! I wish you wouldn't be so idiotic! If I thought for a moment that there was anything but the merest friendship in his feeling for me it would have to stop right here. I don't believe in encouraging men, just to throw them down. Mother says it isn't right."

Later she goes with the unconscious Charley to the theatre, and while he is wondering whether the pleasure of going with a pretty girl and allowing other people to tramp on your toes between the acts outweighs that of going by yourself or with another man and tramping on their toes, she remains on the keen edge of expectancy all the evening and later accounts to her mirror for his commonplace and utterly unromantic utterances by saying that it is a pity the poor boy is so shy.

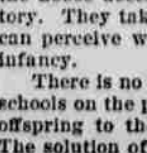
And so the days run on—and Charley does not propose. And the girl who thinks every man is in love with her wonders what she can have done to blight what was undoubtedly a budding infatuation.

But she does not remember—though surely, if she has any knowledge of her sex she should—that Mabel Johnson told Maud Thomas that Ethel said Charley Jones was just crazy about her, and that Maud Thomas told Charley's sister, who related the very much varnished facts to him with the remark that he ought not to allow himself to be made such a fool of.

She does not know anything except that Charley does not call any more, and that does not prevent her from thinking that the next Charley is just as much and as suddenly smitten, nor from confiding his infatuation to her girl friends with the same disastrous results.—New York World.

Solution of the Indian Problem

By Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of the Indian Schools



HERE is no sort of doubt of the good progress the young generation of Indians is making toward a higher civilization. Not long since I was out in South Dakota, inspecting the day schools on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, and was gratified to see how well the young Sioux are doing.

The young girls are instructed in all the branches of housekeeping, cooking, sewing, mending and the like. They take to these arts readily, and are much cleverer with their fingers than white children. The sewing of some of the girls is really beautiful. While excellent in manual dexterity, the Indian children are slow to comprehend abstract ideas. They can be taught to cipher very well, but mental arithmetic puzzles them sadly. This, in my opinion, is additional reason for emphasizing their need of training along practical lines.



Clean Eggs.

Take a damp cloth along with you when you gather your eggs and wipe them off clean, no matter what their destiny may be, as it is beneficial. What is more disgusting than to see an incubator full of dirty eggs? Even in the market they are looked upon with suspicion or sent away, and the receiver will lower his estimation of them. Strictly fresh eggs are often stamped, wrapped in tissue paper, and put up, a dozen in a box. What is this done for? To inspire confidence and maintain profitable market prices.

Seeding Clover.

Now is the time for the early spring seeding of clover on the wheat crop. Among the hundreds of hay crops that are well known none commands such high estimation as clover, and especially the red variety. It fills a place on the farm that cannot be estimated, for not only as food for stock it is valued, but as an almost certain renovator of all soils on which it is grown. There is scarcely a portion of the civilized world in which it is not known, and it is truly the king of the farm crops. It belongs to the leguminous or bean family. The seeds, when viewed with a magnifier, are perfect little beans, handsome in appearance and easily germinated. Clover is adapted to all soils, for it is grown on both light and heavy land, but light soils do not suit it as well as a soil that is medium or heavy. In some parts of New Jersey it is often seen in luxurious bloom on sandy soils that are white as snow, and in Pennsylvania it is a certain crop on the heaviest kind of land. Farmers often complain that it is hard to get a good "catch" of clover, but such is not the case when proper care is taken to seed it well. Double, or at least, one-half more seed should be used than is the custom at present, and the seed should be rolled with a heavy roller. At present the practice is to sow it very early in the spring, and allow it to remain out of the earth until it is carried down by the melting snows or rains, or eaten by birds, in which cases much of the seed is lost, owing to remaining entirely out of the soil, and when the young plants are up the field seems as if it were uneven, the failure being ascribed to the earth and seed, when in reality the fault is with the farmer. Then there is the necessary inoculation of the soil with the clover bacteria, if the crop has never been grown on the land.

Feeding Cotton Seed Meal.

Recognizing the food value of cottonseed meal, many dairymen desire to use it but are deterred because of adverse reports concerning it. It is rich in protein, hence its value in the ration, but being concentrated it is likely to make trouble with the bowels. Only small quantities of it should be fed, usually about two pounds a day, and then it should be mixed with other grains, preferably with bran. The best results from the feeding of cottonseed meal has been obtained by the writer when ensilage was a part of the winter ration, and the presumption is that a succulent food of some kind is really needed to balance the cottonseed meal. If no succulent food can be given, or at best but little, it will be the better plan to reduce the quantity of cottonseed meal given.—Indianapolis News.

Temperature for Planting.

It is a common belief that the temperature of the air and the soil is a reliable indication of the time for planting the different varieties of farm and garden seeds. Many farmers will not plant corn or cotton until in their judgment the soil is "warm enough" to germinate the seed. That this is not an unerring guide may be easily demonstrated by the experience of any one who has kept a diary and observed closely. It is quite true that neither corn, cotton, nor other seed will germinate or come up if the temperature of the soil continues, after planting, below the proper degree of warmth for the germination and growth of the particular seed, but ordinary observation shows that in our changeable spring climate the temperature of the air and soil on one day is no guarantee of what it will be three or four days after. The conditions of planting may be correct at the time of planting, and be all wrong at the time of germinating. In the spring corn usually requires about 12 to 14 days to come up, and cotton seed from 5 to 10 days. Hence, the weather may be all that could be desired for several days after planting the seed and then turn cold or rain. It is more important that the latter half of the period of germination should be favorable than the first half. The correct rule is to plant according to time—the day of the month—having regard otherwise only to proper degrees of dryness in the soil, which should be in good condition for working. The time should be determined by experience of past years.—Philadelphia Record.

The Value of Poultry.

Poultry values on the farm have been variously discussed by the numerous authorities. Among those most prominent is Professor Gilbert of Ottawa, Can., who gives the following reasons:

First—Because the farmer ought, by their means, to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market.

Second—Because with intelligent management they ought to be all-year revenue producers, with the exception of perhaps two months during the molting season.

Third—Because poultry will yield him a quicker return for the capital invested than any of the other departments of agriculture.

Fourth—Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themselves if allowed to run in plum and apple orchard, will destroy all injurious insect life.

Fifth—Because, while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country.

Sixth—Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughters can engage, and leave him free to attend to other departments.

Seventh—Because it will bring him the best results in the shape of new laid eggs during the winter season.

The Garden.

The garden pays better than any other land of equal area on the farm, and for this reason great care should be exercised in selecting the plot of ground for this purpose and preparing it for the best results. Market-gardening is more profitable than farming, while growing vegetables for family use will be quite a saving to the family purse. In gardening three things must be considered as of a prime importance; first the right selection for a location, second the proper drainage, and third the preparation of the soil for planting and successfully growing the vegetables. The care of the garden is frequently left to the farmer's wife, and therefore the location should be chosen with reference to the kitchen's convenience, and also with reference to the sun and wind. A surface, if possible, should be chosen that slopes gently southward, and if this slope incline slightly eastward it will be the better. A hill, hedge or rock wall to serve as a wind break on the north is advisable. The size of the garden plot should be governed by the size of the family. If vegetables are to be grown for home use; but if for market, the facilities should determine the area. When the area and location of the garden have been determined, the next step will be to look after the drainage, in order to get rid of an excess of water. The water, if allowed to remain, will deprive the roots of the vegetables of a supply of air, and this will retard their growth. If the plot is a little inclined, the drainage will take care of itself, otherwise trenching, ditching, or some system of underground drainage must be used. The preparation of the soil consists in plowing, harrowing and fertilizing the ground. Some prefer spading to plowing, especially if the garden be small; but when the space is not too small for convenient plowing, it is much easier to use the plow. It is necessary to have the soil broken to a depth that the roots of the vegetables to be planted may have a loose, mellow earth that they can grow through freely. The fall is the best time for plowing, so that the clods are left exposed to the frost and freeze; but it will, of course, be necessary to plow again in the spring, as the soil, no matter how loose the earth may be, will settle again, so that it will need stirring periodically. For fertilizing, stable manure is the most available on the farm. This manure should be hauled out from the stable and spread evenly over the ground before plowing. Frank M. Beverly, in The Epitomist.