It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine day in February, 1883, when I was walking briskly along a country road of southwestern Ohio. Now and again, as I reached the brow of a hill I saw the Ohio river. which had flooded its banks, for we had heavy rains of late. They, together with the melted snow, had made the gentle river a wild and dangerous stream.

I would gladly have lingered to watch the rushing current, carrying timber, parts of wrecked houses, and many other indications of its destructive power; but I had come to the Buckeye state for another purpose, and was anxious to reach my destination an hour or two before dark.

I intended to visit a friend, Fred Andersen, whose acquaintance I had made in the East. He was a fine specimen of western youth, and very soon we felt drawn to each other, mutual confidence cementing our friendship. He often told me of the old homestead on the Ohio, his mother, long dead, and the queer notions of father. Old Mr. Andersen once. had lost a law-suit through the trickary of an attorney, and since that time condemned all lawyers.

Fred had an elder brother, Henry, a scapegrace, who had grieved his father a great deal. Once, when the father's patience gave out, he handed Henry several thousand dollars, and told him never again to show his face in the old home. The son took the money. roamed through the world, and came back penniless but proud, even boast ing of the wild life he had led and the sinful way in which he had wasted his money. Then the father bought him a small farm, not far from the homestead, and gave him to understand that he would be disinherited, having received his share. The son's eyes shone with an evil light, when thus informed, but he dared not rebuke his stern father.

Now, however, there was a different state of affairs. A few weeks ago Fred had sent me a letter, stating that he wished very much to have me come and see him.

"You know," he wrote, "your pres ance helps me. If I ever needed a riend, it is now; so come on and ready me in my troubles."

I was a busy man, and spring was ot my vacation season, but neverthehad not notified him of my coming. intending a surprise, which pleasure had to be paid for by walking the few miles from the station to his house.

For a while I enjoyed the walk. The air was bracing, and the scenery of the river and the Kentucky hills be yond, was charming. But after a while I began to feel tired, and wondered whether Fred's house was still far off.

I came to a neglected-looking farmhouse, and determined to inquire for the Andersen place. When, after knocking, the door opened, I cried out "Why, Fred, there you are!" But in a moment I saw that I was mistaken The man in the door certainly looked like Fred, but his face had something repulsive, especially as he glared at

me when I mentioned Fred's name. "Oh, I guess you mean my good brother, papa's boy," the stranger "He lives in papa's hous over there."

As he indicated the direction, I looked and saw the homestead about half a mile off. When I turned back to thank the man, the door was shut.

It was Henry Andersen, then, whom \* had unexpectedly met. He was not alone in the house, for on the wall opposite the door I had seen a looking glass, and reflected in it a face with grizzled beard and spectacles. I had seen, also, that the owner of that face tried to keep out of my sight, but evidently was not conscious of the mirror

Not long afterward, I reached Fred's home, and was cordially welcomed. After the preliminaries I remarked about the "high" river.

"Yes," he answered, "it's dangerous If it weren't for the levee, the downtown district of the city would be flooded. As it is, the high water has stopped up the sewer-outlets, so that the cellars are being flooded. The newspapers, too, are giving warning. But, then, people living along the Ohio are quite used to these floods."

While he spoke, I watched him close ly and saw a worried look on his face. "Is anything troubling you, Fred?"

"Yes, there is," he answered, "and I might as well tell you what it is. You know father always steered clear of lawyers and courts, ever since that one lawyer got the best of him. Well, he made a will-a crude affair-but pever had it recorded. I read it the day he died. It made me heir of everything. That will has been missing for the last two days, and I think somebody has stolen it. Unless I recover 1t. I am afraid my brother will give a great deal of trouble. He will do it, any way, but the will was made to 'head off' all such attempts. Now what shall I do? I have nothing to prove my heirship but a letter which other sent me when Henry came ome and got the little farm. In it, father tells me that he will disinherit enry and make me sole heir. That is worth something, of course, ut I doubt whether it will be sufficient so establish my claim.

As he finished, he drew his hand he was indeed very much

"You see," he continued, "I wouldn't mind sharing with my brother, for I cannot forget our boyhood days; but know he would not stop until he'd have the lion's share, and it would be painful, then, to see him squander the fortune father built up through years

of close economy.' "I'll tell you, Fred," I said, after a long pause, "you want legal advice, Don't you know of a good lawyer? You certainly do not share the prejudice of your father?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "In fact, one of the best lawyers of the city is a friend of mine, and I have made up my mind to see him tomorrow. You will, of course, go with me. And while we are waiting for your luncheon, you might as well read the letter."

He handed me an old letter, and I read it carefully. Of course it was but a fatherly communication and nothing like a legal document, but it certainly could be used to advantage in a suit. was just about to comment on it, when the servant announced that the meal was ready. Immediately Fred arose, and, throwing the letter carelessly on the desk, said,-

"Come, now; you must be hungry after that walk."

While maturing our plans during the meal. I thought I heard a noise in the library, the room in which the desk stood. I remarked about it, but Fred's mind was so occupied with the lost will that he had not heard it.

"Guess the servant is in there straightening things up a bit," he said. "We don't get much company around here, and when any one comes it makes him nervous."

After I had satisfied my hunger Fred asked me if I would like to look about the homestead, I told him I was a little tired, and would rather sit and chat in the library. He assented and ed the way. He must have been thinking of his letter as he entered, for he walked right up to the desk Then I heard him utter a cry. I looked and saw his hand nervously fumbling through the papers.

"Anything missing?" I asked. "Yes, the letter."

"May be the servant mislaid it while he was dusting." The servant, an old darkey and former

slave, was called. He denied having touched the papers. "Did you see anybody in this room after we left it?" Fred asked.

"No, massa." "Well, did you see anybody about the house?"

"No stranger, massa Jes' Massa Henry wid his gun out a-huntin'. "My brother?" Fred quickly asked.

'Was he near the house?" "Yes, Massa Henry was a chasin' a rabbit. He ies' done show me de rabbit runnin' down de hill. He say he no mo' shoot today. Massa Henry mighty good to me; give me a big coon he shot."

"When did you see my brother near the house?"

"'Bout fifteen minutes 'go, I jes give de old woman de coon-fine, fat oon, she says-an' den come here.'

Well, you can go, Ezra." Turning to me, Fred asked me if I thought his brother had stolen the

letter. "It looks that way " A answ

especially as it would be of great value to him." "Don't you think I ought to ride

over to his house at once, and-"I don't think that will do you any good.'

"Nevertheless, I'll ride over." He ordered a horse saddled. When the darkey came in to say it was ready, he added .-

"Massa Henry got a fine hoss." "How do you know?" Fred inquired. "He jes' done ride down he road-

fine, black hoss." We looked at each other in surprise. but for a while neither said a word. Fred evidently did not know what to

Fred told Ezra that he would not use the horse. After the surprised negro had gone, my friend walked to the window, and stood there, lost in thought. I joined him. Before us was a grand scene. The sun was setting, and lent its colors to the rushing river, and the fields were waiting for the magic wand of spring. A caravan of farm wagons passed the house on their way to town, for tomorrow would

be market-day. Suddenly I saw something which made me grasp Fred's arm. "Do you see that man in the buggy

over there, Fred?' The man with the gray beard and the large spectacles, in the yellow

"Yes. Have a horse hitched to carriage at once. I believe that man knows something about your letter. I saw him in your brother's house, on my way here, and his behavior was

Fred was going to ask questions, but I urged him to hasten, and promised to tell him more while following the stranger.

In ten minutes we were on the road In twenty minutes we saw the yellow buggy, and then drove so as not to lose sight of it. It was getting dark, and the stranger, even had he taken the trouble to look back, could not have seen our faces; and since many vehicles passed along the road, our buggy would hardly have aroused his suspicion. On the way I told Fred of

my theory and plan. "It is clear to my mind," I mid,

your brother. He was seen near your house shortly before the letter was missed. Then he rode to town on a fast horse, and this suspicious looking stranger, most likely implicated in your brother's schemes, follows him. I believe they will meet in the city, and if we can manage not to lose sight of this man we may be able to gain a great deal of information."

After an hour's drive we reached the town. The yellow buggy in front of us drove more slowly. Finally it stopped at a livery stable, and after a talk with the man in charge, the stranger drove his vehicle in through the large doorway. Most likely he was going to leave it in care of that es-

What were we to do? Should we drive to the stable, and leave our rig. it might arouse the man's suspicion. We concluded to stop and await developments. After a few minutes the man came out, crossed the street, and entered a saloon. Then I told Fred to take our horse and buggy to the stable while I would watch the saloon, until he could rejoin me. It was now quite dark, and the entrance to the stable was not well lighted, so the stranger could not see our faces. We had the advantage in that respect, for the entrance to the saloon was brightly illumined.

After Fred came back we had not to wait very long. The stranger came out of the saloon, rubbed his mustache with his handkerchief, cleaned his glasses, and slowly walked up the street. We followed him. As we passed along we heard people talk of flooded cellars, and the warning in the papers. Fred paid little attention to those remarks, but to me the expressions of anxiety were very interesting.

After a walk of about half an hour the man halted at a corner, held his watch up to the street lamp, and then leaned against a post, evidently expecting somebody. His patience was not put to too severe a test. Soon another man arrived, and immediately the two proceeded up the street. As the second man came up, my friend pressed my arm, and I nodded my head. In the light of the lamp we both recognized Henry Andersen. We had to be very careful, now, for we had reached a part of the town whose streets were more deserted than the business district. The two men ahead of us seemed to feel perfectly safe, however, for they walked on unconcernedly

We were near the famous "bottoms" of the city, when Henry Andersen and the stranger stopped at an old twostory frame house. The stranger fumbled in his pocket, drew forth a key, opened a door, and both entered. We took a position on the other side of the street and intently watched for a light.

A man came out of the house in the shadow of which we were waiting, and accosted him, asking,-

"Do you know, sir, who lives in that frame house?"

"Some crazy Dutchman," he repliel "Seems to be a star in a class of his own. Nobody knows what he's doing and I certainly don't care." With that he left us.

The light for which we watched seemed about to fail us, and Fred was beginning to show signs of disappoint ment.

"Have patience, Fred," I exhorted, 'I don't think we shall be disappointed-there it is now!"

A little light shone through the cellar windows, as though some one were going into the cellar with a candle, But we had only a second to watch the little light. Suddenly there came try in the United States is scarcely a blinding flash of fire, and almost at realized by business men. In 1898 the the same moment a deafening roar, as | butter haul over the Minneapolis & St. though a mammoth cannon had been

shot. We were thrown to the ground. When we rose and looked over to the frame house, we saw a mass of ruins on fire. The neighbors came rushing out of their homes, and in less than five minutes a big crowd had collected. The police patrol arrived. fire engines came; and where, fifteen minutes ago, all had been quiet, every-

thing now was commotion. One of the firemen claimed to hear cries for help coming from beneath the ruins. With their long books, he and his companions pulled aside the burning timber, and finally came to the spot whence the cries issued. Fred and I pressed forward and saw them draw out the old German, his body bleeding and burning. We explained that we had a claim, and were permitted to speak to him.

A doctor arrived and informed us that the man could not live. He suffered dreadfully, crying out loudly enough to be heard above the noise of the crowd. In his anguish he prayed in his mother-tongue. I knelt beside him, and while the doctor bathed the burnt parts of his body, I asked.

"Where is the letter?" His eyes opened wide. Then, collecting his thoughts, he answered,-

"He het it-vanted to take it to de safe-look in de safe, O Gott, Erba-They did not take him to the hospi-

tal. A few minutes more, and he died. A lieutenant of the police asked me whether I knew the man. "I never saw him until this afternoon," I said. "vell," he said, "he's known to the

police as one of the most dangerous forgers in the country." answered nothing, but I now thought I understood why Henry An-

dersen had had dealings with him. But where was Fred? The dying man had so absorbed my attention that I had almost forgotten my friend. Now that I looked for him, I found him kneeling before a mutilated mass of human flesh. It must have been brotherly instinct which made Fred sure that this heap of flesh and blood was the earthly remains of his brother,

"that that letter is very valuable to for no one could have identified him. The cause of the accident was easily understood. The cellar had been flooded with foul water and kases had collected, which exploded when they came in contact with the light of the candle. Few of the articles in the house were unbroken. Among the few was a small safe, of which the police took charge. I remembered the words of the dying German, and Fred and I went to headquarters to explain to the chief that we were interested in the safe. In fact, we told him the whole story.

At my suggestion, Fred's friend, the attorney, was called in to identify him. When the chief had satisfied himself as to his claim, he ordered the safe opened. It contained some German and English letters addressed to Emanuel Hilprecht, and the chief took possession of them, stating that he knew the man very well. Then we came upon an envelope of somewhat larger size. The seal was broken, and the eblef read its contents. He looked pt Fred, and sald,-

"Well, this certainly concerns you, and handed it to my friend. One glance showed us that it was the lost will.-Waverley Magazine.

### LARGEST FRUIT STEAMER.

Fine Refrigerating System Installed in the San Jose.

The steamship San Jose, which arrived in Boston the other day with a large load of fruit from Port Limon, Costa Rica, is the largest fruiter ever constructed for service between the West Indies and the United States, and is also the first vessel equipped with refrigerating machinery to arrive at that port, which enables her to make long passages with her perishable cargoes.

The cargo space is divided into separate compartments by steel bulkheads, which extend to the upper deck. All these holds and 'tweendeck spaces are insulated, and a very complete and efficient system of refrigerating machinery, with air ducts to every compartment, for the preservation of the fruit during shipment has been fitted. By this means, says The Scientific American, a low temperature can be secured in the tropical climates, and the fruit landed here in the best possible condition.

The keel plate of the San Jose was taid at Belfast, Ireland, about nine months ago. Her general dimensions ate: Length between perpendiculars, 330 feet; length over all, 345 feet; breadth, molded, 44 feet 3 inches; depth of hold to the upper deck, 31 feet 3 inches. She is rigged with two pole masts, has three complete steel decks, also topgallant, forecastle and orlop decks of wood, the latter extending throughout the forward part of the vessel. The engines and boilers are inclosed at all the decks by steel casings. The San Jose has a capacity for 45,000 bunches of bananas.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Manila has a population of something like three hundred thousand, about ten thousand being American and European born. The American population is estimated at about six thousand.

An English payal cadet who, on his training ship, took 11 first prizes, and in the first examination obtained 97.6 percent, was rejected at the medical examination on account of a small defect in one little toe.

The development of the dairy indus-Louis railroad was 400,000 pounds. Last year it was nearly 14,000,000.

The crew of the whaler Lara Hansen, which arrived at Seattle the other day, saw, according to the Indianapolis News, frozen in a monster iceberg a female polar bear and two cubs, the cubs nestling against the mother. The berg stood out of the water fully one hundred feet and the ice wherein the bears were entombed was clear as a crystal. How long the animals had been locked in their winter palace is a matter of conjecture, but they were at least twenty-five feet above the

One of the most curious bridges ever bulit, perhaps unique in the history of the world, was that made by the British troops in 1860. They were marching on Pekin, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins were discovered in the village, and with these the soldiers built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.

There are fully one thousand tons of piping of various kinds in the average Atlantic liner. The furnaces will con sume no less than 7,500,000 cubic feet of air an hour. The boiler tubes, it placed in a straight line, would stretch nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles. The total number of separate pieces steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than forty thousand, and the total number of cubic feet of timber used in the construction is more than one hundred thousand. The total number of rivets is not far from 1,250,-

### Proof Enough.

Doubting Woman (to grocer)-Real ly, now, are these eggs fresh? Grocer-Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm you can hear the heas that laid those eggs still cackling.

## The Elements of Success

Concentration and an Optimistic Temperament are Necessary.

By Sir Alfred Harmsworth.

LL through the world today there are millions of young men wondering how they are to obtain success. In some measure good fortune is, of course, possible to every one who reads my words and is blessed with health. All cannot be equally prosperous in their affairs, but every

But not along the old roads, Education all over the world-I do not say the best education, but the kind that makes money-is increasing,

As a result brains work more rapidly, though perhaps not as thoroughly as hey did in the past. Active minds are breaking away from tradition and making fortunes, in many cases, by an actual reversal of the policy of their fore-

one can make some kind of mark.

It is not, in my opinion-and I base my statement on knowledge of suceasful men in many lands—the young man who seeks an appointment in an old-fashloned store and settles down to the humdrum work of doing his duty who necessarily makes a fortune,

There are thousands of men in this and every other city who are trying to make fortunes that way and never will. It is the man who goes into the store and teaches his employer to sell new kinds of goods in new kinds of ways who eventually becomes strong enough to enforce his demands to a share of that shop or some other shop,

But he must be well all the time in body, so that his mind may devote it self to the great secret of success-concentration.

Fortunes may come to great gamblers now and then, and such disastrous examples do, I know, disturb the minds of young men. And every venture in life is, I admit, a little of a gamble. But after all it is concentration of purpose that is the backbone of all success in the world, whether it be that of the poet or the pork packer. The man who has cultivated the habit of concentration looks around every proposition so thoroughly that he is not, as a rule, given to buying gold bricks

The gambler not only buys them, but seeks them. Witness the disastrous story of the combine of the shipbuilding yards of this country. We have plenty of gamblers on our side of the Atlantic, but we do not as a rule, as yet, gamble in industries, and I hope we never shall.

After concentration has brought about the initial success, optimism of emperament is necessary. It does much to carry with it those who are round one and brings with it that leadership which then becomes essential.

When Ferdinand de Lesseps began to talk of cutting the Suez Canal no one believed him, and as a matter of fact, as he himself confessed, he was on the wrong track at first. But gradually his forceful optimism persuaded individual after individual, and then nation after nation, that the thing could and should be done, and it was done, despite the belief of great engineers that the task was impossible. His career is an ideal one to study from the point of view of one seeking success. He did a new thing in a new way, and he concentrated his whole existence on it.

It is the study of that kind of life that I suggest to those who are looking for fortunes. Get rich quick is more dangerous even than idle pipe dreaming. Concentration and new methods are winners every time.-New York World.

# Apparitions After Death By Andrew Lang.



♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ OW are we to explain apparitions of the dead? The evidence for these was much less copious, and, necessarily, much less satisfactory. No coincident crisis in the affairs of the dead could, of course, be detected, as in the case of the living. Again, even if we grant that telepathy between the living is a fact in nature, a ghost of the dead can hardly hope to prove his identity. To take a case: A young American commercial traveler

alone in his room at a hotel, suddenly saw his dead sister standing beside him. He rose to embrace her, but she fled like the shade of the mother of Odysseus in Homer. He went to his distant home, and told his parents, adding that on the cheek of his sister there was a scratch which he had not seen in her lifetime. The mother explained that in arranging, when alone, flowers around the dead body of the sister in the coffin, she had accidentally scratched the face, but concealed the mark with powder.

Now, if telepathy exists, the mother, brooding over the memory of the daughter, might transmit the whole vision of the dead, scratch and all, to the mind of her distant son.-Harper's Magazine.

# The Voice Summer As a Source of Revenue



NLY recently from a handsome and well-educated chorus girl I learned something about the voice as a source of revenue in a city. The requirements of choir positions are first, a voice of superior quality and volume; second, training, and third, ability to read at sight. Qualified for a choir position, the chances for securing one are forlornly remote, there be ing dozens of applicants for every possible place. Parlor engagements fall to the lot of only a rare few, while concert engagements are, of course, out of the question for all but

voices of extraordinary quality. For a girl with a voice of really excellent quality and fair training, the only opening seems to be the chorus of light and grand opera. For the latter, voice is the chief essential, but for the former, a good figure, grace of movement and aptitude for learning gestures, difficult evolutions and dances are further requirements. Also, the ability to look happy is necessary, as the penalty for appearing serious, troubled or unhappy while on the stage is dismissal. The salary of the chorus girl ranges from twelve to twenty dollars per week, from which she must pay her board while on the road and lay up something against months of summer idleness. The work of the chorus girl is very taxing, there being always one and sometimes two rehearsals a day, lasting two or three hours, and sometimes when new pieces are being put on, or revised and perfected while running, it is necessary to rehearse all night after a performance.-Good House Keeping.

# "The Elegant Slaughter" By Egerton Castle.



EST authorities show that although the Germans were always redoubtable at the rougher games of swordsmanship, it is in Italy that we find the first development of that nimbler, more regulated, more cunning, better controlled play which we have learned to associate with the term "fencing." It is from Italy that fencing, as a refined art, first spread over Europe; not from Spain, as it has been asserted by many writers. It is in the Italian rapier play of the late sixteenth century that we find the foundations of fencing

in the modern sense of the word. The Italians-if we take their early books as evidence, and the fact that their phraseology of fence was adopted by all Europe-were the first to perceive (as soon as the problem of armor breaking ceased to be the most important one in a fight) the superior capabilities for elegant slaughter possessed by the point as compared with the edge. They accordingly reduced the breadth of their sword, modified the hilt portion there of to admit of a readier thrust action, and relegated the cut to quite a secondary position in their system. With this lighter weapon they devised in course of time that brilliant, cunning, catlike play known as rapier fence,

The rapler was ultimately adopted everywhere by men of courtly habit; but, in England at least, it was not accepted without murmur and vituperation from the older fighting class of swordsmen.

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We believe sincerely there are

bright days for the farm life-days

when the longing of youth will be toward the farm rather than from it, says Up-to-Date Farming. Speaking of the advice so tersely given in the heading of this article, and in an article bearing the same head, one of our local dailies expresses the following very sensible thoughts: "How many men there are who wish they had followed such advice. In the restlessness of their youth and their ignorance of the world they look upon life on the farm as 'cribbed, cabined and confined,' and as a thing from which to escape. They go eagerly away, not necessarily to sorrow and death, to be sure, for many attain wealth and fame, but whether they miss or gain prizes in the big outside world the time comes when they look yearningly back to the farm where boyhood days were spent. The one who is poor regrets the lost independence of the life there and has visions of even yet becoming the possessor of a few acres and of getting back to the soil. If he is rich he buys a farm and equips it to suit his taste and his purse, deriving what pleasure he may from his occasional visits there. Perhaps no one appreciates rural life as much an one who left it, and it may be that absence is needed to prove its advantages and its charms. But it is a pity that when the lesson is learned while one is yet young that the wanderer does not make haste to return and remedy his mistake. The time will yet arrive when farming will be recognized as an art and will be followed as a profession. The things that the young find irksome will be fewer than now. The restless boy will make his

journey while his years are few and

will return satisfied to his home."

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