His grace on thee, thy good with brotherhood, to shining sea!

autiful for pilgrim feet, se stern, impassioned stres-oughfare for freedom beat sa the wilderness! America! America! od mend thine every flaw, firm thy soul in self control, iy liberty in law! Oh, beautiful for glory tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life;
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all successes be nobleness,

And every gain divine!

Oh, beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sca!
-Katharine Lee Bates, in The Congregationalist.





4 4 4 Overton at forty was considered a fortunate woman. She had her health, the Bri arley farm and the secret of the Briarley preserves. Despite Hannah's genuine grief, it could not but be a relief to her that her nunt, old Eunice Briarley, was dead, and her bitter heart at rest. She had brought up Hannah from a child, and it had been no light-hearted girlhood.

Hannah Overton had done her duty, but Shackleford had watched the youth fade out of her face, and it was giad that at last she was to have a chance, a chance of what, perhaps Shackleford hardly knew. To be sure, Briarley farm was mortgaged, but there was a sale at a good profit in Boston for the Briarley jams and jellies. Shackleford had refused to be auxious over the mortgage. It was more apprehensive that the coming of the stranger, Lena Pierce, might in some way bring trouble to Hannah.

But Lena Pierce-brought no trouble. She was the orphan child of Eunice Briarley's favorite nephew, and joint heir with Hannah Overton to the Briarley farm. Lena was a brisk, rosy, capable little person of twenty. For three years she had supported herself as a stenographer. Once, when a little girl, she had visited Briarley farm, and ever afterward the visit had remained a sunny memory, as she walked the city streets where her lot was cast.

A course of varied fortunes had taught Lena adaptability. With an ease that was amazing she took to her new inheritance and her new cousin to the cultivation of small fruits and the manufacture of preserves.

From the first Hannah and Lena were companionable. For Hannah it was a story that never grew stale to hear Lena tell of the experiences of her checkered childhood, a story that Lena told with a quaint, detached amusement, as if it had not been herself at all, and always with a protecting tenderness for the pair of uppractical parents who had been so helpless and so loving. Hannah's life seemed strangely meager beside that of the girl of

twenty. "I'm afraid you'll be lonely here," Hannah said, as they sat together on the front porch in the summer twilight. "No." answered Lena, with decision. "Ever since I can remember I've al-

ways been moving, but this is home." As the weeks went on they grew more than companionable. It seemed to each that she had wanted the other

for a long time. Then came on the part of each an effort to live up to the other's opinion of

her. Hannah had seen how Lena's brough she had heard her forming judgments that showed a relentless common sense. Would those keen eyes see through Hannah herself one day?

'She thinks I'm a Briarley!" groaned Hanneh. "She's all Briarley herself. I did think this summer I might get some rest, but I shouldn't dare, with her in the house. That's the Briarley

Sadly enough Hannah remembered how often her old Aunt Eunice had said that if Hannah's hands had been a holiday before them. more capable and her feet swifter, there need never have been a mortgage Briarley farm. O that mortgage! How Hannah hated it!

Yet that summer she toiled as she had never toiled before; and all because there had come into her life a sloth, a young person merry and full of good cheer and good to have about. of admiration and of love.

the accounts of the farm a sharp inthe mortgage was bideous to her. She off the drafts. and her cousin would work until they got rid of it and the Briarley farm was

Therefore Lena learned the secrets of strawberry runners, and of the and closed the door behind her. Outthinning of blackberry bushes, and side, she turned and addressed it: clad in a blue pinafore, toiled over the steaming sirups until, in one short summer, her current jelly equaled Hannah's, and her black raspberry jam was

just a shade better. But it was really all very new to her, and her efficiency was at the cost of a were breathing from the mignonette strict self-discipline. She was here at bed and the orchard. last on the Briarley farm, that fairy-

land of her childhoood, and, since Lena time to be young, the farm itself ap- but she was only playing. When she pealed to her with an intoxicating de-

What a place the apple orchard was for dreaming! But apples, Lena had to remember, meant beautiful amber jelly, and jelly meant dollars, and dollars meant mortgage payments.

tern by her cousin Hannab, for whom trees, and again listened to find how this tollsome summer was no first experience, and who stepped so unwear- busy life that goes on down there. Harper's Weekly.

N Shackleford Hannah | ledly about the old kitchen. To Lena all the farm-the clean, shadowy barn,

> ocusts droned, the nestling cornfields -called, "Come out of that kitchen and enjoy me! "I wonder," Lena asked herself, "it Cousin Hannah ever wanted to play. suppose not. That's the Briarley of

t! Well, I'm glad I've got Consin Han-

nah, if I do have to be a Briarley now.

It seemed to Hannah that the farm drove them like a taskmaster with a lash. In June, close together, came the strawberries and the cherries; before they are past the red raspberries and the currants; then black raspberries and blackberries; and while your hands are still stained from these, apples and apples and apples! Right in the midst of these, come the cucumber pickles, and these you must keep close picked for your life, or else the proper finger length will be grown a hand's span in a night!

The pile of dollars in the savings bank grew larger and larger. A few more busy summers and there would be no mortgage, and Briarley farm would would be theirs indeed. But, O dear, to stand in mid-August and look back over a summer, and see no vacant spot into which you could possibly have packed a holiday! To look ahead and see nothing but pickles-green tomatoes, red tomatoes, cauliflower, cabbage-pickles lasting on and on into

Hannah Overton loooked at her sum mer and made a resolution. To herself she said: "She's young, and she'll still have

time." To Lena she said, as they sat at the

tea table: "I'm going to borrow Hiram Hand's team, and drive over to Caleb Miller's to see about those quinces. You can manage the apples without rie, can't you? I'll weigh the sugar to-night. After I've seen Caleb, I'll maybe go on to Davidstown, I can't tell. I'll be gone all day, perhaps. I'll take a lunch with me in case I don't get home for

dinner. You wen't mind being left alone, since you'll be busy?" "Oh, ne! I'll have a chance to show you how much I can do in a day all by

myself. "I know that well enough clreacy," answered Hannah, with forced anima tion. She always did feel like a meak in the presence of the flerce Briarley energy.

The next morning early Hannah drove away. She was composed enough until she was out of sight of the house, then the gipsy lights woke in her eyes.

to enjoy her own farm!" she muttered, I ist who had advertised for a position. "I declare I'm going to have some time off, if I do have to steal it from her!" with a glance back in the direction need water, and I reckoned you was the

of the house. At that little word came a sudden revulsion of feeling, for Hannah knew that at that moment her one wish was to have that same person sitting beside the old ambling, amiable horse, with tub with a few gears attached and a

Hannah did go to Caleb Miller's, but no farther. She was honest in telling Lena that she did not know what she should do afterward. What she did do was to turn round.

Left alone, Lena washed the breakfast things with hands that trembled. young person, energetic, fiercely hating She swept the speckless kitchen floor in nervous haste. For just a moment she stood surveying the shining plates who looked at Hannah with eyes full of sugar on the table, the empty jelly tumblers gleaming in the sun, the On her first arrival Lena had given bushel basket heaped with apples under the table. Then she turned to the spection. She had found out the as- range, where burned a clear, steady sets of the Briarley preserves, and the fire, an excellent fire for jelly; and amount of the mortgage. The idea of after a moment's hesitation she turned repairs to fences and stock with one

She ran into the pantry and quickly put up a lunch for herself. She drew the shades of the kitchen windows, took down her sunbonnet from its peg

"Kitchen, I'm not coming back all day. I'm going to play with my farm!" It was a lovely, lazy August morning; baby clouds were floating in the blue overhead, there was a droning of bees in the air, and warm summer odors

If you had been a well-behaved and prosaic hen on that farm, you would was but twenty, and had never had have thought that Lena had gone mad, was a little girl she had climbed the orchard trees, and swung on the forked diffner on Monday?" branches; she had jumped from the barn rafters down into the fragrant an engagement for Monday. hay; she had wandered, singing, up and down the avenues of cornstally

ars meant mortgage payments. She did all of these things again. She have a partial engagement for Tues-Lena admonished herself to take pat-lay on her back under the orchard day, also." noisy the grass can be with all the

So the morning went on, and presently, incredibly soon it seemed to Lena, a distant whistle in the village of Shackleford booomed out the noot

"Time for me to have my picnic! cried Lena, jumping up. She would have It-just where she used sometimes to carry her suppers on that visit long She had quite forgotten that on the first occasion it had been her cousing Hannah who had showed her the spot

You follow the stone wall, overgrown with wild rose vines. You dip down the bill out of sight of the house, of the barn, and on you go until you reach the clearest of little brooks running through the greenest of meadows.

The stream turns and twists in tornous fashion, and all its turns are outlined through the meadow by the low willows that skirt the banks. In one spot an old willow, half-uprooted, has fallen across the brook, forming a live and growing bridge. Blackbirds, Should remember that the garden is the outlined through the meadow by the one spot an old willow, half-uprooted, has fallen across the brook, forming a live and growing bridge. Blackbirds, black-winged and red-winged, are noisy in the willows all day long, and little minnows flash through the brown, pebbly depths of the stream. You may the orchard in which the indolent hang over the willow bridge and watch

Lena climbed out on the old tre trunk, and sat there, swinging her feet over the water while she ate. She had lost her sunbonnet somewhere on the way, and her hair was loose, She knocked her heels against the tree trunk in time with a little song she

hummed Her luncheon over, she rested her hin on her hands, her hair tumbling about her rosy face, and she became endually neasive.

"It's a perfect holiday," she said, except for one thing, and that is-1 wish I had some one to play with." She started suddenly. Who could possibly come visiting this far corner of the farm at this hour of the day? Yet some one was surely moving along

on the other side of the brook. Lena did not stir. She peered vainly through the screening willow branches. Some one was coming across by the willow bridge. The branches parteda face appeared!

The old-maidenly bonnet was hanging by the strings, the neat-brushed hair had come loose into naughty little girlish curls, the eyes were shining, the cheeks were as red as Lena's; at that instant, framed in the green willows she looked almost as young.

"Cousin Hannah!" cried Lena. "Lena!" gasped Hannab.

Then they broke into a laughter se merry, so prolonged, that the black birds flew off in a protesting flock The girls had not known that they could laugh like that. They laughed until it seemed that they could never speak again; but laughing did more than words could have done, and explained much they had never under

stood before. At last Lena spoke: "Cousin Hannah, the next time we take a holiday, let's take it together, and-and-let's not be Briarley's any more."-Youth's Companion.

Wanted, a Married Machinist.

A badly disappointed tenderfoo found his way to a ranch in the Sulphur Springs Valley, Arizona, last August. He had gone to El Paso from Pennsylvania a few months before and after spending a few weeks vainly searching for employment, he placed an advertisement in one of the local dailies. Among the replies received was one from the proprietor of a ranch. The offer appealed to him because it semeed to offer more fresh air than any of the others, and his Eastern doctor had advised him to take all the For a short distance the road shirted fresh air he could, and that a little her property. Hannah looked at her "roughing it" would do him no harm So be reported "It's a pity a woman can't have time ranch, stating that he was the machin-

"Well, stranger," said Jim, "we need a machinist here most as bad as we man we're wanting."

The machinist was all smiles. He picked up his kit of tools and followed as the ranchman led the way back of the four-room adobe house and pointed her in the buggy, jogging along behind out what looked like a covered washside handle.

"There you are," said Jim, pointing to the tub. "There's your machine Git to work. Twenty-five a month and your board if you can make that thing wash the clothes of this yere ranch. If you're any kind of a machinist here's a chance to make good."

"A machinist," said the disappointed and crestfallen applicant, "repairs machines. It isn't his business to furnish the power and keep them running. You ought to hire a washerwoman to run the machine and hire me for the repairs."

"Say, son," burst in Jim. "Twentynine men your size couldn't make the single woman flirting round this 'dobe. A machinist who can't run a machine is the same as a horse I once saw to the circus. He had six legs, but he couldn't even trot, 'cause he had to carry two of 'em in a sling when he walked. As near as I can see from your tell, what I want is a machinist whose wife takes in washing."-Youth's Companion,

No Escape.

The following telephone conversation is reported to have been heard between a certain well-known young financier and a society woman whose functions are considered somewhat boring: "Is this Mr. - 7"

"Yes. "This is Mrs. Won't you give us the pleasure of your company at

"I'm-se sorry, Mrs. -- , but I have

"Can you come Tuesday, then?" "Why, it is most unfortunate, but I

Well, how about Wednesday?" "Oh, hang it! I'll come Monday!"



If all the lads and lasses should remember

place to make a noise— Why, what a very pleasant world for mothers this would be! How very many happy mother faces we should see!

For children don't remember, as everybody

knows; if the children should-why-Just But, suppose If all the children's mothers turned for-

If all the children's mothers turned forgetful in a day,
If, instead of taking care of toys, they
threw them all away,
Forgot to bake the cookies, and forgot the
tales to tell,
Forgot to kiss the aching bumps and make
the bruises well—
Why what a very dreary world for chil-

Why, what a very dreary world for chil-dren this would be! How very many melancholy little folks we'd see! For mothers always remember, as every-

body knows; But if the mothers shouldn't-why-just -H. G. Fernald, in Christian Register.

THE TWINS' BIRTHDAY PARTY It was the twins' birthday. They were dressed in pretty blue frocks, made just alike, and their curls were tied with ribbons to match. The twins looked exactly like each other, except that Miriam's eyes were brown, and Mirabel's were blue. Mother Marlon never forgot which had blue and which

had brown eyes, if other people did: They were three years old to-day and were going to have a party. Six little guests had been invited for the afternoon, and at 3 o'clock they arrived with their mothers.

The guests brought some pretty pres ents for the twins. Everything was in couples. There were two red sashes. blue silk mittens, two dear little fans and two beautiful crystal bend chains that sparkled like diamonds,

But the strangest thing about the party was that the twins and their small guests sat perfectly still in their chairs, while their mothers played games for an hour or two. Not one of the party children fretted or cried during all that time. Not one, in fact, spoke a word.

Tea was served in the nursery, and Mirabel sat at one end of the table. and Miriam at the other end, with three guests on each side. The seven mothers waited on them.

The table looked very pretty indeed The birthday cake was a twin loaf. two cakes joined together. One bore the name of Mirabel and the other of Miriam, written with pink icing over white, and there were three tiny pink candles on the top of each. There were dishes of candied cherries and little rolls no bigger than silver quarters, and cocoanut kisses of the size of dimes. Tiny currant-jelly tarts were our, let the other take in the slack piled in one pretty plate, while at each end of the table was a pile of popcorn balls.

Then there was ice cream, too, pink, mounds with a thimble. How that feast was enjoyed-what shall you think when I tell you?-by all the mothers, for the twins and their guests did not even get a taste of the good things!

What were the twins and their guests?-Adapted from The Sunbeam.

THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

Zoological Park in Washington I ob- neighborhood. served a remarkable example of the well-known greediness of the curmorant. Four little cormorants came to the must not exceed ten miles.

Zoo, and were placed in a cage in which dogs had once been kept. Outside was a pebbly yard in which the dogs had exercised. The cormorants under way. waddled about this yard and seemed to be having a fine time, until one morning I noticed that one of them now attended by over 10,000 pupils of was sitting on the ground unable to both sexes.

rise. He did not waddle up to get his meal of whole fish, each usually about half as long as his whole body; and as the others came rushing toward me to get their share, I knew that he was ill, I went into the eage and lifted him up. What was my amazement to hear something grating and clinking inside

keeper, who decided to investigate by means of a surgical operation. He took out two pounds of stones, one of which was four inches long, two and a half inches wide and about half an inch thick! The poor chap seemed to feel relieved. In a few days he became convalescent, ate his food regu-

of him! And he seemed surprisingly

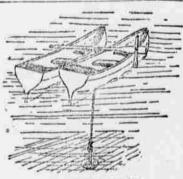
heavy. I at once called the head

larly, and semeed to be doing well. Then that hooked bill reached under the feathers and tore out some of the surgeon's stitches, which were undoubtedly irritating, as the wound was beginning to heal. As the result of this interference, the wound opened and, as the weather was hot, the patient died five days after the operation.-St. Nicholas.

TO LIFT AN ANCHOR.

An anchor left in the mud all winter is no easy thing to lift. By placing two boats side by side, as shown in the picture, and throwing a pole ieross both of them, a very great weight may be lifted. The suction of the mud causes most of the trouble, but this arrangement will enable you to lift the anchor with comparative

In salt water, where there is a tide, place the boats in position at the be ginning of flood tide. Fasten the anhor rope to the pole, pulling it taut to do so. As the tide rises the anchor is bound to come. Don't forget, either, that the whole outfit will float off at two pair of bronze boots, two pair of | high tide unless it is properly secured.



RAISING THE ANCHOR.

In fresh water, where there is no tide, the anchor rope has to be wound Throw na oar across both boats, and on its flat surface bind a stick which may be used to twist the our around. Wrap the anchor several times about the oar between the boats, and while one person twists the on the rope.-New York Evening Mail.

FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

It is claimed that the first flag raised chocolate and white, cut into tiny on a schoolhouse was holsted in Cole rain, Franklin County, Mass., in May, 1812, the Indianapolis News states. Last May the citizens of the town placed a stone slab on the site of the old schoolhouse, and on the Fourth of July it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The flag raised in 1812 was made by Mr. and Mrs. Anasa Shippe, Mrs. Alden Williss and Mrs. Steven Hale, from material spun and When I was a keeper in the National woven in the different homes of the

The running time of the electric street cars on lines owned by London

Extensive plants for the improvement of the Sucz Canal are now well

The primary schools of Bangkok are

WHO GAVE HER THE PRESENT?



Gifts much expected are paid, not given.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL POWER PRODUCER.

Man is a Much Better Engine Than a Locomotive and Yields More Energy Than an Automobile.

To test the efficiency of a man as an engine, Professor Atwater, of Wesleyan University, has been engaged recently in making some remarkable experiments, employing a stationary bicycle as a means of measuring the power developed by a muscular rider.

By the simple expedient of making the tire of the rear wheel (the cycle has no front wheel) pass between two electro-magnets, which are connected with a dynamo, all of the energy transmitted to the pedals is converted into a current of electricity. This current can be measured, and thus is ascertained exactly how much power is employed.

The rider operates his wheel inside of a great box of wood lined with metal. He is not permitted to leave the box for several days and nights, and all of his food and drink is carefully weighed. In this way the amounts of fuel and water supplied to the human engine are accurately ascertnined, and the total energy which they represent can be easily figured out.

As a result of the experiments, it has been found that a man is a much better engine than a locomotive, yielding nearly twice as much power for a given amount of fuel. He is superior in this respect to the best and most economical pattern of automobile. In fact, no kind of engine as yet contrived-steam, gasoline or electric-is equal to him as a producer of energy.

Professor Atwater says that the most sconomical engine built to-day utilizes, in the shape of work, only fifteen per cent, of the energy contained in the fuel supplied to it. The human power machine develops twenty per cent. without counting what is required to keep the internal mechanism of the body running. Of course, it takes considerable power to keep the heart-pump going, and the digestive apparatus in operation. To reckon the expenditure for these and other functions at an additional twenty per cent. would not be over the mark.

Thus it is seen that the human engine runs with much less waste than any mechanical contrivance yet devised. Man stands to-day the model machine, and with all his vaunted in genuity he cannot construct an apparatus that comes near to equalling his own body as a work-producer. Nor, indeed, will any other kind of engine, though built of the best obtainable materials, run for anything like so long a period without wearing out, requiring n the same time so small an expenditure for repairs. - Boston Herald.

His Meddlesome Way.

Mr. Jones had contracted for the building of a dwelling house, the price of which was to be \$3000. Having abundance of leisure on his hands, he went occasionally to see how the work was progressing. His first noteworthy discovery was that the workmen were not living up to the specifications in the matter of the foundation. He went to

the contractor, "Mr. Smith," he said, "the plan for my house calls for a foot-and-a-half foundation wall, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, the men are laying a one-foot wall. I must insist upon your living up to the letter of the contract."

Mr. Smith, annoyed, repaired immediately to the scene of operations and gave orders for the building of the foundation according to specif A few days later Mr. Jones discovered that the workmen were not using

the kind of brick in the main wall that was specified in the contract. Mr. Smith, in response to an energetic remonstrance, corrected this mis-

take, also, Then Mr. Jones found out that the masons were not "tying" the wall by laying every seventh course crosswise, as provided in the specifications. The contractor remedied this likewise.

Things went smoothly after that until the carpenters began to do the inside work, when Mr. Jones ascertained that the lumber was of an inferior grade, and not at all what had been agreed upon. He went to the contractor and made another complaint-this time in language, decidely uncomplimentary.

Then Mr. Smith's patience gave way. "See here, Mr. Jones," he said, in the tone of an injured man, "if you keep on meddling in this way, how do you suppose I am going to make any money out of this job?"-Youth's Companion.

Kind Neighbors.

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country, she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. The Adams boy from the next house will help me about everything. He'll drive the cows and milk and teach me to harness, and of course I shall feed

the hens and the little pig. "The little pig!" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And

where, I should like to know?" "There's room for a small pig pen back of the barn, away from the road and everything," said Miss Jenkins, calmly. "Mr. Adams has some cunning little pigs, and that is what I wish. And I asked the Adams boy if he thought when the pig had outgrown the pen I could find some one to take him and give me another little one in exchange, and he seemed sure I could. You've no idea, brother, how obliging the people are here in the country."-Yeath's Companion.

************* FARM TOPICS. ******

STILL ANOTHER SPECIALTY. It is said that a cathip farm has proved likelf to be a most excellent investment. The product from this farm is shipped in large quantities todealers in pet animals and is sold by them in small quantities to the owners

HORSE WITH CONTRACTED FEET One of our readers in writing to us asks for a remedy for his horse that is hoof bound. Probably the best thing to do would be to pare the feet down prety well and soak in hot water or clay mud for an hour each day. Poultice after each sonking for a week. Of course the animal should not be shod. During this whole course of treatment keep the hoofs painted with turpentine.-Weekly Witness.

VALUE OF GRASS LANDS.

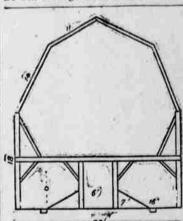
The attention of Rhode Island farmers has been called by the station to the fact that the State contains 78,824 acres of grass land, exclusive of swampy areas. The present yield of hay ranges from three-fourths to one ion per acre, as shown by the census reports. In view of the fact that this hay is largely of poor quality and commands a low market price and that by more generous manuring hay of the highest market value can be grown, it has been pretty well demonstrated by the station that it ought not to be a difficult matter to increase the annual net returns of the Rhode Island grass lands from \$5 to \$10 per acre. If the returns were increased annaully \$5 per acre it would mean nearly half a million dollars additional net profits for the Rhode Island farmers every year.

As the result of the experiments thus far conducted the Rhode Island station recommends the following formula as an annual topdressing for grass land where stable manures are not employed and where the soil is in quite an exhausted condition: Acid phosphate, 400 to 500 pounds per acre; muriate of potash, 300 to 350; nitrate of sodn, 300 to 350.

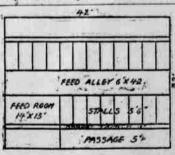
The first year that the land is in grass it is probably desirable to use the smaller amount of nitrate of soda, and if there are indications that the soil is probably deficient in phosphoric neid, the larger amount of neid phosphate shall doubtless be employed. In case the grass is inclined to lodge, an increase in the amount of muriate of potash may be beneficial .- Bulletin Rhode Island Experiment Station.

DAIRY BARN FOR TWENTY COWS E. L. M., Oran, Mo., wishes a plan for a dairy barn to hold twenty cows and feed room. He can get lumber for

\$8 per thousand, and does not wish it to cost more than \$400. That is a low figure for a barn well built with twenty-cow capacity, but if he will manage it well and do some of



ELEVATION OF DAIRY BARN FOR 20 COWS the work bimself he can accomplish it in good shape. He should by all means put in the cement floor with gutters behind the cows, as shown in plan submitted. Then he should make the barn warm, and light it thoroughly; let in as much sun as possible on cac'i side. Make four bents, placing them fearteen feet apart. This will make a barn forty-two feet long, and the proper width is thirty-two feet. Reference to the plans will explain the rest. Put in



FLOOR PLAN OF DAIRY BARN FOR 20 COWS

a manure carrier behind the cows and a feed carrier in front of thera if there is money left. The roof braces are not shown, but many plans already published show them clearly. The posts eighteen feet, lower rafters fourteen feet, upper rafters eleven feet, make a building high enough to have much storage capacity.-Farmer's Ga-

zette. Wedding Ring Found on Harrow. A blacksmith at Aswarby, near Sleaford, has made a most curious discov-

He received from a neighboring farmstead a harrow for repairs, and while these were being executed a twentytwo carat gold wedding ring was found sticking on to one of the teeth of the implement. It is supposed that the ring was lost on the land and that it was picked up by the harrow in the course of its work.-Reynolds' News-