O Doubting Heart!



O doubting heart, why thus cast down? The God in heaven rules. And the both man and nature frown, Pence broods by Siloam's poels.

Sad soul, go seek those waters sweet; They'll health and hope restors— For Jesus keeps, and at His feet The waters flow e'ermore.

Nor distant far that healing fount-It bursts from ev'ry hill.

And you may make it Pisgah's mount
Wher'er the heart may will.

No more, O heart, let doubt divide Thy blessed Lord from thee-Thy blessed Lord from thee-Upon His promise I'll confide, That life the end shall be.



"I am engaged to marry her niece,

"Is-is she well?" Clanpel asked,

struggling to open the conversation.

"Her marriage-was it accounted a

"Hardly," Graham answered, with a

flavor of irony, "inasmuch as she

The older man stared at the young

"Do you mean to tell me," he ask-

clergyman for a full minute without

have deceived myself all this time?

And now you tell me that I have har

"Man alive," Clannel continued

Graham nodded affirmatively.

"There isn't much to tell.

-Captain Thomas had won out--

nort. Since then she has been strug

gling against adverse circumstances.

"And I with more than I can use,"

Clanpel hardly gave a glance in

to your agreement in regard to the

"The letter instructs your agent,"

"That is the idea. Whatever he

saves out of the thirty thousand you

shall have for the church." Mr. Clan-

pel assured him, with evident effort

"Very well," Graham replied. "I

There is a mortgage on the

have written to the owner and this

reply gives me authority to fix the

place; the owner must have as much

as possible. I ask thirty thousand

Mr. Clanpel glanced at the written

"Signed 'Elizabeth Travers'!" he

"For whose sake I would forfeit :

"She wrote this?" Clanpel asked.

An impatient and expectant light

came into the eyes as he turned to

"She lives on the outskirts of the

village," Graham admitted, "though

she did not know of your home when

"I'll go and buy the farm in per-

son," Clanpel said, impetuously,

he touched the button and caught up

his hat. Turning to Graham, he add-

He put on his hat, took up a pen

ed, "My boy, I hardly know how to-

and rapidly wrote his signature. Then

blotting it nervously he thrust it into

"She shall fill it out," he said softly

"Ten per cent is your fee. If it is for

will know-you will understand that

much larger fee," Graham muttered,

thinking of a younger woman.

'She must live here!"

Graham.

yes. I do!"

dollars. Read the letter.'

said, in amazement.

to keep his mind on the subject.

Mercer farm at the lowest possible

"Yes," was the absent reply.

Clannel murmured. "Does she still

his excitement.

lated the older man.

a little resentment.

letter you showed me?"

Graham's note.

the limit."

Graham explained.

"Quite well."

never married."

success?

speaking.



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"Fair coming on, or a hospital donation wanted?"

The rich man stood in the middle of his study, one hand holding his eyeglasses, in an attitude of expectancy, and the other waving the young clergyman to a seat.

'Nothing of the kind to-day, Mr. Clappel," the minister said, as he took the seat.

"Some family in narrow straits, then, I suppose. I realize that men of your profession have to play the lighthouse pretty often for storm-driven and unseaworthy household barks. There! a first-rate figure."

The minister smiled and took ad vantage of the pause.

"I came to ask you for a new church," he thrust into the vocal vacuum

The rich man dropped into his revolving chair with the suddenness of a discovery in gravitation.

"You did, did you? Well, I don't know about that," he said, quizzically. "We need a church and a rectory," the minister continued, without visible discomfiture. "There will be no trouble about getting a rectory if I can manage to secure the church building."

"Married?" the rich man inquired, swinging about.

"No," was the laconic answer. "Want to be?" Mr. Clanpel asked, curiously, as if he had searched years for such an anomaly,

"If I had the church," the clergy man replied, "I could have a rectory, and if I had a rectory I could-"

'Yes, yes; I understand," Mr. Clanpel broke in, "but I'm afraid I can't afford you a church. Yet-hold on a minute," he added, as he took up a letter which he had apparently written that morning. "See here," he continued, as he glanced over it; "read this. Here is a way in which

you might get what you want." Craham looked over the sheet and read it the second time. Then he sat for a little while in a train of thought which brought a frown to his

The revolving chair swung around once or twice, nervously, and the oc-cupant turned about to his desk and began to write.

"Mr. Clanpel, do you remember Elizabeth 'Travers?" the clergyman asked,

suddenly. The pen dropped instantly and the chair came around with a quick jerk.

"In Heaven's name, man. How glibly you use a name. What do you know about her."

The rich man's face showed an interest even more profound than the clergyman had expected. "I know all about her," Graham de-

clared, as he rose from the chair and laid the letter on the desk. "Sit down, man; sit down, and tell

me," Clanpel begged. "There's no hurry about your going, is there?" "I should make a call," Graham said, consulting his watch. "If I could

write a note and send by messen-"Oh, surely, yes. Sit down here.

I will have a man drive over with it." Mr. Clappel indicated paper and en-



"Fair coming on, or a hospital donation wanted?"

velopes. Then he touched a button and gave orders for the carriage. The minister wrote a few lines rapidly on a plain sheet of paper, rejecting the stationery which bore the letter head of the host. As he tore up the page and re-wrote the words Mr. Clanpel paced the room in a ner-

yous but undisturbing manner. The sealed letter bore no address and Graham handed it to the servant with directions for delivery and a

est to wait for an answer. ow came you to know Mrs.-Miss Travers?" Clanpel asked, almost be-fore the door had closed behind the more than three thousand dollars you

-that she did not shut the door against me.

Graham deposited the next day, in the name of the church, a check for ten thousand dollars.

TREE REVERED BY MEXICANS

Peculiar Formation Has Made .

Known as "Tree of Fate." The height of happiness is reached by the Broadway florist when he puts ome new growth in his window that attracts the crowds. He feels like a heatrical star at a first night's per formance.

This week one of the craft has been isplaying a Toluca hand tree. The shrub is not very large, but boasts wondrous flame flowers. The calyx is blood red, and each column of stamens support a tiny hand that seems have been dipped in blood.

Mexicans revere the tree and pray eneath it. It is sometimes called the Tree of Fate. When the devotees colicit advice beneath its branches if they have patience and wait long enough, the fingers of the hand will point the direction to take on a homeward journey in order to have good The unsuperstitious scientists luck. say that the pointing of the fingers is but the action of the wind and air but the devotees pooh-pooh this.

In its native land jeweled rings are placed upon the Toluca's hand to proctiate the spirit of the tree and bring appiness to the donor.-New York

Joke That Failed Twice.

Miss Adelbert had just returned from a vacation spent at a tiny village on the Maine coast. In recounting her experiences she talked somewhat for the benefit of a cousin, a quiet per son, who was visiting her city relative for the first time in many years.

busy."-Yonkers Statesman. "There was just one store in the place," said Miss Adelbert, "and they kept everything that is, everything they had to keep.

"One day I went to buy some soap and just on a venture I asked the clerk if they had Browning. He stared at me a second, then went off and looked under the counters and on the shelves.

"Presently he came back and said 'No, miss, we ain't got none. We got blacking, an' we got bluin, an' got whiting, but we ain't got a bit of browning in the store." Miss Adelbert had to make several

protests to assure her audience that this really happened. Finally the cousin asked, gravely, "But cousin Bert, why didn't you say varnish in the first place."-Youth's Companion.

Resting Period One of Profit.

The man who fails to appreciate the value of recreation is making a great mistake. Attention to business and with a high note in his voice; "I've devotion to duty are essential to suchad murder in my heart for years. cess in this strenuous age, but that fact is in itself the most eloquent plea bored this hate without reason. Tell for a season of rest; a breathing spell me more," and Clanpel sprang up in so that the high tension methods of to-day will not wear us out before our time. If the every-day pace was more rears ago you thought-only thought moderate there would be less urgent need of rest. It is the pace we are "Yes-the furies take him!" ejacukeeping time to in business in this age that makes a vacation imperative "He is dead," Graham said, with Exhaustion results in not only tempo something of solemnity. "He died a rary but a permanent loss of vital week after his arrival in London. force. The rest period is often the where he had hoped to marry her. profit period in a busy man's life. No She came back here in the course of machine can run incessantly without time. Five years later she lost her repairs and the vacation time is the father and almost all means of suprepair time in the great scheme of human economy.-Four Track News.

Famous Political Prognosticator. As a political prognosticator Major care for-that dead man?" he asked. Alexander McDowell, clerk of the "She never did care for him. It house, is reckoned without a peer in was all a mistake-and more your his end of the capitol building in fault than her's," Graham said, with Washington. He called the nomina tion of McKinley in 1896 and Parker in 1904. He picked Reed for speaker the direction of the door when the in the fifty-fourth congress and Reed's servant came in with the answer to successors in the chair-Henderson and Cannon. He has also been suc-"Mr. Clanpel," Graham asked, after cessful in calling the turn in state reading the answer. "Do you still hold nominations in Pennsylvania, and as the major hails from the keystone state he comes mighty near knowing all the ins and outs of Pennsylvania politics. . The other day Major Mc-Graham continued, "to secure the Dowell was asked if he could name the man to lead the Democrats in figure, with thirty thousand dollars as 1908. With a good-natured smile he answered: "Why not ask me who wrote the 'Beautiful Snow'?"

Spoke Too Soon.

"My dear," said the caller, "I was ever to see Mrs. Gabbitt yesterday afternoon, and you just ought to have heard what she said about you. Why, she talked about you all the time was there.'

"Mrs. Gabbitt!" exclaims the hostess, warmly. "Well, all I've got to say is that nobody believes a word she says. That woman couldn't speak the truth if she tried. Everything she says pure invention-I won't give it a worse name, but I have my own opin-

ion." 'I'm dreadfully sorry to hear it. She talked all the time about you, and said the thought you were the nicest woman in this town, and a lot more of the same nature."-Chicago Tribune.

A Parting.

I do not know what crowds there were,
The station noise seemed far and low;
I did not note the busy stir
That golden moment long ago;
I think I saw the platform sway,
As if with joy to kiss your feet—
And yet it seems like yesterday
That day we parted, Sweet.

t may have been in June or May.
It may be that the sun was bright;
or was it night instead of day?
And all the world in zinter's white?
t seems so long ago to me—
I could not look beyond your eyes!
Out kissed me—Love, how could I see
What month was in the skie?

I could not speak, I could not pray,
With dumb regret my heart was still;
And yet we had so much to say!
I watched your half-turned face until
It faded with the engine's roar;
That saddest day of all the years,
When all I hoped could be no more.

She-"Do you have any trouble keep

Total Depravity.

Refute the statement if you can— Give vent to it I must— There's no one meaner than the man Who forms a turkey trust,

Causes Many Punctures.

I hate to run over, and that's a baby.'

First Chauffeur-"There's one thing

Second Chauffeur-"So do I. Them

nursing bottles raise Cain with tires."

What He Worked.

Never.

Goodart - "Conceited? Oh! I don'

know. I've often heard him say that

he has the greatest respect for the man

Wise-"Yes, but how often have you

heard him admit that there is such a

A Cause For Wrath.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath

Events and Things; "but it doesn't

make any difference how soft the an-

swer is, it doesn't have that effect if

the answer happens to be, 'Line'

The Problem Solved

who knows more than he does, and-

scheme on its feet in a week."

"Worked wonders, eh?"

man?"-Philadelphia Press.

"No: worked suckers."

"Smoothboy got his new mining

ing your servant?" He-"No, I'm married to her."-Ally Sloper.

Same as Now. Robinson Crusoe was talking to the

"Polly want a cracker?" he asked. "I refuse to answer," replied the bird, "on advice of counsel."

Thus we see that the parrot was not as green as he looked .- New York

Reassuring. "Well, Tommy," said Spawnger, who had just called, "hope I haven't disturbed your pa and ma at dinner?" "No," replied Tommy, "we were just

goin' to set down, but pa seen you from the winder . .d he told me not to have dinner till you went." - Philadelphia Press.

A Thoughtful Kld.

"Harry, did you not hear your mother calling you?"

"Course I did."

"Then why don't you go to her?" "She's nervous. If I should go too quick she'd drop dead," and Harry went on with his playing as if nothing disturbed his mind .- Albany Journal,

Saving Himself. Jenks-"Why on earth did you laugh

so heartily at that ancient jest of Bo-

Wise-"In self-defense." Jenks-"In self-defense?"

Wise-"Yes; if I hadn't laughed so he would have repeated the thing, thinking I hadn't seen the point."-Catholic Standard and Times,

At the Ten Table. Bobby-"Is God everywhere?" Mother (patiently)-"Yes, Bobby." Bobby-"Is He in the tea pot?"

Mother (embarrassed)-"Why-why, Bobby-"Is He in the sugar bowl?"

Mother (frantically)-"Yes! I told you God was everywhere." Bobby (triumphantly, placing his hand over the top of the sugar bowl)-

"Hurrah! I've got Him!"-Judge.

Early Training.

"He is certainly a bouncing baby

"Yes, and his mother hopes some day e may go to college and make a name or himself on the gridiron," "You don't say. Is she teaching him

stand hard knocks already?" Yes, she grabs him by the wrist and pulls him through every bargain rush they have downtown."-Detroit Tribune.

A Brote of a Husband! "No, mamma," said the fair but irate young matron, "I really feel that I cannot live with August any longer." "What makes you say such a shocking thing?"

"He is just shamefully suspicious." "Why, what has he said?" "Accused me of flirting with that young Lobson."

"Why don't you tell him to prove it?" .-well, I'm afraid that he would."-San F. ...icisco Call.

GOOD ADVICE.

Resolutions Worth Following by All Married Couples, Young or Old, We are resolved to return from our honeymoon full of high hopes and

bright anticipations of the unknown future that stretches so fair before us. Remembering that, though at times dark clouds may momentarily obscure our happiness, the sun will soon shine through the gloom, and all will be radiant again.

To live well within our income, and every year save something for the rainy days which, sooner or later, are bound to come.

To try to correct our own individual faults, instead of wondering at the size and number of each other's.

To be perfectly frank and loyal in all our thoughts, words and deeds, and let nothing have power to breed mis chief between us.

To never have a second quarret, for the very good reason that we never had, nor intend to have a first. To treat our respective mothers-in

law with due propriety, and try our best to get on well with all our nev relations To take for our motto that golden

rule of married life-to bear and for bear. To resolutely resolve to always stand

shoulder to shoulder to fight the battle of life, for union is strength. To never do things, however much we would like to, that we know are against the wishes of the other; and,

above all, never try to deceive or have secrets from each other, To keep a sharp lookout for the little rift within the lute which will change the music of the domestic duet from sometimes," remarked the observer of the glorious major to the minor mourn-

> To, if our marriage is a failure, let nobody but ourselves be aware of the sorrowful fact.

> > WORDS OF WISDOM.

No life costs the community more than a worthless one. The binding does not make the book

though it may mar it. It's a good deal easier to mark moral time than it is to march to it.

When your title to the skies seems clouded look out for fogs of doubt A man never blows his own horn until the silence has become more

than he can bear. Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire-oh, no, love is not that, It is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living-yes, love is that-and it is the best thing in the world, and

the thing that lives longest.-Henry

van Dyke. I can wish for you the things I hold good things, a deep, intense-love for one higher and stronger than yourself, or that peace and joy which come, one sees, to some elect natures who have got rid of the achings and yearnings of self, and live in the life of others.-George S. Merriman.

"Unsight, Unseen."

Secretary Shaw told a story on Representative Smith of lowa when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the Criminal Court in Iowa. but he was not represented by a law-

"Where in your lawyer?" inquired the Judge who presided.

"I have none," answered the prisoner. "Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money to pay a law-"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the

Judge. "Yes, your honor." "There is Mr. Walter I. Smith, John

Brown, George Green," said the Judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eved the budding attorneys in the court room and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said: "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."-St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

An Indian's Love For His Dog. Colonel Holden, of the Fort Gibson Post, who sympathizes with everybody in hard luck, printed this letter from Richard Benge, a Cherokee, whose pack of trail hounds has often made music among the Fort Gibson hills: "Will you please let me have a small space in your paper? I won't write much. I just want to tell you old 'Drum.' my good old dog, is dead. He died of I don't know what-only he just sick and died. Poor old Drum is dead and gone where all good dogs go. I feel sorter lonesome since old Drum died, for I've only old Spot and Mues left. Old Drum was the best. When he barked, you knowed it was a 'possum or a coon. Old Spot is all right, but he won't bark, just wags his tail."-Kansas City Journal.

Many a Slip.

"Politics is extremely uncertain," remarked the man who makes trite re-

marks. "Yes," answered the discouragedlooking citizen; "you read the papers in the hopes of deciding on the best candidate, a .1 then start out for the polls. And maybe you'll be allowed to get to the polls. Then, perhaps, you'll be allowed to deposit a ballot, which in your excitement you may or may not have marked correctly. And if you did mark it correctly there is a chance of its not being counted, anyhow. As you say, it's extremely uncertain."-Washington Star.

One of Lord Roseberry's hobbles is the collection of books. He is something of a poet when in the mood.

In our beef cattle the breeders have developed the most available and choicest portions of meat where it is most desired. The hind quarters and loins are heavily developed, the head is smaller, the bones finer, and the quality of the fiesh increased. In thus producing large carcasses at small cost the value of the animals is enhanced by being bred to that degree of perfection which enables the farmer or breeder to realize the best prizes obtainable.

Sheep Notes.

The greatest argument in favor of feeding sheep, rather than cattle or hogs, is that so much greater returns can be realized from the amount of feed consumed.

Lambs should be put in the feed lots at three to six months old, and forced to an early market at eight to nine menths old.

Keep your sheep dry above and be low, and have the sheds on dry ground and free from draughts.

Half-fat and inferior sheep will not bring near as much as well fattened sheep, and usually meet with very

slow sale at low prices. Uniformity of carcass, age and size are indispensable in the selection of a good and profitable bunch of sheep for feeding to fatten profitably.

Feeding Pigs. I have forty fall pigs from thorough

bred Poland-China sows, crossed with

a thoroughbred Berkshire boar, weighing 100 pounds at three months old This makes the best cross I ever saw I let these pigs run with sows until eight weeks old, then separated them and began feeding to themselves. I give them slop made of ground corn and oats of morning and whole corn at nights. I get the pigs up in a pen regular once a week and sprinkle them with some good disinfectant mixed with warm water. If it is real cold I sprinkle them at noon in a close per and leave it there until they rub it in and dry off, as the heat from them will soon do so. This keeps the lice off, always keeping them in a healthy growing condition. I have built good hog houses for them to sleep in, built five by six with a shingle roof, with swinging doors, so whenever a pig goes in or out he always shuts the door after him, therefore keeping the draft and storm out. A pig two weeks old will work these doors. They are some thing every hog raiser should have The bog beds must be kept dry and clean. I always make it a rule to clean out and sprinkle air slacked lime around and fresh bright wheat straw once a week. Keep slacked soft coal salt and ashes in a trough where they can get it whenever they want it .- II

The Care of Chicks.

W. D., in Indiana Farmer,

Many of the losses among the broods of young chicks may easily be traced to some neglect, either in care or food. In the first place, many are killed In the nest because the ben is disturbed and they are trampled or chilled. Do not go near the nest after the eggs begin to pip, except perhaps to remove the shells after a portion of the chicks have hatched. As a rule, unless the hen is very quiet, this should not be

After twenty-four hours take the hen and brood to a coop already prepared under a dry shed. These coops should consist of slats arranged so that with a roomy box at the end, where she may take the chicks to roost. If the weather is cold, keep the ben and

chicks in a warm room for a few days. so that the chicks will not get chilled As soon as taken from the nest, feed the hen, as she will be very hungry from her long fast, as she never leaves her nest after the chicks begin to

The chicks will begin to come from under her wings for food after a few hours, and the first meal should be rolled oats or stale crackers slightly moistened with milk or water. They will eat but little the first week, but it should be given them every few hours.

They should have milk or water to drink, but you must watch that they do not get wet. A shallow plate or saucer filled with little pebbles will keep them from falling in the water Change the food occasionally and give some kind of green stuff, cut fine. Teach the chicks early to scratch by scattering oatmeal in litter and let them understand that they must work for at least a portion of their food. After the weather is warm the coops should be scattered about over the yard and orchard, where they should remain until the mother weans them; after that they will still return to the coop to roost or for protection from

How Some Seed Corn Pays. The farmers of Clifton township

Bartholomew County, estimate that there is a loss in that township of \$10,-000 every year, on account of imperfect seed corn. That is to say the crop would be worth that amount more than now if perfect seed corn were planted by all the farmers. This looks like a wild statement, but it may not be even less than the truth. The seed

which the same estimate would apply equally well. Every farmer who plants inferior seed loses from \$5 to \$7 on each acre in the yield of corn. If he has twenty-five acres in this crop he loses over \$125; if forty acres, \$200 or more,-Indiana Farmer.

Convenient Farm Power.

Oil and gas engines are now extensively adopted for farm work, says the American Cultivator, and it is safe to prophesy that steam will be displaced by these internal combustion engines at no very distant date. Their advantages are many, and have so frequently been dealt with that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here: suffice it to say that a small oil engine is more economical to run than a small steam engine, all things considered. The larger sizes are now being constructed for consuming crude oil instead of the gasoline hitherto employed, the former fuel being much cheaper; thus the oil engine has become a still more serious rival to the steam engine. A gas engine operated with producer gas is about the cheapest power obtainable, water or wind, of course, excepted, the cost of fuel being only about one-fifth of a cent per

actual horse-power per hour. For intermittent work oil and gas engines possess a great advantage over steam engines in that they are available for full power at a few minutes' notice, much less attendance is required, and that can be given by any laborer of ordinary intelligence.

On most farms a small oil engine will generally be found the most convenient motor, but if considerable power is required, a gas engine combined with a gas producer plant would be preferable on the score of economy. These plants, which are coming rapidly to the front, do not require much more attention than slow combustion stoves, and it is perhaps superfluous to add that they render the engine independent of the local gas supply.

If a fall of water is available i should prove an excellent source of power. The old-fashloned, cumbersome water-wheels have now given place to the modern turbines, the latter being more efficient in the utilization of the energy of the falling water, cheaper in first cost and erection, and owing to the fact that they run at a far higher speed, the massive and costly gearing necessary with waterwheels, to give the requisite velocity to the machinery, can be dispensed with. It should, however, be stated that in a few situations an "over-shot" water-wheel still holds its own. Wind power is coming to the fore again; there is no doubt that it might be utilized more than it is.

Non-Setting Hens.

The Minorea has been dubbed the 'middleweight egg machine," and there is good reason why the name is appropriate. While they will not lay as many eggs as some of the smaller breeds, yet in point of weight they

easily outclass all others. It is not unusual to find a dozen Monorca eggs weighing thirty-two ounces, all being uniform in shape and

color. Minorcas are strictly non-setting hens, though like all others of this class, one will occasionally become broody. They are large enough for good table fowls, the males weighing en can move around comfortably, laine or ten pounds, and the females



They have beautiful metallic black plumage, with large single combs, and clean state-colored shanks.

They are good foragers, and like to roam over the fields, but they stand confinement well and are very gentle

when kept in small yards. One of the greatest objections to them, and yet one of their most attractive features, is the large comb, which gives so much trouble in cold climates. They require houses where the temperature will not go below freezing, and they must be closely watched during days when there are sudden changes.

Frosted combs are not only unsightly, but hens will not lay for several weeks after swelling has disappeared. Taking them altogether, the Minorcas are excellent and useful fowls, and

exceptionally well suited for those cilmates which are only moderately severe.-Home and Farm.

Electricity For Sickness.

The ship physician of the Hamburg-American liner Patricia publishes his account of a new method for treating corn experts show pretty clearly that seasickness by means of an electric an average loss of thirty per cent, is vibration chair, writes Consul Osmun sustained by planting corn that is not from Stuttgart. Six of these chairs carefully selected and stored. Each were placed aboard the Patricia and acre then that ought to yield sixty connected with the electric-light conbushels with perfect seed loses eighteen duit. The sedative effect on the pabushels when common seed is used; at tient when vibrated in the chair was thirty-three cents a bushel this is \$6, noticeable, reducing the pulce and nerand it takes only 1666 acres at \$6 loss vous excitement. The use of these elecper acre to make a total loss of \$10,000. tric chairs will be extended to other There are certainly more than that steamers this winter.—New York number of acres --------d in corn in that World.