"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer," Deut xill., 1. Then the little brown mother smiled, a dreamer," Deut xill., I.
I have left h basket of dates
In the cool, dark room that is under the
Vinc.
Bome curds set out in two little crimson
plates,
And a flask of the amber winc,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of swory berks and snice and the deli-

And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savory herbs and spice and the delicate wheaten
Flour that is best,
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?

This morning he cried, "Awake,
And see what the wonderful grace of
the Lord hath revealed!"
And we ran for his sake,
But 'twas only the diwn outspread o'er
our father's field,
And the house of the potter white in the
valley below.
But his hands were upraised to the east
and he cried to us, "So
Te may ponder and read
The strength and the beauty of God outrolled in a fiery screed."
—Mar,

And braid my hair in a comiler fashion Will be note? Will be mind? Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be kind? -Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in The Century.

And he sighed, and went.

Will be come from the byre,

I will put on my new head-tyre

And already the first sweet hours of the

With his head all misty with dreams and his eyes on fire,

I will give him raisins instead of dates,

And wreathe young leaves on the little red plates,

As one does on the words of a well-loved child. He leaped back to the pastor's side, the cudgel in his hand, his eyes blaz-And "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been watered and fed? For work is to do, though the skies be never so red,

fore it's too late.

I'm good for any half dozen of you myself. Now get to your homes be

For a moment the mob was still Then a hoarse voice shouted "Kill him!" and a stone thrown from the outskirts of the crowd grazed the stout man's forehead. Another missile flew by him and struck the jail door. There

was a forward movement of the mob. But the stout man leaped forward again and caught hold of the ringleader whom he had silenced. The fellow was wiping his bleeding mouth in a dazed fashion. The stout man caught him around the waist and lifting him quickly flung him on to the upper step. Then he followed him and help him up so that he formed a sort of shield for the pastor and himself.

"Now fling your stones," he roared. Here's yoru own target for you. Bring on your battering ram. But I'll promise you it will go hard with this big loafer if you try any of your cowardly games.

"Smash him, Sam!" screamed a shrill voice in the midst of the mob. "Yes, Sam, smash him!" said the stout man. He was behind the ringleader, holding him by the wrist. 'Sam couldn't be more helpless if he was a baby, could you, Sam?"

There was confusion in the mob. Here was an unexpected opposition. The stout man noted their hesita-

tion. "Tell them to go home," he hoarsely whispered in the ringleader's ear, and the request was followed by a signifi-

cant twist of the prisoned wrist. "Go home, boys, go home," roared the helpless leader.

"Once more," demanded the stout man. "Go home, boys, go home-"

The mob wavered-and just them a horse's hoofs were heard in the distance. "The sheriff," murmured the pastor.

"The sheriff!" repeated a half dozen voices.

The rider came nearer. The mob suddenly turned and fled.

Less than a week later the sick boy quietly fell asleep and the little town had seldom seen a larger funeral. All the pastor's flock was there, and the flowers were many and beautiful. The lad was laid away on the sunny hillside of the old cemetery.

"You've been very kind to me, and to the boy, parson," said the stout man as he stood on the station platform and waited for the train that was to bear him away. "I'm afraid I may have said something that jarred on your feelings, and I'm sorry for it.

The pastor smiled and said: "I've learned to judge you by your deeds, not your words." The stout man flushed.

"The show will be at Colebrook the early part of the coming season," he said, and looked hard at the pastor.

"Let me know when it will be there," the latter stoutly said, "and I will come over to see it."

The stout man wrung the pastor's hand.

"Good-by," he cried.-W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use of Profane Language.

Unless something is done to check the evil. Americans must soon become known as the most foul-mouthed persons on earth. It will first be necessary to determine the cause of the use of profane language before any real cure can be applied. One e is undoubtedly the lack sufficient vocabulary to express one's thoughts or what he conceives to be his thoughts. It is this faulty vocabulary that induces females to describe as "awful" things entirely dissociated from any feeling of awe-and as funny" that which is merely odd. The male, with his greater freedom of speech, uses an oath to express the same idea, which is not an idea, but merely a futile attempt to express that which is not conceived and which consequently cannot be adequately expressed.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Strides in Iron Production.

The leading technical paper of Geri many points out that the United States is striding forward so fast in the pro duction of iron that now it not only leads all the other nations individually but comes near to surpassing them all combined. In 1905 Germany pro duced 11,000,000 tons, England 9,500, 000, the others smaller amounts down to 47,000 tons produced by India while the total product of the world outside the United States was 31,000, 000. Yet in that same year we pro duced 23,000,000 tons, more than half the outside world's total product. Fig. ured by percentages the gains of Canada and Japan are more remarka ble than ours. As compared with 1904, Canada very nearly doubled and so did Japan.

Sodium for Electric Conductors.

Of the common metals, sodium has the greatest conductivity per unit of weight. Comparing it with calcium, potassium, aluminum, and magnesium, which come next, it can also be the most cheaply prepared, and probably always will be, because the starting material is so cheap, stable and pure, although potassium alone theoretically requires materially less energy for its production. In view of the high price of copper it is suggested by A. G. Betts, in the Electrical World, that sodium might be used as a substitute for electric conductors. Mr. Betts proposes to melt it and run it into iron tubes, forming a composite con-

Most Farmers Find Them Handy. It is surprising how the most enterprising farmers are dispensing with the hand hoe. To be sure, the horses have a "hard row to hoe" on such farms, but the farmer's back gets the benefit. If the farmer happens to grow the right crops he needn't keep a hoe on the place. We know of one large farmer who says he does not.

Bran Cheaper Than Hay Meal.

The test of alfalfa meal as compared with wheat bran at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station showed that the bran was the more desirable food at \$20 perton as compared with alfalfa at \$23. The alfalfa meal is simply ground alfalfa hay. Its use in place of bran resulted in less milk, and the cost per quart of the milk produced was slightly greater.

Oats as Stock Food.

Oats are less digestable than corn, chiefly on account of the large percentage of hull which they contain, They have a much higher percentage of protein than corn, especially when considered in relation to digestable matter. They are the most satisfactory single grain for feeding horses. They are not suitable for hogs on account of the large percentage of crude fibre. They may possibly form a part of an economical ration for dairy cows, although in general the demand for them for horse feeding is so great that the price is nearly always out of proportion to the amount of digestible matter contained.-Cultivator.

A Retail Milk Route.

In handling milk for retail trade I found the aerator the best thing to cool the milk, and it would keep sweet the longest, and would have no bitter taste or flavor. I never use sal-soda. Soap leaves a bad smell in the cans.

After the cans are washed and scalded I let them stand right end up until cool, then turn bottom up to drain. If a warm can or pail is turned bottom up the steam will stay in and dry in, and the can will not be so sweet as if treated the other way. The cows are kept clean, tieup floor swept three or four times a day, no cobwebs allowed in it; cribs kept clean, and barn floor swept at least once a day. Milk is a ready carrier of disease germs, and so fertile a breeder of bacteria that one cannot be too careful in its care. I think the next generation will see far greater restrictions placed upon the care and handling of our cows, milk and cream than we have at the present time, and it will be better for both producer and consummer .- C. E. Smith, Waldo County, Me.-American Cultivator.

Diseases.

Scaley legs, which are a scourge in many poultry yards, can be traced absolutely to filth, damp quarters, and neglect. Roup, canker, consumption, sore eyes, may all be traced to dampness, cold draughts blowing through the houses, and unnatural exposure to inclement weather. Nothing causes these allments as quickly as damp, unhealthy poultry houses in which the fouls are compelled to sleep. Diphtheria, canker and roup are all kindred diseases, which can be directly blamed upon those having charge of the fowls. If the birds have comfortable, reasonably dry, properly ventilated houses, with sanitary conditions, there is but little danger of these allments unless they are caught by coming in contact with other ailing birds, or being shipped to and from shows in boxes or coops that are contaminated. Rheumatism, gout, and leg weakness is usually blamable upon hereditary conditions, inbreeding, overfeeding, or unhealthy, damp quarters. All of thoses diseases may be prevented by removing the possibility of the contamination.-The Feather.

Dairy Jottings.

To secure all there is in the product of the cow, one should make his butter and sell direct to consumers.

There is no best dairy breed, but the general dairyman cannot go far wrong if he selects good types of the dairy cow from the Holstein, Ayrshire, Jersey or Guernsey.

Good air and sunlight in the barn healthy cows kept clean, a good cream separator with a good tank and plenty of ice, and careful handling of the milk and cream, will secure good results.

The cheapest and best way to raise a dairy calf is to feed with its mother's milk for three weeks, then gradually change to skimmilk with boiled flaxseed for another three weeks, then change to grain gradually. After four months old they will grow very well on a mixture of one hundred pounds linseed meal, twenty-four pounds ground flax, fifty pounds of low grade flour, mixed thoroughly together, also some choice clover hay, bran or crushed oats daily. If there is plenty of fresh separator milk it may be fed instead of natural milk after the first few days,

Subdued a Kicking Horse. The Spirit of the West gives directions for curing a kicking horse, If you have no sheepskin, anything else

which would be heavy enough

swing back and not be injured by the kicks of the horse would answer quite as well.

A man had a kicking horse. He hung an old sheep pelt up behind the horse just where he could see it, and let him kick till he got enough of it. At first no doubt the horse thought that pelt was the worst looking thing that he had ever seen in all the days of his life. He peeled his eyes back at it and made up his mind that the old evil one must surely be right after him. And he kicked and he kicked and he kicked. But the more he kicked the faster the thing fell back on to his heels. All night long he worked at it, until the sweat ran down his legs, and he was "all of a tremble." Then he stopped; and, by the gray of the morning, took a good square look at the miserable thing that had been worrying the life out of him. It was nothing but an old sheep skin. It made him so ashamed to think how he had wasted so much time and strength on a thing like that, that he stopped kicking; and after that he never kicked.

Combating the Peach Borer.

I have never yet seen any method practiced that will keep the peach borer for getting into the tree to some extent at least, From observation and practice I think the most successful method is to worm late in the fall when most of the worms can be caught before they have gotten under the bark and when the injury done is very little. It freezing weather prevents doing this in November or about December 1, then worm in early spring. Removing the earth from around the trunk and it can soon be seen whether any borers are about by the deposit of wax and chins If there is none and the bark is smooth no time need be lost in looking for the worms.

If evidence of their presence exists, remove the wax carefully, as the borer will sometimes be removed with it if it is young and has not yet eaten through the bark. If it has gotten under the bark go after it carefully with a sharp pointed, crooked iron on a handle and do no more injury to the tree than the borer would if allow ed to remain. To insure a good job allow the tree to remain open several days and then go over them again, when any missed can be easily de tected. Then place a pint to a quart of ground tobacco around the trunk according to the size of the tree With the earth placed over it this will be preventive for the next season.

Some growers advocate washing the trunks in the spring to prevent the adults from laying thin eggs thereon, but as the adults are coming out of their cocoons, winged and ready for flight from May to September it would take repeated application to be effective through the whole season. I believe it to be an advantage to mound the earth around the trees several inches as the worm can be gotten much easier and will be kept from getting down among the roots where they can seldom be reached. There been much loss from the borer in this section where orchardists have neglected to look after them. Especially is this true in young orchards.-American Agriculturist.

Breeders' Notes.

Give the foal first class care throughout the winter.

It is a great mistake to overfeed or pamper a horse beyond a certain stage.

Never allow the foal to follow the mare when working, but keep it in a well built, roomy box.

Always be careful to give the mares plenty of exercise in the late fall and winter after the work on the farm is done.

Accustom the colt to being handled by having a halter on and occasionally taking hold of it when feeding the mare.

Never expect the foal to eat with the mare, but always provide a small box in the opposite corner to feed the foal in.

Never allow two foals to feed out of the same box. One is sure sooner or later to become master and secure

the lion's share. If the mare is to foal early, before grass time, give her a few boiled oats. and a liberal supply of bran with a little flaxseed occasionally. If she is get ting plenty of grass, nothing of this

kind will be needed. I believe in always working the brood mare. There is no reason why a mare if properly hitched and properly driven should not work right up to the time of foaling; in fact, I have taken the harness off mares to allow them to foal, and have never had a

loss by so doing. Teach the foal to eat early. A few ground oats and bran with a little milk is a desirable ration. The foal will not take much at first, but will soon show a readiness for hearty meals. In the early part of the season it will always pay to allow the foal to suck some time during the forenoon, and also in the afternoon, giving the mare a drink and a few cats to eat while the foal is sucking. It will benefit both the mare and the foal.-John Gardhouse, Ontario, Canada .- Boston Cultivator.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Get under way. The rudder is at the stern of a boat, or purpose. Move,

Youth is a prism through which all roices of the day or night pass into speaking rainbows.

Be ready; that is, prompt to act, as the fight against foolishness rages all along the lines of character.

Some men are boats, and some are chips and straw upon the stream of time. And you; what are you?

Sand is a good enough foundation for a house in a climate where there is no wind or rain-that is, nowhere.

He that will do the will of God so far as he sees it, and speak the Word of God as far as he can understand it,

shall in due time be wise. There is a holy place in every soul of man, forever vocal with a long, clear call to him to enter there with all his powers and serve. And whosoever listens and obeys becomes a strong man, a wise man and a prophet.

You are not only a son of your father and mother, but a son of every man who has touched you, or any ancestor of anyone who has touched ancestor of yours, by word, or pen, or sword, or vote, or grip of hand-a son even of your son-a son of God.

Strength is less a matter of material back than of nerve quality; for a man's life, at its highest and strong-est, cannot be lived by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God, or in other words, symmetrical development.-Home Herald.

IN TERROR OF MAD DOGS.

Situation Serious in Boston Suburbs -Trouble in Twelve Counties.

Certain suburbs of Boston are having the liveliest kind of a mad scare. A single animal bit a dozen persons not long ago. The police have orders to shoot all unmuzzled dogs.

During the eleven months ending December 1, 1906, at least half a dozen human beings died in Massachusetts from the effects of dog bites, and in one instance the brain of a boy from Springfield was examined at the Harvard medical school and found to contain rables germs.

More than 1,000 dogs in the State were reported as mad, exclusive of those found in Boston, Dr. Austin Peters, State Cattle Commissioner, reports that 293 of them were killed or died of rables, 256 who did not have rables were killed by their owners or they died in quarantine, 62 were reported as having rables, but the postmortem examinations showed that they were free from the disease, 380 were released from quarantine and 98

were still in quarantine on December 1. Dr. Frothingham has examined the, heads of 151 animals at the Harvar medical school. According to the E ton Transcript he found that 110 dos seven cows, two horses and one boy had rables, and that thirty-one dogs and one susperting cow were free from it. The disease has been found in twelve counties.

"I Wont Work."

Fonetic spelling seems to be gaining in popularity everywhere, and the announcement that the reforms would be adopted in the District Government probably had much to do with the plan followed by a dusky "citizeness" of Willow Tree alley in making application to the Commissioners for a certain position. Her letter speaks for

"District Comeisions:

might be kneding some femall help and not nowing weather you all had ingaged some one or not I thought I would ask you all if it could be possible to alow me the pleasure as I want work this will be my first time working out and the reason I have not my mother keeps a little store in willow tree court and it has kept me quite bizzy until now and it is so meny stores around in this court untill it makes bisiness very dull and I am married and have two children to pervide far and I give you the best reptashion from good bisness cider-sons I hape you all will helyp one ho wonts to get along arnest."-Wash Ington Star.

Curious Inscriptions.

Many old bells have curious decorations and inscriptions. Before it was recast in 1612, an Oxford bell, "Mighty Tom," had an inscription in Latin, a translation of which would be:

"For Thomas's sake

I cry Bim Bom and ne mistake." In the case of a chime, each bell would have a separate legend. A deal of the verse was really doggerel, as: "On Sabbath all

To Church I call."

"The sleepy head

I raise from bed." Another inscription on an old set

of chimes in England reads: "When men in Hymen's bonds unite, Our merry peals produce delight."
The Church of Saint Ives bell has this matter of fact inscription: "Arise and go about your business."

Enormous Railway Earnings. The railway earnings of the princi-

pal roads in the United States and Canada have become so large that a question has arisen as to how the surplus is to be disposed of. A comparison of the gross receipts of twentyone companies for the year ended June 30 last, and including the Canadian Pacific, with the previous year shows an increase of \$144,608,714. equal to nearly 13 percent,-Ottawa Citizen.

************************* The young pastor stood by the gate cus performer before," said the young and shaded his eyes as he looked pastor. down the road. As the approaching agure came a little nearer, he understood the oddity of its appearance There were two men, and one of them was carrying the other on his back. When they reached the pastor the burden bearer paused. He was a stout

fellow of more than medium height. "Howdy, sir," he said in a deep voice, "I trust you are quite well?" "Quite well, thank you," the young

pastor replied. The burden on the stout man's back squirmed uneasily, "Lemme down,

"Torn." it said.

The stout man's voice suddenly soft-"You ain't a bit heavy, Phil. Don't you get down unless you're tired

"I am tired," said the burden. "Friend of mine who's a little hit under the weather," the stout man exminined. "Got a bit tired coming up that long hill, and that's how I hap-

pened to be toting him." The pastor looked at the stout man's friend. He was only a boy of eighperhaps, whose appearance showed the ravages of a wasting dis-

"Phil ain't what you'd call pretty robust," the stout man somewhat hastily explained. "He's a little shaky about the legs and wants fleshing up a bit. 'All he needs is a breath or two of this mountain air, and a plateful of

good country feed. The boy shook his head. "Tom knows better," he said in his hoarse tones. "I ain't a-goin' to get well, an' he knows it. It's my lungs."

The stout man gave the boy a play-"We want to find a boarding place, Phil and I. Just a quiet house where the air is good and the feed is good, and where we can see the sun rise and

set. And we'll pay well for it." The pastor reflected for a moment. "I think the place for you is the Widow Langley's," he answered. "She has plenty of room and I have no doubt will be glad to receive you. She Aives just beyond the turn in the road.

trees there. "Thank you," said the stout man.

"Come, Phil." The pastor stood in the roadway watching the two strangers until -aey assed around the curve. The stout nan was merrily whistling and keephead drooped upon his bearer's shoul-

That evening the pastor had a caller. oft was the stout man. He came up the walk a little diffidently. The pastor was on the broad porch. "Come up," he said cordially. "I am glad to see you again. Take this easy chair."

The stranger hesitatingly accepted. "Thanky," he said. "You are very good. You see," he hesitated again, you see I thought it would be wen to know somebody in the neighborhoodand it struck me the parson was the

very one I ought to know." "The boy is in a critical state," said the parson.

There was a little silence. "Do you wish me to recommend a The stout man shook his head.

"Yes, he is."

"No. The boy's had all the doctor ing he can stand. Hes going to take his tonic out of the mountain air." "Have you come far?" the pastor

"From Amityville. My partner's there at the hot springs trying to boil out his rheumatism. We're all show people, you see," he presently added.

"And is the boy in the show busimess, too?" the latter asked. Yes, he was born into it. His father was a trapeze performer and his mother a bicycle rider. The lad is a leaper and tumbler. Father and other are both dead and since the boy got so sick he couldn't work, my partner and I have been looking after

The sight of the boy dinging about the neck of the stout stranger arose

before the pastor. "You are a fine fellow," he said, "I am glad to know you.'

The stout man flushed. "None o' that," he abruptly said. "We knew his father and mother. They were worthy people, and the boy is a good boy. Neither my partner nor Thave been married, and the youngster sort o' seems like a son to us. There's question about money—we have all

Ahnt's needed." There was a brief silences.

The stout man laughed. "I guess we're all human." he said. "We have all joys and sorrows, our laughs and our pains, very much the same as other folks. No doubt you're sort o' prejudiced against us?"

"I was," said the young pastor. "It was a part of my bringing up." The stout man nodded.

"You'll pardon my saying so, parson," he slowly remarked, "but it seems to me that prejudice is often another name for ignorance." "I'm a young man," said the pastor,

'I have much to learn." Again the stout man nodded. "You're going at it in the right way," he said. "And now I want to ask a favor. I want you to come up

and see the lad. You'll know how to talk to him. He won't stand for any preaching, but there'll be a chance to put in a helpful word now and then." He talked to the lad, and he read to him-and the boy was pleased at his coming. But the stout man seemed

to keep aloof from the young pastor. Early one evening the latter was hurrying through his gateway when he encountered the boy's friend. "Where so fast, parson?" the stout

man asked as he swung into step be-

"To the village. There is trouble there."

side him

"Trouble! What sort of trouble?" "A farmer on the west hill was shot this afternoon by some unknown person and badly wounded. A colored man was seen lurking in the neighborhood. He was taken to jail, and there may be an attempt to lynch him tonight. And the sheriff is away and isa't expected home until tomorrow But he has been telegraphed to return at once. He knows how to handle

them." "Better keep away from this, parson," the stout man counseled. "No doubt the fellow is guilty and mobs are a bad proposition. Somebody is pretty sure to get hurt."

The young parson shock his head. 'I hope I am a good citizen as well You can see her chimney through the as a clergyman," he said. The stout man grumbled beneath his

> "Where are you going?" the latter presently said. "With you," was the curt answer. The village seemed quiet as they

breath, but he kept step with the pas-

sed the park to the low building used as a jall. The jallor was alone there, an elderly man. "The sheriff can get back inside of an hour," he told the pastor, "and I

guess there won't nothin' dreadful happen in that time." So the pastor and the stout man stood on the jail steps and waited in silence. And then suddenly across the park they saw a confused rabble approaching. There might have been a hundred persons in this mob, but many of them were boys. As they

neared the jail they uttered wild cries. "Lynch him!" they shricked. "Give us the keys, Jim Ferguson, cried a voice, "or we'll burn the jail

over your head!" "Batter in the door, boys," yelled a fellow. Then the pastor stepped out from the

shadow, and the stout man was close "Men," cried the pastor, "listen to

"It's the parson," shouted a voice "Give the parson a chance." And the young pastor, his voice full of feeling besought them to reflect, His tones rang out clear and strong,

his words were impressive. But a voice interrupted him. "That's enough, parson. done your duty and now we'll do ours.

Get to work, lads."

There was a roar from the crowd. but the young paster was undaunted; As his voice arose again the ruffian in the van tried to howl him down. "Quit your yawp!" he shouted.

'You've had your say. Come on, lads!" The stout man had been leaning forward, his eyes on the mob. Now he suddenly leaped from the steps and struck the noisy fellow a swift blow across the mouth with his open hand.

"Take that, you loafer," he roared, and snatched from the fellow's hand a stout cudgel, and fiercely menaced the mob. "You scum!" he cried. "You've heard the parson-now listen to me! There are two men here, standing shoulder to shoulder for order and decency. They're not going to let you get into this jail without They're not going "I don't think that I ever met a cir- a fight-and somebody will get hurt.