

"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer, Deut. xiii., 1. I have left a basket of dates in the cool, dark room that is under the vine. Some curia set out in two little crimson plates. And a flask of the amber wine. And cakes most cunningly beaten of savory herbs and spices and the delicate wheaten flour that is best. And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

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 dawn 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 ye may ponder and read the strength and the beauty of God out-rolled in a fiery creed."

Then the little brown mother smiled. As one does on the words of a well-loved child. And "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been watered and fed? For work is to do, though the skies be never so red. And already the first sweet hours of the day are spent." And he sighed, and went. Will he come from the byre, With his head all misty with dreams and his eyes on fire. Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion? I will give him raisins instead of dates. And wreath the young leaves on the little red plates. I will put on my new head-tyre, And braid my hair in a comelier fashion. Will he note? Will he mind? Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be kind? —Marjorie L. C. Pickett in The Century.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

The young pastor stood by the gate and shaded his eyes as he looked down the road. As the approaching figure 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, str," he said in a deep voice. "I trust you are quite well?" "Quite well, thank you," the young pastor replied.

cus performer before," said the young pastor. 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 of prejudiced against us?" "I was," said the young pastor. "It was a part of my bringing up."

The burden on the stout man's back squirmed uneasily. "Lemme down, Tom," it said. The stout man's voice suddenly softened. "You ain't a bit heavy, Phil. Don't you get down unless you're tired o' riding."

"You'll pardon my saying so, parson," he slowly remarked, "but it seems to me that prejudice is often another name for ignorance."

"I am tired," said the burden. "Friend of mine who's a little bit under the weather," the stout man explained. "Got a bit tired coming up that long hill, and that's how I happened to be totting him."

"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."

"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."

"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."

"We want to find a quieting place, Phil and I. Just a boarding 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 show will be at Colebrook the early part of the coming season," he said, and looked hard at the pastor.

"Thank you," said the stout man. "Come, Phil."

"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 boy is in a critical state," said the parson. "Yes, he is."

"The young parson shook his head. "I hope I am a good citizen as well as a clergyman," he said.

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I'm good for any half dozen of you myself. Now get to your homes before it's too late."

He leaped back to the pastor's side, the cudgel in his hand, his eyes blazing.

"Smash him, Sam!" screamed a shrill voice in the midst of the mob.

"Go home, boys, go home," roared the helpless leader.

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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.

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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.

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 per ton as compared with alfalfa at \$23.

Oats as Stock Food. Oats are less digestible than corn, chiefly on account of the large percentage of hull which they contain.

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.

Diseases. Scaly legs, which are a scourge in many poultry yards, can be traced absolutely to filth, damp quarters, and neglect.

Strides in Iron Production. The leading technical paper of Germany points out that the United States is striding forward so fast in the production of iron that now it not only leads all the other nations individually but comes near to surpassing them all combined.

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.

Subdued a Kicking Horse. The Spirit of the West gives directions for curbing a kicking horse. If you have no sheepskin, anything else which would be heavy enough to

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

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.

Breeders' Notes. Give the foal first class care throughout the winter.

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

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:

Enormous Railway Earnings. The railway earnings of the principal 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.

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

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

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

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

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.

"I Went Work." Phonetic 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 itself:

"Dear Sir I noticed that you all might be kneeling some femall help and not noing weather you all had ingaged some one or not I thought I would ask you all if it could be possible to allow me the pleasure as I want work this will be my first time working out and the reason I have not my tree court and it has kept me quite bizzzy until now and it is so meny stores around in this court until it makes business very dull and I am married and have two children to pervide far and I give you the best reptashion from good biness cidersons I hape you all will help one ho wents to get along arnest."—Washington Star.

On Sabbath 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."

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