So close one peeper and shut one eye
So that we'll reach it soon.
All the babies from By-lo-by,
All the darlings of Drowsy-eye,
From Nap-on-a-Lap and Sleepy-sigh,
On pillows of clouds piled high, so high,
To come to the cooky moon.
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Woman's Home Companion.



RUNAWAY SLAVE: A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME

BY ROBERT EUGENE MCALPINE.

the streets of Rome; the cool breeze invited many to leave their close spartments and come out for a breath of fresh air. The streets and broad plazas were gay with the multitudes, whose varied costumes, speech and complexion showed that they came from every land.

Presently a youth in Syriad costume turned the corner of an alley and began to drift aimlessly with the crowds. Though strong of limb and supple in body, yet the dejected look on his handsome face showed that health of body does not always give quiet of mind. The elation of youth was lacking; he seemed to feel himself on the losing side in the battle of life.

Among the bable of sounds, just then his ear caught words in his own tongue. A middle-aged man and woman passed him, the man telling her something most carnestly; a moment more and he began to sing gently. To the surprise of the now eagerly listening youth, the song proved to be a Christian hymn which he remembered having heard. Instantly the scenes of his past life flashed over his mind and he seemed to gain fresh strength and hope from recall. Following these new friends till convinced that they were Christians, he ventured to address them in their own tongue:

"Pardon me, friends, but would you be kind enough to help a fellowcountryman? I have but lately come to Rome, and though I have sought parnestly for work, there seems to be no place for me. My money is nearly all gone, and if I do not soon find some honest way to live, my case will be desperate.

"Ah, who are you and where do you come from?"

"That is a long story, but I am from the Taurus Mountains in Cappadocia, the same region from which you evidently come, and I am an bonest man in search of work.

"Poor boy," said the woman. "You are very young to be so far from home and so adrift in the world Where is your mother?"

"Dead, madam, and my father also They were murdered by a band of mountain robbers," and the boy had a struggle to repress a sob.

"Ah, well, we must not keep you standing here. We are on our way to a Christian service; would you mind going with us?"

"I should be most happy to go

with you.'

"Are you a Christian?" "No, I know very little about the sect, but I threw away a good opportunity to learn it, which I now regret, for what I then saw makes me tion, and in my present friendless state. I think it might tend to give me strength and courage."

Such frank questioning and reply drew them together and by the time the place of meeting was reached, they seemed like old friends. Sitting down among the waiting people. the quiet calm of the place seemed to bring peace to his spirit. And when the aged preacher stood up, the tones of his voice thrilled the youth like noble music. Though his stature was small and his silvery locks and bronzed face revealed much hardship, yet the clear light in his pus, who is also. like the parents, an eye and the warm glow of his mes- active Christian worker." sage, made the hearers forget all the words of the Gospel with eager ears: so deeply was he impressed that he asked for more instruction at the end of the service. His new friends introduced him to several, and presently to the great preacher himself; they told of his desire for the truth, and also of his life-story as far as they knew it.

asked a few questions, and then lay- come here if you were his servant? ing a gentle hand on the youth, said, "I think it is the wish of our Master that you come and abide with me for the present. My friend, Luke, the care of me, but of late he is so occushould not take his time for my odily wants. If you will make my waning strength much, and I will and the salvation through Him." So it came about that young Onesimus into the home of the great apostle charged with caring for his bodily some, gentle youth to his very heart, othy, the more than son.

This very love between them tended to melt away all barriers of re- this means I was enabled to come to the latter.

The full moon shone brightly upon | serve. One day after a long conver-Kingdom of Heaven, the master, looking earnest'y at the youth, said:

"Tell me more fully your lifestory, Onesimus; your up-bringing was not plebian; that is quite clear." "No, master It was not. The most of my life has been spent in comfort. My father was the wealthiest man in the village where we lived; our home

be obtained." "Yes, your speech shows that, and your hands are not yet hardened by toil. But how did you drift so far from that happy home?'

was luxurious for that region, and

my education was the best that could

"Assuredly it was not of my own chosing, but as you perhaps have learned, that home was broken up and destroyed by a roving band of robbers. When they attacked the town, my father led the villagers, most of his company were slain. The invaders swept down upon us and came straight to our home. My mother was ruthlessly cut down as she sought to protect my only sister; the home was robbed of everything valuable, then burned; my sister and I were bound and carried off to be sold as slaves, and since that awful day I have never seen her. The robbers carried me blindfolded to their mountain stronghold where I suffered great bodily hardship and intense anguish of spirit. After many months, one day I was hastily summoned, blindfolded and present-

this city. And was not the hand of God in it so that I was led to you?'

'Yes, truly it was the goodness of God which led you to us; but, my son, your own heart tells you that the taking of that gold was wrong —it was, in fact, a theft. And as to the question of your bondage; true, God is our Father, and He would have all men to be brethren; if the Spirit of Jesus ruled in the hearts of men, all slavery and oppression would disappear. This is our hope and prayer, but to accomplish it, we employ peaceful means; in must meekness and humility, we must instruct men, and until they become willing of themselves to act out the mind of the Master, we His servants must carefully obey the laws. By no means must we use violence in order to cause violence to cease among others, for thereby we ourselves should become breakers of the law. We must be subject to rulers and servants must obey their masters in the flesh, working heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men. He that sation concerning the things of the doeth wrong, whether servant or master, shall receive again for the wrong he hath done, for there is no respect of persons with God. My son, 1 know it is hard, but you must re-

"What! Lea, you! Leave my newly obtained freedom of body and spirit, and return to slavery? And

what about the gold?" "It is hard for me also, for as you know, I have learned to love you as my own child; and, too, I need your help. But your Juty is clear; you must return to your master and serve him till the Lord gives you honorable permission to have your liberty."

"As for the gold, I will assume that debt myself. Just at this time I am engaged in writing a letter to the church at Colossae which Tychicus is to bear to them. You shall go with him, and by you I will send a who tried to resist them, but he and special letter to my old friend, your master, and I am well assured he will gladly receive you in my stead and do for you more than I shall ask of him. Yes, my dear son, I grieve to part with you, but it must be done."

And so it came to pass that not many days thereafter the messengers received the precious letters, said a touching farewell to the revered teacher with whom another meeting in the flesh was most doubtful, and set their faces to the rising sun. Of their reception by the church at Colossae and of the subsequent treatment which Onesimus received at the

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Kindness to Cows.

The old cow will get up without being kicked. You wouldn't think of arousing the children from warm beds with the vigorous blow from the boot, Kindness is always as effective, or more so, with the cows than with children. If a farmer has a kind heart in him the cow will find it out in numerous ways .- Farmers' Home Journal.

Start of Alfalfa.

Alfalfa was first brought to Kansas by the late Harrison Parkman, of Emporia. Mr. Parkman first saw alfalfa growing in Chile. He brought the seed to America and in the late seventies he went to Emporia to live. He sowed alfalfa in a farm which he bought and the plant prospered. It was slow in gaining popularity in Kansas, but is now one of the state's most important forage crops,

The Leaf Hoppers.

The small insects known as leaf hoppers may do greater damage than supposed. They are very abundant on low growing herbage and have been shown by Professor Osborn to bring about a very extensive although probably unnoticed injury to forage plants in large grazing ranges in the west as well as in pasture lands in the east. He shows that on an acre of pasture land there frequently exist a million leaf hoppers and that they eat as much if not more grass than a cow. One of the species is responsible for the stories of "weeping trees," which are seen in the newspapers. These insects in all stages of growth eject a fluid spray, when disturbed and when occurring abundantly on trees, if the trees are shaken, what seems almost like a shower of rain will fall. One of these weeping tree mysteries so called, in Texas, some years ago, caused much newspaper speculation with various ridiculous explanations. It took a brave newspaper reporter to solve the mystery, by climbing the tree to investigate.--Indiana Farmer

Trees for Posts and Lumber.

On every farm there should be from three to live acres of trees planted and cultivated for posts and lumber. On western farms the planting should be done in the draws where the soil is rich and water nearest the surface. It will be well enough if the grove is planted in the pasture. The trees of course while young should be fenced and protected from the stock. When the trees are beyond damage from the stock the grove can be thrown open and used for shade in summer and

wind break in winter. For posts, common hedge will probably do best in the drier sections. Plant far enough apart that the trees can be cultivated. The trees should be kept trimmed. Good posts will grow before the farmer realizes it. Russian mulberry will do well also. For lumber cottonwood will be the easiest grown and as good as the farmer can obtain for dimension stuff in erecting farm buildings. Large quantities cotton wood lumber are now being used in building,-From the Farmers' Home Journal

Where the Farmer Wins.

The cheapest eggs, like the cheapest butter and cheese, are made by the man with plenty of land. The farmer who will pay due attention to care of his poultry and to marketing the product need not fear the competition of the village lot and the city backyard. The farmer lays out no money for fancy buildings or fences. His birds forage part of their own living and improve in vigor. They find for themselves what the town poultry keeper has to buy at much expense, only to find his flock surely losing vitality after a year or two in close quarters. Yet some farmers continue to throw away their advantage by treating their pens as if farm land sold at about \$1 a foot. Thus on one farm the seventyfive pure bred hens brought in over \$300, or just about the same as the seven cows on the farm, yet the farmer grudged the hens the small half acre they received out of the sixty. two acres set with fruit trees the hens would have done still better and the cows scarcely have known the difference.-American Cultivator.

Controlling Nature.

Everybody knows that of late years natural forces have been wonderfully subjected to man's need. We are dazzled by the spectacular achievements in steam and electricity, but are likely to forget the less noisy but no less marvelous conquest of animal and

plant life. For example, our parents knew nothing of the tomato except as a curious ornament in the garden. Sweet corn was hardly better than the commonest field sorts. All oranges had seeds. Celery was little known and poor in quality. In the flower bed the magnificent pansy has replaced the insignificent heart's ease, from which it was developed, and the sweet pea in all its dainty splendor traces its origin to the common garden vegetable.

alone any improvement. The practical results are accomplished by man operating largely for love of the work, like Luther Burbank, in California, and Eckford in England, as well as by the great seed merchants, who are not only eternally vigilant to hold what ground has been gained, but have a corps of trained specialists backed by ample means to conduct new experiments.-Indiana Farmer.

Horse Prices.

The attribute of quality has been a potential factor in the advance prices for horses the last decade. In 1899 there were reported 13,665,307 horses in the United States valued at \$511,074,813, or an average of \$37.39 per head. In 1908 the live stock statistics enumerate 19,992,000 horses, appraised at \$1,867,530,000, or an average of \$107.76 per head. In ten years horses have increased6,326,393 head and gained in average value \$70.37. It would take the average price of three horses a decade ago to purchase an average equine today, says Drovers' Journal.

Two elements have largely contributed to higher prices for horses; one, improvement in quality and the other the more prosperous condition of the country. Horses are now bred for particular purposes-heavy class for draft use and harness breeds for pleasure driving. An era of record prosperity and increase of national wealth have contributed the ability to pay higher prices for horses. Horses are bred more for specific use than a quarter of a century ago and the higher quality of individual members of any breed governs the market value of the ani-

Breeders are now raising horses not from sentiment but as a commercial proposition. Horses are produced for industrial use and the more they approximate a high standard of excellence the greater their commercial value to consumers,

How I Sell Live Stock.

I was a good deal interested in the article on the third page of the Indiana Farmer last week on "How to Sell Live Stock," by Prof. Humphrey of the Wisconsin Agricultural college, and I want to give you my experience. I have been advertising more or less in three agricultural weekly papers, but as I found nearly all my sales were made by my advertising in the Indiana Farmer, I cut the other two out, and now use yours, and occasionally one in Illinois and Ohio. In both hogs and sheep I generally _ enough orders to take all I have in the course of a few weeks' advertising. But I don't stop my advertising then. I would prefer to write customers that all have been booked for sale, and enclose them my circulars, for the next time I have any for sale I am always sure to get the orders of these disappointed customers very early after I begin my new advertising and I find that this plan of going on for months pays me well.

I think I found the philosophy of this matter a few years ago while mering lake hotels. I was there about the first of September and it was still hot and the fishing was good. The hotel was full of people enjoying themselves, and one morning at breakfast the landlord announced that all must get ready to leave the house, and that dinner would be the last meal for the season. Everybody complained and protested, but all and to go that day. asked the proprietor why he closed his house with it full of well satisfied guests, and he replied: "That is the way to get them all back with others next summer, and that if he waited till they had all they wanted they would not be sure to come back."

I believe that it is the good things we can't get when we want them that make people hanker more for them. Anyhow, people who want my pigs and lambs for breeders and can't get them because they write too late, are sure to send me an order earlier the next And so I keep on advertising and answering them that they send orders too late as all for sale was booked.-Subscriber in the Indiana Farmer.

Alligator Pear Here.

One of the novelties with which the dealers in fruits are tempting palates these days is the alligator pear, or avocado, an import from South America. The first thing that occurs to a person seeing this fruit for the first time is to wonder why it is called an "alligator pear," or a "pear" at all, for that matter. In general appearance it resembles far more closely giant green fig. its skin sprinkled thickly with tiny black spots, to which the qualifying half of its name may, perhaps, be due.

When divided the resemblance to a pear avnishes altogether. From the centre is taken a black pit, as large as an agg leaving the fruit much like a muskmelon cut in half. The meat is a light pink in color, and possesses This progress has been made in spite of the great tendency manifested in all plants and animals to go back to the original type. It is indeed a battle to keep strains pure and up to the standard they have already attained, let

When starch must be eliminated from a sick man's diet, white bread is the first thing tabooed, and then follow potatoes and other overcharged starchy cereals. It is a serlous matter for the patient to be denied bread, and so the pathway is smoothed out and the doctor pre-"gluten" bread, because scribes gluten is not a carbohydrate, and

By CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Cracker Frauds

"Gluten" Bread and

'gluten" bread is supposed to be free from starch. What is gluten? Well, spend ten

minutes and find out—not all about it, but something about it. Obtain a heaping tablespoonful of white flour. Add a little water to it, in a saucer, and dough it into a compact ball. Turn on the tap in the sink, and let the water drip upon your hands as you roll the ball between your palms. The ball will grow less and less, and the water will be white with starch cells held in suspension. In ten minutes, more or less, the water will run clean and clear, and you appear to have a nodule of yellow, firm, vegetable gum, which you are tempted to call "pure" gluten. Become a gum chewer for once, and keep achewing for a couple of hours. At the end of this time the quantity of gluten is less than when you took it from the hydrant. What has hap-pened? You have simply mechanically crushed and broken the gummy mass, exposing the infinitesimally fine starch cells to the moisture of the mouth, and the washings out of the raw insoluble starch has continued. just an extension of the sink-washing process, with greater mechanical elaboration to expose the entangled starch cell. Now take the piece of When gluten to an analytic chemist. his report comes in, you read starch fifteen or eighteen, or maybe twenty per cent.; gluten, eighty-five, eightytwo or eighty per cent., and begin to appreciate for the first time what real gluten is. Where a case is a desperate one.

and starch or no starch will turn the balance of life, it is very easy to procure and analyze a sample of the flour or cracker of "gluten" the patient is to use. Such a course would save a physician many a perpleting hour, and maybe an esteemed patient now and then.

Gluten is a word to conjure with. There is for sale in London and Paris a gluten bread that is much like baked horn or glue, but it is a sten toward gluten, although it may contain twenty to twenty-five per cent.

The fact is, nothing short of an intricate installation will produce pure gluten, and that at a price which is quite prohibitive. Some of the gluten breads on the market may have a portion of their starch eliminated, while others have little claim to any use of the name .- Scientific American.

Buck Fever.

The saying, "A fool for luck," was never more clearly illustrated than in a little anecdote told by Colonel Evans in his book on California. The author speaks of "buck fever" as being one of the most violent diseases which ever attacked the human system. It has been the undoing of many an experienced hunter, but in the case cited by Colonel Evans it proved to be the making of a reputation. A. farmer in Illinois named Wheeler had never fired a gun. One winter, however, he heard so much talk about the sport of hunting that spending a few days at one of the his ambition became excited, and borrowing a gun he started out he came back he brought a magnificent buck, shot by himself square in the middle of the forehead. said little about his achievement, but got the credit of being a crack shot. a reputation which, although he went hunting no more, he held for several years. Then one day he told his story and lost his name as a sportsman. He had seen a doe drinking out of a creek at the foot of a bluff about twenty feet high. With wild excitement he got his gun to his shoulder. shut his eyes, set his teeth and pulled the trigger. To his astonishment he saw the doe bound away unhurt, while at the same time a glorious buck pitched headlong from the bluft into the creek, stone dead.

The buck had been looking down at the doe, and Wheeler had not seen him at all, but his shaking gun sent its shot on a fatal although unintended errand .- Youth's Companion.

Gulls and Clams.

The discussion continues between those who think that all the acts of the lower animals are satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis of inherited instinct, and those who hold that there is an element of intelligence, if not of reasoning in these things. Mr. W. L. Finley, in a recent work on American birds, mentions an observation of his which may, perhaps, be explained either way, but which in any case is interesting. A gull seized upon a clam, and rising to a height of about fifteen feet, allowed it to fall upon based . ground. The clam kept its mouth shut. Again the gull rose with it to the same height and dropped it once more, with the same result. This operation was repeated fifteen times. when at last the shock had the desired effect, the shell was opened, and the gull enjoyed its dainty.-Youth's Companion.

His Yearning,

"I hope," said the young crate "that my speeches make people yearn for better things." "They do," anmake me yearn to be at home asleep.

ly handed over to a passing caravan hands of his former master, the reof merchants to whom I had been cord does not speak; but we may

Why No Farmer is Ever Thrown Out of His Job. -

Our farmers have heard so much about the down-trodden farmer, until many of them have about concluded that they were worse off than any other class. But there is one glorious thing about farming, one is not called from his vineyard, until he receives the summons to come up to the vineyard of the Lord. No farmer is ever thrown out of his job—fires, panies, storms, drouths may and will come; but the earth still yields her increase and always furnishes something to do for all of her agricultural children. And as long as time lasts there will be work for the farmer—and food for the sower. There are other remunerations besides dollars and cents. There are no great fortunes in farming—great fortunes can only be made where great opportunities are offered by an aggregation of money, men or many smaller influences. The farmer is too isolated for such combinations. We do not want such combinations, for here the many must serve the few, but for independence, for the glorious privilege of working out one's "own salvation with fear and trembling," and for stamping one's individuality upon his home land and com-munity there is nothing like the country.

me there for sale in the slave market. gave the youth a cordial welcome, for Very soon I was purchased and taken his own sake, for from the begin-

Philemon. "Ah! Where was he from? Was

he a Christian?' "He had not lived long in Colossae, and I think he came from Ephesus, but am not certain. he was a good man, and his kind treatment of me was the first thing that impressed me with the idea that

his religion was good." grown son? And was his wife named Apphia?" "The very same! Did he have

"You seem to know his family. He has a grown son named Archip-

"Most assuredly I know that famthought of weakness of his body. Ily, seeing I baptized both the par-The Syrian youth seemed to drink in ents and the infant son, but I have not seen them for years. The pastor of that church, Epaphras, is my fellow-prisoner here at Rome and he has told me many things about the church there which Philomen helped him to found. The young man, Archippus, is now acting-pastor during the absence of Epaphras. And so you were in the home of my friend. The aged man listened kindly, Philemon? But tell me, how did you I fear you took matters into your own hands and fled?"

"Yes, that is exactly the case, but surely you do not think I did wrong beloved physician, has been taking in escaping from slavery, do you? True, my master was a kind man, pled with the Gospel message that and now as I look back upon it all, it may be that he was planning to instruct me in the Gospel; for he alyour home with me, you can assist ways tried to have me in to the services with the other servants. But gladly tell you of our blessed Lord my heart was bitter over the terrible fate which had befallen our entire family. I saw no reason why I -for that was his name-was taken should tamely submit to slavery who run for office?" had the rather been accustomed to to the Gentiles, and was specially have slaves of my own. So fierce was my spirit that all the kindness needs Willingly did he perform even of my master was lost on me, and the most menial service; for he I determined to escape. This was loved and revered his master. And the easier to accomplish because of that master in turn took the hand- the gentle control in that household. There is only one thing that I regiving him a love next to that toward gret, and that is that I stole some gret, and that is that I stole some haired people are, as a rule, less gold from my master to help me in strong than those who have dark

sold as a slave. These men took me | imagine with almost a certainty what to the city of Colossae and exposed did happen The kindly Philemon believe it more than mere supersti- to the home of a wealthy man named ning he had planned generous things for the poor captive. But when he heard his story and read the letter sent by his hand from the great teacher who had led him to Jesus, all hesitation vanished; his plans ripened at once and on the spot he told Onesimus he was free.

Not only was he free, but taking him by the hand and leading him to an inner apartment, he called a young girl and presented her to Onesimus. With astonishment the two gazed a moment at each other, and then with joy unutterable they sprang to embrace; for the girl was the sister Onesimus had counted lost. But good Philemon having found her also in the slave market and learned her story, had purchased her liberty Henceforth they both were adopted as children in this home of wealth, where there reigned the Spirit of Jesus.-Christian Union-Herald.

Speiling the Tip.

A certain Kentucky Justice of the Peace was called upon to marry a runaway couple who drove up to his When the final words were house. said the bridegroom fumbled in his pockets and finally fished out a silver

"Jedge," said he, "this here's all the cash I've got in the world. If you wants it, you kin have it; but I don't mind tellin' you that I set it aside for the honeymoon expenses." -Woman's Home Companion.

The Citizen and the Press.

"The papers are afraid to say anything," sneered the first citizen. "Some people don't feel that way about it," replied the other. "Ever

"No; but I wrote a letter roasting some fellows that needed roasting

and the paper didn't print a line." "Did you sign your name?" "Certainly not. D'ye think I'm chump?"-Philadelphia Ledger.

Statistics show that, though fair making my way to other lands. By hair, yet the former live longer than