am the reality of things that seem; he great transmuter, melting loss to gain, anguer to love, and fining joy from pain, am the waking, who am called the

I am the waking, who am called the dream;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the sea to which flows every stream.
I am the utmost height there is to climb;
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;
I am stability, all else will pass;
I am eternity, encircling time;
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing

can— m God's soul, fused in the soul of man. Ella Heath, in the Saturday Review.

WHEN THE CHILDREN **CAME HOME** By FRANCES GREENMAN.

In the mellow sunshine of a late September afternoon, two men sat under the wide, spreading boughs of an ancient apple-tree on the Gray farm. One felt them anachronisms in these homely surroundings-they did not "belong," as did the bees humming lazily over the hollyhocks that grew in pink and white ranks beside the tow stone wall, and the white hen with a belated brood of fluffy chicks scratching in the soft loam of the garden. Long shadows were drooping down the hills, and the corn, brown and dry, in a nearby field, rustled in the breeze that crept among the stalks. Behind the wood-shed sat the bired man, ill at ease in his Sunday suit, aimlessly whittling a piece of pine and furtively watching the pair under the tree who seldom spoke, yet their eyes met often, questioning, sad. Each was experiencing a soul's agony of regret, and words seemed seared upon their hearts—"To late." A hush, a stiliness unusual brooded over the place. Three children, round-eyed, afraid, peered between the pickets of the yard fence. They had come a mile out of their way from school just to go by the house where old man Gray lay dead.

"That's where he is!" whispered one, pointing a finger. A window was partly raised in a front room, the curtain swaying, swaying, in the draft. The trio passed on, glancing fearfully behind as they crept under a fence to "cut 'cross lots."

Inside, the farmhouse was spick and span; the work was all laid by. Two neighbors - women - kindly pouls, sat in the decorously darkened sitting-room; expressions appropriate to assume in a house of sorrow were in each face. They spoke at intervals, in hushed tones, as if fearful of disturbing the quiet peace of the sleaper in the parlor.

In her bedroom, Martha Gray sat beside the four-poster, absently stroking with a knotted, toll-worn hand the blue-and-white checked counterpane. Many thoughts and those odd weavings of past and present happenings that we term fancies, most of them irrelevant, flashed, quicksilverwise, through her brain. A woman of few words, yet Abram had always understood-and now there was no "Some folks live to be over ninety-I'm just beginning my seventies-I wonder, now, what the text had better be. He liked the Apocrypha, but it's not printed these days in Bibles—maybe She walked to a small square stand where, on a crocheted mat, lay a sheep-skin-bound volume-handed down in the Gray family through many generations. She opened it at the first page. Awful pictures of Moses on the Mount, and the Deluge met her eye; turning the yellow leaves she paused at the book of Esdras and began to read cloud.

"And therefore be thou not curious how the ungodly shall be punished, and when, but inquire how the righteous shall be saved. This present life is not the end where much glory doth abide. Remember thy children that sleep, which are departed from the shadow of the world, and that there is promised us an everlasting hope, and the faces of them shall shine above the stars. For unto you is paradise opened and rest is allowed.

Yea, Abram ever loved the grand phrasings of the Apocrypha. Her eyes wandered to the window. Through it she could see her two sons beneath the apple-tree; studying them with a puzzled frown, she said: "The children have all come home." How oddly she had greeted them, as, one by one, the stage left them at the gate where they had awung in childhood and later had passed through into a world beyond her ken. "I do not know them very well-" She even felt ill at ease with the beautiful creature-her baby fluttering back to the old threshold from life in a gay Southern city. Could it be possible she had once been rocked to sleep in the hooded wooden cradie, now dusty and draped with cobwebs in a far corner of the ers."-New York Press. attic-this queenly woman in her shimmering gowns? Why, a little pink-sprigged calico frock, one of the first short clothes of babyhood, was in the brass-nalled trunk near the cradle. Could she ever have worn Odd how one's mind harks to me." back so far. It just happened they had not found time to come back before-Abram knew why-of course he knew, though they had ever avoided that subject. Each had dwelt upon terms un it silently, but each had understood playing."

world-wide as a settlement worker; her keen eyes had bewildered the small person she called mother-and old folks grow queer with years, though she remembered well two little lads in brown jeans going down the sunny road to the schoolhouse in the valley, remembered so well that those handsome men under the appletree seemed really strange and one of them was quite gray about the temples. He had wandered in every country on the globe, and it had taken years; but his writings were wonderful, so she was told. other-Wall street knew him well. Forgotten? Oh, no, there was a room upstairs filled with remembrances sent to the old folks by these busy worldings.

"My! my!" she said, letting the fringe of the counterpane slip through her fingers, "we did try that marble figure, Clytie by name-if I rightly remember-that came all the way from Italy, in every room in the house, but Abram allowed nothing

fitted to it." Some one walked across the floor in the room overhead. "She's tall." fretted the little mother, "and used to grand, high rooms. I hope she doesn't forget how the ceilings slope -Abram liked the paper on the girl's room-always said the roses climbing round was so cheerful. Well, he understands, I guess.'

Martha Gray unfolded a primlycreased handkerchief and flecked a bit of down from a pillow. "Abram mebbe thought I never knowed, but I did-we was both just pretending: we both knowed. He told it when he was flighty-just his rambling and the clock a-ticking and me a-list'ning-I can hear him yet. 'Oh, if they'd just come home-just come home-all-together-once."

With the coming of darkness, a chill crept into the old farmhouse; the "watchers" were glad of a blaze upon the hearth and talked quietly beside the fire, speaking often of the man who had been neighbor for over seventy years,

"Odd, ain't it now, how relatives get home for funerals?"

"Nigh onto ten years since the last one was here, but then they lived quite a piece off."

"Ever notice how Abram always set to one end of the church pew and Marthy to the other, just as if a row of little heads was between?"

The clock was telling its longest story when Martha Gray tiptoed softly across the entry and into the foreroom, shading a candle with her hand. She walked to the corner where her husband lay in his wedding suit-that suit so carefully kept through all the years from moth and An aloofness, the majesty of dust. a great calm, had settled upon his one-time genial countenance

"Abram!" she whispered, "I guess you'll understand, now that your face is 'shining above the stars far from the shadow of the world.' The children are all at home-I don't seem to know them so very well-but they're here, Abram, all at home. The children-have-all-come-home." -From The Delineator.

SIMPLIFIED MEN'S COSTUMES.

When Use of Powder and of Snuff Boxes Died Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costume. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons insugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashions.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Welington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuff box vanished and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered

The knickerbocker and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wideawake and cloth cap.-English Illustrated Magazine.

Picking Chickens.

"Did you ever pick a chicken?" asked the poultryman. "The easiest way is to souse him into scalding water until the feathers slip out by a gentle rubbing with the hand. But this is an extremely dirty habit, for the feathers are filled with dust and vermin, and a filthy odor penetrates the skin, rendering it often positively unfit for the table. As for myself, I prefer to have my chickens skinned. throwing away the entire cutis with the feathers. This is thoroughly hygienic. People, however, as a rule like the skin on, and it is the duty of the poulterer to please his custom-

The Power of Music.

"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of

"Yes, but she's brought it all back

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home and began

MEDICAL PROFESSION IN CHAOS, HE SAYS

Dr. Lewis Predicts Disaster Unless the Calling is Readjusted-False Idols Hold Sway-Dominant Features in Profession Now Pessimism and Intolerance and Money Lust is a Manace. -:--

Dr. Edwin H. Lewis, of New York jour calling. With a stupidity that is City, read a paper at the recent an- incomprehensible we have rushed to which he declared that the profession is undergoing an epoch-making revolution. The future, he says, holds two prospects: disaster in the shape of the decline of medical prestige, or a general readjustment of the medical situation. Pessimism and intolerance, he asserts, have been the dominant fectures of medicine in the last five years.

Dr. Lewis' paper, which appears in American Medicine, follows in

"Is there anything the matter with the medical profession? Are we drifting away from first principles and in the multiplicity of new discoveries, new ideas and changing viewpoints losing any part of our usefulness as medical men? There can be no question that the medical profession is undergoing a great and epoch-making revolution. Idols are being thrown down, old and apparently well established beliefs are being questioned and controverted, and, as always happens when a revolution is under full headway, chaos seems to

Quackery a Menace.

"The future holds two prospects. On the one hand is disaster, the sacrifice of years of study and investigation as well as of centuries of faithful, unflagging devotion to the needs of humanity. Such a disaster means the decline of medical prestige and an era of charlantry and quackery such as the world has never seen. On the other hand is a general readjustment of the medical situation, the revision and classification of present day knowledge and a truer recognition of certain fundamental facts on which the successful practice of medicine has always depended and al-ways will depend. If this latter takes place the medical profession will come to its own, and with the restoration of confidence and an appreciation on the part of the laity of what scientific medicine really has done and can do there will be no limits to which our profession can go for the benefit of mankind.

"The present chaotic situation does not call for the raucous cry of the alarmist nor warrant the gloomy prognostications of the pessimist. But with all the earnestness at my command I want to insist that it is time to take account of stock, to get our scientific, ethical and commercial bearings and set out for the future with confidence, trust and steadfast purpose.

Money Last in the Profession.

"For the past five years the domfnant features of modern medicine have been doubt, pessimism and intolerance. With tactless zeal the medical profession has done its laundry work in the full gaze of an evercritical and not over-friendly public. Quarrels with our tools and with each other have been the order of the day. Criticism, suspicion and accusation have been rife, and on every hand have sprung up commercial tendencies that have lowered the dignity and efficiency of our profession.

of the true nature and obligations of above all, usefulness.

meeting of the American Med- sit at the feet of every new prophet, ical Editors' Association, on "The Spirit of 1908 in Medical Affairs," in ing, and have foolishly forsaken the time-proved logic of the old. Thus, in many instances, established facts have been discarded for phantom theories-though temporarily, let us hope. The worship of the laboratory fetich has caused us to sadly neglect clinical and bedside observation, and the glamor and fascination of surgery have blinded us to the possibilities of hygiene, diet and intelligent medication. In fact, the regular medical men of this country have been sowing the wind and only now are beginning to reap the whirlwind. One has only to pause and note the fearful increment of new 'pathles,' new healing cults, church clinics, and so on, and to realize the remarkable decrease of medical prestige and medical incomes, to understand that the price we must pay for our pessimism, internal discord, intolerance and professional commercialism will not be small. This is the gloomy side of the Earnest Men a Saving Grace.

"But while the profession as whole has gone far affeld, thank God there have been plenty of those who have labored wisely and well. They have scorned to worship at every new shrine and with sublime disregard for personal gain have nobly done their part to elevate and perfect the science of medicine. Thanks to these men. some individually known to fame, but more 'unheralded and unsung, the triumphs of sanitary science and medical progress are among the grandest of civilization. So that today, in spite of widespread skepticism, intolerance and pessimism, the practice of medicine holds greater and more wonderful possibilities for the benefit of humanity than ever be-

"I believe that I can see a growing endency on the part of the average medical man to realize that while he does not and cannot know everything, he certainly knows much, and by the intelligent use of whathe can and does know he can accomplish a great deal more than the quack and charlatan in the relief of the sick and the prevention of disease.

"This is to me the spirit of 1908, in medical affairs, the spirit of hopeful service, or, in other words, making the most of ourselves, through appreciating our possibilities and recognizing our limitations. Whole truths are always desirable, but half truths are better than none at all.

"In conclusion I seek to emphasize one thought. The strife, discussion and controversies of the day cannot change one lots the fact that every honest medical man wants to accom-, plish the greatest possible good in the best possible way. Many men have many minds. Opinions of necessity will differ. But the man who believes differently than we do may be as near to the truth as we ourselves, and we certainly have no right to question

"The new spirit of 1908, with its keynote-hopeful service in behalf of humanity-is incompatible with intolerance and narrowness. As physiclans, and especially medical journal. The thirst for money, power and ista, we cannot afford to neglect a sinposition has possessed us, and under gle effort that will aid in bringing the spell of these dangerous intox- the medical profession a little nearer icants too many of us have lost sight to the goal of truth, accuracy and

Silvering Mirrors.

Up to 1840 mirrors were silvered exclusively by means of an amalgam, a process most destructive to the workmen employed. An important step was effected by an English chemsit, Drayton, who conceived the idea of coating mirrors with a thin layer of silver, obtained by reducing an ammoniac selution of nitrate of silver by means of highly oxidizable essential oils. This process was subsequently modified by several chemists, but only became really practical when M. Pettijean substituted tartaric acid for the reducing agents formerly employed. The glass to be silvered is placed upon a horizontal cast iron table heated to 104 degrees Fahrenhelt. The surface is well cleaned, and solutions of silver and tartaric acid, suitably diluted, are poured upon it. The liquid, in consequence of a well known effect of capillarity, does not flow over the edges, forming a layer a fraction of an inch in thickness. In twenty minutes the silver begins to be deposited on the glass. and in an hour and a quarter the procoss is complete. The liquid is poured off the glass, which is washed with distilled water, dried and cov- the balance of which is lost in the reered with a varnish to preserve the moval of the ordinary air pressure. silver from friction .- New York Tri-

Dry-Picked.

Our poultryman said: "Philadeldelphia dry-picked is no better than any other dry-picked, but I believe the Geaker City was the first place in a scalded fowl."-New York Press. | may determine.

Mountain Sickness.

Every Alpine climber notes his experience in the rarefied air of a high altitude. All accounts of mountain sickness agree. In every case there are the same symptoms, differing more or less in degrees. The head aches, the heart palpitates, the nose bleeds. Some vomit violently, all gasp for breath. Every exertion seems more severe at great heights, and the symptoms of the sickness are sometimes mistaken for those of fatigue.

Doctor Workman, who has been climbing in the Himalayas, has made a study of mountain sickness. He experienced a constant gasping for breath which interfered with sleep. With one of his porters the symptoms of high altitude illness were so marked as to give warning of another danger besides that of discomfort. At the height of twenty-one thousand feet the man collapsed, and was help-He lost all sensation in his hands, and when his mittens were removed, his fingers were found to be white, stiff and on the point of becoming frost bitten. This experience shows the interruption of circulation, -Youth's Companion.

Commanding Sleep.

There is a well-authenticated case phia has for many years had the call of a man who had power to control on dry-picked chickens, turkeys, at will the action of the heart. He ducks, and, in fact, all poultry and could stop its pulsations whenever he much game. Now, so-called Phila- pieased, and might have lived to a good old age had he not been overvain of his accomplishment. In the same way men of exceptionally vig-America to adopt the Moorish method orous natures may have the gangliand make it a specialty. You know, onic nerves of the brain within the of course, that the Moors are the iron grip of the will, being able to greatest chicken eaters on earth, with turn on or off the blood-supply to the the possible exception of the Chinese, brain at their pleasure, and thus inand they would not think of touching ducing sleep or wakefulness as they

The farmers of the United States generally could profitably increase the number of turkeys they produce. This class of poultry always sells well, and anyone who can give turkeys a good range can make a profit from them if he handles them cor rectly.

The excessive death rate during the first few weeks of the poult's existence is the leading drawback to turkey raising, but most of the trouble which is so common at this stage can be avoided by careful and judicious management.

Be sure that the young do not get chilled while hatching or shortly afterwards, and have their coops made perfectly tight and free from drafts and dampness. Locate them in a well-drained spot where the sun shines unobstructedly for the greater

coop or to a covered run on damp. chilly mornings until all the dew Aside from such times, the youngsters may be allowed entire liberty after they are five or six days old. The mother turkey should be restricted, for a time at least, within limited range by means of a string or some other convenient tion. method of this kind.

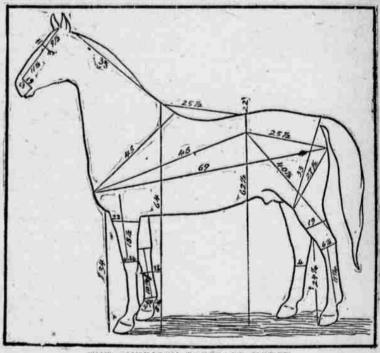
Vermin are frequent source of necessary to success. It is not pos-trouble and loss with poults and tur-sible for every farmer to have pure keys. This is a matter deserving of breeds. more attention than it usually receives, as lice are generally numerous on turkey fowls. One of the milking cows of every breed, and of best things that can be done is to no particular breed, possess certain give the setting hen a thorough dust- qualities in common which guide the ing with a reliable brand of louse farmer in the selection of dairy stock. powder two or three days before the According to the late Professor Aleggs commence to hatch; this not vord, of the Department of Agriculbut prevents the poults from con- balanced heads, light fore and heavy tracting the vermin from their moth- hind quarters, mild, gentle eyes, slop-

calf; but from then on, and especially with the third and fourth calves, you cannot feed so heavily before calving, neither will she require it; for by this time the habit of milkgiving will have been well formed.

Good Milkers.

High-grade cows are not any too plentiful and prices for such stock are high. Young milch cows that will yield from thirty-five to fifty pounds of milk per day are worth as many dollars. Farmers and breeders have recognized the demand for fine stock of this class and during the past year many excellent animals have been selected and kept for raising. Much of course depends upon this selection; the cows for both milk and butter are greatly improved by careful selection and feedpart of the day, until the arrival of ing. The feeding is important. If sultry summer weather. This mat- an animal is stinted and starved and ter of freedom from dampness is chilled during a period of its growth, it will never fully regain what it has Keep the poults confined to the lost, no matter what good treatment it subsequently receives. Successful breeders recognize this fully and has disappeared from the grass and provide for the winter, and are particularly careful to keep their young stock vigorous, healthy and growing through all the trying portions of the year. This midway treatment, before stock begins to produce, is often as important a matter as selec-

Pure breeds are not, of course He may be a number of years breeding up his herd to a satisfactory high grade standard. Good,



THE AMERICAN CARRIAGE HORSE. The Figures on the Lines Are the Ideal Measurements in Inches,

er as soon as they are hatched. | ing shoulders, rather than upright, indications of the presence of ver- low skin and soft, glossy coat. min, and give them treatment for same frequently.

Bread crumbs or bread and milk make one of the best poult feeds for the first few days. After the first few meals an egg, hard boiled and chopped fine, may be added by way of variety. Also, commence feeding oatmeal and cracked corn or wheat, and green cut bone or meat in some form. Feed often and a little at a older, having once become lean, they time for the first few weeks. Frequent and careful feeding is very important. A supply of good grit for grinding the food, should be constantly accessible to the poults from the beginning.

Feeding the Herd.

Now, a word about feed. This is subject to which you will have to You must not only look to the needs of your cattle, but you must endeavor to get their rations as nearly as farm. Economy is one of your watchwords. But you must make it a study and it will take you several years, says a writer in Holstein-Friesian Register. Look first to the needs of your cows, and next to the cost of the feed. Your helfer calves should be fed sweet skim-milk for about six months, and you can mix meal, or these can be fed separately. After six months, if on good pasture, they will require no feed; but as a better egg producer than wheat fall comes on they should not be allowed to run down and become poor before winter feeding is begun. This feed should consist of bran, shorts. oil meal, etc., with fodder, hay and straw for roughage. I would feed no corn. A few weeks before your heifer is due with her first calf you should begin feeding her a mixture of food rich in protein. Do not overfeed her, but gradually increase the feed until by the time she drops her calf she will be getting about all she wants to eat. You will find that she has made a very large udder and will start off with a large flow of For a few days after calving. feed lightly, gradually increasing, and you will find her responding well to your attention. There is no

Watch the fowls carefully from time large udders, good-sized teats, with to time throughout the summer for well developed milk veins and mel-

The milk of young cows is generally richer than that of old ones. The most profitable age of the milker is supposed to be from four to nine years. Yet for many years after that cows may be splendld milkers and highly profitable, but their milk becomes relatively somewhat poorer, and the animals eat more, especially during the winter. As animals grow are more difficult to fatten.

Farm Poultry.

In speaking to the farmers of Greenfield, Mass., not long ago, Professor W. P. Brooks, of the State Agricultural College, considered poultry keeping from the standpoint of the farmer. New England he begive special and careful attention. Heved to be one of the best sections for poultry keeping, because of the markets and the quality of the soil. Less than one-fifth of the poultry possible from products of your own products used in Massachusetts are

now raised in that State. A sheltered location on sandy soil was recommended for the poultry buildings. Glass fronts were to be avoided, a better plan being to leave the south side of the house entirely open. Hens in such houses are more hardy and will lay better than those in coops with glass fronts. The with it a little corn meal and oil front should be protected by curtains in severe weather. Experience at the college has proved corn to be and is less expensive. Animal food is of great importance, more so than vegetable matter. Rye was found to be a great egg producing food, out usually is too high in cost.

Changing the Mood.

When General Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said:

'Leonard, give me a sentence, and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood." "The horse draws the cart," said

Leonard. Very good. Now change the sen-

tence to an imperative." "Get up!" said young Wood.