

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The road that seemed so long at first is coming to an end; The inn which we have sought to reach is just beyond the bend; The way behind us stretches far, and strewn along its length, Are graves in which they lie who lacked our luck or will or strength.

Before us lies another way that winds and stretches far; And there high hills and lonely miles and pleasant valleys are; And many who are strutting now, without a pang of care, Will be among the ones who fall for want of courage there.

Before we start upon the road which branches to the right Beyond the inn where we shall have our lodgment for the night, It will be well, perhaps, to give a thought to those who fell, And ask if we were always fair when striving to excel.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

AT MICHAEL DUFRENE'S SHOP.

By Ira Rich Kent.

Whenever I rode with my father to Leicester, and we passed the village blacksmith shop, I always saw that there were boys playing about it. They carried on boisterous games of tag and l-spy about the building and ran in and out of the wide door; they used the carts and wagons in the yard for Indian-beset stage-coaches and pirate ships.

Once, when we stopped there for the refastening of old Bet's shoe, I struck up a quick boy friendship with the smith's own ten-year-old boy, a curly-haired youngster with a wonderful grin. Together we plied the horsestails that kept off the flies while the shoe was being set. And the smith himself, with his curly hair a little grizzled and his grin tempered to a wonderful smile, let me pull the bellows-handle, and gave me horseshoe nails and iron filings for my pocket magnet.

In our own village the boys never went to the smithy unless sent on an errand. We never played in the yard or brushed the flies or pulled the bellows handle. And we never by any chance saw a smile on the face of the smith or a grin on that of his boy, unless it might be one of sullen triumph at the successful outcome of some conflict with us.

Michael Dufrene was the blacksmith's name. I sometimes heard him called a "Canuck" but he spoke with no trace of the patois our other French Canadians used. As for that, he did not often speak at all.

His hair was black and very straight, his skin was swarthy, even for a smith, and he had high, rather prominent cheek-bones, which may have shown a strain of Indian ancestry. When, by accident, we learned of this possibility, it put us still more in terror of the morose, passionate man, and made us the more vindictive toward his son Joe.

Joe Dufrene was twelve, but he seemed older. His strength, his bad temper, his ingenuity in protecting himself from our persecutions and in taking hearty revenge for them, all made him appear more mature.

As it seemed to be a tradition among the boys that the surly, unfriendly blacksmith was to be annoyed at all times, when it could be done safely, we added to it the practise of making trouble for the son—when it could be done safely!

It was a venturesome lad who dared try conclusion alone with Joe, two, try conclusions alone with Joe, two, Dufrene was often called upon to face three, or even more, boys, who would all attack with the fierceness and unfairness of young savages. Fight he would, even against overwhelming odds, grimly, skillfully—and I can see now—magnificently. If conquered at last, he made the victory a costly one.

Whether or not Joe ever carried the tale of his battles to his father we did not know. Probably he took it for granted that he did. There was certainly a bond between them such as, I think, few other fathers and sons in our town knew.

Michael Dufrene had no friends; his son had only enemies. But to each other they were devoted with the same passion that emphasized their separation from the rest of the world.

Archie Middleton and I, stealing up one night to the little house where the Dufrenes lived, next to the shop, with the purpose of upsetting the freshly rain-filled barrel, peered in through the lighted window.

At the kitchen table Joe Dufrene was at work with slate and arithmetic; beside him sat his father, helping him with the problems, and he sat with his great arm across the boy's shoulders. We stood watching them for a long time, until finally some errand brought the smith to the door, and Archie and I fled—without upsetting the rain-water barrel.

I had borne my share of the giving and receiving of hard knocks in this sport of baiting the Dufrenes for several years when Tom Gallison's adventure occurred.

Tom was about my own age, a bright, likable boy, who has grown into an able, honest man. He was no better and no worse than the rest of us—average American village boys. The only thing that marked him out from the crowd was his fertility of resource in emergencies, and his ingenuity in plotting new and original schemes of persecution. Nor did he lack the daring to carry them out.

Michael Dufrene's shop stood at the very brink of the little river that skirted the village. On the rear of the building, and actually overhanging the water, was a long and narrow platform, where the smith kept a great collection of the odds and ends of his trade—old tubs, charcoal, kindling wood, ashes, and a heap of old iron. The platform was a rickety affair, supported more or less steadily by three braces.

One afternoon in May, Tom, who was sitting under the recollection and the

still aching bruises of a recent thrashing at Joe Dufrene's hands, conceived the idea of weakening these braces to such an extent as to let the whole platform collapse into the river.

It may be difficult to believe that a boy not actually vicious could seriously plan such a piece of malicious mischief. That Tom Gallison could do it shows to what a pitch the animosity of this long feud had brought us.

With Tom to plan was to execute. He passed the word about among us, that we might be on hand to hear and see the thrilling crash; and after supper that night he set out in the early May twilight to carry out his design. He knew that at that hour no one would be in the shop.

Leaving ten boys hidden in the thick bushes on the bank of the river opposite the shop, Tom crossed the high-way bridge fifty yards up-stream. He made his way carefully through the alders, and a moment later appeared at the edge of the river underneath the bridge. He carried a light carpenter's saw, and had a hatchet stuck into the waistband of his trousers.

Ordinarily the river here, below the Rawson's Pond dam, is low, and progress along its sandy bed is easy; but the spring floods were now pouring over the apron of the dam in a noisy bankful torrent. Tom had to make his way through the bushes at the edge of the water.

In another moment, however, he was beneath the platform and had begun the ascent of the almost precipitous bank, pulling himself up by hand-and-foot-holds on the straggling bushes.

Just what his plan of procedure might be we did not know, but Tom was handy with tools, and we felt sure that he was equal to the mechanical difficulties of his task. Peering through our loopholes in the bushes we watched him.

He had now reached to the right hand brace, which, like the others, extended from the edge of the four-foot platform at an angle of about 45 degrees, to an upright beam spiked to the side of the shop and extending to the bottom of the stone foundation.

Seating himself siddewise in the angle of the timber, Tom began to saw into the four-by-four brace from the upper side, about a foot in front of him, and cut it three-quarters through. The noise of the water kept the sound of his saw from being noticeable.

Tom now passed to the left-hand brace. This, as we judged from his movements, he found so rotted as to be of little value as a support. After one or two cuts with his hatchet he returned to the center brace, above which was piled the heap of iron, and which was now almost the sole support of the platform.

This time he stood up in the angle of the brace and leaned forward, supporting himself by grasping with his left hand a crosspiece of the floor above him, while he used the saw with his right.

He made his cut as far up toward the end of the brace as he could reach, and parallel with the line of the platform, instead of straight across the timber, as before. He then drew a long piece of clothes-line from where it had been fastened inside his jacket and tied one end round the cut brace a few inches from the end.

Now with the saw and the other end of the line in one hand, and using the other to hold on with Tom climbed down from the brace and began to descend the bank.

His purpose evidently was to get out from under the now dangerous platform, and then, with a hard yank upon the cord, disturb the weakened center brace enough to bring the structure breaking away from its insecure attachment to the shop, crashing, sliding, smashing into the river!

The rope would slip off the end of the brace, and it and the boy would be out of sight before any one arrived, leaving the sawed ends the only evidence of the cause of the mischief—and they would be at the bottom of the pile of debris or swept away by the swift river.

Of detection or punishments Tom probably had as little thought as any of us. But both were imminent in a fashion more terrible than he could have imagined.

It was done in one fearful moment. Tom, hurrying to reach the bottom of the bank, tripped, stumbled, and fell headlong, the cord still clutched tightly in his hand. The pull upon the line was even harder and sharper than he had planned. The brace yielded.

Before our horrified eyes the boy turned a half somersault, and fell, face up, into the edge of the river. And upon him, with a crashing roar that drowned ever our shrieks of terror, slid the broken, weighted platform!

Screaming at the top of our voices, Archie Middleton and I, with the others trailing, ran for the bridge, all except Jimmy Blanchard, who faintly,

and Alfred Snow, who ran home and hid himself in the hay-loft.

But by the time we had crossed the bridge we saw Michael Dufrene, followed by Joe, running out of their house. No one else lived near by except old Mrs. Brackett, across the road, who came out to her gate, wringing her hands, and wildly beseeching some one to tell her the cause of it all.

Archie and I met the smith in his shop yard. "Tom!" I shrieked. "The river!" Without a word the blacksmith turned and followed me as I dashed round the corner of the shop and down the bank. Joe Dufrene and Archie were close at our heels, and the other boys came after.

One glance Michael Dufrene gave at the heap of debris; one look he gave at the place where the platform had been. His eyes, as I watched him, came back to the wreck, and to the newly sawed end of a brace which was thrust out from the mass like an accusing hand. He asked me nothing.

"You, Jackson, Albee, Brown"—his deep voice was not surly now; it rang like a big bell—"run quick to Hawkins' barn, and fetch his rope and tackles to the back door of the shop. Send here every man you see. You—two more of you run the other way and get men. You, Dick Spurr and Hammond, go back to the shop and find the shovels and bar. Run!"

As if the very force of his voice impelled them, the boys he named started back up the bank on their errand. Besides the smith, only Joe Dufrene, Archie and I were left there. He threw off his coat and stepped into the river. The swift water was mid-leg deep upon him.

The floor of the broken platform had fallen a little cornerwise. Part of it still hung upon the bank; part of it, iron-weighted, rested upon the river bottom. Pressed down beneath it, alive or dead, above or below the water, was Tom Gallison.

Dufrene bent down till his face was in the water, grasped the edge of the platform, and lifted. He raised the terrible weight a foot, but could do no more. He let it down again gently.

"Joe, you and the two others take boards and push that iron into the water. Work fast!"

While we tried to obey, the smith took a long breath and knelt down in the river, disappearing completely from view. He was trying to reach under the edge of the platform.

A moment later he stood up, the water streaming from him.

"He is there, under the center, but he is somehow held. I can't move him. If I could there is no room to pull him out. The sandy bottom won't hold a prop. The platform must be lifted." He looked up to the bank. No help was in sight. We had pushed off all the iron, and wreckage we could get at, and he motioned us back.

"We can't wait." He spoke the words to himself. "Where are the ropes!" Then again, "We can't wait!"

There was a long, empty moment. No sound of aid from above. The river rushed and gurgled by; and underneath the pile at our feet lay Tom Gallison!

Michael Dufrene looked at his boy. "Joe!" he said, and there was a world of tenderness in his voice. I had never dreamed that the smith could speak a word like that.

"Come!" said Michael Dufrene. Joe dropped into the water and stood by his father's side, looking at him a little wonderingly, but with a trust that awed me, boy though I was.

The smith spoke to him as if they had been alone:

"Joe, we can't wait for the ropes. You must go under and bring him out. I will hold up the platform."

"Yes, father." Michael Dufrene set his feet carefully, bent over once more, and grasped the edge of the platform. He had lessened the weight a little, but it was still enormous.

With an effort that marked his wet and swarthy face in grotesque lines, the smith raised the platform to his knees. He sank perceptibly into the sand as he did so.

Joe stood ready, watching his father's face.

Because his feet were so deeply embedded, Dufrene could not move them to get a helping knee under the edge. He must finish the lift with arms and back.

Gathering himself, he gave a mighty heave that brought the platform to his thighs.

"Now!" Joe disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Never in all the rest of my life has there been so long a minute as that which followed.

Rivulets of sweat poured down the smith's face. The lines that had seemed grotesque before, now became terrible. His eyes glared. The dark skin was drawn over his high cheekbones like parchment. His mouth twisted open over his clenched teeth, and at the last, blood gushed from his nose.

His hands, gripping the edge, were hardly above the water, and little by little he was sinking, sinking, forced bodily down into the sand by the weight upon him.

Then, like a flash, it was over. I saw a black head bob up. Then Joe Dufrene, gasping and wet, stood again upright by his father's side; and he was clutching Tom Gallison's shoulders.

Joe staggered back out of the way. The platform dropped with a crushing plunge, and the smith, his feet still held by the sand, fell forward upon his burden. And then, with ropes, shovels and bars, the tardy rescuers appeared at the top of the bank.

Tom Gallison was alive in spite of a cut head, a broken arm, and at least five minutes under water. Three weeks

later he was able to sit up and have the boys come, one at a time, to see him. Joe Dufrene was the first sent for.

When Mrs. Gallison came out to tell him, he was in the smithy yard, wrestling "collar and elbow" with Archie Middleton. Archie was laughing so hard at a joke Joe had made that he fell a victim to an easy "trip," amid great applause from the rest of the boys, who lounged about in the carts and wagons or sat in the door.

Michael Dufrene sat there, too, and smiled at us. His left arm hung in a bandage; a torn ligament was not yet well. That morning he had done a bit of work for the first time since "the day." Six of us had drawn lots for turns at pulling the bellows-handle, and envied Joe, who held the iron on the anvil for his father to strike. As he worked, the smith had told us wonderful hunting stories of the plains and Canada.

Then by and by Bobbie Middleton, Archie's younger brother, who was seven, and a solemn lad, pulled the blacksmith by the arm.

"I must go home now, Mr. Dufrene," he said. "Thank you very much for the stories. I think this is the best place to play I know."

"I am glad you find it so, my boy," said Michael Dufrene.—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Snow fell in Europe for forty days in 1434.

There were only seven metals known in the days of Columbus. Now there are fifty-one in use.

The government of Austria makes special inducements to farmers who will reclaim waste lands and make use of them.

A judge in New York has ruled that a man has no just grounds for leaving his home simply because his wife is a poor cook.

A judge at Atlantic City, N. J., fined a man \$100 recently for stepping on a woman's feet while she was singing in the choir of a church.

Recent statistics collected in Berlin say that each resident of that city spends one-seventh of his income each year for intoxicating drinks.

Some of the rich natives at Canton, China, have decided to give the city a public hospital equipped with all the latest European improvements.

It is said that if it were not for the inflow of people from New England and the West that New York would soon be a city of foreign-born people.

That one-fourth of Alaska is a coal field is announced at Washington by Alfred H. Brooks, chief geologist of the Alaskan division of the Geological Survey.

It is understood that a beautiful new stained-glass window is soon to be put in the Slatine chapel. It is a gift from the prince regent of Bavaria to the Pope.

A number of prominent actors have been engaged at Berlin to appear at a shadow theatre. It will be a novelty with, of course everything done in pantomime.

In the Pathan villages of Afghanistan an imported magazine rifle with a box of ammunition is worth over \$250, while a modern revolver is quoted at over \$100.

In the mountain regions of Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of Spaniards.

Ten thousand pairs of shoes are produced daily from a single Eastern factory. Every 24 hours it uses the hides and skins of 7,800 kids, 300 horses and colts, 300 calves and 425 steers.

One writer calculates that Americans spent \$7,500,000 in London during 1908. At one of the largest hotels, which has housed 6,600 Americans since March, the average bill has been \$250.

Up on the Alps a new hotel is advertised as the ideal resort for those who want a complete rest cure. All the plates, dishes, cups and saucers are made of paper mache, so that guests will be spared the clatter of a restaurant.

David Pingree of Salem, Mass., bought several hundred thousand acres of the "wild lands" of Maine, thereby becoming possessor of a tract of land larger than the entire State of Rhode Island. It is the best hunting ground in the eastern part of the United States.

Lightning Plucks a Bird.

Lightning did some queer stunts here during a storm, among them the knocking of all but a solitary feather from the body of a mouse hawk, which strange to relate, still lives to bear mute evidence of the occurrence.

The hawk was found under the tree which had been struck the following morning, when the hands on the I. D. Stone farm were inspecting the work of the storm. The bird was barely alive and, stripped of all but the one feather, presented a sorry appearance. It was taken to the house and fed and bids fair to recover.—Columbus Dispatch.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



Feeding Fowls.
In feeding fowls it is best to scatter all grain well. If this is not done the stronger and more pugnacious fowls will drive the more timid and weaker ones away from the feed, and the latter will not get their full share.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Care of Popcorn.
When popcorn is thoroughly matured put it up in small, loose shocks, so as to dry quick and well. If mice disturb it, husk it out and store the corn away in a dry and airy room; one over the kitchen where it will always be warm and dry would be best.—Indiana Farmer.

Getting Rid of Stumps.
An easy method of disposing of stumps is to bore a hole in the stump, in the fall, one or two inches in diameter and eighteen or twenty inches deep, and into it put a couple of ounces of saltpeter and fill with water. Now drive a wooden plug into the hole. The following spring remove the plug, fill the hole with kerosene and apply a match. This will make a smouldering fire which will burn clear to the ends of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.—Indianapolis News.

Three Constituents Needed.
In supplying feed to fowls there are three kinds of constituents which should be present in certain fairly well fixed proportions if the desired results are to be obtained most economically. These constituents are mineral, nitrogenous, and carbonaceous, all of which are contained in corn, wheat, oats and barley, but not in the right proportions to give the greatest egg yield. In addition some animal feed and green feed should be supplied.

In feeding poultry a valuable lesson may be learned from nature. In the spring the production of eggs on the farm is an easy matter. Fowls which are at liberty to roam find an abundance of green and animal feed on their range, which with grain furnishes a perfect ration for laying hens. In addition to this they get plenty of exercise and fresh air. So far as lies within his power, then, the feeder should aim to make the winter conditions springlike.—Colman's Rural World.

Care of the Churn.
A great deal has been said and written about the importance of keeping dairy utensils perfectly clean, but not so much about the churn, and if proper care is not exercised in keeping the churn sweet and clean, the butter will be tainted, no matter how well the milk has been cared for before being ready for the churn. A small brush is a convenient article to use about the churn, as it is somewhat difficult to clean the corners and joints with a cloth, and it is these that hold the milk and make breeding places for microbes. Before beginning the work of churning, we have a good supply of boiling water ready to use just as soon as the churning is finished, and the churn is much easier to clean. Cold water is used first to wash off the milk adhering to the sides, and then immediately remove the milk and butter from the churn. By doing this boiling water is used freely and in such a way that it will reach the corners and crevices. The inside of the churn is thoroughly scrubbed once a week with a strong hot suds, and then rinsed with two hot waters with a little soda in the second. After the churn is scalded, it is placed in the shade first, then in the sun, for if it is set in the sun while wet the wood is likely to be warped. Washing through warm water is not sufficient cleaning for cloths used about the churn; they need to be boiled frequently, not only for better cleaning, but for destroying any germs which may have been washed away from the seams of the pans or corners of the churn, and both the churn and cloths need frequent sunnings and airings to keep them sweet and in a sanitary condition.—Wm. H. Underwood, in the Epitomist.

Mulching for Strawberries.
It is customary to protect strawberry plants through the winter by covering them with mulch. This mulch is raked off the rows in spring, as soon as the snow is off, allowing the plants to grow freely. Some very conscientious growers rake the mulch entirely out of the field. This is done so as to permit the running of cultivators between the rows. Such spring tillage is unquestionably a good thing, though it is troublesome and expensive. Some men even go so far as to put back the mulch after cultivating the ground. Usually the mulch is left between the rows, as close to the plants as possible. It thus serves to protect the fruit from becoming soiled during rain storms. Without such protection the dirt spatters up onto the berries, and leaves them in very bad condition for market.

Various kinds of material are used for this mulching process. Anything which is clean, not too full of weed seeds, and will lie closely on the

ground will answer the purpose. Marsh hay, poor straw and other bedding material may be used. Cornstalks make an excellent mulch, except that they are rather coarse. Shavings and sawdust are sometimes used, but are objectionable; they are apt to injure the soil. Buckwheat straw; pea straw and waste of that character are especially satisfactory. This mulch should be put on late in the fall, after moderate freezing of the ground.

In good, well-drained soil in most towns in Massachusetts strawberries will often go through the winter in very good condition without mulching. Nevertheless, mulching is safer, and the mulch is needed during fruiting time, even though it may not be required for winter protection.—Prof. F. D. Waugh for Bulletin Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

The Value of Leached Ashes.
This refuse from the asheseries contains considerable quantities of potash and phosphoric acid, which have a wonderful effect upon exhausted soils. We notice that when this fertilizer is once introduced, it retains its hold upon the confidence of cultivators, and they buy ashes every year, frequently increasing their orders. The onion-growers along the Sound make large use of leached ashes—buying sometimes by the thousand bushels. This is one of the best indications of its value for that crop. Fruit growers are much pleased with its effect upon the growth of their trees and shrubs, and upon their productivity. It improves the size and quantity of all the small fruits. It is especially beneficial upon strawberries and grapes. The use of this fertilizer is gradually increasing among the farmers who are more remote from the harbors where the ashes are landed. Their effect is immediately visible upon old pastures and meadows, spread broadcast, as a top-dressing; but they act more satisfactorily if applied to the crops at the time of seeding down. They not only largely increase the crop with which the grass seed is sown, but their influence is visible for many years afterward in the increased yield of grass. A farmer who has used ashes freely for twenty years, upon a hard, worn granite soil, says they will give an increase of hay, upon a meadow newly stocked, for eight years, and then, if the field is plowed again, they will show the effect of the ashes for six years longer. He applies about 100 bushels to the acre on land that he designs to keep in meadow, and about seventy-five to pasture land. He considers leached ashes his most effective helper in transforming an exhausted, worn out farm into one of great productivity, giving a fat reward for his capital and labor.—Weekly Witness.

Farm Notes.
This is done either by feeding the grain in deep litter, or by feeding grain in the sheaf.

One lady cures limber neck in fowls by feeding dry feed only, and asafetida. The latter is a fine disinfectant at any rate.

Egg eating is usually aided or caused from soft shelled eggs. To prevent this have a supply of lime, lime mortar, or lime plaster, in the troughs where the hens can easily get at them, and give the feed in such a manner that the hens will be compelled to exercise quite a little.

Extra warm houses are not as much thought of as they were a few years ago. One poultryman in Iowa that I know of, in a climate that gets 30 degrees below zero, makes a success by using the open shed housing, and the following feed for the principal ration: Bran mash, with about one-tenth part beef meal, and some clover meal, for the morning feed.

During the moulting season the hens should receive a little extra care in the way of feed, and handy dust baths. Many advocate the use of corn for a considerable part of their ration, but while the extremely hot weather lasts it would be best to substitute linseed meal and sunflower seed in place of corn. Be sparing in the use of these fattening foods, however.

Curtain front houses are used, the curtains sewed to rings, top and bottom, two wires are stretched, and these rings slide back and forth on these wires. When weather is very inclement these curtains are stretched snugly, but on nice days they are drawn back. The top and bottom fastenings prevents the curtains blowing in the wind. Grit and oyster shells are always handy and eggs are gathered all winter through.—From "Poultry Notes" in the Indiana Farmer.