

HEART CRAVINGS.

Won't you give me a nod, my brother, As you journey along life's road? It would make me forget my weakness And brighten my leaden sky.

Won't you give me a word, my brother? Just a whisper within my ear? It would kindle anew my purpose— Would one little word of cheer.



"It's a long tramp, Jack." "Yes, but the crust's hard and I can do it easily."

I'd 'a' been able to do real well by Abby." His mind was full of what this doing would have been had he possessed the means to carry out his loving desires.

"You're done most a good day's work besides." "Never mind that." Jack gave a proud little jerk of his head as he looked up from the gun he was carefully cleaning.

Regaining his nerve and self-possession, he examined his surroundings with anxious eyes. He saw that so long as he looked well to his hold among the rafters he was in no present danger.

"You don't expect to do much hunting by the way, do you?" "Only to keep a lookout."

But above him, within easy reach of his hands, was the roof, through which came small twinkles of blessed moonlight.

"But nature had been kind to the hard workers, for the softness had been followed by a period of cold almost unprecedented."

He listened with every sense on keen edge. No, it was not the wind. Even in the short moment in which he stood still he could fancy that it grew louder, that snarling howl, broken by larks



The declining rays of the reddening sunset lent a sparkle to the snow as Jack briskly set out on his long walk.

and yells. He looked carefully at the condition of his gun.

It was a great occasion which demanded Jack's presence at home—no less a one than the marriage of his oldest sister.

He increased his speed to a run, but the shortness of breath induced by the extreme cold soon brought him to a halt.

When fully out of sight of the camp and beyond all possible observation from any of its occupants he paused to fasten his tightly buttoned coat.

There was little delay in securing the bounty at the nearest county town, and Abby rejoiced in such a "settin' out" as few of the hardy young home-makers had even known.

"It's fine. And Abby'll think no end of it. There isn't a girl in the settlement that's got one like it."

A valuable archaeological find has just been made near the ancient town of Novgorod, on the banks of Lake Ilmen.

felt himself securely posted. It made him dizzy when at length he ventured a glance. There they were, the hungry demons, leaping, snapping, enraged that their prey, so near, should yet be beyond their reach.

"How's away, you brutes. You think you're going to get me sooner or later, don't you? Not if I'm a woods boy."

Regaining his nerve and self-possession, he examined his surroundings with anxious eyes. He saw that so long as he looked well to his hold among the rafters he was in no present danger.

But others were strong. They would yield only to slow cutting with his knife. His footing was precarious; with one hand he must continuously support himself.

"Must be about that weddin' time now," he groaned, his head dropped upon his free hand.

The farmer cannot afford to have good tools and machinery on his farm, unless he can afford to have buildings to protect them from the weather.

It was a frisk such as woodsmen love, such as rarely comes to their monotonous lives—the about, the exhilarating rush over the frozen snow, the keen relish for the hunt.

"Seventeen 'em, as I'm a livin' man. Jack, my boy, you'll be rich on your bounty."

"But," he began, "it belongs to all of you—you all helped."

"The weddin' all over, of course," said Jack, to himself, as late in the night he drew near home.

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The present population of Ecuador is about 1,500,000, including Indians.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

To Feed Hogs Clover Hay. A Massachusetts reader wants to know how to feed hogs on clover hay as the bulk of the food and at the same time keep them in growing condition.

Probably the best plan would be to cut the hay and feed it as a sloop in conjunction with ground grain. The hay should be steamed, but if you have not the facilities to do this pour boiling hot water on it and after stirring it add the grain and then stir it again thoroughly.

It is usually said that it requires four acres of ground to accommodate one cow, and the average yearly profit \$20, to say nothing of the long hours and hard work in milking and caring for the cow.

Does it pay to use a pasture? That is, will a larger profit be derived from cows that are given only the use of a pasture or will the same land pay more if used for producing hay?

The risk which speculators and dealers are willing to take in buying apples on the trees and attending to the harvesting and selling themselves not infrequently proves a great boon to the grower.

The next grade of fruit is ordinary prime, which usually represents the grade called fancy in the ordinary market.

Water Keep of Cabbage. Cabbage may be kept by any mode which nearly excludes the frost, preserves a cool temperature, and a slight degree of moisture.

Relics of a Lost Tribe. A valuable archaeological find has just been made near the ancient town of Novgorod, on the banks of Lake Ilmen.

They can and often do pay more for the fruit on the trees than the grower could get for it if he picked, packed and shipped it himself.

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Never quit certainty for hope. Losers are always in the wrong. The book of Maybes is very broad.

A good companion makes good company. Better go about that fall into the ditch.

For a flying enemy make a silver bridge. The disease a man dreads, that he dreads of.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot. Plow or not plow, you must pay your rent.

When a friend asketh, there is no tomorrow. The submitting to one wrong brings on another.

Be wary of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled. A blow from a frying pan, though it does not hurt, it sullies.—Spanish

Capacity of Church Pews. Complaint of Damage to Garments and High Rate from Overcrowding.

"I regret that in most churches there is an evident disposition to stand still in the matter of seating the congregation," said a churchgoer.

"I am frequently squeezed into a pew built for five people, but which by crowding is packed with seven. At this season of the year men and women wear wraps to church which must be removed when the attendants enter the pew.

"The occupants of the pew must sit on their removed garments or hold them on their laps. Men who wear silk hats, as most men do who go to church, have no place to put their hats except under the seat.

"If the service is one which requires frequent kneeling and rising, the hat, after church, looks as if it belonged to a Broadway caddy. I have had two crushed and dented within the last month.

"I am free to confess that I do not know what remedy to suggest. That matter, I think, is up to the deacons, elders or vestrymen.

"I see that Dr. Rainford of St. George's is quoted as complaining that there is a falling off in church attendance. May it not be in part due to the lack of comfort in seating people?

"The theatrical managers of the country have done better in this respect than the churches. Because salvation is free is no reason why a man or woman should be expected to wrinkle wraps by making cushions of them, or why a man should have his hat kicked in by the man in the pew behind.

"I should like also to say something about the woman who wears the biggest hat in her collection to church. But that will come later. We should be grateful for the service which requires such women to get on their knees frequently. For in that way one can occasionally get a glimpse of the charnel."—New York Sun.

The Gospel of Health. To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indelicacy or excess.