A CROP THAT DOES NOT ROB THE FARM.

Your ice crop is the only one you harvest that does not rob your farm of fertility, and, considering the advantages of a good home supply of ice, no improvement is more satisfactory than a good ice supply.

"Keep Cool" is good advice to the political spellbinder; it is exceptionally fair counsel on hot summer days, when the glass registers around ninety in the shade, and the folks in the home wish to preserve fruit and vegetables, and the children want their ice cream and cool drinks. Then, there is the milk and cream to be cooled and kept cold until marketed.

On the basis of 220-pound cakes, it is possible to cut the ice crop at less than twenty cents per ton, and haul and pack it in the icehouse for about $2.00 per ton. Where cooperative methods are used, the cost is less.

To harvest ice efficiently a few ice tools are required. A steel scraper is useful; some types of small road scrapers can be used for this, or a very good home-made scraper may be fashioned of wood and faced with a strip of steel, such as the back of an old cross-cut saw. An ice plow is almost essential if any great amount is to be put up. This facilitates the removal of the porous surface ice and greatly simplifies cutting into blocks. Half a dozen pike poles, bearing vertical and horizontal hooks, are necessary in floating the ice to the loading platform. An ice saw may be useful or any ordinary cross-cut saw may be used by removing one handle.

The ice harvest may be best carried on by three squads of men, each with a team. The first removes the snow or spongy ice from the surface of the field and plows, saws and cuts the ice into blocks of a size most convenient to handle. If the ice is more than twelve inches thick blocks twenty-two to twenty-four inches square are easiest to handle; if thinner, blocks three feet square are best.

The second squad cuts loose the blocks and floats them to the side of the open water, where they are ready to be loaded on sleighs. Here a tramway with a pair of ice hooks attached to a rope will make loading a relatively easy job. Let the rope extend across the sleigh from the tramway; hitch one horse to it and drag the blocks from the water into the sleigh.

The third gang should be at the icehouse to place each load in position and pack sawdust or shavings round it as rapidly as possible. Eight men with three teams can work most rapidly in harvesting a crop of ice by this method.

The average dairy requires only a moderate amount of ice, or one thousand pounds per cow, so that even a small harvesting surface usually is large enough, especially if the ice is cut a second time. But it is best to fill the house at one operation if possible. The number of square feet of surface required per ton of ice in blocks twenty-two inches square, and of various thicknesses, is shown in the following table:

Thickness of ice. Inches.	Number of cakes required per ton.	Cutting Space required per ton. Sq. Ft.
4	31.3	105.4
6	20.9	70.2
8	15.6	52.6
10	12.5	42.1
12	10.4	35.1
14	8.9	30.1
16	7.8	26.3
18	6.9	23.4
20	6.3	21.1

After the field has been marked off, a strip of ice, one block in width and extending from the loadingway to the main channel, is cut through and forced under the surface of the ice. This strip is sawed somewhat wedge-shaped, wider at the bottom than at the top, which permits it to be forced down under the ice field. The channel is then widened by cutting another strip to enable the long strips or floats to be floated from the main channel to the bank and loading place.

The stripes are then pushed with an ice hook along the channel to the loading place, where they are sawed or chopped into cakes. The cakes should not be cut completely through, but should be grooved two or three inches deep with the plow, and after being floated up the channel chopped through with a special tool before being put on the loadingway.

Not only will you save much space but ice as well by properly packing the ice in the house. You can get only thirty-five to forty pounds in a cubic foot of space if the ice is thrown in at random, while about fifty pounds can be packed in the same space with a little care. This means also, that the air cannot circulate through the ice and melt it.

About a foot of sawdust should be placed on the floor of the ice house, with less in the center to permit the cakes to lean inward, and thus drain inward. The sides of the ice should be smooth. Any projecting pieces should be trimmed off before insulation is put on. If sawdust or shavings are used a space of at least twelve inches should be left between the outer walls and the ice stack.

It is easy to calculate how much ice the house will hold. Allowing forty-five cubic feet per ton, an uninsulated house 18x12 by ten feet high, with one foot around for insulation, will hold about thirty-eight tons, while the same sized house, if insulated, will hold about forty-three tons.

Poultry

Geese pair when sexes are equal, and become very much attached to each other and remain faithful. They show a great attachment for their home. The gander is a most gallant bird, constantly guarding his mate. Geese are good watchers, always on the alert, and no matter whether it is night or day, they will give a shrill yell at the approach of a stranger.

Geese are natural foragers. Green stuff is their main diet, and they thrive best when given good range with water convenient. Their ideal location is in swamps and marshes, although they do well on upland pastures and hilly farms if water is provided. For years it has been the belief that geese impoverish land. On the contrary, geese enrich the land over which they roam.

Good, large fat geese usually sell well on most markets. Old geese lay a greater number of larger eggs and are more reliable than young ones. Young geese do not lay so many fertile eggs, nor produce so many goslings the first breeding season as they do the second.

Geese sometimes begin laying in December, then stop, and begin again in February. Generally a goose will lay from twelve to eighteen eggs before becoming broody. The egg record of the goose is from twenty to forty eggs in a year.

Unlike the bill of other fowls, the goose's bill is provided with sharp, interlocking, serrated edges, which are designed to cut and divide vegetable tissues. The tip of the goose's tongue is covered with hard, hair-like projections pointing toward the throat, which serve to carry the bits of grass and leaves quickly and surely into the throat.

The best gander to use in the breeding pen is one with large dimensions, quick gait, sparkling and clear eyes, a hoarse and ever-ready voice, and a bold, defiant demeanor. The best goose for breeding is the one that has good weight, is steady in deportment and has good breadth of foot, as this last quality is conceded to indicate the presence of other excellencies.

Geese require fresh air in plenty, and will not bear confinement in tight houses. A good place for them is a pen under an open shed from which they can run into the barnyard or fenced-in pasture during the day, when they can not be given free range.

Exercise, rapid growth from weaning up to the finishing age on a mixture of feeds, and a satisfactory degree of finish evenly distributed make for quality of product. Starving, stunting, holding, crowding with heavy feed when young, lack of variety in feed, holding for a higher market all make for a low-grade product.

Honey as a Food.

Mr. R. F. Holterness, the well-known apiarist of Brantford, Ontario, had the following to say of honey as a food in an address he delivered before the Kiwanis Club of his home city:

Honey as a food could not be compared he said, to such food as lean meats; the latter is protein, honey a carbohydrate, with phosphorus, iron and vitamines, which were so highly prized by dietitians. But honey was better than almost all other sweets in that it was inverted sugar—in other words it was largely pre-digested and ready for assimilation.

The production of honey took nothing from the fertility of the farm, and it displaced no other crop. It was therefore a wealth-producer. Moreover, honey was a by-product, and the primary object to the existence of the bee was to pollenize blossoms so they would set seed and fruit. This was practically true of plum, cherry, peach, apple and pear blossoms, as well as clover, alfalfa and buckwheat.

A doubtful egg is a bad egg, even if it is a good egg. Candling is the surest way to take doubt out of the egg-case.

THE FOUR VALENTINES

BY CLARA PETERSON.

There once lived in a village a certain rich young girl, the Lady Louella Lapidee, who was very fond of sweets and pastry. Twice a year she had her huge pantry stored with supplies for making them; but several times the flour had run short.

When the St. Valentine season came round Lady Louella made up her mind that that should not happen again. So without saying anything to her cook, and without knowing anything herself about weights and measures, she sent a large order to the mills.

She wondered very much when a wagon loaded with sacks of flour drew up before the door.

"O dear, dear me!" she said to herself. "What shall I do with it all?"

But she had ordered the flour, and so there was nothing to do except take it.

Forty large sacks were carried into the storeroom.

"My stars!" said Lady Louella. "I must take a long walk and try to think what to do with all that flour."

As she strolled down the road the first house that she passed was a paper hanger's shop; the windows were full of wall papers of all patterns. The second building belonged to a banker; there was a pile of gold coins in each window. The third belonged to a dry-goods merchant; in the windows there were wax figures of ladies in velvet gowns. The fourth building was a bakery, and in the windows of that there was nothing at all.

All at once an idea occurred to her. She turned round and went home and wrote four notes and sent them to the houses that she had just passed. In each note she said, "I have more flour than I know what to do with and shall be glad to give away thirty sacks at five o'clock to-night."

The notes made a great stir when they were delivered.

"The paste that I can make!" said the paper hanger.

"I can sell those thirty sacks and have more gold pieces for my windows," said the banker.

"I will give away a pound of flour to every customer and so increase my trade," said the merchant.

The baker was the most excited of all, for he had almost run out of flour. "But now," he said as he caught his little daughter, Irene, and whirled her round and round, "I can get more flour."

At five o'clock Lady Louella sat waiting in her parlor. She wondered which of the four men would come in response to her letter.

There was a knock at the door, and a few minutes later the servant showed in five visitors—the paper hanger, the merchant, the banker, the baker and little Irene, the baker's daughter, who had begged to come, too.

Lady Louella was astonished; she had no idea that so many people wanted flour.

"Could you really use thirty sacks of flour?" she said timidly to them.

"I could, indeed," said the paper hanger, the banker, the merchant and the baker almost with one voice.

"O dear, dear me!" said Lady Louella.

Here was a pretty state of affairs! The lady looked in a troubled way at her guests, and her guests looked at her and at one another. No one knew what to do.

Then little Irene stepped forward and raised her hand. "Please, Lady Louella," she said.

"What is it, little girl?" said Lady Louella.

"Day after to-morrow will be St. Valentine's Day," said the little girl. "Suppose you say that you will give the flour to the person who sends you the best valentine?"

Lady Louella was delighted. "Just the thing!" she said. "I will give the thirty sacks of flour to the person who sends me the sweetest—yes, the very sweetest—valentine on St. Valentine's Day."

The four men agreed readily to that. Each of them was perfectly sure that he should succeed.

Late the next afternoon they came again, but this time little Irene was not with her father. The men laid their offerings before Lady Louella.

With a pink spot in each cheek she began to unwrap the packages.

The paper hanger's valentine came first. It was made of layers and layers of delicate silver paper, and on each layer was painted a tiny wreath of flying birds, rose and green and turquoise. "How lovely!" said the lady.

The merchant's valentine was made of ivory-colored lace as thin as a cobweb, and gilt threads were woven through it. It was decorated with clusters of little velvet violets, white and lavender, purple and gold. Lady Louella was charmed with it.

The banker's offering was very handsome. The foundation was a piece of heavy gold cloth as large as a plate; in the centre was a perfumed rose with golden petals, and at the heart of the rose lay a milk-white pearl. Lady Louella clasped her hands in wonder and delight.

The baker's valentine was in a white box. When Lady Louella had taken off the cover she sat and stared. Then her eyes began to twinkle.

"How sweet!" she said. Then she picked up the contents of the box and took a big bite. For the baker's valentine was very sweet indeed; it was a heart-shaped chocolate cake covered all over with trailing vines of green and with little frosty pink-and-white flowers of cocoanut.

"Oh, how delicious!" said Lady Lapidee. "Dear me, how rude I am to begin eating it right away! But I could not help myself." Then she added, "You will have to admit, gentlemen, that this is the sweetest valentine of the lot."

The baker beamed, but the other three men looked terribly disappointed.

"We didn't know you meant that kind of sweet," said the merchant, the banker and the paper hanger all together.

"I didn't know it either," said a voice at the door, and little Irene came running in. She had not been able to stay at home any longer.

"Well, I didn't mean that kind of sweet," said Lady Louella. "But somehow this valentine seems the sweetest in every way."

Irene's face shone. "I just knew that nothing could be better than one of father's good cakes," she said.

So the long and the short of it was that Lady Louella sent for a knife and then cut out the bitten piece and sliced the cake and passed it round. The banker, the merchant and the paper hanger had to admit that it was a wonderful cake.

So the baker, aided by his little Irene, won the prize. He offered to share it with the other men, but they shook their heads and declared as they finished the chocolate and cocoanut crumbs that he had won it fairly.

Then they all went home, and the baker and little Irene spent many happy hours turning those thirty sacks of flour into loaves and cakes and puddings and pies.—*Youth's Companion.*

The World's Longest Tunnel.

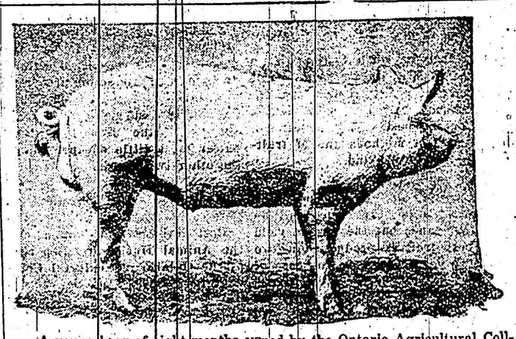
The latest triumph of engineering science is the recent successful completion of the boring through and under the Catskill Mountains in New York State of the longest continuous tunnel in the world. It is part of the extension of New York City's water-supply system and will carry water from the artificial Scholarie reservoir between Gilboa and Prattsville to Allaben on Esopus Creek, 18.2 miles away.

The exact length of the tunnel is 95,740 feet. The next longest continuous tunnel is that of the New York City Pressure Tunnel, part of the present aqueduct system, and 93,953 feet long. The third longest is also part of an aqueduct system, the west section of the Hetch Hetchy Tunnel in California, 73,334 feet long. The longest railway tunnel is the Simplon under the Alps, 65,042 feet in length.

The Shandaken Tunnel, as the new tunnel is called from the part of the Catskill range through which it runs is horseshoe-shaped in cross section eleven feet six inches high and ten feet three inches wide at the widest point. The depth below the surface averages 750 feet and in places is 2,000 feet. The tunnel has a flow capacity of 600,000,000 gallons a day.

Pouring this immense stream into Esopus Creek and thence into the great Ashokan reservoir, the resources of which it will practically double, will enable the metropolis to draw 500,000,000 gallons of water daily even over a period of fifty years. With other resources already in use this will assure New York of an ample supply for many years to come.

A good dry mash for Leghorns for winter can be made of one hundred pounds of ground oats, fifty pounds of wheat bran and thirty pounds of beef scrap. The grain ration can be two hundred pounds of corn to one hundred pounds of wheat. Another good dry mash can be made of equal parts of ground corn, ground wheat and ground oats plus twenty per cent. by weight of beef scrap.



A young boar of eight months owned by the Ontario Agricultural College and of which the Department of Animal Husbandry there states:—"This young hog is the type from which to produce bacon hogs. He is out of an even litter of sixteen pigs. Note length, smoothness, balance, and general conformation."

Hogs

Softness is one of the chief causes of loss in Canadian bacon. All soft bacon sells at a discount. Pigs fed heavily in early life, particularly on fattening feeds, and at the same time closely confined in pens without exercise produced a soft bacon. Experimental work at the Ontario Agricultural College has proved this fact as well as that pigs grown to 100 to 125 lbs. weight on mixed feeds well balanced with skim-milk (about 2½ lbs. milk to 1 lb. of meal) or tankage up to 10 per cent. in the ration may be finished on corn or barley and still produce a firm, high-quality product. Close confinement in pens from weaning until marketing has a tendency to produce a soft, flabby product.

Marketing immature, unfinished pigs should be discouraged. They kill a low percentage carcase and are generally soft and so do not grade select. Unthrifty hogs generally produce soft carcases. Exercise and thrift go together, and thrift and firmness are inseparable.

Feeding on meal and meal alone has a tendency to produce soft bacon. Mixed feeds are safer than exclusive meal rations.

Beans produce soft pork. Buckwheat fed alone has a similar tendency. Fed in a mixed ration, it is all right and gives good gains. Certain oily by-products should not be fed in large quantities but only as a small portion of the ration.

Winter brings the farmer time to think. Good books give him something to think about.

The honey-bee has been accused of spreading fire-blight of fruit trees. Other insects comprise 50 per cent. of pollenizers, though, and they are equally guilty.

A Valentine Party

BY EMILY ROSE BURT.

If you want an excuse to dress up, plan a regular old-fashioned Valentine party—oh, perhaps a little bit modern in places, but even so, all bound up with hearts and darts.

For invitations paste a frill of white lace paper around the edges of a pale pink or lavender correspondence card and write on the card:

On Valentine's night to Valentine Land
You're being invited; pray, understand
That appropriate costume you must wear—
Comic or sober, freakish or fair.

Into the atmosphere of an evening of fun their "dress-up" garb will lead them. Everybody is going to feel very cheerful if you put pink and blue Japanese lanterns over the electric lights and make a softly curving ceiling from lengths of rosy cheesecloth by draping it from the center to the side walls. In each window should sit a great gold heart—mysteriously numbered by the way.

When the meeting comes to order, so to speak, the first stunt is the grand march to show off costumes to the judges. The next stunt is indeed a heartening one. Each person draws from a hat at random a sealed envelope with a heart on it wish contained in it: this envelope is to be pinned to the shoulder of the next person ahead in line. When all are thus adorned they form a circle, facing out, and the leader within the circle touches someone's back with his wand. The circle in toto wheels about, and watches the unfortunate victim open his envelope and perform his wish in the center of the circle. As all are in the same boat, it behooves each one to be sympathetic. From the performer's action the rest guess the wish. Such wishes as these are good actable ones:

Wish I had a dawg!
Wish I had a cat!
Wish I knew how to make money!
Wish I had red hair!
Wish I had a piece of apple pie!

After this, choose two captains, who in turn "choose sides" till everybody is in line for a relay race in "spooning." Set up as many milk bottles as there are groups, place the head of each group in line, with a spoon in the hand of the first. The game is to fill the syrup water from a receptacle provided with it to the milk bottle, spoon and return, handing the spoon to the next in line. The group filling its bottle first by "spooning" process is proclaimed victorious.

For the next stunt the members in the window literally figure. Say there are six windows and a number of slips, bearing numbers from one to six, is passed around. The persons matching numbers with the window numerals take their stands under their respective numbers. The assembly in each of these groups is bound to be delightfully mixed as costume; for instance, possibly a Bo Peep's lady, a little Dutch Bad Boy, a Quaker lady, a little Dutch maid, a pirate (of hearts) and a clown, boy in hoopskirts, and a clown, boy themselves together.

Each of these window groups is asked to pose itself as a composite Valentine in a pink frame provided at the end of the room on the platform.

The refreshments are very tiny sandwiches (Valentine, of course) and each person receives a wonderful of them—the arrow a feather, the wooden skewer.

The ice cream looks like a romantic lace-trimmed Valentine, a slice of pink ice cream surrounded by lace paper frill, with a little celluloid Cupid pushed down, but in the center of the pinkiness and coldness. The cookies are heart-shaped, and there are motto hearts and candy kisses.

As a grand finale for the evening "Post Office" is announced. Everybody shrieks a little with thoughts of the old-fashioned method of playing it, but it proves to be merely a window where you go to receive a parcel post package which, on being opened, is some sort of joke favor. This could very well be introduced earlier in the evening, so that there would be plenty of times for the joker to furnish their share of the entertainment.

In any case, everybody is warranted to go away happy from Valentine Land.

The Sunday School Lesson

FEBRUARY 10

The Failureat Kadesh, Num. 13: 17 to 14: 45; Deut. 1: 26-40. Golden Text—The Lord is with us: fear them not.—Num. 14: 9

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY.—The first chapter of Deuteronomy contains a brief and extremely interesting account of what took place after the giving of the law at Sinai. There was the appointment of men from all the tribes, "wise men, and understanding, and known," to help bear the burden of government. (Deut. 1: 9-13; compare Exod. 18: 17-26. There followed the departure from Horeb in the second month of the second year of the wilderness period (Num. 10: 11), the long journey "through that great and terrible wilderness," by the way to the hill country of the Amorites," and the arrival at Kadesh-barnea, a distance described by a modern traveler as "the eleven days of camel riding" from Horeb. There they encamped and remained for many days (ch. 11: 46) and it was there that the events described in our lesson took place.

At Kadesh (see map) the Israelite people were on the extreme southern border of Palestine, and they seem to have contemplated invading the country from that direction. Immediately to the north of them lay the wild pasture lands of the region known as the Negeb" or "the South" (Num. 13: 17.) In it the desert gave place to the mountain range which extended northward through the whole of western Palestine to the Lebanons, from which only by the transverse valley of Aijalon feet. The spies sent out from Kadesh found a people tall and strong, the Amorites, whose cities on the northern side of the Negeb were "great and fenced up to heaven."

Num. 14: 1. *All the congregation.* This is the name frequently used by the writer to describe the popular assembly. We may imagine the people gathered in some public place to hear the report of the spies. See ch. 13: 26. The whole story in chs. 13 and 14 should be read. Twelve men, representing the confederated tribes, had been sent out to "see the land, what it is, and the people that dwell therein." They were to report as to the numbers and strength of the people of the land, and what sort of land it was, whether "fat or lean." They said in one passage to have gone over the land as far as "the entering in of Hamath," a mountain pass in the extreme north of Palestine. It is hardly likely that they traversed it all, but by inquiry of people in the outlying parts, they could have learned much about the parts more remote. Returning they brought grapes, pomegranates and figs to show the fertility of the country. But the people that dwell in the land be strong, and the cities are fenced (or walled) and very great." Caleb and Joshua alone showed a more courageous spirit. "We are well able to overcome it," they said, and that was no doubt true had all the men of Israel been like them. It was Caleb who, an old man, forty years later, asked permission of Joshua who was then the leader of Israel's armies, to go up against one of those same walled cities of the south and take it for himself and his family. (See Josh. 14: 6-15.)

V. 2. *Murmured against.* Moses. They were a difficult and stubborn people to govern, and the patience of their leaders must often have been sorely tried. Every unaccustomed privation, or suffering, or obstacle in their way, called forth not high resolve and steadfast purpose, but murmuring. And always they blamed their leaders. Or they found fault with the Lord himself for having brought them into trouble. Better slavery and the flesh-pots of Egypt, than liberty and the trials of the wilderness. See v. 3 and Deut. 1: 25.

Vs. 5-9. *They are bread for us.* So said Caleb and Joshua. They meant "We shall eat them up." *Their defence* or rather, "their shadow," *is departed from them.* That is the overshadowing and thus protecting power of their gods, in which they vainly trusted, is gone. *"And,"* said Caleb and Joshua, *"the Lord is with us."* Compare Deut. 20: 1-4. See also the great assurances of Psalm 46 and Isa. 41: 8-14.

V. 10. The answer of the fear-stricken mob to these brave words was to *"stone them with stones."* Something of that sort is too often, even in our own day, the answer of fear to the exhortations of courage and hope. But, in some mysterious way, out of that conflict of faith and unbelief, of courage and cowardice, when faith and courage appeared to be of no avail there came the manifestation of the glory of God. Those who entered into the "*fat of our land*" (R.V. Ver.) the wilderness sanctuary, saw the vision of that glory. I think that in this narrative some provision, and some understanding of the glory of the cross? As they were stoned and yet glorified, so also was he, their Lord and ours, crucified and yet triumphant.

APPLICATION.

1. *Gipsy country.* When God's way before us is open, no doubt world to discovery, to falter would be sin. The wilderness wandering need not be aimless. When we are guided each day, fearless the ideal of heart's desire, the pilgrim way is a march of progress.

There are some things in life which may be done now or never. Every day opportunities come with every dawn there are other opportunities which are unique and supreme and come but once. A choice which seems trivial may have eternal significance. And only by divine wisdom may we learn to select that opportunity which is momentous and rare. It is easy to be wise after the event, but true greatness of soul is revealed in the ability to do the right thing in an emergency.

2. *The Wrong Use of Fear.* The majority report was essentially a statement of facts on which all were agreed. Yet it was an evil report, false in the impressions it gave because of its false emphasis. There were dangers and obstacles in the way. But the most important element in the situation was disregarded. Every day we see events, traits, social and political conditions with one essential element left out, leaving them distorted and false.

And so the purpose of Caleb was for the moment thwarted by Israel's cowardly appreciation of a serious and dangerous half truth. The worst enemies of Christianity are those who profess to praise its Founder, and Second class Christians, with Socrates.

This is to "damn with faint praise" and there is a tremendous lot of this nowadays, the measuring of society by city slums, of political life by its party leeches and liars, of the church by the form of religion on "what is wrong with the church," and all sorts of perilous evil, of the character of a people by the size and methods of its business, of the progress of the race by the horrors of war.

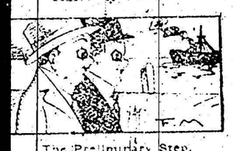
3. *Courage.* It is courage that shifts men out of Carlyle. But it is the vision and daring of faith and of faith that "sees life steadily and sees it whole." Moses and Joshua and Caleb faced all the facts, believed that God was mightier than all the powers of evil, and wished to enter Palestine immediately. Canada is a goodly Canaan. "If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us." But its wealth to-day is in strong hands. Poverty, vice, political patronage, trade restrictions, military agitation, gambling, land, trading in liquor and drugs are among the giants of our heritage. The church is able, if she is willing, to go up and possess the land. The Lord our God hath set this land before us.

The Laugh Escaped.

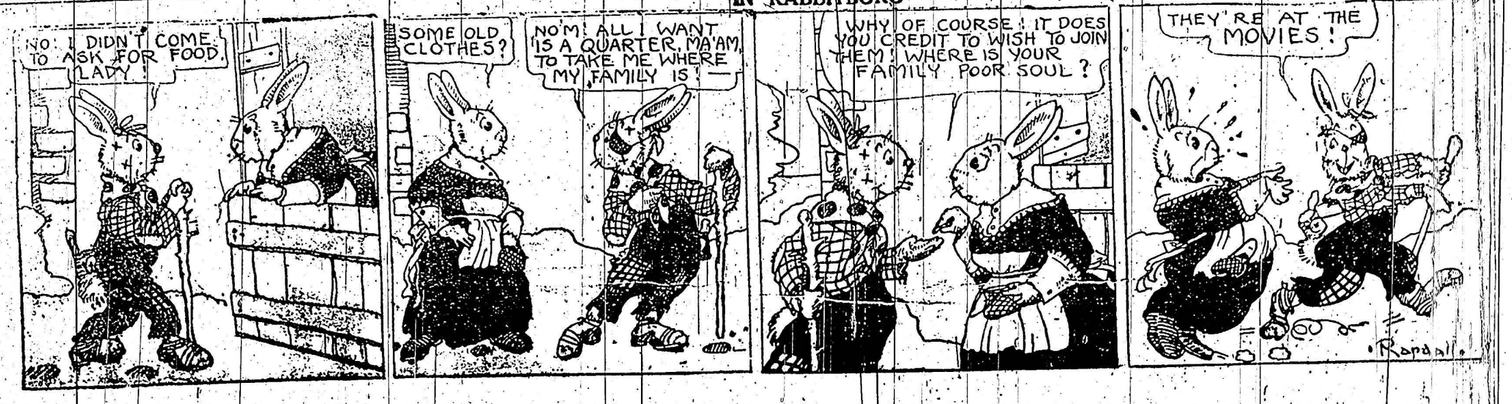
"Johnny, stop that noise! Didn't I tell you, if you must laugh, always to laugh up your sleeve?"

"Please, mam, I did, but my coat's out at the elbow."

The coal-oil light's a-burning bright
(It will, sometimes, when it feels right);
Pa sits there reading, slick as slin,
The latest poultry bulletin;
Then, half to ma, and half to me,
Pa up and speaks: "I see," says he,
"As how correct illumination
Will make hens lay like all creation.
Guess I'll have the hen-house wired."
Ma stops and peers and sews away,
Does ma, and then I hear her say:
"I wish I was a blamed old hen:
Maybe they'd wire the homestead then!"



The Preliminary Step.

"Say, Brown, is fitting himself for an American statesman?"
"Yes; he's just left for a year in Europe."

Babies eighteen inches long at birth grow up to be adults of medium height, while one twenty-two inches long will be taller than the average man, it is eighteen years of age.