

YOUNG FOOL'S CORNER.**THE FARMER'S COLUMN.****BOYS WANTED.**

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to come with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Now the peak and shining bright,
That all troublous nought I
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do what you have to do,
With a true and stony heart;
Send your names to the task;
Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
There's no diff'rence in that;
Do it with an honest will.

SECRET.

Dark stables are an abomination, and
should not be tolerated. There is no
necessity to sacrifice comfort, either in
winter or summer, to secure enough
light. A horse's eyes are enlarged—the
pupil of the eye is—by being kept
in a dark stable; he has a harness put
on him, and suddenly brought out into
the bright glaring sunlight, which
contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause
extreme pain. By persevering in this
very foolish and injudicious as well as
cruel practice, the nerves of the eye become
impaired, and if continued long enough,
loss of sight will ensue. To
see how very painful it is to face a
bright light after having been in the
dark, Take a walk some night for a
short time, till the eye becomes accus-
tomed to the darkness, then drop
suddenly into some well-lighted room,
and you will be scarcely able to see for
a few moments in the sudden light.
You know how painful it is to yourself,
then why have your horses repeatedly
to bear such unnecessary pain? A
dark stable is invariably a damp one,
and such stables we are not yet willing
to put either a valuable working or
driving horse in... Give good ventilation,
let the sun shine and the air have
a chance to effect an entrance, and your
stables will be pure and more healthy
than if you take pains to exclude them
and the good influence they inevitably
bring with them.

This was said in a tone of mingled impa-
tience and regret, says the speaker, a fat
boy, who had just come from his mother. I might have
known she shouldn't get the place, for all it
seemed as though I was sure of it. I'm the
most unlucky boy in the world, and I al-
ways weariness can remember. There's
Omond Gray got the place, just as he does
everywhere. He isn't any better scholar
than I am; but he always
gets the best marks.

"If Mr. Benie had taken Omond Gray
into the counting-room instead of you, we
had a reason for it. If you fail us, then, as
you complain you do there is a reason
for it," responded Mrs. Crowley.

"That's the way you always talk, mother.
It seems as though you blame me for every-
thing that happens."

"No, mother, Uncle Jack says we're
going to an unlucky family. He says he
ways had bad luck, and I suppose I must
expect to have it too."

"Your uncle has made his own luck, my
son. He has been his own enemy. He is
kind hearted and generous; but he is apt to
think of his sorrow what ought to be joyous;
he always thinks about a small deficit
for honor and tobacco, and that is the secret
of his bad luck."

"So I'm a bad boy, and Uncle Jack
has lost his bet," exclaimed Ned Crowley.

"I do love him. But I know his faults."

"Now, brother, Uncle Jack says we're
going to an unlucky family. He says he
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