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Poetry.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, good-bye to summer,
For the leaves are tumbling down;
There's not a green or rubin
In any tree in town.
The hazelnuts are gathered
And stored away to dry;
You cannot find a bee now,
Nor any butterfly.
The mornings all are misty,
The flowers are curled and cold;
The earth looks brown and wrinkled—
I guess it's growing old!

Select Family Reading

Winnifred Canfield's Handicap

By H. Margaret Fulstie

"YOU'LL see there'll be a train in the thicket somewhere! My thickets are always full of trains, and so will yours be if only you take the trouble to look for them."

"Ruth, you are incorrigible. You should have been a lawyer. You've got an argument, ready-made, for any statement. But all your name and your convincing won't alter things as they are," replied Winnifred Canfield, the doubter on the steps, as she swung the hammock back and forth with a thin, white hand.

"Well, the only way I see out of the difficulty, if you can't alter things as they are, is to change your outlook and laugh at them; and then, there's a great deal in conserving one's strength and making every wave of thought that beats upon the beach a thought worth while."

"You sound very philosophical," said Winnifred with a touch of irony in her voice, "but you'll admit it is hard."

The suspicious falter in the voice awakened the genuinely tender sympathy that was always lurking behind the common-sense remarks of the philosopher in the hammock, and tossing the cushions to one side, she sprang up and sat down on the steps beside Winnifred.

"Of course it's hard Win, and nobody knows it better than I do. What do you suppose we banked together for those years at school, if not that I know you and you know me better than most girls do? And that's why I say, conserve strength! Don't use any of it thinking how hard it is."

"But Ruth, it's getting worse instead of better!" came tragically in reply. "I positively limp now, quite often. Why, even Pat noticed it the other day. 'Don't go on your tiptoes like that, Winnie,' he said."

"Yes, Win, I really, truly do know something about it, though you might not think so. Don't forget the two years on the shelf I had after coming home from school; and it was mental hercule, and cruel, and not very comforting, but I don't believe you've got enough to do. I never got well till I conserved strength and made every stroke count."

"There are so few things a girl can do at home that count. Of course, I needn't be idle, mother could tell you that; and Pat himself might take up a good part of my day if I would devote it to him. But it seems heathen that Helen, three whole years younger than I, should have finished her schooling and got that position in the bank in L—, while I exist in this dull little corner of the earth, a dead-and-alive-ill, of not much use to anyone. She says and does enough in one week to highly color my drab existence for the months."

"There, now don't! With quick and beauty as you have here, substance, even with meager physical strength, should not be without color," and the city bred girl took a wide, surveying glance of the cool depths of the old orchard, with its lowhanging canopies on one side, and the sloping lawn, coming in terraces on the other, and wondered how anyone could be anything but happy in the midst of it all.

"Win, I've got an idea," she broke out at last. Ruth always got ideas when she sat for a few moments with blue eyes buried in the orchard's depths. "Why not begin a systematic course of studying shorthand and typewriting? I know your father would be only too willing to provide you with the wherewithal, and then you would be a satisfaction in looking to try at the same work that Helen is engaged in. Go at it seriously and work as your strength permits until you are proficient in it, even if you never get the chance to use it. It's satisfying to know that you can do one thing well. Don't stop till you're champion of America—put the peg high at first, or you'll be sure to be satisfied with a low level."

Long after Ruth had gone into the house, Winnifred sat in the deepening dusk behind the sleeping morning glory vines, and pondered deeply on the resolution she was about to make. Two years ago she had returned from boarding school, her education making at the same time as her younger sister's. It had always seemed as one even struggle for her, and at no time in their school days together had she been able to keep pace with her hum-minded, able-bodied, younger sister. Her lack of strength, unusual in a girl of her age, was a handicap to her—at least, that was how she thought of it.

Dwelling upon the thought of the handicap that hindered her in going with the speed of her sister, discouraged her. The result was that she invariably fell behind in the finish. And when school days were over and the two girls returned home, it was Helen who, three months after, received the tempting offer of a position with the vice-president of the National Bank in the city of L—. He had been a life-long friend of Mr. Canfield's and an unexpected visit of a few hours to their home shortly after the girls' return had opened his eyes to the delightful and energy of the younger girl, and of the possibility of a brilliant future for her in just such work as he knew he could provide.

And when Helen finally left to take up her work in the bustling heart of her native town, Winnifred felt that she had been finally and dismissed—that the moment contrast was over at last, and she could struggle and strive no longer.

But Ruth's words had awakened the spark of ambition that had been lying dormant so long, and a great wonder was taking possession of her. She would begin the systematic work and study that Ruth had suggested, and when it was valuable knowledge, convinced that she could succeed, even though she might be distanced at times from being considered applicants. And even though she might never realize any actual use of the knowledge she would gain, it would be delight and satisfaction enough for her to know she was doing work that would occupy hands and brain.

"I've been discouraged by being handicapped long enough," she reflected half aloud. The elements of strength within her rose with doubled force at the sound of her own voice. "I may be a weakling, but I'm not going to think weak things any more. I may do things, but that doesn't make my brain think crooked thoughts. I've been blind as well as lame, but my eyes are opened now, and hand, new thought shall keep them open. And perhaps—" there was a thrill of joyousness in her voice—"I may find this idea of Ruth's is stepping-stone to big things."

As now the month's since Ruth's remarkable philosophy had set Winnifred's feet on the high road to work and power. It had been six months of concentration and effort. There had been many discouragements and failures to begin with, and for days at a time Winnifred would hunch the hat-and-bonnet-laden form her valued, and smoothing the tangled, gnarled hands with its pages of substitute words to the highest literary shelf. But the desire to discover for herself some of the secrets that lay within the shorthand covers, would drive her to the library shelf to begin the struggle again, more determined than before.

All the fine-sounding words and useless word combinations, were brought into direct communication with the family log her pages of type-written letters; and would brother Pat second innumerable question, he would be called to his elementary accomplishments, by wondering should we find on his little tongue could lay. But Pat's absence, but father and mother Canfield's literary affiliations were loaded to the utmost to keep up with Winnifred's rapidly growing speed.

It was at this time that the country awoke one day to find itself in the throes of a general national election. Places sent to most well from north to south, each party in every state was represented to well mounted with, in the open and from behind closed doors; through legislation and the lobby; through the press and through the platform.

The district in which the Canfields lived had become the centre of a keen struggle. The power of sentiment made itself felt, and the people rallied around the leaders of their choice. Powerful statesmen began a triumphal campaign from one district to another. The cable flashed news, and the whole country was alive with the tenseness that comes before the final finish of a great battle.

Senator S—, the forceful, fearless, high-minded leader of his party's policy in one of the leading states of the Union, was directing affairs in the district where the Canfields lived. Mr. Canfield took an active part in all things pertaining to his country's interests, and as the hour of the crisis drew near, he spent a part of his time in close attendance at the rallying places.

On the night of the last meeting in the district, when Senator S— was to make his final appeal to public opinion, when he was to place before his fellow citizens the outlines of an administration that it was believed would bring wonderful results, Winnifred insisted to be allowed to accompany her father to the meeting.

"Just for fun, Dad, to hear the last final blast of trumpets before the end."

"Come along then, girlie," yielded Mr. Canfield. "I don't see why young women shouldn't take an active interest in the nation's big affairs."

"And unlikely women more about the combinations and what's been going on during the last few weeks than Winnifred," said Mrs. Canfield looking up from her sewing with a smile.

"It's all due to my interest in the shorthand," laughed Winnifred merrily. "I happen by getting Pat to read the speeches to me for my shorthand, and I become so interested that I could not stop. Like Oliver Twist I wanted more."

"Well, you'll get it to-night, Winnie," confidently the Canfield heartily. "Senator S— will be at his best and will mine every advantage, now that the end is near."

And the great statesman did not disappoint the most sanguine of his supporters. With marvellous oratorical force, and an energy that seemed incapable of weariness, he swayed the throng before him with the strength and earnestness of his convictions.

He was at the height of his eloquent discourse when his secretary at the table beside him was seen to rise and attempt to passage from the platform. Strong men beckoned to his assistance and he was unmoved, as on auto-pens whose mechanisms were administered. The long session of stirring and exhaustive speech had not lessened his strength and at the critical moment his focus had fulfilled.

The Senator, after a few moments' delay and quietly inquiry as to his secretary's condition, had returned to the platform.

"I cannot continue without my helper," he announced. "What I am speaking here, is to be flashed to headquarters for to-morrow's use. Is there any one quick with stenographic pencil who will come to my aid?"

There was a pause during which the statesman cast a critical, expectant glance over the sea of faces uplifted to his own. But not a movement ruffled the mass of humanity. The silence became intense—the speaker's look changed from entreaty to despair.

And then a soft rustle of excitement pervaded the precinct of the hall where Winnifred and her father sat. Every word that the speaker had uttered thus far she had taken down on her own small pad of paper. A thought that seemed to make her heart stand still, was suddenly forced through her brain. She leaned toward her father:

"Father, I can help him."

"All right," answered her father.

Winnifred rose steadily to her feet, and with her slightly limping gait made her way with difficulty through the silenced crowd, up to the platform. The crowd sat back, their relief at the response to the speaker's request, quite lost in the amazement at the slight, girlish figure who was making her way to the platform.

With a composure born of the responsibility that she felt resting upon her, Winnifred took her seat in the chair lately occupied by the secretary. Only a few words aside of hurried explanation, and the speaker was again facing the audience, calm and burning with the message he had to bring them.

When the great oration was at an end and the crowd had surged silently out, confident when the supreme test came, their leader would not be found wanting, a number of prominent supporters gathered upon the platform. The late speaker, however, had eyes for no one but the girl with the firm, resourceful face, who still sat composedly at the table, and under whose quivering fingers fluttered the words he had spoken, that to-morrow would greet the eyes of his staunch supporters in every part of the Union.

Winnifred wondered in after days how she lived through the minutes following the close of the speech. Had it not been for the support from her father's rough serge sleeve, she never never could have conducted herself steadily enough to clearly comprehend the words of the one who was declaring himself forever indebted to her for her action at a critical moment. "Never have I seen work of this nature put through more expeditiously—and I want to see your daughter further, Mr. Canfield. I have still a mountain of work to attack to-night; can she continue with me?"

The father shook his head. "She is not strong," he said.

"But father," pleaded the girl, "I will rest a little—then I can go on. I want to keep true to the end."

She had her way, after a short rest, and then, long after they returned home, Winnifred sat with pencil and paper, on one side of the green-shaded droplight over the library table and on the other side sat the Senator, dictating clearly and rapidly, letters of import in the national struggle that was to ensue in a few days' time. And when the signature had been scrawlingly affixed to the last letter, and the address had been ticked off on the last official-looking envelope, the Senator turned to his co-worker:

"Miss Canfield," he emphasized feelingly, "you have made yourself indispensable to me to-night. There is a finish and accuracy of detail in your work that I have never before found. And besides, you possess such intelligence as to the subject in hand. You amaze me! Slight, and with little physical strength, you tower head and shoulder above any helper I have on hand. How do you do it?"

"By conserving strength," answered Winnifred.

"I should like much to be able to count you among my very efficient staff of helpers, Miss Winnifred," said the Senator. "I can safely assure you that you will never have your strength overtaxed. You shall choose your own methods as to accomplishment."

Winnifred felt that her joy was not complete—in the days that followed, so full of eager excitement and preparation for her departure for the great work in the senator's office—till she had snatched a pen to write Ruth.

After a detailed explanation of the wonderful happenings of the previous days, she finished:

"You see, Ruth, you're the one to whom all the honor is due. I did nothing but carry out your plans for me, and in the carrying out I even forgot that imp of a 'handicap' lack of strength to do as others do. I simply set out making the best of things. I'm going out—handicap and all—to do my share in the world, and to spread around something of the joys that come from work well done."

WHY MILK SOURS

The souring of milk is almost entirely due to the action of bacteria. These bacteria reach their greatest activity when the temperature is high, and therefore, as soon as possible after milking the milk should be cooled in running water tanks, and kept cool by a constant stream of running water. Sometimes, however, souring is caused by dirt accumulated in the pail while milking.

It is generally believed that the souring of milk is hastened by thunder storms. Experiments have shown that the electricity in itself does not have any effect on the milk; the reason is the high temperature of the atmosphere immediately preceding the thunder storm, which creates more favorable conditions for the rapid multiplication of germs in the milk.

A careful dairyman will waste no more time than necessary in putting the milk in a cool place, and the cooler the better. That is the way to keep the milk sweet longest.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

For the first in over six years our readers will have to do without the department of "Twenty Years Ago" Items, as the issue for November 16th, 1893, does not appear in our volume of files.—[ED.

OLD TOM

John Porter mounted the veranda steps with an apprehensive heart. Yet he reassured himself. "Women are such silly sentimentalists in such matters—always letting their sympathies run away with them.

"Better brace up and tell her—the sooner the better."

Mrs. Porter looked upon him in her letters which the postman had just left her. Her pleasant attitude made his task the harder. But feeling that the dreadful ordeal would give ease to his troubled conscience he sat down and began:

"Now, Doris, you mustn't take on over what I'm about to say. But I may as well out with it first as last. I've sold Old Tom. I hadn't expected to sell the old fellow; I'm sorry already, but I had a chance to get fifteen dollars for him, and if he couldn't have got rid of that cough and rheumatics, even a jockey soon wouldn't have bought him for three."

Porter expected a protest of words but there was complete silence. The accusing sentence of a court of justice could not have given him a keener torture.

At last in a strange tone his wife inquired:

"Who bought old Tom?"

"Tony Manzi."

"That huckster that was around yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Has the man gone?"

"Yes, he started with him for the city at three o'clock this morning."

Then Mrs. Porter "spoke."

"John, I'm going to say something I've never thought, felt, or said before. I'm ashamed of you! You've often made a protest at cruelty in the community, but what have you done but a thoughtless and cruel deed? Tom gave us twenty years' work for nothing but his board. He's hardly ever had a whole week-day of rest. It's been Tom here and Tom there, always put to do the extra jobs, and trips to town often when he was tired out. And now, just because he was getting old and lame and had a cough, you've sold him to a life of misery and neglect. I thought you despised a traitor. But what else have you been to Old Tom? I wish that I could at least have said good-bye to him and told him how faithful he has been!"

Porter knew that he had the wrong side of the argument, yet he made a spirited defence, saying that farmers were a practical sort and couldn't let "chicken heartedness" stand in the way of business.

Seeing his words of no effect a happy thought struck him.

He took out his pocket-book and tossed three five-dollar bills into his wife's lap.

"I heard you talking about a new dress the other—"

But she did not wait for him to finish.

"Do you think that I could wear a dress bought with the price of Old Tom? I'd rather wear a three-cent calico!"

Little more was said, but each day at the time Porter had been used to prepare Old Tom's bran mash he had a strange sense of remorse and longing for the faithful old creature, and a feeling of loneliness came over him as he passed the empty stall.

* * *

Over a year later, Porter on a business trip, was driving his "machine" through a beautiful section of country several hundred miles from home.

He heard angry shouts and saw a short distance ahead a heavily loaded wagon and fallen horse.

Something was wrong, and he stopped his auto.

The wagon was twice too heavily loaded for the old horse that evidently had passed from one master to another and had at last become the victim of the jockey and been sold to an ignorant, coarse peddler.

The man had been whipping the horse, but finding that of no use was securing a fence-rail to further beat the old creature.

"Put that club down!" commanded Porter. "What's the trouble?"

The peddler obeyed, pointing angrily to the horse and wagon.

"He—notta no good! I pay t'ree dollar! Man cheat. Horse notta no good! I kill him!"

Porter freed the horse from the miserable, ill-fitting harness. A faint neigh of recognition greeted him. It was Old Tom!

* * *

"It's the first time that John ever forgot," thought Mrs. Porter with a wistful smile as the day passed on to afternoon and no reference was made to her birthday. The pleasing little 'surprise' gift that always marked the day was lacking.

She heard voices at the side veranda and going out, was greeted by a sight that filled her eyes with joyful tears. Her birthday gift had not been forgotten! Old Tom's familiar face greeted her—just a shadow of his former self, silent as to the harrowing experiences of the past year, but neighing for joy at the sound of her familiar voice.

"Old fellow, your vacation has just begun," said Porter, "but I fear it's come pretty late. You'll be a star-boarder as long as you care to stay. I've learned my lesson."

Old Tom was a "star-boarder" for two months. Then one dreamy autumn morning he was found "asleep" under the whispering chestnut tree where in his busy life he had seldom had a restful hour in its peaceful shadows.—By Alice Jean Cleator.

The only sin that wounds us is the sin we welcome.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE

I came to the door of the school house,
Where once, I, a scholar had been,
The master sat silently reading,
The children were out on the green.

I saw where I sat in my childhood,
The prints of my knife on the desk,
The black-board so quaint and old-fashioned—
Where oft I had written my task.

Above it my name had been printed,
The letters were visible still,
While she who thus thoughtlessly traced them
Is dust, in her grave on the hill.

The beeches so tall and so stately,
That lengthened their shade on the floor,
Half-covered with moss and worm-eaten,
Still stand by the old, oaken door.

But those who have swung from their branches
And danced with delight at their feet—
The friends that I knew in my school-days,
Oh! when—and oh! where shall we meet?

Not here in this valley of shadow,
But there in God's beautiful land,
May we who were scholars together,
Reach forward the welcoming hand.

I turned from the school-house in sadness
And silently wended my way,
Across the old paths of the playground
Where children were busy at play.

I heard the low murmur of voices,
The ripple of laughing between,
The snatches of song, but the echo,
Of those I once sang on the green.

I saw not the forms of the players,
My eyes were o'erflowing with tears,
To think of the scenes that had vanished,
The joys of my earlier years.

—Helen A. Rains.

WEALTH CONCENTRATION.

A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined in one mass and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.—J. G. Calhoun.

DO YOU HAVE TO BE WATCHED?

Do you have to be watched? The sum that is paid out every year for supervision is enormous. A part of this sum, of course, is for instruction but the major portion is expended merely to see that the employee is kept busy. That he does not loaf or shirk every time the back of his employer is turned.

You would resent it very much if you were told that you were not honest. You would, perhaps, indignantly point out the number of times you had had a chance to take something that did not belong to you, when no one would have been the wiser.

But honesty does not just merely consist of not taking your employer's money. The man who slights his work just because the boss happens to be looking somewhere else is just as much a thief as the one who puts his hand into the cash drawer and steals.

Time is money and for the sum you find in your pay envelope Saturday night, you give your time. You may be underpaid, but that is a measure, is your own fault. In any case it is no excuse for you to steal your employer's time. It may be that one of the reasons that you are not receiving more pay, is because your employer has to pay what rightly should be yours to some one he has to see that you keep busy.

Give your employer more than he pays you and he will pay you more.

Don't sit around and wait for him to find out that you have finished a piece of work. Tell him about it and ask what else to do.

Don't watch the clock; quitting time will come much quicker and you will have accomplished much more if you keep your mind and eyes on your work instead.

When you find anything that ought to be done, don't wait to be told to do it. It may be something that you were not just exactly hired to do but it's one of the ways to make a hit with the boss.

Be just as conscientious about your work while in school as you intend to be when you are looking forward to a pay envelope when you take your place in the world of workers.

It sometimes happens that a careless or idle boy turns over a new leaf and becomes an industrious and trustworthy man but the old saying that "The boy is father of the man" is more often proven. Habits of industry formed in youth are not easily broken and if you form the habit of doing your work without having someone continually standing over you to urge you on, your employer will never have to give a part of your pay to some one else just to watch you.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.