

SUMMER SMILES.

Dialogue between two beggars—"Are you blind by nature?" "No, only by profession."

Look not on the wine when it's red," remarked old man Ginnose. And he didn't; he shut his eyes.

One girl chooses a husband while another girl chews gum. And the latter girl may be the happier of the two.

"Do you know Brown—a dried-up old man?" "Yes, I know Brown, but the description doesn't fit. He talks incessantly and never dries up."

"I'm going into politics," said the dentist. "Going to get at the root of it?" "No, I'm going to take the stump." "Gum off; that's tooth in."

Parson—"Why, Bachmeier, you have been married thirty years, and do you wish to separate now?" Bachmeier—"Yes. Isn't that long enough?"

It is a historical fact that "It's a cold day when I get left," was the remark made to the outside crowd by Noah when he hauled in the gangplank of the Ark.

The bustle has departed. "Tis well," you say. But, whist; Its spirit still will haunt us In the awful Payche twist.

Tommy Shortcosh (reading)—"Say, pa, what does the Latin word 'ex' mean?" Professor Shortcosh—"Out of, I believe, my son." Tommy—"Well, you're always exchange, then, ain't you?"

The devil gets the bulge on the clergy in the Summer time, and no wonder. He's used to hot weather and doesn't mind it a bit, but the ministers have to go off to the mountains or seek the seashore to cool off.

If one person could have a monopoly of lying he might make his fortune in no time; but, unfortunately, there are so many in the business that the profits are ridiculously small, considering the amount that has to be invested.

A Sunday-school teacher was explaining the parable of the ten virgins to her class, who were mostly boys. When she had finished she asked: "Now, why were five of them foolish?" "Because they didn't get married," said one of the boys.

The tippler who wished that he was a giraffe, because he would then have a neck so long that the pleasure of drinking would necessarily be lengthened, should be satisfied to let well enough alone. He might have been a camel, that is often compelled to go a week without a drink.

It is much the same in politics as in religion. We first make up our minds in which direction we will go and then spend our lives in the endeavor to convince ourselves that we have chosen the right path. And we refuse to admit any but expert evidence; anything that tells against us is ruled out as irrelevant or unworthy of belief.

To his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now—"Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last term." "Indeed! Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth! you little lazy bones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it will be nearer the stove this Winter."

Mary—"Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?" Jennie—"Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?" Mary—"Oh, my young man, he's a street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk." Jennie—"What does he say?" Mary—"Sit closer, please!"

Lady, angrily, to tramp at back door—"You can't get anything to eat here. Tramp, politely—I beg your pardon, madame. I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor; but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations."

Pullman porter—"You will please give me your ticket before retiring, sir. Farmer Oatcake (returning from New York; his first trip on a sleeper)—Give me my ticket afore retirin', eh? Not much, sir! I've heard enough about you fellows. Here, you can have what money I have left, but I'm hanged if I'll give up my only means of gettin' home!"

Tailor—"To tell the truth Mr. Spriggle, this piece will hardly be suitable for a bathing costume, for it is sure to shrink after getting wet." Spriggle—"Oh, I never go near the navy, horrid watah, deah boy. Just sit wound on the sand and entertain the deah ladies, don't ye know. Just give something stwong and something that the san doesn't fade."

A minister was questioning his Sunday school about the story of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" Then the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

According to an English authority the language of the parol is: Indifference handle resting on the shoulder; "I dare every danger for you," high above the head; "I would lean on your arm," dropping it to the right; "I brave everything for you," shut; "I love you," carried in the arms; "I could beat you," held by the point; "I despise you," held like a cane; "I hate you," beating the toes.

"Ethel," said a Hamilton mother to her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "Oh, nothing; only I heard him say at the door as he said good-bye 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother had promised me." Ethel said nothing.

Quick Work.

The London correspondent of the New York "World" says:—An Oxford street umbrella manufacturer proved quite equal to an emergency imposed upon him by a Boston lady last week. She went into his shop an hour before her train left for Liverpool and asked for an umbrella similar to one a friend of hers had purchased, giving the name.

"I have not one in stock," said the dealer, "but I'll make you one in half an hour." The lady selected her silk from the roll and sat down to wait. In twenty-five minutes by the clock she went out of the shop with a finished article. Can New York discount that?

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.

Lieutenant Von Francois, the African explorer, has recently described a strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live for many miles along the Upper Congo. Brass rods, which are the favorite currency in the country, are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Says the explorer:—

Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around her neck, for after a time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience; they never get used to it, and it is a perpetual tax upon their energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders of the heavy burden. It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give them discomfort.

A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been known to occur.

Yet these women regard the cumbersome ornament with pride, imagine that it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear the burden with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and by putting it around their wives' necks the men are pretty certain that it won't be stolen or foolishly expended. But it is an odd and cruel sort of a savings bank.

WHY MRS. CLEVELAND IS POPULAR.

Why do people like Mrs. Cleveland? Well, one reason is that she typifies thousands of American girls whom every gallant and high-minded man in the country has met. One characteristic of that type of American womanhood is what may be termed a most charming democratic simplicity. On this score a writer in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* says:—"Brave and beautiful Mrs. Cleveland is a level-headed little woman, with ideas of her own, and the courage to carry them out, regardless of the frowns or sneers of what is called 'society' at Washington. She is democratic in her ways, does not believe in any aristocracy save that of merit, and has a profound contempt for distinctions which have any other basis. An illustration of this is the way she has stood by one of her schoolmates,—a lovely young woman who makes her living as a music teacher. 'Society' stood aghast at this revelation, and was almost beside itself when the young lady actually accepted an engagement as musical instructor in one of the seminaries at Washington, under its very nose. 'Society' proceeded to snub the young lady. But Mrs. Cleveland went right along inviting this horrid music teacher to the White House teas and entertainments, took her driving and to the theatre, and showed her as much consideration as if she had been a duchess or a Vanderbilt. Of course, Mrs. Cleveland did not 'patronize' her, or make an ostentatious display of her. She simply treated her as she did all her friends, emphasizing her attentions only enough to make the rebuke. . . . At last accounts this precious crowd of snobs and parvenus was trying to devise some means of punishing Mrs. Cleveland for introducing 'common people' into its charmed circle. Mrs. Cleveland will hold her own, depend upon it."

WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS DETAINED.

"Seen anything of my husband?" demanded a Sioux Falls woman one day this week of an officer in front of the post-office.

"No, ma'am; has he disappeared mysteriously?"

"Naw! he came down town the same as usual this morning, but dinner has been ready an hour, and it's all getting cold and he isn't back yet."

"You have been to his office, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I haven't. I've no time to fool away looking for him there. Say, is there a sick horse at any of the livery stables?"

"Not that I know of."

"Been any dog fights around lately?"

"Haven't heard of any."

"Any 10 cent show or target gun in town?"

"All gone, madame."

"Any man in a wagon selling brass jewellery?"

"Guess not."

"No fire anywhere in town?"

"No."

"No pools being sold anywhere on some horse race, or trial going on in Justice Court?"

"Not any."

"No man selling medicine on the street, no circus bills just pasted up anywhere, no woman walking a tight rope?"

"No, not one."

"Well, that's peculiar. I can't see where John can be."

"There's a couple of Frenchmen with a tame cinnamon bear down on Phillips avenue, madam."

"That's it, that's it—I didn't think to ask about tame bears! While the potatoes are getting as cold as a stone he is down there making up a purse of 75 cents to see the bear climb a telegraph pole! I'll go down—you watch and see if he isn't up to the house inside of ten minutes!"

Children in fashionable life are no longer taught to use "sir" and "madam" or "ma'am," in speaking to parents and relations. "Yes, papa," "No, auntie," etc., take their place.

Dresses of thin material are often made with a group of narrow tucks on the hips between the drapery, and these tucks reappear in the middle of the sleeve and produce a puff on the shoulders and above the wrist.

The wife of Captain John Scott, of Findlay, Ohio, claims the figure 9 as the guiding numeral of her life. She was born December 29, 1819. On August 19, 1839, she married Captain Scott, 29 years old. She is the mother of nine children and on the 19th instant celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of her marriage in the 69th year of her age and the 79th of her husband's. Mrs. Scott firmly believes she will live to benedict nine years old.

A TURTLE AND A BEAR.

The Queer Fight Seen Off the South Florida Coast.

A correspondent to the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," writing from Charlotte Harbor, South Florida, gives an account of an unusual contest that was witnessed by two members of a fishing schooner's crew. The schooner Mabel F., Captain Zeke Dickerson, came in Saturday with a load of huge loggerhead turtles and fish, writes the correspondent. The turtles were monsters, several of them measuring over 9 feet from end to end, over the shell, and 5 to seven across. Such ones will weigh from 700 to 1,000 pounds each, and it is no child's play to capture them.

The sailors told many yarns of their exciting experiences in securing the big turtles, and say that some of them fought vigorously before they could be overturned. The mate, Jim Wheelan, and a sailor named Dan Bryan had the unusual luck of witnessing a fight between a big black bear and a monster turtle. It occurred at Key Mina. The schooner was at anchor on the inside shore, while the men went across the island, half a mile or so, and secured turtles on the gulf shore. The second night these two, by some chance, wandered down to the end of the island. While going along cautiously they heard a confused sound some way ahead, as if some kind of a fight was going on. A deal of thrashing about was audible and a sort of roar or grunt that sounded like a bear was heard.

Pushing forward they soon reunited a sharp turn that the beach made and the cause of the rumpus was before them. At first they could not tell what it was, but saw that two big forms were struggling together and fighting furiously. From the grunts they knew that a bear was one of the combatants.

Cautiously and silently they came up nearer and, to their great surprise, they perceived that the fight was between a huge loggerhead turtle and a big, shaggy black bear. From their positions it would seem that the bear had sprung on the turtle as it was retreating toward the water and had tried to overturn it. In some way it had stepped in front of the turtle, and the latter thrusting his head out had quietly seized one of the bear's hind legs and held on. At this the bear roared loudly and pawed furiously at the turtle's back, trying to force him over on his back. This the turtle resisted with all his strength and weight, settling down close to the ground whenever the bear made an extra effort, and then, as the latter relaxed his efforts, the turtle would suddenly start up and endeavor to get near the water, keeping his firm hold of the bear's leg all the while. This move would arouse the bear's ire again, and the fierce contest would be renewed with increased fury.

The bear's disengaged hind leg plowed the sand deeply as he endeavored to stop the turtle's progress waterward, while his fore paws clawed the loggerhead madly, vainly trying to find some vulnerable spot, for, judging by his angry growling and the desperate efforts he made to release his leg from the reptile's grip, the turtle was holding on for keeps. By a sudden push and a powerful muscular effort of his head and paws, the bear managed to get the turtle half-set, one side being raised a foot or so. Pursuing his advantage, he seized one of the turtle's big flippers in his jaws, and the snap that followed showed that bruin felt that things were evening up. The old loggerhead plainly didn't like the change of tactics, for his free flippers moved like the fan of a thrashing machine. Its big body plunged from side to side, while it scattered the sand in showers all around, as it tried to throw off its big antagonist. The bear was dragged around considerably by the turtle's movements, and the pain in his imprisoned leg evidently put him in a very bad humor. He kept chewing the turtle's flipper and endeavoring to get the latter overthrown. The old turtle worked around and finally got in a stroke with its sharp claw that badly ripped the bear's under side. This infuriated bruin so much that he let go his grip on his antagonist's flipper, and, reaching his head down, tried to reach and free his hind leg. But he made a bad mistake, and the fighting mad loggerhead quickly improved his opportunity. As bruin's nose came within reach he let go the leg, and, quick as flash, fastened his iron grip on the bear's jaw. The boys say that then ensued a circus. The bear was thoroughly taken by surprise, and he roared lustily with pain and rage. The turtle pushed on and dragged his unwilling captive along. The latter saw his danger and felt it, too, for they were so near the water's edge that the waves splashed over them. The combat continued at this point for several seconds: it was plainly to be seen that both were pretty well tuckered out, and either would have been willing to cry quits. But neither dared let go. The loggerhead dragged him along, and finally had him in water knee deep. Here he had things more his own way. The waves coming in dashed the bear about so that he maintained his footing with difficulty. He frantically danced about endeavoring to get free, and using his terrible claws all he could, but the turtle's coat of mail proved impenetrable. Bruin's strength now began to fail, and his big foe took advantage of every relaxation of his efforts to escape. Slowly the turtle worked his way out into deeper water, his flippers helping him wonderfully in his native element. A shelving rock or side was soon gained, and there the last struggle took place. The turtle, half covered with water, was raised time and again a foot or so by the frantic struggles of the partially drowned bear, whose head was kept under the water longer and longer each time. It was plainly to be seen now that the bear was doomed. After a few minutes longer of the struggle, as the bear rested a moment the turtle plunged off into deep water, dragging his prey under. As the bear went down his hind legs kicked convulsively, but in a very feeble way. The watchers of this ferocious encounter waited for an hour or so to see if the body of the bear would be released, but nothing came up. The next day, however, the fragments of the beast washed ashore, mutilated and cut all to pieces.

Editor Dana, of the *Sun*, thinks that young people should never kiss until after they are married. We wish Mr. Dana would tell us what to do when you softly and tremblingly ask: "Will you be mine?" and she still more softly and tremblingly whispers "Yes!" It is our humble and inalienable opinion that if God ever made a kiss for anything in the world, he made it for that supreme moment. We have spoken.

Breaking a Wild Colt.

"Bush-Life in Queensland" gives an interesting account of horse-breaking in that colony. The horses to be broken are each in turn driven through various yards, until they come to what is termed the "crush lane." This is a lane wide enough to permit only a single horse to make his way up it. The fences are made of the strongest timber, and are very high. Up this lane a handsome black colt was urged, despite his attempts to the contrary, until he came to the end. Two or three rails were then fastened behind him, to prevent his making his way backwards out of his close prison. The fences touched his sides. In front of him the end of the lane barred his progress. Wildly the terrified animal reared and plunged in the confined space when he saw beside him, for the first time, a human being. The beautiful eye dilated, and the colt shook with fear, while every unexpected motion on the part of the trainer produced a plunge and kick.

With rapid and practised hands, Jack and Charley threw the surcingle round the now sweat-dripping body, and hooked up the end of it under the belly by means of a bent wire. Standing high on the fence, holding the long, sweeping tail, tangled in a huge bush-knot, in one hand, Jack put the crupper round the butt, and buckled it with the other. A strongly plaited greenhide halter was now slipped over the head, after which the headstall, with the large breaking-in bit, followed. Side reins were attached to the surcingle, and loosely buckled to the side of the crush fence, was thrown open, and the now tacked colt allowed to escape into an adjoining yard.

This it signaled by putting his head down to the ground, in close proximity to its forefeet, and in making, with humped back, a series of active, vicious jumps or springs, varied occasionally by a lash-out of its hind legs, winding up by galloping round the yard, and kicking at the halter, which trailed alongside it.

The horse-breaker, Jack, now let himself quietly through the gate, and stood in the middle of the yard, causing the young horse to fly round faster than ever. This Jack permitted it to do, until want of breath compelled it to move at a slower pace. Its hind-feet, treading frequently upon the trailing halter, and consequently jerking the head back sharply as often as it did so, also contributed greatly to this result.

Jack now lifted the halter, and pulled sharply on it, causing the colt, whose nose was now rather tender, to stop, on which, getting in front of it, he made it go round the opposite way. This he continued doing for about half an hour, by which time the colt had become so far accustomed to control as to turn and move in the other direction upon seeing his master's upturned hand, and hearing his tone of command.

The breaker now caused the colt to move in either direction, touching him with the whip in an irritating manner whenever the animal presented any portion of the body but the head to him.

The colt soon learned that upon facing his enemy all irritation ceased, he was addressed in soothing terms, the jerking of the halter was discontinued, and also the motions of the whip; but that upon endeavoring to turn away or gallop round the yard, a severe jerk of the nose, a cut of the whip, and an angry raising of the voice invariably followed. The consequence was that he preferred standing, and watching the being who exercised such power over him.

The colt was not allowed to stand still, however. Jack irritated him to move, pulling gently and firmly upon the halter, repeating the process over and over again until the perplexed animal made a step in his direction, upon which the voice became soothing, and all irritation stopped, and the colt began to perceive that there was peace in the neighborhood of the man.

Again and again the operation was repeated, until suddenly the colt trotted up, and stood trembling within a foot of his now acknowledged master, who, gently extending his hand, allowed him to smell it all over. Little by little the trainer succeeded in stroking the animal over the head and neck. Indeed, such a glamour had he apparently cast over the colt, that, walk where he liked in the yard, the high-spirited creature followed, and stood patiently waiting, champing the large breaking bit in his tender gums, and flinging snow-white flakes of foam over his breast.

Here the colt was allowed a rest; and another horse was taken in hand and was in turn forced to submission.

The next morning the colt's lesson was repeated and in the afternoon his breaking-in tackle was exchanged for a riding bridle and saddle. This was accomplished in the same cautious, gentle manner, which had distinguished his previous education.

First the saddle received a few pats, then it was moved gently backward and forward; then a foot was quietly inserted in the stirrup, and weight put on it, the colt being made to stand still; then the right leg was slipped over, and the rider sat on the back, which never before had felt a burden. Then he dismounted, and the same proceeding was repeated again and again.

Another horse well broken, with a rider now came into the yard, and side by side with the black colt moved round the yard. The colt broke into a jog once or twice, sawing a little at the bit, and shaking his head, but one steady, firm hand kept him to the walk, while the other caressed him soothingly, his rider addressing him in various terms of horsey endearment.

This lesson over, the colt was pronounced broken, and allowed his freedom with the other horses in the paddock.

That ensilage is growing in favour among British farmers appears obvious from the recent report of agricultural statistics. In 1886 there were 1,605 silos in the country, having a total capacity of 4,560,734 cubic feet, whereas in 1887 there were 2,694 silos, with a capacity of 7,242,917 cubic feet.

The popular petitions presented to the British House of Commons this session include 6,116 in favor of women's suffrage, 21,944 in favor of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, 252,608 against the Sunday closing of public houses, 5,027 in favor of Sunday closing and 65,178 in favor of the release of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and others. The effect of some of the petitions is marred by a number of names being in the same handwriting, for variety is the spice and essence of the writing in a public petition. Otherwise it suggests the enthusiastic individual who wants to sign for the multitude

ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

A Telegraph Operator's Adventure.

In August, 1882, I went to visit a friend who kept a variety store and was, at the same time, a telegraph operator in Winfield.

Her place of business was over the local bank, and to it a wire had been looped from the railroad station, a half-mile away, for the accommodation of those in the village proper.

It was quite late in the day when I reached Winfield, and almost the first thing my friend said to me was:

"About an hour ago I received a note requesting me to come and see my brother who is quite ill in a town 20 miles distant from here. I am sorry to do so, but I know you will excuse me for leaving you under the circumstances."

"Certainly," I replied.

"This is my sleeping-room," opening a door, leading from her store. "Are you afraid to occupy it alone to-night?"

"No, indeed," I answered, though I must confess the prospect was not a pleasing one to me.

"If you are I will arrange for you to stop elsewhere or have some one come in and stay with you."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on my account," I said with an air of bravado by no means mine.

At a few minutes past eight she bade me "goodby," observing that she should return at 5.30 the next morning.

So I was left alone, and, somewhat weary from my long journey, extinguished the light, and having locked the door, went to bed.

It was a very sultry night, and the heat, combined with the nervousness caused by a thunder shower and my isolated situation, rendered it impossible for me to sleep much. I would have a short nap and then wake to toss about on the bed.

Some time after I had heard the town clock strike 12, I rose, went into the store or "office," as you prefer, and seated myself beside an open window, whose blinds were closed. I had been seated there but a short time when voices beneath the window were audible, though in a low tone.

"Are you sure she has gone?" asked one.

"Yes" was the reply. "I sent her a note informing her that her brother was ill, and asking her to come to him immediately. Besides, I was at the station when she took the train for his place of residence, this evening at five minutes before nine; it was thirty minutes late."

"I believe she has a room mate," said a third person.

"Usually, but she is now out of town."

"Then you are positive that the building is deserted?" the first speaker, judging from the tone, enquired.

"Yes."

Ere long up through the register—by means of which the store was heated during the winter—came a confusion of sounds, and I knew the bank was being burglarized.

I hastily dressed myself—in the dark—wondering "What shall I do?"

I dare not attempt an escape from the building, feeling certain that there was a guard outside; that I should be seen, seized, and possibly foully dealt with.

"For the fun of it," I had learned enough of telegraphy to "send" fairly well and read from paper, as did the inexperienced operator in the village where I lived, who used a "register"; to read by sound I was unable.

I had learned one "call" on the line passing through Winfield, by reason of my friend having had to send a message to the office whose it was since my arrival in the place. Where it was or whether a "night" office, I was ignorant. But, grasping the key, I called "Sx" several times in rapid succession. The "sunder" clicked, I knew not what, and then I wrote:

"Burglars in the bank at Winfield. I am not an operator, but a prisoner in the office over the bank. Send me assistance if you can."

Again the "sunder" clicked—unintelligibly to me, as before.

A death like silence ensued, broken only by peals of thunder and the faint sounds stealing up from the back.

After the town clock had struck I—how long after I cannot say—heard the galloping of several horses, and they stopped in front of the bank building. Closely following were fearful imprecations and discharges of firearms in the bank.

Soon there was a rap on the door from the hallway to the apartment where I sat bathed in a cold perspiration, and I heard, "Let me in please." Confident that no harm was intended me, I opened the door and—fainted.

The strain upon my nervous system had been so severe that a "prostration" resulted from which I did not recover for many weeks.

Then I learned that calling "Sx" I was heard by a "night" operator 50 miles away who had asked: "don't you know that is not a night office?" a response which was not comprehended by me, as I have said; that hearing what I "sent" he had wired the information to a town where there was a "night" office, only six miles from Winfield, but not directly connected with it by rail or wire; that a number of men had immediately started from this town for Winfield, reaching it before the burglars had succeeded in opening the vault; that the manager of the "job," the one who sent the forged note to my friend, knew nothing of my existence, though he had carefully watched those entering and leaving the building the previous day; that during the fray in the bank, between the malefactors and their visitors, one of the former was seriously wounded; that all of them were in close confinement.

My courage (?) and presence of mind were more extensively paraded than, in my opinion, they should have been, and the president of the bank handed me \$1000, saying:

"Please accept this token of our appreciation of your services, without the least feeling of delicacy. But for you the entire contents of the vault—nearly \$100,000—would have been taken, to be recovered—if at all—only at great expense."

Not burdened with this world's goods, what could I do but accept it—gratefully? I would not, however, suffer again, as I did that night, for the wealth of any money king.

Agricultural writer to his wife: "Mary, did you feed the hogs?" "Yes." And milk the cows?" "Yes." "And water the horses?" "Yes." "And get all the chickens in?" "Yes." "Well give me a piece of paper and a pencil. I want to write an article for an agricultural paper on 'The Necessity of Farmers Giving their Personal Attention to their Stock.'"