

JUST FOR HER SAKE.

BY NELLIE E. WATTS.

Roger Paxton had been dead a year, and the bonnie blue-eyed slip of a girl he had called wife was gradually growing accustomed to walking life's uneven paths alone, alone save for the baby girl who had properly been called Joy, for joy she was indeed to the lonely mother's heart. Bright and cherry was Esther Paxton, not with that annoying ready-made cheerfulness that is oftentimes more repellent than cold indifference, but possessed of that wholesome goodness of heart which ever seeks to put the brightest interpretation on the darkest phases of existence. Sorrow had but given her that indefinable tenderness with all suffering, which goes by that common and often much-abused term of sympathy. Resolute as she was loving, this sweet, blue-eyed woman determined to make an honorable living by the fruits of her pen, for Roger Paxton, beyond leaving his wife and baby a slender competence had died a poor man, grieving in his heart of hearts that his life thread had abruptly snapped before the fulfillment of his lofty ambitions.

But story-writing is not the easy task the indolent reader may imagine and live in a great, crowded city upon limited means is a hard struggle, and though Esther never wavered, there were moments when the tender, emotional nature shrank before the severely hard manner of a well-meaning but sorely-harassed publisher. It was so hard for her to realize that even one's most sacred thoughts must be bartered and haggled over for bread that perished. The airy fabrications of her imagination received many a cruel shock from contact with a prurient landlord, and rents, taxes, and water rates were bugbears which she often wished in the bottom of the sea; but still she built her castles in the air in view of the day when she would have secured enough to give Joy that ideal home removed from their small city lodgings. Her success with short stories had led her to undertake several well-written articles on current topics. Their reception was so encouraging as to justify her ambition to write a work immortal. (What writer worth the name does not sigh for immortality?) It was slow work, but she persevered, nerved by the thought of Joy. The child's merry prattle served as an inspiration many a time when the days were dark, and the weary brain and fingers lagged at their task, but the child soon learned from a study of her mother's face when to be jubilant and when to refrain.

One day a messenger brought to her door one of those fateful yellow missives which always caused her heart to throb painfully on opening. It ran: "Come at once; am very ill, Margaret Douglass."

Margaret! bonnie, brown-eyed Margaret, perhaps dying! Certainly she would go, and her hasty preparations were made within the next hour. The lasting quality of girl friendships has often been underestimated, and womanhood is herself to blame for allowing petty jealousies to creep in and sever the loving ties which among men are such comparatively easy and lifelong affairs. But the regard of these two was exceptional. Even when Margaret with her lighter, more captivating manner had carried away the heart of the man whom Esther secretly loved, their friendship had remained as firm as ever. "Mizpah" with all that its beautiful meaning conveyed, was to them a perpetual watchword.

With many loving embraces Esther relinquished her precious Joy to the care of a kind neighbor, who was only too pleased to have the child's company. Soon the massive portals of the Union Station were left behind and Esther was whirled on and on through the silent night to the bedside where even now her lifelong friend might be dying, or dead. She had dreaded this for Margaret. Sweet, winsome, clinging heart! Torn from the husband of one short year by the cruel demands of war, which, like the brave soldier he was, he never thought of questioning. And then the overwhelming news of his death! She had longed so to be with Margaret and comfort her regardless of her own bitter pain. And here she was at last. It was worse than even she had feared. The shock of the soldier's death had been too much for her and now she was actually dying—dying just as the wounded heart had tasted the sweet overflowings of mother love for the tiny life of her baby boy—the life she had paid for with her own.

"Take him, Esther," said the feeble voice. "Promise me you will care for him as your own. Oh! if I could only take him with me—but you promise."

And fearlessly and unhesitatingly the vow was taken. Very soon came the sleep of the beloved, the weary head plopped on the true heart that had never failed her. Lingered only long enough to see the last of Margaret's wasted form, and grudging every moment now spent away from her darling Joy, Esther at length found herself once more in busy Toronto, hence more a participant in the hum and roar of the mighty city, but this time exper-

ing the novelty of a new sensation. Apparently unconscious of the gaze of curious passers-by bestowed upon her she made the best of her way home by the aid of a crowded car, carrying all the while in her loving arms the innocent cause of observation—the tiny white-clothed baby. She had scarcely given a thought to the fact that it was Christmas eve, so preoccupied had she been with Margaret's troubles. "Won't Joy be delighted! What could be better? How often she has longed for a genuine live doll from Santa Claus, and here it is sure enough. Reaching home at an hour when Joy was safely and soundly sleeping, thanks to the kindly neighbor, the tiny new-comer was tenderly disrobed, fed and hushed to slumber in the loving arms of his new-found mother.

We will pass over Joy's unbounded delight on that happy Christmas morning, and the restraint that had to be imposed to prevent her pulling the coverings of the baby face and hugging him too tightly every instant of the day and pass on to another Christmas day, a year from the time little Guard Douglass had first entered Esther's home.

More than once during that time she had felt a throbbing anxiety as to how she should manage with a little life so very dependent, and many were her speculations as to the future, but as for regret, she felt none, for the chilling criticisms of friends and acquaintances she cared not one whit. I doubt if she ever thought of applying that sweetest of sayings, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least"—though very few in all the great city merited that praise more than she, if all the year's privations and self-denials were made known. The babe had been a marvel of good nature—for there are exceptions even in babies. As Christmas drew near Esther put into practice an idea she had long formulated in her thoughtful mind. "It's to right my boy, and I'll try it. I can but fail, and in the years gone by little Guard's grandparents were very kind. I wonder if they ever thought I would—but there now I must never think of that even to myself. I wonder what could have prejudiced them so against poor Margaret. I wonder how it is that disappointment can make people so bitter. But I will write him anyway, for he must be hard indeed who could withstand such a grandson. How shall I give him up? But he may take no notice of my letter. It is my duty to try. It will do his grandfather good to have the boy. He is such a little image of the long-lost son."

It grieved the proud heart of the old man that with all the advantages of birth and education his only son should be bent on a military life—the rough and ready life of the soldier. To crown all he had married a girl whom he could not approve from a financial standpoint or indeed from any other. All her urchin ways were lost on her husband's father from the very beginning. "A pretty pair of fools; I wash my hands of them entirely." And he did. Notwithstanding, he felt a thrill of pride when his son was selected for a Canadian contingent in the South African War, but he never disclosed it. Secret for his boy and finally crept away from the misery of her burden rendered intolerable by the news of her darling's death. Even after her death the old man preserved a stubborn cover and made no effort to learn the whereabouts of his son's wife, the sweet girl bride who, too, had fallen a victim to the curse of war.

Little Guard was just a year old, and a merry little prattler and toddler he was when Esther's letter reached the stern old grandfather. All day long the child would follow Esther about or sit contentedly on the floor playing with the ever attentive Joy, during which interval the hard-worked mother would find time to snatch a few minutes for her writing which had suffered severely from neglect during the year. This Christmas the children had been promised a good old-fashioned dinner, "just like mother used to have when she was a little girl" and great and profound had been the responsibility of helping mother prepare for it. "We's 'is 'ent berry big lot of children's is we," said the vivacious Joy, comparing the quantity of delicious edibles with the size of the family. Esther sighed. Alone in the world almost and how keenly the ache is felt at this season as at no other. But only for an instant, and the old brave self is asserted. Catching up the baby boy while Joy capered in wildest glee round her they made a circuit of the room in a series of dances that delighted the mirth-loving little Guard beyond measure. They had only paused for breath when a knock came and a tall, dignified-looking old gentleman was admitted whom Esther instantly recognized as Hugh Douglass, Guard's grandfather. The awkwardness of the greeting was broken by the children themselves, who made friends with him from the start, and it was not so hard a matter to explain as he had thought. Indeed, Esther wanted no explanation. Her innate sympathy divined all that the father had suffered through the son but which was promised to be more than made up in the love of a little child. Reparation had been with him a very tardy task, but now he meant to be a thorough one. Without making any wordy confession he gave Esther to understand clearly how genuine was his sorrow for his long-continued hardness of heart. Fondling his little grandson there came a

swift heart-rending recollection of the time when his own boy had sat just so on his knee and patted with loving fingers his father's loving face.

"I want to take him with me. I must, yet what can an old man like me do with a baby. I could not think of trusting him to servants. Will you, madam, who have done everything for him thus far bring your little girl and make your home with us. I have ample means for all. Oh! God to think that but for you this little one would have been thrown on the mercy of the world while I sat selfishly in the midst of plenty! Esther pondered. It would mean freedom from incessant toil, and had she not promised her dying friend? Yes; she would. "Just for her sake she whispered to herself. Now to dinner. But the atmosphere of that Christmas day seemed charged with galvanic batteries. They had just seated themselves when another rap was heard. They all started and wondered who it could be, for they were usually a quiet little group. Esther hesitated before opening the door. Did some voice from the past, some unseen presence of a long-lost friend rise before her spiritual vision? Could it be? Yes, it must be the long-lost soldier! No spirit, but a veritable substance. "Esther! Guard!" But who can describe the effect of the apparition on his father? "Father, have you forgiven me," from one; and "my boy! my boy! there is nothing to forgive!" from the other. "But tell us, tell us, how can it be you are yet alive, and why are you here?"

It would take too long to enter into the details of that sad story of gory struggle of a wound so night unto death, that he was reported dead indeed, of the slow and painful return to life, and after long months to hear the news of his wife's death. Strange that no mention of his baby boy had reached him in the long and dreary interval since then, when he had begged to be allowed to remain in Africa; anywhere away from his broken home and unrelenting father. But a softer spirit and an utter loathing of the butchery in which he mingled from day to day stole over him as Christmas tide drew near, and he had asked and obtained leave to come home. Home to his father! Not finding him there he had after some difficulty ascertained his father's errand to Toronto and followed him as quickly as steam and electricity could carry him. Again he had experienced some delay through mistaking the street and number but here he was, less boyishly handsome, but infinitely manly, the sadness of the past portraying itself in a gravity which sat all too steadfastly on the face of one so young.

The form of dinner was over at last, the little Guard found himself possessed of more relatives than his little mind could grasp, and had to be taken up and comforted by the one friend he had known—his and his mother's friend in very truth.

Looking at the grave noble face of the one who held his boy so closely in her protecting arms, Guard Douglass, the returned soldier, thought he never saw a sweeter sight or one that thrilled him so strangely. He wondered he had never seen the inner beauty of Esther's face as he beheld it now.

It was a proof that Esther's love for Margaret's boy surmounted all obstacles of pride and womanly reserve that she did not break her promise of accompanying little Guard to his ancestral home where if the wishes of three generations can be regarded, she will go no more out forever.

THE GERMAN POLICE.

They Overshadow Everything in the Fatherland.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. A German socialist once said, "It takes half of all the Germans to control the other half," and one who sees Germany's immense army, her cloud of officials, great and small, and her omniscient policemen, is inclined to believe that the socialist was right. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over the past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay. You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth, and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going, and so on. If you fall in any one of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as two cents.

Madame Trapino: "You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the table-cloth outside during the night, and the fruit-stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night." "Ah! then the stains—" "No! it was the table-cloth that disappeared!"

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

CARE OF DAIRY COWS.

I. Comfort.—Cows must have comfort, or they cannot do well. Give them a good bed and a comfortable stall with as much liberty as is consistent with security, cleanliness and convenience.

II. Cleanliness.—Have the arrangements such that the cows can be kept clean. Keep the stable clean.

III. Good Air.—Have the stable ventilated in such a way as to provide pure air for cows without making it too cold.

IV. Kindness.—Always be kind to cows, then they will be glad to see you when you come around. Speak gently to them, and never in angry tones. Remember Ward C. White's famous saying: "Always speak to a cow as you would to a lady."

V. Exercise.—Give cows a chance to exercise in the open air when weather is comfortable.

VI. Milking.—Milk regularly, at the same time each day, dividing the day equally between milkings; cows in the same order and by the same milkers, if possible. Milk quickly, but gently. Get all the milk each time, but do not keep on stripping after you have got it.

VII. Feeding.—Amount of Feed.—Feed cows all they will eat of the proper kinds of food. The concentrates should be fed somewhat in proportion to the amount of milk each cow can be made to give. But in no case should the concentrates constitute more than half, in weight, of the dry matter of the daily ration—a safer rule is to say one-third. Give only what they will eat up at once. Have none left over in the mangers or feed boxes for them to breathe on and get foul.

VIII. Variety.—Feed a variety of foods. They will eat more and digest more because of it. Feed nothing but sweet, wholesome food.

IX. Regularity.—Feed at the same time each day, then cows will not be worrying about their feed.

X. Balanced Ration.—Feed as nearly as practical a balanced ration. But all cows should not be fed alike; those inclined to lay on flesh should be fed less of the carbohydrates, such as corn; and those inclined to turn all their feed into milk should be fed more of such feed.

XI. Succulent Feed.—In summer cows should have good pasture or other green food or silage. In winter a part of the daily ration should be silage or roots to enable them to do their best.

XII. When to Feed.—Feed both coarse fodder and concentrated feed both morning and evening. Feed a small feed of coarse fodder at noon if cows have been accustomed to it. If cows have not been accustomed to it, they may, perhaps, do as well without the noon feed by giving more at the other feeds.

XIII. Water.—Cows should be watered at least twice a day when on dry feed, and the water should be pure and wholesome and at a temperature that best suits them, which is at least 20 or 30 degrees warmer than ice water.

XIV. Salt.—Cows should have at all times all the salt their appetites crave, which is from one to two ounces daily.

If the above rules are followed, any cow that is worth keeping will pay well for her care and feed. Any cow that does not so pay should be disposed of.

CHOOSING A CALLING.

A great many parents hesitate about giving their children a college education, fearing that they will never come back to the farm. And their fears are rightly founded, for as far as our observation extends, not more than one-fifth of the farm-

ers' sons and daughters who go to college come back to the farm. It wouldn't be best for them all to take up some agricultural pursuit, if such a thing were possible, but it would be better if a few more were educated, energetic farmers, and helping to advance the business along more scientific, progressive lines. If we fail to interest the children in the farm in some way as they grow up we need not expect them to love or remain on the farm. How would we interest them? Just as we know some who have been interested, and to-day are the leading agriculturists in their county and state. As soon as they were old enough to know what it meant to have something of their own they were given something to look after and care for. Each had an interest in some kind of stock. It was their own and the revenue derived from the sale thereof was their own, to spend as they liked. Like all children they liked to plant vegetables and were encouraged to take up the work. Each spring a part of the garden was turned over to them, and they soon learned how to grow and care for some profitable crop.

When the orchard was planted they were induced to invest some of their surplus in trees, and in a short time these began to yield a profitable return. Their aesthetic tastes, their love for the beautiful, were cultivated in like manner, and each had a bed of flowers or shrubs to care for and enjoy. The child is always full of energy and life, and is always busy at work or play. You never see a vigorous, healthy child killing time.

They never have time to accomplish all the things that are directed ahead. Now, if we can direct all their energies along some practical line for just a part of the time, and this is all we should aim to do, they will do much that is profitable from a money standpoint. If parents would only arrange in some way that the farm would become a source of revenue to the children as they grow up, many more of them would be agriculturists from choice. The child learns that the chief aim of man is to make money, and when the farm does not bring them in anything they soon lose their love for it and look to some other calling or profession to bring them pleasure and ease.

WIND-BREAKS FOR POULTRY.

Fowls do not like to remain indoors, and on stormy days will resort to any kind of shelter or break that protects them from the wind and rain. As they prefer to be in the open air as much as possible the necessity for some kind of shelter often arises. If the weather is dry the shelter may be only a covered shed, as clear, sunny weather induces fowls to forage, and they prefer to be in the sunlight. Sometimes all they require is a close fence or wall. This should prompt those who contemplate making poultry yards to have the lower part of two feet, to the height of about two feet from the ground, close, so that the hens may be protected from the direct action of strong winds. If they are exposed to the full force of the wind even when the weather is not very cold the result may be colds or other diseases.

"I really can't afford more than one flower in my hat," she said to the milliner. "Very well," replied that worthy lady; "where will you have it?" "Let me see," she answered; "I invariably sit next to the wall in church, so I think I'll get you to put it on the side next to the congregation."

Edwina—"How is Mr. Blushman getting along? Has he proposed yet?" Edith—"No; but he's improving. The first night he called he held the album in his hands all the evening; the second night he had my pug dog in his arms; last night he held Willie on his lap for an hour. I have hopes."



A MODERN FABLE.

The Bug and the Grasshopper met on the path one day, and after reluctantly recognizing each other's presence, the Bug observed: "If I had legs as long as yours, I'd put on a pair of trousers to hide 'em." "And if I had your big feet, I'd keep 'em out of sight," replied the Hopper. Once they got started, they abused each other without stint, and they had almost come to blows, when a Magpie came along and wanted to know what the fuss was about. It was agreed to leave it to her as to which had most reason to be proud, and after a moment's thought she replied: "My dear friends, if the Grasshopper has extra long legs, it is because Nature made him for a jumper, and if the Bug has extra big feet, it is because he must roll heavy burdens before him. There is really no occasion for disputes between you; but, being you have a quarrel, and being that it has been left to me to decide, and being that I wish to see justice done, why—why—" And she snapped them up and swallowed them down and went her way, feeling that she had settled the case on its merits. Moral: Our quarrels bring profit only to others.