

She's saving up now, and so am I, and we'll raise the money between us before Christmas, I guess, though those kind of books do cost like smoke," he concluded, with a rueful sigh.

After he had gone Mrs. Sunderland returned to her home, and, entering the darkened parlor, sat in the rocking chair and rocked and cried softly for a long time.

Then she went up stairs and opened a deep drawer in the bureau, from whence issued a strong perfume of withered rose leaves. She removed the linen towel that shrouded the contents of the drawer, and from one corner drew forth a slate and a pile of school books, almost new. She opened the books one by one, and in each she kissed the name, "Frank Sunderland," inscribed in a big, boyish hand; then she laid her cheek upon the books, fondling them as though they were living creatures, and cried again.

At last she wiped her eyes and tied up the books in a neat, strong package.

"I am doing just as he would want me to do," she said to herself. She wrote the name of Charlie Cooper upon the package, and giving it to her little kitchen maid, directed her to take it to the house of her neighbour, Mr. Cooper.

The evening of the same day, as Mrs. Sunderland sat alone, reading over a few verses from her Bible before retiring for the night, she heard a bustle of approaching footsteps, the door opened, and her little maid said:

"Here's Mis' Cooper wants to see you a few minutes, Mis' Sunderland."

She ushered into the room a tall, gaunt figure, whose head and shoulders were shrouded in a dark shawl, and then discreetly withdrew.

Mrs. Cooper, for she it was, advanced toward Mrs. Sunderland as the latter arose. "I've come to talk about them books you sent to my Charlie," she said, roughly, almost fiercely.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sunderland, deprecatingly: "I hope you don't feel offended, Charlie told me his father did not feel able to buy the books he needed just now, and I thought it a pity he should be obliged to get behind his class on that account."

"My Charlie says them books is the ones you bought last year for your Frank; is that so?"

"Yes," Mrs. Sunderland said, her voice faltering a little, "they were my boy's. Charlie was fond of him—I couldn't have given him those books if he had not been."

"You're right" and the fiery voice grew suddenly husky, "my Charlie's been a crying hover them ever since he got them, and I don't wonder, for the sight of 'em has made me do what I never did for living creature in hall my life afore. I've come hover to beg your pardon for all my hugliness to you and to him that's gone; you poor, dear soul, you—hido, hido," and fierce, evil-tempered Mrs. Cooper ended her sentence by bursting into a hearty fit of crying.

Mrs. Sunderland clasped in hers the knotted, toil-worn hands outstretched toward her.

"Don't cry," she said, tears rolling down her own cheeks as she spoke. "I know you are sorry. We'll have to be friends after this, and we will never quarrel any more."

And they never did.

BOB BURDETTE ON FARMING.

This month is a good time to pay the interest on your mortgage and renew the notes you gave a year ago. It is also a pretty good time to take up the notes you unwittingly gave to the cloth pedler last Christmas under the impression that you were only signing a contract.

Oats thrive best in an elevator. A farmer who has thirty thousand bushels of oats in an elevator need not worry about the weather. Always

raise your oats in a good elevator and keep out of a deal with the Chicago man.

Look after the bean poles you had left over from last year. You will look a long time before you find any. They have gone, partially into the insatiable maw of the all-devouring fire-place, and the neighbours have stolen the rest.

Raise chickens. If you have a nice little garden, by all means raise chickens. Your neighbour's hens are the best ones to raise. You will find them from 5.30 A.M. until 6.20 P.M., on your lettuce, onion, radish, and flower-beds. You can raise them higher with a shot-gun than anything else. N.B. Always eat the hen you raise. P.S. Cook the hen before eating. P.S.S. Before eating the hen, that is.

Crush egg-shells and feed them to your own chickens, if you are foolish enough to keep any. If the whites and yolks are removed from the shells first, they will crush more easily.

If a good horse shows symptoms of going blind, and is developing a few first-class spavins, it is time to sell him. Sell him out of the count, if possible. Beware of the deacon who has a little blaze faced "pacin' mare" he wants to trade for "just such a hoss."

Eternal vigilance is the price of the potato crop. About ten hours a day, devoted to crushing potato bugs with hard sticks, will probably save the upper part of the patch for you. By the time you dig the potatoes, you will be so disgusted with everything pertaining to potato culture that you couldn't look a potato in the eye without a feeling of nausea, and as for eating one—but this enables you to sell the whole bushel without a pang.

Young hens lay more eggs than old ones. This is because the giddy young things have not yet learned their value. In a few years they know just how to stand around on a strike when eggs are \$1.75 a dozen, and then rush out and work double time when eggs are so common the tramps won't eat them.

A SUMMER SONG.

Sing a song of summer time
Coming by-and-by—
Four and twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky.
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing;
Blackbirds, yellow-birds,
Robins, and the wrens,
All coming home again
When the winter ends.

Sing a song of summer time
Coming very soon,
With the beauty of the May,
The glory of the June.
Now the busy farmer toils,
Intent on crops and money;
Now the velvet bees are out
Hunting after honey;
Well they know the flowery nooks
Bathed in sunshine mellow,
Where the morning glories are,
And roses pink and yellow.

The maiden in the garden,
Hanging up the clothes,
Fears no more the cruel frost
To nip her pretty nose;
She flings the linen o'er the line,
Nor heeds the breezes blowing,
For yonder is her lover
In the meadow-lot a mowing.
While she lingers at her work
To catch a nod and smile,
Merry winds have snatched the clothes
And blown them half-a mile.

—From the "Youth's Companion."

THE BACK YARD.

Many back-yards are abominations to eye and nose. One finds in them all sorts of litter and refuse from oyster cans to old boots. Here the slops of the kitchen are poured to increase the odours which ought to warn every thoughtful person

of the malarial influence breeding there, to break out eventually in fevers, or diphtheria. If any member of the family dies from one of these diseases, his death is probably lamented as "a mysterious dispensation of Providence," but the minister would say, if he were to visit the back-yard, that death was caused solely by a violation of hygienic laws. A very strong argument against a dirty back-yard is the spirit of deception it is apt to foster in the young members of the family, for it is a constant deceit to present a clean and attractive front-yard to the gaze of the passers, while the back-yard is not fit to be seen. Children should be taught to be clean for the sake of cleanliness, and not because outsiders are likely to criticise them. The best plan is to have a hoghead or large box fitted up in one corner of the yard, and make it a rule to throw into this old cans, boots, broken dishes, and all such rubbish, and when there is a great accumulation to bury or burn it. Do not allow anything to be thrown about. Have drains made to convey all slops entirely away from the house. Make good walks, and let the ground have a fine covering of grass, not weeds. Put up strong supports for the clothes line. Keep the fence in repair, and plant currant bushes near it. Set vines about the refuse barrel and train them over it until it is hidden. If you have a receptacle for ashes, let it be something which can be shut up, not a row of old barrels to offend the eye and give out a cloud of ashes every time the wind blows. Make it a rule to have the back-yard at all times as clean as the front one.—E. E. Rexford, in *American Agriculturist*.

SOME farmers appear to forget that their land extends to the middle of the roadway, and that they have rights and duties in connection with the roadsides. At this season it is common to find by the wayside the largest weeds in the neighbourhood. They have had it all their own way, and this has been to ripen a large crop of seeds. Such neglect of the roadside is a great mistake, as it only gives a neglected appearance to the street, but it is a means of propagating weeds that do much damage to the crops in the adjoining fields. It does not matter how clean the cultivated crop may be kept, if weeds are allowed to grow just over the fence. It is too late now to do more than collect and burn these, but in doing this the seeds should be killed, to make the work of subduing these pests less burdensome in the future, besides adding to the attractiveness of the street.—Times.

HERE is a hint well worthy of adoption: A farmer divides his income among his children according to the work they do. The four sons are equal partners, and share equally in the income and expenses. The farm is 120 acres, and keeps the whole family employed, and at times labourers are hired to help. One manages the market truck, one the cows, and the others the other farm-work, but all help at the general work. The family is well off, and the oldest sons have saved enough to start themselves on farms of their own by and by. It is the only case of the kind I know on a farm, but I know of other businesses in which sons and sons-in-law are partners and the whole family are interested together, and why should not the same be done upon thousands of farms with the greatest advantage to all concerned. How much better it is than for a son to be working along on the homestead, neither a labourer nor a partner, grumbling and dissatisfied and waiting for the old man to die, to come into possession himself; or for an old man to be left alone on his farm, and his children away from him, seeking their fortune in other ways, while he learns in his old age, in a sad and painful manner, what it is to be utterly alone and deserted, to spend his few last years in sorrow and bitterness.