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Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

In the village people are watching the searchlight of an incoming steamer. At the mill corner you stop, and the beauty of the scene, as the light flashes now on this side and then on the dripping leaves on the island opposite, appeals to you. But you move on.

Your village passengers are dropped, and the horses trot merrily homeward through the dense fog.

More good-nights at your own gate, and then you peep in at the kitchen window where you see your eldest daughter fast asleep with her hand on the carriage where the youngest girlie, too, lies asleep.

It comes to you with a shock that since the eldest are able to care for the youngest, that the time is near when the bloom-covered berries of love and the darker berries of commerce will call your dear ones, and between you will roll the black river—Separation.

Hubby is waiting for the lantern, and you light it and bring in the berries.

Your eldest girlie wakens, and is amazed at the amount of berries you have. All the news of the day must be told, comments of various sorts are made, but underneath it all the thought of that dreadful river, Separation, is running.

After a while you go upstairs where the tousy-headed treasures are resting. The Lesser Boy lies with his clothes on, and his arm thrown over a curly-headed small boy, and you lean over and kiss the flushed, wee cheek. That black river seems farther off.

Soon you are snuggled down between Hubby and the baby, and then the river runs close and black. Long after Hubby's snores proclaim him aboard the Midnight Express there are tears on your pillow, for the rapids are boiling white and furious now.

Suddenly you smile to yourself in the darkness as you nestle a little more comfortably on your pillow. The Father Himself will build the bridge then.

A cry from upstairs startles you. You have been dreaming by your furnace fire, and as you hurry upstairs to quiet a fretting child you are thankful that the bridge is not yet needed.

MRS. J. H. TAYLOR.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Friends,—I wonder sometimes if you who live in the country appreciate fully two in particular of the advantages you possess over us city folk. The first is the freedom from city noises. From early morn till dewy eve, our ears are assailed by the shriek of the engine whistle, the honk-honk of the motor-horn, and the rattle of the street cars. The noises begin at six o'clock in the morning when the first street car goes tearing past, clanging its gong, and putting sleep effectually to flight. This noise is repeated at five-minute intervals throughout the day, and intensified by one car which has a flat wheel and pounds its noisy way along with a special "screech" at every curve, and another car which sounds as if it were only tied together, and might go to pieces at any moment. Next come the big motor trucks thundering past on their way to the various outlying farms to collect the milk and produce for the respective dairies and produce merchants in town. By half-past eight, the children begin to pass on their way to school, many of them on roller-skates, anything but a quiet means of locomotion, especially on cement sidewalks; others on express wagons, which have a beautiful "coast" down a slope of two blocks in length.

Then the regular business of the day begins, and there is a constant succession of delivery wagons, motors, puffing-buses, with their chug-chug, like motor-boats, peanut-roasters, ice-cream vendors, and various other vehicles, each with its own special addition to the general babel. The factory whistles and bells at noon and six o'clock, the occasional blood-curdling shriek of the siren belong-

ing to the motor-truck of the fire department, and the music—save the mark—now and then of an old-fashioned barrel-organ, make up a sum-total of noises calculated to put the strongest nerves on edge, and to test the stoutest ear-drums. We had an unusually severe experience of the latter variety the other evening, when an organ-grinder, in gratitude for several donations from the neighborhood, planted himself directly in front of our house and went through his whole repertoire. Anything more excruciating was surely never heard, no two notes of his instrument of torture were in tune, and the various selections, faintly recognizable as the "Miserere," from Il Trovatore; the "Marsellaise," etc., were literally executed.

These noises are kept up till pretty nearly time to begin again next morning. A few nights ago a party of joy-riders motored past, between one and two o'clock in the morning, and they evidently wanted everyone to know what a good time they were having, as they kept their horn, a particularly offensive one, going incessantly, and by the time the sound had died away in the far distance, everyone within range had been thoroughly aroused, and was muttering "curses, not loud, but deep," on the thoughtless merrymakers. Sitting on verandas on the street side of the house, conversation is almost impossible, and one feels that peace is only to be obtained by stuffing one's ears with cotton-batting. Think of it—and be glad you live out of town.

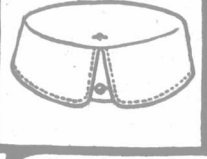
And then the space you have, and the opportunities for out-door living! Do you make the most of them? Here, in town, with only the ordinary city lot, which is "overlooked" by eyes on all sides, the out-door life is limited to sitting, and occasionally taking tea, on one's veranda, and if one lives on a street-car line that is not an unmixed pleasure. It is as yet only the fortunate few who have sleeping-porches. Once, some years ago, we were fortunate enough to live in a house with a delightful, wide veranda at the side, sheltered by trees from the gaze of outsiders, and we almost lived there all summer long, and everything possible was done there, from shelling peas and paring potatoes in the morning, to sewing, reading, and resting in the afternoon, and, for some of us, sleeping at night. We still look back regretfully and wish for that veranda.

And the work that is saved in the house! Sweeping and dusting reduced to a minimum. Those of you who do not yet know the pleasure of out-door life, try it. If your veranda is big enough, and convenient of access, try dining out there—you may have to cook a little more, as things always seem to taste better in the open-air—but it is worth it, and you will be sure to like it. If not large enough to use as a dining-room, bring out some comfortable chairs, hang a hammock across one corner, have a good, steady table, large enough to hold your work-basket and your favorite book, and do all your "sit-down" work there. A few yards of mosquito-netting tacked from post to post, to keep out moths, bats, and mosquitoes, and a good bracket-lamp fastened to the wall or one of the posts, and you can spend your evenings there till bedtime; and a comfortable couch there will give you sound sleep from which you will rise refreshed at the sound—not of the first street-car—but of the early bird in search of the proverbial worm.

If you have no veranda, there will be some nice shady spot under the trees near the house which you can use instead; have your hammock, chairs and table there, and don't spend one minute more than you can help under a roof. We are shut in enough for eight months in the year; let us enjoy life in the open while we can.

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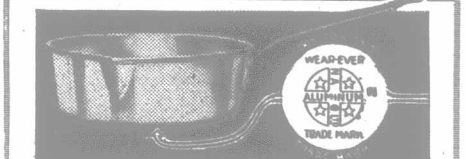
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