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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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MYSTERIOUS BRONZE BOX

It came into my possession on the death of my father, just as he had received it from my grandfather years before. His one great desire had been to live to open it himself, but that could not be, for it was asking of nature too long a lease; so it fell to me to carry out the will of a man who had been nearly five hundred years dead. I can see it now, with its silver tipped corners and heavy hinges, and the engraving on the plate in the top, an inscription which I read over and over and over again until it became stamped upon the tablets of memory never to be effaced. They call me mad, yet I could reproduce that inscription, word for word, and letter for letter—aye, I will, that the reader may judge for himself concerning my mental state:

"On this first day of April, in the year of oure Lorde a thousand thre hundred and four score and nyne, I Godfrey, seled this box with myne owne hand, and I wille and commaund that it be not opende until fyve hundred yeren to a day from this tyme. I do also wille that only by hand of first born son of first born in linage from me shal this seal be broken. And when this box shal be opende, some animal which hath no soule, be it grete or smal, shal ther be present. Al this I wille, and curst be he whoso shal do other than here is written."

The fact that it had fallen to me to open the box at the appointed time was my only proof that I was a descendant of the Godfrey of the inscription. That I was the first born of my father, and he of his, I knew; but further back all was tradition. No writing had been preserved, and at each descent from father to son the box had lost something of the story associated with it, till at last its history had become dim and vague.

Through this veil of mist, as it were, I pictured Godfrey as one of the few firm supporters of the weak and irresolute Richard of England, at that period in the midst of troublous times. Then there was a tradition of a mortal foe, who I placed as probably an adherent of John of Gaunt—the year being that of his return from the South—a foe whom Godfrey had met and terribly vanquished before fleeing the country. Here, somehow, out of this feud between Godfrey and his nameless foe, the bronze box seemed to have had its birth. There was, too, something concerning a terrible revenge—a revenge to be perfected when the bronze box was opened; but this, considering that five hundred years would have elapsed, even should it be preserved unopened so long—a thing any sane man would have elapsed, even should it be preserved unopened so long—a thing any sane man would have scouted as highly improbable—this I looked upon as simply wildest romance. In what way could a revenge be completed or made of any effect when both parties would have been hundreds of years dead?

For years after the death of my father I kept the bronze box at the bottom of a chest of books little used, and upon accepting my professional chair at the Durston Medical College that chest accompanied me thither. I did not remove the box from the chest until the spring of '85, when something reminded me of it, and I was then deeply impressed with the fact that the five hundred years had nearly rounded their course. Only four years more, should I live, and the privilege of opening the box would be mine.

From that time forth my thoughts were more or less constantly upon it. Often at night would I take it down from its hiding place in a corner of my bookcase to which I had transferred it from the chest, and, placing it before me on the table, there dream and dream over the wonderfully strange inscription it bore. Many times I was sorely tempted to break the seal, but I resisted, determinedly resisted, firmly resolved that what had been so sacredly observed by my forefathers should not be desecrated at last by me, even though I had no son to whom I could hand down the charge.

As the time drew on, my every thought began to centre upon the enigma. It was uppermost in my mind by day, the disturber of my sleep at night. It became the one absorbing idea of my existence. In giving lectures before my classes I would find myself wandering from my subject in spite of every effort of will. At times I would recover with a start, to find that I had ceased speaking altogether, and was simply staring. It was the bronze box, ever the bronze box, always the bronze box.

I could not but realize that I was not holding my class; that I, who more than once had chained the advertence of learned minds, was losing my power to keep the attention of even these raw inceptors. How it galled me! My mind had never been more vigorous, my powers were at their best ripened fullness, my veriest drivel was wisdom to those callow goslings, and yet they mocked me. Can you wonder if occasionally I gave way and broke forth upon them in passionate words?

I was glad when the final year of that terrible suspense drew toward a close. I was eager to have the matter off my hands and out of mind. Only three months more, and that tremendous circle of five centuries would be finished. Night after night I sat with the bronze box in my hands under my study lamp, thinking, thinking. There, was, I fancied, something about the box that was almost human. I even found myself talking aloud to it at times. I would wometimes feel the presence of another person in the room and would start and stare around with almost fear; but no one was there, of course. It was only imagination. Yet from that finally the hallucination grew that the box itself was alive.

I dropped it with horror the first time that thought came to me. Alive? The bronze box alive? Was I, then, really going crazy, as others were often hinting? I took it up, hastened to the chest in which it had lain so long, put it down to the very bottom, and piled all the books atop, resolving as I did so that I would not remove it again until the time arrived.

Spite of my first resolve, however, the next night saw the box out of the chest and under the study lamp again; and from that time to the end I could not get the idea out of my mind that the box was alive. There was that about it which irresistibly drew toward it my attention, my thought, aye, my very being.

I felt that I should not be able to hold out. The strain was becoming more than I could bear. How I did hold out until the 21st day of March, when I opened the box, I do not know. I had now given up lectures wholly, and my assistant was filling my place. I had aged frightfully since the beginning of the year. In my 60s I had often been complimented as looking to be under 50; but now my full age had come suddenly upon me, and more. From freshness and vigor I had sunk rapidly into decrepitude.

As I have said, the bronze box had come to be seemingly endowed with life, and as the days dragged along that impression fastened itself upon me more and more strongly. Was I mad, I asked myself? No, no; knew I was sane yet; but how much longer would I be able to bear the terrible strain? Could I fight through the few remaining days to the end? No; I felt in my soul that I could not.

Never can I forget that fatal 21st; never could I forget it though I should live a thousand years. In the afternoon I forced myself to a walk abroad. On my return I looked around the room in a startled way. Surely some one was there. But no; there was no one. It was only my imagination, only that strange hallucination of which I have made mention, but now felt with 10 times greater force than ever before. No sooner had I lighted the lamp than I brought forth the bronze box and seated myself with it at the table.

The box was alive. The conviction grew upon me so strongly that I believed it in spite of all reason. Something, aye, somebody, was in it. Some one within was calling to me, calling loud and piteously, urging me to open the box, to open it now.

Dropping the accursed thing at last I ran to the window, threw it open, and leaned out, trying to calm myself by fixing my gaze upon the peaceful river, which my roon overhung; but I could not, I could not. Pressure was upon me to open the box, and open it I must, or die.

Back to the table I went and took the box up again, looking for something with which to break the seal. There was nothing at hand. I had purposely put everything out of reach lest in a moment of weakness I might give way to temptation. But this was not a moment of weakness; no, no. I was no longer trying to resist my own inclination simply, but refusing the imperative command of another as well. I could refuse no longer. I sprang to the chest and began to fling out the books. At the bottom were tools which I had provided in anticipation of this hour, at the very bottom, so that I would have plenty of time to reflect upon my action ere I could get at them. But reflection was past now; decision had been made.

I flung the books this way and that, cursing the folly that had led me to put the tools in such a place, and while so engaged I came suddenly upon a mouse. I sprang up, for the moment frightened—a proof of the state my nerves were in. But it was only momentary. At last I laid hands upon the tools I sought, and ran back to the table at attack the seal; but in the same moment I stopped. The last words of the inscription caught my eye—"Curst be he whoso shal do other than here is written."

File and pincers fell from my hands and perspiration bathed my face. What was I about to do? Here it was 11 days before the appointed time, and I was about to open the box. I must stop, must resist. But that cry from within the box, that terrible, that awful cry! I paced the floor, holding my hands over my ears as if I could shut it out, as if I could close the ears of the spirit against it. What could I do—what could I do?

One of the books out of the chest lay in my way, and I kicked it, driving the ancient volume across the room, scattering its leaves. To and fro I paced, rapidly, nervously till of a sudden discovery burst upon me. This was the final day! I marveled that it had never occurred to me before, but it had escaped my mind till that moment, when the words, "According to the Julian manner of computing," which I saw in large print on a leaf of the old book, causing it to burst upon me like an inspiration. I had forgotten the change in the modern calendar. The bronze box, having been sealed on the first day of April, 1389, to be opened just 500 years to a day from that time, was due to be opened on that 21st day of March!

How my heart leaped! Now the curse was lifted—now I was free, free to proceed to the solving of the mystery which had for so long tortured me. How I trembled! Eleven whole days swept away in a single moment, as though by a miracle! It was truly wonderful!

Once more I took up the tools, but something further in the inscription forced itself upon my notice, and I sank upon my study chair with a groan. Was I to be cheated, after all? What stayed my hand now was the third command in the inscription, the command that at the opening of the box some animal, large or small, should be present. Where could I find an animal in so short a time and at that hour of the night? Andwhy necessary, after all? I would, at least, disregard that one injunction—but, ah! The words of the threatened curse seemed to stand forth in letters of fire! I must forego the opening of the box altogether, or I must disregard that part of the mysterious mandate; and in either event what of the curse? I was in a terrible dilemma, and knew not what I should do.

Ha! The mouse! Like a flash came the recollection of the mouse in the chest. Immediately I set to work to capture it. This proved a more difficult feat than I anticipated. I simply could not lay hold upon the nimble fellow; and when finally it ran up my arm and leaped to the floor my exasperation burst all restraint. It would have been a ludicrous sight, I doubt not, could any one have witnessed it, to see me, an aged college professor, with my whole soul intent upon the capture of a mouse; but then, no one could have understood the terrible necessity of the case. I moved every article of furniture in the room. I hurled book after book at the object of my wrath, perspiration ran from my face, while time was flying, flying; and that imagined voice, it was now shrieking and howling, like a doomed soul suspended over the fabled pit of Acheron.

Victory was mine at last: a book hit the mouse and before it could recover I had set my foot upon it. Nevertheless, I was sorry the next moment, for now the tiny creature was mortally hurt; its side was crushed. But there was no time to waste upon sentiment; the hour of midnight was drawing on apace. I laid the wounded creature on the table beside me, and without another second's delay set about breaking the seal of the bronze box.

With file and pincers I cut and twisted with feverish hate, anu at length, the tough seal parted, when—my God! how shall I tell it. The instant the seal was broken that mouse became a man, his weight overturning the table and he falling with it to the floor. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes; but it was true, horribly, frightfully true! He was a man of great statue, with a strong frame and a fierce face, but he was mortally wounded, his left side being frightfully crushed.

Oh! the horror of that moment! I would have screamed aloud, but my tongue clave and I was powerless to utter a sound. The man glared at me fiercely, striving to rise, and shook his fist at me, clamoring in a language quite unintelligible, while I could only stand and stare with very horror. Suddenly he caught up the bronze box and hurled it at my head with all the strength he could exert; but it missed me and went through the open window, falling into the river. In a few moments more the man expired. And I was—his murderer? No, no; not that, not that. It was the mouse I had injured; I did not know the bronze box contained the soul of a man—a soul of that nameless foe of Godfrey, my ancestor, here confined for 500 years. I do not know, how could I have known?

I must have fainted, for I knew no more till the sun was high in the heavens, when I awoke to find the rooms filled with the faculty and students of the institution. I endeavored to explain, but they would not hear me. They looked upon me with commingled awe and pity, adjudging me insane. I wanted to convince them otherwise, but they only tried to pacify me as they might a willful child. The sad plight my room was in was plain enough; it was what they had been expecting, they said.

I became enraged and stormed at them, but they fell upon me and made me a prisoner; and here I am, confined in a madhouse, unheard. The body was regarded simply as a cruel joke played upon me by some of the students, a "subject" procured somwhere and placed in my room.

Ah, the fools!

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Each sunny day a little boy comes
driving past our house
With the nicest little pony—just the
color of a mouse—
And a groom rides close behind him,
so he can't get hurt you see,
And I used to wish the pony and
the cart belonged to me.

I used to watch him from our door,
and wish that I could own
His pony and his little cart, and
drive out all alone.
And once when I knelt down at
night I prayed the Lord that He
Would change things so the pony
and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he
lives, and now I know
Why he never goes out walking—for
his legs are withered so!
And last night when I was kneeling,
with my head on mother's knee,
I was glad he had the pony and the
cart instead of me.

Carroll — "Oh, by the way, Miss Westcott, there was something I wanted to say to you. Now what was it?" Ethel — "Can't you think?" Carroll — "Wait a minute! Oh, yes, I remember now. Will you marry me?"

Castleton — "Here comes my tailor, old man." Clubberly — "Shall we walk across the street?" Castleton — "No; let's run."

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

THE GARBAGE PAIL.

If anything has to be neglected, don't let it be the garbage pail. Dust on the piano is bad. Specks on the mirror or window are annoying. You can't always find time to bake a cake for tea, nor pie for dessert. The sheets and towels may have to be folded and put under a weight to save ironing; the baby wears colored slips to economize in washing. All these limitations may be grievous in a measure, but they are not of vital importance.

The care of the garbage is necessary. Death and destruction sit on the brim of the neglected pail, and bacteria and microbes — malevolent ones — multiply. Decaying fruit and vegetables are just as poisonous as meat, only not quite so noticeable. If you are a dweller on broad acres, any whole receptacle, tin or even wood will do, provided it is frequently scalded, disinfected and dried out. One of the five-gallon kerosene oil cans makes a very good pail, with a piece of baling wire fastened in for a handle.

Keep an old broom for cleaning out the pail. Take it out on the grass, turn a teakettle of hot water on it and scrub. Once a week a disinfectant is in order. A good one to keep on hand is prepared in this way: Dissolve a half pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water. A cupful of this added to the cleaning water will be quite sufficient.

Do not throw the contents of the pail, if it be trimmings and parings of vegetables, etc., on the garden to decay. If there are no animals on the place to eat them, either bury them, and thus enrich the soil, or burn. If the latter, dry out first, so as not to crack the stove. Orange and lemon peelings, peach, apricot and cherry pits make admirable kindling when dried. Bones burned and pounded are excellent for making hens lay or for giving an impetus to your rose bushes or grapevines.

If you have no drain, and are forced to throw your dish water out on the ground, a solution of copperas (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is a good proportion) should be sprinkled around once or twice a week.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Meat Pie.—Take 1 cup cold chopped meat, 1 small onion finely chopped (or 1 teaspoon onion juice), salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup gravy, or soup stock. Put into a deep dish, cover with mashed potatoes and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.

One-Half Cup Cake.—Take ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sour milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each clove, allspice and cassia, salt. Flour enough for a batter.

Sweet Potato Hint.—When sweet potatoes are high, a few can be made to go a long way, if to them are added as many Irish ones. They are delicious thus mixed, whether in fried or mashed potatoes. Of course they cannot well be mixed in any other way of serving.

Squash Biscuit.—To 2 quarts bread sponge raised once, add one pint baked Hubbard squash run through a coarse sieve, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter. Raise in bulk, adding enough flour to stiffen. Then form into small biscuit and let rise again. Bake in a quick oven.

Rye Bread.—Make a sponge in the flour at night, the same as for wheat bread, with warm milk and ½ cup homemade potato yeast. Put in a warm place to rise. In the morning add more warm milk, if necessary, a small pinch of soda, 3 tablespoons of molasses. Knead soft. When light, put into pans and let rise again. Bake in a quick oven.

Orange Marmalade.—Cut one dozen large navel oranges into very thin slices, cutting crosswise. Leave the peel on, but remove the core. Put into a porcelain kettle, add two quarts of cold water and let stand over night in a cool place. Boil very slowly for two hours, then add six pounds of granulated sugar and boil slowly till clear. Put into small glasses. This lacks much of the bitter tang of ordinary marmalade.

Devil's Food Cake.—Two and a half cups of sifted flour, two cups sugar, half cup butter, half cup sour milk, half cup hot water, two eggs, half cake of chocolate, teaspoonful each of vanilla and soda. Grate the chocolate and dissolve it and the soda in the hot water. Use white icing.

A Delicious Fruit Salad. — Three oranges cut in dice, three bananas sliced, a pound of seeded white grapes, a can of pineapple or one fresh one, and some candied sour cherries. Any other fresh fruit that is desired may be added. Pour over all a dressing made of four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice from the pineapple and from one orange. There should be a cupful of the dressing. Flavor with cinnamon and some serve it covered with whipped cream.

"A man and his wife are one."
"Then, if he kills his wife the law can't touch him."
"How so?"
"It's a case of suicide."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point.

To prevent stockings wearing at the heels line the backs of the shoes with a piece of black velvet.

To warm up fast in bed lie flat on the back, the arms straight by the sides, the legs straight — then breathe.

A specialist in nerve diseases says a woman should sleep nine hours a night and one hour in the day time.

In testing the temperature of a child's bath put in your elbow, or the underneath part of your arm. The hand is of no use.

To clear water pipes when frozen add plenty of salt to the hot water so commonly used. This when poured down will free the pipes more quickly than plain hot water.

If when frying fish of any kind a little salt is sprinkled on the bottom of the pan when it is hot and the fat boiling, the fish can be easily turned without breaking in the least.

A remedy for creaking hinges is mutton tallow rubbed on the joints. A great many locks that refuse to do their work are simply rusted, and will be all right if carefully oiled.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Turkey is more economical and better for salad than chicken.

When grated bread, pounded biscuit, crackers, etc., are to be used in puddings with milk, heat the milk, pour it on the bread and let stand, covered, for an hour.

Very good puddings can be made without eggs, but they must be made with as little milk as will mix them, and must boil longer, not less than three or four hours.

Boiled puddings require plenty of water, which must be kept at a sharp boil. If baked, a quick oven, but not a scorching hot one, is required. A pudding in which there is much bread must be tied loosely to allow room for swelling. A batter pudding should be tied quite firmly. A frequent fault of this kind of pudding is being underdone.

When Tired of Hamburg Steak served in the usual way, mix with chopped steak some rolled cracker crumbs, roll it up and then cut in slices. It can then be broiled or fried like slices of sausage meat. Many persons like the flavor of sage in steak thus treated.

Anticipating Warm Days. — In the after part of winter or early spring fill some of the empty fruit jars with sauerkraut. Pack closely and easily, so as not to break the jar, and leave it with a little juice on top: then put on the rubber and screw the lid on. It makes a nice change during warm weather, especially raw.

In the spring, when lemons are cheap, make lemon syrup to last through the year. It makes a delicious summer beverage, a tablespoonful in a glass of ice water, and is convenient for many purposes. Roll nice large lemons till soft, cut in two, squeeze out the juice; grate the rinds of several, and let stand (in earthen) over night. Strain and measure the juice and allow three pounds of sugar to each pint. Beat the white of an egg, mix with a pint of water, turn over the sugar, stir till dissolved, put over the fire, boil and skim; add the lemon juice, let boil five minutes, cook and bottle.

Miss Clara Winterbloom — "Mamma, this is Mr. Tutter. I want to introduce him to you. Do you know that he was under the impression that I was the only daughter, and I have just been telling him that I have two sisters?" Mrs. Winterbloom — "Oh, yes. You must meet Maud and Estelle, Mr. Tutter. They are both of them older than Clara there." Young Tutter (wishing to say the right thing) —"I didn't suppose it possible, Mrs. Winterbloom, that you could have any daughters older than Miss Clara."

Kidney Trouble and Lumbago.

Thirty Years of Backache and Rheumatism—Winter Season is Especially Severe—Attributes Cure to
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

This season of the year is especially trying on the older people. The pains and aches grow more severe in the cold and changeable weather, the kidneys get out of order, rheumatism and lumbago torture their victims, there are aching backs and limbs, stomach derangements, urinary and bowel disorders and serious, painful, and fatal maladies.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are particularly suited to the needs of persons of advanced age. They regulate and invigorate the liver, kidneys, and bowels and prove effectual when ordinary medicines fail. This letter from Mr. Robert Jackson gives some idea of what this treatment is accomplishing every day.

Mr. Robert Jackson, ship carpenter, Port Robinson, Ont., states:—"I was afflicted with kidney trouble and lumbago for about thirty years. The winters were always very severe on me, and I was many times incapacitated with all the serious symptoms of both troubles. I had backache, biliousness, rheumatism, headache, and constipation, and was wrecked physically. I used all sorts of medicines, and have been treated by the medical profession to no purpose.

"In the spring of 1902 I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and from the start received great benefit. I continued the treatment until I fully recovered good health and vigor, my old trouble being a thing of the past. I am seventy-five years old, and if, at my advanced age, I have received such grand results from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills after years of unnecessary suffering, there can be no doubt of their efficacy in the treatment of younger persons. I recommend them to every one. I have tried to think of words to express my gratitude, but it is beyond expression, for they have done more for me than I could have believed."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

A FARMER'S LIFE.

If some of the farmers who are discouraged because they have not made a fortune off their farms, and who feel inclined to envy their brother toilers in the city, imagining that life in the city is more desirable than theirs, easier and filled with plenty of leisure to enjoy all the pleasures with which the rustic imagination gilds and glorifies those distant scenes and activities, they need only try to find out their mistake. "Far fields are green," and lose much of their attractiveness upon a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means and opportunities, who, like the ordinary farmer, has a bank account to fall back upon in cases of emergency, life is one "grind," and without the soothing influences of nature that surround the farmer, to quiet the fever and unrest with which the struggle, competition and turmoil around him keep his nerves on the rack day after day. As a rule, such men are not their own masters, but must order their speech, demeanor, and inclinations to please the powers that have control over their daily doings, in order to keep bread in the mouths and clothes on the backs of both themselves and their families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well can rise in the morning at whatever hour it pleases him to do; for an hour or so, or a day or two, does not make much difference in his affairs except at the most critical periods of planting and harvesting. He can have his own opinions, and voice them too, in politics and religion, and all the stirring questions of the day, without fear of antagonizing the powers that be, who can "sack" him if his views and opinions do not happen to coincide with those of his master or "overlord" (the boss).

That the farmer is a hard worker nobody can deny. Tilling the soil is not easy work. Since God gave the command to man to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," the farmer's life has been a life of toil. It taxes some strength and effort to dig a living out of the ground. It is not easy to earn a living, much less a fortune, without effort, and the farmer is not the only one who "sweats." Brain workers have no sinecure, although some ignorant persons imagine that all they have to do is to sit at a desk and add up figures, or to twiddle a pen in their fingers. The life of a salesman behind the counter is wearisome and monotonous. The beautiful days of spring go by, the birds are singing as they build their nests, the flowers are blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides, and the grass is growing greener and greener in the meadows; yet never a glimpse does he get of the beauty of the bright world except when he can take a car ride of an evening, or on a Sunday or holiday. A grocer's clerk works more hours and harder, than the average country boy, who can go to the "corner" and pitch quoits or gossip with his cronies, when the city young man is just getting home from work; and as for the man who delivers milk in the city he has even harder work and longer hours. At 4 in the morning and even earlier, his waggon is heard in the streets, and himself racing from top to bottom of the high apartment buildings in the cold and sleet of a mid-winter's morning, or in the enervating heat of summer. At break-neck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine that his life depended upon getting through his rounds in due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing, and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers, for fear of losing one. There are the icemen carrying 50 pounds and often 100 pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor, the pay is probably not more than it should be, considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is, and moderate as is the pay, no man can afford to lose his job; so he has to be very careful not to antagonize his employers in any way.

The man who does business on a small scale and is his own boss, probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the greater part of his own work, and in the case of a bad or unprofitable season is sometimes not so well off as his hireling, who is sure of his wages at least.

He is a poor farmer, who owns his land and has good health, who cannot make at least a living for himself and family. It may not be a sumptuous living, but it may be a comparatively comfortable one. This cannot be said of all sorts of occupations. There are industrious and honest men in all trades, who are so hampered by circumstances that they cannot do so. Competition, strikes, union complications, and what not, interfere with their opportunities, and they are powerless. A farmer can raise most of what he eats, and clothing is so cheap in these days, that unless he must be dressed in the latest style, what he wears need not cost a great deal. He need be under obligations to no one—a beatific condition, if he only realized it. Providence is his only master, his helper, and his friend. He depends on Him alone, after he has sown his grain, and planted his vegetables and his fruit, and then waits for the productive influence of the sunshine and the showers to do their part of the work. If he is "up-to-date" he will strive to improve his methods, not content to plod along in the old way, but ever ready to take advantage of the new ideas of this progressive age, using the helps and aids to be found in the best farm journals he can get, and not too proud or too stubborn in his ideas to make use of all the light he can obtain. If there should happen to be a bad season, and the worst comes to the worst he can wear his old clothes until he can afford better, and live upon oatmeal and beans if need be, and whose business is it?

But there is no reason why a farmer cannot live as well, and dress and educate his children as finely, as the average city man; and he does. He lives better, as a general thing, for there need be no scrimping in his larder. The good things of life—cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, poultry, etc.—on a well-managed farm, are abundant in their supply. In the city a man needs a full purse in order to use these things freely and have them of the best quality. He has to practice self-denial there.

And there is always hope ahead for the farmer. If he doesn't have good luck this year, he may the next. There is always a chance that there will be a better yield in crops, and a better price in the market. The element of uncertainty adds zest to life, which a settled amount of wages from month to month and from year to year cannot give; and he is always sure of enough to eat on the farm, of some sort or another.

One of the most discouraging features about farming is the drought which so often comes to wither both the farmer's hopes and his crops. To see the land that has been so faithfully and carefully worked, and the young crops that look so promising lying parched under the burning rays of the sun and getting drier and drier in the hot winds, while he watches day after day in vain for the refreshing showers is almost heartbreaking. The only hope for the farmer in such a case is irrigation. This often seems impracticable, and entails too much expense, but if one were wise enough to sometimes utilize those natural advantages close at hand, he would receive a surprising benefit at a little cost. I have in mind a section of country—a long stretch of farm land lying at the foot of a mountain, a range of wooded hills, for more than two miles—good productive soil, but often drying up in summer because of drouth. On the mountain were springs—never-failing — and after quarries had been opened up there, there were great ponds or reservoirs filled with the draining of the quarries, which if the farmers had been enterprising enough to lay the pipe necessary to carry the water down the slope, would have furnished enough water to save their crops, and to water their cattle which had to be driven long distances to drink.

The time is coming, and is not far distant, when the farmer's life will be looked upon as the ideal life, by many of the world-weary toilers of the crowded cities. Even now, the one bright dream of many a drudger in the stores and offices, if of a happy time coming when he will have a farm—a home of his own in the country, where he can rest his tired brain and nerves as he sits beneath his own vine or fig (or apple) tree. Whoever despises a farmer's life is a fool; it is the most independent life on earth.—Country Gentleman.

MILLIONS OF MONEY.

The gold output of Nicaragua in 1902 was $1,326,000.

France exported automobiles worth $5,790,000 last year.

The amount of German capital invested abroad is said to be over $8,000,000,000.

The best insured man in the country is Wanamaker, with $1,500,000 on his life.

The largest gold mine in Central America, the Rosario, produced $1,000,000 last year.

The reward of $1,000,000 offered several years ago for a practical telephone relay has not yet been claimed.

The Illinois Central Railway has paid to the state in taxes under its charter, which calls for 7 per cent. of gross receipts, $20,589,166 since completion of the road in 1855.

WISE SAWS.

Ambition is often the assassin of happiness.

Sarcasm has many admirers, but no friends.

A light heart sometimes means a light head.

Have something to do, or you will be a nobody.

A man seldom has any trouble in finding trouble.

Genius consists in making the other fellow do the work.

The man who is his own best friend has few others.

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

A "WEIGHTY" CLUB.

A society of some weight has just been established in Marseilles under the title of the "Cent-Kilos de Marseille." The main condition of membership is that no one shall be eligible whose weight is less than 100 kilos (about 250 pounds). The officers, it need scarcely be added, have been elected by weight also. The president turns the scale at 145 kilos, the secretary at 138. With a weight of 136 kilos it would appear no easy task for the treasurer to decamp in a hurry with any of the society's funds. So far the roll of membership runs to about thirty.

Selim S. Haddad, an Egyptian, has invented a marvellous typewriter for the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages, which each have more than 600 characters. The feature of Haddad's invention is the fact that he had reduced these 600 characters, his machine having only fifty-three keys. Irregularities in the sizes of letters also present difficulties overcome in the mechanism. The cylinder moves from left to right instead of from right to left. Until five years ago Haddad was a painter at Cairo, but since that time he has devoted nearly all his energies towards perfecting this new invention.

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly." "That's nice," was his sweetheart's hesitating reply. "I wish I were an interesting subject." And she was

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