

and to bed, to start fresh to-morrow." Carol heaved a long sigh and Tracy winked knowingly. "I know for I asked for particulars." In truth Tracy would have tried this very branch of life's business, for he was out of funds, as usual and must seek some new source of sustenance, having borrowed from the last unsophisticated youth of his acquaintance, but he could furnish no reliable references.

"What would you do?" inquired Carol.

"I'd go west. Chicago is the place for youth and brains."

"You've been there?" admiringly.

"Many's the time. Got an uncle in the pork business. He wrote me to come on direct and bring another down easter with me right away. Wants me for partner—he's in falling health—and a hustling Yankee for head book-keeper: \$1200 a year."

"Are you going?" cried Carol, in a daze.

"Well, you see, there's two ways to look at everything. Fact is, I'm named for him and he's bound to do something handsome by me. Now I ain't got a red cent to go with. He'd advance the money all right if I sh'd write him how things stand, but there's my everlasting pride in the way! Besides, he's rather of a miser, frugal and all that, and if I sh'd tell him how I lent my last dollar and never expect to get it back he'd set it down as folly and generosity, and likely cut me off with a dollar in his will."

"I'll—I'll lend you the money," Carol almost shouted, stopping short in his walk. "I'll give it to you, to pay for the chance, if you'll take me with you."

"Done, old boy!" with a hearty slap on the shoulder. "I'll pass you off for an old school chum of mine and the namesake never'll know but my family knows all about you."

Carol controlled a wince and Tracy went on. "If we hurry to the Old Colony we'll just catch the next train west. Come on! This way, in the side door! That's the train, on the third track, all made up! Climb aboard the rear car 'n' I'll make a rush for the tickets! P'raps—yes—I know—that's a second class car! Jingo, we can travel second class 'n' save that much! Give's your pocketbook! Now quick, climb aboard 'n' I'll catch onto somewhere in a jiffy. Meet me in the smoking car."

Carol was already on the lower step of the moving car, apprehension in his eyes lest Tracy be left, but that gentleman called back over his retreating shoulder. "All right! They're only moving off to make room," and disappeared within the station.

Slowly the train moved out, out of sight of the station with its moving throng, out of the great metropolis, then with increased speed across the state. The conductor came around for tickets and Carol crept him into the smoking car. No Tracy was found there and the conductor worked his way into that car, punching as he came. "Ticket!"

"I—I can't find the man I bought my ticket! He was to be here."

"Ticket to where?"

"Chicago."

Everybody was looking and listening. The conductor was plainly suspicious. "I'll take the money if you have no ticket."

"I—he took my money."

"Then you'll have to get off."

Carol started for the door.

"No, no," impatiently, "we can't stop for you at next station."

When the train slowed Carol was the first to strike the ground. For miles he walked into the sweet, fresh country, asking for work at every door till he found a vacancy. Then he worked a month in the field rather than go home with empty pockets and with half his wages bought a ticket for home. On the way from the station he met Hester.

"Did you find a fortune?" she asked roguishly.

"Yes," he said, drawing out five round dollars. "Just enough to pay the minister if you'll marry me."

Hester's face suddenly reddened in the sunbonnet's depths, but Carol had her hands. "I'll hire with father. I'll I can buy Wright's back lot," he said. "I've seen enough of the world for a while."

The state of Maine is not the garden spot of America. That proud title will some day belong to some spot in the arid west when touched by water of which Maine is the most strenuous advocate.—[Thomas B. Reed.]

TACT A GREAT FACTOR.

[A prize-winning article in our Hired Help Contest.]

The problem of how to get and keep efficient hired help on the farm is a difficult one. I have been very successful in this line, but it is by taking cognizance of the changed conditions that now prevail. With 6 o'clock mill whistles blowing in every direction the day for driving from 4 a m to 8 p m is past.

The secret of success is to make the right kind of a contract to start with, then treat the men right, recognize merit and commend well doing. When I hire a man for a year, instead of a flat price of say \$15 every month, I say to him, "I will give you at the rate of \$15 a month or \$216 for the year, provided for January you receive \$10, February \$10, March \$10, April \$12, May \$15, June \$20, July \$20, August \$15, September \$15, October \$15, November \$20, December \$16." This plan gives big wages in the busiest months and through corn gathering. I never had a man leave me in harvest. I have known neighbors to hire a man early in order to be sure of his help through harvest, only to see him leave at that time for higher wages.

Some hands are cheap at \$20, others dear at any price. I try to get good hands, and pay liberal wages. Another thing, when I get one who takes an interest in the farm and his work, I let him know that I appreciate his efforts. I have had hired men who saved me a great deal by watchfulness and care. I always thank them and reward them substantially according to the deed done. It pays big to do it.

Unless work is very pressing, they work in the field only ten hours. They feed and curry before breakfast and get to work about 7 a m. I may not get quite as much work done as those who drive from "sun to sun," but everything considered, I get along about as well. The "almighty dollar" is not all there is to live for.

To one satisfied with moderate gains, farming is the best business on earth. The man who tries to save the wages of a hand by doing all the work himself makes a great mistake. The one who has tact enough to rightly manage help may not have found the philosopher's stone, but he has come as near doing so, as falls to the lot of mortals. In no other calling (amount of capital considered) could I have enjoyed so much leisure, traveled so extensively, made so much money and lived so well as I have on a farm; all of which would have been impossible without the aid of efficient and trustworthy hired help.—[L. A. Stockwell, Indiana.]

MERIT DETERMINES WAGES.

[A prize-winning article in our Hired Help Contest.]

We have had considerable success in the employment of farm hands, both white and black, and have been fortunate in interesting them in our business to such an extent as to make our interests their own; and this way, I am satisfied, is not only best for us but best for them as well.

A few of the methods which help are as follows: First, absolute honesty between employer and employed. Talk your business over with them sufficiently to let them see that you are paying them all the business will warrant. Let them see that the profits depend largely on their exertions and if they can increase the business you can pay more.

Second, pay them according to the work they do, and "boss" them as little as possible, but keep an eye on the work when it is done. They will soon learn that their pay depends on the quantity and quality of their work and exert themselves accordingly. Then, besides, the good hands will feel that they are being treated justly when they receive more than poorer ones, and the young hands are encouraged to learn so they may earn more.

Third, be pleasant with them without being too free, and don't fret. If things go wrong tell them plainly and exactly what you want done. If the offense is repeated tell them that you hope it will not occur again, but if it does you will have to dispense with their services. Treat them right and then insist on their treating you right. Whenever I hear people complaining about their help I wonder how much of the fault is with them, and how much is with the men.—[Howard Deany, Illinois.]

A YANKEE IN HOLLAND.

We drove perhaps ten miles in all into one of the most prosperous and yet old-fashioned places in Holland, owing to the farmers. The homes combine house and barn under one roof, right up against the highway. The people all wear wooden shoes and the women such headgear as you never dreamed of. They have beautiful farm homes of brick or brick and stones, with ornamental tile and thatched roofs. Iron fences abound and front drives that are objects of art. Paint is used with the greatest profusion and it is of a sort of enamel so that it fairly glistens in the sun. A rich deep blue and red, brown and black are popular colors; especially blue for interiors.

We went all through one farmhouse and barn and you cannot imagine what a beautiful place it was. This old farmer inherits the place of his father and he has china that has been handed down in the family for over two centuries that is a dream, such as set lovers of fine china crazy. Money could not buy it. This man who wears wooden shoes, has a set of four or five rooms that are beautiful with fine furniture, silver and china.

The barn is a part of the house, being under the same roof, and inside one never saw the like before. It is, of course unoccupied by the cows in summer, so it is used to eat in some and to cure a few Edam cheeses. It is painted bright enamel blue. The floor back of the cows is of large, fine smooth stone like that of artificial make. Carpeting covers the end of stalls where the hind legs of the cows come, and everything about the mangers is painted beautifully. Then placed on edge are hundreds of plates of blue porcelain, regular table plates, forming an edging on the three sides of stall and manger for each stall of 22 cows.

We visited another farm nearby and the same condition existed. There the entire floor of the barn was neatly covered with a splendid quality of floor matting, and the whole floor space of the 11 stalls was covered with small, white, clean sea shells, while the blue dishes here also rested on edge by the hundreds. Such a sight cannot be seen elsewhere. It is the custom of North Holland. Of course in winter the plates are removed and the cattle are taken in, but I tell you it is a fine thing at its worst for these cows.

When these people go in the house they leave their shoes at the door and go about in stocking feet, whether man or woman. The front door, to which leads a splendid brick sidewalk, is never used excepting for births and funerals and occasionally weddings. When a funeral happens, a black cross is placed on the door and a birth brings a white one. I fully understand why artists go to Holland. These simple people have more beautiful homes and get far more contentment out of life than our American farmers begin to.—[P. W.]

SLEEPLESSNESS.

What can I give to cause a person to go to sleep and sleep soundly so no common noise will awaken him? I would like something that can be given without the person knowing it, that is harmless and can be taken by anyone. I want him to sleep so soundly that he can be moved about in the room without knowing it.—[T. W. W.]

A drug that would make a person sleep so soundly that he could be moved about in the room without knowing it would be a dangerous one for anyone except a physician to use. Moreover, there is no safe drug which you can give without his knowing it. The sleeplessness must be due to some cause and this cause ought to be found and remedied. Simply to give a drug every night would be to get him into a drug habit. He is probably very nervous and needs something for this primarily. The following prescription will probably be useful: Sodii bromid 6 drams, tincturae humuli 2 oz, tincturae gentianae comp q s ad 4 oz. The dose is one teaspoon in water four times a day after eating.—[Physician.]

Don't Delay Sending your renewal if your subscription to Farm and Home, has expired. Look at the date opposite your name on the little address label, which will be found on the margin of your paper, and which shows to what time your subscription is paid, and renew now if the same has expired.

BEYOND THE BLUE.

[Written for Farm and Home.]

I prayed for wealth that I might share Earth's treasures with my darling still, But to my heart came only care And only want my home to fill. I prayed for health, yet cruel pain Sat by my couch the long night through. My tears were like the autumn rain, My thirst was quenched with bitter rue.

Exhausted in the dawn I slept, And angels round my pillow drew. The Father all your prayers has kept, They whispered, "and beyond the blue Is wealth untold with peace divine, The love that cannot change or wane Shall answer every prayer of thine. When thou the heavenly portals gain."

RUTH RAYMOND.

TRUST AND REST.

Fret not, poor soul, while doubt and fear Disturb thy breast; The plying angels who can see How vain thy wild regret must be Say, trust and rest.

Plan not nor scheme, but calmly wait; His choice is best; While blind and erring is thy sight, His wisdom sees and judges right, So, trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might Can never wrest The meaneast thing to serve thy will; All power is his alone; be still, And trust and rest.

OUR PUZZLE CONTEST.

With September we begin our puzzles again, and we expect to find you all fresh for the contest. We shall give the usual ten puzzles this month, and shall give 15 prizes, the first of which will be a nice camera worth \$1.50, and the other 14 prizes will be well worth working for. We shall start off with some easy ones, till you get your hand in, then we will give you some a little more difficult. As usual the contest will be governed by the following

RULES.

No two answers will be allowed to any question, that is, you must not say the answer is this or that. Answers must be mailed within 10 days of the receipt of the issue of the 15th. The contest is open to every subscriber or one member of the family. Write your answers plainly, and be sure and spell your words right, as a misspelled word will throw out the answer. Always write your name on every set of answers, as any set without name or address will be thrown out. Answers may be sent by letter or on postal as the writer chooses. Webster's international dictionary will be the standard of authority. Address all answers to the Puzzle Editor of Farm and Home, Springfield Mass.

THE FIRST FIVE FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Numerical Enigma—I am composed of 15 letters. My 7, 1, 3 is to border; my 11, 2, 14, 6, 12, 7, 13 is a liquor in which herbs and roots are steeped; my 4, 1, 5, 8 is a handsome flower; my 2, 7, 10 is twisted; my whole is what the Puzzle Editor hopes you will do.

2. Anagram (one word)—SNLINHRMCISEEBRETON.

3. Reheadings—Fill the first blank with a word of 4 letters; head this for the second blank, and curtail for the third blank.

The captain and the ——— the same table.

4. Diamond—1, a consonant; 2, evil; 3, founded; 4, custom; 5, to allow; 6, to put on; 7, a consonant.

5. Cross word enigma—My first is in peril, but not in die. My second's in truth, but not in lie. My third's in corn, but not in grain. My fourth's in cloud, but not in rain. My fifth's in black, but not in brown. My sixth's in house, but not in town. My seventh's in dog, but not in cat. My eighth's in mole, but not in rat. My ninth's in move, but not in forth. My whole's a capital in the north.

ANSWERS TO THE JUNE WORD HUNT.

There were 25 allowable words from the word FARMER, as follows:

F, fa, fame, far, fare, faun, farmer, fear, fer, ferm, fra, frame, framer, A, am, ar, are, arm, aser, ra, ram, rare, re, rear, refer, M, ma, mar, marc, mc, meat, E, ear, em, era, en, erf.

There were 10 contestants who got them all, so the prizes were awarded by lot, as follows:

Prize Winners in Word Hunt—Mrs Ada A. Taylor, Ill. M; Annie A. McLean, N. S. M; Olive J. Runtin, N. H. M; Sarah L. Newton, Mass. M; W. H. Overacker, Fla. M; Mrs T. N. McClelland, Ky. M; James R. Beale, N. H. M; Albert Penzell, Me. M; Nancy F. Wilson, N. H. M; John G. Ford, Mass. M; Mrs Ella Haswell, N. Y. M; Myra Rhodes, Ill. M; Jennie C. Wood, Neb. M; M. L. R. Farrington, Me. M; Mrs Sarah Gillet, Minn. M.

The young girl who responded with the cash to an advertisement of a means to keep the hands soft, received the following recipe: "Soak them in dish-water three times a day while moist roots."