

ton 14 feet high in 3 minutes, costs but \$16, ready for action and is durable. Your correspondent has used one three years, and can assure your readers that it has paid for itself every season, over and above the punishment escaped, so vividly portrayed by the reverend gentleman above referred to.

Yours &c., &c.

J. H. BURR.

P. S.—I am glad to see the progress you are making, and the favor with which your project is generally received. Go ahead. We will help you all we can.

To the Editor of the Farmer's Advocate.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES.

MR. EDITOR—I promised to report to you, when I harvested my Early Rose potatoes. On the 23d of April, I planted the three cuttings of the early rose potatoes, that I received from you, in six hills; there being two eyes on each cutting, which I separated, and planted one eye in a place. The first day of September, I dug them, and I had thirty-six potatoes, or six potatoes to each eye planted, and you had better believe they are fine ones, some of them weighing one half pound apiece, and as smooth as an apple. I think they are all that they are recommended to be for an early potatoe.

I have threshed my wheat. The Chillian yielded me about 20 bushels, from the one and a half bushels that I received from you. But it is not weevil proof. It did not yield as well with me as my Scotch wheat, which was sown on the same day and in the same field. I have not yet threshed the Crown peas.

We have had an uncommon dry season, but still grain is yielding well, and the root crop which was thought would be a failure altogether, will be an average crop.

H. N. THOMAS.

Brooklin, Sep. 7th.

Youth's Department.

Written for THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

WHAT A BOY LOST IN THE WAR.

BY EBEN E. BEXFORD.

Have you got a big brother, Billy? I had one, once, oh, ever so tall, with eyes as blue as the sky is out there, where the clouds are open. He used to take me up in his arms, and toss me up and down, and play "bo peep" with me; and when I got sleepy, he'd sit down in the big rocking-chair and take me up in his lap and sing to me just as mother used to do when I was a baby, not more'n so tall! I used to like to hear Jimmie sing, for he knew lots of such pretty songs, and he never got cross or tired when I asked him to sing 'em to me.

He and father used to read the papers, and talk about the country, and lots of such things that I could not understand very well. I never cared about listening when they talked, for I

didn't know what they meant. May be I'll like to talk about the same things when I get big like Jimmie was; father says I will.

One day Jimmie came home. Mother and I were in the sitting-room when we saw him coming up the path. He had a soldier's cap on, and I think he looked the best in it of any I ever saw him wear. It was so bright, and the gold trimming on it shone so, you know. That's what made it look so well on him, I guess.

"Oh, Willie," mother said, when she saw the cap Jimmie wore, "may be your brother's enlisted!"

She said it in such a quick, queer way that I could not help looking at her. She was just as white as the snow outdoors, and her eyes looked as if she was going to cry. The first thing she said when Jimmie came in, was:

"Oh! Jimmie, are you going?" And Jimmie answered that he was. "Oh! mother," he said, "I can't stay at home and let all the rest of the boys go off! I know I ought to go, and I'm sure you'll tell me to do as duty bids me!" and he came up and kissed mother, just as your mother kissed the baby the other day, when I was over to your house, just as if she loved it the best of anything in the world, you know. And mother, she just put her arms around Jimmie's neck and cried. I couldn't help crying, too, for I knew well enough Jimmie was going away. And though he tried to comfort mother, and be cheerful, I know that he cried, too, for I saw great big drops on his cheeks. Father hadn't said a word after Jimmie came in, but when mother stopped crying, and sat down, he came up and shook Jimmie's hand, oh, so hard, and he said, "God bless you, my boy!" just as if he was choking; and then he turned around, and went and looked out of the window, as though he couldn't talk any more, and more than once I saw him wipe his eyes, and I guess he was crying, too. Jimmie sat down and took me up in his lap, and told me he was going away to war, and that I must be a good boy while he was gone, and I promised I would be good always, and I mean to be, 'cause I told Jimmie I would.

He didn't go away for more'n a week after that. He used to come down from the camp every day in his pretty uniform, and every time he went away, mother'd cry right out, just as if he was never coming back again. I used to wonder why she cried so, but I know now. She knew he was going away in a little while, and may be he'd never come back anymore.

The night before he went away for good, he came home and stayed. All the evening mother made him sit down close by her, and she'd keep looking at him so queer; and every little while I could see the tears a dropping down her face. She kissed him ever so many times, and I know it seemed to her as if she couldn't let him go, 'cause she loved him so. Father didn't say much, and he didn't cry as mother did, but I know he felt as bad as she did, for he was just as proud of Jimmie as he could be, and he hated to let him go. But I heard him tell mother that it was for the best, because the country needed men to help her, and Jimmie felt it his duty to go, and if they didn't let him, he wouldn't be

contented at home. And when he said that, mother, she cried as though her heart would break, and said that she knew he was needed, and that it was his duty to go, but she kept all the time thinking, what if he should be killed? It was so hard to give her Jimmie up! And father said he knew it was hard to let him go, but,—and then he turned around and went out of the room, just as he did when Jimmie said he had enlisted, and I shouldn't wonder if he cried when there wasn't any one to see him.

I don't believe I ever shall forget the morning when Jimmie went away. Mother tried ever so hard to keep from crying, but I could see the tears in her eyes all the time. Every time she spoke to Jimmie her voice was as low and tender as if she was speaking to him for the last time in her life, and I know she kept thinking all the while that like enough he'd never come back again.

Jimmie stayed just as long as he dared to, but the train was to leave at nine o'clock, and he was afraid he might be late. So he got up all at once, as if he was in a hurry and couldn't wait any longer, and said he must go. And when he said that, mother cried out, "Oh Jimmie! My boy! my boy!" and put her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheeks one, two, three, ever so many times, and clung to him just as if she couldn't let him go. He kissed her, and called her his dear, dear mother, and said that he would live to come back for her sake. Then he went up to father and shook his hand and said good bye. I don't believe there is any other word, half as sad as that, do you Billy? Father, he hung to Jimmie's hand and said, "God bless and keep you, my brave boy!" and then Jimmie turned to me. I was crying just as hard as I could; somehow I couldn't help it, and when he put his arms around me and said "Good bye, Willie," I wanted him to take me with him, for I loved him so much that I couldn't bear to have him go away where I couldn't see him at all, and where like enough he'd get killed. But he told me I was too little, and said I must be a good boy and stay at home to help father, for he'd want one boy to help him. I told him to be sure and come home again and not get killed. When I said that, mother cried out, "Oh, Jimmie!" in her sharp, quick way, and then, with another kiss for me and one for mother, and "Good bye, all!" he went away.

After that, we used to get letters from him every week. Every time we got one, mother'd read it over and over, and father'd listen every time as if it was a new one that he hadn't heard before; and then they'd talk about Jimmie, and tell what a smart, good boy he was, and I liked to listen to them, for I loved him as much as they did. He always used to write a little bit to me in every letter, and I used to send him kisses in every letter that father or mother wrote to him. I know he got them, for he used to write that they seemed real natural, and he'd like some more.

I guess it was as much as a year before his letters stopped coming. Then there was a long long time that we never heard a word from him, and mother said he must be sick. Then father read in a paper that his regiment had been in a