

In Pastures Green

could drop in on me or that I could drop in on him, so that we could have a good talk. I wish we could. He says he is tired of talking about fat steers and the price of hogs and such things. How can that be? I can't get any one who is skilled in those subjects to talk to me about them. They do not seem to take my views on the proper feeding of steers and hogs seriously. It is quite true I have no steers or hogs, but is that any reason why I should not have opinions? Still, though the real farmers refuse to take me into fellowship on these matters, I have no hard feelings. I have my own way of getting even. For instance, I do not take their political opinions seriously. Honestly, I do not think there is anything funnier in life than watching people acquire views on a public question. If the question is one that comes up unexpectedly, the caution of the people is something wonderful. They frown and shake their heads and appear to be thinking with both lobes of their brains. But wild horses could not drag an opinion out of them. They must think and think. Then some fine morning the party organ or "corporation fiddle" they patronise comes out with its opinions. Now, behold the change! Thinking has stopped and talking has commenced. All the fogs have cleared away and they have settled opinions on the troublesome question. They know just what should be done. Yes, indeed, and their fathers before them knew just what should be done, and any one who doesn't agree with them is more kinds of a fool than they could mention in half a day. To save my peace of mind, I agree with them entirely, whatever their views may be. Still, I have a sneaking suspicion that their views on public questions are no more worthy of respect than my disrespected opinions on fat steers.

Dec. 9.—Long winter evenings are a reality in the country. At this time of the year they begin about 5 o'clock and last while the lamp holds out to burn. How to put them in without yawning one's head off is something of a problem. The children no longer tallow their boots in the evening so that they will be warm on the next day. No, indeed! They