



UNCONQUERED is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.

"In That New World"

BY ZONA GALE

(Continued from last week.)

HE had not been used to talking with children, and it was a subtle gratification to him that he seemed so well to get on with this one. The child laughed and clung to his fingers, and uttered occasional wisdom:

"I'm a great big man," he said. "You say so."

"A man?" said Mark, following him rapturously. "A man, and a little boy, too. Is that it?"

"No," said the little boy decidedly, "you dunce that story!"

Mark threw back his head and laughed long and joyously. What a day it was, anyway, he thought. What sun, shade, what sky. He looked about him with a sense of the newness of the spring.

Then, abruptly rounding the corner onto the business street of the village, a wonder that this happened to Mark. Approaching him was a young woman, a stranger in the town, and one whom he observed so little that he could hardly have recognized her in the next moment. And she had only just passed him when she spoke to him.

"Excuse me," she said, "your little boy has dropped his head, and Mark thanked her mechanically, but while the child ran back to where the hat lay on the sidewalk, he himself stood still with a swelling heart and a boyish desire—as was it the desire of a man—to shout.

"Your little boy," she had said. When the child's hand was in his again, he walked on in a kind of abashed exaltation. Why, any stranger would naturally think that the child was his little boy!

Before the door of the village hotel half a dozen strange men were sitting, tipped back in wooden arm-chairs, awaiting the midday meal. On a pretext of hurrying the child somewhat, Mark contrived that he should be on the inside of the walk, passing close to the strangers as they came. He had the advantage, so that they must see him. Half unconsciously Mark's look swept their faces with a pride not to be mistaken, so that when the two had gone by, one of the men said audibly:

"Well, I've got one about that age."

And Mark's heart warmed toward him, not because he had one "had one himself" as the man had, but because he believed that Mark had.

It was with a distinct suspension of interest that Mark turned at last into the grocery, since Aufman, the grocer, could not be deceived. Aufman would merely shuffle forward and say: "Well, vat leadle man iss you, eh?" which held no thrill.

But Aufman, it chanced, was busy in the back room, and in the front of the store a travelling salesman was waiting for him—a stranger travelling salesman. The man was standing by the peanut-roaster, and in-

stantly he slipped the child a peanut and smiled down at him when he set his little hands to catch another.

"Ask your father if you can have another, little man," said the salesman.

Mark, glowing from head to foot, contrived a casual, over-shoulder glance.

"Why, thank you," he said, "I guess another peanut won't hurt him."

The traveller was inclined to court companionship, and when the peanut had been bestowed, he moved nearer to Mark.

"How old is the kiddie?" he asked. Mark knew this—had not Mattie told him that morning?

"Five," said he authoritatively.

"I'm—big for his age, ain't he?" said the man.

"Well, pretty good size, I guess."

Mark conceded modestly.

"Got any more?" inquired the man.

"No," said Mark, "I ain't."

The man dabbed kindly at the little boy's curls.

"I'm a married man myself," he said, "but I—"

Mark threw back his head and looked the man in the face. And all in a moment he knew, knew with his whole heart, just what the man had said, just what his own life was denied. Mark spoke with an effort and with entire unexpectedness to himself.

"This one," he said, "ain't mine. I wish to God it was!"

"Oh!" said the man, and all at once he was locking at Mark as Mark was looking at him.

At the table that noon the boy went to sleep. After dinner Bertha helped Mattie with the dishes. So Mark slipped out and no one saw him go. And as he walked, more than ever before he was thrilled with the nearness of the spring.

Dinner was past at Lydia's, too. Mark heard Lydia singing in the kitchen. So he went boldly in at the open front door and down the hall and through the dining-room, and in the kitchen he found her.

"Lyddy!" he said, and knew how to say so more.

He was utterly, extravagantly amazed that she seemed to know what he meant. Instead of "What is it?" forcing him to the avowal that he had always feared, she merely colored richly, gloriously, and dropped her eyes. So then, merely because he could no longer help doing so, Mark took her in his arms.

And "Mark," she said questioningly, it was like an answer, for And even while he held her so, for this first time, the sweetness was partly the sweetness of the utter, surprising naturalness of it all. It was as if they had always met this. And instead of four or six-

wardness or doubt, there were at once wild wonder and deep content.

"Why Lyddy, Lyddy!" he said. Lydia replied relevantly: "Why, Mark!"

And yet this utter naturalness did not reassure Mark in his sick dread at telling Mattie how he ever told her to tell Mattie? Neither did the attitude of Lydia's mother serve to comfort him—Lydia's mother, who nodded and smiled and appeared to have understood such things for a very long while. How was he ever to tell Mattie—and they so comfortable in the little home? But Lydia and he went to her at once, as was her right; and somehow, or other, Mark, very red, very incoherent, got out the news to her as she and Bertha sat on the porch, Mattie sewing and Bertha holding the boy.

But Mattie looked up at Lydia and Mark, and afterward Mark was certain that she did not miss a stitch.

"I've got considerable many things laid by for you, Lyddy," she said. "I've been expectin' this from you two for years."

"Why!" Mark shouted, "I don't believe you're goin' to miss me even!"

"Well," said Mattie philosophically, "I'll miss you dreadful, of course. But I was just givin' Bertha to understand I couldn't spend this summer with her, sole on your account. An' then I've always wanted more time for my china-paintin'."

He went over to Lydia, who had taken the child in her arms, and touched awkwardly at the little girl's curls. And Lydia looked up at him with her tenderness for the child still in her eyes.

Two Bright Agents

Two of the latest to join the staff of agents for Farm and Dairy are the two little girls whose portraits we show here with. They are Emma and Edna Bradley of Carleton Co., Ont.

For a club of only four new subscribers Farm and Dairy has sent Emma and Edna a nice camera. The girl standing is Emma, who has a following letter to Farm and Dairy:

"We are both going to school. Edna is for twice the cost which amounted to about \$175 complete. In the near future we intend to use a windmill for pumping. We also plan to put a water coil in the hot air furnace and have part of the house heated with hot water from the same amount of fire as is now required. This can be done by tapping the supply water pipe."

A Christmas Gift for 'all

No better or more valuable Christmas gift can you send to your son or daughter in their farm homes, or can you give to your husband, than a year's subscription to Farm and Dairy. If they are already subscribers, renew their subscription for them. If they are not subscribers, send us \$1 for their subscription. Mention our Christmas offer and we will arrange to send to the new subscriber or the renewal subscriber you send in, a Christmas card stating that you have paid for their subscription for one year as a Christmas gift to them. This Christmas card will reach the new subscriber on Christmas day. It

will be sent free of cost to the subscriber by Farm and Dairy, and will convey your best wishes to the subscriber. You could not better invest your friend than by sending him 52 copies of the best agricultural paper published in Canada. Take advantage of our Christmas offer and send in your subscriptions at once. For \$3.50 we will send five new yearly subscriptions in this Christmas offer.

Water for the Country Home

Mrs. B. N. Foster, Colchester Co., N.S.

Some five years ago we installed a water system in our two and a half

store, a brick house. In the attic we had built a copper tank to hold 40.0 gallons. Directly below is the bathroom on the second floor. It is fitted with an enamel tub and a basin fitted in a marble slab; also a modern toilet. The ole is fitted with nickel taps and so forth. The first floor is the kitchen in which the sink flush into the wall. The taps for hot and cold water are here also, as in the bathroom above.

The pump, an Aulover No. 3, takes up on more iron screwed on to the wall than an ordinary six inch bowl. The handle, which is about 30 inches long, stands upright making it very easy to operate. This draws the water from the well. There is 15 feet of a side draw and 10 feet of lift to the tank. The water is forced up to the tank in the attic 30 feet. The hot water boiler, holding 30 gallons is fed from the tank and heated by a coil in the range. We can get fresh water in the sink and bathroom as it goes up from the tank and down again in the same pipe, the pipe enters the tank at the bottom. Then the overflow pipe comes down the sink. The operator can therefore see when the tank is full. The cesspool stands off some way from the house.

PIRE PROTECTION

We have a tap to attach a fire hose to in the bathroom. By turning the shut-off in the tank pipe just above this tap and using the pump, we can put water all over the house and roof. The roof is covered through a hole in the ceiling of the bathroom and through a manhole in the roof. Without the pump there is force enough to water anywhere below the tank in the attic.

We find that this system works perfectly. We would not be without it for twice the cost which amounted to about \$175 complete. In the near future we intend to use a windmill for pumping. We also plan to put a water coil in the hot air furnace and have part of the house heated with hot water from the same amount of fire as is now required. This can be done by tapping the supply water pipe."

To mend the clothes wringer, take strips of new maulin the width of the worn places, and wind them on the rubber rolls while turning the wringer backward. When these strips become worn, replace with new ones, and your wringer will last many months after you thought it was useless.

I think the special Women's issue of Farm and Dairy recently published is helpful and will encourage better methods of work in our rural homes.—Mrs. F. Webster, Victoria Co., Ont.

When on lights to thoughts for lessness and visions of are likely to that as so steadily ab and love though they invisible has us thinking our appetit our love for of money failung may well. There have not lives working often imper from workin and most leg he adopts Devil if we when we en crafty in his ambush in he adapts we often do near until a lost without. Let us 1 things. Let most trifling are steps that up or down Every time give it a d quer it is the more ca temptations i present our

Decem

The

Watch into temper.

Each

cial weak off by he us through dully to be ages to will praise most impr realize it, us and led thoughts of having our temper to see the creep into Daily our or impatient slave. from our feelings and tears to gain back lost.

When on lights to thoughts for lessness and visions of are likely to that as so steadily ab and love though they invisible has us thinking our appetit our love for of money failung may well. There have not lives working often imper from workin and most leg he adopts Devil if we when we en crafty in his ambush in he adapts we often do near until a lost without. Let us 1 things. Let most trifling are steps that up or down Every time give it a d quer it is the more ca temptations i present our

CHRISTMAS

FARM Peterbor, Send soon, a