



VIRTUE is like a rich stone best plain set.

## When Ambition Won

By John R. Spears. (Farm and Fireside.)

ONE morning in April, while Dr. James Kelly was raking the lawn in front of his house in High Falls—a mill town at the edge of the Adirondack Mountains—a boy about fifteen years old stopped at the front gate and looked as he would like to enter the yard but was afraid to do so.

Seeing this, the doctor turned to a neighbor who was leaning over a line fence and, grinning in a provoking way, said:

"Now, Billy Hanlon, if you don't let the kid alone I'll tell his father to refuse to go hunting rabbits with you any more."

"Huh," replied Hanlon, "much hurt that would do me! If I showed him a dollar bill he'd crawl all over the Pine Plains to get it."

The boy flushed but made no comment. The doctor frowned, and then invited the boy in.

"Don't mind him, Jefferson. He's daffy anyway," he continued. "I see by your looks you don't need any of my medicine. Is any of the family sick?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I would like to buy that lime back there, sir."

He pointed to two barrels of lime standing beside the stable at the rear of the yard.

"Well, what do you know about that?" asked Hanlon with a jeer. "I've heard Pine Plains beggars asking for all sorts of things, but lime—slaked at that—is a new one. What do you think you're going to do with it?"

The doctor answered the Hanlon's remark without noticing it cordially:

"All right, Jefferson. You see that pile of ashes just this side? I want that to grow up to brush, but you'll do that haul away. If you'll do your share you'll have the lime for your trouble. How's that?"

"Thank you, sir. I'll come to-morrow," the boy agreed.

The full name of the boy was Jefferson Briand, and he lived on the Pine Plains, a great tract of sand lying along the north bank of the river. Fifty years ago the plains were covered with a white pine forest. After this was harvested, most of the land was left to grow up to brush, but here and there little patches of the land were occupied by people who raised scant crops of potatoes, beans, and buckwheat, and in season picked berries which they brought to High Falls and sold at from three to five cents a quart. Low as the price was, the berries formed the chief cash crop of these ne'er-do-well people.

On the south of the river the soil was naturally rich and "strong." The farmers lived in great white houses and kept herds of cows in big red barns. Inevitably the unfortunate ones who lived on the sand—the "Pine Plains beggars," as Hanlon called them—were a joke to those on the rich land, and especially to the people of High Falls. Dr. Kelly was about the only citizen of the town who always treated them respectfully, though why he should do so, when he rarely received pay for attending the sick

weeks ahead of all others was astonishing.

"Where did he learn how?" was the question asked by everybody, but to this Jefferson made no reply. That he usually flushed with embarrassment when he heard the question was noted by all, and this embarrassment became much worse after the local newspaper, the "Clarion," published an item about him wherein the ragged harness on the "crow-hat" horse and the decrepitated wagon were contrasted with the "superb vegetables offered for sale."

When winter came, and the first fall of snow, the Briand family once more received attention from the local editor. A party of briand hunters who went to the Briand home to secure the help of the man and his two dogs found him and Jefferson in the old shack of a barn pounding a great heap of limestone into powder. Billy Hanlon, who was in the lead, gave a whoop.

"You always wondered what the Pine Plains folks lived on in winter," he cried, "but now you see. It's limestone bread, with a rabbit on top now and then. Come on with us," he continued, addressing Briand, "and bring your dogs. We'll give you enough money to vary your grub with coffee and tea, eh? Sure thing!"

"Jeff! go, if you like," answered Briand, but he himself refused to go even when they offered to hire him

in the spring, after which it was spread "almost thick enough to cover the ground out of sight" on a three-acre field, and plowed under. It was on this field that the Briands grew their truck.

When Roderick Simms, master of the local grange, heard this he said: "It's no wonder they raise good truck. Ferns, especially brakes, rated with limonites, mixed in with some first-class fertilizer—nothing better for sandy soils. The wonder to me is, as I have said all along, where or how old Briand learned how. I know him—Briand often helps me in haying, and while he's a good worker, he's as ignorant as the rest of the Pine Plains tribe. He can't read or write—can't even sign his name, and yet his boys come to town with truck two weeks ahead of that on the good limestone soil this side of the river. He's making money, too, hand over fist. Where did he learn how? That, what I want to know."

These questions were asked by increasing numbers of people as the season passed, and the quantity and quality of the Briand truck were discussed with increased wonder. In a September issue of the village newspaper one item read as follows:

"I wish to thank young Jefferson Briand for a basket of the pine-plains potatoes we have seen this year—large, red, smooth, and delicious. Good-bye, Jefferson! You've beat the whole town with yours. Where did you get a Pine Plains farm at that. Where did you learn how?"

The general interest thus kindled reached a climax the following winter, which was simply astounding to the people of the whole valley. For along in January the local paper contained a notice saying that the Farmers' alliance would be held, as usual, at Grange Hall. At the end of the notice appeared this sentence:

"We are requested to state that Jefferson Briand will tell the audience how he transformed a worthless piece of Pine Plains soil into a most profitable market garden."

The people of High Falls had always been interested in the Farmer's alliance, but now more than ever. Accordingly the hall was crowded at most meetings, and when at the night meeting the workers mounted to the little stage, and Jefferson was seen with them, there was a ripple of applause in which Dr. Kelly led.

Then not a few of the townspeople remarked to one another that the boy was "dressed as well as anybody I didn't seem to be scared much either."

Nevertheless, when Jefferson related that he was the centre of intense

a feeling of embarrassment almost overwhelmed him. In fact, he was just reaching a point where he was ready to leave the stage and the hall when he happened to see Hank sitting in the front row of seats with muck on his face. The boy remembered Hanlon's words about the bees—"Where did you 'coon 'em?"—and a flush of indignation replaced his embarrassment. Then the leader of the multitude said a little introductory speech, said: "The boy will now tell his instructive story," whereupon Jefferson went up and in a clear, if boyish, voice said:

"If I had known that book learning is no disgrace to a farmer, I might have told everybody about our soil on the Pine Plains as fast as I could. I didn't know it. We always had real farmers laughing about 'old farmers,' and we had always been afraid so much that we couldn't stand it to have any one of our boys brag for what we were doing so far."

"Father, you know, owns eight acres on the Plains; but all we could get out of it was a few potatoes and potatoes aren't worth keeping the horse and cow and so on. We didn't need to add it much. We'd always been poor."

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The Proprietor of Long Lake Farm and Two Promising Farmerettes. The illustration shows Mr. Robert Smith on his farm near Edmonston, Alaska, and a part of his wheat crop, as seen in August of this year. The little farmerettes seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. Mr. Smith is an extensive potato grower, usually marketing 5,000 or 6,000 bushels, and his potato crop runs in the neighborhood of 600 bushels in the acre.

Photo, courtesy Edmonston Board of Trade.

"Hello, Jefferson, blueberries already?" inquired the doctor.

"No, sir; bees!"

He held up a neatly tied bunch of five deep red bees that were fit to make a man's mouth water. "Well, will you look at them!" exclaimed Hanlon. "Say, boy, where did you 'coon 'em?"

With an air not common among Pine Plains boys, Jeff answered by asking another question:

"Did you miss any from your garden, sir—any like them?"

"Not much he didn't!" exclaimed the doctor heartily. "There's not a garden in High Falls that'll have bees as big as them for two weeks yet. What's the price per bunch?"

"Five cents, sir; but Father said he wished you'd take a couple of bunches without pay. We're a whole lot obliged to you for that lime you gave us."

"All right, Jefferson. I'll take them and thank you kindly. I'll not forget it."

Jefferson had forty bunches yet in the wagon, and he sold them quickly, the Hanlon being his first cash customer. The fact that a Pine Plains man had brought bees to town was alone enough to cause unusual comment, but that he should have been two

## The Up

Hoping  
It is good that  
hope and anxiety  
the Lesson and  
Hope, child, to-mo-  
still,  
And every morn-  
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Hope! and each  
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Be there to ask  
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NEVER has the  
the history  
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have taken to them  
flows away, when we  
happ, at the gravest  
we are dearest to us  
despair. "Naked came  
amid the ruins of th  
that the blessed pro  
glorious rays on our  
serve not, even as  
no hope. For if we  
died and rose again  
which sleep in Jesus  
with him."

Hope on, hope ever;  
The sweet sunburst m-  
-tomorrow;  
Though thou art lonel-  
will mark  
The loneliness, and  
for sorrow,  
Though thou must toil  
sordid men,  
Who seem to echo br-  
or love thee,  
Ther up, poor heart  
beat in vain  
The God is over all,  
and thou  
Hope on, hope ever,