

The Farm.

In a Hurry to Get Rich.

I have in mind the case of a young man who had a good business and was doing well. Just when he was feeling particularly anxious to do a little better, however, an agent of a real estate improvement company persuaded him to take a small amount of stock in the concern. He thought he knew the man he was dealing with, and, having confidence in his judgment and relying upon his veracity, he became an easy prey to this dangerous form of speculation.

The old story of the camel which thrust its head into the tent of its master only to demand admittance for his entire body was speedily repeated in the case of this unfortunate young man. The hundred dollars which he originally invested was shortly followed by a hundred more, which the agent declared had been expended in improving the property, so that it would sell for more in the near future. Demands now came thick and fast, and the young man was compelled to borrow in order to keep up his payments. His farm was soon mortgaged, and still no signs of getting back what he had put in. Once he had a chance to dispose of his interest in the company so that he would have realized about 50 per cent of the amount he had invested. But he thought he would hold on a little longer. The last I knew he was trying to raise another \$100, and the agent had assured him that the prospect was very bright. I do not expect he will ever realize a tenth part of what he has sunk in the venture, saying nothing about the fortune he hoped to gain.

Almost the most harassing thing I ever had to do was to get rid of a man who wanted me to become a partner with him in the placing of a new kind of oats for which he claimed wonders. The trouble was that I had known the man for years, and had always respected him as an honest man. The plan of operation was so evidently crooked and so palpably called upon me to take part in a grand swindling scheme that I lost all sort of patience with the man and had all I could do to keep myself in control until I saw the last of him. The man who for the sake of getting rich a little faster will deceive his neighbors is not much better than a highway robber. I have always tried to believe that the fellow who tried to work me into this scheme was honest himself, his great fault having been that he had succumbed to the mania of these latter days to accumulate property faster than he could in the ordinary way.

It seems to me that a good many fathers have a good deal to answer for. They are continually holding up to their boys this man who has become wealthy by sharp dealing or that one who has reached a degree of success in politics, or something equally as questionable. Instead of encouraging their sons to be faithful in the calling to which they have undoubtedly been chosen, and by following which they may be happy and truly respected and respectable citizens, they seek to inspire them to imitate the men who, while they may be wealthier than most men, are, as a matter of fact, of small worth to society.

It is not the dollar we get which makes us happy, but the way we get it and the use we make of it after we have got it. If there is any one thing I have tried to teach my boys it is that there is only one way to succeed in this life, and that is by following the plain, though sometimes narrow, path of honest toil. This may seem like a plodding gait. So be it. If it takes us to the haven of happiness, well and good. We are not sure where the road of speculation will lead us to. It has proved to be the everlasting ruin of many and many a good man.

I suppose all men who enter upon the life of a speculator think they will not fall where others have. They are impressed with the idea that they will profit by the failures of their neighbors and cannot help succeeding. I think every one ought to think well of himself. That is right. But unless we have discovered some infallible

way of keeping from getting burned, why should we be conceited enough to believe that we can stick our fingers into the fire with safety?

Teach the boys that the way of the speculator is exceedingly hard. It ends in many a heartache and leads to wrecked happiness. Patient industry never has failed to bring happiness and a reasonable degree of success. It never will if coupled with right habits and honest dealing with God and man. Don't be in too big a hurry to get rich.—Edgar L. Vincent.

Old Hens and Moulting.

Much has been said against the keeping of hens that are over two or three years old, and there is only one point against them, which is that each year a hen will moult later in the season, and the older the hen the later in the season will she moult. When winter comes it many times catches her before she is fully covered with feathers; as a result she will be set back and suffer from the cold, and perhaps not commence laying before the spring.

A little judicious treatment with nitrogenous food not only benefits the fowls, but shortens the period of moulting, and in addition to that the growth of plumage is stronger and heavier, the fowls being then better able to stand the cold winter. The appearance of the fowls is also improved. The feathers look better and the fowls take on fat and meet the cold weather of winter with a vigorous constitution and in good health, which otherwise might not have been the case.—(Mirror and Farmer.

Killing Lice on Farm Stock.

Rub the frying from salt meat along the backbone and about the head of the animals troubled with lice. If this is repeated a few times they will be killed. There is no danger from using this, and as every farm has plenty of salt meat, the remedy is not expensive. I use this for horses and cattle. For hogs I make a strong soap and wash them with it. It keeps them very healthy.—(H. Manzey, in American Agriculturist.

A facetious correspondent submits this literary query and witty reply: "Which was the most industrious writer, Charles Dickens, Bulwer Lytton or Samuel Warren?" "Dickens, for he wrote 'All the Year Round,' while Lytton wrote 'Night and Morning,' and Warren wrote 'Now Then.'" True; But in justice to the latter gentleman, it should be remembered that, while Dickens wrote some novels, Warren wrote "Ten Thousand a Year."

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The College Man's number of The Saturday Evening Post (of Philadelphia) though planned primarily to appeal to University men, past and present, will interest all who care for the short story at its best. Robert W. Chambers, in "The Spirit of the North," tells of the adventures of a party of Columbia naturalists and their quest of the dingy—hitherto supposed to be extinct—in the unknown country behind the Hudson Mountains. The story is a rather remarkable combination of exciting action in inimitable humor. Charles Macomb Flandrau (author of Harvard Episodes) contributes "Prince Protocoff and the Press Club," an irresistibly funny episode of Cambridge life. Jesse Lynch Williams (author of Princetown stories and the Stolen Story) chronicles "The Great College-Circus Fight" between Princeton students and a passing Wild-West Show; and Arthur Hobson Quinn (author of Pennsylvania Stories) tells the story of "The Last Five Yards."

Among other contributions to the number are President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who discusses the regulation of college athletics; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who describes the college life of our grandfathers, and President Nathaniel Butler, of Colby College.

The College Man's Number will be on all news-stands October 26.

Richard Carvel, by Winston Churchill, author of "The Celebrity." Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

When one considers the richness of the field of romance, of which Thackeray turned only the first sod in "The Virginians," it is difficult to understand how it has remained so long uncultivated, but the fact that the old cavalier colony of Maryland, with its old world aristocracy, has been hitherto closed to the world of fiction, merely adds to the value and delights of Mr. Churchill's masterly romance.

"Richard Carvel" is a love story first of all; of this the reader is never made unconscious. No matter how fascinating the development of character, no matter how absorbing and vivid the adventure, the history and the multitudinous distractions that the author introduces with consummate art, the reader never quite loses sight of the great patient love of the hero for the charming, coquettish little maiden, of whom even her old nurse vowed, "Clare to goodness, Marse Dick, I've nursed Miss Dolly since she was dat high, and neber one minnit ob her life is I knowed what de chile gwine t' do de next. She ain't neber yit done what I calculated on."

From time to time into the scenes pass personages that are more or less great, yet, strange to say, the majority of these are English not American. "Tis true we get a brief but convincing glimpse of Washington, and that in Paul Jones we find probably the most unique and complex character in the book, but, on the other hand, during 200 or more pages which describes the hero's stay in London, Richard Carvel is constantly in the society of the wild but witty coterie, of which the younger Fox was the acknowledged leader. The picture of Fox is inimitable, the gay, clever, warm-hearted young statesman, who gambled away thousands in a night, while his friends paid his debts and worshiped him, and his Hebrew creditors sat upon the hard benches of his "Jerusalem chamber" waiting in vain for an interview.

The spirit of the author throughout is most gratifying to a Britisher, for while he in no way minimizes the heroism of the Colonists, there is a thorough appreciation of the sympathy of the British people, and but little bitterness even against the blundering King. Altogether it is a book worth reading, for in these days of hurried and slipshod work, it is a rare thing to find so many and so varied good points in one story, and the whole so carefully finished and gracefully polished as "Richard Carvel."

Most of us have known people avowedly not Christian, the beauty of whose lives seemed in harmony with that love which "is the fulfilling of the law." Such lives are often blind to the true nature of their sinfulness, as is shown by the following illustration: A group of children wandered away from their home. They found plenty to interest them as the hours went by. Their play was sweet and happy and an onlooker at their games might have thought it a blessed sight. But there were aching hearts in the homes they had left, and their kindness to each other did not alter the anxiety and yearning of the parents from whom they had wandered.—Current Anecdotes.

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