

The Robin's Nest.—Continued.

harvest dawn! There is a golden glory in the heavens above, a golden glory in the earth below, as though God, with His own right hand, did gently throw upon a golden world a golden day.

In the big white house on the hill sits Barbara, but not the Barbara of old. This one has no roses in her cheeks, no laughter in her lips. She is pale as the lace at her neck, and her eyes are bitter. She is writing a letter, a letter ending with:

"I'm tired of it all, and I'm going home. You're grown to care for nothing but land and money. We have had no real life for years. Once you had time to think of higher things than riches; had time to care for me; but that was before this awful greed hardened your heart, and made you what you are—a man who has lost his ideals of honesty, a husband who has lost his love for wife and home. I've long since given up hope of winning you back. Disappointment, heartache, the monotony of the life is killing me. If heaven had seen fit to spare me my children, I could have borne anything, but I'm alone, and suffering. I'm going home. You will not miss me; home means as little to you as love, or religion, any more. I've lost all heart. Good-bye."

She puts that good-bye down without a tear. Truly she is changed. She goes outside, but her eyes are blind to the beauty of the golden day. Walter has not been home for a week. He is a business man, with many interests. As leading member of a firm of grain-buyers he is engrossed night and day.

The clang of reapers fills the air. His men are beginning the harvest. Directly behind the big new house stands the little old one, and she takes her way to it. It has been her pleasure to keep the place unchanged; here is the curtained corner, there the shelves in the wall, yonder the box of keepsakes. It is beside this box she pauses. From it she takes, first of all, the fat diary book, full of records of their early days of married life, and begins to turn over the leaves listlessly.

"Our house is completed. It is exactly as large as my study at home. I know, because I've the study carpet down, and it covers the floor beautifully. The bedroom is curtained off with chenille curtains, but I have, besides, what I call an emergency bed right under the rafters. When the weather is too bad for the hired man to sleep in his tent, I rig this up for him. It is rather rickety, and often I hold my breath for fear he and his snores and the emergency bed will topple down together. We've papered our walls with startling groups from the 'Lady's Pictorial,' scenes from Shakespeare, and portraits of 'Men and Women of the Century.' The artistic combination lends quite as air to the house. The Indians in particular seem struck with it.

"Oh, the joys of a one-roomed house! In after years I'll not need to go round saying farewell to drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and hall. I'll just stand in the middle of this door, open my arms wide, and cry: 'Oh, happy place, filled to the roof with memories; no other home can ever seem so dear!'"

She lifts her weary eyes and stares about her. To go back and begin all over again. She turned over several leaves and read on:

"Too busy to write much since baby came. She is very frail and precious. I have Teddy in pants, though he's only three. Teddy is a dear, with dark eyes, and cheeks like two red apples. Poor Walter is so busy he can hardly take time to be proud. He hopes to have five hundred acres in grain next year. The new house is begun, but I am not its architect." She is crying now, the hot tears roll down her cheeks and splash upon the book. Someone lays a hand on her bowed head. "Barbara," says a voice—the voice of a lover she had once upon a time, "Barbara, I want you, I need you—help me."

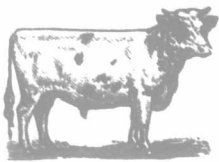
Up comes the red-brown head, up comes the eyes, not heavy or bitter now. "Yes, Walter," she says, "tell me what is wrong."

"I found your letter, it broke my heart—it is true—true. When we came here I was full of good resolves, but the lust for land and money gripped me. And now, now, after all my scheming and working, I'm a poor man. I've

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lost everything, the company has gone to the wall, and my wealth with it. Can you bear to begin over again?"

"Listen," it is the old Barbara speaking, "I long to go back to the old days of peace, and prayer, and poverty. I only want my husband, the Walter that came out here with me. He went away a long while ago."

"He has come back. Look at me, Barbara." He is pale, but exultant. The soul of him, strong, repentant, humble, faces her through his dark determined eyes.

"Yes, he has come back," she says, tremulously. "What do we care for poverty?"

"Nothing. 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' I know the meaning of the Psalm now, I learned it on my knees last night," he cried.

With his arm still about her they go out into the golden day, and stand silent for a while.

"Are you thinking that all those fields were yours but yesterday?" she asks.

"No," with the old winning smile, "I'm thinking how blue your eyes are, and how I love you, that's all."
—[Jean Blewett, in Toronto News.]

GOSSIP.

The one who does not feel glad when he hears a kind word said of himself or his work has already been "dead a long time."

While a young recruit was on his first sentry duty, a comrade brought him a sandwich. He was about to eat it when the major appeared, and the sentry was too busy to salute. "What's that?" asked the major. "A sandwich," replied the recruit. "Have a bite?" "Do you know me?" asked the major. "Don't know you from a crow. Perhaps you're the major's coachy." "No, I'm not." "His groom, perhaps." "No; try again." "Perhaps the old chap himself?" "Right this time," said the major. "Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the frightened sentry. "Hold the sandwich while I present arms!"

A writer in an English exchange reports an unusual instance of precocious breeding, a Shorthorn heifer, at seven months, having been served by a bull calf four and a half months old, the heifer producing a calf when she was barely sixteen months old. Instances have been known of Jersey heifers giving birth to a calf at fourteen months, in which case service must have taken place when the heifer was but five months old. Such records are not creditable to the management of the owners, as they indicate carelessness and indifference, if not cruelty, for it is dangerous and degenerating to allow such young things to be subject to the stress of maternity.

R. C. writes: "To kill lice on cattle, take a plug of chewing tobacco, soak it in two quarts of warm water for about twenty-four hours, wash the affected parts at night, and in the morning there won't be a living louse on them. Some time ago the question was asked regarding the retention of the afterbirth, and part of the answer was, give lukewarm water to drink for about three weeks after calving. A number of years ago, we did that very same thing, and had endless trouble, and we just reversed it. As soon as the cow is able to drink, I go to the pump and give her a pail of cold water, no matter how cold the weather is, and we never had any trouble since. And they are no scrub cows, either. Some of them could not be bought for \$100."

BULLS FATTENED ON MEAT.

A writer in an English exchange states that near to the city of London is an establishment where not only old boars and sows, but also old and thin bulls, are purchased and fattened on meat, soup and gravy made from the offal from the London hotels. The animals, it is said, eat this class of food with a relish, gaining in many instances two to three pounds per day. The young porkers are sent to the meat markets, and the older boars and sows are used for chopping up for sausages; while the best bulls' carcasses find their way to the butchers' stalls.

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