

"You mustn't touch the ball with your hands," he said, "unless you get it in a place where you can't drive it out with the spoon." I think that is what he called the implement.

"Then let me get a whack at it," I said. "You'll never get it out of there."

He seemed to resent this offer of help from me, but at last I smote the ball so that it dropped within forty feet or so from where my own ball was lying. Then he got still another stick, shanked with iron, but the iron this time set on straight, which said instrument, if I remember aright, he called a "putter." He struck the ball gently, and it rolled along the greensward toward the hole, which was designated by having an iron rod stuck in it and a red flag waving from the top of the rod. He "putted" the ball too gently at first, for it rolled a few inches only; then he struck it a little too heavily, for it ran along the green and passed the hole. The caddy was now standing beside the hole with the iron rod in his hand, so that there would be no obstruction to the entrance of the ball.

"Now," said the G. N., with a sigh, "it is your turn. I shouldn't try to put it in the hole at first, if I were you. The mistake which amateurs make is that they strike it too hard. You will be very apt to send it beyond the hole as I did a moment ago. Your best plan is to trundle it gently, and get into the hole with, perhaps, two strokes."

"All right," I said. "Here, here," he said. "You mustn't hit it with the driver. Take the putter."

"No," I said. "I'm used to this club. I'll try it again; I did first-rate the last time."

So I hit the ball a gentle tap. It trundled along over the green; I thought it was going to stop, then it went on, and paused again, then made another effort, trembled for a moment on the brink of the hole, and finally tumbled in. The G. N. smote the ground with his steel putter, and said that for brutal luck he never saw anything to beat it.

"Luck!" I cried. "There's no luck about it. I don't see any use in taking two strokes for what may just as well be done in one. It wouldn't count me any more if I did it in two strokes, would it?"

"Oh, no," said the G. N., "it wouldn't."

He fooled around with his artistic putter for several strokes, and at last his ball also waddled into the receptacle.

"Good enough!" I cried; then shouldered my driver and started for the clubhouse.

"Hullo!" said G. N., "where are you going?"

"Going!" I answered. "I'm going to the clubhouse. Didn't I win this game?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed G. N., "the game is only just begun; this is the first hole; there are eighteen of them."

"Bless my soul," I cried in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me that. Must I travel all over this part of England to win one game? Are all those flags fluttering down to the horizon part of this game?"

"Certainly," said the G. N. "You surely didn't think it ended with one hole?"

"Oh, very well," I answered, "it's all the same to me." So we walked over where there was another box of soft earth, and the caddy had by this time built the two little mounds of earth and placed the two white balls on the top of them.

"Now," I cried, "where do you want this ball dropped?"

"You see that other red flag," he answered; "down in the hollow; that's the next hole."

"Very well," I answered. "Here goes!"

"Excuse me," said the G. N. "Of course you did manage to hit it right last time, and perhaps you don't think it was a fluke, but it was. Now if you stand in that position you will inevitably send the ball over into the spinnies."

"The spinnies!" I said. "What is that?"

"The spinnies are the clump of trees you see over to your right."

"Oh, thunder!" I replied. "I'm not going to send the ball anywhere near that; I'm going to send the ball down by that red flag."

"You can do as you please," said the G. N. with a sigh, "but I assure you that if you stand in that position you will send the ball into the spinnies."

"What will you bet?" I asked.

"I'll bet you anything you like," replied the other.

"Oh, well," I said, "I don't want to rob you."

So I drew back and hit one eternal swipe, and sure enough the ball sailed like the heaven-seeking lark, and I am sure it will not be believed when I say that it struck that iron rod with a clang that sounded over the grounds, causing the flag to flutter and coming within an ace of dropping into the hole.

"Oh, well," said the G. N., with a touch of despair in his voice. "There is no use in playing against fate. For pure downright luck, I never saw anything to equal this."

"It isn't luck," I said resentfully. "It's the way you stand. You stand according to the rules in the book, and I stand as I used to stand when I played 'shinny' in the olden days. The ball is bound to drop there. Now you stand according to rules, and just see what will happen."

The G. N. took up his position and swung his club a little more carefully than he had done before. The ball left his driver, taking a tangent to the right, and I'll be hanged if it didn't drop in the spinnies against which he had warned me. I lay down on the turf, rolled over, kicking my heels with joy, and filling the air with roars of exasperating laughter. The novelist stood and gazed with far-seeing eyes toward the clump of wood which concealed the ball, but he said nothing; the situation was too serious for words. He watched the caddy tumble over the fence and search ineffectually for the little white ball among the dead leaves in the grove. Finally he called the caddy back and took a brand new ball from his pocket.

"That surely," cried I, rising, "should count something for me."

"Oh, it does," said the G. N., wearily. "Don't be afraid; I'm keeping honest tally."

I shall not harrow the feelings of this good friend of mine by describing the rest of the game. I have been waiting now for a year for him to write up some account of the fearful contest, but he seems reluctant, so I have to place the facts before the world myself, which sounds conceited, but nevertheless truth is mighty and must prevail. He called off the game when we had reached the ninth hole. I don't remember now just whether he scored one point or not throughout the game; my impression is that he did; but when a particularly brilliant strike of mine dropped my ball directly into the ninth hole my teacher in the game suddenly threw his weapon at the caddy and said:

"Let's go back to the clubhouse, I'm thirsty."

He has urged me time and again to come and have another game with him, but I invariably refuse, and intend to refuse. I keep telling him that he is not in my class at all, and I shall play with no one under the rank of the Hon. Arthur Balfour. I can't fool away my time playing with any one but the most skilled masters of the game. I am not going to tarnish an unblemished record by counting on the unexampled streak of luck again. I rest on my laurels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Household Cures.

FELONS.

This painful trouble may be cured by an application of rock salt and turpentine. Dry common rock salt in the oven, then pound it fine, and mix with an equal amount of turpentine. Put it on a linen rag and wrap around the felon. As it dries, put on more, and if followed up, the felon will be killed in twenty-four hours.

EARACHE.

This is often cured by laying over the ear a flannel bag filled with hops, and wrung from hot vinegar.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Faces.

There's a sculptor grand who steadily forms,
With chisel and mould, the face;
And never a line that is meaningless
He leaves to strengthen or grace,
Or unto the visage less sin impart,
Where only sin should have trace.

The face he makes as our character is:
Nor can we by threat or fee
Refuse to have carved by this sculptor stern
Our faces, that all may see
Whether by sin-tossed storms we are beaten,
Or, self-conquered, stand we free.

Some faces speak of unworthy aims;
Some are filled with soul and heart;
There are shame-kissed faces, whose lines are drawn
With great precision of art;
From cynical faces we backward shrink
As we would from dagger's dart.

Our nearest, dearest, or strangers, may read,
By this sculptor's aiding might,
Whether to wrong we are held with chains,
Or walk we in paths of right.
It behooves us, friends, our minds to control,
That our faces glow with light.—*Elizabeth D. Preston.*

Duties of Daily Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves.

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

"I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be."

"There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee may say."

"There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do every where."

"And so, I ask Thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still."

The great broad field of time is portioned out, like the strips of peasant allotments, which show a little bit here with one kind of crop upon it, bordered by another tiny morsel of ground bearing another kind of crop. So the whole is patchy, and yet all harmonizes in effect if we look at it from high enough up. Thus each life is made of a series, not merely of successive moments, but of well-marked epochs, each of which has its own character, its own responsibilities, its own opportunities, in each of which there is some special work to be done, some grace to be cultivated, some lesson to be learned, some sacrifice to be made; and if it is let slip, it never comes back any more. "It might have been once, and we missed it, lost it forever."

On the Other Side.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide—
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A "Proverb Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e. g., 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont., and mark them "Proverb Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB—No. 24.

How Sampo Saw the Mountain King.

(FROM THE SWEDISH.)

Far away in Lapland there lived in a little hut a man and his wife with their little son Sampo. Sampo Lappelill was now between seven and eight years of age, and he delighted to dance down the hills in his little snowshoes and to drive his own reindeer in his own little sledge. "I shall never feel comfortable while he is from home," said the mother; "he may meet Hissi's reindeer with the golden cutters." "It must be a splendid animal," said Sampo; "how much I should like to drive to Kastekais with it!" "You audacious boy," exclaimed the mother; "how dare you talk so? Kastekais is the home of the trolls, and Hissi dwells there also. He is the Mountain King, who can eat a whole reindeer at one mouthful, and who swallows little boys like flies."

Sampo could not help thinking what good fun it would be to have a peep at such a wonderful being—from a safe distance, of course. Three or four weeks had elapsed since Christmas, and darkness brooded still over Lapland. There was no morning, noon, or evening; it was always night. Sampo felt dull. He had nearly forgotten what the sun looked like. One day his father said: "Tomorrow or the day after we shall see the sun. Look! How weirdly the southern light glows on the top of Kastekais." Again the idea flashed into the boy's mind: What a grand sight the Mountain King would be—from a distance. That night he crept silently out of the door hole and stood, well wrapped in fur, wondering what to do next. Then he heard his little reindeer pawing the ground. "Why should I not take a drive?" thought Sampo. So he harnessed the reindeer and drove forth into the snow, singing a bright little song. He crossed the River Yana into the kingdom of Norway. The wolves ran beside the sledge, but he had no fear. No wolf could keep up with his dear, swift little reindeer. It was delightful!

Alas! At a sudden turning on the downward slope of a hill, the sledge overturned, and Sampo was pitched into a snowdrift. The reindeer ran on, not knowing that its master was left behind. Sampo was frightened now as he sat among the rocks with the big black shadow of Kastekais frowning down upon him. He tried weeping at first, but his tears froze instantly and rolled down in little lumps like peas, so the child thought he had better stop crying and run about to keep warm. "Rather than freeze here," he said, "I would go straight to the Mountain King. If he wants to swallow me, he must, I suppose; but I shall advise him to eat the wolves instead. They are much fatter than I."

Sampo began to ascend the mountain. Before he had gone far he heard the trotting of some creature behind him, and a moment after a large wolf overtook him. Although inwardly trembling, Sampo would not betray his fear. He shouted: "Keep out of my way. I am the bearer of a message to the King, and you hinder me at your peril!"

"Dear me!" said the wolf, "and, pray, what little shrimp are you, wriggling through the snow?"

"My name is Sampo Lappelill," replied the boy.

"Who are you?"

"I," answered the wolf, "am first gentleman-usher to the Mountain King. I have just been all over the kingdom to call together his subjects for the great sun festival. As you are going my way, you may get on my back and ride up the mountain."

Sampo instantly climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf, and they went off at a gallop.

"What do you mean by the sun festival?" he asked.

"Don't you know that?" said the wolf. "We celebrate the sun's feast the day he first appears after the long night of winter. All trolls, goblins, and animals then assemble on Kastekais, and on