



## OUR TALKING BEE.

**Why the Boy Leaves**—Much has been said and written about "why boys leave the farm." Now if all the boys who have been born on farms or have lived on them the greater share of their lives should all stay where they are, why, I believe that farmers would become a drug on the market. There would be so much produce raised that there would not be a market for all of it. There are very few boys who leave the farm but who have some aspiration to satisfy, and such boys generally, if they have any ambition at all, come out on top. There are some boys who leave the farm who are literally too lazy to do manual labor. And there is yet another class of boys who would prefer to have more money for their "use" than the average farmer has. Such boys generally become school teachers, professors, etc. They do not wish to wait till the crop is sold at the end of the year and then stand the chances of getting no clear profit. One reason why the American farmer boy leaves the farm is because he does not receive credit for what he does. He is very observant and reads and thinks a great deal. The father may have made a success at farming, but his ways may be a trifle ancient. Occasionally, if the boy thinks at all, he may have a suggestion to make and he often receives a sharp rebuke. Is it any wonder, then, that the boy becomes disgusted with his father? Some may put forth the argument that the boy ought to stay and inherit some of the property of his well-to-do father on the ground that if he goes away he will be very apt to get nothing. What does the boy care for money? Nothing. Senator Goebel started penniless. A. Lincoln started penniless. Now is it not to be believed that if one starts out into life penniless, or nearly so, he will have as good a chance, if he lives honorably, of reaching the top notch as the one who starts with plenty of means? [No. 1 of Letter Circle 55.]

## MY SOLDIER BOY.

I am praying for you, Jeanie.  
While the days are going by,  
Praying when the sun is shining,  
And when stars are in the sky:  
"Shield him safe from every danger,  
On the land and on the sea.  
Hear me! hear me! oh, my Father,  
Save him—send him back to me!"  
W. F. H.

**A Fool's Paradise**—I see so many writing their experiences for the Councilors that I want to say something myself. I am an old bachelor of 33, and have lived in the far west for 20 years, most of the time in the saddle, a cowboy, and as such never had the advantages of ladies' society. Yet at about 29 I fell in love with a neighboring ranchman's daughter, wooed and won her, and we became engaged. We were both poor, and agreed that it was best that we should wait until I had prepared a home before we were married. Then for over three years I was the happiest man in all this world—living in a fool's paradise—and then, just as we were about to realize the fulfillment of our "love dream," came a shadow between us. Then came tears, jealousies and separation. We never quarreled; I couldn't do that. I never blamed her; I loved her too well. Yet I have always thought that I did the only thing any man could do, offered her her freedom, which she accepted. I sold out my small and hard-earned possessions, and left there, and I have never seen her since. Yet once since that I held out the olive branch of peace—it was de-



clined with thanks. That was long years ago. I still love her, and somehow I can't help but believe that she still loves me. She is called an old maid now—but time has made great changes—and while I still love her I feel more resigned to my fate now. Yet I get awfully lonesome and tired of living alone all of the time. And now comes another part of my story. I do not drink, use tobacco or gamble, have a quarter section of good land, a log cabin and a few head of stock, all my own, and do not owe a dollar. A little over a year ago I became acquainted with a young lady in the east—a farmer's daughter—through the columns of F & H, and I have become deeply interested in her, and while I have never seen her, she is neat and tidy (her letters show that), and I believe she would make a good wife for a ranchman. She has a better home than I can offer her. She also knows my story—we have been very plain-spoken with each other—and I have been thinking of making her a visit. If I do, and I find her as I think she is, it is my intention to ask her to be my wife. To speak to her of love would be hypocritical—admiration, respect and confidence being all that I would or could offer. I want to hear what the Councilors think of it, especially the female readers. Before I close let me say a few words to the young men of the east: Come west and get you a home. Where I live are millions and millions of acres of government land to be had for the asking. Bunch grass grows abundantly, wood and water are plentiful. The weather, while severe at times, is not like the damp atmosphere of the Mississippi valley. Here it is high and dry.—[Cowboy.]

**The Convent**—Your advice, Miss Moore, was received with much pleasure. Now do any of you think it would be advisable to take a business course in some college, and did any of you girls ever go to a convent to school, and if so, please tell me how you liked it? I intend going to school at the Ursuline convent next session. Not because I am not a Catholic do I hesitate, but because I have heard they are so strict and cross. Miss Moore, I like your style of writing, because I believe you do it for the good of others.—[Pretful Midget.]

**A Push**—When you see others downhearted who cannot get along, feeling that fate is against them, does it ever occur to you that if you gave them a push it would lighten their burden and also give you a light heart? How often a little push means a great deal! A little smile will often brighten a whole household. There is trouble enough for each of us, but we will escape much by looking on the sunny side.—[Katy Did.]

**A Dull Mist**—Really, it grieves me more than my tender heart can express to learn that you, dear friends, have changed your names from Tablers to Councilors; for, if I must admit it, anything concerning a table has ever held a peculiar charm for me. Alas and alack! how well I used to stow away for safe keeping those never-to-be-forgotten apple preserves and jars of blackberry jam! How about the overcoat, Niskayuna? Pardon me, but would you mind laying claim to two such articles while you are on the lookout? Just keep your eyes open, and by all the gods, I swear you shall be awarded in due time, but may they also decree that I shall be absent at the time! A charming young lady? Why man, turn your eyes in the direction of Miss Publico; mine have been in that direction, except when in the direction of Mr. Coddle's sister (by the way, where is that charming brother?) and have seen nothing but a dull mist through which I could distinguish nothing definitely, but "Time, it alone will tell."—[Bill of the Ark.]

**Drowning Trouble**—Nella Arnal, do you think that anyone ever takes to drink to "drown trouble"? I know that is quite often claimed as the cause, and it may be that trouble sometimes weakens the will power so that one is overcome by temptation, but in my opinion drowning trouble is used as an excuse to in some degree lessen the reproach and cause more pity and tolerance for that particular drunkard. One might far better commit suicide in some other way, for then one leaves the remem-

brance of the immediate past, but when one takes to drink, all one's past record is forgotten in the shame of filling a drunkard's grave. As you say, the best and surest way to find relief from care and trouble is to take it to the Heavenly Father, but so many haven't this refuge, and these are the ones who are most tempted by drink. Has Been, I, too, have often wondered about those writers of the past, especially Kink; but all inquiries seem to meet with the same lack of success. I think they must have gotten a good name and prominence and then dropped gracefully out forever. It seems strange that so few young people in the country are interested in botany. There are few studies I like so well, and the country surely is the place for study. It is, however, difficult to study alone. [Wyopa.]

## KANSAS.

Away with your fashion, your glitter and gold,  
I do not desire them, if the truth will be told.  
Let me stay here in Kansas, where the hot winds blow,  
And the alfalfa blossoms four times in a row.  
Ours the land of adoption, not the land of our birth,  
But there's no place just like it on the face of the earth.  
C. W. M.

**Bread and Water**—I tried to love my father's wife and was very glad when he brought her home. I had known her before and loved her. She had been with us but a few days when she tried to show her authority and made things very disagreeable for us. It made me wish I was once more with my dear old grandmother. But no, I tried to conquer my feelings. It was of no use. She was worse when my father was away than when he was home. She seemed to take advantage of that time and let loose her temper. One time she accused me of telling a falsehood, which I did not. Thinking she could force me to say what she wanted, she shut me up for a whole week on nothing but bread and water. This was repeated four days again. When my father came home I was allowed to go down and see him, but was forbidden to say anything to him about my punishment. If I did I should have double dose. Of course I was young and easily frightened, so dared not say a word. Not only was she unkind, but cruel, heartlessly cruel, leaving marks on my body that will follow me to my grave. I am

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 94,395]

"I am so grateful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me that I feel as though I must tell about it. A year ago I was taken very sick. Doctors could do me no good only to deepen the pain which I had almost constantly. I got some of your Compound and took one bottle and received benefit from it at once. I have taken it ever since and now have no backache, no pain in my side and my stomach and bowels are perfectly well. I can honestly say that there is nothing like it. If I could only tell every woman how much good your medicine has done me, they would surely try it."—MARTHA M. KING, NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

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