

one's innards on a cold night, and you has our best thanks, sir.'

This was said on behalf of himself and the others by the carter, one of the oldest hands on the farm.

'I am glad you like it,' was the reply, 'and when you come up to the house in future we shall offer you coffee or something like instead of cider. Good-night, all,' and he left the kitchen before anything could be said.

About a fortnight after, on a similar occasion, Sam said to them:

'I am glad you like the coffee, all. Suppose you bring your wives up next week to give their opinion. Good-night,' and he was off again before any reply could be made.

'What do un mane, Garge?' said Joe.

'How can I tell, Joe,' said George.

When the wives came up with their husbands the following week the table was spread with an extra supply of provisions, the mother also being present to pour out. Just before they went home Sam spoke to them quietly, but firmly:

'I am glad you like the coffee, all, because we intend to make a change in respect to the supply of drink. After the first of the New Year we shall no longer supply to our work-people either beer or cider, but give an equivalent in money. In addition to which, during harvest, threshing, or any such extra times, we shall furnish a good supply of tea, cocoa, or some other beverage of a like kind.'

This announcement was received with no little consternation by the men. Some were silent, others murmured, while one or two openly expressed dissent.

'We shall never get droo' a harvest wi'out th' drink,' said one.

'We shall be weak as babbies when we come to tackle hard work,' said another.

'We shall be dead afore th' winter's out,' said a third.

'Look here, men,' said Sam, 'You can do without the drink as well as I can. Follow my example, and you will be better in body, mind, and soul, besides having an extra shilling or two of a Saturday night. Each one of you think over the matter and talk it over quietly with the missus at home. There's nothing more to be said that I know of, so good-night, all.'

About a week after one of the men, a young fellow not long married, came to Sam.

'Me an' my missis ha' been talkin' th' matter over, Mester Sam'l, an' we thinks as how we'd like to begin now.'

'I'm very glad to hear it, George. Your wife can make you tea or coffee, and you can come up to the house any time for whey or skimmed milk, both of which are favorite drinks of mine.'

'We both on us thinks o' signin' teetotal.'

'Do so, by all means, and resolve further, as Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."''

'We intends to try, Mester Sam'l, and thank'ee, sir,' and George went on his way well pleased.

The men with one exception, submitted to the change, Joe Davies, 'wasn't going to drink peg's-wash,' and so found another master. His place was soon filled, however, by a steady young man, who was exceedingly anxious to work under the new regulations.

The chief opposition to the change came from laborers on other farms, who scowled and muttered remarks about 'skilly' and 'peg's-wash' when Sam passed them grouped outside the village public-house; but he simply smiled, and went on his way. The neighboring farmers also troubled themselves greatly, making disparaging remarks when they met him in the market-place, but he, being six feet, and broad-shouldered in

proportion, they did not go too far. One or two were anxious for our mother and family, drawing dreadful pictures of grass unown, and wheat ungarnered because the men, they were quite sure, would not work without drink.

One day, just before the hay-making, as Sam was walking round the farm, he was accosted from the other side of a hedge by Farmer Traver, whose meadows adjoined ours.

'When do 'ee think about settin' th' men on mowin', Mr. Sam?'

'Monday morning, Mr. Traver, I've got the machines all ready. I suppose you will begin in a day or two.'

'Aye, I shall start Monday, all bein' well. How much have 'ee got laid down for mowin' this year?'

'Just about a hundred acres, I suppose. You will have near that?'

'As near as can be. I say, Sam, what be 'ee goin' to do about th' drink?'

'Do without, Mr. Traver,' replied Sam, smiling.

'I be most afeared there's a lot o' trouble afore 'ee, Mr. Sam, and if you can't get on you must come to me. I'll lend 'ee a hand or two,' said the kind-hearted farmer.

'I thank you very much, Mr. Traver,' said Sam, 'and in case of need I will come to you. Suppose we make a bargain; if you have finished hay-making first, then come to my help, and if I have finished before you then I will come to your help.'

'Agreed, Mr. Sam, I be afeared you'll want help, and shall be glad to come.'

Strange as it appeared to many, we had less trouble with the men during that harvest than ever before. They took well to the change, getting to like the non-intoxicating drinks, and liking still better the little extra money every week.

About the middle of the hay-making, Mr. Traver called to Sam over the hedge:

'How be gettin' on, Mr. Sam?'

'Very well, Mr. Traver, thank you, The men appear satisfied, and work with a will.'

'I can see 'em do, and I begins to think as you'll beat me, after all. I wanted to get a few extra load up to-day, an' so gave the men a drop o' best cider, and now there they be a-quarrellin' wi' one another instead o' workin'.'

'I am afraid the drink gets into their heads, Mr. Traver,' said Sam.

'A drop o' good cider oughtn't to hurt any man,' was the reply, 'but I shall put a stop to it afore long if they don't alter.'

In another nine or ten days our last load was carried home and our last rick finished.

'Now then, all,' said Sam, 'to-morrow morning we'll go, men, horses, and waggons, to help Mr. Traver, for the farmer is rather behind.'

The old man was not a little pleased when he saw such a force coming to his help, and gave them a hearty welcome:

'I didn't think as you'd a got afore me like this, Mr. Sam, but I be right glad to see 'ee. You can tell what's wantin' to be done, and you'll please to get about it in your own way.'

The men worked well, anxious to show the wonders that could be wrought in the hayfield without cider. They had, however, to bear no little ridicule, not always good-natured, from the other haymakers, but before the day closed they proved themselves to be the better men. In thanking them for their help, the farmer said:

'I shan't say anything agen teetotal ways after this, and I'd take to 'em myself only I be gettin' too old to make a change.'

After haymaking came the corn harvest, the one ending quite as satisfactorily as the other. When the harvest supper was held, Sam made a little speech to the men.

'I thank you all very heartily on behalf of our mother and myself for your willing help during the harvest, and especially for the cheerfulness with which you accepted the change we made at the beginning of the year. You have proved to me it was the right thing, had I not been certain of it before. In comparing notes with my friend Farmer Traver I find that the cost of harvesting the hay and corn has been something below the average. As it was your efficient work that lessened the cost it is only fair that you should share the benefit derived, and I have much pleasure in handing over to each man a half-sovereign, and to the women and boys a proportionate sum, at the same time thanking you again for the help rendered.'

These remarks, were of course, received with much cheering.

Since we showed the neighboring farmers how well the harvests could be gathered in without drink, others have also stopped the supply, and at the present time there are but few who give away any intoxicating liquor at all during harvest, the majority having fallen in with the better custom of giving some harmless beverage.—'Temperance Record.'

Postman on Stilts.

Englishmen who visit some of the wild and comparatively uncultivated districts of France, known as the Landes, a tract of country beyond Bordeaux, are not unnaturally struck by one of the strangest sights in rural life—a postman who walks on stilts, delivering his letters from farmhouse to farmhouse with leisurely ease. As seen in our picture, this stilted letter-carrier



is delivering a Christmas missive to a peasant who, after having been engaged in agricultural work, observes his friend the postman in the distance and goes forth to meet him and take the letter from his hands. In this part of France stilt-walking is not confined to postmen, but is adopted by very many of the inhabitants, on account of the nature of the ground, which renders locomotion in this way very easy, especially as the stilts are peculiarly constructed with a firm wooden sole at the end. It is surprising how many miles a postman can travel in the day in this way without feeling any great fatigue, as he is supported in a measure by a large staff, by the aid of which he occasionally rests. Our friend is dressed in a picturesque garb, with a heavy cloak, which affords much protection from cold and rain.—'Christian Herald.'

Wine may sometimes move itself aright, but always moves the drinker wrong.—'The Midland.'