

"IN THE LITTLE OLD TOWN."

"McGuffey's New Fifth Reader"—
Found in some dusty nook;
Dog-eared and worn and tattered—
A yellowed, faded book
With checkered cotton cover
Of careful stitch and fold—
Let's turn the ragged pages
And see what it may hold.

They've raised the schoolroom window—
My, but the sky is blue!
And there's a pigeon strutting
With melancholy coo;
And over there a hillside
Where leafy, spreading trees
Wave arms in useless summons
With every passing breeze.

Off yonder is an orchard—
Don't you catch the perfume
And hear the teacher thank us
For that big bunch of bloom?
The buzzing sounds of study
And writing—can't you hear?
And see where all the bad boys
Have good seats at the rear?

Now, let your head drop slowly
And look away—away—
Straight through the open window,
Through all the miles of day,
Across the sighing meadow,
And down the merry brook,
Which bubbles at its travels
Through tempting field and nook.

The old school-bell! You hear it?
And don't it bring to you
The lazy early mornings
When flowers dripping dew
Smiled knowingly, and faunted
Their banners in your way?

It's all in this Fifth Reader
Which you have found to-day.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Boston Budget.

A WARM SUNDAY.

Harry Goes to Church.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

SUNDAY was such a hot day that mamma did not want to go to church, but asked Aunt May, as a particular favor, if she would not take Harry.

Now, as a rule, Harry finds church very trying. In the first place, he has to be perfectly clean, which is a nuisance; then he has to be perfectly still, which is worse; and there is absolutely nothing to do, which is worst of all.

Before they start Aunt May goes through his pockets. From their hidden recesses she extracts a jack-knife with two broken blades; the marbles which he was furtively going to finger all sermon time; the pill-box in which he keeps the half-dollar father gave him when he did not break a window for a week; the fish-hook Uncle George lent him, and which he sat on the day the baby was christened and screamed so loud that even the baby stopped crying; and the hat-band that he and Rosalie stole out of the hat of Aunt May's young man, when he was talking to Aunt May in the reception room.

All these treasures Aunt May takes from him, and locks up in the hall drawer. Then he has his hair brushed. Mamma looks critically at his face, father at his hands. Aunt May brushes his back with a hat-brush. Bridget rushes downstairs with a handkerchief. Nurse throws his gloves over the banisters and they set off.

The service has not begun when they reach the church. Father goes in first. Aunt May wants to sit in the corner of the pew, and so does Harry. They have a subdued struggle, and Harry gets the favored spot. Aunt May climbs in over his feet, seats herself and does not look at him for some time. Her haughty and indifferent demeanor so alarms him that he determines to outdo himself in ways polite. He will have the unusual pleasure of hearing Aunt May commend his conduct. So he sits resolutely still and attends.

The church is very hot. There is a soft pulsing of moving fans and a low monotonous voice intones the service. Through the opened slits of windows green tree-tops bend in the warm breeze. Harry rolls his handkerchief into a ball, rubs his forehead and shifts about uneasily. Finally he says in a loud stage whisper: "Aunt May, I'm just boiling. If you can't lend me your fan I think I'll have a fit, or something."

Aunt May hands him a red Japanese fan, which he unfurls and waves proudly. The occupation is new and pleasant. He fans slowly, then faster, then furiously till all the sticks creak. Aunt May, with her eye on the minister, pokes his knee with the tips of her fingers and he desists.

Then he fans like the different ladies in his vicinity. The little fat one with the beads fans in and out toward her chest in short, sharp strokes. He tries this and finds it very amusing to imitate the way she has her head on one side, and her lips drawn down at the corners. Near her is a young girl, whose gauze fan moves in slow, regular sweeps. Harry tries this style. It

is easier and the sticks emit a sharp, loud creak with every movement. His unconscious model leans back, looking languidly from under her lowered eyelids. Harry likes her pose. He catches it admirably, and with a listless dreamy air waves his fan back and forth, takes longer and longer sweeps, till he strikes it against the side of the pew and it falls out into the aisle.

In consternation he looks at Aunt May. She has risen and is searching for a place in her book. Her cheeks are rather flushed, but she appears not to have seen the accident.

He rises and thinks the situation over. He must have the fan for it is so oppressively warm. Glancing sideways he sees it lying a long way out in the middle of the aisle. If he goes after it, Aunt May will undoubtedly seize him and pull him back. It is a case where strategy is necessary.

He opens a prayer-book, lifts it up in his two hands, and, holding firmly to the back of the pew in front with his elbows, slowly slides one large and heavily booted foot into the aisle. He wonders if the noise it makes scraping about on the carpet sounds as loud to everybody else as it does to him. With wary uneasiness he glances at Aunt May. She turns a leaf and her eyes travel down the page. She is reading the psalter, every other verse out loud. And when it is her turn to read—lo! instead of repeating the words of David, she says in a soft, low voice, without moving her eyes: "Harry, if you don't immediately stop that noise I'll tell your mother, and you won't have any ice cream for dinner."

It is almost like ventriloquism to hear Aunt May say this. Harry, lost in admiration of her powers, stares at her, and, impelled by alarmed respect, draws in his foot. But it is dreadfully hot. Other little boys and girls are waving fans, and their little bangs and curls are fluttering in the breeze. Harry's flesh is weak.

He waits till Aunt May is absorbed in the psalms, and this time gripping tight with his elbows, slides both feet into the aisle, and feels for the fan. His body describes a wonderful curve, but he seizes the object of his reach, firm and tight between his calf-skin toes, and carefully, slowly, breathlessly, begins to draw it nearer. It is painfully exciting. He has to keep his eyes intently fixed on the book, while all the time he is drawing the fan ever nearer and nearer. He almost has it within reach, when—horror of horrors—one of his elbows slips and he falls with a crash, gripping the pew with his fingers, and striking his chin a resounding blow against the back of the seat in front.

Of course everybody hears him. A dozen people twist round in their seats and stare at him. Aunt May gives him one glance, and then, fiery red to the curls on her forehead, settles herself back in her seat, and stares at the minister.

This accident sobering him for some time. He is so good that Aunt May only has to pinch him twice—once when he puts his feet upon the back of the seat in front and scrapes them along with a loud noise, and once when, thinking his bitten tongue is bleeding, he puts his handkerchief into his mouth, and then holds it up against the light by the two corners, searching for the gory stain. He feels that only exceptionally good conduct will condone for his past misdemeanors. Only something unusual, something superfluous in its perfect correctness, will right him in Aunt May's eyes. He will be as like father, who is, of course, a model of good behavior, as possible. Brightened by this thought, he follows father's every movement. When the litany begins, father leans forward, bows on his hand, and responds with a rich, deep voice. At the second response, Aunt May gasps and lifts her face. Harry's voice, loud and sonorous as he can make it, fills the church. He does it twice before she can edge close to him, and, twitching him by the jacket, mutter from the leaves of her book: "Harry, stop that noise."

"Aunt May," lifting his innocent face and large surprised eyes, "I'm not making a 'speck of noise."

"Don't answer those responses so loud. Don't answer them at all."

"Why, I'm only doing what father does."

"Well, stop it. Father doesn't roar."

"Mamma has always told me to do it," with an air of injured protest.

"She told me to before I left this morning."

"Well, she wasn't coming with you. I'm sure if she'd heard she would have told you to stop. Won't you please do it for my sake?" imploringly.

Harry consents and is silent.

Now father, having a good ear for music and an agreeable voice, is fond of joining in the hymns. The first hymn is a particular favorite of his, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and Harry at the familiar strains pricks up his ears. He asks Aunt May to find his place, and studies the words. When father rises and uplifts his melodious tenor, Harry also rises. The first verse he hums softly. But in the second he breaks out loud and joyous, utterly oblivious of time and tune. Even father is dismayed.

"Harry's making a good deal of noise. Can't you stop him?" he whis-

pers to Aunt May, leaning forward to peer uneasily at his musical son. Harry does not notice the consternation created by his performance.

Social instincts are strong in Aunt May. She is not yet past dissembling. With her eyes on her book, she draws near her nephew, and treads on his toes firmly and fiercely. Harry, in artless surprise, turns and looks with raised, anxious brows up into her face; then meeting no response, curiously down at her foot. It is undoubtedly firmly planted on his own.

"Aunt May," he says, drawing away his foot with a jerk, "what are you treading on my toe for?"

The music ceasing suddenly, this remark is audible. Aunt May sinks to her seat and wishes she had died before she came to church. Before the sermon begins she exhorts Harry. She appeals to his pity and his mercy. She tamely acknowledges his power. In abject fear she offers him bribes of candy and soda-water, of letting him look through the big end of her opera-glasses, or try on her skates. He can even take to pieces the puzzle-ring Uncle Sam gave her last Christmas. Harry listens with an air of condescension. Yes, he will be good and sit perfectly still.

"It won't last very long," says Aunt May, pleadingly; "just keep quiet and you won't find it very long."

Harry smiles, and promises, and starts out in an exemplary attitude, his eyes fixed on the minister. But it seems to be a very long sermon. It is extremely hot, and Harry thinks of Aunt May's promises, and wishes he could go home and screw and unscrew the opera-glasses. In imagination he selects his candy and soda-water, and thinks that he will insist on the latter on the way home.

Aunt May begins to breathe naturally, and actually listens to the sermon. When Harry cautiously takes all the books out of the rack she is only disturbed for a moment. He sets them up on the seat beside him in the form of a house, and tells himself a story under his breath, about its imaginary occupants. Aunt May is in peace. She has known him to amuse himself so for hours. He opens unseen doors for the exit and entrance of his hero and heroine. They mount imaginary horses and ride away. They come back and battle softly, kill each other, and the survivors make up. Harry is engrossed. Aunt May folds her hands and is at rest.

Presently she feels a gentle touch on her arm and Harry whispers: "Aunt May, has Mr. Jones a glass eye?"

"Keep quiet. I don't know."

"Bridget said he had. I've been watching him ever so long, and he's never stopped winking. And last summer our waiter in the Catskills had a glass eye, and he never wank once all summer."

"Yes, yes, I know. Now do be quiet."

Harry subsides, presently to murmur: "When's the man coming round for the money?"

"Oh, very soon now," cheerfully.

"Can I give it to him?"

Aunt May puts two silver pieces in his hand. Harry clinks them, then drops one in the bottom of the pew and it rolls out in the aisle. He scrambles after it and comes up with a red face.

"I didn't really mean to do that," he explains in a loud stage whisper, "but it was so hot I was trying to see if they'd both stick to my fingers and one did, but the other fell off."

Aunt May's spirit is broken by this time.

"Just a few more minutes, Harry," she begs, "can't you manage to keep still for a few more minutes?"

"If it's only a few I can, but you've been saying that for nearly an hour."

"Well, really it's only a short time now. As soon as the minister comes out of the pulpit—that's where he is now—it will be over. Do, like a dear boy, try and be still till then."

"All right," manfully, "I will."

He really does. He is exemplary in his absolute quietude. As the minister turns to descend the pulpit steps Aunt May draws a great breath of relief and then starts—for Harry, snatching up his hat, is gone. It is done so quickly that she has just time to reach backward and seize his shoulder over the back of the pew.

"Come back," she gasps, "what has happened to you? Are you crazy?"

"You said it would be over when the minister came out of that place he's been standing in," says Harry, in his disappointment and surprise, speaking aloud in his natural voice. "You did say that, Aunt May, you know you did," he reiterates, as she drags him back into the pew.

Aunt May holds him after that. It is only for a few moments as she said, but for those few moments she maintains a strong, close grip on him. Even when he drops the money in the plate she does not relinquish her hold. As at last they go out side by side, Harry says, joyously: "Now, Aunt May, remember the soda-water and the candy and the opera-glasses!"

And he wonders what makes Aunt May say to father: "Another Sunday like this and I should have nothing but the deepest sympathy for King Herod when he killed the children."—San Francisco Argonaut.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

NOTES ON DRAINAGE.

What Must Be Done in Places Where Artificial Underdrainage Is Necessary.

There are different conditions of soil where insufficient natural underdrainage is likely to result on land having a good slope to its surface. One is where the soil is very fine clay, with pores so small that water can pass through them but slowly. In removing the surplus water from such soils the natural pores are capable only of acting as laterals for a short distance. Artificial outlets or channels must be supplied at frequent intervals, into which they may empty. On similar slopes where the soil is more porous, the same amount of surplus water might be able to pass on through the



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

PECULIAR SOIL CONDITIONS.

pores of the soil to some natural outlet without causing any undue accumulation at any point. Another condition requiring the application of an artificial outlet is where a fine clay soil is overlaid by a more porous one as in Fig. 1. The water passing more readily through the upper soil will, in seeking its level, be carried into the finer soil much faster than it can get away. To produce this condition there need not be a very great difference in the porosity of the two soils, neither is it essential that the lower soil be an extremely fine grained one. It is simply a problem of trying to force the stream from a large pipe into a smaller one. Such a condition may occur where the slope is steep, or where it is very gradual. The result may vary from a slight interference with cultivation in very wet times to a constant boggy condition of a portion of the more impervious soil area.

Still another condition that can be relieved only by artificial means is where a stratum of sand crops out at some place on a slope as in Fig. 2. The character of the soil overlying the layer of sand is immaterial. Whether closed or open, it will drain into the sand, which, being so very open, allows the water to flow readily to the nearest outlet. If the sand is coarse enough, the volume of water carried large enough, and the outlet is confined to one point, a flowing spring is the result. Otherwise a more or less wet condition exists on the slope below the outcrop, as at a. This condition is likely to extend for a long distance in a horizontal line around the slope. This water may be concentrated into a running spring and the wet condition of the hillside remedied by running a line of tile along the outcrop of the same stratum. A very common error in attempting to drain such a wet place on a hillside is to place the tile too far down the slope, as at a, where here is perhaps the most water in the surface soil. It will be readily seen from the figure that with such an arrangement the soil between the tile and the sand layers would still be wet, as the water would have to pass through it to reach the tile. The proper place for the line of tile is along the bottom of the sand stratum (at b) to catch the water before it enters the surface soil of the lower slope.—Prairie Farmer.

HINTS FOR SHEPHERDS.

Barbed wire fences are brutal. Don't give the ewe with the young lamb feed that will heat or overload her blood.

When a sheep dies the carcass should be burned, or buried so deeply that dogs cannot find it.

The ewe that loses her lamb will need to be milked twice a day for awhile. In such cases put her on rations that will not make milk, and then reduce the flow as rapidly as possible.

Save the Corn Fodder.

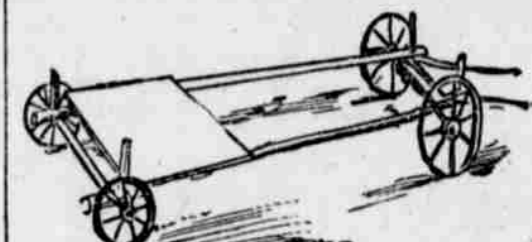
Once again we want to admonish our farmer friends to save the corn fodder. The great crop of corn stover that is annually wasted is something frightful, and if computed in value down to dollars and cents the farmer would think he was getting to be ruinously extravagant. One-third of the value of the corn crop is wrapped up in the corn stalks if it is properly cared for and prepared for feed, and it is easily handled with a corn shredder or even by running it through a threshing machine, and it makes a succulent feed which is of great value to dry up. Stock relish it at any season of the year.—Nebraska Farmer.

HOW TO HANDLE HOGS. Much of the Farmer's Success Is Due to Proper Driving and Loading in Summer.

In hot weather a fat hog cannot make much progress, so it is best to take advantage of the cool evenings and mornings for driving. The one who has a drove of such to drive say four or five miles to load will find it to his interest to drive them nearly half the distance the evening before, even if he is put to the trouble of hauling their feed. The killing of one hog will lose you more money than the worth of several days' work, and it is the fattest ones, usually, that die in this way. Then there is a great advantage in getting to the pens in time to let the hogs rest and cool before loading. It is dangerous to dash water on a very hot hog, better pour it on the ground around and under it. Allow access to a pool or pond often, so that they can wallow and cool themselves. A fat hog cannot live long in the boiling sun without water or shade even where it has had no exercise. An acquaintance penned his hogs at 8:30 in the morning to prevent rooting. At 11 o'clock, when he went back, six were dead and the rest were panting so loud they were almost barking. A man cannot be too careful about fat hogs, for they are very easily killed by overheating and exertion. Do not overdo the business by starting them off too brisk, thereby breaking them down on the start. I like to load when the hogs are at their usual temperature. The car should be well bedded. If the railroad company has not done this it will pay you to do it. Sawdust makes the best bedding. Where this cannot be had handy, dirt and sod makes a good substitute. It would be well to thoroughly soak this bedding with water, for with this to keep them cool they ought to ride comfortably. When my hogs have a long distance to ride in hot weather I have the railroad company water them by running the car back and forth under a water tank. This not only cools the hogs but the car and bedding. They then have cool bedding to lie on the rest of the way. I learned from an experienced shipper how to load properly. Most people load by packing the hogs in by piece meal, which takes much more time and causes more worry to the hogs than is necessary. But this man loaded by driving the whole drove in one continuous stream and with a grand rush. In this way the shy ones are forced along whether or no. Simply one straight drive, little worry little time. The same principle applies equally well to mules, cattle or sheep.—Epitomist.

DRAWING FODDER CORN. How to Make a Truck for This Purpose from the Front of an Ordinary Wagon.

The low truck for drawing fodder corn from the field is made from the front part of an ordinary farm wagon. A strong oak reach about one foot long replaces the longer one. To the rear end of this is bolted an iron clevis that holds a crosspiece as shown in the cut. For the platform, two poles 15 feet long



HANDY TRUCK FOR CORNFIELD.

are used. At two feet from the upper end, holes are bored and they are pinned to the crosspiece mentioned above, the ends resting on the bolster about two inches from the standards. The rear wheels are 15 inches in diameter, put on an iron axle, the whole taken from old farm machinery. Being so near the ground it is best to board up the lower end of the poles for five or six feet.—Farm and Home.

Good Use for Fallen Apples.

The fallen apples should be utilized for the pigs, or disposed of in some manner, in order to destroy as many insects as possible. It is claimed that where cows are allowed in the apple orchard, they fall off in milk flow. Experienced dairymen assert that the loss of milk is due to the cows ranging from one tree to another to secure the apples that fall daily, instead of eating grass. Apples, if given as a portion of the ration, will increase the milk flow, but too many apples will not prove beneficial. Apple trees should not be in the regular pasture, as they do not thrive in such locations, nor should the orchard be given over to cattle, the sheep and hogs being more serviceable in consuming the fallen fruit. Cattle may be allowed in the orchard, however, after the apples are harvested, or before they begin to fall.

To make the early lambs grow provide a pen into which the lambs can go, but which restrains the ewes from entering. In the pen place a pan of ground oats and let the lambs help themselves. The ewes should be well fed on ground oats.—Midland Farmer.

Provide a field of rape for your sheep, and put it alongside of a pasture, so that the sheep may mingle the rape and the grass. This will prevent scouring.