

and run when first we reached a country place. We felt as if all our doors belonged to us. Everything was beautiful and wonderful. Like the youthful witness in Peter Stirling's great case, we thought "the milk that squirted from a cow" was real nectar. We tried to drink it "warm," and wished we hadn't, though the big folks told us it was good for us. You know there is a time in a healthy child's life when he likes or dislikes just because he likes or dislikes, though Mamma, Papa, and all his relatives try to coax, convince and coerce him. Afterwards convention, friends and doctors get in their work on his character, and he likes or dislikes according as the custom or desire of his friends or the advice and warning of his doctor demands. At least he will be influenced and will be slower to express absolute contradictions. But the children, bless them, cannot be budged. If they do not like warm milk at first, a course of training to acquire the taste—as the grown-ups learn to eat olives—is useless. It is a glorious state of independence. With some children it lasts all their lives.

And butter-milk! When I was a child we thought of butter-milk as an especial dainty of the farm likely to be thrown out for the pigs unless asked for. So we asked for it and grew fat, though the farm-hands laughed at us and the good wife and children expressed a polite surprise. It wasn't any such "watered stock" as people can buy from a cart now-a-days, and imbibe because the doctors recommend butter-milk as a beverage. They call that butter-milk for short, I fear. If milk is only genuine when "squirted from a cow," then the only warranted butter-milk is the kind that comes out of a churn—and has little specks of butter floating in it too. I pity the children who do not learn to like this much lauded beverage in its native haunts.

If you spent summer time when you were just a boy or girl, in the country you will have a treasure book of days and exhilarating times—some happy some otherwise. Circus days in town, picnics, and all fete days fade from your mind but you cannot erase youthful memories of gay times at the farm. I remember myself when we children put on our sun-bonnets and trooped down "to the end of the pasture." It was a long journey, so we would spend a hot afternoon at it and follow the cows home for a late supper, a washing of feet and—next morning! There was a winding creek at the end of the pasture—capable of offering minnows to the angler. But we needs must see if the plums were ripe, or look for the wild straw-berries. Mint grew there, too, and cat-tails were a prize of note. So we trooped down—and back again, and were tired and happy, just being children.

I recall the day of the great slaughter of the innocent—rats. The barn was a two-story building with a stone basement. It was infested with rats. So we got the dogs and went at it. The pater familias promised ten cents—I think—a head, or tail, it mattered not which if the rat was dead. I do forget how many we caught, it was about sixty, I think, but the boys took them up, strung them across the road, and old Billy shied as he went by with the farmer. He cheerfully paid the money, and when his birthday came received a handsome present from the rat-killers.

Then there were blessed rainy days when we fled from the house to the high loft of the barn where grain and machinery were stored, and played hide-and-seek, covering ourselves and each other with wheat, or oats, or corn, regardless of consequences. There were fishing days, and plumping days when we tramped the wild wood through. It makes one homesick to think of these,

yet one would not sell the memory for any money.

Let the children loose on a farm for two or three weeks in summer time. I do not mean the poor children of the slums and tenements, but the well-dressed children who have enough to eat and a fair chance for all the fire-crackers they need on the glorious Fourth. To go far from home is not necessary nor so good. You must go on a train, then, and that spoils the story. The ideal way is to ride out on a Saturday evening with the good man of the farm, after his day of bartering. Perhaps when you arrive it will be dark, the dogs will be the only ones to greet you, and you will be half-asleep and all turned around in the dark. A tumble into a soft, clean bed—and then it is morning in a gay wonderland.

You see we cannot escape from some of the simple ideals we gained when we were young. After we are grown up we do not forget that it is possible to have a good time without going far from home, and though we succumb to the allurements of travel, we are all the time in our camping trips and outings trying to get back to the simple freedom and wholesale enjoyment of those halcyon days in the country.

THE FIVE THOUSAND.
Naauppoort Nek, July, 26, 1900.
[KATHARINE MELICK.]

The Briton fights in our faces
As Kaffir and Zulu fought,
And we buy with our blood each kopie
Again as our fathers bought.

We pay for our wives and cattle
As Israel paid of old:
It is life for life that we offer,
Not pitiless gold for gold.

St. Helena's vulture circles
But never the lion's paw
Shall trample our ancient altar
Shall mangle our ancient law.

We carry the faith of our fathers
Wherever a Boer breathes,
Though we trek to the farthest ocean
That the arm of an empire wreathes.

Though they walk in the ashes of
hearthstones
Though they curse at our concubines
Not ours is the god of their battles
The creed of their firing lines.

They have struck the chain from our
bondsmen
That swarm like dust in our land
That may rise in the might of the simoon
And cover their necks with sand.

That may wake the demon we fetter
By the might of our fathers' blood
And wipe from the necks of Naauppoort
The prints where their feet have stood.

Blew Until Blue.

Scooter—Is it true that Tooter tried to blow his brains out last night?
Fluter—Well, you'd a thought so if you'd seen him wrestling with that French horn.

"Do you think the lecturer was right in referring to Noah and his relations as one of the first families?"

"No, I don't. History teaches us that they were not in the swim."

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