

For I run not alone,
Through fields the dead have sown.
One with a sweet and piteous smile—
The tireless Past—ah, he will last
For many a footstep mile.

And one—the Now—with stern, white gaze—
Who gives no heed though I do bleed
Along the thorny ways.

One with a masked face, lips dumb,
Beckons my soul to some blind goal—
The weight of Things to come.

Nay, I run not alone,
There run with me the Silent Three,
Through fields the dead have sown.
—Emery Pottle, in Everybody's Magazine.

COLLABORATION.

"I want to know exactly how to
write this story," began the Girl.
The Author regarded her a moment
meditatively, with the tips of his fingers
pressed lightly together, after the manner
of Sherlock Holmes. He was tall
and thin, yet (which seems strange
in an author) elegantly attired. His
face was clean-shaven and of a classic,
interesting type—the forehead broad,
the nose straight, the eyes deep-set and
fathomless, the mouth sensitively cut
yet firm. The Girl was inclined to
think him handsome; she knew he was
successful. She conceived him to be
clever. The last of the three characters
appealed to her the least.
The Author (in his profound way) was
not thinking of the Girl's story, but
of the Girl. The Girl, he suspected,
was interesting; the story he was not
so sure of. Besides, he had twenty
guineas per thousand words, so that,
naturally, he came to be rather sparing
of words—except, of course, in his
stories.

"Before writing a story," he said,
after a moment's thoughtful pause,
"there are two things for the writer
to determine."

"Only two?" said the Girl, in a
tone of relief.

"Well, two main things," he corrected,
gently. "One is, whether his story
is worth writing."

"Mine is certainly worth writing,"
broke in the Girl, impatiently.

The Author waved his hand with a
mild, protesting gesture.

"Of course," he observed. "The
other is, whether the writer can write
it."

"But," said the Girl, drawing her
eyebrows together, "that is just what I
have come to you for."

"What to ask me to write it?"
exclaimed the Author, in some perturbation.

"Dear, no—that is, not exactly, but
to find out how it ought to be written.
And then—"

"And then?" he inquired.

"Well, if you like," she remarked,
kindly. "I don't mind if I write it to-
gether."

"But," objected the author, "I have
never collaborated."

"Nor have I," said the Girl, proudly.

"Yet you propose—" he began.

"No!" she interrupted, hastily. "I
should leave that entirely to you."

"Leave what?" asked the Author,
pleased to find his original suspicion
verified, for the Girl was certainly in-
teresting, and remarkably pretty.

"The— the collaboration, I sup-
pose—" she explained.

"Ah, the collaboration! But the
story?"

"Is all about a girl," she said.

"So far, then, it is likely to be good,"
remarked the Author judiciously. (It
was odd, he mused, that he had never
before noticed the wonderful delicacy
of the Girl's complexion.) "All about
a girl," he repeated, mechanically;
"embracing no other character?"

"She—?" But I mean the story,"
the Author corrected.

"Oh, the story! I was thinking of
the girl."

"And so am I," said the Author.

"You see, she ran away," explained
the Girl, leaning forward on her
elbows and speaking in a confidential
tone.

"Oh! She ran away? From school?"

"No. From her husband."

"Bless me," said the Author, "what
a very wicked young lady!"

that decided her to return home to her
husband, of course?"

"Really," exclaimed the Girl, "I
think you have a very poor idea of
plots, considering you write stories
yourself."

"Occasionally," admitted the Author,
"but I'm sure I beg your pardon if I
anticipated your climax. What did
she do, then?"

"Why," said the Girl, "she put her-
self in her school friend's place?"

"Great heavens!" cried the Author.
"Do you mean in the coffin?"

"Of course not! I mean she as-
sumed her dead friend's name and—
and personality. I think you call it—
and pretended she was her."

"She," suggested the Author, "with
the connivance of the constable?"

"No. She told the constable nothing
about it. She left the omnibus and
drove straight to the Man's house in
a cab, and rang the bell and walked
in. The Man was standing on the
hearth-rug alone in the room, and she
ran up to him—remember, she hadn't
seen him for ten years—and, with a
wild gesture, exclaimed, 'Save me!'"

"Yes," observed the Author, "you
have hit upon a strong dramatic situa-
tion there. What does the Man say,
though?"

"The Man replies, 'I will proclaim
your innocence with my last breath'—
or something of that sort—and she falls
into his arms. After soothing her for
a few moments, he inquires who she is.
She tells him that she is her dead
friend, his sister-in-law's cousin; but
the Man replies that there must be
some mistake, as he has no sister-in-
law. The Girl fixes her eyes upon his
face intently for several minutes be-
fore remarking, 'Then you are not
James de Vere?' The Man answers,
'No; my name is Jones'—and the girl
discovers that she has come to the
wrong house."

"Ah! that, too, is a fine situation,"
murmured the Author—"for the girl."

"Yes, I do not think it is bad. But
the strange part is that Jones and De
Vere are both members of a club where
ladies can be taken as guests, you
know—there are such clubs in London,
ain't there?"

"Oh, yes, several," said the Author,
"so Jones offers to conduct the girl to
this club and hand her over to De
Vere, and they drove off together.
Meantime, the girl's husband has dis-
covered her flight and starts in pursuit.
Having heard her once mention the
name of her dead school friend's
cousin, he first seeks out this lady,
and from her learns that his wife and
she met that very morning in an omni-
bus. This reassures him, and he goes
home to dinner. Jones and the girl
reach the club, and Jones finds De
Vere taking afternoon tea with—whom
do you think?"

"I am at a loss to conjecture," said
the Author, permitting his eyes to
dwell dreamily on the Girl's flushed
face.

"Why, with the school friend!" ex-
claimed the Girl, clapping her hands.

"The school friend?"

"Yes. She wasn't dead, after all.
It turned out to be merely a malicious
and unfounded report. On the con-
trary, she was engaged to be married
to De Vere."

"Ah! Lucky De Vere. And is that
all?"

"No. That concludes the first half of
the story. The rest is principally ex-
planations. I want to know how it
ought to be written," said the Girl.

"It's too exciting for me to give an
opinion straight off," rejoined the Au-
thor. "You say the girl knew the Man
for ten years?"

"Yes."

"But the Man didn't know the girl?"

"No."

"It was his loss!" murmured the Au-
thor. "Pray, how long have you known
me?"

"Oh, ever since I was fifteen—or
thereabout," answered the Girl, exam-
ining the pattern of the Author's car-
pet.

"And it seems only within the last
half hour that I have known you!"
exclaimed the Author, rising from his
chair.

"What on earth do you mean?" de-
manded the Girl.

"I mean," said the Author, "that we
will write your story together, if you
will; but on one condition."

"And what is the condition?"

"That, unlike the girl in the story,
you will promise never, never to run
away from me—not even for a lark!"

"Oh!" said the Girl.

"Ah," said the Author, putting his
arm round the Girl's waist, "but I love
you, I love you, I love you!"

And the Girl didn't run away.—Em-
erie Hulme-Beaman, in the Sketch.

The Farm

Changing Its Nature.
A rather surprising experiment is re-
ported as made at the Paris Academy
of Sciences. Young radishes were cul-
tivated in a glass retort after a peculiar
process, using a concentrated solu-
tion of glucose. Under this treatment
the vegetable took up starch abund-
antly and increased greatly in size and
lost its peppery qualities, resembling
closely in every way an ordinary
potato. The imaginative Frenchman
who relates the experiment suggests
the possibility of producing various
vegetables one from the other, or of
securing artificial vegetable growth
by chemical means.

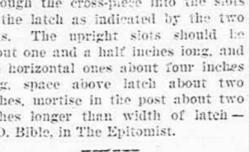
Practical Poultry Points.
Keep your fowl stock young; old
hens are wholly unprofitable to keep.
Cocks as well as hens eat a lot of
food, and no cock is necessary except
during the hatching season.
Grade your eggs as to size; it im-
proves the sample, and consequently
the price.

Large, loose-feathered hens of the
Cochin or Brahma type lay small eggs,
and but few of them. They are also
large eaters and poor rangers.
Close-feathered, medium-sized hens
of the Leghorn type are non-sitters,
good rangers and great layers.

It costs nearly as much to keep a
hen that lays eighty eggs in the year
as one that lays 130.
Fowls should not be fed near the door
of your dwelling house, or they will
stand about all day looking for food.

Fowls roosting in trees and open
buildings seldom lay many eggs, and
those they do lay are often laid astray
and lost.

Gate Latch.
This is a simple thing, but will save
many a crop from total destruction by
stock if adopted. This gate latch will
open only by human hands, never out
of order. Cut or saw two elbow slots
as indicated in the latch, large enough
to slide easily on a large nail driven



through the cross-piece into the slots
of the latch as indicated by the two
dots. The upright slots should be
about one and a half inches long, and
the horizontal ones about four inches
long, space above latch about two
inches longer than width of latch.—
J. D. Bible, in The Epitomist.

Fattening the Old Cow.
Permit me to relate my experience.
I once had a cow that I considered an
extra good milker. It was before the
days of butter fat and Babcock tests,
so I might have been mistaken. Surely
she was one of the best in the herd,
so I kept on milking her much too long.
When at last I was compelled to turn
her off I purposed to make beef for
my own family use. I commenced
feeding corn, but she soon refused
to eat. She was always thin and rough
looking, as some good milkers used to
be. What was I to do? The nearest
mill where I could get corn ground was
twelve miles distant, and it was the
beginning of winter, with bad weather
and bad roads. The patent feeders
were not then invented, so I offered her
shelled corn. She ate eagerly, and in
six weeks I had the very finest beef in
all my forty years of farming, tender
and juicy, just the thing for one's own
eating. She had with the shelled corn
the only common prairie hay; not a tight,
warm barn, but a cheap stable of a
single thickness of common boards. I
would not guarantee the same result
another time, but I would certainly try
the shelled corn.—J. C. Osborn, in the
Tribune Farmer.

Feeding from Large Silos.
I covered the ensilage with chaff and
tarred paper and put on the weight.
The ensilage kept well until opened,
when it troubled about heating and
moulding, and nearly one-half was
spoiled. In the first silo each pit had
144 square feet, and I could feed fast
enough from the top to prevent moulding;
now I had 256 square feet, and I
was in trouble again. I read every-
thing published about ensilage, yet no-
body told me what I wanted to know.

The sixth winter I covered with
chaff, then a layer of boards, then
tarred paper, followed by a second
layer of boards, and then a foot of
straw to keep the boards from warp-
ing. During the winter I blundered
along, trying several ways to keep the
ensilage. As a last resort, I began on
one side and took out ensilage one foot
in depth and then covered with boards
behind me as I proceeded across to
the other side. After I had gone across
and dug down another foot and began
to go back I found the ensilage very
hot and mouldy under the boards. As
I proceeded along backward, I thought
of something new, which has proved
to be just the right thing in the right
place. I put poor ensilage on top of
the good and then two layers of boards,
breaking joints, and the good ensilage
remained good. The poor ensilage and
the boards excluded the air, and that
ended the trouble. For five winters the
same plan has been followed with good
results.

It makes no difference how warm or
how cold the winter, the ensilage al-
ways comes out warm, fully up to
blood heat, and there is no chance for
any to mould, for very little is ex-
posed at one time. On no other farm
do they handle ensilage in this way.
Too often in other silos I have seen
mouldy and frozen ensilage, both un-
fit for feed. In a round silo boards
could not be handled very well for
covering, and that is why I prefer the
square one.—N. B. White, in The American
Cultivator.

Empress of Japan's Pipe.
A silver tobacco pipe with a stem
ten inches long is used by the Empress
of Japan. The bowl is small—in fact,
only a quantity of tobacco sufficient
to give the smoker two or three whiffs
can be put into it. Then the ashes are
knocked out and the pipe is carefully
cleaned before it is refilled—a process
gone through with many times in the
course of an afternoon.—Chicago News.

The Sacred White Elephant.
In Siam when a sacred elephant dies
it is given a funeral grander than
that accorded to princes of the royal
house. Buddhist priests officiate, and
thousands of devout Siamese men
and women follow the deceased ani-
mal to the grave. Jewels representing
great wealth are buried with the
elephant.

Spraying Potatoes Paid Five Fold.
A bulletin of the Vermont station
says:
Did you spray your potatoes this
year? If not, what per cent. of them
did you lose by rot? The Vermont ex-

periment station furnishes some inter-
esting data upon this subject. Last
August it sprayed a portion of a po-
tato field located beside one of the
most traveled roads leading into Bur-
lington. The soil was a well-drained
sandy loam soil, well manured, plowed
in the spring and planted late in May.
Two-thirds of the piece was sprayed
on Aug. 9 and Sept. 5 with standard
Bordeaux-Paris-green mixture (six
pounds copper sulphate, four pounds
stone lime, one-half pound paris green,
forty gallons of water); one-third was
sprayed solely with paris green.

The late blight (which directly or
indirectly causes most of the loss from
the rot of the tubers) was first seen on
the unsprayed rows on Aug. 21. It
spread very slowly, but when the tops
were killed by frost Sept. 23, fully 90
per cent. of the foliage on the unsprayed
rows were dead, being most severely
killed by the disease. No late blight
could be found at this time on the
sprayed rows, which were fully 90 per
cent. of the leaves were alive.

The crop was dug Oct. 3. The
sprayed rows yielded at the rate of
344 bushels per acre, and the unsprayed
rows at the rate of 301 bushels per
acre, a gain in total yield of only 43
bushels. But when the rotten tubers
were sorted out the sprayed area pro-
duced at the rate of 317 bushels per
acre of sound, marketable potatoes,
and the unsprayed area at the rate of
56 bushels per acre of sound and mar-
ketable potatoes. Eight per cent. of
the crop on the sprayed area was rot-
ted, while 80 per cent. of that grown
in the unsprayed area was lost by
rot. The net gain was 261 bushels per
acre as a result of spraying with bor-
deaux mixture. Potatoes sold in Bur-
lington for 60 cents per bushel. The
gain amounted, therefore, to \$156. It
cost about \$6 per acre to spray, leav-
ing a net gain of \$150.

These results are exceptional; but
there were many fields this fall, espe-
cially in northern Vermont, where
there was as great or even greater
loss from rot. Some were hardly worth
digging. Are you planning to harvest
56 or 317 bushels of potatoes per acre
next year? Do you expect to leave 80
or only 8 per cent. of your crop in the
field? Why not plant less land and
still raise as many bushels? It is one
way to solve the help problem. Bor-
deaux mixture ought not to cost over
three dollars per acre for each applica-
tion; in practice it usually costs
much less than that. Is it not better
to buy copper sulphate than copper
stock?—Mirror and Farmer.

Cut and Uncut Silage.
There are some farmers in this vicin-
ity who still put their silage in width-
out cutting. It is not convenient for
some to secure cutting machinery, and
others think they cannot afford this
expense of cutting. There appears to
me to be a marked difference in the
quality of the cut and the uncut silage,
enough certainly to warrant quite an
additional expense for the cutting if
necessary.

I visited the barn of a good farmer
recently who is feeding silage for the
second season. His silo is well built,
his corn was secured without frost-
ing and has kept without the least in-
dication of mould; still there is a strong
odor from it, sufficient to attract the
attention of any one before entering
the barn, even at a time when the
silage was not being disturbed. I saw
his cows fed upon this silage. They
ate it greedily, and I was told there
was no waste, and that the cows re-
sponded well at the pail. Still, that
strong and rather unpleasant odor
hung to everything.

On my return I passed another barn,
where whole silage was being fed, and
I smelled it in passing. I said to the
boy: "We will notice when we reach
home and see if any such smells reach
us."

We accordingly did so. I may say
the boy has been away to school for
several weeks and has not been hand-
ling any silage during that time, and
consequently is an impartial judge.

When we reached home we noted
conditions at once, and both were firm-
ly of the opinion that if we had not
known there was silo in the barn we
would not have determined that there
were by any smell. I am very sure
this different condition comes from the
cutting, and I am firmly of the opinion
that the finer the cutting is the
better. It would be interesting to note
the difference between silage from the
shredder or blower, which has been
thoroughly fined and mixed in the
process, and that obtained from the
ordinary cutter and elevator. The
Pines silage has been cut in one-fourth
inch lengths until this season. It was
cut this year in one-half inch lengths,
but is not so satisfactory as when cut
finer. There are more leaves not fully
cut, and it is not so light in color. It
also appears to cool more quickly and
have more tendency to freeze. Where
cutting machinery can be secured at
reasonable rates or where there is a
permanent farm power, silage can be
cut in cheaper than it can be packed
in without cutting, more can be put
in a given space and the feeding is easier
and more even between different ani-
mals.

The silo is to be one of the principal
factors in advancing New England ag-
riculture, and every feature necessary
for perfect work should be kept con-
stantly before the people.—B. W. Mc-
Keen, in the Tribune Farmer.

Those Alaskan Poles.
"Have you seen your poles about?"
We queried. "Do you float 'em?"
The chief replied with gleeful shout:
"Oho, no! We merely loam 'em."

Acient.
"Sharpe—"One of our great professors
says that football players are crazy.
Wheaton—"Has he just found that
out?"—Chicago News.

The Difference.
Tenderfoot—"There is a difference,
then, between East and West?"
Westerner—"Yes. In the East they
pinch, and in the West we lynch."—
Chicago Journal.

Professional Courtesy.
"I manage to keep my boarders longer
than you do," said the first landlady.
"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the
other. "You keep them so long that
they look longer than they really are."—
Chicago News.

His Behavior.
He (at the reception: "Numbert
doesn't believe as if he belonged to
the best society, does he?"
She—"No, indeed. He behaves as if
he imagined the best society be-
longed to him."—Chicago News.

Applies to Many.
Denham—"It's a good thing for some
people that this country never re-
stricted immigration."
Denham—"Why?"
Denham—"They'd have been rather
short of ancestors."—Chicago Journal.

Geological.
Edyth—"I'm surprised to hear of
your engagement to old Bully. Was
he the only man with sand enough to
propose?"
Mayme—"Oh, no; but he was the only
one with rocks enough to interest me."—
Chicago News.

His Dequest.
De Syle—"What did your rich uncle
leave you when he died?"
Gumbusta—"Nothing."
De Syle—"Didn't he say anything to
you before he passed away?"
Gumbusta—"Yes; he said nothing was
too good for me."—Criterion

Humor of Today

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too good for me."—Criterion

A Compliment.
Veterinary—"So your new bull pup
is sick. What seems to be the matter
with him?"
Owner—"A little of everything, I
guess. While we were away this af-
ternoon he chewed up and swallowed
the dictionary."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural.
Oldpop—"How did you sleep last
night?"
Newpop—"Between walks." New
York Press.

Too Easily Moved.
"Newman" said the editor, "will
never do as a critic."
"No?" queried his assistant.
"No, I saw him last night at the
premier performance of that new com-
edy, and he actually smiled three or
four times."—Philadelphia Public
Ledger.

She Didn't Respond.
"You are the first one to whom I
have shown this poem," the young poet
went on. "I was wooing the muse last
night—"

"Poor fellow!" replied the editor,
handing back the manuscript. "It's
too bad she rejected you."—Chicago
Journal.

Quite So.
Mrs. Nearby—"I'm glad you've got
such a good servant."
Mrs. Hunter—"Good?"
Mrs. Nearby—"Why, yes; your hus-
band says she works like lightning."
Mrs. Hunter—"Exactly. She leaves
ruin and disorder behind her."—Phila-
delphia Public Ledger.

Certain of One Thing.
"Well, little boy," said the kind-
hearted dentist, "does the tooth hurt
you?"
"I don't know whether it is the tooth
or whether it's just me," groaned the
boy. "But I'm damned sure that if
you'll separate us the pain'll go away."—
Chicago Tribune.

In Boston.
Mr. C. De Bywater (to stableman
from the West)—"Extricate this quad-
ruped from the vehicle. Donate him
an adequate supply of nutritious ele-
ments. And when the aura of the
morning illuminates the eastern hori-
zon I will award you an ample com-
pensation for your amiable hospitality."
Stableman (tolerant)—"The guy says
to give the nag a mill full of oats.
He'll chuck you two bits in the morn-
ing."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Very.
"Our friend Juggins," observed
Nurdy, "claims that his married life
is not happy."
"Let's see," responded Butts, "he got
his wife through a matrimonial agency,
didn't he?"
"Yes."
"She lived in Spokane and he sent
her the money to come on, and they
were married on sight, I believe."
"That's it."
"And now he is not happy?"
"Nope."
"Well, it is strange." Houston
Chronicle.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH.
Glorifying God in Our Home.—Eph.
6: 1-9.

It will be well to read the preceding
chapter, which properly belongs to
this section. Here the duties of hus-
bands and wives, of masters and ser-
vants, of parents and children are de-
fined and emphasized. Our lesson
deals especially with children and ser-
vants. Obedience to parents; filial
honor and respect; wise guidance by
parents; faithful service to employ-
ers; and recognition of the fact that
all service is unto the Lord, are the
special injunctions of the lesson.

The duties and relationships of the
apostle were fully carried out in spirit
we would have many more instances of
the "model home" than we find now.
The duties and relationships of the family
are here set out, and if they can be fully
realized we have all the elements of a
happy Christian home.

Mutual love, honor, and regard are
essential to a modern home. The two
words, "obey" and "respect," must be in
evidence. The husband and wife are
different, but living in absolute har-
mony if true love and mutual re-
spective characterize their relation-
ship. Here is the foundation of a
true home.

There are mutual duties. The child-
ren are to obey, not from fear but
from love and respect. And this
should be insisted on. A healthy
family discipline is one of the great
needs of our modern family life. The
parents are to be patient and not pro-
voke to anger. Many of the troubles
of our modern homes are due to the
unfitness of parents. When the re-
lationships are happy and mutually help-
ful you can find joy and peace.

Servants and Masters. No relation
is so strained in the home as that
between the servant and the master.
We have failed to obey these apostolic
injunctions. When employers are
considerate, forbear threatening, and
treat servants as brothers; and when
employees are not "eyeservants," but
faithful to their master's interests, we
find happy conditions. When these
are violated there is trouble. There
should be no clashing of interests.

"There will be no domestic turmoil, no
labor troubles, no 'strikes' and riots
when these injunctions are heeded.
We can glorify God in the home
when as parent or as child, as master
or as servant we do what Christ would
have us to do. The home life is the
real life. Here we lay aside restraint.
Here we act the real nature. Here
is the real test of religion. Here we
can best glorify Christ. "Learn first
to show piety at home."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH.
"Glorifying God in Our Homes."—Eph.
6: 1-9.

Scripture Verses.—Mal. 3: 16; Matt.
10: 23-28; Mark 5: 18-20; Luke 8: 38, 39;
9: 26; Acts 28: 30, 31; Eph. 5: 19, 20;
Col. 3: 16; 4: 2-6; 2 Tim. 1: 5; Heb.
3: 13, 14; 1 Pet. 5: 7; 1 John 2: 6.

Lesson Thoughts.
It is a strange thing that, in the
home, the very place where we have
the most opportunity to do so, we are
frequently most careless about glorify-
ing God by exercising a Christ-like
disposition.

The duty of obedience to parents is
such an important one that it was
emphasized by a special command-
ment, and it is an obligation not only
of law, but equally also of nature.

Selections.
The very closeness and the familiar-
ity of the relations of the lives with-
in our own doors make it hard at
times for us to preserve perfect
sweetness of spirit. We too easily
throw off our reserve and our care-
fulness, and are apt now and then to
speak or act disagreeably, unkindly.

But family life ought to be free from
all impatience. Whenever else we
fall in this gentle spirit, it should
not be in our home. Only the gentle-
est life should have place there. We
have not long to stay together in this
world, and we should be patient and
gentle while we may.

We have careful thought for the
stranger.
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient.
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night
too late.

To undo the work of the morn.
The greatest hope that can touch
the home, the hope that takes away
its walls and makes it an everlasting
place, is the hope of the life which
is to come, and that hope is sustain-
ed by the church.

The pious Eneas, in the epio poem
of Virgil, obtained his honorable title
from the care which he bestowed on
his father at the siege of Troy, carry-
ing him on his back till they were
clear of danger.

Vatican Bible.
Facsimile of a page of the famous
Vatican Bible—the oldest in existence.

'Coon Will Not Hibernates.
A well-known 'coon hunter of Lec-
minster asserts that while 'coons usu-
ally hibernate during the winter
months, he has had one as a pet to
twelve years and he has never shown
any tendency to do so. All sorts of
experiments have been tried to in-
duce him to go into this sleep, even to
keeping food from him, but all effort
has been fruitless.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS
FOR FEBRUARY