

MY BOYS WHISPER.

You may talk of the pleasure that opens
And the smile so radiant it glows
But there is no man to give me a joy
Like the light-hearted whistle of my
boy's voice.

It isn't a tune, but a jumble of
Of all the notes in the musical scale,
And while to another it's nothing but
noise
To me it conveys a heart's volume of joy.

Many times in the day I am smiling
At the door or the window that
At the door or the window that
And when from the distance comes
My boy's voice, I know that my boy
is on his way home.

It tells me he's well and long before
It says he is happy with childhood's
Then, as it grows louder and nearer,
I know that my boy is on his way
home.

When he whistles while marching so
I know he has missed neither lesson
And when from his play he comes
I am sure not a thing he has done
is wrong.

Whenever that little, merry whistle
I know that my darling is certainly
And now but a mother's so joyful
His lips sweetly pucker to whistle
Some day when the cares of the world
When his heart is no longer as light
His happy-go-lucky still whistles
Will gadden my ears while I
But I pray that the time may be
And that when he marches through
He ever will give his dear mother
She had when he whistled the
—H. C. Dodge.

The Girl

The man in the big easy chair
looked across the table at his wife.
"I am repeating what Richardson
said. He told me this morning that
the boy had traced up in quite a
wonderful way. He is punctual and energetic
and works as if he meant to climb
Richardson says he is positive that
Edgar has stopped drinking. His eyes
have lost their dullness and his hand is
steady."

The woman breathed more quickly.
"What will you do, Robert?"
"Do?" the man answered. "Nothing.
This isn't the first time the boy has
tried to trace up. You know how long
it lasted."
"But perhaps a word from you would
help him, dear?"
"No."
"You are his father."
"See here, Emily, this won't do. I'm
the boy's father, and I've been a bad
father. Where I meant to punish him
I poured his worst enemy. He spent
the money I gave him in wonderful
fashions. But why speak of it? Before
these doors are opened to him again
he's got to prove that he's fit to enter
them. He hasn't forgotten what I said
to him. If there is a spark of man-
hood left in his breast he will make
no attempt to come near us until he
shows he is worthy."
"You are very hard, Robert."
"I've been softer than wax. I'm as
hard as small iron. But there, we've
had enough of this for to-night. I told
Richardson not to report to me until
a week from to-day. Then we can
tell, perhaps, whether this spasm of
reform has any foundation."
"It will be hard to wait, Robert."
The man looked across at the woman.
His stern face relaxed.
"Let us hope for the best, my dear,"
he softly said.
It was a week later and the woman
had patiently waited for the man to
unfold his news of the erring son.
"Richardson reported again to-day,"
he said as he sank back in the easy
chair.
"Well, dear?"
"The boy continues to do himself
credit. Richardson says he is grasping
his duties with a firmer grip. The
other day he came to Graham—he's
the head of the department—and told
him he must have more pay. He said
he knew he was worth more and that
he could get a job at any time with
the Ajax people. Graham will double
his pay next week. He told Richardson
the boy was well worth the raise.
It seems that Richardson noticed the
change in Edgar two months ago, but
wouldn't mention it because he was
afraid it might not last," he panted.
"Sounds good, doesn't it?"
The woman's head was bowed. She
looked up slowly.
"I know what's brought about this
change," she said half hysterically.
"It's a girl."
The man stared at her.
"Thank God for the girl!" he said
in his quick and earnest fashion.
"—I must see her at once," ex-
claimed the woman.
"Go slow, Emily," said the man.

"You are jumping at conclusions. But
if there is a girl—a good girl, of
course—with enough influence to turn
our boy into the right path—when his
father and mother have failed—she
is not to be overlooked with—do you
hear me?"
There was a little silence.
"I did not want him to marry Alice
Landon," said the woman.
"Thank God," growled the man. "He
will marry to please himself—if he marries
at all—and there's no probability that
he will ask our advice. If your sus-
picion is correct—and I suppose it
might be called intuition—don't inter-
fere. There'll be nothing too good for
the girl who can awaken our boy to
his duty. Let her alone."
But the woman said nothing.
Two nights later they were in their
 accustomed places beside the big li-
brary table.
The man suddenly smiled as he
looked across at the woman.
"There is a girl," he said.
"Yes," said the woman. "I have seen
her."
The man stared at her.
"I hope you did nothing rash," he
said and his eyes were almost
"No," she answered; "I was very
careful. What do you know about
her?"
"Very little. She is a stenographer
in the factory office. She earns a fair
salary and bears an excellent reputa-
tion. Edgar has been seen in her com-
pany a number of times. That's the
extent of my knowledge. You say
you've seen her. How did that hap-
pen?"
"It was easily planned, Robert. I
waited about the factory until Edgar
came out—I was in the little antique
shop across the way and he didn't see
me—and, oh, Robert, our boy looks
ten years older!"
She passed with a little catch in her
voice.
"Go on," said the man. "Let's hope
he has grown ten years the wiser."
"He held himself straight, Robert,
and I think there is a new look in
his eyes."
"Go on, you foolish mother."
"I saw him quite well because he
crossed the road and passed in front
of the shop, walking slowly. And
after the others had gone a girl came
out of the office, a slender girl, walk-
ing alone, and when our boy saw her
his face lightened up and something
seemed to grip my heart."
The man softly laughed.
"The mother love showing itself
through maternal jealousy. Go on, my
dear."
"Edgar crossed the street quickly
and fell into step beside the girl. They
walked slowly, the girl looking up into
his face now and then. There's no
doubt that she loves him, Robert."
The man softly laughed again.
"And did your eyes tell you this?"
"My eyes and my heart, Robert.
When Edgar and the girl turned the
corner I hurried out and found Michael
—he had the car on a little side
street—and I followed them."
"In the car?"
"Yes, Robert."
"Rather an obtrusive way to trail
your prey. But go on."
"They were standing still when we
turned the corner, but Edgar did not
look around. Michael ran ahead slowly,
and as we passed them Edgar left
the girl—she gave him her hand as he
turned away—and ran and caught a
car. The girl looked after him—she
is very fond of him, Robert."
"We will admit the fondness, my
dear. What next?"
"I told Michael to stop at the curb
and I leaned out of the carriage and
called to the girl."
"Was that discreet?"
"Wait, dear. At first she didn't hear
me. And I called again, and she heard
me and came toward the car. She
has a nice face, Robert."
"The man laughed once more.
"Your mother heart is defending the
boy's taste."
"No, Robert, the girl has an attrac-
tive face."
"You will admit it's a little crafty
and hard about the mouth?"
"No."
"And that it suggests paint and
feminine finery?"
"No, Robert."
"And that it is feebly pretty and at-
tractive?"
"No."
"Then it was much better than you
expected?"
"Yes, Robert. She has a nice face—
not beautiful, but frank and clear
eyed." She panted. "If she has been
simply pretty it would have hurt me.

Robert. It would have looked as if
Edgar had been caught by a simple
and a curl. But the affair is more
serious than I thought."
He consulted her eye and nodded.
"What you are telling me is good
to hear," he said. "I'm feeling easier
about Edgar than I have felt since
he left college. It looks very much
as if his liking for this girl was the
first sensible symptom he has shown.
And there's another thing."
"Well, Robert?"
"If the girl can run the gamut of
your critical mother eyes there must
be something very attractive about her.
But you haven't told me all the story."
"I called to her and when she re-
alized that I wanted her she came to
the car. I told her I was nervous
and a little faint—which was quite
true, Robert. And I asked her if she
wouldn't sit by me for a few moments
until the attack passed away. She
looked at me wonderingly and then
something in my face decided her and
she took the seat by my side. I asked
her where she lived and she told me
and I directed Michael not to hurry.
Then I talked to the girl and found
out something about her. She is an
orphan and came to the city from an
interior town. She has been well edu-
cated and is qualified to teach singing,
but her present work is fully as re-
sponsible and more certain. And
she is twenty-three."
The man laughed.
"That's extremely interesting—I
don't refer to the age item especially.
But go on."
"I don't know what she thinks of
me. I tried to interest her."
"By asking her questions?"
"By asking no questions. She told me
all this voluntarily. I am quite sure
she will tell me more the next time
we meet."
"Then you have planned to see her
again?"
"Yes. I am going to take her with
me for a ride in the park, Wednesday
evening. I told her I was a fussy old
woman and that she was doing the best
kind of charity work in assisting me.
I said I had taken a fancy to her—
and it's true, Robert."
"Oh."
"Yet, Robert, I can't quite say that
I am ready to take her as a daughter-
in-law. Think of the talk it would
make!"
The man laughed.
"I see you haven't quite surrendered,
my dear. And what's the girl's name?"
"Ellen Vets."
"That's not bad. Of course, you
didn't exchange cards?"
"I thought of inventing a name, but
I couldn't bring myself to do that. I
suppose she thinks I'm a foolish old
creature who doesn't remember even
the common usages of polite society."
The man leaned back in the deep
chair and interlocked his fingers.
"Well," he said, "things are not
nearly as bad as they might be. Up to
the present moment I must frankly
admit that the girl seems too good for
the boy."
"Robert?"
"It's the simplest truth. Of course,
he's improving, but don't let your
mother heart cherish any belief that
this fine young girl—I take her at your
own valuation—won't much better than
this wayward boy of ours. But there,
we'll postpone any further discussion
until after the coming tide."
So it was Wednesday evening when
they took up the subject again. The
man was waiting in the library for the
woman to come home.
He looked up as she came through
the doorway. Then he quickly arose
and went to her, and took her cloak
and led her to a chair.
"Why, Emily," he said, "what's
happened?"
For a moment she could not find her
voice.
"They are to be married, Tuesday
evening," she sobbed.
The man whistled.
"The boy seems to be developing en-
ergy along with his other awakened
qualities. There, there, calm yourself
and tell me about it."
The woman waited a moment.
"I drew her out," she began, "and
soon found that she wanted to talk to
a woman—it seems she has no intimate
girl friends—and she told me just
what I wanted to know, and yet dread-
ed to hear. She is very fond of Ed-
gar and she has the fondest confidence
in him. He told her about his wild
days and how he quarreled with his
father and mother. She doesn't know
who his parents are—Edgar doesn't
want to talk about the past—but she
feels convinced they are wrong in their
treatment of Edgar. She is sure they
didn't understand him, that his mother
was indignant and his father unwise.
Edgar needed an object in life, he
needed to be thrown on his own re-
sources. Now he had her. She
passed and drew a quick breath.
"Think of a mother listening to all
this!"
"It is a rather novel situation," said
the man.
"Why, I can't even give her a wed-
ding present," she sobbed.
"You might send it anonymously,"
he suggested. "But people who give
wedding presents never do that. Tues-
day evening, eh? Did you find out
the name of the clergyman?"
"Yes. It was the Rev. Frank Dar-
nley."
"Frank Darnley? Oh, yes, he is on
the Samaritan board. I met him at
the annual meeting the other day. He
wanted to interest me in some special
mission work he has undertaken." He
looked around suddenly. "Would you
like to go to this wedding?"
"Yes, Robert."
"I might buy off the girl."

The woman shook her head.
"You haven't money enough to do
that, Robert."
"Fine. Then the wedding goes on.
And tomorrow I will send for the Rev.
Frank Darnley. He will be glad to
come. I believe I have a little gift for
his mission project. When he comes
I will make the necessary arrange-
ments." He went over and gently
smoothed the woman's hair. "I think
this is going to turn out all right," he
said.
It was Tuesday evening and the
Rev. Frank Darnley sat in his little
parlor and waited for the girl and the
man who had asked his professional
services. It was a neat little parlor,
nicely furnished, with folding doors
that connected it with the sitting room
beyond. These doors were closed and
the Rev. Frank Darnley inspected them
carefully before he answered the bell.
When he returned from the front
door he brought with him the girl and
the wayward son. He greeted them
cordially and bade them be seated.
"We are in something of a hurry,"
said the young man. "We have a
brief little trip in view, and time tab-
les make no provision for delayed
happy pairs."
He laughed and the young pastor
laughed with him.
The girl unfastened her traveling
cloak.
"Would it be possible," she said,
"for you to have a woman present dur-
ing the ceremony? I have a fancy
that I would like it better."
The young pastor brightened.
"Why, yes," he answered. "I have
two visitors at the present moment, a
very worthy couple. I will ask them
to be witnesses—in accordance with
the state law."
And he slipped from the room. He
was back presently.
"They will be glad to aid us," he
said a little hurriedly. "They will
stand in the doorway here while the
ceremony proceeds. If you are quite
ready you may arise."
The doors at the back were softly
opened.
The ceremony proceeded, the most
nervous members of the trio being the
Rev. Frank Darnley.
When it was over and the Rev.
Frank had shaken hands with both
and wished them joy, the girl looked
around and suddenly started. A man
and woman had entered the room, but
it was the woman who startled the
girl.
"Why, madam!" she cried. "Are
you here?" And she advanced with
her hands outstretched. The woman
was crying and could not answer. But
she opened her arms and held the girl
close.
The bridegroom had whirled about,
and then catching sight of the man
and woman had drawn back.
"Ellen," he cried, "do you know
this lady?"
The girl released herself from the
woman's embrace.
"Why, yes," she answered. "She
has been kind to me—as a mother
might be. There is no person I could
so gladly greet on my wedding night."
The young man stared at her.
"Isn't you know her name?" he de-
manded.
"Why, no, Edgar; I don't know the
lady's name. I never thought of it."
He was still amazed.
"Do you mean to say that you don't
know this is my mother?"
"Your mother?" she cried. "Your
mother? Oh, I am very glad! Don't
cry, mother."
The older man took a step forward.
"Edie," he said, "I hope your re-
signment doesn't go so far as to pre-
vent your father from kissing his new
daughter—God bless and guard her!"
The younger man gave a quick step
and put out his hand.
"Father," he cried.
And the Rev. Frank Darnley smiled
approvingly.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Keeping Soil in Good Shape.
When there is plenty of moisture in
spring, followed by dry and hot
weather during June and July, the con-
dition is just right for spoiling the
soil, especially if untimely plowing has
left the fields in a badly broken con-
dition. If the result of such conditions
lasted but one season the matter would
not be so serious, but it has frequently
been observed that land badly plowed
and subsequently hard baked can not be
retrieved in many years. It is harder
to reduce such soil than the toughest
hard-pan. In fact, it will require sev-
eral seasons of careful work to bring
these soils into good condition again.
It is a bad practice to stir ground
when it is wet, yet it is done every
spring. Crops are plowed in every
year, and it is a wonder that we get
any crops at all from these fields.
Such fields are the first to dry up
when summer droughts strike us, for
capillarity has been so completely de-
stroyed that the crops can not draw
upon the water reserve, and the ele-
ments needed for growth of the crops
are so securely locked up in the clods
that they are not available.
It is the natural tendency of all soil
to become firmer. It is tamped down
by even the gentlest rains, and beating
rains will render it almost impervious
to water. Good farming must undo
this work by breaking up these crusts
and keeping the soil in good condition.
All practical farmers know that soils
are best by being plowed and cultivated
at just the right time, but not many
have the patience to stand by, when
the season is getting late, or put off
cultivation and allow weeds to get the
upper hand. Brown says there is more
to be gained by properly working our
soils than in fertilizing them.

Wind Cattle in Horses.
The treatment for wind colic differs
very materially from that of cramp
colic. Absorbents are of some service,
and charcoal may be given in any
quantity. Relaxants are also beneficial
in this form of colic. Chloral hydrate
not only possesses this quality, but it
is also a pain reliever. It is particu-
larly well adapted to the treatment of
wind colic, and should be given in 1-
ounce doses in a pint of water. Dis-
tilled alcohol or whiskey may be given,
or aromatic spirits of ammonia in 1-
ounce doses at short intervals. A
physic should always be given in full-
blown colic as early as possible, the best
being 1-ounce doses of Barodol, or
injections, per rectum, of turpentine, 1
to 2 ounces; linseed oil, 8 ounces, may
be given frequently to stimulate the
peristaltic motion of the bowels and
favor the escape of wind. Blankets
wring out of hot water do much to af-
ford relief; they should be renewed
every five or ten minutes and covered
with a dry, woolen blanket. This form
of colic is much more fatal than cramp
colic, and requires prompt and per-
sistent treatment. It is entirely unwise
to predict the result, some apparently
mild attacks going on to speedy death,
while others that appear at the onset
to be very severe yielding rapidly to
treatment. Do not cease your efforts
until you know the animal is past help.

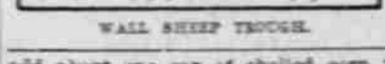
Watering System for Stable.
In the accompanying plan two gal-
vanized iron tanks, 2 ft. x 5 ft. are
connected by a pipe (c) so that tank



Care of the Flock.
Sheep need little shelter except to
keep off rain and snow. I have al-
ways allowed them to stay out in the
coldest weather. If it was not stormy,
however, I never, under any circum-
stances, allow them to take rains and
snows in winter, writes a correspondent
of Farm and Home.

At this season I give good clover
hay, and in addition a littleilage or
corn fodder about three times a week.
I feed twice a day in the yard on the
ground if it is frozen, but when the
ground is not frozen I feed in racks
in the sheep barn. I feed a little en-
tire grain, mostly oats to the breeding
ewes.

My troughs are made of three boards,
5 feet long, the bottom one 10 inches
wide and the sides 6 inches, as shown
in sketch. I scatter the oats thin in
these troughs and the sheep cannot get
a large mouthful. Thus better masti-
cation of the grain is secured than in
narrow troughs. I have fed threshed
oats to my sheep for a good many
years and have not as yet experienced
any bad results from their use. I feed
oats until after lambing time, then I



WALL SHEEP TROUGH.

add about one ear of shelled corn to
one pint of oats per day.
I know from my own experience that
it pays to keep sheep, provided they
are kept well, and those who do not
do this are very likely to condemn the
breed of sheep which they may happen
to have or the breeding stock which
they have purchased for the improve-
ment of their flock when the fault is
really their own.

Quick Poultry Fattening.
The theory on which crate fattening
is encouraged is that a hen will digest
more food than she will eat. Shredded
wheat will put the fat on at as low a
cost as 4 1/2 cents per pound. The sec-
tions of our crates are two feet wide,
two feet high, twenty-seven inches
long, three sections of a crate; five
birds to a section, says a bulletin of
The Connecticut Experiment Station.
These have to be very carefully fed so
that the appetite will not be hurt.

Careful attention has to be given not
only to what they are fed, but when
and how often the feed is offered to
them. Equal quantities of cornmeal,
ground oats and shredded wheat mixed
with skim milk consistency of good por-
ridge in front of them for a few min-
utes, every twelve hours for two days.
Next evening let them eat their fill.
Next day feed in the morning not
enough to satisfy them. At night, all
they will eat. At the end of the second
week give a noon feed of just a
little. The third week give all they
want at noon. Next week add a little
tallow, perhaps half a pint of tallow
to fifteen birds. Give a little grit from
time to time.

If growing broilers give them a large
percentage of bran six weeks, then
make the bulk of the feed cornmeal
for four weeks. Milk and buckwheat,
or milk and oats tend to whiten skin.
If anything is not contented, it won't
put on flesh.

Feeding Horses.
It is generally believed that horses
must not be fed clover hay for fear of
the heaves. This is a mistake. If the
horse is given the proper quantity of
clover and not overfed there is no
danger of the heaves. A horse should
never be fed more than he will eat up
clean, either grain or hay. Without
a doubt oats is the best general food
for a horse, and goes well with tur-
key hay. A good change is to once
or twice a week give a feed of corn
and clover with bran mash. When
a horse does not clean up his feed it
is best to try a change. Feeding and
watering should be done at regular in-
tervals, the watering always before the
eating. Above all things, do not give
a horse water immediately after eat-
ing. It should never be given before
at least an hour after he has finished
his meal.

Fertilizing in Winter.
It might be said that it is always
seasonable to fertilize the orchard or
garden. Manure piled on this soil
this winter will partially decay, and its
richness sink into the soil for the use
of the plants next year. It not only
serves as a fertilizer in the orchard,
but in winter it acts as a soil protection
and regulates sudden freezing and
thawing. On hilly land it checks soil
erosion.

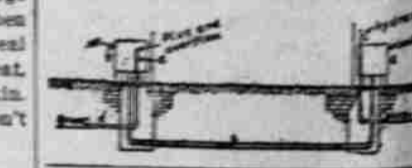
Grass in Orchard.
Soil culture is recommended by some
successful peach growers. The soil is
worked during the time the trees are
growing, and a clover crop is sowed
for fall and winter which is plowed
under early in the spring. Clover
crops should not be left until they
suck up too much moisture from the
soil at a time when it is needed by
the trees.

Packing Eggs.
Farmers and others who know how
to pack bad eggs with good ones are
going to be prosecuted by the Nebraska
and Michigan Pure Food commissions.
Dealers claim that their losses amount-
ed to several million dollars last year.

A Domestic Dilemma.
A Philadelphia woman, whose given
name is Mary, as is also the name of
her daughter, had recently engaged a
domestic, when, to her embarrassment,
she discovered that the servant's name
too, was Mary.



EDGAR FELL INTO STEP BESIDE THE GIRL.



(b) is supplied with water from tank (a), which in turn is supplied through the hydrant as shown. Tank (b) is connected with a sewer by a waste pipe (d). The plug (e) consists of a piece of gas pipe threaded into the end of the waste pipe and therefore answers the purposes of plug and overflow.