

# WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN.

By JAMES WHITGOMB RILEY.



When the frost is on the pumpkin  
and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyvack and gobble  
of the struttin' turkey cock;  
And the clackin' of the guineas  
and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he  
tiptoes on the fence;  
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is  
a feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him  
from a night of peaceful rest;  
As he leaves the house bareheaded  
and goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
and the fodder's in the shock.

There's something kind o' hearty-  
like about the atmosphere  
When the heat of summer's over  
and the coolin' fall is here.  
Of course we miss the flowers  
and the blossoms on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'  
birds and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin' and the  
landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the  
early autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the  
colorin' to mock—  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the toes  
of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled  
leaves, as golden as the morn';  
The stubble in the furrows kind o'  
lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the  
barns they grewed to fill;  
The straw-stack in the medder, and  
the reaper in the shed;  
The hesses in their stalls below, the  
clever overhead;  
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like  
the tickin' of a clock  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
and the fodder's in the shock.

## OUT OF REACH.

Four, rain!  
You cannot get into my heart  
Or put out the fire of my soul;  
I am safe in a beautiful realm apart  
Where the angels of light patrol!  
Four, rain!  
You are good, I am told, for the flowers  
and the grain,  
But you beat the door of my heart  
in vain.  
Blow, wind!  
The trees you can buffet and break,  
You can trouble the waves of the sea,  
You can scatter the petals of many  
a flower,  
But you cannot terrify me!  
Blow, wind!  
For the country of "Peace and a  
Quiet Mind"  
Is a part of the world you can never  
find!  
—Youth's Companion.

## Catching His Eye

If Bowman, the assistant bookkeeper, had a heart he was as unconscious of it as he was of any other of the practical working organs that went to make up his physical man.  
Bowman loved his big ledgers. He reveled in long, terrifying columns of figures. He liked good things to eat in an unemotional way, which left him unmoved if the steak happened to be one too much or too little. He was devoted to his mother. He enjoyed his pipe in the evening after dinner. However, up to the age of 28 he apparently had never heeded or been disturbed by the swish of a petticoat, nor had let his head be turned even the fraction of an inch by the glance of a bright eye.

He wasn't afraid of girls; in fact, he rather liked them. They were pretty, he thought, on account of the bright colors they wore, and some of them were graceful, so he enjoyed seeing them flash about, but somehow they all looked very much alike to him and he regarded them all with a benevolent indifference. He was quite an ordinary, stout, plain person, who wore big spectacles across his big nose, had a wide, kind face and a twinkle in his eye.

Bowman was probably the only member of the office force who remained unmoved the morning Miss Finley made her first appearance. Quiet and small and dainty as she was, she was yet such a vivid creature that even the manager, who believed that business and social relations should be kept distinctly separate, noted her and asked her name. However, the first time Bowman remembered seeing her was one morning several weeks after her initial appearance, when he raised his eyes from his work to find her standing at his elbow, looking just a trifle audacious, a trifle shy, but very pretty, with a piece of paper held up appealingly in her hand. She laid the paper on the desk in front of Bowman and he noticed that she had to stand on her tiptoes to do it.

"Will you add them for me, Mr. Bowman?" she pleaded. "You don't know how mean they act for me."  
Bowman's slight interest in the fluffy topknot immediately changed to a pronounced interest in the column of figures she handed him.  
"Certainly," he answered. He ran his pencil rapidly up and down the

column, while she stood beside him humming a little tune. In a moment he handed the slip back to her. "I think that fixes you," he said happily.  
"Oh, thank you ever so much," she replied, softly. She stood for a moment, sliding the paper back and forth in a ridge at the side of the desk. "I'm afraid you think it was awful funny of me to ask you," she continued, hesitatingly. "You always seem so busy."  
"Why, I'm never too busy to help you," he said. With a quiet impersonal pleasure he watched the pretty color surge up into her cheeks. "Or any of the other girls," he added genially.

Miss Finley turned on her little heel and walked away so quickly that Bowman was unaware of the smile that was curling her lips. A little ripple of giggles greeted her as she returned to the stenographers' corner.

"Was it a frost?" inquired Miss Temple.  
"Maybe," replied Miss Finley non-committally. "But one frost doesn't make a winter. You just watch me."  
It was perfectly astonishing the number of things Miss Finley found after that which only Bowman could do for her. If the drawers of her desk became refractory and refused to open or shut, only Bowman's strong arm seemed to be considered equal to the task of getting them into working order again. She even got him to sharpen her pencils for her and her frequent appeals to him to know if



"I'M NEVER TOO BUSY TO HELP YOU."

her hat was on straight set him to wondering philosophically if a girl's hat could ever be considered on straight.  
He felt no annoyance when she came to him one day apparently in the deepest despair because she couldn't find one of her hats, which was buried deep in the fluffy trimmings of her hat, but afterward it occurred to him that life would be much simplified for them if girls didn't wear such fantastic things.

About a week after this episode Bowman was surprised one morning upon looking over toward the stenographers' corner to discover that Miss Finley's chair was vacant. He was even more surprised at the queer, sinking sensation that took possession of him when he realized that she was not there. His first impulse was to go over and ask where she was, but a sudden fit of shyness seized him and he decided not to. This made him uncomfortable, for shyness and vacillation were entirely new emotions to him. He dragged down one of his beloved ledgers and began writing in it. Instead of figures, he seemed to see a little pointed face in a mist of soft hair.

At last he stuck his pen behind his ear and gave himself up deliberately to reflection. After some minutes of unproductive mental labor over the problem in hand he turned to the head bookkeeper.

"Here," he said abruptly, "how does a fellow feel when he's in love?"  
The head bookkeeper looked at him scornfully. "Come off!" he ejaculated. "Go on and tell me," urged Bowman. "I'm in earnest. I want to know."

The head bookkeeper looked at him disgustedly over his glasses. "For an everlasting, all-around idiot," he said, "you certainly are the limit. She's got you going, has she?"  
Bowman said nothing more, but from his knitted brows and general air of unrest one might have gathered that he was still studying his own emotions.

The next morning he was eagerly watching the door when Miss Finley, looking a little pale from her illness, came in. Without a moment's hesitation he went over to where she was standing. Neither of the other girls had arrived.

"Miss Finley," he said, "I came over to tell you something. I just found it out yesterday. I'm in love with you." He stood back and regarded her with a look of the deepest interest.  
She gave a little nervous laugh. "Who told you?" she gasped.  
"I found it out myself," he said triumphantly.  
"I didn't think I could do it," she said soberly. I told the girls I was going to try just for fun, but I didn't think I could. I told them the other day that I gave it up. I thought you—"

Bowman's face grew stern for a moment. "You did it just for fun!" he said. "You never thought what it might mean to me."  
She gave a quick little sobbing sigh. "I did it for fun at first," she said, "but afterward—"  
"Well?" demanded Bowman. "Why did you do it afterward?"  
"Because I—liked you," she said after a moment's pause.—Chicago News

## VIGILANTES IN PARIS.

Citizens Determined to Protect Themselves from the Apaches.  
Parisians are taking the law into their own hands to suppress the hoodlums known as Apaches, who have been waxing more audacious and insolent of late, a letter to the New York Sun says. Posters signed by well-known lawyers and medical men are placarded all about the city and its suburbs calling upon the people to join the League of Social Protection.

This league will form an armed police body to protect members and their property. The manifesto runs: "Fire brigades have been formed to fight fire and a society exists for the protection of animals. The time has now come when honest people must unite and take action against the ruffians who terrorize the suburban districts."

"Organized and disciplined troops of honest citizens are to be formed in every district where Apaches endanger life and property. Reprisals will be exercised by the Social Protection League, whose armed members will seek out the Apaches and strike hard, taking the law into their own hands."  
It is proposed that the league shall start operations in time for the coming winter, when the dark days and longer nights give the Paris tough favorable chances for carrying on his work without being easily detected by the police.

Then, but Not Now.  
"Do you know Penrotte?"  
"Yes," he became well acquainted with me before his play became a success."—Boston Herald

William P. Church is a direct descendant of Alden. The chair was given to him by his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Church Stoddard, daughter of Lydia Alden, who married Gamaliel Church. "I am sure that it belonged to your great-grandfather," Mrs. Stoddard told him. "It may have belonged to your great-grandfather."

Mr. Church feels assured that this chair was used in the family of the fifth John Alden, born in 1740, who lived in Middleboro. It may have been handed down to him by his father, John Alden, born in 1718, who also lived in Middleboro.

The chair bears evidence of its age. Well it may, for the Alden children grew up very much as children grow up to-day. On the arms of the chair are countless childish scratches. There are also one or two generous jabs with a knife or some other sharp instrument. The hickory footrest is impressed with the kickings of two and possibly three generations of chubby feet.

Fashioned in the days when household furniture was homemade and "made for keeps," this heirloom is an interesting bit of workmanship. A friend of Mr. Church interested in antiques came into his office to glance at it one day and found that he had spent a half-hour before he had finished turning it over.

There is not a nail in it. The joinings, which only show a fine seam, and which have lasted for centuries, were made with pegs. The small pieces of wood at the back of the chair were made from oak barrel staves. A piece of homespun linen duck, substantial and woven on an old-time hand loom by the mother or sister in the family, is stretched across the seat. About an inch from the floor were originally four cross pieces. Evidently the temptation of placing one's toes on one of these rungs and rocking backward and forward, irrespective of whoever happened to be in the chair, was too much for the small Aldens. Three of the pieces have been rocked away. Despite this the old chair wobbles only slightly.

## QUEER STORIES

The wasp can cut its way through a seashell.

The first motor exhibition was held in England in 1895.

Of the 12,000,000 acres under cultivation in Burma, 8,000,000 are devoted to rice.

The London hansom seems to be on the decline. Other types of conveyance are taking its place.  
Prince Edward of Wales, future King of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Osborne Naval College.

Germany's top output for 1907 is estimated at \$25,000,000, of which \$19,000,000 was exported, and of the total the United States and Great Britain took more than half.

Compulsory study of the ancient Irish language in the new national university at Dublin is expected to meet some opposition. At Queen's College, in Cork, Irish classes were instituted four years ago. The first year four pupils appeared, only two of whom stayed out the course; the second year there was a class of two, and since then there have been no students of Irish at all in the college.

There are practically no fire engines in Japan, but the Yokohama City Council has made an appropriation to buy two. In the old days of bamboo houses, which the owners could take apart and carry off under the arms, fires caused little concern in the land of the Mikado, but the Yankees of the East have been constructing real buildings in recent years. Some destructive blazes, with heavy losses, started the fire engine movement.

It beats all what odd questions reach some of the departments of government in Washington. Not long ago the treasury received a letter from a Pittsburg man who had made a bet, asking "How many cents are there in a bushel?" The answer was not easy to offer. If the man had asked about pounds he might have received a definite answer. As it was, he got in reply a guess from a clerk, that "roughly there are something like \$320, or \$2,000 pennies."

## The Naked Truth.

There is an ancient fable which tells us that on a summer afternoon Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe together. They found a crystal spring. They bathed in the cool, fresh water, and Falsehood, emerging first, clothed herself in the garments of Truth and went her way. But Truth, unwilling to put on the garb of Falsehood, departed naked. And to this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair white robes, so that many persons mistake her for Truth's very self, but poor Truth still goes naked.

Many people who have no time to play are always clamoring for something to play with.

# AGRICULTURAL



## Hired Man and the Boss.

An exchange presents each of the two sides of the farm labor question in this somewhat homely but forcible manner:

"He felt that he was working too hard for the pay received; he knew better than the boss how the work should be laid out; he caroused on Sunday and was dead to the world Monday; he was jealous of the other hired men—he got fired!"

"He had no regular hours; he shifted teams from one man to another; he spent his time in town; he had plenty of spare room in his house, but gave the hired man the best in the hay loft; he grumbled about trifles—his hired man quit."

## A Troublesome Weed.



## The Apple Barrel.

It stood in the cellar low and dim,  
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed.  
Holding the store from bough and limb  
At the feet of autumn laid.  
And oft, when the days were short and drear  
And the north wind shrieked and roared,  
We children sought in the corner here  
And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time  
It answered our every call  
With wine of the summer's golden prime  
Sealed by the hand of fall.  
The best there was of the earth and air,  
Of rain and sun and breeze,  
Changed to a pipkin sweet and rare  
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we  
Its message but rightly heard,  
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,  
Of cricket and moth and bird;  
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June  
When skies were soft and blue;  
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon  
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay  
Your marvelous skill again;  
Take me back to the past, I pray,  
As willingly now as then—  
Back to the tender morn'g and eves,  
The noontides warm and still,  
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves  
Of the orchard over the hill.  
—Edwin L. Sage, in Lippincott's.

Composition of Vegetables.

WATER 90%  
PROTEIN 0.9%  
CARBOHYDRATES 3%  
FAT 0.05%  
MINERAL MATTER 0.065%  
CELLULOSE 1.5%  
FIBRE 2.4%

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While vegetables are given a low value as food for man or beast on account of their large percentage of water, the dry portion is highly nutritive. In the potato the 22 per cent of solid matter is nearly all available for food. The protoids as flesh formers and the carbohydrates as fat producers are essential parts of food.

Keep the Road Drag Going.  
Bad roads are an extravagance that no farming community can afford. Just what they cost in unnecessary expenses it takes but a moment to determine.

A team and driver are reasonably worth \$3 a day, and by the use of these it is possible to deliver to market from your home 100 bushels of corn. Hauling over good roads, the cost of delivery is 3 cents per bushel. But if, in consequence of bad roads, but fifty bushels can be delivered, the cost is doubled and the difference is what the impassible roads cost you. Continue this calculation, applying it to the hauling of all your crops, and it quickly becomes apparent that it amounts to a very burdensome tax.

Good roads help in every way; they promote sociability by making friends and relatives accessible, and by means of them it is easier to reach the schools and churches and to generally do and enjoy the things which make life really worth living.

Sunflowers for Poultry.  
Sunflowers are grown by many poultrymen and farmers. The seed make an excellent feed for poultry and can be easily and profitably produced. The seeds can be sown in rows and the crop cultivated the same as corn. When ripe the seed is threshed out and fed to the poultry either whole or ground. If the sunflower heads are thrown into the chicken yard, the birds will thresh the seeds out themselves with no expense to the grower. It is an excellent fattening food, and when fed with cracked corn gives good results.

It is too late this season to sow the sunflower seeds, but it is a good thing to keep in mind for another year.—Farmers' Guide.

## Fowls and Eggs.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 128, United States Department of Agriculture, says: "The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds. Thus, hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as light Brahmas. On an average a hen's egg is 2.27 inches in length, and 1.72 inches in diameter or width at the broadest point, and weighs about 2 ounces, or eight eggs to the pound (1½ pounds per dozen). Generally speaking, the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old hens; those of ducks somewhat larger than hens' eggs, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger. Guinea eggs, on an average, measure 1½x1½ inches, are rather pointed at one end, and weigh about 1.4 ounces each, or 17 ounces to the dozen. Goose eggs weigh about 5.5 to 6.7 ounces each, or about 5 pounds to the dozen—that is, more than three times as much as hens' eggs. The eggs of wild birds are said to be smaller than those of the same species when domesticated. Wild ducks' eggs are said to be, on an average, 1.97 to 2.17 inches in diameter; domestic ducks' eggs, 2.36 to 2.56 inches.

## Woman in Chicken Yard.

September is a good month to look about for stock, and if one has not already settled upon a particular variety, a hint in that direction may be of some use. Unless a woman can afford to keep plenty of help she should not keep over fifty fowls. I feel that I am writing for the woman who takes care of her chickens herself, and to her would say that if she has the room it is a good plan to keep a small flock of two varieties—one for broilers or fricassees and one for laying eggs, and when it comes to the genuine business, then give me the Black Minorcas. The eggs are large and pure white. The hens are almost perpetual layers and do not make good mothers. The eggs will command the highest fancy prices, and if your stock is pure you can sell the eggs for sittings at prices according to the stock you keep.

The Plymouth Rocks or the Wyandottes are suitable breeds for broilers or for home use. I think there is more money in the selling of eggs to private customers, or even in the markets, than in broilers. There is less work and less worry. The latter fowl is a good layer if she does not get too fat, but when this occurs make a peep of her.

## Hints on Hog Raising.

Salt buried a few inches in the ground in certain spots will attract the hogs and confine them pretty closely to such places.

It is natural for a hog to root, but if you want to prevent him from doing so a simple ring in the snout will answer the purpose.

It is a great mistake to mark a hog by mutilating his ears. Better use a metal tag.