

The weather certainly was queer for the last day of December. The sun shone brightly down on leafless trees and brown fields, and a fresh warm breeze blew from the south making it like a day in late September. The wide expanse of meadows and wheat fields stretching away back of the dozen farm-houses that composed the tiny village seemed to be basking in the mellow, hazy sunlight that covered the whole landscape as with a garment. With a sigh Miss Julia Hunt hung the yellow almanac behind the shining stove in the kitchen, where yellow almanacs had hung for more than fifty years, and then went to the diningroom to pack away her precious china and ornaments.

"There's one thing," she said to Mary Finnegan, the maid of all work, not open it till they are gone. I'm not going to have my mother's furniture scratched and spoiled by a lot of city boys. It was very foolish of me to promise Louise that I would entertain part of her mission class of newsboys and bootblacks, but she begged so hard that I couldn't help it. She says one day in the country is like a glimpse of Heaven to those half starved little creatures, but I'm afraid it will not be like a glimpse of Heaven for us. warm as May and spoil my plans. If Brown.

to Miss Hunt's big pasture field, and said, "Hully gee! Ain't that a bully

place for a game?" Miss Hunt was shocked at the language, but hope rose in her heart. It might be possible that the exquisite, cloudless weather favored her after all. She looked at the thin clothing of her guests, and rejoiced that the yellow almanac had truly predicted "fair and warmer" for this New Year's day.

"I say, missus, is they any boys 'round here? Lame Jimmy, he can't play an' we'd like to strike some kids fer a match game," said one of the boys eagerly.

"Certainly, there are boys in the village. If you go out and start a game, I guess it won't be long till they will all be with you," said Miss Hunt, who had very little acquaintance with boys, but had noticed that they were not long in finding out if anything new was going on.

Before the location of the bases had been settled, three recruits joined the ranks and were soon offering to hunt up enough more for the match game.

"Dear me, Mary," lamented Miss Hunt, as a new difficulty stared her in the face, "I was just going to run out with the cookies and some apples for "those boys are not going into the the boys, but there are ten or twelve parlor. I'll lock the door to-night and extra ones playing with them. They must be hungry after their long ride this morning, but what can I do?"

"Sure an' I'd run to Mrs. Brown's and get the batch she made visterday. Her Mollie said their company couldn't come to-day."

"The very thing!" And with a load off her mind Miss Julia hastened across the street.

"Sell them! I guess not. My Joe and Ned are screaming out there as loud as the rest. You may have them all, I had planned to have Mike take them | and these pies, too, for Sister Jane for a long sleighride in the bob sled, can't come to-day. I'll help you carry but here the weather must turn as them to the pasture field," said Mrs.



"Hully Gee! Aint That a Bully Place for a Game?"

six o'clock train. Louise said all that was necessary was to feed them well, and I would have no trouble."

"Maybe it will snow yet," said Mary examining the little house out of which an old man was said to appear in case a storm was brewing. But the smiling little old lady was on guard, and

that is a sure sign of fair weather. "No such luck," exclaimed the mis-"The almanac says 'fair and warmer' for to-morrow. Do you attic, Mary?"

"Sure an' I'll do that as soon as the bird is stuffed."

If I thought they wouldn't break it, I'd run over to Mrs. Brown's and borthe pictures, but perhaps I'd better not risk it. How many ginger cookies did | Brown.' you bake this morning?" "Four dozen," replied Mary prompt-

"Let me see. Ten boys are coming. That will be plenty for each to have three or four for lunch. Louise laid for you. such stress on having plenty to eat that I am glad you baked too many rather than not enough. You need not make the tarts if we have mince and pumpkin pie."

"How do you do?" said a brisk voice at the open door. I just stopped to for the boys," said Mrs. Race, coming tall you that the entertainment for to meet them with a large basket. "I to-morrow is all off. Two of the Gray suppose my three are out there, so it children are down with the measles, and as they had the leading parts, you think they will like these?" and it can't be given. I am around refund- she displayed a lot of warm, sugary ing money to the people who bought crullers. tickets"

"Troubles never come singly," observed Miss Julia as she exchanged eleven bits of pasteboard for a handful of small coins. Mary I'll be back in half an hour. I'm going to the store for some candy, and on the way back I'll stop for the magic lantern. This house will look as if a whirlwind more sense next time," she added but I am afraid not now."

As the train stopped at the little station the next morning, ten boys ranging from ten to fifteen years, were met

the afternoon, and they return on the | since, as a shrewd newsboy remarked "No feller'd hit a cripple even if his decisions was foul."

R.M.B.

In less than half the time Jimmie had alloted, the cookies and apples disappeared, and the game was again in progress. On the way out Miss Hunt had said: "We'll let them eat all they want, and then put the baskets by the fence where they can help themselves whenever they get hungry."

Mrs. Brown, who was the mother of four healthy boys, said nothing to this. think you will have time to hunt up but thought her friend would have her the checker board and dominoes in the eyes opened as to boys' appetites before night.

"For pity's sake," said Miss Hunt, looking at the empty baskets. "I never saw the like. I must go right in and tell Mike to kill some young row the boys' magic lantern. I could chickens. My turkey and the roast darken the sitting-room and show off | beef will never be enough at this rate. I'm sorry I declined your pies, Mrs.

"I'll go right home and bring them," said Mrs. Brown. "I have some fresh cake that I can spare, too. My Mollie can look after our dinner if you need any help. Perhaps I can do something

"Indeed you can," said Miss Julia fervently. "It's only nine o'clock, but I shall begin peeling potatoes at once. No wonder Louise said over and over again to 'prepare plenty of food.' "

"I saw you going out with a lunch is only fair that I should help. Do

"Like them!" laughed Mrs. Brown. "They ate every thing we had in five minutes. Don't take these out now. Wait till we have a chance to take something. It is always well to have a reserve.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Hunt. "If you can come in and make up about a bushel of cookies, I shall be indebted had struck it by to-morrow night, but to you forever, Mrs. Race. I thought it can't be helped, I suppose. I'll have I had enough dinner for twenty boys,

All three women were so busy preparing dinner that an hour slipped past before anyone thought of the baseball players. Even then it is by Miss Julia and escorted home much doubtful if they would have been reas if she were in charge of so many membered if the whole troop had not Year's present." way to the house, one of them pointed would not be forthcoming. Miss Hunt | broke on presents a week ago?

was overcome with remores to think she had neglected her guests, and several pies soon followed the crullers as astonement for her sin of omission. "Now, boys," she said as the procession started, each boy with a huge pumpkin pie triangle in one nand and a rosy apple in the other, "dinner will be ready in an hour or two and we want you to have good appetites."

"We'll be there," sang out the captain, briefly, leading the way back to the field.

"I am sorry all the boys can't stay to dinner," said Miss Hunt. "Do you suppose there would be enough for all?' "I am afraid not," said Mrs. Race, surveying the contents of pots, kettles and pans. I am sorry, too, for they

are having such a good time together.' "I'll run down and see if Mrs. Lake has anything to spare. Perhaps we can arrange for all to stay," said Mrs. Brown. "Now don't object, Julia. There are six little Lakes out in your pasture field and their mother will be delighted to help."

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Lake at the door. "Nellie told me what is going on down here, and I came right away to offer my services, for of course my boys are out there with the rest. I'll be back in a few minutes with my contribution."

"The dinin'-room only holds twelve," announced Mary Finnegan, red faced from a struggle with the table.

"Let's set one table in the sittingroom," said Julia, forgetting that she had intended to lock up her parlor and sitting-room.

When dinner was finally ready, not a boy was in the pasture field. The bats were thrown aside, the catcher's mask dangled from the fence, and the barnroof reserved seats for spectators were empty. Far away faint shouts announced that a lively chase was going on. Miss Hunt was in despair but not so the mothers.

"They have seen a rabbit or a squirrel," said Mrs. Lake, calmly, as she rang the big old dinner bell that had been silent for twenty years. "My dear Julia, if you had ever lived in the same house with six youngsters, you would be surprised at nothing. I see Mrs. Brown filling a tub with warm water. She knows what condition their hands and faces will be in."

The squirrel hunt was abandoned at the first sound of the bell, and across the fields streamed the visitors and besides all the well boys that the village boasted. Nearly every one of the dozen houses in the group was represented in the motley crowd of dirty urchins. Under the direction of Mrs. Brown, the whole party was soon scented with soap and scrubbed to that lady's satisfaction. They could scarcely restrain themselves under her rigid inspection, for near at hand stretched the long tables loaded with all sorts of delicious things foreign to the city waifs. Country boys take good food as a matter of course, but three hours of baseball and chasing the nimble squirrel had made everybody ravenous.
"Golly," said Lame Jimmie, taking in

the turkey, chicken, bread, vegetables, jellies, pickles, cake, pie, and fruit with which the long table was filled. wisht every day was New Year's."

How they all enjoyed that dinner! uss Hunt buttered bread till her fingers ached. Mrs. Brown ladled out quarts of gravy. Mary collected a sauce and peaches, while the other women, who had been joined by two more mothers, sliced ham, and answered calls for more turkey and everything else on the bill of fare.

"If you ladies will come to the game, we'll give you the best reserved seats," said the captain of the city nine, when a plate of delicious plum pudding was placed before him. As the best reserved seats were on the roof of Miss Hunt's cow barn, the ladies declined with thanks.

"We are very much obliged," said Miss Hunt, "but the dishes must be washed and preparations made for supper."

"Does we git supper, too?" asked bootblack, laving down a piece of frosted cake with a sigh. "I'se been a eatin' enough fer supper now."

"Corse we does," said another. Dese ladies is de real ting."

"And to think," said Miss Hunt-to herself as the train pulled out and the echo of the cheers her guests had just given for her was still singing in her ears. "I was afraid to have the poor little souls come into my house. They said it was the happiest day they ever spent, and I'm ashamed of my selfishness. They behaved like gentlemen -every one of them, and would not have injured a thing in the house. When they come back next Fourth of July I'll give them a picnic that is worth of the name, and do it without calling lars than the cow. If we could only on all the neighbors for help, too.-Ohio Farmer.

HAD NO USE FOR IT.



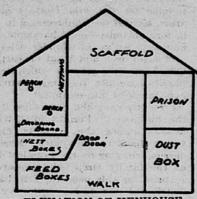
Mr. Wit-I heard that you received s beautiful pocketbook for a New



FOR WINTER LAYERS.

Description of a Poultry House Which Is Considered as Ideal Structure by Its Inventor.

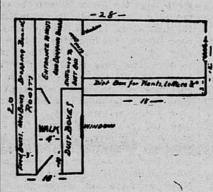
My henhouse consists of two parts. connected by glass door and sliding window. The main part or roosting house, laying house, etc., is 20x10 feet, with seven-foot posts, and is divided into various compartments as shown by accompanying plan. The dropping board runs the whole length of the house, and over it are two perches or roosts arranged one a little above the other, as the elevation plan shows. Under the dropping board are nest



ELEVATION OF HENHOUSE.

boxes resting on shelf, and which can be removed to clean and whitewash. Beneath the nest box shelf for onehalf the length of house are boxes for feed, lime, plaster, etc. These can be easily drawn into the walk, being placed on rolls. .

The boxes are made large enough to contain two bushels, one each for corn, oats, wheat, shells, grit, bone, lime and plaster. Corn meal, shorts and meat meal are kept in the house. That part of the roosting place which runs beside the walk is separated from walk by a door, which swings up, made of poultry netting, thus making it convenient to clean the board, and secures good circulation. On the opposite side the prison is also made of poultry net-



FLOOR PLAN OF HENHOUSE.

ting, but the dust box is separated from walk by doors made of matched boards or sheathing and is practically dust tight.

The second part, or scratching house, is 18x12 feet, with 41/2 feet posts, and peck of bones to make room near the has one-half of the roof of glass, also loaded plates for her dishes of apple the side down two feet, and one-half of the end. Running along the glass side the entire length, and level with bottom of glass, is a box three feet wide and six inches deep, containing soil in which lettuce, radishes, etc., are planted. This is shut off from the chicken and protected by a door which is made of poultry netting. Here the hens live mostly in the daytime. I keep the floor covered four or five inches deep with straw, leaves or sawdust, and scatter the corn, oats or wheat in this and make them work for it. The entire house is underpinned with brick extending 21/2 feet below the surface of ground and six inches above. Both houses have ventilators.

My yard fence is built of posts 71/2 feet long, made out of old one-inch iron pipe, sharpened out at one end so they can be easily stuck down into the ground. Five-foot poultry netting and a bottom board 11 inches wide was put on. The fence is easily and quickly put in place and can be as easily moved to plow, etc.-Orange Judd Farmer.

Don't Neglect Small Things. If you do not give thought and attention to the poultry, do not be surprised at the small returns. It is one of the largest interests in the world, and you might as well gain from their possession as others. An equal value of hens will bring more dolgive this our thought and thoroughly learn of the true value of the hen when properly handled, more people would be in better condition financially. Despise not the day of small things; one egg is a small item, but in one year the total value of the realty of some states is equaled by the value of the eggs consumed in our country alone. - Commercial

Poultry. The Selection of Pullets. When culling the stock and selecting the young pullets that are to make the foundation of next season's breeders, bear in mind that if there is any lack of vigor in them then they will not be hardy when fully matured. Hardiness is everything in a flock, for if any of the old or young stock cannot pass through freedom from disease, they will not prove profitable as layers or breeders. The getting of eggs from the Poultry Keeper.

PROFIT IN BEEKEEPING.

Other Auxiliary Farm Indust. Pays Better Returns in Dollars

The inquiry of how much profit there is in bees is of frequent occurre The lack of knowledge in handling bee and the value of the bee as a money producer is astonishing. Very few persons know whether a hive of bees will produce a dollar's worth of honey in a season or \$20 worth. Mrs. Gertrude Vandergen, in a recent number of Farm, Stock and Home, in discoursing on this subject, says that the bees will pay 100 per cent. on the money, time and labor invested in handling them. If I had the persuasive power, says Mrs. Vandergen, I would go to every farm, and if in some shady nook I did not find the little industrious bees working for their owner while they boarded themselves, I would go to the master of the farm and tell him how my husband bought two colonies for me in the autumn, and how they gave me 145 pounds of honey. For what I sold of this honey I got 15 cents a pound, but for what we kept and consumed in the family, we got more than that in health, gratification of the appetite and other enjoy-

The next summer I took two colonies out of the cellar. They were very strong; from these ten swarms were hived, valued at an average of two dollars each; 165 pounds of honey were produced, which sold at an average of 14 cents a pound. Ignorance, poor hives, moth-miller and robber bees spoiled five of the weaker colonies. Three I doubled up; this left four extra strong colonies worth at least four dollars each. Now, do you think the bees paid for the nectar they sipped out of the white clover of the pasture artichokes and vine flowers? Could we have sold it to any purchaser for so much?

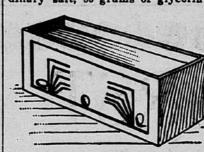
I am positive that if one had only money enough to purchase one acre of land and seed it with clover and buckwheat, plant some fruit and basswood trees, then purchase a few colonies of bees in the fall when they are cheap, in a few years he or he would realize a fine return from the investment.

EGG-TESTING MACHINE.

German Inventor Has Discovered as Apparatus Which May Prove of Wonderful Value.

A German genius says he has discovered a method by which he can tell the age of an egg up to five weeks from the time of hatching, indicating not only whether the egg is fit to eat or not, but also testing eggs for hatching purposes much more accurately than can now be done by the candling method. Herewith is given an illustration of the simple apparatus which he uses, and also the complete formula for the liquid in which the tests are made, as given in the

patent papers filed in this country. The liquid ought to be of about 1,035 specific weight, and is composed of one liter of water, 26 grams of ordinary salt, 85 grams of glycerin of



LINES SHOW AGE OF EGG.

about 28 degrees Baume and one gram of concentrated salicylic alcohol. A fresh egg, it is stated, will go to the bottom of this mixture and lie there in an almost horizontal position. An egg from three to five days old will be at an angle of about 20 degrees; an eightday-old egg will describe an angle of 45 degrees, a 14-day egg, of 60 degrees, and a three-weeks egg will take position corresponding to 25 degrees. An egg four weeks old will stand upright on its pointed end; an egg of five weeks will be suspended in the liquid, and an egg beyond that age or a foul egg, will swim on or near the surface of the liquid.

If these statements prove true, this apparatus will prove to be useful for cooking, preserving, hatching and all other purposes. The glass face of the containing vessel is graduated to indicate the above-mentioned degrees .-Chicago Daily News.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

The smaller the poultry quarters the cleaner they must be kept. After scalding poultry wrap for five minutes in a heavy blanket. This steams and loosens the feathers. Care in emptying all water vessels in the evening saves labor in the

morning, and loss from broken pans and fountains. Have all your henhouse doors, windows and gates fixed so there will be the least possible chance for slam-

ming or rattling.

You need not expect hens to lay in winter, when "eggs are eggs," if wind and snow drift through the chinks of their houses, and the disconsolate creatures stand in humpedup bunches of misery warming first one foot and then the other under their feathers.

If a big snowstorm happen along take your snow shovel out and pile the warm season of the year with the snow all around the lower part of the poultry house. This will add to the warmth inside and keep out the searching winds that make the hens during cold weather depends on floor so cold. When a thaw comes Indians. They were armed with balls come to the house ostensibly to get a more cookies is a pocketbook to a fellow who went pullets in the summer and fall.— away from the house.—Farm Jour-

GREAT STRIDER MADE

cichness of the soil, is creatiderable excitement, not siderable exciter Canada, but in the United States and Great Britain. The large crops of the past two years, with p yields, have enacted a mo wards the west, which will not be checked until every available homestead is taken. The Edmonton Builetin, one of the "farthest north" newspapers, in a recent article on the Northwest as a wide and open field, says: "There must be fertile soil, there must be a suitable climate, there must be the possibility of building up a modern civilization; and the conditions must be such that labor can reach the land; or in other words, land must be cheap. The Canadian Northwest contains the largest unbroken area of country on the continent, or in the world fulfilling these conditions. In its thousand miles of plain which stretches from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains Canada is able to offer land to the landless of the continent, and of the world. This year (1902), the only complaint, over all the vast stretch of territory, of the farmers and ranchers, is that the railways have not sufficient rolling stock to move to market the returns of the past season.

The area under crop in Western Canada in 1902 was 1,987,330 acres. Yield 1902, 117,922,754 bushels. Wealth waits on industry in Canada. There is Plenty of Room.

Prices have advanced in Western Canada 50 per cent. in the last two years, and the upward movement seems still on. The migration into Canada is becoming notable. Somebody has estimated that 25,000 acres of Canadian land are sold a day toy people from the United States.

Whatever doubts there have been as to the suitability of the Canadian Northwest for settlement, those doubts have been set at rest by the successive yields of previous years, and by the crowning glory of the past year (1902), which gives solid assurance as to possibilities that would not otherwise have been believed. The fact of the grain production of the past season in Manitoba and the Northwest, 117,922,754 bushels from 1,987,330 acres, and that a certain number of farmers have produced a greater value of wheat, oats. and cattle for sale than any other equal number anywhere else in the known world, is the best possible answer to the question: "Is there wealth in the Northwest?" Not only in the Northwest but in the whole I country has there been prosperity.

The Canadian Northwest is not all alike in its production. Wheat growing is the specialty of one part, cattle ranching of another, and mixed ne growth of grain and live stock together-of still another. Speaking roughly, the southeastern parts of the Territories and Manitoba are wheat growing; the southwestern part of the Territories is ranching, and the northern part of the Territories is mixed farming. Differences of soil, climate, and other conditions are the causes of these differences in agriculture in the various sections. But it is safe to say that in no other area of the world is there an equal possibility of the production of wealth from the soil, whether by one branch of agriculture or another



Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped sur-geon's knife, by taking Lydir E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruction, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."

— MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.—25000 forfattif within the letter was the content of the letter was vard. Atlanta, Ga. — \$5000 for of above letter proving genulasses of suced.

The symptoms of infiammation and disease of the ovaries are a dull throbbing pain, accempanied by a sense of tenders and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. The region of pain sometimes shows some swelling.