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J. L. EVERNGAM'S J. L. EVERNGAM'S

Great Stock Reducing Sale!

The stock-reducing sale at this store, required because the stock was found to be too large, will be continued one week longer. People living at a distance, who were prevented by the snow this week from coming to town, will have opportunity to take advantage of the unusually low prices.

Lancaster Gingham.....Regular Close Price, 6½c.....Stock Reducing Price. 5¼c
Light Calico.....Regular Close Price, 6c. .....Stock Reducing Price 4¾c
Dark Calico.....Regular Close Price, 6 and 7c.....Stock Reducing Price, 5c
Outing Cloth..... .....Regular Close Price, 10c.....Stock Reducing Price, 8c
Outing Cloth.....Regular Close Price, 12½c.....Stock Reducing Price, 9c
Fruit of the Loom Muslin (36-inch, Bleached) Reg. Close Price, 10c..Stock Red'g Price, 7½c
Good Bleached Muslin (36-inch)..Regular Close Price, 8c.....Stock Reducing Price, 6½c
Hill's Bleached Muslin (36-inch)...Regular Close Price, 10c.....Stock Reducing Price, 7½c
Lansdale Cambric.....Regular Close Price, 14c.....Stock Reducing Price, 10c
Windsor Percales.... .....Regular Close Price, 12½c.....Stock Reducing Price, 10c
Cambric Linings.....Regular Close Price, 5 and 6.....Stock Reducing Price, 4c
Flannelette.....Regular Close Price, 10, 11 and 12½c..Stock Reducing Price, 8c
All Lawns, (good assortment)..Reg. Close 10, 12, 15 and 20c.....Stock Reducing Price, 5c
Clark's O. N. T. Cotton 50 cents a dozen.

A GOOD CHANCE TO GET A FINE LOT OF SHEETING AND PILLOW CASE MUSLIN.

9-4 Pepperell Sheeting (Bleached)....Regular Close Price, 28c....Stock Reducing Price, 22c
10-4 Pepperell Sheeting (Bleached)...Regular Close Price, 30c.. .Stock Reducing Price, 24c
5-4 Pepperell Sheeting (Bleached)...Regular Close Price, 15c..Stock Reducing Price, 12½c
10-4 Pepperell Sheeting (Unbleached)...Reg. Close Price, 28c....Stock Reducing Price, 22c
9-4 Pepperell Sheeting (Unbleached)..Regular Close Price, 25c...Stock Reducing Price, 20c
45-inch Pillow Tubing (Bleached)....Regular Close Price, 20c....Stock Reducing Price, 15c
Bed Ticking (Susquehanna Brand)...Regular Close Price, 20c...Stock Reducing Price, 14c
Cannon Cloth (36-inch).....Regular Close Price, 12½c.....Stock Reducing Price, 9c
Creton, (good weight).....Regular Close Price, 8c....Stock Reducing Price, 6½c
Creton (Very Heavy).....Regular Close Price, 15c.....Stock Reducing Price, 10c
Draperies (Fancy Colors).....Regular Close Price, 12½c.....Stock Reducing Price, 10c

BED BLANKETS.

11-4 White Wool Bed Blankets....Regular Close Price, $5.00....Stock Reducing Price, $4.25
10-4 White Wool Bed Blankets....Regular Close Price, $3.50....Stock Reducing Price, $2.75
11-4 White Mixed Bed Blankets....Regular Close Price, $2.25...Stock Reducing Price, $1.75
10-4 White Cotton Bed Blankets....Regular Close Price, 75c.....Stock Reducing Price, 60c
10-4 White Cotton Bed Blankets....Regular Close Price, 65c.....Stock Reducing Price, 50c
12-4 Gray Cotton Bed Blankets.....Regular Close Price, $1.25...Stock Reducing Price, $1.00
10-4 Gray Cotton Bed Blankets.....Regular Close Price, 75c .....Stock Reducing Price, 60c

FINE LINE OF LACES.

Tarchon Lace.....Regular Close Price, 10c.....Stock Reducing Price, 5½c
Tarchon Lace.....Regular Close Price, 8c.....Stock Reducing Price; 4½c
Tarchon Lace.....Regular Close Price, 7c.....Stock Reducing Price, 4c
Tarchon Lace .....Regular Close Price, 5c.....Stock Reducing Price, 3c
Fine Swiss Hamburg.... .....Regular Close Price, 25c.....Stock Reducing Price, 18c
Fine Swiss Hamburg..... Regular Close Price, 15c.....Stock Reducing Price, 10c
Fine Swiss Hamburg.....Regular Close Price, 12c.....Stock Reducing Price, 8c
Fine Swiss Hamburg.....Regular Close Price, 10c.....Stock Reducing Price, 6c

LADIES' COATS---GOOD ASSORTMENT.

Every One New This Season.

Nearly All Sizes in Black.... .Regular Close Price, $10.50. ....Stock Reducing Price, $6.50
Nearly All Sizes in Black.....Regular Close Price, $ 6.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $4.00
Nearly All Sizes in Black.....Regular Close Price, $ 3.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $2.50
Several Styles of Tan, Brown, Blue and Green,.....Regular Close Price, $15.00 .....Stock Reducing Price, $10.00
Several Styles of Tan, Brown, Blue and Green.....Regular Close Price, $10.50 .....Stock Reducing Price, $ 6.50
Several Styles of Tan; Brown, Blue and Green.....Regular Close Price, $7.00 .....Stock Reducing Price, $4.50
Several Styles of Tan, Brown, Blue and Green.....Regular Close Price, $5.75 .....Stock Reducing Price, $3.75
Several Styles of Tan, Brown, Blue and Green... Regular Close Price, $3.95 .....Stock Reducing Price, $2.75

MISSES' LONG COATS.

SEVERAL SHADES.

About All Sizes.....Regular Close Price, $6.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $4.00
About All Sizes.....Regular Close Price, $5.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.75
About All Sizes.....Regular Close Price, $4.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.25
About All Sizes..Regular Close Price, $4.00 and $3.25..Stock Reducing Price, $2.25 and $2.87
About All Sizes..Regular Close Price, $3.75 and $2.75..Stock Reducing Price, $1.50 and $2.50

A COMPLETE LINE OF HIGH-CLASS, HAND-FINISHED, CUSTOM-MADE READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING.

These Suits are beautifully finished. They have all the interlining necessary to give them the proper shape---the broad, concave shoulders, hand-felled collar, hand-worked button holes. The materials in these Suits are fine Scotch Worsteds, fine French Worsteds, Black Cheviots, Black Thibets, Black Venetians.

MEN'S SINGLE AND DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS.

Regular Close Price, $18.00 and $18.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $14.00 and $14.50
Regular Close Price, $16.50 and $17.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $12.50 and $13.00
Regular Close Price, $14.00 and $15.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $10.00 and $10.50
Regular Close Price $12.00 and $12.50..... Stock Reducing Price, $9.00 and $9.50
Regular Close Price, $10.00 and $10.50..... ...Stock Reducing Price, $7.50 and $8.00
Regular Close Price, $8.50 and $9.00... .....Stock Reducing Price, $6.00 and $6.50
Regular Close Price, $7.00 and $7.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $4.50 and $5.00
Regular Close Price. $6 00 and $6.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $4.00 and $4.50
Regular Close Price, $5.00 and $5.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.60 and $3.75
Regular Close Price, $4.00 and $4.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.05 and $3.50

YOUTH'S SINGLE AND DOUBLE BREASTED SUITS.

Regular Close Price, $10.00 and $10.50 .....Stock Reducing Price, $7.50 and $8.00
Regular Close Price, $8.00 and $8.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $6.00 and $6.50
Regular Close Price, $6 00 and $6.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $4.00 and $450
Regular Close Price, $5.00 and $5.52.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.60 and $3.75
Regular Close Price, $4.00 and $4.50.... .....Stock Reducing Price, $3.00 and $3.50

LONG DRESS OVERCOATS

FOR MEN.

Regular Close Price, $18.00..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $12.50
Regular Close Price, $15.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $11.00
Regular Close Price, $14.00.....Stock Reducing Price, $10.00
Regular Close Price, $12.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $8.50
Regular Close Price, $10.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $7.50
Regular Close Price, $8.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $6.00
Regular Close Price, $7.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $5.00
Regular Close Price, $6.00... .....Stock Reducing Price, $4.00

YOUNG MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Fancy Mixed and Plaid.

Regular Close Price, $14.00..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $10.00
Regular Close Price $10.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $7.50
Regular Close Price, $9.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $6.50
Regular Close Price, $8.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $6.00

Boys' Overcoats, Size 8 to 16, With Belt.

Regular Close Price, $6.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $4.50
Regular Close Price, $5.50..... .....Stock Reducing Pride, $4.00
Regular Close Price, $5.00..... . ...Stock Reducing Price, $3.50
Regular Close Price, $4.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.00

BOYS' DRESSY KNEE-PANTS SUITS---LARGE ASSORTMENT.

Styles consist of Double-Breasted Suits, Norfolk Suits, with Belt, and Three-Piece Suits. Serviceable Materials, including Blue Serge, Fancy Mixed Cheviots, Fancy Scotch and French Worsteds.

Regular Close Price, $5.00 and $5.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $3.50 and $4.00
Regular Close Price, $4.00 and $4.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $3.00 and $3.50
Regular Close Price, $3.00 and $3.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $2.25 and $2.50
Regular Close Price, $2.00 and $2.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $1.50 and $1.75

MEN'S FINE DRESS PANTS.

ABOUT ALL SIZES.

Regular Close Price, $5.00..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $3.75
Regular Close Price, $4.50 ....Stock Reducing Price, $3.50
Regular Close Price, $3.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $2.50

MENS' PANTS, Suitable for Business Wear.

Regular Close Price, $3.00..... ....Stock Reducing Price, $2.25
Regular Close Price, $2.50..... .....Stock Reducing Price, $2.00
Regular Close Price, $2.00..... . .....Stock Reducing Price, $1.38
Regular Close Price, $1.75.....Stock Reducing Price, $1.25
Regular Close Price, $1.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $1.12
Regular Close Price, $1.00. .....Stock Reducing Price, 75

BOYS' KNEE PANTS, Fine for School Wear.

Regular Close Price, $1.00..... ....Stock Reducing Price, 75c
Regular Close Price, 87c..... ....Stock Reducing Price, 70c
Regular Close Price, 65c.....Stock Reducing Price, 50c
Regular Close Price, 50c..... ...Stock Reducing Price, 39c

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS

AND OVERALLS.

Shirts, Blue with White Dot, was 50c..... .....Now 38c
Shirts, Blue and White Stripe, was 50c.....Now 38c
Shirts, Black and White Stripe, was 50c.....Now 38c
Overalls Hickory Stripe, with apron, was 50c.....Now 38c
Overalls, Heavy Blue, with or without apron, was 50c.....Now 38c
Overalls, Heavy Brown was 50c..... .....Now 38c
Heavy Work Pants was 50c.....Now 38c

HEAVY BEST WOOL UNDERWEAR

FOR WOMEN AND MEN.

Regular Close Price, $1.50.....Stock Reducing Price, $1.12½
Regular Close Price, $1.00..... .....Stock Reducing Price, 75c

Men's Heavy Fleece Underwear.

Shirts and Drawers, Sizes from 30 to 44. Reg. Close Price, 50c...Stock Reducing Price, 39c

Boys' Heavy Fleece Underwear.

Shirts and Drawers, Sizes 24 to 34. Regular Close Price, 25c... Stock Reducing Price, 19c

THESE PRICES ARE FOR THIS SALE ONLY.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

A MOOD

BY KEITH GORDON

"And no man can foretell what the future has in store for him."

Nature herself, to judge from appearances, had the dumps. A despairing sky looked down on a despondent earth through an atmosphere as damp and chilling as a wet blanket. With a little shiver of discomfort at the aspect of things, Katherine laid the book face downward on her lap in the way that one should not, and, picking up the poker, gave the fire a thrust or so, as a rider spurs his horse to greater effort.

"Ugh! What a day!" her thoughts ran. "One would think Joy were dead. Fire won't burn, sun won't shine, even the sparrows huddle together lumpishly without energy enough to scrap."

She picked up the book again and re-read the last sentence: "And no man can foretell what the future has in store for him." This time she closed the book and placed it on the table beside her. Decidedly, she was in no mood for reading, and with hands clasped idly in her lap she sat staring into the fire. But that last sentence dogged her thoughts. The past with its smiles and tears was left behind. The present seemed momentarily a thing to be endured as one might; but the future!

At this point her eyes turned from the grate and fixed themselves upon the ring that she wore upon the third finger of her left hand. It was a beautiful ring—a pink pearl that remined one of tender dawns, flanked by two diamonds—her engagement ring. Ordinarily she could not look at it without a kindling of the heart, a thrill of warmth and happiness. Today she eyed it with languid, restless interest.

That, then, represented her future. It was as fixed and irrevocable as the part itself. How well she knew what it would be like. Had she not seen dozens of her friends marry, bubble blissfully for a brief year or so and then subside into the stale beer of domestic existence? If she had ever thought that with Jack and her it would be different, the illusion had vanished in the bleak light of this all-revealing day, which brought out every sordid detail of existence with bitter emphasis.

Different? Of course, they would not be different. There would be the brief, dazzling happiness of the honeymoon, the glamour of new possession and then some day they would both suddenly tire of the play and see each other for the first time plainly. Jack would squint his eyes critically and discover that she was not the most beautiful woman in the world after all—though, of course, he would to be too well bred to say anything. He would simply be a trifle bored at the let down and plunge into business to forget, kissing her absently in the morning and evening as a mere form—a matter of habit.

And she? Well she would rub her eyes about the same time, and see to her amazement that he was just a plain, ordinary, average man without a single godlike attribute and unmistakable tendency to grow bald and stout. But she, too, would be politely reticent and hold up her face for that perfunctory kiss and try to forget it all in a feverish enthusiasm over house and gowns. And they would grow more and more silent toward each other, conversing mostly in monosyllables. Never would they quarrel—her lips closed a trifle more firmly at the mere thought—but each would withdraw further and further into his own little world, and they would communicate with each other through small wickets, as ticket-sellers at theatres do with the public.

The details of this gloomy picture were as clearly visible to her mind as though she saw them with her eyes, and she laughed ruefully. Was this sort of thing necessary? How did she know that Jack was The Man? Might not the real person still be imbedded in the future like a fly in amber?

At the thought she caught her breath, and, leaning forward, dropped her face upon her hands and gazed into the fire with a new intensity. It was a tremendous thought, but what guarantee had she that he was her ideal? He seemed so, perhaps, merely because he approached it more nearly than any man she had yet met—but no one could tell what the future had in store for him. There was the rub.

She proceeded to develop the thought with applications unmistakably feminine. Like an index finger her mind pointed backward to the day when big sleeves had seemed the most entrancingly becoming things a women could wear. Then inexorably, it pointed again, this time to the sleeves she was then wearing, tight above the elbow, but with great pouches sagging below. And these were now chic and the others impossible. The poor old fashions of yesterday—how ugly and deforming they appeared! Could it be that by any possibility the likings—the loves of today would.—

With a rush it came over her that one's loves did change. There was Prissy Clemens, whom she had worshipped when she wore her hair in pigtails—and now could not endure. There was Aunt Grace, whom, as a child, she had considered cold and severe, and Aunt Ruth, whom she had loved. Now their places in her esteem were exactly reversed. Aunt Ruth was kind, but uninteresting, while Aunt Grace was inspiring.

"It is possible," she murmured tensely to the fire. "Somewhere in the future there may be a man who is all that Jack is and more. And what if I should meet him!"

Her lips parted. Half unconsciously she drew off the ring. Its pressure had suddenly become unbearable. How could she wear it without knowing—without feeling sure in her own heart that it meant finality in the matter of choice—meant that with all the world to choose from she would have him and no other?

And how could she know that? She might send back the ring and wait. But meanwhile, what of Jack? It seemed scarcely probable that he would acquiesce mildly in such a proceeding. She laughed hysterically. She could imagine him under sufficient provocation informing her that there were just as good fish to be found in the sea as had ever been caught; aye, and finding them, too! She winced as if something she regarded as wholly hers were slipping away from her.

Moreover, suppose she would break her engagement because of the uncertainty as to whether he was her final choice and the future should bring no other. What then?

She frowned in bewilderment. For the first time she realized with a gasp just how big a lottery marriage really is. She had heard that trite phrase many times, but it had never seemed significant before. Now she felt as if it were a lottery in which to a million tickets there was but one prize, and she owned the tenth of a ticket.

With a sudden swish the rain washed smoothly down over the outside of the windowpane as if the surcharged sky could no longer control itself. Katherine turned her head impatiently. She had no sympathy for any perplexities save her own.

Again she held the little bejeweled ring up before her with the tips of two fingers and gazed at it solemnly but it seemed to have lost all meaning. It was no longer a ring ordered by Jack and designed especially for her. It had the "any-man-to-any woman" look that always got upon her nerves. She stared at it long and fixedly, and then jumped to her feet and dashed across the room impulsively, sitting down at the writing desk between the windows.

With nervous haste, she pulled up some paper from a pigeonhole, took the pen and dipped it deep in the ink as one always does in moments of intense feeling. Then she pushed the pen back and forth across the paper in those long, scratching strides that characterize the writing of the modern woman and the sound was as a balm to her nerves.

"You'll laugh and call it nonsense," she wrote, "but, I'm not sure. And, of course, I must be sure, mustn't I? Sure, beyond any doubt, beyond any possible man that may come toward me out of the future. And so I'm sending back the ring"——

She was interrupted by a commotion in the street, where two rival foghorns seeemed at first to be vying with each other. A moment later her dazed ears disentangled the sounds and she made out from the fearful din the one word "Uxtra! Uxtra!" She pushed up the window and leaned out.

"Dreadful smash-up on th'l!" roared the bigger of the paper boys, holding up a black-lettered sheet invitingly, and Katherine nodded her head in vigorous assent and flew down to the door, her heart-beats keeping time with her footsteps. Accident on the "L," and Jack always went up and down that way! It must have happened, too, at just about the hour he would have been going down town, to be in print now.

She fairly snatched the paper from the boy's hands, and not even waiting to close the door as her eyes clutched at the print ravenously. A moment later she was the telephone.

"031 John, quick, Central!" And a second later the thin, strident voice of the office was her ears. "Is Mr. Langley there? And the answer came, "Naw, hasn't been down today." She leaned limply against the telephone and there a moment later the maid found her.

"Mr. Langley, Miss."

"Yes, what of him?" She turned toward the maid with staring expectant eyes, and the latter looked back at her in amazement.

"He's in the drawing room. He wants to see you," she stammered out.

He was alive then! For one moment she stood still, trying to realize the beautiful truth of it. Then with a queer choked laugh, she ran lightly up the stairs, and snatching up the discarded ring, kissed it rapturously and put it on her finger.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MAINTAINING HOME TIES.

The most interesting of the rambling sketches in Hawthorne's English Note Book is his delightful and sympathetic account of his visit to the haunts of old Samuel Johnson, and his allusions to what has become one of the classic examples of expiation for breach of filial piety. The account of Johnson's characteristic performance is to be found in Boswell's Biography. Johnson was on a visit to his birthplace, and suddenly disappeared from the view of his hostess for a day. He told the reason thus:

"Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety. My father had been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall there for the sale of his books. Confined by an indisposition, he desired me that day to go and attend the stall in his place. My pride prevented me; I gave my father a refusal. And now today I have been at Uttoxeter; I went into the market at the time of business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare, for an hour, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

The feeling of contrition for filial ingratitude which impelled the shaggy old man to stand bareheaded before the gaze of a gaping and mystified crowd, in order that his expiation of the offense might be ample, must have come in some form to almost every man and woman who has reached the years of discretion. When men and women have children of their own, they begin to recognize the fact that, however dutiful and affectionate they may have tried to be, it is impossible ever to repay the debt of gratitude which is owed to good parents, and especially to a self-sacrificing mother.

Parents live in the lives of their children, and though it is impossible for children to make adequate return for the care and loving kindness bestowed upon them, yet it is in the power of almost all youth to make their parents happy by permitting them to share somewhat in their lives; to avoid neglect; to write letters when the home-ties have been broken; to render those little, kindly offices, which cost little and mean much. How the heart of the nation goes out to the man who has come into public prominence and distinction, if it be found that he has always from his earliest struggles down to the day of his prosperity cherished the old people at home in lowly walks of life. The injunction not to neglect one's parents is as old as history, but it is applicable with special force in the United States, not from the fact that Americans are more heartless than other people, but because they form the most restless and shifting population, perhaps, in the civilized world.

In England, France or Germany familes which have lived in the same localities for generations may be found in multitudes, but in the United States it is rare to find two generations who have inhabited the same house or the same spot. A curious statistician who made inquiry into the subject found that it was rare to find an elderly man living in the house in which he was born. Not only our new States and Western Territories, but our cities in the East are composed largely of persons who have flocked to them from the country or the neighboring towns. Americans are ambitious, restless, with great initiative and daring, and, being ever in flight in the quest of fame and fortune, early wing their way from the paternal roof. The home relation is broken in this country; families are "scattered" abroad over this wide domain; the precious tie is relaxed, and it is the duty of the children to take care that it be not severed.

To be happy at home, it is said, is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. If this be true of the ambitious youth, they ought to remember that such is the desire and aim of their own parents. The attainment of their desire depends in great measure upon the fidelity with which the children cherish the memory of home, retain communication with the old people, share triumphs with them, tell their sorrows and defeats, do anything but neglect the fond and true hearts which are always yearning for the inmates who have flown. The latter can never even imagine how great is that purest of human passions until they in turn feel the pangs of parental affection.

Without hearts there is no home, and the paternal hearth should be, as Washington Irving said, the "rallying place for the affections."

FARMERS SHOULD KEEP BOOKS.

There is no class of business men who need so thorough an overhauling of their matters as do the farmers. No other bread winners show such a disposition to ignore necessary business precautions as do the tillers of the soil. Hardly a storekeeper in the country would think of doing without bookkeeping, yet, there are many farmers who transact a much larger volume of business than the ordinary merchant, and still keep no account of their daily doings other than their bank book and the reliance on a good memory. Of course, where credit is extended, it is necessary to make some record of the same, but too many are apt to try to carry figures and dates in their heads, thus many times losing sight of the needless mental strain and also quite frequently forgetting a goodly number of dollars.

It is not alone necessary for the farmer to make charges for goods sold but he ought to go further and the first of every year adopt the business-like method of taking stock. Count the value of everything on the farm and after adding up the sum total see whether or not you have increased your surroundings. This should not be the mere act of reckoning of a horse or a cow, or comparing a similar number of animals with the results of a previous year; but a value should be put on everything—even farming implements and if the same have deteriorated the stock book should show it. Many farmers imagine that they have made no money during the year because the bank balance about matches its predecessor of the former year. Yet they have materially added to their possessions that could be converted into money and should be so reckoned. On the contrary, things will get "run down" and there is no more forcible way that this can be brought home than to fix a money value on the same and compare it with the previous entries.

When we urge the general adoption of bookkeeping we do not have in mind any elaborate system. In fact nothing can be more simple than recourse to the primary principles and make the entries accordingly. There must be a start, so begin by taking stock, including each article, no matter how trifling, and put a fair value on it. Keep account of everything that comes in during the year and also each outlay. At the end of the year again "take stock." If there is an increase add it to the amount that the receipts exceed the outlay and you will thus have your net gain. Should either or both show a loss you will at least know your true position and with this information shape your next year's finances accordingly.

Try this suggestion for one year and see if the satisfaction gained is not worth the trouble. The expense will be practically nothing and the little time can be spared provided the work is done promptly. Do not attempt to carry things in your head but make every record at the proper time.—*Bel Air Ægis.*

SCIENTIFIC TURKEY RAISING.

Only recently has science turned its attention to the Thanksgiving bird, but already it has accomplished some wonderful things in the culture and improvement of that admirable fowl, which, in the opinion of many, has a better claim than the baldhead eagle to figure as the national emblem, says the *Boston Herald.*

On Fisher's Island, opposite New London, and not far distant, is the greatest and most successful turkey farm in the world. The island, one might say, is an artificial wilderness of 4,000 acres, scientifically managed. Over this area thousands of the birds roam in a condition so close to that of nature that though a domesticated variety they are practically wild. No shelters of any kind are provided for them; the hen turkeys build their nests in the open, and, while plenty of corn is supplied, it is scattered about in all sorts of places and even buried under leaves in order that the birds may be obliged to hustle for their provender.

These turkeys attain gigantic size, sometimes reaching a weight of nearly fifty pounds. In the market at Thanksgiving time they reach 10 cents a pound more than ordinary turkeys, owing to their remarkably delicious flavor.

They are so hardy that nothing short of a hatchet will kill them. In winter they roost out on fence rails and tree branches, and, though often their heads are actually frozen under their wing, their health does not suffer in the least. The delicacy of constitution which afflicts turkeys elsewhere, making them hard to rear, does not bother the birds of Fisher's Island. Not long ago thirty of them were bought by the State authorities of Rhode Island for the purpose of inoculating them with the fearfully destructive and contagious disease known as "black head," by way of experiment, but none of them could be induced to take the malady.