...PAPER NEWS.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
...WEGHER & BACKUS.
GREENWOOD, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 19, 1900
TERMS. $1.00 a Year in Advance

Even when discussing religion Mississourians have a tendency to extreme strenuosity. While a party of young men in Fulton were returning home from church one night recently they got into a dispute over the sermon and tried to settle the religious question with knives, stones and fence-rails. Now three of them are under the care of doctors suffering from disfigured features, broken ribs and knife wounds.

The sooner Great Britain and the United States and the saner great powers recognize that anarchism is a mental disease, says the London Post, differing from most others in that it is highly infectious, and decide on a scientific scheme for its eradication, the better for civilization, and—a point not to be overlooked in this humane age—the better for the patients in question.

The ten-year-old son of John Rankin, residing near Hancock, Md., was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake. The hand swelled so rapidly that immediate amputation, to save the boy's life, was deemed necessary before a doctor could arrive. The father of the boy drew his knife and cut off the hand, and then stopped the flow of blood by tying a string tightly around his wrist.

When her mother was giving her a severe beating Hannah Hemphill, a deaf-mute of Lancaster, Pa., aged 16 years, suddenly recovered her power of speech and began to scream so loudly that she drew a crowd. The beating was promptly discontinued and the girl continued to talk in a perfectly intelligible manner.

At an Allegheny (Pa.) boarding-house the boarders put tags on their meat, which is thrown in a large boiler and cooked. After the meat is cooked, says a local account, the boarders identify their meat by the tags. The meat must taste taggy.

Ex-Representative Harvey Horner, of Sumner county, Kan., is a snake tamer, and usually carries around with him in his pocket a live bull snake, with which he makes lots of fun. A pickpocket "touched" Horner at the circus at Wichita, says a local exchange, and happened to get his hand into the pocket where the snake was kept. The shock made him scream and Horner held him until the police arrived.

An exchange says that lightning demolished a church at Long Island City just before the bell rang for Sunday services a few days ago. The women who had spent two or three hours dressing for their devotions were terribly disappointed when they reached the shattered edifice. Query: How did the bell ring after the church was demolished?

In order to prevent a mixing up of the newly-born in the obstetrical wards, the physicians of John Hopkins hospital apply between the baby's shoulder blades a square of waterproof adhesive plaster on which is written the little one's name. This remains so on the baby and its mother leave the hospital, when it is pulled off without giving the infant pain.

A company in New Haven, Conn., undertakes to serve hot meals to all within a radius of 70 miles from its headquarters. These meals are sent out in wagons with compartments for each article; the meals are placed in the different compartments smoking hot and are kept at a high temperature until placed on the purchaser's table.

There is not the great ambition among Americans apparently to fight the Chinese that there was to fight the Spanish. The recruits seem to prefer fighting Filipinos or staying in America. In fact, the recruiting business for the army is decidedly slow all around.

Among the magistrates of Pennsylvania there is a strong feeling in favor of establishing the whipping post for wife beaters. The State Magistrates' association will shortly hold its annual meeting, at which the idea will be advocated.

While in a Paris restaurant lately Senator Depew sent a fee to the orchestra with a request that the band play the American national air. After a brief consultation they struck up "A Hot Time in the Old Town."

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE SKIN.

One May Carry a Picture of a Friend Upon His Flesh Perpetually.

A scientific discovery is bound to be picturesque and interesting, and must attract universal attention. A Roumanian chemist named Dinkeresco discovered a means of combining the substances which are used in sensitizing paper for photographic purposes so that they can be applied to the human cuticle without injuring it, and the skin thus be made a sensitive plate for the printing of photography. Dinkeresco's remarkable discovery is a combination of photography and the etching process, and that to some extent the image is "bitten" into the cuticle.

At any rate the impression is permanent, the image is clear and distinct, and the skin is not made a negative, but really a sort of sensitized paper. The impression does not wear away with the change of the tissues and the renewal of the surface of the skin because the substance at changes which have been produced by the process of photography are renewed according to the modifications produced by the "biting" process, just as those of a tattooed surface are. And whatever the mechanical means employed, the results are remarkable. By this means every human being becomes a sort of photograph album. The likenesses of his friends, landscape views associated with his childhood or with significant events in his life, portraits of the great men and heroes whom he admires and many other things may be preserved beautifully and permanently on his surface.

DROWNED IN A FLOOD.

Eighteen Hundred Feathered Creatures Were Victims of Elemental Fury.

On the night of August 12, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, after northeastern Kansas had been sweltering without rain for over 30 days, the creeks were drying up and the farmers were beginning to grumble about a "drought," a big black cloud loomed up over the northern horizon. Horton was treated to a display of electrical fireworks and then the wind began to blow, it pelted down and Horton went to sleep. At about one o'clock people living along the creek south of town found water suddenly rising on the bedroom floors and in one instance a man carried his wife through the water waist deep to high ground. The dam which held the town water supply gave way; bridges and culverts were swept out. And all this in about 40 minutes.

The other morning ex-Mayor Leverton discovered a dead bird in his path and a closer scrutiny showed more. A neighbor was called to witness and another was picked up. More neighbors arrived and took a hand in the unique harvest. Coal scuttles, washboilers, pails and baskets were brought and filled. Sparrows, wrens, blackbirds, robins and every feathery tenant of the grove were represented. One woman picked up 161 birds without moving in her steps. When the count was made it disclosed 1,800 birds.

DIVORCE IS TOO COMMON.

The Courts of England Are Granting Them More Than Ever Before.

Official figures show that the divorce court in England was not nearly so busy in 1898 as it had been in 1897. In the latter year 583 and in 1898 31 marriages were dissolved. It is worthy of note that over 65 per cent. of the petitions presented in the divorce court had reference to marriages of from five to twenty years' standing. The majority of all the petitions presented were from husbands, but of those relating to marriages of 20 and more years' duration the larger number were from wives. An interesting feature of the figures of the English divorce court indicates the auspices under which the marriages it was in 1898 asked to annul were celebrated. About 70 per cent. were to be found in the established church, about eight per cent. to other denominations and about 20 per cent. to the registry offices. The fact that two-fifths of all the marriages dissolved were childless leads to the reflection that absence of children from the fireside tends to the dissolution of the marriage tie. There is no doubt that the presence of children is a source of strength to the matrimonial bond, because it adds unspeakably to the happiness of the married couple.

TURKISH MINISTER'S WIFE.

Difficulty in Obtaining for Her in Washington the Seclusion Orientalism Requires.

The Turkish minister to Washington finds it extremely difficult to seclude his wife as completely from public gaze as the customs of his country require. These difficulties have been greatly increased of late by the arrival at his home of a son and heir, for the curiosity to see "the little Turk" is overweening. The new baby has a wonderful wardrobe sent from Paris, the clothes in oriental designs and fashion.

As no man may enter the apartments of a Turkish lady, madame is attended by Mrs. Jung, wife of the legation physician, who is herself a skilled doctor with diplomas from home and foreign schools.

In spite of the oriental ceremony and mystery with which "Ali Baby" is surrounded, he is being brought up as far as essentials go, on a very American plan.

Mme. Furrough has with her her young sister-in-law, who has received with her the few times that madame has been in the legation parlor. No man, of course, attended these receptions. Mme. Furrough is a skilled horsewoman and her close confinement to the house in Washington has told upon her health.

The marriage of Ali Furrough Bey was a love match of the most ardent sort. When the minister was sent to America he left his beautiful wife in her native land, but returned as soon as possible and made the necessary arrangements for moving the household to America. To do this he was obliged to make a vow that the women folk should remain as secluded as in their Turkish home. Just how difficult that vow has been to keep any American will know.

HUSBANRY IS VERY OLD.

Tilling the Soil Was Doubtless Man's Earliest Occupation—Cereals Cultivated.

The origin of agriculture is lost in the mists of antiquity. We know that in Neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, besides flax, peas, poppies, apples, pears, bullace, plums, etc., at the same time various animals were domesticated. Among these were horses, short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs and dogs. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins says that evidence goes to show that these animals were not domesticated in Europe, but probably in the central plateau of Asia. He also thinks that agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, and spread gradually to the center, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slight amount of work that agriculture requires in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these people into uncongenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods in different climes hunters and herdsers have been forced to till the soil.

DREADED THE CHINESE.

Wife of the Italian Minister at Peking Did Not Wish to Go There.

The Italian minister in Peking, Marquis Salvaggo Raggi, has with him his wife and only child, Paris, a boy eight years old. He is a handsome man, about 35 years old, while his wife is beautiful to an unusual degree. She was always called "La Bella Palatvicini" before her marriage. She was, extremely reluctant to go to China when her husband was appointed minister in 1898, having already been there when the marquis was attache at the legation. Being timid and nervous by disposition, she was in continual fear because she could not bring herself to trust the natives. She was not with her husband when his appointment was decided upon and, seeing the announcement in the newspaper, telegraphed: "I hope the horrible news is not true." In fact, the new minister left Italy for China alone, to be greeted on his arrival by the news of his father's death. After that the marchioness joined him at once.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS
OTTO'S CURE
Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

Uniform Examinations—1900.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

November 8th and 9th, Friendship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year.

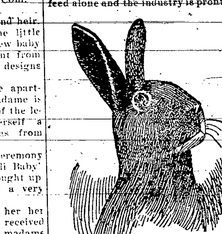
O. M. BURDICK, Com.

POULTRY & BEES.

WAIL FROM CALIFORNIA.

Scores of "Rabbitries" Which Were to Bring Wealth and Independence Are Now Closed.

Less than a year ago the entire state was Belgian hare mad. Fanciers were importing animals from abroad and paying exorbitant prices for them; every man with a back yard soon had a sign stretched in front of his house with "Rabbitry" upon it; newspapers devoted special issues to the industry, and from every standpoint it promised to rival the mineral wealth of California as a builder up of magnificent fortunes. Now the bubble has broken and the agricultural and horticultural interests of southern California are threatened with a Belgian hare pest. The effort to create a demand for the hare for food purposes was not successful and the present market prices are considerably less than is required for feed alone and the industry is profitless and discouraging. It is for this reason that many breeders who have become disgusted at the almost utter lack of a market for their hares are secretly, and in some instances openly, turning them loose to forage on the country in order to avoid the expense of feeding them.



PRIZE-WINNING BELGIAN HARE.

The menace in this condition of affairs will perhaps be understood better when it is stated that there are probably more than 100,000 hares in this state at present. The Belgian hare industry in this region has been remarkable for its wonderful growth and the number of people who have engaged in it, and for the startling fecundity shown by the hare in this climate. The alfalfa places obtained for breeding stock by those who were early in the business tempted thousands to start rabbitries who lacked the proper means to care for the stock, and in many instances had no idea of the cost or labor involved.

For months prices were readily paid that were out of all reason. The business assumed gigantic proportions during the last few months of 1899 and the first few months of the present year. In February a mammoth exposition of rabbits was held here at which thousands of animals were exhibited which was attended by fanciers from every part of the country. At this exposition it is said that $325 was paid for a single animal, while for imported stock as high as $500 has been paid in this city. Los Angeles became the recognized center of the rabbit industry and orders were filed from every part of the United States for fine specimens for breeding purposes.

But the great majority of breeders were raising their stock for market purposes, relying on the statements of glib-tongued dealers that the cost of raising the hare to market size was trifling compared with the immense profits that would accrue. But epizootics did not take kindly to the hare as food. Some of the hotels used to make a feature of a Belgian hare part of the menu while the winter visitors were here, but the high-priced market that was prophesied did not occur and the time has long since passed when it paid to raise them for purely breeding purposes. Of late owners of stock have been willing to trade or sell for little or nothing because of the feeding expense entailed in keeping them.

The fecundity of the hare in this climate is beyond all expectations of the pioneers in the industry. One rabbit in this city in 14 months raised 120 young, and there are from 50,000 to 75,000 animals in this county alone. Not only do they multiply at a wonderful rate, but they are hardy and will do well in the open. The coyotes and wildcats, which are natural enemies to the rabbit family, have been nearly exterminated. In years gone the jack rabbit and cottontail have been a great menace to planters, and it is only a few years since that annual rabbit drives were held at which thousands of the bunnies were rounded up and slaughtered.—Los Angeles Letter in N. Y. Sun.

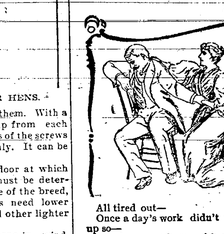
Care of Guinea Pigs.

These little animals are strictly pets and no relation whatever to pigs. They are similar in habits and disposition to rabbits and should be treated about the same. Keep in well dry hutches and must have plenty of fresh air. Feed plentifully of fresh roots, vegetables and grains. The young should have soft food for a time and but little green stuff. Scald peas and beans and give them boiled potatoes. Give water and feed twice daily only what they will eat up clean. They are very prolific, and the young, which are three to five to the litter, are born with eyes open and well-covered with hair. Wean them at six weeks old, taking one away at a time.—Farm and Home.

POULTRY HOUSE NESTS.

Construct Them So That They May Be Detached Easily and Cleaned Thoroughly.

The nests ought not to be nailed to the wall, but made easily and quickly detachable, so as to clean them often. The old shown is good plan. Two large round headed screws are placed in the wall, and two holes are bored with a



MODEL NEST FOR HENS.

bit in the box to receive them. With a jackknife, a slot is cut up from each hole, into which the necks of the screws fit, holding the nest firmly. It can be detached instantly.

The height from the floor at which nests should be placed must be determined in part by the size of the breed; as Brahmas and Cochins need lower nests than Leghorns and other lighter breeds.

But this should be borne in mind, that the nest should be as high as possible, to make a visit to it on the part of fowls, except for business purposes, not at all likely. If conveniently low, a hen will jump up into a nest and begin to scratch in the hay as she would in the litter on the floor. In this way eggs are often broken, and the egg eating habit acquired.—N. Y. Tribune.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Air out that hen house.

A comfortable hen is generally a profitable hen.

Shade during the hot weather is very important.

Remember that a thoroughbred male is half the flock.

Before saying that poultry on the farm doesn't pay, think twice.

A fat hen will cover eggs some better than a poor one, probably because she produces more fowls each heat.

At a recent convention held in the interest of poultry it was decided that 55 per cent. is about an average hatch of an incubator.

The fowl that is "stunted" at any age while young never becomes the fowl that it would have been under proper treatment.

People like trees are known by their fruit in one form or another and he who knowingly sells poor eggs will also be judged by his fruit.—Farmers' Voice.

Feed Foal and Mare Together.

Teach the foal to eat hay and grain as soon as possible; fence off a small place for him to run in and out of, so the mare cannot get his feed.

THE MOULTING SEASON.

At No Other Time of Year Do the Hens Require More Care or Nutritious Rations.

The most critical period of a hen's life is during the moulting season, from July to December. It takes biddy about 100 days to take off her old coat and put on a new one. Some commence moulting much sooner than others and get through long before winter sets in. This is very desirable, as hens seldom lay during the moulting, or the larger part of it; therefore if they commence early it will be a decided gain, for then they could be got in a laying condition before cold weather, when it is not done they will pass the winter without amounting to anything as layers.

Hens' feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral matter. The first process is the loosening stage, when the feathers loosen and drop out, at times leaving the bird almost naked, and exposing the body to the inclemency of the weather. Should they be late in moulting they should be carefully housed during cold, damp weather. When the new feathers begin to come in it causes a great drain upon the hen's system. The foods best adapted to the season are the nitrogenous foods such as grass bugs, worms, clover, meat, etc. At this period the hens should have unlimited range, so that they can gather a good supply of such articles as they need.

During this period it may be well to add a tonic to the drinking water. A tea made of white oak bark is good. Add enough to color the water. Some time before the moulting season this hen should be well fed with good conditions, and should be gradually slow at moulting. Give them in addition to the regular soft food steamed meal, cottonseed meal, fresh meat and fresh cut bone. Throughout is to supply the fowls with feather forming material. Keep fowls up through the entire moulting season. If the fowls are too fat withhold the grain and their fat will diminish. Their system cannot be at prime if too fat. Oats may be used sparingly and bran will be found excellent. Above all things rid the fowls of lice. It is impossible for a hen to renew her coat rapidly and run a boarding house for parasites besides.

Should any be late in moulting, it would be well to kill or sell them, for, if they are not through in time to lay in the winter season, they will be a dead expense. All hens should be entirely through by December. Some fowls seem to lose their feathers in a few days, while others drag along all through the moult. This is largely due to a greater or less degree of temperature of the fowl's body. The hearty eating warm blooded bird is the first one to moult.—P. W. Hearn, in Ohio Farmer.

All tired out—
Once a day's work didn't use him up so—
Now he comes home with an aching back, aching head, aching limbs, feeling tired, miserable, discouraged.
It's the kidneys.
The backache is kidney ache, tired kidneys—
They are not filtering the blood as they should—are leaving the uric acid and other poisons in the system—
The kidneys must be strengthened—
Well kidneys make a well man.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Make well kidneys—they are not a new medicine—not an experiment—they've been tested and thousands endorse their merit. Here's a case of it:
Mr. John Mitchell, night baggagemaster at the Erie depot, Hornellsville, N. Y., says:
"Some time ago I handled trunks and baggage as carefully as the most officious passenger could desire. I had to, for my back ached and was painful across the loins. Afraid that the trouble might become more serious and still further interfere with my work, I bought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and took them. The result was all that could be desired, my backache disappeared. I endorse Doan's Kidney Pills."
For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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—OF—
DRINK
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White Ribbon Remedy,
Tasteless, Odorless.
Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.
Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy Is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patients without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.
White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a "tippler," a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any one to use alcoholic liquors after using this specific.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.
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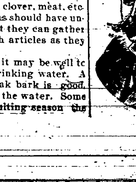
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INFLAMMATION
Sprains, Bruises, Pains (5 minutes), Toothache (1 minute), Cold Sores, Chapped Lips, Chilblains, Chilled Feet, Piles, Chapped Hands, GRIP.
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HOYT & MAYO,
FASHIONABLE BARBER.
Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

G. W. Smith,
has located in the building south of WOODWARD & YOUNG'S on Main street, Greenwood, N.Y. where he keeps a line of
Drugs,
Toilet Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Confectionery,
Ice Cream,
Tobacco, Etc.
He also has on hand a supply of the German Medicine Company's Medicines.

Wilnam Leonard, a negro living in Bradford county, Pa., has come to the conclusion that to be hanged four times by the same mob is at least one too much. He therefore contemplates bringing suit against the mob, a score of men in his neighborhood. A widow was recently robbed of $135 and Leonard was suspected of the crime. About a score of neighbors took him to a tree one night and tried to get him to confess. The negro protested his innocence and they strung him up, repeating the operation three times. By that time he was nearly dead and they let him go home. He is now collecting evidence against the mob.

Saugus, Mass., calls attention to a citizen of that place named Dunk Pussy Tatmouse. The "Tat" in the name was perhaps placed there to keep the Pussy from getting at the mouse.

A Kentucky man walked 100 miles after his neck had been broken to find a skilled surgeon who could again put it in shape for obscene purposes.

THE SOBBING OF THE CRADLE.

Cuddles coming back, you say?
Echoes from old cradle song?
Ask of Sleepy Head, who may
Surely be supposed to know.
What is Science, that to whom
It can have the upper hand
In the Realm of Forty Winks,
Forming part of Babyland?

Science says they may, indeed!
When was motherhood for aught
But to furnish a golden grist,
E'er conceived in baby thought?
Pillow soft of mother love,
Where dimpled form may lie;
Mother's tender face above,
Mother's Arms for rock-a-bye.

What does Science know about
Baby ways to Land of Nod,
That it tries to place in doubt
Paths the baby feet have trod?
Paths adown the Cradle Road,
Worn by countless little feet;
Hyppo-lined and overhowed,
Leading out of Drowsy Street.

Cradles! Men of specs and brain,
Yours the province broad may be
Ologies to build; and train
Steam and electricity.
Yours the sea and earth and sky;
Ooze and star and gas and stone;
When you get to cradles—why,
That is mother's sphere—alone.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Coming of Guiseppa

EARLY on the third morning of Milton Wakes, William Eyre, of Scraperlowe, was awakened by his wife suddenly sitting up in bed and laughing with glee old in a woman of 65, who had for 12 months labored under great trouble. He turned on his pillow, and saw her rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. Her white nightcap had fallen loosely back to her shoulders, her hair, still black and heavy, was slightly disordered, a pink flush warmed her thin cheeks.

"Such a dream, lad!" she cried, in a voice whence all the sleepiness had not departed. "Darrand were i' flood, an' big ships, such as one sees i' pictures, were sailin' up, easy as maybe, to th' New Brig. An' I stood at th' wayter side an' watched, an' th' first soul I saw aboard were our lad, comin' home to you an' me."

William's own eyes glistened; it was good to see her roused from her long apathy. "All mean luck," he said. "Th' Lord's knows as yo' an' me want luck badly enough, though th' money as we had to find for Tom Basker's surety be all paid. We'll pull through, I make no doubt, an'—happen—happen our lad's safe an' sound somewhere."

Then he rose and dressed himself, and went out to the shippen, for it was nigh milking-time. When he returned, with his two pails brimming with snowy foam and odorous as wild flowers, he found, to his great surprise, that Mary was kneeling on the hearth, blowing a newly-lighted fire with an ancient pair of bellows.

"What!" he asked somewhat crossly. "Why couldna stop i' bed till I brought your tea upstairs? You know as th' doctor said you were to rest fro' morn to night."

She turned her face towards him; sweet laughter still curved her lips. "Hark at him!" she exclaimed. "I might be a naughty bairn."

Then she worked the bellows until the blaze leaped up the chimney and the kettle that swung from a great pot-hook began to sing stentoriously. As soon as she had lifted it to the hob she began to lay the breakfast table for the first time since her health had given way. The oatcake toaster was hung upon the bars; from the oven came the crackling sound that accompanies the frying of bacon. William watched her like one bewitched; he had never dared to hope that she would take an active part in the work again. But as they shared that meal she seemed as sprightly as in the days of her young wifehood.

When they had finished eating, she went to the window and looked down the hillside to Milton. The Nether End was full of caravans and stalls; already one might hear the crack-crack of the shooting galleries, where assembled such holiday-makers as wished to make the most of their time before, in another hour, they departed townward in the carrier's old yellow omnibus.

"Why, William," said Mary, "I feel that young to-day. It all puts me i' mind o' when you were courtin' me."

"I'm just thinkin' lad, as this even when th' work's done I'd like you and me to go down to th' Wakes together."

The farmer slapped his knee. "Ay, that will we," he said. "I'd have prefered it myself, but for fear o' yo' none bein' able to walk."

So they made up their minds, and William's heart grew glad within him to see how much of her old self had returned. She laughingly forbade him to help with the household duties, made pointed remarks concerning his bewildered face, and finally she kissed him from her presence while she put the place in order. And when evening had come and they went arm-in-arm to the nether end, which they just reached as the sun was concentrating his strength for a golden glory, the first and most notable sight they beheld was young Guiseppa with her wheezing hurdy-gurdy and cage of Java sparrows.

The girl was standing on the green, near the forecourt of the Bold Cloudesley, turning the handle of the antiquated music box. Such of the notes as came belonged to some fragment of a long-forgotten opera—only now and again could one hear anything—and that was in the interval when the galloping horses winded for the gathering of new riders. Guiseppa ground away bravely, but her face was troubled for her little show had no attraction for the village folk, and not more than thrice the livelong day had her plump little hands revealed the secret of Java's future.

Mary was touched by her loneliness; she drew William toward the place where she waited.

"I'm sorry for you, poor wench," she said in a low voice. "Itoo seems to be doin' but little business wi' that concertina thing."

When they had reached the cage she cried out with pleasure as she saw the Java sparrows:

"Lord ha' mercy! Birds as green as grass!" Then she spelled slowly the legend attached to the wires—"Your fortune told for a penny! Dear heart, I must have it done! Dost remember, Will, lad, how you an' me an' th' owd woman towd us we should marry happy?"

"Ay," said William, "I do that, 'An now one o' these little green birds shall tell you again."

He dropped a penny into Guiseppa's palms at her signal one of the sparrows pertly lifted a folded scrap of paper and pushed it between the bars. Mary donned her spectacles and unfolded it and read in silence. The message affected her strangely; she staggered a little and would have fallen had not William caught her in time. One hand pressed the paper against her bosom.

"I say, good news comin' fro' across the seas," she whispered, faintly. "An' now I know for sure as th' lad is safe."

Then she fumbled in her skirt-pocket and took out a little moleskin pouch, so worn that the hair only showed in patches. She untied the string and shook out the contents—a sixpence, a threepenny piece, and some half-pence—into Guiseppa's hand.

"It's all I've gotten, wench," she said, "but you're kindly welcome to it." Guiseppa's big black eyes had filled with tears; one or two trickled slowly down the smooth olive cheeks.

"I thank you, ma'am," she said, in a broken English hard for these old folk to understand. "It will find me room and food for night."

Some young men from the neighboring village of Greenlow-in-the-Water strolled up to the cage, and William and Mary moved away.

"Poor soul!" sighed the wife. "She canna be more than 15, an she looks nearly starved. It's cruel work—a pretty lass like that—a black—un, maybe, but as comely as ever I did see."

"Come, loove," said William. "Thou'rt always findin' pity for something, even though it be a lame duckling. Where be'est thou, for nowth' Bowd Cloudesley or th' Bull's Yead?"

"I be for home," she replied, "I dunna feel as if I could talk to anybody to-night. My heart's so full o' what's comin'. Go you to where you please. I'll be safe enow gettin' back."

William pinched her arm slightly, "I ne'er were one o' that sort," he said, merrily. "You canna bowd it again me as I e'er neglected you. I'm for home wi' you; we'll keep our Wakes indoors."

So they crossed the green and returned without seeing Guiseppa again, choosing a different way through the Hollow Wood and along the Moor Edge. For the rest of the evening they sat and talked of their lad's childhood—of his pranks and his rogueries. They made mistakes concerning the changes in his appearance since he went to sea five years ago; they pictured him with a long beard of ruddy hue, like the moustache that had sprouted on his upper lip. When they retired bedward they did not talk of what they had done since the post had ceased to bring his letters, but fell asleep at once and did not waken till sunrise.

Mary was astir first; the new strength made her resolved upon taking up all her old duties. Before William had come downstairs she had "redded up" the house-place. As she heard his stockinged foot on the landing she took a basket of corn and opened the door, so that she might feed the poultry. A sharp cry, however, brought William to her side in a moment. He found her on the threshold, gazing bewildered at the sleeping figure of Guiseppa, who reclined in a corner of the porch. A broken hurdy-gurdy and a cage crushed out side, and in a hollow of her gaudily-of all shape, lay on the flags at her side, and in the hollow of her gaudily-apronne lap lay two poor stiff Java sparrows.

"Its th', foreign wench," said William. "Mercy on us, how came she here, wi' her music box all smashed, an' her little birds are dead as stones!"

Mary lifted the girl's head dress, which had fallen forward. The dark face was all stained with tears. The old woman's touch, gentle as it was, wakened a plaintive little moan. Guiseppa's eyes opened, and she began to sob so bitterly that William stole away on tiptoe.

"You'd best manage her yourself, Mary, love," he said. "I cannot bear to hear it."

Then he hurried away, with his hands pressed to his ears, whilst Mary knelt beside Guiseppa, and, putting her arm around her waist, she drew her gently to the house.

"What is it, my pretty?" she said, soothingly. "How came you here, an' what's happened to your birds?"

Guiseppa's tumultuous weeping ceased soon, and she told the old woman a piteous story of how some drunken men from Greenlow-in-the-Water had taken her hurdy-gurdy and kicked it over the green, and when she had striven to recover it they had fallen upon the cage and beaten it with their sticks until the wires were crushed together and the little fortune tellers died of fright. Mary's hands clenched as she listened; she was a plucky soul, and had any of the miscreants come her way they would not have passed unmolested. But she knew that angry sauteries were not to be compared with practical sympathy, and she led Guiseppa up the stairs and made her lie down on the bed in the little chamber on the landing, while she hurriedly prepared a cup of tea. The girl drank thirstily, but ate nothing, and when Mary bade her rest quietly she sank back among the pillows and closed her eyes.

William heard the story from his wife at breakfast. "Poor wench," he said, "it were cruel hard to take away her means o' livin'. Did she say as how she found her way up hither?"

"Ay," said Mary, "she had watched th' way we went—ours were th' first kind words she'd heard for many a day, an' she were a bit touched like. You see, lad, her mother died a month ago, an' her father she can scarce recollect, for he only lived till she were a year owd. She's had to support herself wi' fortune tellin', an' as there were naught doin' i' town, she thought she might make summat i' th' country. Half-starved she has been; Lord! there's scarce a scrap o' flesh on her bones!"

"Well," said William, "I reckon she must stop here till her strength comes back, anyhow."

"I knew you'd say that, Will," responded the old woman, "for you were ne'er one to shirk anything a kind deed. Ay, we'll look after her; you see, th' little birds as good as said fine news were comin', an' it 'id be ungrateful none to reward her."

Later in the day Guiseppa's talk became so wild and unintelligible that William was dispatched to the village for Dr. Hatterstey. When he came and found that the girl was in high fever he suggested that the workhouse ambulance should be fetched. Mary heard him with some impatience and flatly refused to take his advice.

"Th' poor thing's goin' to bide here till she's better," she said. "I've always been reckoned a decent nurse, an' I can look after her as well as any young madam wi' a white cap."

"Eh!" said the doctor, with a grim ace. "I suppose you'll have your own way. But you must know that it will be a great responsibility. You're fat from strong yourself—"

"O, I'm right enow at last, doctor," replied Mary. "You see, it's come to me as our lad's alive after all and so I've gotten summat to look forward to. It 'id be unlucky, besides, bein' wrong, to turn away Guiseppa, when she made her way here, Lord knows how, because she thought we'd help her."

The kindly doctor had nothing more to urge, and so Guiseppa became an inmate of Scraperlowe. She was seriously ill for several weeks, but her constitution was good (she came of fine Tuscan peasant stock), and before the time of the first snowdrops she was able to be moved downstairs and to sit in a big armchair by the fire. As she grew stronger she began to speak of her departure, but Mary always silenced her tenderly.

"It's for you to choose, wench," she said at last. "My master an' I'd be main sorry if you left us, 'for we've come to care for you more than a little. Why, none stay wi' us for good?—there's many an' many a thing as you can help wi'. You see, Guiseppa, I be gettin' owd."

The girl thanked her with luminous eyes and from that day began to work in the place as if it were her own home, taking such an active interest that the old folk could scarce express their admiration. The healthy life developed her southern beauty until she was regarded as the loveliest woman of the countryside. The respect and devotion which she showed toward her protectors was really touching, and as the months passed they began to look upon her as their own flesh and blood. She had the daintiest imaginable hand for butter making, and the poultry under her care was reared with admirable success.

Mary's idea of her having brought luck was confirmed in the following spring, when William received a letter from a London lawyer, declaring him heir to the property of an almost forgotten kinsman. The fortune was large enough to keep them for the rest of their lives without working; but neither cared to give up the life on the old farm, and they resolved to leave it untouched till Will came back. Their faith in his existence was rewarded at mowing time by a letter addressed in the lad's own bold handwriting. In it they found that he had been cast ashore on the South American coast, and that he had lain some months in hospital. He had written as soon as he was able, but he feared that his letters had miscarried. His left arm, shattered in the shipwreck, had been amputated, and even if he had desired it he was no longer fit for a seafaring life. In short, he was longing to see his old father and mother again and to work on the little farm with all his might.

After that, not a day passed without their expecting his arrival. It was not, however, until the harvest that he appeared at Scraperlowe. On the third night of the Wakes, just a year since Mary had dreamed of his return, as they sat together at supper, she heard his hand upon the latch. She rose and ran tremblingly to throw her arms around his neck, and clung to him so fervently that William was obliged at last to beg for a slight of his son. And Guiseppa, when her eyes fell on the comely young man, felt her heart begin to beat very wildly; whilst Will, after embracing his father, thrinted with the curious jump that comes to a traveled man when he sees the most wonderful woman he has ever met.

The long and the short of it was that they fell in love at first sight, and that to-day, with their robust humtilings, they are the happiest couple in Peakland. They do not live at Scraperlowe, but William bought the next farm for a wedding present and gave him his own land to work, so that the old folk have naught to do save to delight themselves with looking on.—Black and White.

FRUIT LOSING ITS TASTE.

Many Varieties, Says This Man, Once Luscious Becoming Very Insipid.

"What has become of the fruit that used to taste?" asked the distracted man who had just taken a bite from a peach that glowed in delicate shades of pink and gold, relates the New York Sun. "Where are the peaches that used to have the real taste and juice and flavor and were a delight to eat? I have just paid five cents for a large delicious-looking peach that is as dry as sawdust and as little more to suggest that it is fruit and not cotton batting. Such beautiful colors I have never seen before, and so far as their merely spectacular features are concerned the peach of the day is a great improvement on its predecessors. But it is of no earthly use for any purpose. It is dry and flavorless and does not repay the trouble of eating it. I can remember, however, quite well, when such a peach was common enough and cheap, although it seems to be so now. The good pears seem to find us the peaches, for, in spite of the ordinary fine quality of the fruit they have to offer. They are more beautiful to look at, but are tasteless. It seems able to tell just what should have lost its quality, pretty." But the fact is known to everybody. All I can say is these two particular kinds of would never have gained their present reputation if they had been noted as they do now. As the stands grow large and elaborate quality of the fruit itself seems to become poorer and poorer."

THE SHEEP STATES.

New Mexico and Montana Lead, But Ohio is Doing Very Well.

To-day the seat of the sheep-raising industry of the union has shifted from the middle west to the plateau region between the Rockies and the Sierras, writes Capt. J. H. McClintock, in Alaska's. Ohio is still doing very well in the business, with nearly 3,000,000 head, but she has dropped from first to fourth in the list of mutton producing states. New Mexico is at the head, with more than 4,000,000. Montana nearly as many, while Wyoming leads Ohio closely by a few hundred thousand head. Idaho closely follows Ohio in rating. Oregon, California and Texas each has about 2,500,000 sheep. The Navajo Indians of Arizona are a material factor in the wool market. The tribe is wealthy through its flocks. The tribesmen are believed to number in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 head, the care of the flocks and the spinning of wool being almost the sole occupation of the 22,000 Indians. Singular to relate, only a small part of the Navajo wool crop is worked up at home into the wonderful blankets that have made the tribal name famous. Only the coarser and cheaper blankets are now made of the native wool. The up-to-date Navajo weaver uses Germantown yarn and Diamond dyes.

Oldest Flag in Europe.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1785.

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