Geraldine

PART I.

JERRY.

"But, then, your old endearing wars,
What study e'er could catch them?
Your pretty gestures, endless plays,
What canvas e'er could match them?
Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition.

"Here were a puzzling toil indeed
For art's most fine creations,
Grow on, sweet baby; we will need
To note your transformations.
Love after, when revolving years
Have made you tall, and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears,
And sighs, and slaves, in plenty."

CHAPTER I.

THE HEIRESS AT FIFTEEN.

"No, really, Jerry, I cannot have it. No, my dear child; you really are—this really is more than I can put up with. I have overlooked a great deal, for, of course, this is an out-of-the-way place, and dress is not of much consequence here; but you seem to have no conscience in the matter. And really, for a great girl of fifteen to be going about such a figure—why, who, seeing you to-day, would ever dream of taking you for a young gentlewoman? They would take you for a fisherman's daughter—nay, or the fisherman himself. I should not be in the least surprised if anybody meeting you going about as you are now were to take you for one of the fishermen of the village."

The suggestion was, sooth to say, not altogether unmerited.

"Jerry"—a fond granddame's abbreviation for the more elegant "Geraldine"—had, for convenience sake, inserted her brisk, healthy young person into an ancient yellow oilskin fishing coat, which completely covered every feminine garment underneath; and the collar of which, standing up round her ears, was lost beneath the shade of one of those seafaring glazed caps known as "sou'westers," whose long flap would obviously ward off the severest wetting.

With bare hands plunged deeply in capacious pockets, and a pair of the stoutest boots which the village bootmaker—a man accustomed to make for ploughboys and fishermen—could produce for none but these would have pleased his present customer—the daughter of an ancient house and sole heiress to a large estate, presented an appearance which, it must frankly be confessed, was liable to confuse the mind of any ordinary beholder.

"It really is too much, quite too much," murmured Geraldine's grandmother in the piteous accents of weak disapproval, common to those who have long since found their tyrants. "I really ought not to allow it. I know I ought not."

Jerry's eyes twinkled.

"Whoever sees you," began the old lady again, but time was passing, and it was necessary this should be put a stop to.

"Who is there to see me?" cried the defaulter merrily. "I say 'who?' and Echo answers 'who?' Now, my dear granny, you had best say 'who' yourself, and let me off."

"How can you tell whom you may meet?"

"But I never do meet any one."

"That's not to say you never may. And for you, a young lady, my granddaughter, to be marching all over the place—"

"Oh dear, I never thought of marching. Not but what I could march finely in this nice, comfortable coat," shaking herself anew into it. "But there's this difficulty, that there's no room where I am going, and one can hardly march through peat-bog and birchen-wood. Oh, we are only going to fish the burn, and I never meant to be seen at all, not even by you, granny. I had been going to slip out by the side door, and scuttle along by the garden wall, only that I had left my rod and line in the window here, and you were such a tiresome, mischievous old granny, that you popped out upon me before I could escape. It was a shabby thing to do, dear, it was indeed," and the sou'wester wagged from side to side reproachfully.

"You madcap thing."

"Oh, madcap thing," quoth Jerry, philosophically. "You often call me that, you know. And if these clothes keep me from getting wet—"

"Clothes! my dear child, call things by their right names. This sailcloth and oilskin—"

"Well, this sailcloth and oilskin. If it keeps me from getting a cold and a sore throat—"

"Oh, if you must go out in the rain, it is certainly better not to run the risk of getting a cold and sore throat. But it is really high time for you to give up this sort of thing, Jerry. A young lady like you—"

"Ought to be sitting perked up on the great drawing-room sofa, winding skeins of worsted, or scribbling over yards of music paper," cried Jerry, with indignant contempt. "No, thank you, dear, not as long as I can help. And I do not believe you will ever turn me into a young lady of that sort even if I should live to be a hundred—a thousand," added she, better pleased by her own words. "As if I could sit down and yawn beside the fire in that great hot drawing-room, with the glorious afternoon, and the waterfalls are crashing over the rocks, and the big trout below will be all on the alert, and it is just crying a line to have them bouncing after you! Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't; I'd give it over in a week; that's more, you would be sorry for me, I know how it would be. And I know how it is, Madam Granny; you would never forgive yourself too late, and never, never forgive yourself for being so cruel to me. So there—kiss and be friends—and don't keep me one second longer, there's a dear, good, kind granny."

"You will not go far, dear child?"

"Far? Not I. I have no need to go far. Cannot you hear them? Why, the falls have been roaring ever since noon with the spate from the hills in the night; but it was no use fishing till they had gone down a little, they will be just in trim now—at least the pool will."

"Those deep pools!"

"I'll take care—I will indeed, dear," touched by the sigh which, while it betokened the close of the contest, also appealed to the generosity of the conqueror. "You don't know how careful I am," protested Jerry earnestly.

"You are not going alone?"

"Donald goes with me, of course."

"Well, Donald is something," conceded her grandmother ruefully. She could not say "somebody," for she could hardly recognize a person in the ragged, bare-footed, 11-year old brat, who was Geraldine's self-constituted attendant out of doors; but she could allow that the presence of a cat-like creature, with eyes to dart, and long supple arms to catch, and a high yelling voice to shout, was at best better than absolute solitude. "Donald is something," she said, "why is he not here?"

"He is here. He has been waiting for me down at the white bridge for ages and ages. He must think I am never coming. Oh, Donald and I will be all right, never you fear, and we shall bring you in such a basket of beauties and see, the rain has stopped, and there is the blue sky overhead—and look, look, such a glorious stream of light has broken out over the water. Oh, you will never stop in the house yourself, now, you must get out at once—this very minute. Send for Jane, and bundle on your things and I'm off, I'm off, and awa', over the hills and far awa', tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,'" and bang went the huge oak door, as with the joyous whoop of a school boy, and the pace of a whirlwind, away flew Miss Geraldine Campbell of Inchmarew, the greatest heiress in the length and breadth of Argyll.

Mrs. Campbell stood still for a moment ere she turned and re-entered the deserted drawing room.

"She is only fifteen," she murmured, in a tone little resembling that in which the "great girl of fifteen" had been exhorted to better ways. "Only fifteen and there are yet three full years before she need be presented to the world. But what if she goes on as she is doing now? No, she will not, she must not. No, we shall see a change ere then. She will tone down, soften, grow less wild and careless, improve in shape. At present she is all arms and legs, and though she carries it off well, still her figure is that of a child—a fine, growing child. She will be tall presently, every few months there is a difference. Her waist is too large—but waists are large at her age. I wonder if I am partial, but it seems to me the child needs nothing that time will not bestow upon her. Such complexion, such a color! Fairness itself, and without a trace of freckle or sunburn, though she runs in and out hatless half the time. But this moist climate is certainly a charming cosmetic and Geraldine is right, little as she thinks or cares about it, when she eschews the house, and the warm rooms, and spends her life in the fresh air. Sitting over a fire would be the wreck of her bloom; and as for her shape and carriage, not one of her cousins, with all their gymnasiums and riding masters, can show such a straight back and open chest, and walk with such an elastic step, as my Geraldine. After her own fashion, my child is grace itself; and if only she would not overdo it, and would not make herself such a guy—but, however, I suppose she will meet nobody, and the servants must be accustomed to her ways by this time—and she is a dear child, and would obey me if I seriously desired her to do anything, so why should I thwart her in a life? After all, I need not mind what her aunts say. My own daughters! I brought them up without any help from themselves, so surely I may be trusted with my grandchild. Charlotte was jealous, and always was; and Maria would like to have had poor Diarmid's daughter to bring up herself. And really, considering that I was both able and willing to undertake the charge, she need not have wished to see me laid on the shelf quite so soon."

And the old lady drew herself up and bridled, although she was alone, and no one could be the wiser.

She was not really old, being only a little over 50, and was still handsome, cheerful, humorous, overflowing with energy and with an acknowledged zest for neighborly intercourse, pleasant society, summer galas, and winter dinner parties. Above all, however, did she affect the London season on the flowery, showery May days, when the lilacs and hyacinths in the parks are still more brilliant than the many-tinted throngs around them; when the shop windows are gayest and the roar of wheels is loudest, and even the dingiest, dullest alleys in the background put out their little flower-pots and make a feint of enjoying life. It was the thought of all this, and the prospect of some day returning to take her part in it, which, with a less than any matronly anxiety, occasionally found vent in remonstrances such as those with which our chapter opens. It was the determination that in due time the heiress should go to share all the admired, honored and perchance envied, which made her every now and then discontented with the humble pleasures and modest aspirations of her darling.

For Jerry hated the very idea of London. She had never been there—vowed she never would go there.

What did she want with a dirty, smoky old town, with nothing but rows of houses, shrieking underground stations, rattling omnibuses, and every kind of horror?

Oh, she knew—she had heard about it. It was all very fine for granny to smile. She was all very fine that "grown-ups" liked towns, and she had been dragged there as a child, she had been supposed to see the men servants and maid-servants in high glee when they were to go into Edinburg—she had been by them instructed that it was very silly and naughty of her not to be glad, too, when she ought to be thankful and proud that her papa had a fine house in Moray Place to take her to, instead of having, as many papas had, to stop all the year round in the nasty, cold, wet Highlands, where there was no one to be seen, and not a shop nor a kirk to be reached, once the weather turned bad.

That was what the stupid maids had said, when all they wanted was to get to Edinburg to see their stupid sweethearts.

She knew better. It had been nothing but "you must do this," and "you must not do that," from the moment she had arrived at Moray Place. She had not been allowed to stir outside the doors, be the day ever so fine, until Katie had been free to attend her; she had not been allowed to give her dog a run without putting on hat, gloves, and even boots. There had been no rushing round stables, and kennels, and gardens in the dusk after lessons; no dairy, no poultry-yards to take refuge in; no hens, no pigeons, no young rabbits nor ferrets to feed, no anything. Ten to one when she had been let loose from the school room it had been, "Miss Geraldine, your mamma wishes to see you in the drawing room: she has ladies with her." And, of course, nothing had been worse than that.

Now at Inchmarew there was always something to do or to see—new puppies, or chickens, or something. And there was the shore; and on the shore there was always something. And there was her pony.

But Geraldine was not prone to dwell upon the pony, for in her heart of hearts the young horsewoman was aware that if the truth was out, her rides at Inchmarew over a rough, hilly district, and always along one monotonous road, with only a choice betwixt turning to the right or the left as the rider emerged from the lodge gate, would ill bear comparison with the grand sweep of country to be traversed in all directions round the Heart of Midlothian. It had been enough that she could affect to add this to her list of grievances, and so it had gone in with the rest, and helped to add up the sum total.

Yes, she had hated Edinburgh, and she was sure, quite sure, she should hate London equally, if not more.

In vain granny had protested, dilated and assured. Jerry had invariably listened with as much intention of being convinced, and of budging one hair's breadth from her position as a young mule—and by this time every one knew with whom lay the reins of power at Inchmarew Castle.

Jerry's parents had been affectionate, but they had also been selfish, in consequence of which she had never been able to lord it so completely over them as she had, since their death, contrived to do over their successor. Bit by bit granny had yielded on almost every contested point, until at last it had come about that even the spoilt child herself was fain to be generous, and at times ashamed. For Geraldine had a finer nature than had ever yet been manifested.

One circumstance, it must be added, had strengthened the young girl's cause when pleading to be allowed to remain in her Highland fastness undisturbed and unmolested, and this was the assurance privately received by Mrs. Cambell that a few years' retirement would enable the horses to take her place in the world more fittingly when the time came for doing so, than if the money were to be frittered away in town houses, expensive journeys, and the like, beforehand.

Now, of all things, as we have said, the fond grandmother desired to see her darling a great lady, and a great lady fulfilling all the duties and obligations of her high estate. That Geraldine should be good as well as great she sincerely wished and devoutly prayed; but she desired both.

It was, to her mind, fitting and seemly that a Campbell of Inchmarew should go abroad among the great ones of the earth. She had herself wedded a Highland chief, with her head full of all the glories of doing so, and had found all too late that she, an English woman born and bred, was by far the greater Highlander of the two.

The disappointment had been keen, and it had been repeated, for her only son had followed in the steps of his father—had discarded the kilt, never acquired the Gaelic tongue, and knew nothing and cared less about the legends, customs, and traditions of the house. She had felt herself fairly checkmated, and it had cost her many a pang.

And now, behold! just when it was not wanted, and could well have been dispensed with, all the wild blood that these two very tame specimens of ranting, roving chieftain-hood ought to have possessed and never had possessed, came surging up to light through the fine veins of a fair girl, and was not to be repressed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[illegible]

In dealing with [illegible] it is necessary to have [illegible] ready for any awkward [illegible] and queens can [illegible] responsible for failure.

When Victoria was a very young sovereign, she sat down, one day, to play chess with the Queen of Belgium. She had never played before, and Lord Melbourne with Lord Palmerston stood behind her chair and advised her.

Later, Lord John Hobhouse took their place, and became somewhat confused by the difficulties of the situation. A good deal of misunderstanding was occasioned by the fact of having queens on the board and two queens at the table.

Moreover, Victoria was constantly asking, "What must I do?" so that the adviser felt incapable of making a well-considered decision.

He lost the game, but next night the Queen, undiscouraged, played again. When Sir John entered the room, she ran up to him, laughing, and exclaiming:

"I've won! How did I happen to lose yesterday?"

This was a poser. Could the courtier reply, "Because your Majesty had not learned the game?" By no means.

"Because," said he, "your Majesty had such bad advisers!"

ALTHOUGH England's farms make a specialty of choice mutton sheep, and Australia also supplies the London market with frozen meat, yet the prices for good mutton keep pace with the demand.

"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

Folks are often glad to meet other folks you know,
But they sometimes falter when it comes to saying so;
Or they say "I'm glad t' see y'," O, so faint and low
That you wonder just how for their gladsome feelings go.

Say "I'm glad to see you," when you mean it.
Speak it out;
Don't be afraid a piece of it and leave the rest in doubt;
Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most about.

Does it take an orator to say the sentence right?
Does it need much rhetoric to make you feel it might?
Has it not a thousand tongues which tell its meaning quite?

You feel it when you're going home and see the window light.
You see it in a sweetheart's smile, blushing warm and bright,
In a mother's morning kiss and in the last at night,
In the baby's reaching arms, which tell the same delight.

"Glad to see you!" O, you friends of dead yesterday,
Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away
Could we tell it into ears which mingle now with clay,
We might gain the meaning which the simple words convey.

Say "I'm glad to see you" then to friends who still are here;
Say it with a meaning that is music to the ear,
More than simply say it, words are cheap, but deeds are dear;
And men will say it back to you and make their meaning clear.

—New York Sun.

CAVANAGHS' ORCHARD.

It is a gentle May day, and the apple blossoms are breaking whitely over the trees in the Cavanaghs' orchard. Rhode Island is never luxuriant, and in May is often grudging of her favors, but this spring she seems to have been seized by a kindly caprice and adorns herself for the benefit of her children. One does not have to be of the soil, however, to be grateful for her loveliness, and Miss Humphreys, though an alien, is aware of her privileges. She is sitting on a flat stone, resting, and talking over past times with her companion, a man whom one would describe as long rather than tall, and who is occupied in making excavations on a small scale among the roots of the tree under which he is sitting.

"I never could understand why the Dennisons asked me to their party at all," Miss Humphreys is saying. "I was on excessively bad terms with Charles Dennison at the time"—her companion looked up significantly—"and Carrie and I quarrelled every day, and several times an evening. I went because I was utterly bored with life just then, and intended to be amused at any cost—and I was."

She met the young man's eyes for a moment, and then turned away and went on,—

"Do you remember our impromptu ball? You played fiddler—"

"And you danced with Charley," finished the other, "with whom you were on such excessively bad terms."

Dolly laughed.

"Yes, with all his faults he danced like a—"

"Dream," cut in the young man, sarcastically. "That is the correct expression."

"I never knew you to have such an envious and bitter turn of mind. I thought you were above it."

"I find in the course of thirty odd years that I am above nothing but cheating at cards and telling tales," was the answer.

"Dear me! What a gloomy outlook for Miss Dolmer," said Dolly; but the constraint in her manner took the lightness from her speech, and Aikens was as serious as he answered:

"Yes but Miss Dolmer does not expect much."

Dorothy flushed.

"The fool!" she said in her soul; outwardly she was silent.

"I remember," began the young man, slowly, trying to paint in words the picture that rose before his eyes, "that night in the big west room as though it was yesterday; the roaring fire snapping and blazing on the wide hearth, the Christmas holly, green and dark everywhere its glistening floor, and the old square piano pushed up in the corner, behind which it was my hard necessity to sit and play while you danced, Dolly."

His dark eyes, in which the pupils seemed points of light, flashed into hers.

"Whose fault was that?" she returned, reproachfully.

"Yours," came the answer, bitterly—"yours—yours. It was all in your hands, and you chose to throw me away like—"

"Hush," she interrupted, the beautiful color mounting to her cheek. "That is not true, and you must not say it."

He was calm again, and went back to his reminiscences.

"It was wet, and cold, and blustering outside, and I spent ten pleasant minutes standing in the rain to cool off some of my superfluous spirit." And he smiled sadly. He was what most people did not care to look at without being ugly. No one could be ugly with that straight, fine-cut nose, and the eloquence and fire of his eyes, but the long, rather haggard face was thought sinister, and the thin lips cold and hard. "Did you enjoy those dances, Dolly?"

He leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, blushing. "I loved the movement, and I knew all the time—"

"That I was eating my heart out," he interrupted, scornfully, "and you liked that almost as well as making a fool of poor Charley Dennison."

"Don't," said Dolly; "you hurt me, and you have no right."

"No, I have no right to upbraid you, poor girl! You had too many lovers and too light a heart not to make some of them unhappy. Only I wish I hadn't been one of the sufferers, that is all. Oh, Dolly, I think I could have withstood you, if it hadn't been for that day on the river in the autumn, when you tried your best to wile the heart out of me, and—"

"Failed," said Miss Humphreys, steadily. "I have never had your heart, Mr. Aiken; it has been in your own undisturbed possession ever since I have known you. If you had cared you would never have gone away from the Dennisons' without a word."

His eyes blazed, but he said nothing.

"This is all very unprofitable," she went on, leaning back against a tree; "let us change the subject."

Aiken's eyes wandered away through the orchard. "By all means," he said, and then again fell to studying her face.

Two years and over since they had parted that Christmas day, and he had never seen her since. Two years had made a change. Two years ago he had a cherished theory that it would be impossible to bring tears to those brilliant gray eyes. Somehow to-day that theory was destroyed. Two years ago she could laugh at you, mystify you, allure and deceive you, but love you never, so he believed.

"In summer, fine summer,
Thy cheeks divine;
Twin for ever win er,
In that little heart of thine."

But to-day—to-day! Suddenly a hope, a slight but exquisite hope, stirred within him. A slow fire of passion darkened his searching eyes. Miss Dolmer, to whom he had intended to propose in the course of the week—Miss Dolmer to whom he paid a number of business-like attentions—sank swiftly out of sight. He remembered a dream he had had the summer before, in which Dolly Humphreys had been walking by the sea and he had kissed her, and waked to spend a week of utter misery in blotting out every memory that crowded into view.

"Where were you last summer in August?" he asked.

"I was at the seashore," she answered, and colored a little, that same delicate pink that he remembered with a vividness that was half joy, half pain. "I spent hours literally on the beach. Nobody else had any liking for it. They preferred gayer spots, but I became quite a solitary last summer, and used to watch the waves through the long afternoon. Mamma got rather nervous, or I refused any company, and she was divided between a fear that I was meeting an ineligible suitor or getting a bit touched in my head. I will say that she might have had some reason for the latter theory, had I told her what queer fancies I had, for I got quite under the influence of the curling green waves."

"A modern Lorelei," said Aiken.

"I was much more like a shipwrecked mariner," said Dolly, smiling softly. "I had one idea. I remember, that if I waited very patiently, the waves would wash up at my feet a treasure. What the treasure was, I did not know, but something that would rejoice me forever."

"The jewels of some poor mermaid who had mislaid them," suggested Aiken, watching her, with that hope growing in his heart.

"I had a fancy, also," went on Miss Humphreys, rather shyly, "that some of my old friends might turn up; you among them. That you might suddenly appear walking along the smooth tawny sand, and we would have a friendly talk together."

"If I had only known," said Aiken, between his teeth. "But," he added, smiling a little, "I wouldn't have come as an old friend. I never was one." Dorothy looked into his face with a hurt wonder, which changed as he added, "I was your lover, dear."

"What were you doing all last summer?" she said, hastily, leaning forward and setting six small stones in an even row, while her cheeks again colored pink.

"I worked," was the brief answer.

"All the time?" raising soft pitying eyes to his.

"Most of it; but I did not mind the work; it took my thoughts from other things, and I had nothing pleasant to think of."

"What a melancholy young man!" said Miss Humphreys, lightly. "You should have paid the sea a visit as I did, and found solace for your ills."

"Did you need solace, also?" asked Aiken, eagerly. "Were you unhappy too?"

"What an impertinent question!" and Dolly laughed a little. "Why should I not be happy?"

"I thought—I hoped," went on the young man, earnestly, with intense pleading in his eyes, "that perhaps you were lonely too. That perhaps you had a little of the heartache that was with me day and night, and has been these two long years and more. I hoped that you perhaps regretted your cruelty to me at the last, and would at least let me try again. I know I have no right," he continued "to cherish any hopes—you certainly did your best to crush them out—but we had been so happy before I grew quite mad about you, and you had seemed to like me then, and so it suddenly comes to me that now, after these years, you might give me another chance. God knows I ask nothing better than to spend my heart and soul in trying to make you love me. Speak, Dolly, and give me some answer. Am I gone mad again or—"

He did not try to touch her hand or make her look at him, but waited in a passionate silence that somehow made itself felt in the quiet spring air. Slowly Miss Humphreys heaped her six little stones one on the other, and as they fell to the ground she turned and looked at him and smiled, a wistful deprecating smile that steadied his hot impulse to express his utter joy, and yet gave him full measure of it.

"Don't say anything now," she whispered. "I could not bear it." and her eyes asked for a merciful gentleness from him, and not in vain.

Controlling himself, he turned away from her and looked about the orchard with happy eyes that noted every beauty of color and form.

"We have never been together anywhere in the spring, have we?" he said, still looking away to the flowering trees. "In the summer, in the autumn, in the winter, but never in the spring. I see it with new eyes: I always have seen things differently when with you. To-day the apple blossoms are a shade more pink, the sky a deeper blue, than when I walked here yesterday? Will you go down to the lake with me? There is a boat, and I could row you in and out the little islands that are still brown with last summer's leaves. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will come," she answers, smiling and springs lightly to her feet. "Which way is it? I have never staid here before, you know."

"That little path through the trees. But first I want you to give me something."

She raised her frightened eyes to his.

"Neither your money nor your life—don't be afraid—but that violet in your dress."

Dorothy looks down at it, and draws her breath quicker between her parted lips.

"And if I do?" she said.

"If you do," he returned, "I shall ask you to give me the white hand that picked it."

With a swift movement she took the flower from her dress, and held it toward him, and Aiken caught her hand in both of his, and raised it to his lips.—Waverly.

MONEY OUT OF SKUNKS.

A Pennsylvanian Raising the Little Animals for Their Pelts.

In Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, is located the only skunk farm in the world. It is owned by John Eckman, who in April of last year killed a couple of the little creatures and sold their hides to furriers for $2 each. He concluded that it was a profitable business and the idea of establishing a skunk industry suggested itself, and the idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon, says a writer in the Ohio State Journal. He immediately set to work and captured between thirty and forty skunks and established his farm. From thirty last year his stock has increased to 300 this year and will continue to increase in the same ratio from year to year. He keeps ten females to one male and two litters of young ones a year is the average of a female, with from seven to nine at each litter. So that it may be seen that the rate of increase is very rapid. A peculiarity of the skunk is that when the second litter is born the first litter is killed by the old one, and this, it is said, is the reason they do not increase so rapidly in their wild condition. To prevent this killing off of the first litter Mr. Eckman separates the first litter from the old ones before the second litter is born. The first litter is placed in an addition to the original, and in this way the industry is extended. The skunks are fed offal from slaughter-houses, worthless sheep and milk. They are very hardy and seldom die of any disease. Next year Mr. Eckman expects to have 5,000 on his farm. In December of each year the killing occurs, ten males being killed to one female. The pelts are valuable, ranging from 50 cents to $1 apiece. Black pelts are most in demand and bring the highest price. The proprietor of this farm expects to make a fortune out of the skunks, and from all indications is in a fair way of doing so.

The inclosure in which the skunks are kept is about two acres in extent and is surrounded by a board fence about four feet high made out of rough timber. Just inside the fence and about three feet from it and extending entirely around the lot, was constructed a ditch or moat, walled up with solid masonry the object of the moat being to prevent the skunk from burrowing under the fence and escaping from the farm. Inside the moat, and extending around the enclosure, side by side, mounds of earth that present very much the appearance of graves, making the entire inclosure look very much like a cemetery. Beneath these mounds of earth were wooden boxes of commodious size to which was an entrance at the end of the mound through a sort of square opening constructed of boards. In these burrows live the skunks. Across the inside angles of the fence were nailed boards to prevent the skunks from climbing over and escaping. Mr. Eckman, while conducting a party of visitors around the place recently, picked up by the tails two of the blackest and most ferocious looking skunks in the whole lot. The lady visitors uttered a scream and broke for the entrance to the enclosure as fast as their feet could carry them, and the gentlemen of the party were not disposed to tarry on the ground until the fears of all were relieved by Mr. Eckman's assuring them that there was no danger at all. Mr. Eckman explained that the fetid liquid, which makes the skunk so repulsive, is secreted in a small gland near the pelvic extremity of the spinal column, and that at certain times the skunk emits this liquid in a fine spray as a means of self defense. He said the skunks on his farm never emitted this disagreeable liquid except when killed or engaged in a fight. During this conversation the skunks congregated around them by the scores and resembled a great number of cats waiting to be fed.

A True Saying.

The husband was complaining and the wife was busy about, hunting for the sunshiny places.

"Life is a burden," he sighed.

"Yes, dear," she answered, "but you know we couldn't exist very well without it."

Then he smiled and took a new hold.