

CHAPTER II .- (CONTINUED.)

The eyes of the two old men met; the minister flushed slightly, while Solomon's dry lips assumed the shape generally taken when one is about to give a prolonged whistle; but no sound

Whaur did your reverence find the On the doorstane, did you beirn? Sav?"

The minister nodded. Thereupon Solomon walked over to the chair, put on a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, and inspected the child much as his master had done, but with prolonged and dubious shakes of the head.

"Lord preserve us a'!" he muttered. "Solomon," cried Mr. Lorraine impatiently, "what's to be done?"

Solomon scratched his head, then I is face lightened with sudden inspiration, as he answered:

"Put the thing whaur ye found him, on the doorstane. Lea' him therehe's nane o' cors. Maybe the mither will come back and take him awa'." The minister's face flushed indig-

nantly. "On such a night as this! Solomon Mucklebackit, if you have no more Christian advice than that to offer, you can go back to bed."

Solomon was astonished. had he seen his master exhibit such authority, tempered with indignation. Not knowing how to reply, he effected a diversion.

"See, sir" he said, still inspecting the child as if it were some curious species of fish, "the cratur's wringin' wat!"

Such was the fact, though it had escaped the minister's agitated scrutiny. The shawl and under-dress of the infant were soaked with rain or melted

"Bless my soul!" cried Lorraine, bending down by Solomon's side; "and its little body is quite cold. Fetch Mysie Simpson at once."

Solomon shook his head. "Mysie's away the night wi her kinsfolk at the Mearns."

'Then there's only one thing to be done," cried Mr. Lorraine, with sudden decision. "We must undress the child at once and put him to bed, and in the morning we can decide how to act. If we leave him like this he will die of cold."

"Put him to bed!" echoed Solomon. "Whaur?"

"In my room, Solomon, unless you would like to take him with you.' "Wi' me! I'm no used wi' bairns.

I couldna sleep a wink!" "Then he shall stay with me. Look, Solomon, how pretty he is, how bright his eyes are! Fetch me a blanket at

once, and warm it by the fire." Solomon left the room. The minis-

ter lifted the burden in his arms, and sat down by the hearth. Then, wardly l the shawl and put it aside; loosened the baby's outer garments, which were quite wet, and drew them gently off. Thus engaged, the good man was indeed a picture to see-his soft eyes beaming with love and tenderness, his face puzzled and troubled, his little plump hands at work with clumsy kindness.

Solomon entered with a blanket, warmed it for a minute at the fire, and then placed it softly under the child, which now lay mother-naked-as sweet and bright a little cherub as ever drew mother's milk. Suddenly the sexton uttered an ex-

elamation. "Lord preserve us all. It's no a man-

child ava! It's a wee lassie!" Mr. Lorraine started, trembled and almost dropped his load; then, bashfully, and tenderly, he wrapped the warm blanket around the infant, leaving only its face visible.

"Lad or lassie," he said, "the Lord has left it in our keeping!"

Stooping to the hearth-rug, Solomon difted from it a tiny chemise which had fallen there, and examined it with ludicrous horror. Suddenly his eyes perceived something which had escaped Mr. Lorraine's nervous gaze. Pinned to the chemise was a piece of paper with some writing upon it.

"Look, meenister!" cried Solomon, unpinning the paper and holding it up; "there's a letter addressed to yoursel" here. Will I read it?"

"Certainly." Then Solomon read, in his own broad accent, which we will not reproduce, these words, which were written in a clear though tremulous female hand:

"To Mr. Lorraine-By the time you read this, the writer will be lying dead and cold in Annan Water. You are a good man and a clergyman. Keep the child, as a gift of God, and as you use her may God use you!"

That was all. Solomon stammered through the words in horror, while Mr. Lorraine listened in genuine asionish-

"There, meenister" exclaimed Solo mon, indignantly. "Did I no' tel! ye? It's a scandal, an outrage! Keep the bairn, indeed, and a woman-bairn! Absurd notion!"

"Hush, Solegion," interposed the minister solemn'y. "I begin to see the hand o' Gon in this."

Opening the bedelothes, he placed the infant in a cozy spot, and arranged the blankets tenderly around it. "Look, Soleman! Is she not bonny?"

Solomon gave a grunt of doubtful approval.

"Good night, Solomon," continued the minister.

A word of protest was on the sexton's tongue, but he checked it in time; then with one last stare of amazement, perplexity and surprise he left the

"The warl's comin' to an en'," he muttered, as he ascended the stairs to his room, "A woman-bairn in oor house!-a lassle in the minister's ain bed! Weel, weel, weel!"

Meantime, Mr. Lorraine sat by the bedside, looking at the child, who had almost immediately fallen asleep. Presently he reached out his arm and took one of her little hands into his own, and his eyes were dim and his soul was traveling back to the past! Hours passed thus, and he still sat in a dream.

"Marjorie, my bonny doo!" he murmured aloud again. "Is this indeed a gift from God-and you?"

CHAPTER III.



T FIVE o'clock the next morning. when Solomon Mucklebackit, candle in hand, descended the stairs. he found the minister sitting by the bedside fast asleep with his gray head resting on the side of the pillow, and

his right arm outstretched over the counterpane above the still slumbering child. At the sound of Solomon's entrance, however, Mr. Lorraine awoke at once, rubbed his eyes, and looked in a dazed way around him; then his eyes fell upon the infant, and his face grew bright as sunshine.

"Bless me, meenister! Hae ye been watching here a' nicht?"

"I fell to sleep," was the reply, "and was dreaming, Solomon, such bonny dreams! I thought that I was up yonder among the angels, and that one of them came to me with a face I well remember-ah, so bright!-and put a little bairn-this bairn-into my arms; and then, as I held the pretty one, a thousand voices sang an old Scotch song, the 'Land o' the Leal.' Dear me! -and it is nearly daybreak, I suppose?"

Solomon did not reply in words, but, pulling up the blind, showed the outer world still dark, but trembling to the first dim rays of wintry dawn, while snow was thickly falling, and the garden was covered with a sheet of virgin white. The minister rose shivering. for the air was bitter cold; his limbs, too, were stiff and chilly.

"What's to be done now?" asked mon, gloomily, "I feenish the grave, but Mysie will be here at six "

"I will watch until Mysie comes," answered Mr. Lorraine; then, bending over the bed, he continued: "See, Solomon, my man, how soundly she sleeps, and how pretty she looks."

Soloman grunted and moved toward

"Will I put on the parritch mysel'?" he demanded. "Ye maun be wanting something after sic a night."

"Nothing, nothing. Go on to the kirkyard." An hour later, when the old woman

appeared, having let herself in by a key at the back door, she was at once apprised of the situation. Having learned by old habit to keep her thoughts to herself, and being of kindly disposition, and the mother of a large grown-up family, she at once, without questioning, entered upon her duties as nurse. The child having wakened, crying, she took it up in her arms and hushed it upon her bosom, where it soon became still; then, passing to the kitchen, she warmed some new milk, and fed it with a spoon.

By this time day had broken, and when he had seen the child comfortably cared for, the minister put on his cloak and walked forth to make in-

The village consisted of one straggling street with numerous small cottages, a few poverty-stricken shops, and a one-storied tavern. Jock Stevens, who kept the latter, was standing on the threshold with a drowsy stare, having just thrown open the door; and on questioning him Mr. Lorraine gained his first and only piece of information. A woman, strange to the place, had entered the inn over night, carrying an infant underneath her shawl, and asked for a glass of milk, which she had drunk hastily and flitted away-like a ghost. Her face was partially hidden, but Jock was certain that she was a stranger. Stay! yes, there was something more. She had inquired for the manse, and the inn-keeper had pointed out the direction of the church and the minister's abode.

Further inquiries up and down the village elicited no further information.

Perplexed and weary, the good man trotted back to the manse. Here, in the rudely-furnished kitchen, he found a bright fire purning, his breakfast ready, and Mysie seated by the ingleside with the child in her lap, in voluble conversation with the old sex-

The wretched mother, whoever she DAIRY AND POULTRY. was, had indeed chosen wisely when she had resolved, while determining to abandon her infant, to leave it at the gentle minister's door. Days passed, and in spite of Solomon's protestations, it was still an inmate of the manse. Mysie Simpson understood the rearing process well, and since the child, as she had surmised, had never known the breast, it throve well upon "the bottle." The minister went and came lightly, as if the burden of twenty years had been taken from his shoulders: had it indeed been his own offspring he could not have been more anxious or more tender. And Solomon Mucklebackit, despite his assumption of sternness and indignation, was secretly sympathetic. too, had a tender corner in his heart, which the child's innocent beauty did not fail to touch.

One morning, some seven or eight days after the arrival of the infant, when the storms had blown themselves hoarse, and a dull black thaw had succeeded the falling and drifting snow, news came to the manse that the body of a woman had been found lying on the brink of the Annan, just where its waters meet the wide sands of the Solway, and mingle with the salt stream of the ocean tide. Greatly agitated, Mr. Lorraine mounted his pony, and at once rode along the lonely highway which winds through the fiat reaches of the Moss. Arriving close to the great sands, he was directed to a disuses outbuilding or barn, belonging to a large sea-facing, and standing some hundred yards above high-water mark. A group of fishermen and peasant men and women were clustered at the door; at his approach the men lifted their hats respectfully, and the women courtesied.

On making inquries, the minister learned that the body had been discovered at daybreak by some salmon fishers, when netting the river at the morning tide. They had at once given the alarm, and carried "it" up to the dilapidated barn where it was then lying.

The barn was without a door, and partially roofless. Day and night the Canadian cheese, they label it Amerisalt spray of the ocean was blown upon it, incrusting its black sides with a species of filmy salt; and from the dark rafters and down the broken walls clung slimy weeds and mosses; and over it a pack of sea-gulls wheeled and screamed.

The minister took off his hat and en-

tered in bare headed. Stretched upon the earthen floor was what seemed at first rather a shapeless mass than a human form; a piece of coarse tarpaulin was placed over it, covering it from head to foot. Gently and reverently, Mr. Lorraine drew back a corner of the tarpaulin and revealed to view the disfigured lineaments of what had once been a living face; but though the features were changed and unrecognizable, and the eye-sockets were empty of their shining orbs, and the mouth disfigured and hidden by foulness, the face was still set in a woman's golden hair.

With the horror deep upon him, the minister trembled and prayed. Then, drawing the covering still lower, he caught a glimpse of the delicate hand clutched as in the agonies of death; and sparkling on the middle fingers thereof was a slender ring of gold.

"God forgive me," he murmured to himself; "if this is the mother of the child, I did her a cruel wrong."

He stood gazing and praying for some time, his eyes were dim with sympathetic tears; then, after replacing the covering reverently, he turned away and passed through the group which clustered, watching him, at the ican butter will obtain in England. door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Mashonsland Doll.

No doubt the earliest manufactured toy of all was the doll. Little girls play with dolls everywhere, and have always done so. Indeed, among the Bechuanans and Basutos at the present time married women carry dolls until they are supplanted by real children. There is for its possessor a curious individuality about a doll, altogether unaccountable to other people. How often may it be observed that a child will neglect the splendid new five shilling waxen beauty, with its gorgeous finery, and cling faithfully to the disreputable, noseless wreck of rags that has been its favorite hitherto! Something causes other children, besides Helen's babies, to dislike "buyed dollies," even in the presence of an article made of an old towel. This something, whatever it is, is doubtless a great comfort to the small girls of Mashonaland. It is an innocent, armless sort of affair, without any such disfigurement as waist or shoulders might cause, no knee joints to get unfastened, and nothing at the end of its legs to cause expense at the shoemaker's. As regards dress, it is inexpensive, the whole suit of apparel consisting of a piece of string threaded through a hole humanely bored through the head .-The Strand.

Novelty in Type Material.

A new idea in type material is the combination of glass with celluloid or hard rubber. The body of the type is made of rubber or celluloid upon which glass-topped letters are firmly cemented. In order that the face of the type in the form may not touch, the extreme face is a trifle smaller than the body portion. Great advantages are claimed for this sort of type, among them being that glass will wear very much longer than metal, and the print will therefore be sharper and clearer. With the slightly elastic base and the small sections in which the letters are made there is but little danger of breakage, even with very rapid work

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm-A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

of the Yankee in their business meth-

Injuring Dairy Export Trade.

N conversation not long since with a gentleman who has spent a considerable time in Great Britain in investigating the markets of that country for both butter and cheese, we were very much impressed with his idea; that is, that our people had too much

ods in connection with England when exporting butter and cheese, says Elgin Dairy Report. The matter came up incidentally as to the quality of goods from the reason that a box maker had sent to a factory where this gentleman was having butter packed, some boxes made of wood that had both flavor and taste. He refused to accept them, believing that in the end, although a saving of two or three cents on the box might be had, he would probably lose a cent or two on each pound of butter, which would not be a good investment. The conversation drifted into the quality of goods heretofore sent to England from our American market as a representative of the quality of both butter and cheese made in this country. Of course filled cheese came in for discussion, as it always does in that direction, showing that the quality of cheese sent over there as full cream cheese, being filled or sophisticated with lard, had done more to degrade the reputation of American cheese than any one thing and that the dealers over there take advantage of that, and whenever they find a bad lot either of English or can and mark it at low prices, and refer their customers to the fact that they cannot get good cheese from America, and these are a fair sample of the goods. It is so in the butter line. We have been sending over to a large extent nothing but low grade butter that would sell there possibly for a cent a pound profit more in proportion than the better grades, and the English dealers had come to believe that they could get no good butter in this country; but now that a change has been made it rests entirely with the dealers and shippers on this side to build up and sustain a reputation for high class goods in the English markets that will stand us in good stead not only at present but in the future. Take for example the Danish dairy industry; it is fostered by the government and in such a way that the maker or manufacturer who does not come up to the requirements of grade, both in regard to the butter itself and the method of packing, that he loses caste at once, and not only that, but he loses money at the same time. This is a most effectual way of curing either shippers or manufacturers of careless or slovenly ways. So with exporting dairy products from ten rid of the filled cheese question, and it must go forward labeled so that the people who buy it will know what they are buying, the butter question comes to the front more extensively than ever before, and the quality that we send forward will determine the extent of the market which Amer-

Standard Varieties of Chickens,

Minorcas-This variety of fowls belong to the Mediterranean class, and they are placed next to the Leghorns in laying qualities. They are in appearance very similar to the Leghorn. Their general outline is, in fact, that of the latter, but of more length of body and heavier in mold. Indeed, they are the only variety of the Mediterranean class

that has a given weight, which approaches that of the Wyandotte, being only one-half pound lighter than the last named. The origin of the Minorca, like that of so many others of our profitable poultry, is much in loubt Some are of the opinion that they originally came from Minorca, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, one of the Balearic Isles, while others contend they are a variety of the Black Spanish. Be that as it may, they are one of the most profitable breeds of poultry for the farm that is known. For table purposes they are good, the flesh being white, or light colored, and fine grained. Their chief property is their egg production. They are non-sitters, and year-around layers. As winter layers they are exceptionally good when kept under fairly favorable circumstances. While the Leghorn surpasses them in the number of eggs laid, the Minorca's eggs are larger, and equal the output in bulk. Their eggs are white, and average eight to the pound. They lay from twelve to fifteen dozen a year. For farm purposes they are especially profitable. Being of an active, restless disposition, they keep in splendid condition and make good foragers. For suburban poultry keeping they are very practical birds, and net good results to the keeper. They are hardy, easily raised, and mature quickly.

Selling Range Cattle. Live Stock Report, of Chicago, says: Despite the fact that we are into the middle of August and have reached the time when range cattle are ordinarily hard and fat enough for the eastern shipper and exporter as well as the dressed beef man, this year's arrivals thus far have been greatly disappointing in the matter of flesh and condition, and even the local slaughterers are not trying to buy them with any alacrity. They are remarkably soft and consequently shrink heavily en route, some shippers saying in fact that they hardly recognize their cattle as the same bunch they loaded. Of course as the season advances this condition of affairs will improve, but so general is the complaint of poor flesh and condition all over the range country it now looks as though receipts at market would be unprecedentedly small until the 10th or 15th of September. Where in ordinary years killers would take a whole trainload of one brand, this year they hardly want to buy more than three or four cars, so fearful are they of the way the stock is going to kill out. Such cattle as have been good enough to bring say \$3.85 or better have sold fairly readily, but those which will be noted as selling under that figure have sold slowly, the very excellent condition of southern grass cattle this year largely accounting for this. Killers can get these latter at \$3.40 to \$3.65, and being smaller boned than the westerns, they kill out more satisfactorily, and thus can be handled more profitably than rangers costing the same figure. The killers are acting toward range cattle much the same as the lover of watermelon does toward that fruit when it fat and feeder stock is in demand. Omaha is particularly well situated at present for handling these northwestern rangers, as she is a great distributing point for feeders and is increasing her beef slaughtering as well. Another and important point in her favor is the recently established joint rate covering stock cattle over the N. P. and C., M. & St. P. roads. We, of course, have no desire to say anything against one market to benefit another, but we think it only just to the shipper to advise him of our opinion as regards the most advantageous point for the disposal of his stock cattle.

stakes.

Every farmer should have wax. thread and needles handy. It is time well employed.



THE NEBRASKAN WON.

Madison County Farmer Clips the Claws of the Chicago Tiger.

Chicago dispatch: Fred Lewis, oung farmer from near Norfolk, Neb., has clipped the claws of the Chicago tiger. He stopped in this city on his way east to be married. While seeing the town he was robed of \$400, leav-ing him just \$5 to make the trip to his fiancee's home and claim her as his bride. He made a desperate resolu-tion to lift himself out of his difficulty. With the remaining \$5 he decided to go against the Chicago tiger. If he won he would proceed east and be married. If he lost he would commit suicide.

After two nights and a day at George Hankins', 6 Plymouth place, he quit a winner by \$1,700. Then he got some needed sleep and went on his way re-

It was on Friday morning last that young Lewis arrived in Chicago. He had a few hours to spare on his way to the eastern city and took a stroll through the "levee" district. It was the same old story. He was enticed into a house on Clark street and before he knew it was robbed of the \$400.

He made an effort to recover the stolen money, but was unsuccessful. He thought of his sweetheart and was nearly crazed by his loss and his in-ability to reach the woman he loved. With \$5 in his pockets he wandered

about the streets, and early Friday, evening found himself in front of Hankins' gambling house. There he was accosted by a "capper," who told him that all games were running up stairs. He entered the place, resolved, to win or lose his remaining \$5 and then kill himself. He walked up to the place where a number of men were playing craps, and placed a dollar on the line. He won once, twice and three times. Then with a wreckless-abandon he began to play for big

Manager Barton, thinking he had a man with plenty of money, considerately removed the limit and allowed ately removed the limit and allowed the stranger to make his bets as large as he pleased. Fortune favored the countryman and he continued to win.

All Friday night, all day Saturday and Saturday night until 4 o'clock Sunday morning Lewis stood at the crap table. At one time he was a winner to the extent of \$2,500. Then

winner to the extent of \$2,500. winner to the extent of \$2,500. Then
his luck turned and at 4 o'clock Sunday morning his winnings only
amounted to \$1,700. The dice were
running against him and his physical
endurance had reached the limit.

Almost dead for want of sleep, and
unable longer to continue the game,
he pocketed his \$1,700 and quit.

Before leaving the house Lewis invited Manager Barton to join him in
a bottle of wine. Then he confided to
the manager his hard luck story. He

a bottle of wine. Then he confided to the manager his hard luck story. He told him how he had entered the house with but \$5, and the manager, thinking he had a "sucker" had staked the entire bank roll of the house against an insignificant \$5.

Sunday Lewis

Sunday Lewis took a Lake Shore train for the east to wed his flancee. He was the happiest man in the world, out refused to give the name of the

Preparing for Irrigationists. The National Irrigation congress which meets in Lincoln September 28 29 and 30, bids fair to have the larges first appears on the market—wants to attendance of any meeting of its kind see the inside of it before he pursee the inside of it before he purchases. Since in the meantime the condition of range cattle unfits them for eastern or export buyers and there is thus practically no competition for them on this market we advise shippers who are tributary to the South Omaha or Denver market to go there with their cattle. At those points both Booth-Tucker, the American command-er of the Salvation army, whose topic will be "Salvation Army Colonization of Arid Lands." W. J. Bryan has also promised to be present and talk on natters pertaining to irrigation. The local executive committee is at work on a corn exhibit and is in correspond-ence with farmers and ditchmen in the irrigated districts who have promfised to send in samples of products.

Among those who will take part in the session and contribute papers are Dr. Clarke Gapen of Chicago, George H. Maxwell of California, C. C. Wright, author of the California act which has been largely copied in the formation of the Nebraska statute pertaining to irrigation; Elwood Mead, state engi-neer of Wyoming, and Hon. Binger Herman, commissioner of the general land office.

> Assaults a Young Girl On a Farm. Juniata dispatch: Miss Emma Scho field, a 17-year-old girl living with her parents on a farm three miles west of here, was most brutally assaulted by a well-dressed stranger at 10 o'clock this morning. Miss Schofield was alone in the house doing work about the kitch-en when a respectable-looking man ap-peared at the door and asked for something to eat. While the girl was busy preparing him a lunch he apparently realized that she was the only person about the premises and without warning grabbed her and tore off her cloth-ing. The girl began to scream, but was threatened with her life, having the point of a dagger thrust against her breast. The man eventually escaped and up to a late hour had not been captured. A man answering his description was seen in Juniata this morning and a posse has been organ-ized and is in hot pursuit. If he is captured it is not unlikely he will be

The governor has received the resignation of State Senator John M. Osborne of Pawnee City, who represented the First senatorial district in the last session of the legislature. The resignation is caused by the candidacy of Senator Osborne for county treasurer of his county.

If present indications are to be relied on New England will be at the Trans-Mississippi exposition in force. Thomas Stokes, who was appointed commercial agent for that division of the country, has been making a dilligent canvass, and finds that the sentiment among the manufacturers of the section is decidedly in favor of exhibit-ing at Omaha. Mr. Stokes writes that he expects to soon forward to the de-partment of exhibits the applications for space of 111 firms. He says that he is in negotiation with many more and is confident that every part of his sec-tion will be represented by a fine dis-