# CARRIGEEN MOSS.

The sea came leaping and plunging in great white spume flakes against the cliffs of Carrigeen, for it was springtime and the season of high tides. Far away, beyond the angry breakers and beyond the wavering, shifting bands of gray foam which took their place, one could see naught but a vast plateau of green ocean, dappled by an occasional sail or darkening over the sunken ledges into patches of leaden hue.

High upon the cliffside, where seathistle and sand grass rustled in the Atlantic breezes, two persons-an aged man and tiny girl-sat hand in hand, gazing steadily across the waters, Tied up in a red handkerchief at their sideside lay a frugal lunch of bread and buttermilk, from which fact it was easy to tell that they were either tourists or vagrants. As a matter of fact, they belonged to the former class, although your fashionable sightseer might be inclined to class them scornfully with the latter.

Old Mechaul Finnerty, the sheanachie, or "wise man," of the inland parish of Ballycarney, had taken his grandchild, Noreen, for a long-promised trip to the seashore. They had come by the mail cart from Ballycarney Crossroads to the county town of Kilmore, whence the train, marvelous and wholly novel in Noreen's eyes, carrled them, with puff and rumble, to the very borders of the ocean. And now here they were, sitting on Carrigeen cliffs above the mighty waste, peacefully chattering, the one to the other, symbolical of careless age and thoughtless youth beside the waves of

Old Mechaul told his small charge a score of certain things that afternoon -mostly stories of the coast they were. for Meehaul had lived during many of his earlier years away from Ballycarney in the Carrigeen district, Moreover her was, in his capacity of sheannachie, the possessor of legends ga lore, together with the power of relat-ing them. Presently he leaned over the sides of the beetling cliff and, plucking a bunch of dull-green moss from one of the crevices, held it toward the child.

"Do ye know what that is, allannah?" he asked. Noreen shook her neatly-brushed

ringlets to imply the negative. "Sure, 'tis moss—Carrigeen moss—an human food, at that. Did ye never hear tell of Carrigeen moss?

Again the ringlets were shaken. "Well, 'tis what the poor fisherfolk ate when there's a famine. When the praties give out, an' there's naught to buy bread with, they climb up the rocks an' gather Carrigeen moss. Then they boil it in a big pot, an' it's not so bad to ate-when you can't get anything else.

Noreen looked at the slimy herb, and wondered how it could possibly taste well under any circumstances. Others have felt similarly. Yet the poor coast people are driven, in times of distress, to support life on Carrigeen moss alone.

Old Mechaul settled himself comfortably once more, filled his short, black pipe, and, reflectively, said: "Maybe ve never was tould the story of how Carrigeen moss was sent as food to the poor?"

The sheannachie like some other notable poets, invariably began a narrative by asking a question. Finding that Noreen was ignorant of the narrative mentioned, he placed the tin cap of his dhudeen, took a long puff at the recking tobacco, and began:

"It was in the ould, ancient days, before any marauders at all-let alone any Englishmen-set eyes or foot on Irish soil. Feargus, the Swarthy (or Feargus Dhu in Gaelic) was king of all this coast from the mouth of Feor river to Banshagh. H as a fine young king, but his nature v. s sad, an', instead of fightin' his neighbors, like a king ought ,he liked better to stroll along these rocks of a moonlight an'

play tunes on his golden harp. 'Well, one night he was singin' to the harp down on the strand below, when the finest lady he ever saw came up out of the water an' smiled at him. Her face was beautiful, an' white jools glittered all over her, an' she walked like a queen. But Feargus took particular notice of her hair. It was long an' soft an 'wavy, but the color of it was queer intirely, for it was green-green as the sea out beyoud or the moss I have in my fist. But, sure, King Feargus liked her all the batter for the queer color of her hair, bein' himself a queer young man. He played sweet music to her, an' she tould bim how she was a sea king's daughter strayed up from the palaces under the water. To make a long story short, King Feargus an' the mermuld were married, an 'the fine ould family of McNamara, which means children of the mermaid, descended from them. Very happily they lived, too, the only trouble bein' that while Feargus grew old an' gray-haired, the sea-princess bein' a fairy, staid young forever. At last poor King Feargus died, au' left his beautiful queen a widow. When she saw one of her strappin' big sons safe on the throne, she called all the people together an' tould them that she must return to her father in the palaces under the sea. Then there rose such a wailin' an' lamentin' among the people as would turn the heart of a stone.

Every man, woman an' child along the coast loved that sea princess, an it was bitter news to them when she said that she must go back to her own country. All the ould people knelt before her with tears in their eyes, an' the priests offered up prayers that she might not be taken from them. But sure, the princess was firm. She said: 'Men of the land, my heart beats for you .but there is a voice within me that calls me back to the ocean. Every night I hear the summons of my father soundin 'through the noise of wind an 'waters. Believe me, I must go; but, before I leave ye, choose some keepsake or token which will remind ye of her that was your king's wife. Then the people began cosherin' to-gether, but for the life of them, they could not think of anything to ask of her as a token.

"At last, achorra, up spoke a neat young gossoon, an' he says: 'Let us

ask her for a lock of that beautiful green hair of hers.' "Twasn't such a oad idea. So the good people asked her for the hair accordingly. An', bein' a woman, though only a sea woman, the princess was mightily placed at the complimentary way they put the re-

quest. "She smiled sweeter nor ever before, an' says she: 'It will be done as ye say. But to reward your kindness, an' in order that ye may find some use in my gift, I will add something to the

"Then, acushla, she took her eldest son's sharp sword an' cut off a big lock of her hair. Beckonin to the people, she began to walk up the cliffs an along the top, till she came to a quiet spot, something like this.

What d'ye think she did next? Stoopin' down over the cliff, she planted the lovely green hair in a cranny of the rock, an' filled up the cranny with loose earth. Then she said somethin' in the sea language, an' waved her golden wand over the hair as it floated on the wind. The hair seemed to change the minute she did so. It shriveled up an' became just the morsel of this piece of Carrigeen moss in my hand 'Now,' says the princess, there is a token that will last ye forever. When the cruel famine strikes ye, an' food runs short, this green plant will always be found growing among the rocks. Eat it, my children. It will sustain ye when all else fails. Th clast words were hardly out of her pretty mouth when she took one tremendous jump, an 'plunged from the top of the rocks into the sea. The people saw just one flash of her golden wand and one gleam of her long green hair before she vanished in a big. white wave, an' was gone from their eyes forever.

But, sure enough, Noreen, achanie, the Carrigeen moss stil Iremains growin 'in the rocks, an' as I said afore, 'tis a very good food-when you can't get nothin' else. Eyah, but my dhudeen's could, ani it's time to open that red handkercher an' see what's good in-

Little Noreen took the bunch of Carrigeen moss and regarded it thought-

"So this was once a sea princess' hair?" she said. "Aye, avick," 'answered old Mechaul,

At least, that's the story.' "Twas mighty kind of that sea princess. I wonder, gran'father, if

she's livin' yet?" "Sure, she is, arooneen. Them fairles never die, at all, at all."

Deftly Noreen extracted from her pocket a miniature scissors, and deftly she cut off a tress of her own "bonnie brown hair.' Then, standing upon the cliff, before her grandfather well knew what she did, she cast the curly lock, with all her strenth, toward the water.

"There's a keepsake for the sea princess!" she cried, gleefully, "in return for her Carrigeen moss. Take it, with Noreen's love sea princess, avour-

The feather-light curl waved for a second in the air, only to be caught by a great, blustering breeze that came ramping down the cliffs through the thistles and sand grass. Out to sea, over the breakers and seething foam, the rough wind bore its tender burden, and as Noreen's eyes were strained to their utmost tension, she fancled she saw the tress of halr sink into the embrace of a big wave that rose to receive this dainty present to the princess.

Just then the sun came out in all its glory, and there flashed a golden, glittering radiance across the sea

"Eyah, gran'father," cried Norcen, her eyes dancing with excitement. The princess is pleased. See how she smiles at me?"

But old Mechaul, the sheannachie was wisely eating brown bread and dringing buttermilk.-Gerald Brenan, in Atlanta Constitution,

# The Purity of Milk.

Apparently the time is coming in the larger centers when there will be little sale for milk except from cows the health of which is certified to by the dairy authorities. But it is as important to have milk that will not induce disease in the country as it is in the city. It is certain that milk from cows that show disease does not always create the tubercle disease in those who use it, nor does the beef from cattle affected, but if numerous instances are established where consumption has been produced by the use of such milk, the danger should be obviated if possible. A bulletin of the Vermont experiment station gave not long since the history of twenty cases that were attributed to the use of such milk. Several cases were cited by a recognized authority before the New England cattle commissioners recently. In one of them, after a young man who had used the milk freely had dled of consumption and the owner had contracted the malady ,the herd was tested and sixty-five out of seventy-four showed tubercles. In the case of another man the infection was directly traced to the free use of milk from a herd of eighty cows, seventy two of which were found to be tuber culous. It would seem that there must be a large proportion of infected cows in a herd to make the milk very unsafe.-Denver Field and Farm.

# Northern Settlers in Georgia.

Columbus was the halting place for a few hours Tuesday of a considerable body of primitive travelers. They had come straight through from the Northwestern states and were on their way to the Old Soldiers' colony in Wilcox county, Ga. There were six wagons in the train .all of the "prairie schooner" type, containing just so many families, making in all twenty-eight people. One wagon had started on Sept. 15 from Wilcox county, Kan.; another from Gosepel county, Neb., on Oct. 13, and the remaining four from Redwood county, Minn., at the same time. Each wagon was fitted up to serve as a sleeping apartment, and contained such supplies as are necessary for life on the road. The only stage of the journey not traversed by wagon was from St. Louis to Memphis, having made this distance by floating down the Mississippi on rafts. The wagon train crossed into Alabama at Columbus, Miss., and coming through Montgomery, reached Georgia Tuesday, and encamped on Upper Broad street .-Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

DU MAURIER'S TROUBLE.

Ever Since Youth He Has Been Threatened With Loss of Sight.

In the course of a talk Du Maurier described the tragic affair that occurred at the Antwerp academy, where be was studying under De Keyser and Van Lerius. "It was on a day in Van Lerius' studio," he said, "that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

The voice of Du Maurier, who till then had been chatting with animation, suddenly fell, and over his face came an indefinable expression of mingled terror and danger and sorrow.

"I' was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn l covered my right eye I learned what had happened. My left eye had failed me; it might be altogether lost. It was so sudden a blow that I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my dismay, Van Lerius came up and asked me what might be the matter, and when I told him he said that it was nothing; that he had had that himself, and so on And a doctor, whom I anxiously consulted that same day, comforted me and said that the accident was a passing one. However, my eye grew worse and worse, and the fear of a total blindness beset me constantly. That was the most tragic event of my life It poisoned all my existence.'

Du Maurier, as though to shake off a troubling obsession, rose from his chair and walked about the room, cl garette in hand.

"In the spring of 1859 we heard of a great specialist, who lived in Dusseldorf, and we went to see him. He ex amined my eyes, and said that, though the left eye was certainly lost, I had no reason to fear losing the other, but that I must be very careful, and not drink beer, or eat cheese, and so on. It was very comforting to know that I was not to be blind, but I have never shaken off the terror of that apprehen-

"My life was a very prosperous one from the outset in London. I was married in 1863, and my wife and I never once knew financial troubles. My only trouble has been my fear about my eyes. Apart from that I have been very happy."-Westminster Budget.

### ENGLAND WANTS THIS.

#### Small Pile of Rock in the Channel That France Says is Hers.

Maitre islet is the most prominent rock on that dangerous reef which is some ten miles from the castle and the harbor of St. Heller. These rocks are, with the rest of the Channel isles, the last remaining jewels of the crown of the conqueror.

Two months ago the governor of Jersey, accompanied by a few mem-



Maitre Islet.

bers of the States, set out to inspect the roads. The union jack and St Andrew's flag were hoisted on the staff and saluted by the cheers of the clated spectators.

These facts were communicated to the inhabitants of Saint Malo and Grandoville, who wired in detail what had taken place to the Paris newspapers, in which virulent articles appeared, declaring positively that the Minquieres belonged to France, and

not to Britannia. A diplomatic correspondence has taken place between the foreign offices of both countries, who, if rumor is correct, wish to name a commission, as they did in 1883 in the matter of the Ecrehos , when it was proved that these islets belonged to the British crown.-London Sketch.

# A LIST OF ACQUAINTANCES.

### Very Few Men Who Knowby Name One Thousand People.

A small party seated in the Manhattan club night before last was discussing the question of acquaintances. One well known lawyer said he knew as many people as any man in the room, he did not care who he was. I asked if he could say how many acquaint- ample time for the arrangements. The ances he had-not friends merely, but persons knawn casually and slightly. After thinking it over he said "10,000."

"I bet \$50 to \$5," said another of the party, "that you cannot name 1,000 persons of your acquaintance, and give you all night to do it." The bet was made, and the lawyer began, a friend

keeping tally. When, after two hours of hard thinking, he had reached between 500 and 600, he was going very slow and straining terribly. At midnight he was so far from the 1,000 mark that the

party broke up in disgust. I doubt if there is a man in this country who could write down the names of 1,000 acquaintances at a moment's notice. I don't believe there are five men in the United States who are acquainted personally with 10,000 people, Dan Lamont, secretary of war. is said to know more faces than any other man. He made a study of faces when Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, and became indispensable to the president. It might be said that there are many politicians who know more than 10,000 people personally, but you can't rely upon a political asquaintance. The politician has a way of pretending to know every living man who has a vote. Dr. Chauncey M. Depew probably has as wide an acquaintance as any man we know. Many men remember faces without being able to recall names. That is not an acquaintance. It will not do to say we have seen such and such a man before somewhere, but cannot recollect his name.-New York Press.

# ...... A STORY OF CHIVALRY IN

"Of co'se Ellen will marry you, Benjamin; or, I should say, Mr. Edwards; an' very glad of the chance."

"Why, mother," exclaimed the Ellen in question, "it seems to me you oughter let me answer the question Ben asked. It's me he says he want's to marry, or thinks he does, which is much the same thing," added the sensible young woman.

There were three persons in the "settin' room" of the little Indiana farmhouse. Mrs. Arkwright was one of hose masterful women, who, from strength of character and a natural tendency to mix into other's affairs, worry and weary those with whom they are associated into doing as they wish, Such people mold more destinies and control more eircumstances than those of greater intellectual powers, but less assertiveness.

The other woman was Ellen Arkwright, a handsome, fresh-faced country girl, bright and vivacious, but not equal to an argument with her mother. The third person was Benjamin Edwards, a young farmer of some wealth and high standing in the little community where he lived. He had been 'keeping company" with Ellen Arkwright for a year, and loved her with the full force of an honest manly nature. He was not a man to do things in a half-hearted way. Believing the girl to be worthy his attentions, he lavished all upon her. He had just told her so, and in his open, straight-forward way had concluded the recitalby tsking her if she would become his wife. At that vital point Mrs. Arkwright entered the room ostensibly in search of some household article she required in the kitchen. It is probable that she had been listening at the door and timed her entrance to answer the question. Let no one rest in ignorance. These Indiana women, mothers and daughters, and all the neighborhood knew why Benjamin Edwards tied his horse to the Arkwright hiething post every Wednesday and Sunday nights. The Arkwright family had held discussions, for Ellen, foolish girl, had shown an evident disinclination to regard Edwards in the light of a future husband.

"I mor'n half believe you've promised yourself to that uscless Bixby boy, said Mrs. Arkwright in the heat of debate. "They's one good thing; he's in Looeyville now, and if he don't come back any oftener than he has in the two year he's been away, which is none whatever, you'll have the best chance in the world to forget him.' Mrs. Arkwright occasionally would get tangled up in her talk, but her meaning was plain ,even if her sentences were insusceptible of analysis, "There is Ben Edwards, got a farm an' money in the bank. He's the catch of the neighborhood, an' it's a shame for you to waste your time thinkin' of that Blxby man, which I consider to be an entirely no account person."

It did appear so on the face of it, and Ellen, to whom a quiet life was a blessing, did not hesitate to declare per entire guiltlessness of love or regard for the unfortunate young Bixby, who had obtained a position in a Louisville store and entered upon its duties with high mercantile winters before, If Ellen had letters from him she had not confided in her mother, and the local postmaster was a rarity among such officials. He never discussed United States matters with the public at large.

The girl's denial was not wholly satisfactory to her mother, who kept up an agitation on the subject until Ellen promised to accept Benjamin Edwards If he proposed. So, when he did ask her, her mother stood by to answer, and thus we come down to the beginning of this veracious chronicle of love in Posey county.

Yes, mother, I think you oughter leave it to me to answer," repeated the girl with just the perception of a harsh

note in her voice. Her color heightened and her eyes flashed not entirely with love, as look ing at her mother and not at the man, she continued: "Any girl would be proud of the love of a sincere man like you, Ben, an'-an' I'll be your

wife. "Of co'se she will, most surely she will. They is only one answer possible," said Mrs. Arkwright and she left

the room. Many in these cynical end of the entury days affect a belief that sentiment never existed and chivalry has been dead for many years. Listen, shallow of understanding and cold of heart, to this true story of highmindedness in the Wabash country. The preparations for the wedding went rapidly on. There was no valid reason for postponing the happy event It was not necessary to send to Paris for a trousseau, and two weeks was day before that fixed for the wedding Ben found the girl he was to marry in tears. He had remarked in the two



of Course Ellen Will Marry You. weeks that she did not respond with any enthusiasm to his kisses, but seemed rather to endure than to delight in his caresses.

What is the trouble?" he asked. "Natiolog; nothing at all, Ben." she replied through her handkerchief.

suppose I'm nervous." e prospective groom was not sat isae'i with the answer, and persisted is attempting to learn the cause of the sorrow. Then she told him, and as she told him the light went out of his life, for he loved her. Her story left

him no hope for happiness. "You see," she said in conclusion,

"Maw didn't like Jim Bixby. She said he never'd amount to anythin'. I an' Jim, we thought he c'd earn enough in Looeyville to start a store, but I guess he hasn't done it. It's three months since I had a letter, an' I guess he's lost hope. I'll try to make you as good a wife as you deserve, Ben; I will

He kissed her and left without word.

The next day the neighbors who had been bidden came, but the bridegroom did not; a brief note cone instead. He told Mr. and Mrs. Afkwright he had decided he could not make their daughter happy and thought the best way to do was to absent himself. He desired it to be understood that his action should be regarded in no sense as a criticism upon Ellen, whom he esteemed above all women on earth.

The gossipers sat up all night to discuss it. The tears Ellen shed were caused by conflicting sensations of pique and joy. Girls are singularly



Her Story Left Him no Hope. constructed. The two Arkwright boys made carnest statements of an intention to settle up with Ben Edwards, and with a view to making good their declarations, oiled and loaded their guns. Mrs. Arkwright, for the first time in years was dazed and speechless. Her husband, honest man, although keenly alive to the slight put on his daughter, and filled with an intention to "hackle Ben Edwards' hemp"-whereby he meant that he would do the young man sore hurtwas philosopher enough to see the good that accompanied the evil. His wife was silent.

The next day the family blood was somewhat cooled. In the afternoon there was a knock at the door. Ellen answered it, and her relatives were somewhat surprised to see a young man gather her up in his arms and kiss her with much vigor. She did not seem to object particularly—which was also singular. The two then came through the door into the sitting room. The visitor was Bixby from Louisville.

"It seemed too bad to have all the fixings go for nothing," said the practical young man, an' I came up to see if you'd have me for a son-in-law. I can take care of a wife. I've had a good experience, and I've gone into a partnership in the hardware trade. I will be the manager an' my partner has put up the capital necessary, an'

Mrs. Arkwright was too broken in spirit to protest, and Ellen scemed to time. The neighbors were again call- read as follows: isville to their new home

Ben Edwards, the silent partner in the hardware house, was down in Texas affecting an exchange of his properties in Indiana for a cattle ranch.-E. C. Avery in Chicago Times-Herald.

# THE MAINED VETERAN.

#### Singular Story of How He Lost His Index Finger.

An old soldier, who bears the scars of several wounds received in the late unpleasantness, was speaking to the writer about odd incidents of the war, and among other things said;

"Courage is so different in different

people that I have been often surprised to see exhibitions of bravery in unlooked-for quarters. There is a man who used to live in Marion, Ohio, who has the index finger of his right hand missing, and if asked the manner of its loss will simply say that he lost it in the civil war. The story of the af fair is peculiar, though I am told that there are instances of the same nature that have occurred. He was married a few months when the call for volunteers was issued, and he yearned to respond to his country's invitation. His wife put her foot down at once and that he should not go. Two said months passed, and as the stories came from the front of the roaring of cannon and of blood being spilt. William, for that was his name, vowed that he would go to the scene of battle. One night his wife saw him get up in his sleep ,and, putting himself in a heroic attitude, extend his band as though it clutched a sword, and cry: "Forward!" This preyed on her mind so that on the night afterward she asked him if he fully intended to join the army. He replied emphatically that he did.

"That night when William slept she arose, and, with stealthy step and determined look, took a hatchet from under the bed and came to the side of her sleeping husband. She noted the calmness of his countenance, and bent and kissed his forehead as a tear coursed down her check. Then she took the index finger of his right hand and, separating it from the others, laid it upon the side rail and brought the hatchet down with such force as to sever the digit. William awoke, and what he said is not recorded, but he was made of sterner stuff than his better half thought. When the smoke of battle rolled upon the field at Bull Run and Union hearts beat wildly in the first great encounter, the martial sound of William's drum urged on to glory many an Ohio man. He could not handle a musket, but he went to war."-Columbus Dispatch.

The Gallant Grocer.

Mrs. Binks-My husband did not like that ten you sent us last.

Grocer (politely)-Did you like it, madame? Mrs. Binks-Yes; I liked it.

Groces (to clerk)-James! Send Mrs. Binks another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, madame? New York Weekly.

## Mehitable's Last Appearance.

Uncle Jack loved Dottie, but he did not love Mebitable, while Dottie loved

Uncle Jack and Mehitable, too. Mehitable was a very pretty doll when she was new, but now with the color all washed from her cheeks, with her nose worn down to her face by frequent bumps, with only one arm and no feet, she did not present an attractive appearance, yet to Dottie she was

as beautiful as ever.

One Sunday morning Dottie went to chuhch with Uncle Jack. She held his hand very tightly as she walked up the aisle, and with the other arm she hugged Mehitable under her cloak.

No one but Dottle knew that Mehitable had come to church that morning, and she did not think it wise to tell

any one. Dottle and her dollie kept as still as two mice until the people arose to sing the long hymn; then Uncle Jack lifted up his little neice so that she could stand upon the seat. If he had known that Mehitable was there, I am very sure Miss Dottle would have stood

upon the floor, with only the back of

the next pew to look at. When Dottle glanced about she saw Susie Parmalee several seats away. Susie smiled at Dottie and Dottie smiled at Susle-it was so pleasant to see each other again.

Then Dottle though that Susie would like to know that Mehitable was at church, and as Uncle Jack was singing and would not notice, she drew Mehitable from under her cloak; but Susie was too far away to see plainly, and so Dottle raised Mehitable as high as she could and rested her on Uncle

Jack's shoulder. Uncle lack felt the little girl leaning against him, and without looking from his hymn-book he put his arm around her and drew her close to him. There they stood-Uncle Jack singing so earnestly that he was unconscious of that frightful doll perched upon his shoulder and Dottle smiling and pointing to Mehitable.

Frankle Dexter, who sat in the seat behind, tried not to laugh, but when Dottie made Mehitable bow to Susle the laugh did come-and it came so quick and loud that it made Uncle Jack start, and the doll fell from his shoulder.

It was funny to see him snatch Mehitable and thrust her into his pocket, and then set Dettle hard down on the seat, and Frankle Dexter laughed again, and his papa took him out of church.

Dottie behaved beautifully all the rest of the service, but she never saw Mehitable again!-Youth's Companion,

## Obeying Orders

It is reported that a short time ago an order was issued on one of the lines of the Pennsylvania company for all section men to come to the office on a certain day and have their eyes examined. The following day a number of men appeared and passed the examination. Just before the man who had charge of the tests left the office a messenger boy came burrying in with a small package neatly tied up and addressed to the eye inspector. The latter opened it, and was surprised to find a glass eye wrapped up in tissue paper, and also an old-fashioned silver watch.

The contents of the package proved a puzzle to the inspector until he unfolded a hastily scribbled note, which be determined to have no failure this on being deciphered was found to

ed in, the wedding feast was eaten, and Mr. and Mrs. Bixby went to Louto come down and have me ise looked after for cular blindness as ye call it. I had 45 ties and 10 rales to put down beyond the sand cut and as jerry Sullivan and Dominick Cooly were laid up since the wake that wuz holded over Danny Doherty my hands war too short to spare me. Twas lucky that the right oye was first in my head was put out with a blow of a pik and me glass ove that is a perfect figure of the eye that was not put out is sent to you tugether with my watch for the hexamination. I culd spare the glass oye better than the oye in the head and is she is cular blind II get one that aint. Yures Truely, Anthony Driscoll."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

### One of the Wind's Playthings. Those autumn days before the snow ame, these thunderous winds since,

bring back so many little scenes of the old pioneer life that we lived in Northern Iowa on a farm. One cold November day brother Don,

who was an excellent marksman, and who kept the family in fresh meat the year round, spied a huge black anin at making due south along the ridge of ground to the westward. We all ran to see it, and pronounced

t a timber wolf. The wind blew a gale and the animal seemed to outstrip it. Don jumped on the fleetest horse and spatching his rifle, followed.

Refere he overtook it, they passed out of sight. About fifteen minutes later he came home with a broad smile upon his face. He had been chasing a great ball of "timber weeds," as we called them. I do not know their true name, the other always suited them so well, I never heard a different one. But they grew upon breaking corn fields, and when dry, roll for miles and miles. Often a dozen of them clasping arms and flying along together, frightened teams and chil-dren, if not older people. They look like live things.—Bertha Packard Eng-

For Our Young Hunters. Here is a secret for those of the boys who are fond of hunting. It applies to all animals, as every animal is attracted by the peculiar odor in a greater or less degree; but it is best adapted to

land animals, such as foxes, minks, sables, martens, wolves, bears, wildents, etc. Take one-half pound strained honey, one-quarter drachm musk,

drachms of oil of lavender and four pounds of tallow; mix the whole thoroughly together, and make it into forty pills or balls, and place one of these pills under the pan of each trap when setting it. The above preparation will most wonderfully attract all kinds of animals, and trappers and others who use it will be sure of success.

To catch foxes, take oil of amber and beaver's oil, each equal parts, and rub them over the trap before setting it. Set in the usual way

To catch mink, take oil of amber and beaver's oil and rub over the trap. Bait with fish or birds; by putting up a stick slanting, with balt stuck on top of it so that it is over the trap and high enough so mink can not quite