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He also began to realize how tired he was and soon took out his blanket and spread it on the grass. He thought he would have some lettuce, too, and he remembered that when he started out on his tramp he had taken pepper and salt in his bag for just this purpose. In a few moments he had picked some leaves of lettuce and washed them in a little brook just under the hill. He also filled his cup with water, and returning to his spread out blanket he emptied out to it the contents of his bag. There were a teaspoon, a knife besides the one he carried in his pocket, which he feared he might lose; a fork, his pepper and salt and a paper roll containing a change of underclothing and some handkerchiefs—all just as he had packed them when he left New York, for till now he had had no occasion to use any of the things except the blanket and the tin dipper, which were fastened to the outside. But when he emptied the things out he saw, to his utter surprise, a \$1 bill nicely folded up, which had apparently been tucked in at one side. It rolled out on the blanket with the other things, and Alec sat looking at it in amazement without picking it up. How in the world had it come there? Rapidly his mind traveled back. Could any one have put it in before he left home? Impossible! There was no chance. Besides, he would doubtless have noticed it before this. There remained but one possibility. Maud had put it there. When her mother sent her to do the chamber work, she could easily have slipped into his room. He remembered now that he had heard a slight noise as he went in his anger to get his things which he had not reflected on at the time. The girl had not had too much time and must have hurried to escape being caught. Yes, it was Maud. She had felt that the money spent the day before had been on her account, and in justice some of it ought to be returned. It was impossible for Alec to assign any more sentimental reason. But he knew she must have very little money of her own, and perhaps this was all she had.

As he sat and thought he grew very much ashamed of his anger at her in the morning. She had suffered even more than he had, and instead of being angry at her he should have been very sorry and not minded his own injury. He wanted to go back and tell her how sorry he was. He wondered if he could not devise some method by which he could get her away from the awful tyranny of her mother. If not he wished he could at least go back and tell her that he sympathized with her. But he decided that it was not best to go back just at present, and since the well-dressed woman had not appeared with either a policeman or a dog, he packed his bag, folded up his blanket and proceeded on his way northward. By sunset he had walked fully 12 miles more and come into a small village, where he found a country inn at which he could obtain a night's lodging for 25 cents, and a grocery store at which he could buy some crackers and cheese, which, helped out by some raspberries he had picked by the road, made his supper.

CHAPTER VI.

HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF JOE HIGGINS.

The village of Ashton Centre lay in a level niche among the hills, which fell away in irregular terraces to the south and west toward the river and ascended north and east toward the mountains. Here four roads met from the four points of the compass, and the common center was the half rotten watering trough fed from a running spring on a hill near by, and which stood in the middle of an open square bounded, as the geographers say, on the north by the church, the store and tavern, and the aristocratic houses of the town, on the west by a tumbledown barn and dwelling said to be the oldest in town, on the south by the graveyard, its moss covered tombstones overgrown by tall grass, and by the blacksmith shop which stood in a corner of the graveyard where the south road came up, and on the east by smooth, well kept fields which rose in a gradual slope and were sprinkled by the neatest and most substantial farmhouses of the whole town.

The store and tavern shared equally a square, brown painted modern building which stood not a rod from the church and seemed to rival it as the most conspicuous and important point of the village. Some pronounced the secret bar (and not so very secret either, though Ashton was a prohibition town) the lair of the devil, and the store was certainly the rendezvous of all the loafers in town. This may account for the imaginary rivalry. As a matter of fact, while the church was the religious center, and as such all important, the store and tavern was the secular center, and recognized as such by the respectable citizens of the town as well as the loafers. The proprietor was a bluff, good natured man not at all suggestive of the devil, and a very good friend to every one. With his long, grizzled beard, stooped shoulders and devil may care eye, he was a refreshing example of cynical indifference to the woes of the world, though indeed he was always talking about them.

"Well, sonny, what can I do for you?" he had said to Alec when he came the night before.

The young man, not overwell pleased at being called "sonny," considering his

Laughing inwardly in spite of himself at the man's awkward kindness



"Well, sonny," cried Joe Higgins.

under his rough exterior, Alec went in to the dining room, where the family were at breakfast, and, seeing a vacant place beside a tall, rather good looking girl, he asked if he might take it. She looked up at him with laughing eyes, for she had evidently overheard her father's remarks, which had been quite loud enough, and promptly assented, getting up herself to wait on him.

As he ate his breakfast and felt the physical man satisfied, hope mounted higher and higher, something of his old confident bearing returned to him, and unconsciously he showed in his bearing the education and breeding of a gentleman.

When he returned to the store, the proprietor was possibly a little less warm, and showed small enthusiasm when Alec inquired particularly about the places where he might find work. Mr. Higgins blantly told him he might go to Dan Piper or Frank Davis or Joe Fyles, though he, the proprietor, did not know that they wanted anybody—in fact, was under the impression they had all the help they needed. But the young man might go and see.

Alec handed out 50 cents of what remained of his dollar, and asked if that would settle their accounts, and Joe Higgins said he supposed it would have to. What had caused the change of

manner Alec could not imagine, but he saw the man watching him furtively from under his bushy brows. He went away very much less hopeful and happy than he had been an hour before. Afterward he found out that a suspicion (because of his somewhat independent manner) that he was a city fellow masquerading as a tramp for the amusement of it.

CHAPTER VII.

JONATHAN FINCHLEY TELLS HOW ALEC TRIED TO MOW.

Before night of that first day Alec's arrival became a matter of general interest to the town. The suspicion that Mr. Higgins had conceived of him in the morning seemed to follow him.

"Who's that young fellow with the thin face and the white hands you've got here?" asked Mr. Stillings, the village sexton, a short, heavy, smooth faced man, a person of the highest consequence in the village, and much respected, since he was considered wealthy. "He come around and wanted to get a job paying for me, but I told him I didn't have no haying myself. I put it all out. Then he wanted to know who I put it out to, and I told him Frank Davis owned it, and he said as he was going to see if Frank Davis wouldn't give him a job. He struck me as a pretty pert looking young fellow to be a coming up here to work in haying. Any relation o' yours, Joe?"

"He's about the same relation as your bull calf," answered Mr. Higgins gravely, and his reply was followed by a guffaw of laughter all around the store. "I judge they're both equally high stepping," commented Bent, a humorous old miser who lived in a nutshell of a house which was as black inside as a brick oven, and as bare, though they said he was worth \$80,000, and the best men of the village borrowed money from him on their land till people said jokingly that before he died Bent would own the town.

Bent's remark also caused a guffaw of laughter.

"He come around to see me this morning, too," said Jonathan Finchley, one of the biggest farmers of the region, as he sat comfortably on the counter on the opposite side of the store from Joe Higgins. He chuckled to himself a minute or two before he went on, so that all eyes were fixed on him inquiringly. "I was mowing that ten acre lot on the sidehill up above my house," he said at last, "and I didn't have only Andy and Jim and myself. Felix and Sibley were down finishing up a little hoeing in the garden that had to be done before we got fairly into haying. Well, along come this city crack and says he wanted a job. I asked him if he could mow, and he says, 'Yes, I guess so.' I kind o' thought he didn't know anything about it, but I said: All right. You don't look right strong, and I reckon you'll blister your hands the first day. But I'll give you a dollar for the rest of today. So I took him down to the barn and ground Sib's scythe for him and flung it for him, as he didn't seem to take hold very smart. When I gave it to him, he stood there a-holding it on the ground till I took up mine. Then he took his under his arm just as I did mine, and kind of easy and graceful, and I thought maybe he could mow, after all."

"Well, I tell you it was fun to see him when we got up there. He sort of waited till he saw us begin, and as he started in late he was quite a piece behind. But I kept looking round over my shoulder to see him. First he tried the big swing, and the blame point went right into the ground and the heel flapped clean over and yanked the whole blame business out of his hands. He looked up at me sort of frightened, but I didn't let on as I had seen.

"Well, he didn't do that agin. He sort o' gingerly tried to put the scythe round the grass and yank it off."

"I didn't say nothing, but I let him work away there till I got round. He'd

kind of haggled up the grass for a few feet. I reckon he'd pulled it off with his hands. Looked as if he bed. When I got round there, I perlitely asked him to step aside, and he did very perlitely, too, for he's a perlit sort o' fellow, and then I mowed over what he'd tramped down, and it was no easy job neither. Then I says: 'I guess you'd better go home, sonny. I guess you're rather tired out. If you get rested up, you ken come around tomorrow.'

"Andy, he was mad, and wanted to give the fellow fits. But I told him that the young fellow looked awful white, and I was sort o' sorry for him, and I didn't say nothing more, and he asked where he should put the scythe, and I told him to hang it in the barn, and he went down to the barn and hung it up, and walked off, and didn't say a blame word."

"I reckon he was some city fello' just trying what he could do. Thought he knowed it all and was going to show us. But I was sort of sorry for him, he looked so blame white."

A long silence followed this pathetic narrative, though bursts of laughter had been scattered through it. Everybody was wondering where the young city fellow had gone when he walked away, and there seemed to be an uncomfortable fear that he might turn up again, along with a curiosity to see what he would say or do if he did. Before night everybody in the village would know of his experience at Jonathan Finchley's, and if he returned he would meet a brazen wall of well fortified curiosity.

Lisbeth was the only one in the store who hadn't laughed at the jokes, and she acted very much as if she hadn't heard anything that had been said, she worked away so steadily. But her manner made Mr. Higgins a trifle uncomfortable, and he tried to rally her about the young man. She remained glum, however, which made him still more uncomfortable, and he had a private wish that they shouldn't see Alec again.

In the meantime the boy himself had fallen into a state of intense despair.

On the morning after, he was full of hope and confidence. He felt sure that if he didn't know just how to do anything in particular he could soon learn. He imagined farm work didn't require a great amount of skill. That he should be tired he knew, but he was prepared for that. Nothing could be harder, he fancied, than hoeing potatoes, and he had survived that. When Mr. Finchley asked him if he could mow he at once applied his policy of asserting his knowledge, hoping that by quick observation he could make it good. But mowing didn't seem at all like hoeing potatoes. He couldn't get the knack of it at all. He knew he was failing, but he kept at it in sheer desperation until Mr. Finchley had come and taken his work out of his hands. That gentleman hadn't done it with anything like the good humor and gentle sarcasm he had described in his story. His face had had a hard, severe expression and his eyes had shone with brilliant anger. He had said much what he had ascribed to himself, but the feeling of Alec was what Adam's must have been when he was driven from the garden of Eden, though possibly Adam felt more defiance and independent resolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE IS REFRINED BY LISBETH.

That night the store was lighted up, and the double door stood invitingly open. Rough farmers and the village loafers were sitting about on the steps outside, or within the door on the long, grimy settee, and the various barrels, kegs and boxes. Somebody was telling a story, and the company seemed to be genial, though never more than one person spoke at a time, and two or three did most of the talking, while the rest were content to be audience or whispered awkward commentaries to each other.

Alec hesitated and stood a moment looking at them, wondering if they were talking about him. He had not meant to go near the store again. He dare not spend his money for a lodging at the tavern after he had failed. Why should he? But he might go and buy some crackers and a piece of cheese, for he suddenly realized that he was hungry.

Then one of the loafers saw him and cried out:

"I'll be blowed, if there ain't that city con out there in the dark. Come on, young fello', and let's have a look at you!"

The rest of the company were silent as death, and sat gazing into the darkness.

"Come on. Don't be bashful," cried the first speaker. "We won't hurt you. Come up here to give us mowin' lessons, I s'pose."

A chuckle of laughter went round the crowd, and Alec was for running away at the top of his speed, only he dare not invite pursuit in that way. Instead he walked straight into the store, paying not the slightest notice to the men who sat about, and asked for a dime's worth of crackers and cheese.

"What's that, sonny?" asked Joe Higgins from the counter, where he lay at full length on his back. "Crackers and cheese? I ain't got no cheese left. Will crackers do you?"

Mr. Higgins made no motion to get up, though Alec said he would have the crackers. After a pause Mr. Higgins volunteered the information that his rheumatism was so bad that night he thought he couldn't get the crackers himself, but he would call Lisbeth. Whereupon he belowered:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where Newspapers Are Scarce.

It is alleged by the Charleston News and Courier that many of the cracker and mountain district delegates of the Georgia legislature voted for Alexander Stephens Clay, the new senator, in the belief that they were casting their ballots for the late vice president of the Confederacy.

CLOTHES IMMORTAL.

Made So For Economizing People by a Gotham Industry.

It's easy to be a well dressed man nowadays. If one saves up his old clothes until he accumulates a few suits and then follows the example of his rich friends here, he will soon find out how they pose as howling swells at comparatively little outlay. It costs only \$25 a year to look like a man who owns a valet, providing one has the costumes to start on. In a skyscraping structure a suit of sumptuous offices is occupied by the clerical staff of a concern which is engaged in keeping the clothes of some of our wealthiest and most influential citizens in repair. A large factory down town, employing a small army of scourers, pressers and menders, is kept in constant operation, and the wagons of the company may be seen daily covering regular routes in the best parts of the city. So sensitive are the patrons of the concern, however, lest their economical proclivities become known to neighbors that nothing more than the ambiguous title of the firm is painted on the vehicle.

A lady with a pronounced French accent manages this part of the business. From her it was learned that a yearly subscription fee of \$25, payable in advance, entitles any ordinary American citizen to membership in this concern, by means of which his clothes at least can jostle up against those of the Four Hundred. On paying the fee the members are entitled to all the services required to keep their wardrobe in repair and presentable condition. The chests are allotted to him, upon which his name and address are printed. One of these remains at his home, while the other is at the factory. Wagons call at the houses of patrons of the company twice a week, if necessary, and collect the clothes which have been placed in the chest, at the same time leaving a chest full of clothes, carefully mended and pressed ready for wear. One young man who has been a patron of the novel establishment for some time says that it works like a charm, and his apparel bears out his statement. Of course the tailors, the old clothes gatherers and the servants who have strutted in the cast off garments of their masters don't like the innovation, but it is a necessity of the times. Keeping up appearance is a great business here, and this new clothes fixing scheme is a regular boon to lots of men who travel on shape and style. —New York Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BIRDS OF ILL NATURE.

The Cruelty of Swans as Displayed Toward Other Fowl.

Among those birds which stay at home, especially the most domesticated, there is often an exhibition of unkindness seemingly unaccountable, says a writer in The Cornhill Magazine. The graceful swan, a. g., is one of the most ungracious in its ways. Not only (in the breeding season) does a male bird resent the intrusion of a strange gentleman, but it will spend the day in driving off from its domain any unlucky geese, which might be plainly assumed to have no designs upon its domestic arrangements and have, indeed, no desire beyond that for a comfortable wash and swim. It will also pursue even the most innocent of newborn ducklings while they unwittingly rejoice in an early taste of their common element.

When an only child has passed out of the cygnet stage of life and grown to full physical if not mental maturity, father and mother swans have been known to fall upon and deliberately beat it to death with wing and beak. The gratified parents swim gracefully about the mere in which they lived, while the great white corpse of their son lay, battered and dead, upon the shore. The following year, after another had been born to them and in infancy carried upon his mother's back, they began to treat him so roughly that, not being pinioned like them, he wisely flew away and we saw him no more. Curiously enough, geese which have experienced rudeness from swans in the lusty spring have been known to retaliate in the calmer autumn, when the fierceness of their enemy had become mitigated. I have seen a gander leap upon the back of a once arrogant swan and pound away at it in the full enjoyment of gratified revenge. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Thermometers.

At times of severe frost many persons not skilled in the use of thermometers report remarkably low temperatures. These are often due to the thermometric liquid having partly evaporated from the main column and condensed at the end of the tube farthest from the bulb, the thermometer then reading just as many degrees too low as there are degrees of spirit at the top of the tube. Good thermometers are just as liable to this error as common ones, and therefore every one using a spirit minimum thermometer must be on the alert. Generally the owner can restore the thermometer without sending it back to the maker. Grasp the thermometer firmly, resting a finger on the tube so that there be no vibration, and holding the bulb downward, give several strong, pendulous swings. This will usually send the spirits from the top and send the index into the bulb. Stand the thermometer bulb downward for an hour, then reverse it and very gently shake the index out of the bulb and let it slide to the end of the column, when the thermometer will be as good as new. —New York Ledger.

Fly Feet.

The means by which a fly can creep up a pane of glass or walk on a ceiling have long been the subject of contention among scientists, some claiming that the fly foot is a sucker, others that adhesion is effected by the aid of a viscid fluid exuding from the foot, and others again that the fly walks by means of a ciliary apparatus which answers the purpose of a hook.

BORRERIN BACK AN FO' TH.

Ma an Mis' Hays hed long ergred Ter borrerin back an fo' th. Them little things 'at women need Were one 'ud do fer both. So ma she kep' a candle mold. Mis' Hays a coffee grinder. An ma a w'ed, Mis' Hays a w'ed. Flax betchels, brakes an w'icet.

An, oh, wnt keeps my glad heart lassy. Er emp'tin' in for a r'lad. An ast fer a pigg'n o' eef' soap. Er candles to take hum. Fer then I'd see 'er back ergain. An walk so good an slow. The quarter mile 'ud las' aw' liss. An hour o' bliss er so.

She'd come fer pork. I'd go fer bread. Er emp'tin' in for a r'lad. Er hanks o' yam er spools o' thread. An wnt wnt wnt 'surprins. Wnt the way she'd look so kind o' peart. Wnt she'd see me comin' too. An allus say in 'er cunnin way: "W'y, hallow, Jim! That you?"

Waal, Mis' Hays gone, an ma is dew. Fled are the happy years. A Kanook is on the Hays humstead. A-farmin' it on ch'airs. But I allus think o' the good ole times. Wnt ma an Marthy both. Hed blissful days an ma an Mis' Hays. Wnt borrerin back an fo' th. —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

The Familiar Stable Call Brought the Stamping Horses Back.

The editor of Thierfren relates the following story of his own personal experience of the sagacity of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, "the Third cavalry regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Toward daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The terrified animals broke loose from their fastening, and in their fright tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we should be lost. Yet it was impossible, in the half darkness, to go after them into an unknown country, probably full of Indians. The captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved."

A gentleman who was a finished musician resided some years ago at Darmstadt and kept a dog, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of raising its face to heaven and howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge, seated by his master's side, at concerts or at the opera, for Max was a regular first nighter and a great friend of the theater director. He was never known to miss a new opera. Max was no respecter of persons, and when the singing was but a shade out he would attract the attention of the whole audience to it with a terrific howl. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing unless the dog was removed, but Max was so great a favorite with the Darmstadt public and such a well known frequent that the singer might as well have requested to have the director himself removed from the stalls, and he was obliged to give in with as good a grace as possible. The dog's master stated that he had trained him when he was quite a puppy, and by the time he was 3 years old the dog was as good a judge as his master of a false note. —Boston Transcript.

The Irish Potato Not Irish.

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the agricultural department. "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chile, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1665. Sir Francis Drake took it to England 80 years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else and got its name, no doubt, because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum tuberosum. As the winter stock is now being laid in, it may be well for the inexperienced to be able to select good potatoes."

"Cut the raw potato in two and rub the halves together. If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick together if the potato is a good one. Of course the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, the best plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake." —Washington Star.

Not What He Needed.

She had undertaken to help him in his literary labors.

"Here is something that you really ought to read," she said, looking up from the magazine she had hastily been looking through.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A long article about how to write short stories," she answered.

"Throw it away!" he cried, and she thought she detected a trace of something like agony in his voice. "I've written that kind of stuff myself. Any one can do it. Just keep your eye open for something that tells how to get short stories accepted and you may be able to help me." —Chicago Free Press.

The oldest crown preserved among the royal regalia of Great Britain is that which was worn by Charles II, being made for him at his coronation in 1660.

A foot of common measure is equal to 30 centimeters or hundredths of a meter.