

THE HUNTER'S MOON.

A frosty prelude fills the air,
The hills are lost in haze, and soon
High in the heavens, full and fair,
Will rise the hunter's moon.

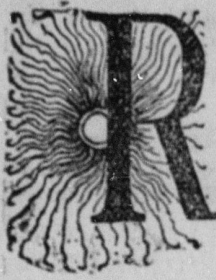
And with the moonrise she will come
Down garden paths we know of old,
Where summer's fairest flowers lie numb
With withered red and gold;

All save the flower of love—confessed
The bloom that holds us most in thrall,
And this within her faithful breast
Doth spring perennial.

Then rise, oh hunter's moon, and grace
The dark earth with thy silvery boon;
A dearer light thou bring'st—her face—
To me, oh, hunter's moon!

—Clinton Scollard, in Frank Leslie's.

MISS HELEN.



ROWDY! 'Tis no word for it—too genteel by half. We were as wicked a set at our diggin's as New South Wales could show—no slight thing. If the world's kettle had been set on the boil we'd have come to the top as prime scum—truth, and no lie, mate. But among us was a man dubbed "the Squire," because, though he fared like the rest of us, toiled, lived and dressed just as we did, yet there was that in him which stamped him as of quite a different breed. Swells out of luck are to be found by the bush in Australia; still, I never came upon his double before or since. Rumor went that he was a baronet at home in England, but had been forced to cut and run; so he'd retired to New South Wales and the gold diggin's, bent on succeeding.

He did not live alone; his daughter was with him, though how and when she reached him none knew; she had reached him, and bore her strange life as best she might. They dwelt in a small shanty in the midst of many pines, a poor, rough place, far apart from the other huts; a queer frame for such a stately picture of a woman—a lady, with the same superior bearing visible in her father. I'd walked that way with the Squire once, and she ran out to meet him. The sight of her struck me all of a heap, so unexpected in the lonely spot, where there was no other company than the bright-winged birds, no other sound than the stir of the windy trees. She was tall, the color of wild roses in her cheeks, heaven's blue in her eyes. Her dress, dark and close-fitting, had none of the flashy ornaments that women such as we take up with cram on; her hair, coiled smooth about her head, shone like black satin.

"This is one of my—chums, my dear," said "the Squire," with his soft voice and his hard smile.

Since then, I had hung about the log house often, labor ended. I fetched water, got in sticks, cleaned boots, or did such odd jobs which were not fit for her, and said no word; but she found me out in a brace of shakes, and grew used to and was thankful for such help as I could give, knowing that I meant no harm, though I startled her at first—a great Orson of a chap in my rough gear.

One evening I came on her watching in the gloaming. How eerie it was underneath the trees; the wind soughed through the branches, bringing a dash of rain; a deluge was in the black clouds sweeping across the sky.

"I am anxious about my father," she said, looking like a tall white lily that somehow had been shoved into the wrong pot, and touching my big earth-stained fingers with her fine, slim hand. "I am always anxious about him; though, since knowing you, I have not felt so absolutely distressed, for I am glad to recollect that you are within his call. You would stand between him and harm, I think."

"Why, yes, Miss; make your mind easy on that score; 'twould be done with a will. But what harm is like to come, that you need flurry?"

"Ned!" she cried, stopping suddenly, (her father always called me so), "I had such a curious dream last night. I dreamed that I went down into the little valley beyond the wood, and there I saw my father lying on the grass sound asleep—so sound that I could not wake him; while the clusters of wild flowers sprang up so high that they hid him and I heard the pines in the distance chanting a solemn kind of litany. I was crying when I woke."

"You are too much alone, Miss, and grow nervous."

"My father has been very fortunate lately, has he not?" she asked.

"He has had some good finds, miss; and to-day he got hold of two jolly big nuggets."

"I am glad. Will he bring them home this evening?—What's that?" and she sprang to the door, flinging it open, the shine of the lamp behind her. "Dearest father!" she cried, "is it you?" But she broke off, alarm in her voice: "Ned! Ned!" for no father was there, but two of the worst of our lot—scamps for whom hemp was growing; the one a blackguard sailor; the other a smartish, slimp chap, thin, dark, lying. His name was Phil Dawlish.

I remembered now, as I saw him by the flash of the light, that he as well as I, had been near when "the Squire" held up the two great nuggets; and it struck me—I'm quick at conclusions—that both scoundrels had not intended to come up to the house, but were just lurking round—What for?

Miss Helen—I only knew her by her Christian name then—faced them steadily, though she had called me to her, and asked what they wanted.

"Whv, nothin' in special, miss."

stammered Dawlish, lifting his ragged straw hat with swiftness and politeness, and a leer which made me tingle to kick him; "on'y, is the old Boss at home? I—I mean your pa, miss," he translated.

"No," she replied, nodding her head high, to show she was not frightened; but I, being close to her, could hear her heart thudding like a hammer, while the blood flamed to her brows under the foul gaze roving over her.

"Why do you ask?"

"Just this, mum. Will you be as good as tell him that me and my pal's off to Hulton's Ranch for a short spell, and if he'd like to tramp over—why, 'tis a mighty 'andsome part' to the country, and he'd be welcome, that's all."

She shut the door upon them, drawing a stout bar across it. "Are those the men he works with?" she cried, flinging up her hands. "Heaven help us!"

I was casting round for another job, when she stayed me by asking if I would go to meet her father.

"But you—"

"Nay; I do not mind. The little house is secure. Why," with a wistful smile, "I am always alone from daybreak until dark."

I knew it was the fact; so, bidding her open to none until she heard me or "the Squire" whistle, I started on my errand.

Not very far had I to go, for I met him in that same little ravine of which his daughter had dreamed; it skirted the pinewood. His pick was over his shoulder, his right hand in his pocket—feeling the nuggets, perhaps. He was singing a song in some foreign lingo, Italian or Spanish. He looked more content than I had seen him—more at rest, nodding to me in his patronizing fashion. After a few stray words, I related what had happened, advising him to be on his guard.

"Thanks, I will," he replied, haughtily, amused at the scamps asking him to pay a visit in their company. "But I've a secret to tell you, Ned," he added. "I have done with Green Valley Creek, and shaken off its crew. Luck has favored me beyond my hopes. I can afford to turn my back upon it. I shall take my daughter to Melbourne. I have thought of settling there."

As he spoke, the little tie of comradeship between us shattered; in a moment we were sundered as the poles, so quietly he brushed it away.

"You were always an honest fellow, Ned—a trusty creature! Be sure that you come to-morrow; my daughter will like to shake hands with you before she leaves;" and he went on gayly through the rich, thick grass.

No rest was mine that night; evil was in the air. So, as I could not sleep, I got up and went out. Not being a fool—I knew I must keep my misery to myself! but my life was empty! empty! You see, I was hard hit, mate, like the donkeys. What was Miss Helen to me? What could she ever have been to me?—a lumbering, vagabond chap, not worthy to kiss the dust she trod on.

But I must go back and watch the house that covered her for this last night, so I returned to the ravine. In it were many little dells swarming with the wild flowers of the grand Australian spring. Now, in one of these same dells what do you think I saw?—a dead man's face. Yes, I knew at once that he was dead; but so easily "the Squire" rested on the wet moss that the song I had heard him singing might still have been on his lips. His pockets, turned lining outward, were empty. Snatching up his fallen pick, I tore on to the log house, knowing well whom I should find there. My long, sharp knife was in my belt. I raced round to the back; the little kitchen door was undone; the fends in possession had small fear of interruption. They were in "the Squire's" bedroom, making free with some whiskey which he had kept in a cupboard. Where was Miss Helen?

I found her in the sitting room, tied in her chair, her lips bleeding over her white teeth; the cursed hounds had struck her. "There are three of them," she whispered; "those two who came and another man. They watched for my father, and murdered him—they told me so. Hark! they are coming. Ned, they have pistols, and will shoot you where you stand. Go away this instant—only—kill me first;" and she lifted her white pillar of a throat.

"Now, my beauty," roared a drunken voice through the thin partition, "we're bringin' you a cup o' whisky to drink our 'ealths in. Ain't you longin' for us to make love to ye? We'll stow away the rhino first, and then—you shall have your turn."

"Be quiet," I whispered back to her, hacking at the cords with my knife; and in a few seconds I had her out of the chair, and we dashed out of the house together.

On and on and on until the last tree was at our backs. Then we made for a lane which led to Johnson's tavern, leaving the yells faint in the distance; there we stopped, and there she told her tale.

News spread quickly at the diggin's, and Judge Lynch is for immediate action. Before noon the stolen gold—including the two big nuggets—had been recovered, and a couple of figures dangled from an oak by the wayside.

As soon as it was possible Miss Helen started for Melbourne, whence she was to set sail for England, where she would join her mother's relatives—very heavy swells indeed, I believe. And I followed her in secret every inch of the way, though she knew it not until I stood by her on the deck of the steamer, after I had helped to stow her boxes safely in the hold. Then I blurted out that I hoped she "would not be offended at my coming, but"—And then I shut up.

"Ned!" she cried, "brave Ned! dear, kind, good Ned! There are

debts which can never be repaid, and I am your debtor always—always, Ned!" and holding out her hands to me, she bowed her lovely head upon my big, brown fists and sobbed.

"You are very welcome, Miss Helen." I spoke with a quiet voice. "I wish—I could have been a gentleman for just a little while, so that I might have served you better."

"A gentleman!" she cried, lifting her face, and looking full at me, and then she raised these hard fists of mine to her soft lips and kissed them. Yes, she kissed them—and I—how was I to help it?—the touch of those soft lips broke me down smash. Yet she was not angry—not offended. She put out her little hands to me again, meaning—I knew it—both to silence and to comfort me. She did not speak—for what could she have said—what could any stately lady such as she have said?—besides, the steamer's engines were puffing, and time was up. She laid her head down on my arm a moment, and then left me with a rain of pitying tears.

When the vessel had passed completely out of sight, and its long smoke line had died out from the sky, I hurried back to Green Valley Creek, and took up my work again. Hard work is the best friend life has for us, sometimes.

But I have never forgotten Miss Helen—I never shall forget her; and I've trudged to the old spot often and stood before the empty house.

That's my story, old chappie; we've each our own, of one sort or another. —Chambers's Magazine.

Cashmere Shawls.

One day we went to town to visit a manufactory of Cashmere shawls. After a terribly unattractive approach, we again clambered up some stairs and emerged into a large room, full of looms, with about forty men all hard at work. One we especially watched. He had in front of him nearly a thousand shuttles of different shades, and out of these he would select one and thread it through as many of the fine strands stretched tightly before him as his pattern directed, and after so doing he pulled toward him a heavy bar, which pushed the last little cross thread quite tight, before putting in the next.

In old days one man used to read out the pattern to all the rest, but now each has his own design on a slip of paper in front of him. It is said that the way line, so often seen in these shawls, was originally taken from the curves of the Jhelum. It took four months, we were told, for two men to do seven inches of this work, one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day, so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly \$500.

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As we left the workroom, so glad to exchange its heated atmosphere for a cooler breath of air, it was impossible to check the obvious thought of the contrast such lives are to our own. We mingled with the gayly-dressed crowd gathered to see a polo tournament, and our thoughts strayed back to that stifling room, with its ceaseless monotony and perpetual grind, where men, more like machines, wore hour after hour varying hues of color into one harmonious whole. And yet the old simile would also assert itself, that we too, in one sense, are hour by hour working in the tiny threads that go to make up the pattern and color of our lives. The whole design, however, does not lie open before us, but is mercifully withheld by an all-wise Master hand. —The Cornhill Magazine.

A "Petrifying Spring" in Georgia.

The recent accounts of the wonderful properties of a certain creek in the Black Hills country, which is said to transform plants, nuts, leaves, and even flesh, into solid stone, reminds me that there is a spring in Brooks County, Georgia, which in a very short time converts wood and several other substances into hard rock. The peculiar qualities of this Georgia fountain have been known since early in the century, when an old "b'r hunter" accidentally lost his knife in the basin, which has been hollowed out of the granite strata by the ceaseless bubbling of the water. A month later the old trapper again repaired to the spring and was agreeably surprised to find his favorite knife. The water had had no effect upon the bright steel, not even to the extent of leaving a speck of rust, but with the wood of the knife's handle it was far different. The petrifying particles with which the water is so highly impregnated had entered every pore and sap-tube in the wood, and what was but a few weeks before a hickory handle of "home-made" was now two thin slabs of solid stone, wood-like in appearance, but as hard and unyielding as a chip from a granite boulder. To this day the place is known as "Old Moore's Petrifying Spring." —St. Louis Republic.

The Biggest—

Cask is the new tun at Munich. Diamond is the Jagersfontein gem of 971 karats. Cable message ever sent from Africa was King Behanzin's \$1500 message. Photograph was taken at the World's Fair—ten feet long, eighteen inches wide. Lump of coal ever mined weighs 50,280 pounds, and was, of course, at the Fair. Railroad loop in the world is probably one on a Missouri road. It is seventy miles around. Check ever drawn was for \$14,949,052.20, and was written by the P. R. R. to pay for the P. W. & B. R. R. Other big things, perhaps not the biggest of their kind: Five men in Curtis, Neb., who weigh as much as a ton of coal, 1160 pounds; a bunch of grapes from Washington weighing six pounds. —New York Recorder.



JAR BUTTER.

Now is the time to put down your potted butter. Use the same accuracy as regards temperature as in other butter. Salt it a trifle over an ounce to a pound, wash thoroughly while in granular form, work well and pack. If possible, fill a jar at a single churning. On the top of each jar put a thickness of parchment paper, then tie on a stout covering and place in a cool, dark place, absolutely free from any odor. —American Farmer.

otherwise the better plan is to give them a good range in a pasture well supplied with water. —Colman's Rural World.

WHEY FOR CALVES.

In all cheese factory districts the raising of calves is one of the most difficult problems that the patrons have to deal with. Whey-fed calves are, as a rule, pot-bellied, scurfy-skinned and stunted.

Calves that are to grow up and become dairy cows should not be kept in a beefy condition; yet they must be made to thrive and develop, says the Atlanta Farmer. Whey, in the best condition, only forms a partial food; but whey that has become soured is of no value whatever, as the sugar is the only food ingredient it contains.

Calves carefully fed on sweet whey with some adjuncts, such as flaxseed meal, oil cake, and a little chopped oats, may be made to thrive and do well. The whey must, however, be in a sweet condition, and it might here be mentioned that if whey is heated to a temperature of 160 degrees F. fermentation will cease.

Whey feeding must be done judiciously, and when the calf is taken from the cow the change from whole milk to whey must be made gradually. As soon as you commence to feed any skim-milk, a little flaxseed meal or oil cake should be added, and quantity of this increased as the quantity of milk decreases.

Always heat the feed, whether it be milk, whey or a mixture to blood heat before feeding. The milk may be lessened and the whey increased in quantity until the calf is a month and a half old, when the milk may be discontinued almost altogether. As soon as they can be got to take it, calves should have all that they will eat of chopped oats.

Under such conditions they will come along and thrive well. However, the feeding must be done with the greatest regularity as to the time, the quantity of feed, its temperature and condition. Calves should also always be supplied with all other comforts, such as dry, clean quarters; supply of fresh, green feed or pasture, and have access to salt and nice fresh water.

Thus, by some additional attention and supplying an equivalent for the casein and butter fat that has been taken from the milk, the patrons of cheese factories may be able to rear calves that will have a creditable appearance, and that are neither stunted, scurfy-skinned nor pot-bellied. —New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Gather the eggs twice daily. Avoid placing strange broods to gether.

Better keep the late chickens by themselves.

The pullets will do better without the cockerels.

The Minorcas and Red Caps are among the best layers now.

Thorough ventilation is necessary to the successful keeping of fruit.

Cabbage heads should be hung up in the poultry-house for the fowls to pick at.

Get rid of your surplus cockerels early and so save feeding them at a loss.

Bees never store honey in the light, because honey thus exposed granulates.

Study the foods raised on the farm and use them for the purposes they are suited for.

New and better blood will improve the health of the fowls and the pocket-book of their owner.

It is said that rye feed gives a good color to the yolk of the egg and adds richness to the flavor.

Don't let your fowls stand out in all sorts of weather if you expect to make any money from them.

On the pruning given a tree during the first few years of life depends the future shape of the tree.

Potassic manures are best for fruit trees in general. Bone dust and wood ashes are a good mixture.

It is best to begin in good season so as to be ready to winter the bees in as good condition as possible.

Give your hens gravel or some sort of gritty material if you would keep them well and avoid indigestion.

Fall is a good time to prune almost any kind of tree, as the wounds made at this time will not produce decay.

If you would keep the young stock growing steadily and rapidly, let them have plenty of clean water at all times.

Do not spoil nice white honey by storing it away in dirty-looking boxes, especially if it is to be sent to market.

Commence in good season to gather up and store away in as good condition as possible all surplus combs and boxes.

The successful fruit grower must be able to tell what kind of insects are injuring his tree, and apply the insecticide that is most destructive to them at once.

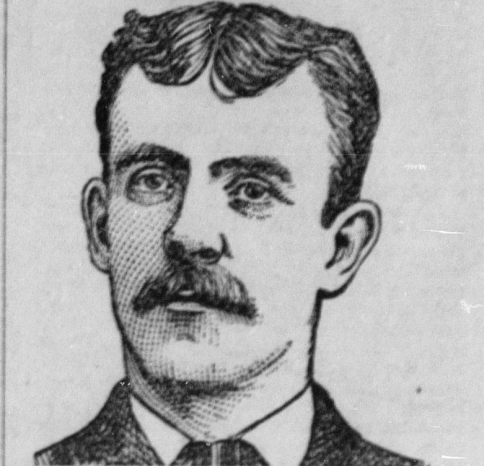
As in beekeeping, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best beekeeper; but he that can effect it with the least expense and manage to sell it at a good profit is the best.

Hypodermic Injection of Perfumes.

There was quite a rage some years ago in the East for perfuming the skin. Some physicians discovered that the hypodermic injection of certain perfumes, such as white rose, lilac or violet, under the skin caused the perfume to be exhaled from the whole body, and even from the breath. All the ladies wanted to be perfumed. The operation had to be repeated about once a week in order to secure the desired results. But, unfortunately, two or three of the perfumed ones suffered subsequently from blood poisoning, and one or two died. That put a quietus on the hypodermic injection of perfume, and the whole matter dropped. —London Answers.

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SYN-45

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