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FAMOUS GOLD CITY.

How Ballarat, Australia, Has Been De-
 veloped.

One of the finest cities in the British
 empire is Ballarat, the famous gold
 city of Australia. It has the unique
 record of being the only place in Aus-
 tralia where the people fought a bat-
 tle with the armed forces of the British
 crown. Its population consists of
 English, Irish and Scotch in about
 equal proportions. They live happily
 free from the race prejudices that often
 become manifest between the same
 races in the United States. For the
 first three years of its existence as a
 gold field the authorities harassed the
 diggers in the most despotic fashion,
 treated them more like dogs than hu-
 man beings, indulged periodically in
 "digger hunts" and collected, alike
 from successful and unsuccessful, an
 iniquitous monthly license fee at the
 point of the bayonet. This brutal be-
 havior led to open rebellion at the
 beginning of December, 1854, the dig-
 gers running up a rude fort called the
 "Eureka stockade." At that time the
 Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments were
 quartered in Melbourne, under the
 command of Maj. Gen. Sir Robert
 Nickle, one of Wellington's officers in
 the peninsula. They were hurried up
 to Ballarat and early on a Sunday
 morning they attacked the stockade
 and carried it by storm. The diggers
 were defeated in a military sense—
 there was inimitable loss of life on
 both sides—but the cause for which
 they took up arms was a speedy tri-
 umph. The hateful license fee was
 abolished, and the mining population
 was conceded Parliamentary representa-
 tion which had previously been de-
 nied them. The Ballarat diggers chose
 by acclamation as their first member
 the young Irishman who was their
 leader in the insurrection, who had
 lost an arm in defending the stockade,
 and who was for weeks a fugitive with
 a heavy price on his head. As Peter
 Lalor, he was destined to play an im-
 portant part in the political life of
 Victoria, to hold high office as min-
 ister of the crown, and to preside as
 speaker over three Parliaments with
 acknowledged distinction, and to de-
 cline the honor of knighthood on two
 occasions. His heroic statue in
 bronze, by Nelson Maclean, a London
 sculptor, is one of the ornaments of
 Ballarat's principal thoroughfares, and
 the site of the Eureka stockade, the
 great show post for visitors, has been
 converted into a handsome public re-
 serve and an historic heritage.

Ballarat ranks next in importance
 and population to Melbourne among
 the cities of Victoria, and it is vastly
 superior to the metropolises both in nat-
 ural beauty and artistic embellishment.
 Its wealthy citizens have always been
 patriotically proud of the place, and
 they have enriched Start street with a
 succession of statues and gardens that
 no other city in the empire can boast.
 What was in the early days a dismal
 swamp has been converted into the
 beautiful Lake Wendouree at consid-
 erable expense and labor. Ballarat is
 a bishopric of both the Catholic and
 Anglican churches, and all of the lead-
 ing religious denominations are well
 represented on the premier gold field.
 In its public buildings, private resi-
 dences, business establishments and all
 the adjuncts of up-to-date civic pro-
 gressiveness Ballarat ranks second to
 none of the cities of Great Britain.

Bids for Bridges.

General Holloway writes from St.
 Petersburg that the city of St. Peters-
 burg has decided to invite bids for a
 bridge over the Neva river, near the
 Winter Palace, to replace the pontoon
 bridge so long in use at that point.
 Its length is 847 feet and width 91
 feet; the cost is limited to 3,500,000
 rubles (\$1,802,500). The specification
 will be ready September 1, 1901, and
 the bridge must be completed in one
 year from that date. There are now
 two permanent bridges over the Neva
 —one stone and one iron—about com-
 pleted.

One of Tom Johnson's Reforms.

Among the radical reforms pressed
 by Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland,
 is the passing of an ordinance by
 which the cost of paving and main-
 taining Euclid avenue and other fine
 residence streets is to be borne entirely
 by abutting property owners. He is
 able to support the measure with the
 better grace since he himself lives on
 the avenue which every loyal Cleve-
 lander believes to be the finest street
 in the world.

It is announced that the biological
 station which has been maintained on
 Lake Baikal for a year by the East
 Siberian Geographical Society has
 been closed.

LITTLE RAGTAG.
 I.
 Say there, Little Ragtag,
 Whose sweet child are you?
 Teeth as white as ivory, eyes the shy's
 own blue,
 Lips like dainty rosebuds dipt in the
 morning dew;
 A face that is even finer than a face of
 Grecian mold,
 Hair all matted, tangled, like tangled
 thread of gold,
 A voice that is even softer than the song
 of an angel sings,
 Softer than the melodies that slumber in
 the strings
 Of harps and mandolins, softer than the
 croon
 Of meadowlarks and orioles, sung in the
 summer noon.
 Say there, Little Vagabond, tell me little
 shrew,
 Whose sweet child, I wonder,
 Whose dear child are you?

II.
 Tell me, Little Ragtag,
 Whose sweet child are you?
 Impudent the sunbeams that kiss these
 little rags!
 Naughty, scented breezes, when they
 touch these little tugs,
 These little strings and tatters that grace
 a form, I ween,
 That would arouse the envy of an Ori-
 ental queen.
 Are you a bit of daylight in the darkness
 of a life?
 A sunlight in the fastnesses? A triumph
 in the strife?
 Are you cheering some poor fellow as
 adown the way he plods?
 Are you mamma's child, or papa's, hu-
 manly's, or God's?
 Tell me, Little Vagabond, out here in the
 street,
 Smiling, winking playfully, at every soul
 you meet—
 God bless the little urchin! God save the
 little shrew!
 Say there, Little Ragtag,
 Whose sweet child are you?
 —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JIM'S DARLING.

IS it possible to be in love with two
 girls at the same time? That was
 the problem which had been tor-
 menting Jim Harrison for the last
 six months or more. It was the ques-
 tion he asked himself nervously when-
 ever he happened to see May and
 Lucy Thompson together.

May and Lucy were cousins, or
 nephews, who shared a home, an aged
 aunt who performed the duties of a
 chaperon and a dress allowance of
 \$250 per annum.

May was young and pretty. Now,
 youth and beauty being two of the
 surest of Cupid's darts, May's youth
 and good looks would surely have set-
 tled Jim, only, unfortunately, Lucy
 was young and pretty, too.

May was tall and dark, with a Greek
 profile, and masses of smooth, blue-
 black hair, arranged in simple coils,
 regardless of fashion's decrees.

Lucy, on the other hand, was a
 small, fair girl, with an aureole of
 fluffy hair and the sauciest nez re-
 trousse in the world.

Jim admired tall, dark women, and
 the contemplation of a Greek profile
 was to him a source of unceasing joy.

This would, no doubt, have led him
 to give the preference to May, had it
 not been for the fact that an equally
 amiable weakness for Lucy's type of
 loveliness drew him in the opposite
 direction.

Jim's friends spoke of May as one
 of the most accomplished and amiable
 creatures they had ever met.

They referred to Lucy in precisely
 similar terms.

May looked magnificent in white
 satin, and when Jim saw her in a ball-
 room he wondered how he could ever
 have given a thought to Lucy.

But, then, Lucy was altogether be-
 witching in blue linen, and no sooner
 did Harrison behold her thus attired
 in a punt on the river than the vision
 of May's charms faded into insignif-
 icance. To make a long story short
 Jim's adoration of May was only
 quailed by his devotion to Lucy, and
 difficulties were in no wise lessened
 by the fact that both parties reciprocated
 his affection.

The chances are that Jim would
 have ended by remaining a bachelor
 to his dying day but for the advent
 of a fourth party upon the scene of
 action. The fates selected as their in-
 strument one Bertie Thompson, brother
 to May, home from school for the
 summer holidays.

Bertie, at fourteen, was a smart
 lad, with somewhat decided views
 upon the respective merits and de-
 merits of his cousin and sister. He
 took in the situation at a glance, and
 having no particular objection to Jim
 as a brother-in-law, decided, for reasons
 to be hereinafter set forth, that
 May was the girl for Jim.

He pondered the subject at meal
 times and other odd times not occu-
 pied by weightier matters. After the
 lapse of seven days his youthful re-
 flections might have been crystallized
 into some such soliloquy as this:

"Both the girls are dead nuts on
 Harrison, and Harrison is dead nuts
 on both the girls. But, then, Harri-
 son's only seen 'em in their best bibs
 and tuckers, stuck all over with com-
 pany manners. Suppose he caught
 sight of them mouching around the
 house—say, at 9:30 in the morning—
 would he go on being spoons on them
 both? I'd back May a hundred to one
 against Leo, any day. P'raps he'd
 chuck them both, though. But it's
 worth risking, anyway."

Thereupon Bertie hatched a diabolical
 plot.

As the nearest relative of the ob-
 jects of Jim's affections Bertie was a
 privileged visitor at Harrison's room.
 Jim evinced no astonishment, there-
 fore, when Bertie burst into his den
 late one Saturday night and announced
 his intention of accompanying him on
 a long-projected bicycle trip on the
 following morning.

"You'll have to pass our show, in
 any case," said the astute Bertie, "so
 you might as well pick me up on the
 way. Besides, the girls want to see

you about a picnic they're getting up
 next week."

This latter argument, an inspiration
 of the moment, not altogether founded
 upon the fact, proved irresistible, and
 so it fell out that, punctually at 9:30
 on the following day Jim's rat-a-tat
 sounded upon the Thompson's front
 door.

Now May and Lucy were quite ac-
 countable to the sound of double
 knocks on a Sunday morning. It was
 the sound with which certain chums
 of Bertie's, the boys from next door
 but one, were wont to present them-
 selves at the Thompson doorstep every
 Sabbath with unfailing regularity.

Thus it was that, when Harrison,
 admitted by the nimble Bertie, entered
 the Thompsonian domicile neither
 May nor Lucy was prepared for his ar-
 rival.

The two girls, as Bertie had taken
 care to ascertain, were engaged, each
 in her own way, in killing the time be-
 tween breakfast and dressing for
 church.

Lucy, who invariably indulged in
 tea and toast in her bedroom, had
 just emerged from that sanctum in
 semi-civilized attire, and when Harri-
 son, at Bertie's instigation, entered
 the drawing room, an unexpected
 vision met his gaze.

Lucy was seated at the piano, bang-
 ling the keys with one hand, and with
 the other maintaining a steady com-
 munication between her mouth and a
 box of chocolates, placed within con-
 venient reach. She was garbed in an
 old satin skirt no longer in its prime,
 and a much-befuddled dressing jacket,
 that must have been coquetish in its
 youth, but was now slightly soiled. A
 pair of pink satin shoes, no longer ir-
 reproachable, completed the costume.
 Her pretty fluffy hair, with its dis-
 tracting little puffs and curls, that
 Jim considered the most adorable part
 of Lucy, had suffered total eclipse
 under a mass of hair-curlers.

Jim, having no sisters of his own,
 was unaccustomed to this last pheno-
 menon. Who that has ever experi-
 enced it will readily forget the shock
 produced upon a delicate nervous or-
 ganization at the first glimpse of a
 young and beautiful woman under the
 influence of hair-curlers?

In ten second Jim Harrison suffered
 all the tortures of a terrible disillu-
 sionment. Lucy, the child of his
 dreams, winsome, delicate Lucy, with
 her feathery, golden curls and her
 Dresden china daintiness, faded from
 his vision, and there remained a very
 ordinary young person in a soiled
 satin skirt and questionable shoes—a
 young person with a tip-tilted nose,
 who devoured chocolates wholesale,
 and owed her chief attraction to ex-
 traaneous causes commonly called
 curling-pins.

Without a word and before Lucy
 had had time to become conscious of
 his presence, Harrison turned and
 fled from the room.

"Come and see May," whispered
 Bertie.

"No, for heaven's sake!" cried the
 miserable Jim. "I can't stand any
 more of this!"

Nevertheless, a sort of fearful fasci-
 nation, a wild desire to know the
 worst, led him to follow the relentless
 Bertie down the stairs into the regions
 devoted to culinary pursuits.

They found May in the kitchen, mak-
 ing a Yorkshire pudding. Attired in
 a pink cotton overall, the long sleeves
 of which were rolled back well above
 the dimpled elbow, she vigorously
 stirred the batter, pausing every now
 and then to brush away certain rebel-
 lious tears that threatened to mingle
 with the pudding. Her heavy black
 hair was coiled, as he had always
 seen it, in neat braids around the
 shapely head. Jim remembered that
 he had sometimes considered the style
 a trifle severe, and had even compared
 the simple coils unfavorably with
 Lucy's picturesque locks. At this mo-
 ment he could not understand how he
 had ever made such a mistake. The
 thought of the curling-pins dispelled
 the charm of the curls.

May, making a batter pudding and
 in tears! The combination was irre-
 sistible. To Harrison the girl had
 never seemed so beautiful as now. He
 glanced round the kitchen. Bertie,
 bright youth! had disappeared. Jim
 was alone with May and her pudding
 and her tears.

"Tell me, darling," asked Jim, ten
 minutes later, "why you were crying
 when I came in just now?"

"I—I was thinking you were in love
 with Lucy, and, and—"

The rest of the sentence was whis-
 pered to the second button of Jim's
 waistcoat.

"Why, you dear little goose, what on
 earth could have put such an idea into
 your head?"

"At this juncture Jim, the shameless,
 would most certainly have placed his
 arm around the dear little goose's
 waist, only it already happened to oc-
 cupy that position.

And Bertie, at the keyhole, chuckled
 softly to himself.—Woman's Life.

Why Some Children Are Timid.

How many children have been ter-
 rified by stories of the "Bogy Man," of
 "the wolf that will come and eat
 them," of "the policeman who will
 put them in the lockup," till their
 fear of the dark amounts to positive
 agony. Bedtime should be an hour
 inseparably associated with the prayer
 at the mother's knee, followed by a
 quiet talk, after which the little one
 settles down to a restful sleep. But
 instead how often does it happen that
 the child is tucked in bed with the
 admonition, "Now go right to sleep,
 like a good boy, for if you don't there's
 a big dog over there in the corner
 that'll come and bite you." Go to
 sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps
 the child awake. How can he be ex-
 pected to grow up anything but
 timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M. D., in the
 Woman's Home Companion.

HE BUYS SPOILED EGGS

A NEW JERSEY MAN'S PECULIAR
 BUSINESS.

New York Egg Dealers Can't Find Out
 What He Does With Them, But They
 Are Glad to Get Rid of the Bad Eggs
 —Known as the Rotten Egg King.

"Do you know what becomes of
 spoiled eggs?" asked a Harrison street
 dealer in butter and eggs, of a New
 York Commercial Advertiser reporter.
 "I don't mean the slightly stale eggs,
 but those that are gone beyond re-
 demption, the kind that could not be
 sold for a cent a hundred."

The person addressed said he didn't
 suppose anything was done with them,
 save to consign them to the garbage
 heap, but the dealer smiled in a
 superior way and continued:

"Owing to the recent hot spell all
 through the great egg-producing sec-
 tions of the Middle West thousands
 and thousands of dozens of eggs have
 been lost. Out of an average daily
 receipt in this city of about 8000
 cases, each containing thirty dozen
 of eggs, at least two dozen in every
 case, or nearly a quarter of a million
 eggs, have arrived spoiled. Many of
 the eggs are pretty far gone at the
 time of shipment, probably, but a
 great deal of the deterioration un-
 doubtedly takes place while they are
 en route. The heat has been so in-
 tense and so general that it has de-
 fied all ordinary efforts of the rail-
 roads and the shippers to keep the
 stock cool and fresh until arrival.

This large percentage of bad eggs
 means a considerable financial loss to
 the Western shippers, and formerly it
 would have entailed some expense on
 the New York dealer, for at one time
 we had to pay to have them thrown
 away. There is very little waste about
 the egg industry as it is conducted to-
 day, however. Now all the 'rots,' or,
 in plain English, the rotten eggs that
 turn up in the New York market are
 sold to a man who has a factory in
 Secaucus, N. J., where they are con-
 verted, through some secret process,
 into products said to be valuable in
 several lines of manufacture. Just
 what use his peculiar output are put
 to in manufacturing, few persons
 know except himself and those who
 buy the stuff, but it is popularly sup-
 posed that one of the principal uses is
 in the treatment of certain kinds of
 leather or the manufacture of shoe
 polish.

"Another outlet for the Secaucus
 product, I have been told, is in the
 glazing of some of the very cheap
 brands of coffee. There are half a
 dozen uses to which the stuff is put,
 according to the gossip of the produce
 markets, but practically no one has
 any first-hand knowledge of the mat-
 ter and most of these reports are mere
 guess work. The important fact is
 that even the rotten egg is adding its
 modest share to the sum total of
 American wealth and prosperity, this
 being only another illustration of the
 principle of utilization of waste that
 has played so important a part in
 making this country pre-eminent
 among the manufacturing nations of
 the world.

"The Secaucus man has yearly con-
 tracts with the big commission and
 wholesale egg dealers in the west
 side district and in the other large
 markets in Manhattan and Brooklyn
 for all the 'rots' they find in their
 stocks in course of the twelve months,
 and in years like the present, when
 the heat hangs on for long periods in
 all the large producing sections of the
 country, he must get many millions of
 eggs. A big green tight-covered
 wagon goes through the district every
 day and makes the collections. His
 plant over in Jersey avenue employs
 a considerable force, I understand,
 and none of the workmen has ever
 been known to give away any of the
 manufacturer's secrets.

"I have never visited the establish-
 ment myself, and never expect to, but
 several produce men who went to see
 things and find out what was going
 on, came back and reported 'nothing
 doing.' They said that wild horses
 wouldn't drag them there again. Bar-
 ren Island, they said, isn't a 'circum-
 stance' to the Secaucus plant. In
 addition to this factory, its owner is
 said to have similar establishments
 in several other large cities, both in
 the East and West, and he has every
 appearance of a man who is making
 money. He enjoys a complete
 monopoly, and I don't believe any one
 would be likely to disturb him, even
 if the secrets of his processes and his
 commercial outlet were known. If his
 business were a very large one, I
 suppose he would be known as the
 Rotten Egg King and would be an-
 ticipated regularly by the yellow
 journals."

Shocking the Fireman.

With regard to the shocks which
 firemen are from time to time reported
 to receive by throwing a stream of
 water on a live wire, a series of ex-
 periments has just been made to de-
 termine the exact conditions under
 which this happens. It appears that
 in very few cases are the shocks
 serious. Ordinary incandescent light-
 ing circuits cannot be felt unless the
 nozzle of the hose is held within an
 inch or two of the wire. Even with
 voltages of 3600, alternating current,
 while a perceptible sensation is pro-
 duced at ten feet with a half-inch
 nozzle, a person of average sensibility
 can endure the sensation from this
 voltage without great inconvenience
 up to within about three feet. With
 a two-inch jet this higher voltage is
 quite strong at even twenty-four feet,
 while at thirteen feet it is quite in-
 tense. These experiments were made
 by a fireman standing in his rubber
 boots and well drenched with water
 and grasping the nozzle with his bare
 hands and playing against a grounded
 metallic plate.—Philadelphia Record.

SUIT OF SNAKE SKINS.

A Man Who Has Survived Nineteen Rep-
 tible Bites.

A dispatch from Canandaigua, N. Y.,
 says: Peter Gruber, whose fad is
 rattlesnakes, has a new suit made
 entirely of rattlesnake skins. The
 coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes, neck-
 tie and gloves are all made of the
 skins of these reptiles. The buttons
 are made from the rattles; the scarfpin
 is a gold-mounted fang, and the watch
 chain and charm are of the vertebrae.
 The material in the suit cost \$600.

Mr. Gruber, or "Rattlesnake Pete,"
 as he is known, is convalescing at
 Canandaigua from his last rattlesnake
 bite, which came near proving fatal.
 "I always thought," he says, "that
 if I ever received a bite in an artery
 by a rattler it would be all over with
 me, but here I am yet. It is my nine-
 teenth bite so far, and the only one
 so nearly fatal.

"I was raking skins that had been
 shed by my snakes out of the cage one
 day, and as I drew my hand toward
 the cage door a big diamond-spotted
 Florida rattler struck me on the wrist.
 I knew it was a bad bite, for two
 little streams of blood at once spur-
 ted out. From an ordinary bite the blood
 does not spurt. I could feel the venom
 beginning to creep through my veins
 just like this—(running his fingers
 lightly along his arms)—and my
 strength began to go.

"I grabbed the sharp knife we al-
 ways keep on top of the cage and
 slashed it across the artery in my
 wrist just as I was sinking on my
 knees. That was the last I knew—
 and the last I expected to know—until
 two days later. I had lost a gallon
 of blood, but to sever the artery was
 the only way to stop the circulation
 of the poison."

Gruber is just out of the hospital.
 The wound is kept covered with a
 poultice of rattlesnake skins to relieve
 the inflammation.

Gruber is the originator of the snake
 cure of gotche, having treated success-
 fully many cases.

The Sins of the Fathers.

Midas lived in a palace, but his
 daughter caught a disease that grew
 up in one of the slums, out of which
 Midas "got his living."

The doctor said that it was scarlet
 fever, and when it looked like measles
 he said "measles had intervened."

So he gave her medicines till the
 digestion got hopelessly out of order;
 then he told the nurse to rouse the
 patient three times a night to give her
 sleeping draughts. He was a very
 wise doctor and knew that he must
 do something for his patient—and for
 his fee.

Later he "found" that Midas's
 daughter had developed pneumonia,
 and Midas believed it all, so the
 doctor administered stimulants and
 called another doctor in consultation,
 who said that he had done exactly
 right. Then they injected morphine
 into her arm, to quiet her death
 pain; and they said that her death
 was due to heart failure. So it was.
 The Board of Health disinfected
 Midas' house—the slums took care of
 themselves.

The clergyman said that the girl
 had "faded like a leaf" and that "it
 was the will of God."

So it was; for "Whatsoever a man
 soweth, that shall he also reap."
 Bolton Hall, in Life.

Kumatology.

There is a new science, whose name
 is "kumatology" and whose scope is
 the study of all the waves and wave-
 structures of the earth. The main
 idea on which it is built is that from
 the higher limits of the atmosphere
 to the inner core of the earth, waves
 run through the entire field of
 geography. Mountain folds are earth
 waves—the clouds are often but the
 waves of the air made visible—and
 all around and about the earth, where-
 ever sought, are to be found other
 waves governed by laws that are
 mostly unknown, and that await
 man's careful study before their
 nature will be revealed. A vast, deep,
 and an absorbingly interesting science
 is this "kumatology;" yet it is to a
 great extent made up by the obser-
 vation of the commonplace. Opportu-
 nities for studying it abound on
 every hand; a man's lifetime would
 be required to solve the secrets of all
 the waves that await the light of
 knowledge.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Self-Locating Foghorn.

A fog signal which is self-locating
 was recently tested at Falkner Island
 by the United States Lighthouse
 Board. It consists of a siren driven
 by a gas engine, and provided with
 eight megaphones pointing to the
 points of the compass. Specific sig-
 nals are automatically given through
 each megaphone. For instance, if
 there is one long blast the signal is
 north of the observer; one
 long and one short blast in-
 dicate that the signal is directly
 east, etc. It has been found that
 when a vessel is within half a mile
 of the apparatus the signal pointing
 toward it can be heard very plainly,
 while the others are scarcely audible.
 At distances of from two to ten miles
 it is impossible to hear any signals
 except those from the megaphone
 pointed directly at the observer. A
 modification of the apparatus has been
 perfected for use on board ship.—
 Engineering News.

Pigeon Returning After Three Years.

One of the most remarkable in-
 stances of a long-absent homing pigeon
 eventually returning to its loft recent-
 ly came to light at Winnington, when
 a bird that had been liberated three
 years previously to the very day made
 its reappearance. Its identity was
 established by the racing ring round
 one of its legs.



The Four-Leaf Clover.
 A little maid in a gingham gown
 Went hunting the meadows over;
 Till the birds were tired, and the sun
 went down,
 She sought for a four-leafed clover!

For four-leaf clovers bring luck, they say;
 And patchwork "stint" and dishes
 Were tiresome duties of every day,
 She wanted some fairy wishes.