

"OWD LADS."

"Lad," said he, "there's a mistake, Sir John wouldn't notice that if he knewed. We mun tell him th'ou's bin of the property so long-an, as good as a tenant."

"He's i' Lunnon," whimpered Will, and then he fell a-sobbing like a child. "I've-worched 'ere five-an-forty year!" he said. In the sudden terrible upheaval of all around him, this was the one piece of solid ground which remained beneath his feet.

"We've write to him," cried Tommy. "We've send him a line to tell him know on chap's goin'-on. Very like it's him as 'ull get th' bag when Sir John bears on."

Will looked up admiringly, the tears still on his wrinkled cheeks, but a doubtful smile beginning to creep about his trembling old lips.

"Eh-doeso think it?"

"I'm sure 'ot. Sir John's a chip o' th' owd block when all's said an' done. He knows nowt o' you felly's doin'; but we'll tell him."

Will laughed shrilly.

"Ah, we'll tell him-an' then we'll see summat. Eh, Tommy, I'd be fain to get a set o' Penley's back."

He was comparatively cheerful during the rest of the day, though his pallid face and trembling limbs betrayed that the shock had told on him.

Tommy looked at him dubiously when the bell rang at half past five.

"Best be off a-whoam," he said. "I'll tak' these here tools back to th' shed, and folier thee. An' I'll fetch our Jim along o' me to write th' letter."

Will obeyed without protest, Tommy looking after him anxiously.

"Th' owd lad 'ull not be fur worthoin' nigh anywh'er if he dunnot look up. He dunnot stan' knockin' about."

Little Jim, Tommy's nephew, was easily lured from home by the prospect of a jam-butter, and on being further promised twopenny to buy sugar-sticks, joyfully consented to act as scribe. Duly furnished with pen, ink, and paper—objects not to be looked for in Tommy's establishment—the pair set off with solemn and important faces. Will awaiting them in no small excitement.

Jim sat himself down at once, spreading out his paper eagerly, and dipping his pen in the ink with a flourish.

"Well, what mun I say? How mun I begin?"

"'Ark at th' lad!' cried his uncle admiringly. "He'd be fur writin' straight off I welly believe! Eh, but thou mun ha' patience—we mun think, thou knows. Now, Will, owd brid, what sayst' 'Honored Sir,' to start wi'?"

"'Nay, nay,' mumbled Will, "t'ud be well enough fur a beginnin', but I'm a plain mon, an' I doubt I couldn't keep it up. Write 'Dear Sir John,' Jimmy, there's a good lad."

"'Eh, thou'd never be fur dearin' a barrowknicht!" cried Tommy, much scandalized. "He'd think thou was makin' a dale too free."

"'Hast' wrote, 'Dear Sir John,'" asked Will, without noticing him.

"'Theer, Jimmy,' said Tommy, peremptorily, "jut put 'Honored Sir,' an' ha' done."

Jimmy, being an ingenious lad, solved the difficulty by writing 'Honored Sir' on the top of the page, and Dear Sir John immediately beneath it, adding on his own responsibility, "I hope you are quite well"—the invariable juvenile formula in beginning a letter.

"Now then, cried Will, warning to his subject, "tell him as Master Penley is not givin' satisfaction 'ere-fur from it."

"'Lad, nay, best start wi' sayin' as Will'un Barnes as jut givin' notice to leave an' never look'd for't, an' he's been worthin' 'ere forty-five year,'" said Will, "tell him that, but begin wi' sayin' as Penley is not givin' satisfaction."

Scratch, scratch went on Jimmy's pen, very fine and sharp in the up-strokes, whereas the down-strokes had rather a humped appearance.

"'Hast' wrote forty-five year?' asked his uncle.

"'Five-an-forty year!' corrected Will, "five-an-forty! Eh, dear!"

Jimmy, who had begun to write 45, smeared out the figures with his finger, and looked up inquiringly.

"'Mun I write forty-five, or five-an-forty?' he asked."

"'Five-an-forty,' said Will, with a certain dolorous satisfaction. "'Hast' gotten 5 down?"

"'Ah.'"

"'Well, then, now put 40.'"

Jimmy obeyed, and the legend was set forth that William Barnes had worked on the property 540 year.

"'I'm sorry to say as he hasn't got no conscience,'" dictated Will, his thoughts still turning vengefully to Penley.

Jimmy wrote "He hasn't got no conscience."

"'Ere-wait a bit—what's all yo'r hurry?' cried Tommy, rather in a fluster. "'We han' said all enough about thee. Will, Sitha, Jimmy, write as he's a honest respectable mon, as his fether were afore him.'"

"'A honest, respectable mon,'" repeated the boy, grinding with his pen, his eyes round, and his tongue protruding. "'His-fether-were-afore-him.'"

"'And put 'Dear Sir John.' 'Theer is' obry in th' place as 'ull not gi' him th' best o' cracters.'"

"'Faper's near full,'" remarked Jimmy, after laboriously inditing his sentence in his sprawling hand.

"'Eh, but I'd like another word or two about Penley,'" cried Will. "'See, Jimmy, jut get down what we've said in th' corner, lad, cannot thou?'"

"'I fancy I can,'" replied Jimmy, and he did in a rather cramped and down-hill fashion. "Theer he added, contemplating his handiwork with immense satisfaction. "'Now, what mun I put i' th' end, my name or yours?'"

"'Put James Voss,'" wrote this letter for William Barnes.

"'James Voss,'" wrote the owner of th' ename with his best flourish, and then he passed it to Jimmy.

"'Theer's no room fur th' rest.'"

"'Eh, well, thou mun jut put th' mark. Will—there, see—i' yon little

white pen. Sir John 'ull know what it means. Now, Jim, let's 'ear it straight through."

Jimmy read out the joint composition—both old men listening with approval, and indeed no little pride. Then it was folded and inserted in an envelope, and then a fresh difficulty presented itself. Neither of them knew Sir John's London address. But Jimmy proved equal to the occasion. "They are sure to know it at the post-office," he suggested sagely; whereupon his uncle brightened up and despatched him forthwith with the letter in his pocket and a threepenny-bit in his hot little hand, two-thirds of which were to be expended for his private delectation, while the remainder was to purchase a stamp.

When the hammer-hammer of his sturdy clogged feet were lost in the distance the two friends looked at each other, and Will rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"'If Penley know'd,'" he said, "it 'ud mak' his yure curl!"

Tommy winked very knowingly and looked immensely important.

"'I'm sorry fur th' chap,'" pursued Will, after a pause, "but he's brought it on hisself."

The week came to an end, however, without an answer from Sir John. Sunday arrived, and Will "cleaned him," and went his way to church in some anxiety of mind. The neighbors looked at him curiously, and one or two of the more intimate, condoled with him; whereupon the old man pulled himself together and remarked cheerfully that he wasn't takin' to all that came to, adding darkly that happen they'd soon be hearin' summat.

On Monday morning he got up, as was his custom, before five, and set out to start for his work at the usual time.

"'We's happen meet th' postman o' th' road,'" he remarked wistfully, breaking the gloomy silence which had lasted during breakfast. "If he hasn't got no letter, thou knows I can but jut, but he'll be fur worthoin' to be comin' this road fur another two hours," said Tommy, deprecatingly.

"'We met miss him-an' yon Penley 'ull be bargainin' wid' our fether," said Will. "Thou can soon folier me, thou knows, if thou gets one."

"'Ah, I can,'" agreed Will, slipping off the coat again which he had begun to put on. "Fetch my one out along o' thine—there's a good lad. I'll be with thee afore ow't's long."

When dinner-time came and Tommy had sat him down in very melancholy mood to his bread and bacon, certain well-known steps were heard to approach, and Will slowly drew near.

"'It's comin' should Tommy, brandishin' his knife."

"'Nay,'" said Will, shaking his head dolefully, "not this time, mon. I nobbut count to say there weren't no letter this mornin'."

"'Thot's strange!'" responded Tommy, scratching his jaw meditatively, and saying "Will, I'll be back by five, and I'll happen comin' to-morrow," he pursued "Hast' ad jut dinner."

"'I dunnot soonway fancy I could hey,'" said Barnes. "I never seem to 'ave no appetite without I feel I've added my yure, thim I'll get some my ways round to Robert's an' see if his Jimmy's yerd nowt. It wur his name as was wrote at th' end o' th' letter, thou knows."

"'Ah, so, will,'" cried Tommy, brightening up. "'Sir John 'ud very likely put o' th' outside James Voss fur William Barnes. Ay, thou met just as well look round these, but jus' set down a bit first an' have a bite."

"'Nay, nay,'" said Tommy. "I'll be fiddin' now, an' if th' letter's theer I'll soon be gettin' it. No letter had arrived for agin, and his mother scouted the notion of Sir John addressing such a document to him."

"'Eh, an' whatever 'ud tak' him to write to a little lad such as you,'" she said. "'Nay, it's much as ever he'd, a notion as our Jimmy wrote at all. The letter 'ull be sent to o' course, an' I'll hobbled off home w'out a word. What a long day that was! He got a piece of bacon, thinking he would fry a slice, and then mournfully 'aid,'" he again.

"'I dunnot seem 'ave no stomach for't,'" he said to himself.

There was a tiny post-plot at the rear of the cottage, and where Will had "redded up" indoors he thought to go and work there. But, alas! it was already so neat, owing to their daily labor after hours, that not so much as a weed defaced its rows, and he sauntered gloomily round to the front.

There was a little grass-plot there, and the idea suddenly struck him that he would adorn it with rockery.

In the house he knew there was a shell or two, and a broken glass salt-cellar which would come in for the purpose; and in the rubbish-heap near the pig-sty he could find a couple of black-bottles and some bricks. Most of the neighbors had rockeries in their gardens composed of the same materials; Tommy and Will had long intended to erect one on their premises when they had time. Now time, alas! was a commodity of which Will had enough and to spare on hand.

Having taken his rocks, he took off his coat and set to work wheeling soil from the back garden to begin with, and then laboriously building up a rather top-sided cone with the salt-cellar for an apex. The intent was on his task that Tommy had returned from work before he desisted.

"'Eh,'" said Tommy, "E-h! What-fer hast' agate! Thout a gratefully owd lad as ever I see! My word! thou art!"

"'When we've putten a two-three ferns an' thot, it 'ull be good and handsome. Returned Will, much elated. For the time being their trouble was forgotten; and the pair sat down to tea with good appetites and spirits to correspond.

Next morning, however, the cloud enveloped them afresh; Tommy must go to work and Will remain at home until the letter came to reunite them. It was Tommy who was of the two, the most depressed.

"'I sawful onely w'out thee, mate!'" he said with a sniff, as he prepared to set off.

"'Downreot onnat'ral it seems.'"

"'Well, then, comin', I'll go wi' thee, fur a bit o' th' road,'" cried Will. "I'll be back afore postman comin'."

They set out, one usual walking a little ahead of the other, and neither of them saying a word. At the entrance to the park they parted, nodding at each other in silence and with dim eyes; and Will turned about and went slowly homeward. As he walked he eyed mechanically searched beneath the hedgerow for ferns or other flowers suitable for his rockery. He had begun, fumbling in his pocket with his knife; that tuft of cranberry seed took well in the salt-cellar. He stooped, carefully loosening the soil round the root; and then he fattened

it down again and shook his head, "I han't th' 'eart fur'to-day," he sighed.

All that day he sat indoors, staring into the fire, and occasionally grunting and when leaving-off-time drew near he walked to meet his crotch.

(To be Continued.)

THIS IS A BIG SALMON YEAR.

Fish Are Swarming Up the Columbia and Fraser Rivers by Millions and Are Caught by Canoeists.

Advice from the Fraser and Columbia Rivers, as well as from Alaska, indicate that this will be the largest salmon year within a quarter of a century.

The fish are running upstream literally in swarms; so close do they run, in fact, that a canoe paddled over the surface becomes an instrument of death killing hundreds of salmon in its passage. In the upper tributaries of the Fraser the crush is tremendous, and the certain result will be the practical damming up of these narrow mountain torrents with solid masses of dead fish. But, while the waste is expected to be very large, the canning output will also greatly exceed that of previous years.

It may confidently be asserted that British Columbia and Alaska will this year beat the record with their fish output. The conditions for salmon here have been so good and reports of a mammoth rush upstream come pouring in from the Northwest. It is stated that so tremendous is the influx of fish that hundreds are actually forced out of the water and into the boats.

John A. Fraser, R.C.A., the well known landscape painter, spent many years on his namesake river while preparing a series of views at the instance of the Canadian government. Asked concerning the fisheries he said:—

"The night fishing does not exist for more than a few miles above the delta of the Fraser. Beyond that point all fishing is done from the shore and sometimes in exceptional years."

WITH THE AID OF HORSES.

The net used differs largely from the seines used in Alaska. I can compare it to nothing better than a huge hammock stung by both ends to a pole. It is made of twine and is suspended to begin with, boat fishing does not exist for more than a few miles above the delta of the Fraser. Beyond that point all fishing is done from the shore and sometimes in exceptional years.

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THE FARM.

FALL PIGS AND HOW TO START THEM.

Just now there is a good deal said and written about two little litters a year, writes John M. Jamison. The second litter generally being termed the fall litter. It is generally understood that the first litter a sow farrows should be farrowed in the spring and this is right. We would not want to start a young sow with a fall litter because she would not have grass or other succulent foods to aid her in recuperating her run-down system after the litter was weaned. The best start then that can be given fall litters is to have good strong, aged sows for their mothers. In the latitude of south central Ohio pigs should not be farrowed later than the middle of October. If they are later than this they should be styled winter pigs, and the owner should be prepared to give them winter keep. Fall pigs farrowed in September can be started with less care, and weaned at less expense than March pigs, granting that the sows are large and strong, and in good flesh. The several litters should be farrowed as near the same time as possible; if not, to do well by them in winter they must be assorted and lotted according to size, and this every farmer is not prepared to do. During September there is nearly always sufficient pasture for the cows to get the grass needed to keep up the flow of milk, while the former feeding with the special care in that direction required in the spring. Then often in the month of September and often during the whole of October, the scrupulous care is not required in regard to shelter that must be given during the early spring months. The fall pig can be given much more liberty than his spring brother. He can finish up the imperfect gleanings of the spring pig, which is more lazy and quiet because nearing market. We like to have good clover or bluegrass pasture for the fall pigs.

This fall we will have both, besides a ryefield with the grain, volunteer rye and young clover, that we can use if we wish. With all these for the pigs to walk in, we will now have to give much attention to feeding soft foods till cold weather settles, and after we have our crows gathered in and in store for winter. Neither will they require much corn to keep them round and plump. The farmer makes a serious blunder when he allows fall pigs to go into winter quarters in stock condition, as usually termed by feeders. Sows nearly always succeed better with fall than they do with spring litters, because they have taken more exercise, have had grass, and their systems are cooler and more open. If the pigs farrowed in September can have an abundance of the green food mentioned, and what pumps in their current, they will require but little grain. A limited allowance of new corn will fine up the less, and feed them in better shape to feel like playing when the frost and snow comes, rather than crawling away in shelter to keep warm. While we have all these toothsome things for them, our indulgence to him to feed himself, we must not forget the dam and her needs. We want her to be in good flesh, what some would call fat, when she farrows the pigs. Then we have a good foundation to start on and it should be our aim to keep the sow in good flesh. We do it for the benefit of the pigs that we will get, and it is a sure thing in our pocketbook. A pig gets but little nourishment pulling at a walking skeleton. The sow has the same feed that the pig has, but she should have more. It must be remembered that she furnishes the most desirable and nourishing food for her litter, and on this account should have extra attention and extra food, which should be kept in a cool room, and when the curd becomes firm, and when squeezed up in the hand it will fall apart readily, and by taking and squeezing the moisture out of it, and touching it to a hot iron, it will draw out fine threads about one-half inch in length. Then draw off all the whey, and stir the curd until the whey is thoroughly drained out of it, and then stir in salt at the rate of two pounds of salt to 1,000 pounds of milk. Pile up the curd on the side of the vat, and cover up with a cloth, and let it remain about one hour, stirring it up occasionally, then put to press, and press lightly at first. In twenty-four hours the cheese may be taken out and a muslin bandage put about it. The cheese should be kept in a cool room, and be turned, and greased, and rubbed every day.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

This is an exceedingly fatal contagious disease, which is widely distributed over this country, and causes enormous annual losses, especially in the central and southern sections. The first symptoms of the disease, say an exchange in the majority of cases, a yellow coloration of that part of the excrement which is usually white, quickly followed by violent diarrhoea and rise of temperature. Other accompanying symptoms are drooping of the wings, stupor, lessened appetite, and excessive thirst. Since the disease is due to a specific germ, it can only be introduced into a flock by direct importation of this germ, generally by fowls from infected premises. As soon as the symptoms of the disease are observed "the fowls should be separated as much as possible and given restricted quarters, where they may be observed and where disinfectants can be freely used. As soon as the peculiar diarrhoea is noticed with any of the fowls, the birds of that lot should be changed to fresh ground and the sick ones killed. The infected excrement should be carefully scraped up and burned, and the enclosure in which it has been thoroughly disinfected with a one-half per cent. solution of sulphuric acid or a one per cent. solution of carbolic acid, which may be applied

MAKING FAMILY CHEESE.

In making cheese by the dairymen at home, where they do not have a vat with a heating arrangement underneath, the milk can be heated in a tin heater set in a kettle, in which there is a quantity of water. A dairy kettle is the best, that is, a kettle and stove combined. If you do not have this, you can use a caldron kettle, set in an arch. If there is draft enough so that it will not smoke, as the smoke would taint the milk; then by filling the tin heater with milk, and warming it up to about 100 degrees Fahr., and turning it in the vat and filling it up again and heating it, and continuing to do so until the temperature of the milk in the vat is 88 degrees Fahr., it could all be warmed. Then add rennet extract, reduced with one quart of cold water, at the rate of three ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk, thoroughly stirred, so that it will be evenly distributed through the whole mass of milk, says George A. Smith in Farm Journal.

When the curd is hard enough so that it will cleave from the side of the vat when pressed away by laying the

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

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DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a negligent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. SELF ABUSE is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases are the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and dependent; weak or debilitated; tired morning; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and glazed; pimples on face; drains and night losses; restless; backward looking; weak back; loose teeth; hair loss; sore throat; various colors; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SWATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At this season of the year, I learned a sad lesson. I had a bad habit. Tried for years to get rid of it, but failed. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Esq., Boston.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and no ambition. The Golden Monitor cured me in a few weeks."—I. L. PETERSON, Iowa.

EMISIONS CURED. "J. P. EBERSON relates his experience. 'I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Finally Doctors said I was going to die. I learned the TRUTH from the Golden Monitor, and I was cured. My friends and family have seen me many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood.'

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but it did no good. I had a sore throat, eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the throat, and a general prostration. I had a sore throat, eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the throat, and a general prostration. I had a sore throat, eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the throat, and a general prostration. I had a sore throat, eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the throat, and a general prostration."

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

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