[Copyright, 1895, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XX.

"A BROWN PAUL—A LITTLE COPPER."

Such as they were, the troubles of the ancient and his crony Luigi could not have ended soon, for, although at first they were surrounded by a jeering crowd, fresh things caught the min ls of the people after a little time, and they were left to themselves. As the following day was a holiday in Todi, the innkeeper probably let them lie bound until he had more leisure on his hands, which were in truth full enough, as the albergo hummed with custom. I never heard or saw anything more of either of the villains again. We had time yet at our disposal; but, after an early supper, the horses being rested, we started, and, going slowly, with a halt on the right bank of the Paglia, we crossed the Tiber near San Fortunato, and Perugia lay before us, bright in the sunshine. In order to throw any pursuit off the scent, for if by chance inquiries were made about us, they would be at the southern gates, we made a turn east, then struck north, and, getting over the numberless trenches lying between us and our point, eventually entered the city by the Porta del Carmine. Here Jacopo, under my secret instructions, let the guard handle his wineskin, buzzing out as if in the confidence of the cup that we had come from Fabriano in the Marches and then gave them the day. We rode on, leaving the ward at the gate to finish the skin, and found very comfortable house-room in the Rubicon, an hotel kept by Messer Passaro, which lay behind the house of the Piccinino family, "close to the Duomo, the citadel, and the gallows," as the landlord, who thought himself a merry wag, informed me whilst he received us at his door. I took the best room available for myself, and saw to the wants of my followers and the horses, who were as well as when they started. I left them in comfort, bidding Bande Nere make ready to accompany me out at noontide. Dinner I ordered at 12, inviting the landlord to crack a flask of his best thereafter with me. He accepted with effusion; my object in doing this being to try and get as much information out of him as possible, as I saw he had a loose tongue and a gossiping heart, and I was resolved to leave no stone unturned in my search for Angiola. It wanted two hours or more for dinner, and, having bathed and changed my attire, I sank me down in an armchair to enjoy an hour or so of repose.

After dinner mine host appeared, bearing with him a cobwebbed flask.

"It is a wine of France, excellency—Burgundy—and all my customers do not taste this, I can tell you."

"I am favored, indeed, Messer Passaro; take a seat, and help yourself."

"The condescension of your excellency!" and with a bow he settled himself comfortably on the extreme edge of a chair.

We poured out our measures, and, on testing the wine, I found it most excellent; as for Pessaro, he pushed himself back into his seat and let the liquid down his throat in drops, his eyes closed in an ecstasy. When he opened them, which he did after a time, he gasped out:

"Is not that glorious, signore? Have you ever lipped the brand?"

"I confess it is wine for the gods," I said. "Is there much in your cellar?"

"Store of it, excellency; I was not butler to his eminence of Strigonia for ten years for nothing."

"His eminence is a fine judge of wines."

"Cospitto! And your excellency's forgiveness for swearing. He is the finest judge in the world. There is no brand he could not name, nay, tell you the year of vintage, were he blindfold and a drop but touched his palate. Corpo di Bacco! But he is a true prince of the church."

"Ah! you are a sly dog, Messer Passaro," and I filled him his glass; "I warrant me you can tell many a tale of the cardinal. But come, now, has not the Baglioni as fine a taste in wines, and a better one for a neat ankle?"

"Hush!" he said, looking around him as he put down his empty glass, "in your ear, excellency—the Count Carlo has big teeth and bites hard. Let your tongue be still when his name comes up in Perugia."

"Thanks, friend, but Count Carlo owes me no grudge, or else I should not be here."

"Your worship has come to join him then?"

"As you see, Messer Passaro," and I filled his glass again, "I am a soldier and love to serve a soldier. Besides things will be on foot soon, for what with the French at Passaignano, war cannot be delayed long."

"True, and a light has been put to the torch, too."

"Hurrah! Another glass, man; we soldiers are sick of this truce. Our purses run dry in peace. But tell me."

"You must know, signore, that all the country east of Castiglione to the Tiber, and lying between the Nestore and Casale, is a fief of the Castellani, and the count—ha! ha! It was glorious!" and he slapped his thigh—"ha! ha!"

Nothing irritates me so much as to hear a man laughing aimlessly, and it was in a sharp tone that I said: "Go on!"

"A moment, excellency," and he held up a fat hand, "ha! ha! I heard it all from Messer Lambro, my cousin, and groom of the chambers to Count Carlo. Well, all the fief I spoke of is inherited by the Lady Angiola, the daughter of old Count Adriano. The family is Ghibelline, and have taken the French side, and, seeing that Tremouille was between us and Casale, my lady must needs go down to visit her estates. The count, who is looking for a wife, buckles on his armor, mounts his mare, and with 200 lances at his back, gallops up the left bank of the Tiber, fords the stream, swoops down on the dovecote at Rossino, and brings back a bride to Perugia; ha! ha! It is superb."

"Ha! ha! Messer Passaro—diavolo! Are they married yet?"

"Not yet—ah! The wine is wine for the gods, as your worship says—not married yet, for my lady is half beside herself, they say, and the count, receiving a sudden message from Cesare, has had to leave Perugia for a few days."

"Cospitto! How he must curse the Borgia for putting off his happiness! And she is handsome, eh?"

"For the matter of that, excellency, one does not squint at a sour face set in a golden coif. But they do say the lady is very beautiful."

"You have not seen her then?"

"Corpo di Bacco! She is under lock and key, and not for the likes of me to look upon."

"In the citadel, I suppose—a gloomy cage for a fair bird."

"Maybe, but I have let my tongue wag too freely, signore, and must be going."

"Safe enough with me, Messer Passaro, for I am on the right side—adieu!"

I made no further attempt to detain him, and he waddled off with the best part of the now empty flask under his belt. I was sure he knew but little more, and what I had got out of him did not amount to much. At any rate I had discovered that Baglioni was out of Perugia, and that she was still here. This was better than nothing; but worse than nothing if I could not discover the place of her imprisonment. I threw myself back in my chair, and racked my brains to no purpose. There was nothing definite for me to get hold of, no clew of any kind. I thought of getting the landlord to invite the count's valet to drink a bottle or so of his Burgundy with me, but the mere whisper of such a thing would excite suspicion of a further object, and the slightest suspicion would ruin the business. Bande Nere appearing at this time, in accordance with my orders. I resolved to hang about the Palazzo Publico, and see if I could pick up any information there. On second thoughts I resolved to go alone, and, dismissing Bande Nere, sallied forth by myself. I went by way of the Piazza del Ducmo, and here I stopped in an idle manner, and was for a moment struck by the entrance to the palace, which lies here. Over the gate was a splendid bronze of a lion and a griffin, set above a series of chains and bars of gates, trophies of an old victory gained over the Sienese. A crowd of beggars surrounded me, but I was in no mood for charity, and drove them off with a rough oath. One of the number, however, remained. He was lame in both feet, supported himself on crutches, and wore a huge patch over one of his eyes.

"That is right, excellency—drive them off—the scum, the goats—pestering every noble gentleman. It is only to the deserving your excellency will give—a paul, excellency—a brown copper for the poor cripple—a million thanks, excellency—may this copper be increased to you a thousandfold in gold."

"Begone, fool!" I said, and walked on; but he hobbled along at a great rate beside me.

"But a favor, excellency. If your worship would but come with me, I would show you a wonderful sight. A bird-cage, excellency; would your lordship be pleased to buy a bird—"

I turned round in my anger, and raised my hand to cuff the rascal's ears, cripple though he was, when he suddenly added: "Or free a bird, excellency—there is some one coming—a paul, quick—thanks, excellency—may your lordship die a prince."

As he spoke a couple of gentlemen and their servants pushed by us, and I gave them the road, the beggar hopping nimbly to my side. My heart was beating rapidly, and all my blood tingling. Was I on the edge of a discovery?

"No more riddles," I said; "who are you?"

"It is not safe to talk here, signore," he answered. "Follow me." He started off across the square, hobbling along on his crutches and wailing out: "A copper for the poor cripple—a brown paul—a little copper?"

"By God!" I exclaimed to myself as I followed behind, "what does this mean?" I had to find out for myself, however, and followed the man, who stumped along at a great pace, notwithstanding the ups and downs of the side streets by which we went. He never once looked behind him, but kept up his cry of "a copper for the poor cripple—a brown paul—a little copper," and once or twice, when I lost him in the crowd, the cry served as a signal to me, telling me where he went. Finally he turned to the left, and on reaching the Via della Conca, made straight for the gate. Here a toll was collected, and, paying his paul, he went straight out of the town. I kept him in view now easily, and could have caught him up as I liked, for the speed at which he had hobbled along had no doubt breathed him. At last he left the road, and, toiling somewhat painfully over the very uneven ground, vanished behind a spur of the hills on which Perugia is situated. I now put on my best walking pace, and in a minute or two turned the elbow of the spur myself, and found

"Would your lordship be pleased to buy a bird?"

the mendicant seated on a stone mopping his brow, his crutches lying beside him. He stood up with the greatest ease as I approached.

"Well, fellow," I said, "what does all this mean? Beware if you have attempted to trick me."

"Does not your excellency know me?"

"Never saw you before."

"I am Gian, excellency."

"Gian! Gian! That throws no light on the subject."

"The cavaliere remembers the garden of St. Michael in Florence?"

I was not likely to forget the place where I had received Angiola from Luigi, but I could not connect the man before me with the circumstance. "I remember perfectly, but I do not know you. Drop this foolery and speak plainly."

"I am speaking plainly, signore. I was not sure if it was you myself until now. I am Gian, the Lady Angiola's servant, and his excellency the secretary has sent me to you."

"But how did you hear I was in Perugia? His excellency did not himself know I was coming here until a half-hour before I started, and I have ridden hard?"

"The pigeon, your worship; it flew to Florence with a letter to the Lady Marietta. She sent another one on to the convent of St. Jerome, and the result is I am here. I was to seek out your worship, and inform you where my lady is confined."

"Basta! It was well conceived by his excellency. But where is she—in the citadel?"

"No, excellency; but in the Casino Baglioni, behind Santa Agnese."

"How did you find out?"

"I was brought here prisoner, excellency, and was allowed to be in attendance on her ladyship, together with Madonna Laura, her maid. I escaped back to Florence with a letter from the Lady Angiola a day or so after. It was by her orders I went."

"Then she may not be there now?"

"I have made sure of that, excellency—but Madonna Laura—" he stopped.

"The maid—what of her—no doubt with her mistress?"

"Alas, no, excellency! She was killed by Pluto."

"Pluto!"

"Yes, your worship. A black bear that the Cavaliere Paolo, who holds the house, has as a pet." And he commenced to weep.

I felt for the faithful fellow's grief, but said nothing, and after a little he composed himself.

"Come, Gian," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, "be a man, and we will have an eye for an eye."

He ground his teeth but made no reply, and I went on:

"How far is the house from here?"

"Close," he said. "We can reach it by the Porto San Angelo."

"Come, then."

"There is no need for the crutches now," he remarked, as he tucked them under his arm. "I will use them when we come to the gate. Will your excellency follow?"

As he walked northward over the hills, I continued my questions:

"Who is the Cavaliere Paolo?"

"A cousin of Count Carlo Baglioni, your worship. A man in middle life—my age—and a perfect devil."

"I doubt not, the breed is a bad one. Has he many men with him?"

"About six, excellency, and then, of course, there is the guard at the Porta San Angelo always at hand."

"Now listen to me, for we may not have time to talk further of this. When you have shown me the house we must separate. Go to the Albergo of the Rubicon—you know it?"

"Alas! no, excellency."

"It is behind the Palazzo Piccinino; you cannot miss it. Go there, and await me a few steps from the doors—you follow?"

"Yes, your worship."

We had now crossed the Vici dell' Elce, but passing the gate of that name, went onwards, and after a stiff climb reached the Porta San Angelo. Here my companion, betaking himself once more to his crutches and keeping ahead of me, turned southwards along the road which lined the walls towards Santa Agnese. Shortly before reaching the church, we came to a small but solid-looking building, half fortress, half dwelling-house, and Gian, stopping dead in front of it, turned round and began to whine:

"A copper for the poor cripple—a brown copper. The house, signore," speaking the last words under his breath as I came up.

"Do you know the room?" I asked, pretending to fumble for a coin.

"In the tower behind," he answered rapidly, "may the saints bless your lordship," and he limped away.

In order to gain time to look about, I put back my purse leisurely, and then, with the same object, proceeded to rearrange and retie the bows on my doublet. The face of the house was a little way back from the wall, which it overlooked. The massive doorway was shut, and the windows on each side of it, as well as those set above, heavily grated. I was too near the house to see the tower behind, and it looked so deserted that it was hardly possible for six men to be on guard there.

"An odd sort of a bower to place one's lady-love in," I said, half aloud, to myself; but then Baglioni's wooing was a rough one. There was obviously nothing to be got by staring at the front of the house, and I turned to my left, pausing between two dead walls, until I obtained a view of the tower behind. The windows of the topmost room were all closed and strongly barred, and it seemed deserted. I glanced lower down, and to my joy saw that the room below was evidently occupied, and once I caught a glimpse of a figure moving within. It was a brief glimpse; but the eyes of love are sharp, and I knew it was Angiola. I made up my mind at once, and, stepping back quickly to the front of the house, hammered loudly at the door with the knocker. After a moment's silence I heard the firm tread of a soldier. A small barrier was let down, a bearded face looked up, and a rough voice asked:

"Who knocks?"

"Diavolo!" I exclaimed. "You are polite. Is the Cavaliere Paolo within?"

"He is not," replied the man, shortly.

"Expected soon?"

"Cannot say."

"If you do not answer more civilly it will be bad for you. Tell him when he comes that the Cavaliere di Savelli"—I gave my proper name—"has arrived from Rome on an urgent affair, and will call on him tomorrow; forget, and it will be worse for you."

The man seemed a little surprised, and altered his tone at once.

"I will give your message, signore."

"Beware how you fail—harkee—is there a road to the Via Appia behind this house?"

"Yes, signore, straight on, after taking the passage."

I did not even thank him, but turned on my heel and walked off whistling a catch. I went down the passage between the two walls, and after some considerable stumblings up and down the vile roads reached the Via Appia and turned southwards to my hostel. I had formed the somewhat daring plan of trying to force the house in broad daylight, choosing my time an hour or so after dinner, and if done boldly this would probably be successful, as my own force was nearly equal to that of the garrison, including Pluto.

As I was approaching the Rubicon I heard a voice at my side.

"A copper, signore—a brown paul."

"Gian."

"Excellency."

"Drop the beggar and attend—can you ride?"

"Yes, excellency."

"Very well!"

I said no more and went on in silence, but a little distance from the hostel I bade Gian stop, and, entering the yard, sought out Jacopo.

"Has the landlord any horses for sale?"

"Two, your excellency."

"Good ones?"

"Fairly so, excellency—about 20 crowns apiece, with saddle included."

"Then buy one—and here—a few steps to the right of the entrance you will find a cripple; he is one of my men; do not speak, but attend—go out quietly—get him decently clothed, and bring him back here; the horse will be for him. You can get clothes to fit anywhere, for the shops do not shut until late; get him a sword, too; there are some good and cheap weapons in Perugia."

"It shall be done, excellency."

"Then be off at once."

I went on, and had a look at the horses. Bande Nere was with them, seated on a rough wooden bench cleaning his corselet, which already shone like silver. He rose to the salute as I came up.

"How are the horses, Bande Nere?"

"As well as possible, signore; they are all in high mettle."

With a parting pat to Castor I sought my chamber, reaching it a little after the supper hour. I kept up an outward composure, but my mind within me was aflame with excitement. I ordered another flask of the Burgundy and forced myself to eat and drink a little. Then I betook myself to the armchair, and my thoughts. So impatient was I that the idea came on me to make the attempt there and then, and it was with difficulty I persuaded myself to abandon such a plan, which could have only ended in disaster. Finally, I was about to retire for want of something better to do, when Jacopo came in, followed by Gian.

The latter was entirely transformed, except for the patch which he still wore over his eye, and I was able to recall him now as the old servant who had come somewhat fiercely up to me in the garden of St. Michael. He had the art which I found so difficult of completely disguising himself when he chose. Jacopo had performed his task well, and, bidding them keep their tongues closed, I dismissed them with a good night

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Coppee's Unplayed Play.

It was some 25 years after the Commune had reigned in France that Francois Coppee suffered the greatest disappointment of his life. His play, called "The Pater," was submitted to the readers for the Comedie Francaise, and accepted; it had successfully passed through the various ordeals through which a play must go before it finally appears at the famous theater, and the preparation for its production had been completed, even to the final rehearsals of the artists, when the government interfered and interdicted it. The French were still so sensitive on the subject of the Commune that the authorities refused to allow the production of a play dealing with an incident of that time. The managers of the theater were enraged, the artists in despair, and everyone was in a panic over the affair except Coppee, who admitted that he was thunderstruck, and that the failure to have his play produced at the Comedie Francaise dashed one of the ambitions of his life. He assumed a disdainful air, however, was sarcastic at the expense of a government that was afraid of a one-act drama, and announced that if the minister, by whose order the play was forbidden, expected that the author would plead for a reversion of the verdict, he had made the greatest mistake of his life.—Detroit Free Press.

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

International Sunday School Lesson for July 2, 1899—Text, Hosea 14:1-9—Memory Verses 4-7.

[Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—Ho. 6:1.

READ the whole book of Hosea.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—2 Kings, Chaps. 15, 16, 17; Chron., Chaps. 26, 27, 28.

CONTEMPORARY PROPHETS.—Amos. Belonging to Judah, but prophesying in Israel. Isaiah. Prophesying in Judah.

SECULAR HISTORY.—During Hosea's ministry authentic history began in Greece with the Olympiads, B. C. 776. Rome was founded B. C. 753. Assyria was the dominant, overshadowing power during Hosea's life, and was the instrument of the execution of the Divine warnings.

EXPLANATORY.

The Mission of the Prophet Hosea.—Hosea had fallen upon evil times, and his mission was to make them better. Like Elisha at the bitter fountain of Jericho, he was to cast the salt of righteousness into the polluted social and religious fountains of Israel's life, and restore the waters to health. The Prophet Amos preceded Hosea. His message was one of denunciation of sin, of "Woe unto you," of punishment, of warning. It was of Divine justice. The Prophet Hosea follows him with a new motive, the mightiest that can be brought to bear upon the heart of man—the love of God, the deepest, tenderest, strongest love possible. "To Amos' proposition 'God is Justice,' Hosea adds, 'God is Love.'"

I. Hosea's Personal Experience Makes Him a Living, Visible Sermon on the Power of Love to Conquer Sin.—Chaps. 1-3.

II. Hosea's Appeals and Warnings.—Chaps. 3-14. He shows how the people are decaying morally, and as a natural result politically.

III. A Vision of the Past.—Chap. 11. The warnings and woes against sin are interrupted by two visions; one of the past, chap. 11, and one of future possibilities, chap. 14.

IV. The Vision of Hope.—14:1-9.

First. The Prophet's Appeal (vs. 1, 3). V. 1. "Return:" like the prodigal son, after his bitter experiences, "unto the Lord thy God:" whose child you are, to whom you owe allegiance, gratitude, love, obedience. "For thou hast fallen by thine iniquity:" Again like the prodigal son. They had found "what an evil and bitter thing" it is to forsake Jehovah their God (Jer. 2:19). V. 2. "Take with you words:" Express your feelings of repentance; make public confession of sin, so that your penitence may be known as widely as the sin; put your vows and promises on record; as it were, sign a pledge. Such things are the natural accompaniments of true repentance. "And turn:" R. V., return, to the Lord. This is the new birth of John 3:3, 5. It is, and always has been, the essential condition of salvation.

Second. The Penitent's Prayer and Confession (vs. 2, 3). "Take away all iniquity." By free forgiveness, and by taking away the sinful nature. "So will we render the calves of our lips:" The calves, or bullocks, were the larger sacrifices of their ritual. Their vows, their praises, their expressions of love, their confessions and promises were their true offerings to God. Compare Isa. 55:5-14. V. 3. "Assur, Assyria, shall not save us:" They will no longer turn to Assyria for help, as they had done before (5:13; 7:11; 8:9). "For in thee the fatherless:" "Lo-Ruhamah" of chaps. 1 and 2, "findeth mercy:" (Compare John 14:16). I will not leave you "comfortless," Greek, "orphans."

Third. The Lord Speaks in Reply (vs. 4-6). V. 5. "I will be as the dew:" Rather, as the night mist, i. e., the masses of vapor brought by the damp westerly winds of summer. The baleful effects of the sirocco are often felt in Palestine during the rainless heat of summer, but by the beautiful provision of night-mist all hardy forms of vegetable life are preserved. — Cambridge Bible. "Grow:" blossom, "as the lily:" in glorious beauty and profusion. V. 6. What a beautiful picture this is of the kingdom of God on earth; the ideal which every Christian church should seek to realize more fully.

Fourth. The Prophet Pictures Israel Under the Fulfilment of this Promise. V. 7. "They that dwell under his, Isreal's, shadow:" The people of Israel. "Shall return:" Revive as the bare branches revive in the springtime. Shall grow, blossom, "as the vine:" Beautiful and fruitful.

Fifth. Repentant Israel Speaks. V. 8. "What have I to do any more with idols?" Israel renounces idols forever.

Sixth. The Lord Responds. "I have heard (answered) him, and observed him:" and will regard him. The Lord accepts Israel's repentance, and will take him under His care.

Seventh. Repentant Israel rejoices in the result. "I am like a green fir tree:" "Evidently thinking of the splendid forests of Lebanon."—Cheyne.

Eighth. The Lord replies in words of both hope and warning. "From Me is thy fruit found:" All these blessings come from the Lord, as the life and fruit of a tree comes from the earth and air. So in John 15, the fruit on the branch comes from the vine.

None Perfect But Christ.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. And faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.—Spurgeon.

Boston Congratulates Herself.

Boston congratulates itself on a marked decrease in drunkenness during the last three years. In 1896 there were 20,480 arrests for this offense. In 1897 the number declined to 19,252, and in 1898 to 16,628. The probation system is working well.

Not a Good Rule.

Christian people should be slow about adding to their list of Beatitudes the modern one which reads: "Blessed are those who row with the stream, for they shall get what they want."—Boston Watchman.

QUEER DIET.

Sick people frequently have strange desires for foods. One man suffered so from gastralgia that he was on the verge of death through starvation. The smallest quantity of food caused extreme suffering and all methods of treatment failed. Suddenly he expressed a desire for onions, which he detested when in good health. He was finally given a few onions and no bad results followed. For three weeks onions were the only food that passed his lips and he got well.

MOTHER'S CHICKEN PIE.

Our folks have jest cleaned up a chicken pie,
An' nommynated me to tell the tale.
Well, first we ketched a hen that hed her eye
On settin'—when her egg desires got stale;
Of course, we didn't do a thing to her,
But chop her head off—she was butter fat,
But sorter aged, if you judge her spur,
But chicken pie, sez I, will settle that.
They cut her up from wing way down to heart,
The women folks—they soaked her over night,
And then they biled her till she fell apart,
An' so'st the flavor would come out jest right,
They biled an onion an' a lemon, too,
Right with that chicken—then the children gnawed
The bones to start our appytite anew.
Ma lined the dish with pie crust, then she drawed
A cup of cream, an' beat an egg up white,
With two big spoons of flour—they laid the meat
Inside the dish—it made a hungry sight.
Then mixed egg, cream and flour and soup complete
An' poured it in—then put a crust on top,
An' baked it till the smell jest seemed to fill
The kitchen—but I guess I'll have to stop;
My mouth's a-waterin' so my tongue stands still.

—Rural New Yorker.

REMEDY FOR GAPES.

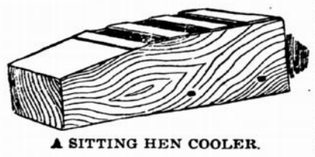
It Is Always Effective and Can Be Applied Without Danger to the Youngest Birds.

There are several remedies for gapes, but the difficulty is that sometimes the chicks must be handled. The difficulty occurs mostly on farms upon which fowls have been kept for years. It is caused by a collection of small, threadlike worms in the windpipe of the chicken. To kill these worms and not injure the chicken is laborious. Take a glass tube with a small rubber bulb (which apothecaries sell for a "medicine-dropper"), half fill it with camphorated oil, and inserting the tip in the windpipe, discharge the oil. A small oil can used for sewing machines may serve in place of the medicine-dropper. Operate as follows: Place the chicken back down between your knees and hold it gently; open the bill and draw the tongue. Seize the lower mandible and tongue thus drawn out between the forefinger and thumbnail of the left hand. This will bring into view the opening into the windpipe at the base of the tongue, into which gently insert the tube and discharge the oil, using about one drop. Close the bill and hold the head still for a few seconds. Then let the chicken go, and it will cough, spattering some of the oil out, but enough remains to destroy the worms, and they will be coughed up and swallowed. The gapes continue for some time after the treatment, but the remedy will be effectual in every case if properly applied, and it may be readily repeated, if considered worth while, as often as necessary. After a little practice it is very easily applied and always succeeds. A breadcrumb upon which is one or two drops of a mixture of camphorated oil and oil of turpentine forced down the throat is sometimes effectual, but it does not always reach the windpipe. Pulling out the worms with the strip of a feather is painful to the chick.—Farm and Fireside.

SITTING-HEN COOLER.

A Device That Has Worked Like a Charm Wherever It Has Been Given a Trial.

When the "good will" of a sitting hen is not wanted, she most generally becomes a nuisance. Hence the reason why sitting hens receive so much abuse at the hands of their owners when attempts are made to "break up" the sitting fever. If rightly handled, the



A SITTING HEN COOLER.

"hottest" hen may be induced in a few days to go to scratching and give up all idea of sitting, without being cruel to her, either. Get a grocery box, or something similar, and convert it into the affair shown in cut. It has no bottom, but one end has a sloping top to throw off rain and also to protect the hen from the sun. The remainder of the top is covered with slats. The two holes at the side give the hen, or hens, access to dishes of water and food, which, by the way, should be light and small in quantity, to reduce "biddy's" condition. Oats are about the best substitute for "bread" when refractory hens thus have to be placed on "dungeon diet."—Fred O. Sibley, in Ohio Farmer.

Oats for Young Lambs.

A healthy, thrifty lamb will very soon require more food than the limited amount which its dam furnishes, and when not more than a week old will begin to pick at hay or clover as it sees its dam doing. This is an indication that it needs additional food. Clover hay is excellent, but it should be supplemented by a feed of half a gill of oats given morning and night. There is no better nutrition for growing animals than oats. It will enable them to eat and digest other food and put them in the way of being thrifty all the rest of their lives, until their teeth are too much worn by use to masticate well.

Feeding Cotton Seed Meal.

Cotton seed meal is extremely difficult of digestion, and should never be given to young animals or those which from advanced age have a weak digestion. The hull, which is shown by dark spots in the meal, is almost entirely indigestible. Calves and pigs have been killed by eating small amounts of dark cotton seed meal. Ruminant animals can digest it better, but it is so concentrated a food that it ought always to be fed with some bulky but less nutritious ration. A small amount of cotton seed meal in a pailful of bran mash can be eaten safely by a cow.—American Cultivator.

WHEN TO CUT HAY.

No Rule Can Be Laid Down That Might Not Be Subject to Important Modifications.

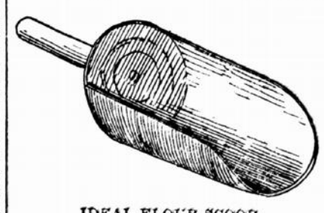
As a general proposition it is best to cut hay just as it is blooming; but this rule may be subject to modifications according as we want the hay for feeding dairy cows, horses or other stock. For horses it is probably better to have the hay well along toward maturity. Storer in one of his books says that "one strong objection that works against the early cutting of hay is the tendency of hay made from immature grasses to loosen the bowels of animals that feed upon it. This fact alone precludes the use of such hay for working horses. All newly-made hay has a laxative and loosening effect upon animals. Such hay cannot be sold to the keeper of a livery stable, because, as he would say, he has no wish to soften down his horses. Horse keepers are of the opinion that this laxative quality of new hay endures until the hay has passed through a process of sweating, which occurs in the mow. No matter how dry the hay is at the time it is put in the barn, it is held that it will always sweat somewhat in the mow. By October the process is completed, so that the hay is fit for use, provided it was ripe enough when mown. But in the case of hay made from young grass, as rowen, for example, the medicinal quality persists, and such hay is thought to be always unfit for horses that are kept at work, since it is apt to weaken them, to make them sweat easily, and to render them liable to stumble."

Such is the opinon of Storer. How far it is borne out in the experience of western farmers is rather difficult to say.—Farmers' Review.

UNIQUE FLOUR SCOOP.

Made of an Old Tomato Can and Embellished with a Stout Broomstick Handle.

Many a unique and serviceable device for lightening the household work can be made at home and practically with no expense at all. This is especially applicable to the flour scoop



IDEAL FLOUR SCOOP.

shown in cut, which will delight any housewife. To make it, simply take a tomato can, stand it on a hot stove until one end (the end that has been opened) drops off, and then with a heavy pair of shears cut out the sides as shown in the illustration. Tack on with shingle nails a piece of broomstick for a handle, and your work is done.—Ohio Farmer.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

A Few Acres Well Cultivated Are Better Than a Large Farm Superficially Tilled.

As soon as we learn in this country that fewer acres better cultivated are better than many acres carelessly cultivated, the greater will be the profits of farming. The great extent and original cheapness of our farming lands have been a detriment to us agriculturally. Thousands got their farms at $1.25 an acre, and even less, added to the original claim as rapidly as possible, and engaged in farming "all out doors." Almost necessarily such farming is loosely done. When there are but few acres under cultivation, they must be made to produce what we need, and they can be with less expenditure of time and effort. The English farmer compels his few acres to yield as much of our many acres do, because his system is more perfect. The farms of the future will be smaller. The time will come—after we are gone—when herds will not rove over great fields, but will be soiled; when the wheat and corn crops will be made to more than double the present average yield, and when farming will be less irksome because its operation will be more contracted in every respect. If these things will be profitable and desirable then, why would they not be profitable and desirable now?—Western Plowman.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

It is rarely safe to risk going through the summer without a good forage crop.

If you like greens, use the young beets, tops and all, taken out in thinning the crop.

If the clover that is expected to make seed is being pastured care must be taken not to graze down too close.

Having the soil fine and mellow and stirring frequently will aid materially in retaining the moisture in the soil.

The sugar corn will ear better if not too much crowded. It needs sun and air around it to grow it to perfection.

With nearly all crops the later the seed is planted the deeper it should be covered, especially if the ground is dry.

All reasonable care should be taken to have the cultivated crops in the best condition possible before harvesting begins.

Some weeds seem to hold possession of the land persistently, but when they are kept down by frequently cutting off the tops it is but a matter of time before they will die, as every cutting causes exhaustion.—Western Plowman.

The Value of Warmth.

Both adults and chicks love warmth. The hens will select the sunny spots, especially if protected against the winds on damp or cold days, while even on the warmest days of July the chicks will nestle under the hen. Should a heavy shower suddenly come up, and the chicks appear dead, place them near a stove, or in an oven of moderate heat, and notice how quickly the apparently dead chicks will come to life again. Heat is the great life-giving element. Should disease of any kind appear always provide a dry and warm place. There is no remedy for roup that equals warmth, not that warmth will cure it, but warmth invigorates the fowl and enables it to withstand the ordeal.—American Gardening.

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

TRULY EXASPERATING.

He Hated People Who Were So Positive Yet He Failed to Look to Home.

"By George!" said a Hyde Park man who was riding downtown in an early train. "I detest people who are so blamed positive about everything."

"It is a disagreeable habit," the passenger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people confronted with proofs that they are in the wrong."

"Yes, it does me, too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of those know-it-all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning he was reading about this Dreyfus trial, and I gave him a pointer on how to pronounce a French word that was used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"

"I suppose not."

"No! He sat there, right at my own table, and argued with me for 20 minutes trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why don't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh, I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself, but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so blamed positive about it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Big Four Gift!"—Neely's Spanish-American War Panorama.

Contains 160 superb half-tone engravings, made from photographs taken of our Army in camp, on transports and in actual service, Spanish and American Gun-boats, Cuba, Havana, Manilla, Landscapes, Architecture; shows the manners and customs of the people of our new Islands; Pictures of our Heroes—Dewey, General Charles King (known as Capt. Charles King, the author), Wheeler, Hobson, Roosevelt, Sampson, Miles, Schley, Shafter, Lee, Brooks, Carroll; Groups of Officers, Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Ships, Rifle-practice, Spanish Soldiers, Insurgents, Chickamauga, Jacksonville, Tampa, Last Farewell Letters Home, Hospitals, Clara Barton, Rough Riders, Santiago, San Juan, Manilla, the Beautiful Women of Cuba and Manilla.

The Album is 5½x8 inches, weighs 12 ounces, printed on finest coated paper.

Sent FREE to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for 12 cents in stamps or coin, to cover postage and packing. Copy may be seen at any ticket office of the Big Four Route.

Order at once, as the edition is limited.

Address WARREN J. LYNCH, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, "Big Four Route," Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mark envelope "War Album."

A bloodhound is noted for his dogged perseverence.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach." JOS. KREHLING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

DEFECTIVE PAGE