A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By Frank H. Sweet

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A flash across an open space so quick between cover and cover as to leave only an impression of bush tail and pointed nose and then a wild chorus of discovering yelps, accompanied by a dozen frantic scurrying from cover across the open space and into the chinquapin bushes beyond.

But fifty yards farther on was an outcropping hedge broken by crevices and tunnels into a natural and safe hiding place for the hunted. From the time the fox had been started, an hour before, its winding and doubling course had been tending gradually toward this asylum, as if with an idea that after playing with the dogs until weary of the sport or perhaps feeling the need of rest it could whisk into safety. For the last few minutes the fox had tantalizingly checked its speed until the open jaws of the pack almost closed upon the bushy tail; then, with a sudden jerking tilt, the hounds saw into the air as if in parting salute and with its owner dropped into one of the narrow crevices, leaving the pack yelping its disappointment without. A few minutes later two horses with their riders crossed the space and came to a stop among the dogs.

"I am glad he escaped, even if it isn't sportsmanlike," laughed one of them. "I felt sure the dogs would get him at the open back there, they were so close. It was a narrow escape."

"I'm not so sure of that, Miss Bristow," the other answered. "The fox struck me as looking too fresh for such dangerous propinquity to be natural. I've an idea his plans were all laid regarding this ledge and that he was merely amusing himself with the dogs. Shall I call them off and start them in search of a new scent? Judgeson can draw this fox from his stronghold now."

"No; wait until papa comes. His falling behind meant that his horse went lame, and he probably has gone back to the house for another. He will join us before long."

She touched her horse lightly, urging him to the top of the ledge, from which they could look down into the valley. Allan followed closely.

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw," he said as his gaze swept over the broad, fertile acres of the farm to the lofty ridges that inclosed it on every side. "You have the grandeur of wild, untouched nature joined to the charm of peaceful rural life—a rare combination."

His eyes left the valley and came back to her, with an expression in them that made her turn away with a half smile. Allan had been here two months now and in that time had learned things that had not hitherto entered into his plans for a livelihood. His hand trembled slightly as it checked the restiveness of his horse.

"Yes; it is beautiful here, and we are happy," she answered, but there was tremble in her voice. Then with sudden raillery: "You ought to be happy, too, Mr. Tisdale, if, as they say, it is prosperity that makes happiness. We had a letter from Emmet yesterday, and he writes glowingly of your mine. He thinks there is a lot of money in it. And," looking at him inquiringly, "he writes as though he might purchase an interest in the mine."

Allan's face became grave.

"I hope not," he answered. "I like your brother Emmet too well to wish him such bad luck. He broached the subject to me once, and I put him off. I thought perhaps his management of the mine for awhile would disenchant him. Emmet's great fault is being too sanguine, though," with a pause, "I was somewhat that way myself, I suppose."

"The mine didn't pay?"

"It has cost me a thousand a year above my income so far, and—"

He stopped suddenly, for she was laughing, irresistibly, it seemed.

"I beg your pardon," she gasped, checking herself with an effort, "it is something struck me as very funny. But please go on. I will not laugh any more. A thousand a year you said?"

"Yes," looking at her curiously, "above the income I receive from England. I wouldn't like Emmet to incur the same loss. As soon as I get back I shall try to sell. The machinery will be worth a small sum. And," his face kindling and his eyes again sweeping over the valley and back to her face, "I have found it. I always liked agriculture, but never realized it could show up to such advantage as it does here. My idea was that farmers had to keep hold of plow handles and things, but your father doesn't do anything except go for hunting and read magazines and listen to his foreman's report, and only this morning he told me that he had no other resources than the farm. I—I have been thinking of it all the morning. I will buy a valley just like this somewhere in the neighborhood and be a farmer, and with what I have we—I can soon build a nice house." He paused, looking embarrassed, then went on hurriedly. "If I can make a living of it—enough for two, I mean—will you—will you help me, Lois?"

She had thrown up her hand, as though to stop him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tisdale," she cried impetuously, "I had not intended to tell you, but I must now. You must not try farming—for a livelihood. I mean. Our farm looks prosperous, and I love the valley here better than any place in the world, but—but we have been running behind a thousand a year ever since we bought the place. That was what made me laugh when you said you were losing a thousand. It seemed so funny. You must not try farming for a living. As to the I—I," her face flushing rosily, "am willing to help you, Allan."

She looked at him shyly, but his face had suddenly grown stern. He shook his head hopelessly.

"I must take it all back, Lois," he groaned. "I cannot make a living for one. But here comes your father."

Mr. Bristow rested in beside them, his face inquiring.

"Hello, what are you waiting here for?" he exclaimed. "If one fox has outwitted you, why don't you don't you start another? What's the matter? You look like a funeral."

"I—I have been telling Allan—Mr. Tisdale—about our failing behind," stammered Lois. "You see, he spoke of buying a farm and following our example, and I couldn't let him go on thinking the valley was as prosperous as it looked on the surface."

Mr. Bristow's face fell. "Might have waited until a rainy day," he grumbled, "and not spoil a good chase with such news. But long's it's out, it's out, and I suppose you couldn't do anything less, Lois. We couldn't stand by and allow a guest to run the chance of losing money, of course. Yes, Mr. Tisdale," his face becoming as overcast as their own, "it's all true. We'll have to sell the valley—the finest property I ever owned. A man can't stand it to fall behind a thousand dollars every year with nothing in the background."

Allan stared, half rose in his saddle, his face becoming transfigured.

"A thousand dollars!" he cried joyously. "Is that what you mean? Can you run a place like this and only run behind a thousand dollars?"

"That's what I said," rather testily, "and enough for a man to lose every year, the Lord knows."

Allan whirled to Lois.

"I'll take all that back once more," he cried, "what I said last. I can make a living, and I want you to help me." Then to his puzzled host: "You will sell the farm, sir. There won't be any need. I thought Lois—she's promised to be my wife, you know—owed pounds. That's what I've been losing. But yours are dollars—dollars. Don't you see the difference will be nearly four thousand—dollars? That will be a nice profit for us, with what the farm brings in, and big part of the valley or the whole of it if you like, or we will live on it together."

Mr. Bristow was closing.

"You and Lois may fix that up between you," he gasped at last. "The problem is too complicated for me. But I'm glad the valley isn't to be sold. Now let us get the dogs on a new scent. The foxes will be getting out and fat if we leave them like this."

Theater Diagram Book.

Issued by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, showing correct seating arrangements of Chicago theaters. A valuable book of reference for all theater goers. Sent on receipt of 4 cents postage. Address W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., 215 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

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"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Liberty Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by Harrington Pharmacy, 25c.

A western editor received two letters one morning from subscribers asking advice. One a father, wanted to know the best way to bring up his new twin babies in health and happiness; the other, a farmer, wished to know the quickest way to get rid of grasshoppers. Out of the usual goodness of an editor's knowledge, this one hastily answered these letters, but in the rush of business, put the missives into the wrong envelopes. The next morning the father of the twins received this interesting answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it. After jumping in the flames a few moments the little pests will be done for," and the man that was troubled with grasshoppers was bidden to "give castor oil regularly in moderate doses and rub their gums with a bone."

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WHEN GAS WAS NEW.

President of First Company Made "Daring" Experiment.

Gas had as much difficulty in making its way in New York city apparently as did the steel framed skyscraper. In each case it required a man who had the courage of his convictions to prove that it was safe, but when once it was shown that the benefits were greater than the dangers gas and skyscrapers took their places as necessities. In the case of the skyscraper the designer had to convince the owner, who had become somewhat fearful of the success of his venture because of the comments of his friends, by standing for an office on the top floor for a long term of years. In the case of gas, although it had been used in London and other American cities before it was introduced into New York, Samuel Leggett, the president of the company that proposed to bring the much feared illuminant into use here, had to prove its harmlessness in his own house. This was in 1823.

His heroism attracted a good deal of attention and proved to be a good advertisement, for hundreds if not thousands of persons visited the house to see the illuminant which was said to be so much better than candles and fish oil lamps. The house was in the upper part of Cherry street, near the city on Cherry hill. It was at 7 Cherry street, only a few doors below the big square Franklin House, in which President Washington lived when New York was the capital, and near the celebrated Cherry gardens. It was a row, three story and attic brick structure with two dormer windows. An abutment of the Brooklyn bridge now occupies the site.

Because of the explosive character of gas had spread without the aid of a press agent, and persons hesitated about bringing the pipes run through their houses. They were willing to have some one else make the experiment, however, and curious enough to visit the house of the venturesome one to see what happened. For the time being all roads in the city seemed to lead to Mr. Leggett's house. Groups gathered outside in the darkened street to witness the process of "igniting the." Many a couple from the other fashionable quarter, State street and the foot of Broadway, gave the evening walk along the Battery to wend their way up Pearl street in the moonlight to Cherry street to see the novelty. There were eager visitors from surrounding towns. Mr. Leggett was not averse to advertising the process, and there was than any other form of illuminant by taking them through the house. This fact, becoming known throughout the city, added to the number of visitors, and not infrequently when Mr. Leggett, basking in the light of notoriety in his drawing room, saw faces peering in at him from the outer darkness he would go to the door and invite those without to come in. It was several years before the prejudice against gas was altogether wiped out.—New York Tribune.

Oil in Half a Betrayer.

"Tell the lady we can't take that hat back. It's been worn," said the manager of a department store, handing a fragile creation of lace and feathers back to the saleswoman after examining it carefully.

"Will you tell me how you discovered that fact?" asked a curious bystander.

"By the sense of smell," replied the manager. "Some peculiarity of macassar oil—the oil that is in the hair—is that its color is imparted to anything it comes in contact with, and although there wasn't a spot on that hat, I knew it had been worn by this slight odor which had clung to the lining. The purchaser of that extravagant bit of millinery probably couldn't afford anything of the sort—would be to out a dash at the opera with her best young man perhaps, trusting to exchange the hat for the next day for a dollar taffeta suit or something she really needed."—New York Press.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home." Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure, and nothing is now known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

Arab Steeds as Chargers.

The noble Arabian steed is sometimes put to ignoble uses. A traveler in Mesopotamia tells us that: "You have heard of the Arabian horse's beauty, its docility, its intelligence, its endurance. Well, I have seen that it shortened the family butter! Among the desert tribes when butter is needed the milk is put into a goatskin and tied up to a rope to the horse's saddle. The horse is then urged into a trot, and this gait shakes up and churns the milk in the sheepskin is joggled into butter. A fine, firm, smooth butter it is."

An Eye For an Eye.

"Mr. Speaker," said the congressman, "I have tried vainly to catch your eye and—"

"Sit down!" thundered the speaker. "I have tried vainly to catch your eye several times when it was needed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

So They Do.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious, how some of them do shrink! —London Tit-Bits.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us forevermore.—Emerson.

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LAKE ZURICH NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Frank went to Chicago Monday.

Five car loads of stock were shipped from here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Redmond of Waukegan came to see Mr. Hayes before he passed away.

"There are others," besides colored people that seem to have "a longing in their loins." For chicken. Several of the fowls have mysteriously disappeared from neighboring farm yards.

Miss Minnie Buesching entertained a party of friends at her home Sunday evening. Music and singing was the order of the evening, after which a bountiful supper was served. Among those present were Mrs. Louis Knigge of Libertyville, Miss Emma Seip and Roland Ziegler of Palatine.

Died—Saturday January 6th, 1906, Thomas Hayes, father of Michael Hayes, of this place, aged 85 years. He was born in County Linerie, Ireland, came to this country 55 years ago and settled in Chicago. From there he came to Lake county 30 years ago and has resided here ever since. He was buried Monday, Jan. 8th, at Wauconda.

If some of our enterprising citizens would do one half as much to help things along as they do to hinder, their efforts would be much more appreciated, and they might be doing some good in the world. People who are not satisfied with the town in which they live had better get out and make room for others.

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