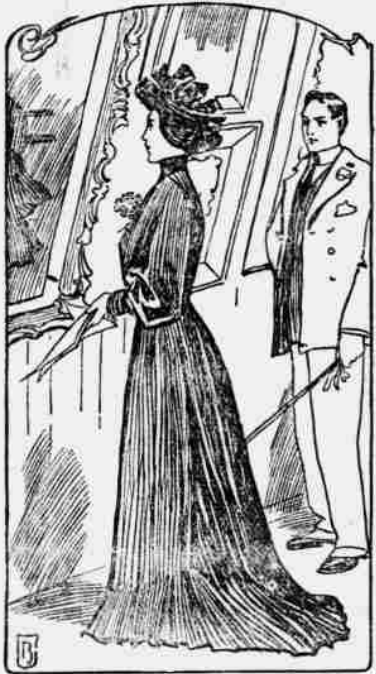


THE GIRL IN BLACK

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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In a shaded spot just inside the entrance of Central park a girl was sitting. She was all in black, from the crown of her fetching little hat to her low shoes. Her face was pale with the paleness of a summer spent in the city, her brown hair rippled back from a smooth white forehead, her eyes were deep gray, steadfast and courageous. "And I have need of courage!" Cornelia Stratton murmured. For two months she had been hunting a position and so far she had not found one, although she had been able to substitute at a large commercial office for a week or two, and the pay she had received for that had, by careful hoarding, saved her from actual want. Yet as time dragged on her money dwindled and there seemed no hope in sight. "I shouldn't complain," she said valiantly; "it's the lot of many another girl who goes to a big city where she



THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A PICTURE THAT HELD HER AMAZED.

has neither friends nor relatives to help her. But, oh, I do wish I could find something. I'm so tired of disappointments."

From where she sat she could hear the ceaseless hum and stir of the city. There had been hours when it seemed to call like a challenge, and her heart beat in answer to it. Now it frightened her. It seemed so vast, so overwhelming. There were so many problems to be met and mastered. One of them was clothes.

She had chosen to dress in black because it was the most economical. Her deft fingers had fashioned a chic hat for a trifling sum, and for the rest she wore the same suit, day in and day out, taking such scrupulous care of it that she looked as well groomed as many a woman of means.

Each day, when she had searched for work till she was too tired to search further, she came to sit in the park, where everything was green and quiet, where squirrels frisked unmolesed across the grass and where the clear liquid notes of birds lent a semblance of the country. There were moments when the scene charmed Cornelia, but oftener she was too disheartened to care. "What am I to do if this state of affairs lasts much longer?" she mused on this stifling afternoon in mid-August. She was utterly despondent. Her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and she shut her eyes to keep back the tears. When she opened them again, she encountered the direct gaze of a man sitting on the bench opposite her. He was a well set up young fellow of about nine and twenty, broad shouldered and smooth shaven. As their eyes met the pity that was in his look changed to something deeper. "Take courage," the look said. "Life is a battle for all of us. Fight on."

Cornelia turned away her head, her heart fluttering strangely. Some one in all that vast city had seen, had cared. "It's simply nonsense," she told herself. "He's never seen me before, nor I him." Yet already she felt cheered. Unrolling a newspaper she held in her hand, she went over its want columns again. At the next office where she applied the business manager noted something bright and spirited in her aspect that argued well for her. "I'm the happiest girl in the whole wide world," she laughed a few minutes later, for she had found a position at last.

The winter months sped quickly and pleasantly. There was so much to do and so much to see—the shops, the theaters, the surging throngs on Broadway and the great promenade on Fifth avenue at twilight, when countless carriages blocked the crossings and when all the fashion and beauty of the earth seemed to shine before Cornelia's delighted eye. It grew to be a custom with her in going to and from her work to search the faces of the passersby in the half confessed hope that some time, somewhere, she should again catch a glimpse of the man whom she had seen in the park. It was a wish, however, that seemed destined to remain unfulfilled.

But one Saturday as she loitered in a crowded downtown art gallery she came face to face with a picture that

held her amazed and spellbound, for it was a portrait of herself. Half trembling and turning the leaves of her catalogue with nervous fingers, she read its name, "The Girl in Black," by George Heathwood.

"And certainly the best thing you've done, George, old man," said a boyish looking fellow at her elbow. "It's the hit of the exhibition, and such a simple thing too! Just a girl with a pretty flower-like face, sitting on a bench in the park. Oh, I remember! She's the one you once told me about. Have you found her yet, George?"

"Not yet," said a voice that made Cornelia's heart leap. "Not yet; but I mean to if I have to spend all my life in trying."

"And find her when you're at the tender age of forty! You needn't frown so savagely; I'm sure you've often been near her when you haven't in the least suspected it! Today, for instance, have you searched this room thoroughly? For you know it's a true saying," drawled the boy over his shoulder as he moved away, "that love makes people blind."

"What do you mean?"—Heathwood began, and then, turning, caught sight of Cornelia. "You!" he said softly beneath his breath. "You!"

Cornelia flushed. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but since circumstances are what they are I am going to call a truce to convention and ask you to do me a favor. Will you please stay just where you are for two minutes? Promise me that you will not go away." He evidently took her reply for granted, for he did not wait to hear it. But before half the allotted time was up he returned with a distinguished, gray haired woman, whom many people in the room seemed to know, for they bowed to her as she passed.

"It's Mrs. Heathwood," Cornelia heard some one whisper. "The mother of the famous young illustrator."

Heathwood approached Cornelia.

"Mother," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—Miss—"

"Stratton," Cornelia murmured.

"Stratton!" rejoiced Heathwood, dwelling on the word.

The older woman smiled in appreciation of the situation.

"Miss Stratton, may I present my son, Mr. Heathwood?"

Cornelia bowed.

"And now that we've been properly introduced"—George commenced.

"There is a Japanese tea room next door," Mrs. Heathwood broke in, "where I am very fond of going at this hour of the day. Won't you join us, Miss Stratton?"

Cornelia assented gladly. It was all so sudden and bewildering that it seemed like part of a dream—a dream that was coming true. "For now that I've found you," declared George Heathwood, "I never mean to lose you again!"

As they moved slowly through the room the young fellow who had been Heathwood's companion half an hour earlier looked after them with twinkling eyes.

"It's easy to see," he chuckled, "that that picture of George's wasn't properly named, for the Girl in Black is going to be the Girl in White, with a tulle veil and orange blossoms. So runs the world!"

Two Intelligent Horses.

"I have heard many stories of the intelligence of animals," said a close observer of animal life, "but the actions of two horses the other day equalled if not surpassed many of the tales. The pair were fine looking beasts attached to a farmer's wagon and had been left outside a feed store on Kensington avenue. Just beyond their reach were several bales of hay. By some clever maneuvering the white horse, which was nearest the pavement, managed to get hold of some of the hay. His brown mate, not getting any of the hay, with almost human actions made the white horse understand that he wished to share the feast. To satisfy his mate the white horse took larger mouthfuls of the hay and turned his head in a way so that the brown horse could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half the bale of hay had been consumed by the pair. When the owner of the bay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their luncheon he said that it was a good scheme and he would stand for the loss."—Philadelphia Record.

Sermons by Time.

"I have attended church in a good many different places," said the southern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in our part of the country the pulpit orator is usually long winded. He has a certain subject in mind and has certain things to say concerning it, and he holds forth until he has said them all if it takes till bedtime to do it. Up here the time that can be devoted to the delivery of a sermon appears to be limited. In order not to overstep the bounds several clergymen that I have heard talked liberally by the watch. They did not lay it down or stick it into a convenient pocket to be consulted occasionally, but held it out face up as a constant reminder that time was fleeting and that other pressing engagements awaited them. That may be an excellent preventive of weariness in the congregation, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second."—New York Press.

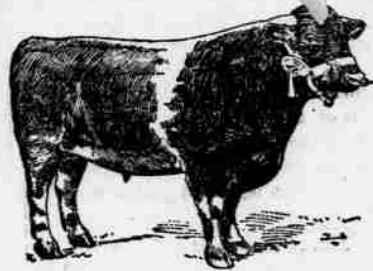
Had to Concede It.

"Well," said Subbubs, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week." "What!" exclaimed Ciltman. "Seventy-five dollars a week?" "No; 75 cents. Our cook struck for a raise from \$4.25 to \$5."—Catholic Standard and Times.

POINTS ABOUT THE SHORTHORNS

A writer in the American Cultivator gives the following description of Shorthorn cattle:

The breed is distinguished by its symmetrical proportions and by its great bulk on a comparatively small frame, the offal being very light and the limbs small and fine. The head is expressive, being rather broad across the forehead, tapering gracefully below the eyes to an open nostril and fine flesh colored muzzle. The eyes are bright, prominent and of a particularly placid, sweet expression, the whole countenance being remarkably gentle. The horns (whence comes the name) are usually short, springing well from the head, with a graceful downward curl, and are of a creamy white or yellowish color, the ears being fine, erect and hairy. The neck is moderately



SHORTHORN BULL.

thick (muscular in the male) and set straight and well into the shoulders, which, when viewed in front, are wide, showing thickness through the heart, the breast coming well forward and the fore legs standing short and wide apart. The back among the higher bred animals is remarkably broad and flat, the ribs barrel-like, sprung well out of it, and with little space between them and the hip bones, which are soft and well covered.

The hind quarters are long and well filled in, the tail being set square on to them; the thighs meet low down, forming the full and deep twist; the flank should be deep, so as to partially cover the udder, which should not be too large, but placed well forward, the teats being well formed, square set and of medium size; the hind legs should be very short and stand wide and quite straight to the ground. The general appearance should show even outlines. The whole body is covered with long soft hair, there frequently being a fine undercoat, and this hair is of the most pleasing variety of color, from a soft creamy white to a full deep red. Occasionally the animal is red and white, the white being found principally on the forehead, under the belly and a few spots on the hind quarters and legs.

On touching the beef points the skin is found to be soft and mellow, as if lying on a soft cushion. In animals thin in condition a kind of inner skin is felt, which is the "quality" or "handling" indicative of those great fattening propensities for which the breed is so famous.

The subject of the illustration, from Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, is Sanquhor Conqueror, champion Shorthorn bull at the recent Buenos Ayres live stock show.

Shoeing the Horses.

The owner should supervise the shoeing of his horses, and in addition to the use of shoes of proper weight and form the following points should be attended to: The frog is to be left untouched by knife or other instrument; only that portion of the sole which is lead and loose is to be removed; the bars are to be left alone; the heels are not to be "opened" by a couple of deep notches; the outer surface of the walls is not to be rasped, with the exception of a slight depression under each nail point to allow of proper clinching; the shoe is to be fitted to the foot and not the foot to the shoe; the shoe is not to be applied to the sole when redhot unless a light touch is necessary to show where the horn must be rasped away to furnish a proper seat for the shoe; the rasp is always to be used in preference to the knife or buttress; shoes should be reset or replaced once a month; nails should be of the best quality, not too large and not driven too high or too close to the sensitive structures within the horny box of the foot; the feet are to be kept as truly level as possible, and while keeping the toes comparatively short, the heels are not to be unnaturally lowered.—A. S. Alexander, Dane County, Wis.

Horns Again.

Recently a cattle salesman in the stockyards showed us a load of steers and said: "I had to take 25 cents per hundredweight less than that load of cattle is worth simply because they have horns. I have tried every buyer on the market, and all of them bid below their value on account of the horns. You can't put it too strong when you urge feeders to dehorn their cattle or feed hornless ones." The load mentioned weighed over 20,000 pounds, so it seems that it cost this particular feeder over \$50 for his failure to have the horns taken off. The discrimination may not be so great as this in all cases, but it will be on a bad market, and in any case it is sufficient to pay very well for dehorning.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Clover Splendid Feed For Sheep.

Have you saved a nice lot of clover in a place by itself in the barn, where you can get at it this winter for the sheep? If not, can you not cut a piece of second growth yet? Splendid feed. Nothing better.

MARKET THE FEATHERS.

Some Facts About a Much Neglected Source of Revenue.

The prices paid for hen feathers vary considerably, according to the market, says Dr. P. T. Woods in Reliable Poultry Journal. Hen feathers range from 3½ to 7 cents a pound, with an average price of about 5 cents for the best quality. Solid white feathers bring higher prices than mixed or dark colored feathers. Duck feathers bring 25 to 30 cents a pound, the white being the highest price. White duck feathers would sell for as high a price as goose feathers were it not for the fact that they have an odor that cannot be removed by any known method. Best white goose feathers bring from 45 to 55 cents a pound, while mixed and colored goose feathers are quoted at from 35 to 45 cents. Goose feathers can usually be depended upon to average about 35 cents a pound the year round. Turkey feathers, for the ordinary body feathers, bring from 3 to 6 cents a pound, while the stiff feathers from the wings and tails bring from 8 to 10 cents a pound when clean and dry. Clear turkey tail feathers, clean and dry, sometimes bring as high as 17 cents a pound, while mixed turkey feathers containing wing, tail and pointers will usually average about 6 cents a pound.

To secure a market for his feathers the poultryman should ascertain the names of the bedding manufacturers in his nearest large city and write to them for quotations. All feathers should be dry picked and should be kept free from blood. Tail and wing feathers should be kept separate from the body feathers. It is not necessary to dry or bake the feathers; in fact, if this is done they will not be salable. They may, however, be spread out thin on the floor of a clean, dry, airy loft and turned over occasionally for a few days to get rid of any excess of moisture. Feathers should be packed as tightly as possible into clean cotton or burlap bags, and shipments should be of not less than 100 pounds at a time in order to save freight or express charges.

Boyer's Poultry Philosophy.

Michael K. Boyer, one of the nestors of poultry journalism, has the following nuggets of wisdom in the Farm Journal:

Regularity in the performance of the work is important.

System simplifies the work and brings order out of chaos.

A reputation for honest goods and honest dealing is bound to bring success.

Close attention and thorough work will prevent disaster and save time, labor and money.

The poultry raiser who is constantly complaining about "bad luck" is advertising the fact that his methods are at fault.

Take "volunteered advice" with "a grain of salt." Wise men do not need to advertise their wisdom. No one knows it all.

Some one once said, and truthfully, too, that poultry culture is made up of a chain of little things, one link out of place making a bad kink in the whole chain.

Increase in Average Egg Yield.

Twenty-five years ago the census of the country showed the egg yield of the country to be thirty-five eggs to each hen per year, the last census seventy eggs for each hen per year. It is now thought that that average has been increased to between eighty and eighty-five eggs for each hen per year. The number of hens has wonderfully increased. Instead of \$115,000,000 worth of poultry products of twenty years ago \$500,000,000 worth of poultry and egg products is credited to the country, and yet poultry and eggs never sold higher than they have within the last twelve months.

Geese on the Farm.

Geese can be kept on grass and water from spring until late fall. Nearly every farm has some meadow which could be utilized to very good advantage by devoting it to goose culture. The only time it is really necessary to feed grain is in winter, and then only enough is required to keep the geese in good breeding condition. Feed a little oats, cut clover and green cornstalk leaves, oyster shell and plenty of water, with a little corn at night on very cold days, and the geese will be in the best condition when the breeding season arrives.

Green Bone and Granulated Bone.

Green cut bone is fresh bone from a meat shop run through a bone cutter and cut into small particles. Granulated bone is dry bone that has been ground up fine by the manufacturers. It is not as good as green cut bone, but answers the purpose very well as carbonated lime product for the poultry, but it lacks the meat and protein of the cut green bone.

Don't Force the Pullets.

A great many make the too common error of forcing the pullets for egg production from their birth on, regardless of the fact that such forcing is detrimental to well matured fowls. A pullet that has been forced for egg production from the start invariably makes a poor breeder.

Keep Houses Tight and Clean.

See that houses have tight roofs and are clean. Given a clean house, the roof of which does not leak, and much may be done with it. The sides may have several layers of newspapers tacked on in lieu of something better. The main thing is to avoid drafts.

Raw and Cooked Meat For Fowls.

There is very little difference noticeable between raw and cooked meat in growth results. Both are good. Feed that which is more convenient.

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