



THE HARE AND HIS RIDER

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

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This is truth, every word of it, although Billy-John, my cousin, does call me a story teller. Billy-John, you know, is jealous and more than a bit envious. He cannot forgive me for knowing the hare. Since the good creature helped me find the money which ended my father's trouble Billy-John has been twice as hateful as before. He thinks he ought to have had the money and our land too. But never mind about that. I have something ever so much better to tell you.

It all happened last week. Spring weather somehow sets the whole world in a good humor. It was almost sundown. I had driven the cows up from pasture, then gone to the lower field to salt the sheep. Pretty creatures, they were so glad to see me! Once they took me clean off my feet for at least five yards, crowding around me in their eagerness to get at the salt. That is how all the rest started, for as I set my feet again on the ground I laughed out loud and said: "Well, that's about the funniest ride I ever had. Think of having ten sheep for a horse, with ever so many lambs thrown in!"

"Would you like another and a funnier one?" a little, fine voice, high and sweet, like the birds singing, said right beside me. I jumped so I spilled all the salt, and then the sheep made a rush that bowled me clean over. When I had picked myself up, I looked about and saw my friendly hare, but, if you will believe me, at first I could not be sure I knew him.

You would not have been sure either, for there he was, sitting cockily up on something for all the world like a bicycle, only it was made, or seemed to be, all of silver and spun glass. It was sort of double, too—the kind you call tandem. I think. But that was not what set me staring hardest. The hare was up in front, crouched over the handle bar, with his feet on the pedals, and up between his shoulders, facing backward and now and then turning to tweak one or the other of his long ears, sat the prettiest, daintiest creature that ever wore lace and silk and jewels and rings. I knew in a minute she was a fairy. Somehow after you looked in her face you did not care any more for all the fine things she had on. You did not think about your own clothes either. Mine were all mused with my tumbling



"PEDAL HARD. THERE, YOU'VE STRUCK MY GAIT NOW."

and had a patch of two besides, but I never remembered a word about it until late the next day. But that isn't telling the story right. The hare said to me as I pulled off my cap to them both:

"Could you be afraid of me, little John?"

"Never," said I.

"Then hop up here behind. We have a long way to go and have lost time. The ball opens at 10 o'clock, and my Princess Rose Dew must not be late."

"I'm your man," I said. And then I was in the second saddle behind I had time even to ask, "Where away?"

"Pedal hard. There, you've struck my gait now," the hare said over his shoulder. I wanted to tell him he was growing sporty in his talk, but there was the Princess Rose Dew, looking down at me and making my heart thump so my left foot wanted to go a full beat faster than my right. The hare, you will understand, had made himself as high as I am and ever so much taller. She sat easily upon his shoulders, with her feet crossed Turk fashion. I could see her golden slippers, each with a big diamond where a woman wears a bow. All the rest of her was muffled and ruffled in a lace that must have been woven from cobwebs. The ruffling ended below her throat and left bare the sweetest face, just like a rose, you know, when it hangs in the morning with dew shining all over it.

"I like brave boys. You are brave," she said after a little while. I heard her plainly, although we were going so fast the trees and hills and houses either side of us seemed to run all together in a solid wall. The hare was doing most of it too. I helped all I could, but it came so easy it was just like lifting my feet and letting them fall again. That made me wonder why two of them were taking me along—why, at the rate we were going, it did not take away my breath.

Flying! That is just the word for it. If those wheels touched the ground, we had no sign of it. When we came to water, a lake or river, we did not bother finding bridges. The hare crouched a

little more, kicked a little harder, and, zip, we were across it. By and by I leaned forward and asked him, "How far is it to the ball?"

"Oh, it's just half around the world," he said in his funny bare voice. "It may turn out that we need not have brought you along, but this is a great occasion, so we could not take chances."

"I am glad you could not, if that is how I am having all this fun," I said, and the hare chuckled back to me, "Never hurrah till you're out of the woods."

Presently I felt that we were making a circuit, and looking with all my eyes found we were skirting a big city. At least I judged it was a city. All I could make out was the smoke, the chimneys, a steeple or two and heaps of grinding noise. Nobody there saw us. We went too fast for that. But when we were many, many miles beyond it the hare drew a long breath and said: "My princess, I think the dangerous ground is past. Pardon me if I go moderately for a little while."

"For yourself, dear, good hare. You must," Princess Rose Dew said. "Why, you are panting and your poor ears all damp. I shall not have joy in the dance tonight if I think of you sore distressed. Besides, we are in the Beautiful Country, with twilight falling and the nightingale singing to my sister rose."

So we went easily along the smooth, white road, snuffing the sweet air and listening to the birds. The moon was just coming up across a long grass field at one side. There was a stone fence about it, with a big gate leading through it to the highroad, and just as we came abreast of it it swung wide open, and a man came through it, with a pack of beagles at his heels.

Maybe you don't know it, but the thing a hare fears most is a beagle, by the same token the thing a beagle hates most is a hare. My hare got limp and shivery at the sight of them, but made the bravest sort of effort to run the wheels right through the pack and so fast they could not snap at him. Of course I helped all I could—that is, at the very first. But my feet were too slow and heavy. I just could not keep the wheel spinning as it had done. The hare was quaking and quaking, trying to tell me something, but what I could not make out. All at once it came to me. He had brought me along for fear of dogs and was depending on my keeping them away from him and the princess.

"You go on. Go like lightning. I'll take care of these brutes," I shouted to him. At least I tried to shout, but it sounded like a whisper. How I did it I don't know, but next minute I was off the wheel, standing in the middle of the beagle pack and crying to them the kennel call old Billy Barnum taught me. Old Billy had kept barriers himself in better days and was a bit grateful for the milk and meal and firewood my father let me take him. It's a funny sound. You put up your hands like a trumpet—so—and make a softish, mellow moaning that grows keen and sharp at the end. I had not tried it for a year—not since old Billy died, in fact. First I thought I could never manage it, but I did. The dogs came tumbling around me like fun. When I ran back the way we had come, they were racing after me in spite of their master whistling and blowing his very best.

There was where the danger lay. One beagle is so little and snappy any boy can handle him, but a whole pack is another matter, particularly when they are hungry and you have fooled them into believing they will get something to eat. I thought of all that as I ran. They had caught the hare scent upon me, too, and fancied they were hunting as well as running for a dinner. I did not want to be that dinner, not even to the extent of a single mouthful. We had left the master of them clean out of sight. He was old and mounted on an old horse, so I knew I must depend on myself.

They gained so something had to be done quick. I pulled off my thick jacket and let it trail on the ground behind me as I ran. The foremost beagle set his teeth in it, and I turned about and flung it all over him, wrapping him heels and head. Then I darted right spang through the rest, caught a drooping elm branch in my hands and somehow swung myself up into the tree. Crouching close to the big hole of it, I laughed and laughed to see the other beagles worrying and rolling about the one I had entrapped. The hare sent on my coat folded them, you see. They snatched at and tore the poor cloth, never minding the yelps inside of it, until the old gentleman came up, loosed the leader and went away with all the lot foaming and panting around him.

Now comes the oddest part. I hugged that tree, wondering and wondering how I was ever to find my way home again, and, true as I'm a living boy, I went fast asleep there and waked up in the morning at the edge of our own pasture, with the sheep lying down all about me and raising their heads to beat at me the minute I stirred. I know, of course, it was the hare who brought me home after he had seen the princess safe at the fairy ball. But that despicable Billy-John laughs and says I am a sleepy head and moved the night away in our own hedge side, dreaming of fairies and hares and all sorts of things that never were. But if that were true I'd like him to tell me what became of my coat, and why the roses in our garden are lovelier than ever before.

MAKING FALSE EYES.

MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL OPTICS A DELICATE OPERATION.

Hundreds Turned Out Weekly—Price Varies From \$5 to \$50 and Occasionally \$60—Ready Made Eyes Are Cheap, but Those Made to Order Come High.

There are many curious industries in this big city, and one that ranks prominent in the peculiar line is a glass eye factory. It may seem strange that there should be a sufficient demand for glass eyes to support such a factory, especially as it employs a number of skilled workmen all the year round. But when one learns some of the secrets of the trade all cause for wonder vanishes.

The prime reason for its existence is that a glass eye does not last more than a year, and very often not more than six months. Of course this necessitates the purchase of new optics every little while by afflicted people, and the number of people who use these eyes is surprisingly large, judged by the yearly production of the factory.

Five hundred eyes are turned out weekly, or about 30,000 in the year. Not all of these are sold, but this percentage is very small. The unsold eyes are stock eyes—that is, they are used in the sale department of the factory or are sent to dealers throughout the country as samples.

The prices of glass eyes vary considerably. An ordinary ready made eye costs \$5, while a made to order eye, with the pupil and cornea carefully colored, costs anywhere from \$10 to \$30, and occasionally as much as \$50, but this latter price is a rare one. Poor people can only afford the ready made eye, and a large number of these are always kept in stock in different shades of blue, gray and brown.

Gray eyes are the most common, then comes blue, and then brown. Black eyes are a myth, and the factory has never had a call to make one. Ophthalmic hospitals are the largest consumers of the false eye. These buy in quantities, and naturally get the product at reduced rates. They buy the ordinary, ready made eyes, as they are used, for the most part, on poor people who are financially unable to be fastidious in the matter of exact color.

The most startling feature of the factory is the cabinet in which the stock eyes are kept. They are placed in large trays, sectioned off into tiny squares, each square containing an eye. Blue eyes of many shapes and shades are in one tray, brown eyes of all kinds in another and gray eyes of many varieties in a third.

When a purchaser comes in, he or she is fitted with an eye from one of these trays, and if the buyer is content with the ready made article a duplicate is furnished from the stock. If the made to order article is wanted, the sample is sent up to the workrooms with instructions covering the minor changes or improvements that can be made.

All of the regular customers have sample eyes in the factory. This enables them to send from a distance for a duplicate, and a new eye, perfectly fitting and of the correct color, is shipped to them.

The reason that the eye wears out is that the action of the tear—which is acid—affects the enamel, roughing the edges and surface and causing an irritation of the eyelids.

There has never been a time in the history of the world that artificial eyes did not exist. The ancient Egyptians, 4,000 and 5,000 years ago, wore false eyes of gold and silver, and later of copper and ivory. It is on record that two patriotic Latetians, when their country was in financial distress, generally presented their golden eyes to the public treasury. During the middle ages porcelain superseded metal in the making of artificial eyes, and a century ago the glass eye arrived. Now enamel is considered to be the best material for the work, and it is used to the exclusion of all others.

The process of making the eyes is easily described, but the work calls for much delicate and painstaking labor on the part of seven or eight skilled workmen. Formerly one man made an artificial eye from the crude to the finished state, but now the work is divided into a number of specialties, each man performing only a fraction of the whole task.

In its initial stage the eye is a long, slender stick of enamel, made of perfectly transparent and fusible flint glass. This is placed in a crucible and exposed to great heat. The globe maker places the enamel over a blowpipe supplied with wind, which is pumped by engine power into a large cylinder and stored under water pressure. Under the careful manipulation of the workman the enamel tube is formed into an oblong globe, just the size and shape of the human eye.

Next it passes into the coloring room. A piece of colored enamel is placed on the summit of the globe, and this is gently heated in a small flame and continuously rotated. Gradually this takes the form of the iris, and then a spot of darker enamel is added to represent the pupil. Then this is covered by a thick layer of crystal to form the cornea.

At this stage the eye is detached from the blowpipe and cooled, and then sent to the cutting room, from which it emerges shaped into a small hollow globe with irregular edges. The cutting is a difficult process, as a hair's breadth deviation in size will make a material difference in the fitting. The edges are fired and the eye allowed to cool slowly, this being the annealing or tempering process, which toughens the enamel and renders it less liable to break. The final work is the polishing, and then it is ready for the owner.

The coloring work is the most delicate of all, as sometimes eight and nine colors are worked in to give the correct shade.—New York Cor. Washington Post.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Social Correspondents.

Lima.

The remains of Mrs. James Kennedy of Honeoye Falls were interred here last Saturday.

Miss O'Brien, a sister of Mrs. Dalton of this place, died at Honeoye Falls last week. Several loads of young people from Lima attended the funeral held at West Bloomfield last Friday night.

Miss Ella Fitzgerald of Rochester was in town Sunday.

It is rumored that the bicycle rider path will be extended from Honeoye Falls to Lima.

John Collins of Brooklyn is home on a visit.

Joseph Carroll has accepted a position as bell boy in the American hotel at this place.

A new building is being erected on the seminary grounds to replace the dormitory which was burned last winter.

Mrs. Rhody Cummings, sr., of this place, is quite ill.

Miss Nellie Dunn is working in the Wilcox House at Honeoye Falls.

Michael Byrnes is in Buffalo for a few days on business.

Miss Johanna Dalton has returned after a short trip to New York.

East Bloomfield

There will be May devotions held in St. Bridget's church on Sunday and Wednesday evenings of each week during the next month.

There are still a few cases of measles here—but one case has proved fatal.

The roads in this vicinity are very favorable for cyclists, many of whom have taken advantage of the past week.

Farmers are making good use of the fine weather, as many of them have been sowing oats and are preparing to sow onions, while others are making great progress in their hop yards.

Thomas Harrington of Canandaigua spent Sunday at home.

Pittsford

The friends and relatives of Mrs. John Flynn of Buffalo, formerly of this village, were grieved to hear of her death Friday morning. She was a kind mother, a loving wife, and always willing to extend a helping hand to those in need. She was also a devout Catholic and a faithful church member. Mrs. Flynn spent her girlhood days in Pittsford but moved to Buffalo about 25 years ago, where she has since resided, and was warmly friends.

The funeral services were held on Monday morning of this week, at St. Bridget's church, and interment was made in Limestone Hill cemetery, Buffalo. The deceased is survived by a husband, four sons and one daughter, Patrick of Manchester, Cornellus, John, and Mangle of Buffalo; also three sisters and three brothers—Mrs. F. T. of Philadelphia, Mrs. J. Clark of Syracuse, Mrs. J. Brady of Addison, John of Pittsford, Thomas of Fishers and Cornelius of Macedon. To mourn her loss.

"Woe is the from our home, dear mother, We miss thee from thy place; A shadow o'er our life is cast— We miss the sunshine of thy face."

"We miss thy kind and willing hand, Thy food and sweetest care; Our home is dark without thee— We miss thee everywhere."

Mrs. D. Murphy is very ill at her home with heart disease.

J. Michaels and wife visited friends in town Sunday.

W. McNerney spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. A. Bryan.

Sodus Point.

W. H. Cook has returned from a trip to Duluth.

Joseph Rhatigan is visiting friends in New York.

Matt Farrell and wife spent last week in Newark, attending the fair.

Mrs. A. Walsh and son spent last week in Newark.

Thomas Doyle and wife and Mrs. J. Rhatigan and Charles Plummer drove to Newark Friday evening to attend the ball held at Sherman Opera house, the closing of St. Michael's fair.

The contest for the crayon picture of Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh, held Friday evening between Mrs. Doyle of Sodus Point and Mrs. Haffner of Buffalo, was won by Mrs. Doyle. Miss Haffner having got weaker, and Mrs. Doyle's picture was finished the picture and presented it to the fair. Mrs. Doyle thanks her many friends in Rochester and Elmira for donating so liberally for the contest.

Miss Cramer of Sodus Centre is visiting Mrs. Matins of this place.

The store of E. H. Sentell was closed by Deputy Sheriff Jerry Collins on Wednesday to satisfy his creditors.

Shortsville

Miss Nell Kinneale has returned home after two weeks' visit in Auburn.

Miss Mame Malloy of Palmyra returned home after a week's visit with Mrs. Frances McQuillan.

M. Kennedy, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Miss Mary Janet of Hamilton, Canada, was in attendance at the meeting of her brother, John James, on Monday last. She will remain in Geneva for a few weeks, the guest of her father.

Miss Mary McGuire of Hamilton, Canada, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wickham, of Hamilton, recently, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burns have gone to housekeeping in their home on the corner of Putney and Jay streets.

Mrs. Theresa Kerwin and family left this morning (Saturday) for Dover, N. J., where they will go to housekeeping. Mr. Kerwin having secured a good position in that place. Before settling down to housekeeping they will visit with relatives in Connecticut and other places. Their many friends in Geneva will regret to learn of their departure, and in going they carry with them the best wishes of those of their friends. What is Geneva's loss is Dover's gain.

E. V. Bourne of Toledo street attended the Grand business convention, held in New York city on Tuesday last.

St. Francis de Sales school opened on Monday morning for the new week's session with a very large attendance.

Henry Sullivan of Jackson street had the satisfaction to have his horse stop on his front on Friday last, causing him to suffer great pain.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Smith returned on Sunday evening last from their wedding tour, and will make their home with the bride's mother on Main street.

John Neary, accompanied by William and John Corcoran, John and Charles Burns of Penn Van, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Neary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Neary, on West avenue, and were royally entertained.

James Doyle of Hamilton street, who has been employed at Willard hospital for some time has returned to Geneva.

Miss Julia Powers of Rochester, formerly of Geneva, made a flying visit with friends in Geneva last week. She had been in Naples in attendance at the funeral of her father, Edward Powers.

Frank Hagan returned home on Monday from a visit with relatives and friends in Buffalo.

William Bann spent Sunday in Phelps, the guest of his mother, Mrs. Zachary Bann.

On Sunday morning last, April 25th, just as the sun was commencing to rise, Thomas Gallagher, one of Geneva's oldest and most highly respected citizens, passed away. He was born in Ireland in the year 1818, and was about 64 years old. When 19 years of age he came to this country, settled in Geneva and remained here ever since. For a number of years he was employed on the N. Y. C. railroad, but for several years he was flagman on the N. Y. C. crossing on North street, and filled the place with accuracy until falling health compelled him to resign. He had been sick for about two years but not confined to his bed generally. Although he was in the hospital for a great deal of time, he was not of doctors on the Thursday previous to his death. Mr. Gallagher leaves besides a widow, six children, Patrick Gallagher, Mrs. Margaret Gannon and Mrs. William Murphy of the city, Thomas of Auburn and Miss Ellen Gallagher of Buffalo, to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all in their hour of sorrow. The funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales church on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father was officiating. The following were present: Michael De Vaney, John De Vaney, Jeremiah Kelly, Patrick Kelly, Patrick Roulon and James Gannon. The funeral was largely attended by friends and relatives of the deceased and family, and showed the high esteem in which he was held by the large concourse of sorrowing friends who followed the remains to their last resting place in St. Patrick's cemetery. At the same time being carried from the church the choir rendered the beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," which brought tears to the eyes of those present. The floral tributes were very pretty, and consisted of the following named places: A pillow, from the family of the deceased; a wreath from the grandchildren; Gales Ajlar, from Mrs. Lawlor and family of Auburn; a beautiful cross from the employees of the Western Union Telegraph company of Buffalo; a wreath from the members of the St. Andrew's Guild; and a basket from Mrs. Anna Kane of this city; Miss Marie E. Lawlor of Auburn, Misses Farrell, De Vaney and Burke of Buffalo, Miss Mary E. Rully of Seneca Falls and others, apt flowers.

The following persons from out of town were present at Mr. Gallagher's funeral: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallagher of Elmira; Mr. Martin Gallagher and daughter Katherine of Oil City, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. John Kane of Olean, Conn.; Mrs. Jane McLeod of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Marcus Gibson of North Haver, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kelly, sr., of Seneca Falls; Patrick Kelly, jr., and daughter, Miss May, and two sons, Jeremiah and Charles of Seneca Falls; Mrs. Thomas Redmond of Waterloo; Mrs. John Lawlor and daughter, Miss Mangle, and two sons, Charles F. and Martin J. Lawlor, of Auburn; Mrs. Anna Gannon, Canandaigua; Martin Gannon and sister, Miss Katherine, of Buffalo; Misses Wilfred Farrell and Mary De Vaney of Buffalo; P. J. Costello of Seneca Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gannon of Seneca Falls; and Miss Lady Malloy of Utica, N. Y.

The new undertaking firm of De Vaney & Fletcher, established at the funeral of late Thomas Gallagher on Tuesday morning last.

Danville

Miss Lizzie Blum is home after a winter spent in Texas.

Miss Anna Maloney has been in Bolles for a week, visiting relatives.

Mr. Tim Nares of Corning and Miss Mable Quigley were married at the parsonage by Rev. James O. Deagberry Thursday evening. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret, and Mrs. Phil Quigley of Atlanta; was best man, Mr. and Mrs. Nares will live in Corning.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Write for our book, "How to Cure Deafness," which is mailed free on receipt of ten cents. It is written by a specialist in deafness, and contains the only reliable method of curing deafness.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by causes) that cannot be cured by Hall's Cathartic Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. J. Chasney & Co., 200 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by Druggists.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Hood's Pills, highlighting their effectiveness for digestive issues.

Advertisement for Charles J. Smith, Architects, listing their services and contact information.

Advertisement for Thomas E. Wagoner, Funeral Director, detailing funeral services.

Advertisement for Louis Ernest, a mechanical and contracting business.

Advertisement for 'For The Blind' featuring a product called '2801'.

Advertisement for Mathews & Co., providing contact details for their business.

Advertisement for 'ONE GIVEN' or similar, possibly a religious or social notice.

Advertisement for 'PA' or similar, possibly a publication or service.

Advertisement for 'FIELD' or similar, possibly a field-related business or service.

Advertisement for 'FIELD' or similar, possibly a field-related business or service.