

The Wishing Lamp

By VINCENT G. PERRY

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Perhaps if Madge's Aunt Betty and Will's Uncle Ben had been less against their friendship it might not have developed so swiftly, but after the first two or three meetings they spent every spare moment either together or trying to devise some means of getting together. Although Aunt Betty kept a strict watch on Madge and Uncle Ben threatened to disinherit Will, they met often. She was such a sweet dispositioned little girl and he was such a tall, handsome young fellow it was no wonder they fell in love.

"Madge, I'm tired of it all, let's elope," Will suggested one fine afternoon after they had both had a particularly trying time to keep an appointment at the old mill.

"But Aunt Betty!" Madge exclaimed, somewhat in horror. "Other take Aunt Betty, and Uncle Ben, too, for that matter," Will cried angrily. "They have no right to spoil our lives, and that is what they are going to do."

"I'm eighteen," Madge demurred. "I'm twenty-one," he said resonantly. "Let's get married in Bruxton." Bruxton was a few miles distant. "Perhaps we wouldn't be happy," Madge hesitated. "You know your uncle and my aunt were once in love, and look what enemies they are now, and all over a simple little thing, too."

"We are not so silly as to quarrel over such a thing as a ring," came from Will in disdain. "But your uncle stole aunt's ring, or, rather, took back the ring he had given her without aunt's permission," Madge pointed.

"He did nothing of the kind. Your aunt said he did, but that was just her excuse," Will said indignantly. "They had had a misunderstanding, and that was her way of getting rid of him."

"It was not!" Madge flashed, her eyes blazing, "and if he told you that it is a lie. Your uncle threatened to take the ring the night they had the quarrel. My aunt never spoke to him again."

"And I guess he doesn't want her to, the old cat!" "Will Desmond, how dare you!" Never had he seen Madge so angry. She had turned her back on him and was walking away hurriedly, but he went after her, his anger gone and nothing left but a desire to make amends.

"I thought we wouldn't be so silly as to quarrel over a little thing like a ring," he said, after all his pleadings had been in vain. Then they both laughed.

As they walked home the elopement was mentioned again. By the time

they reached the parting place they had made all the plans. That very afternoon they would drive to Bruxton and be married, they decided. At two o'clock Will would meet her at the usual place with a horse and buggy. Half-past one found Madge all ready, suitcase packed and all. As luck would have it, Aunt Betty had taken sick from the perfume of a certain kind of flower that always made her sick that Madge had smuggled into the house intentionally, and had gone to bed for the afternoon. With her hand on the door Madge stopped.

"She had forgotten her wishing lamp," the most cherished of her possessions. It had been her treasure from childhood. She could not leave it. Her eyes were fixed on the door. The door opened and she went in. The old lamp, table lamp, reflected rays before by electric light, only needed to be rubbed to grant her wish. The habit of making wishes on it had grown with her, and although she had forsaken the Aladdin role, the lamp

still had a magic power to bring her happiness, she half believed. Oh, no, she couldn't leave it. Up the stairs she went, to return a minute afterward with the old lamp safe in her arms.

Two hours later Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond walked out of the rectory in Bruxton. "I wish we could go back home," Will said, "and I don't see why we can't!"

The mention of the word wish had reminded Madge of the lamp, which she had placed under the seat of the buggy. She put her hand under to see if it was still there, then pulled it back with a cry of fright.

"Will Desmond, you have put your foot on my grandmother's lamp. There's a big hole in it." There was the evidence—the lamp had a hole in the hand-painted oil tank big enough to put a flat through. "What's this?" Will's hand went into the hole and brought out a ring. "The lost engagement ring," they cried together. "It wasn't stolen after all."

For half an hour Miss Betty Winshide and Mr. Benjamin Desmond had been arguing. It was the first time they had spoken for thirty years and they were letting forth all the mean things they had saved up to say to one another in that time. It ended with them both a little shaky in their beliefs of the righteousness of their causes.

"Perhaps you didn't steal the ring, but that doesn't find my niece Madge," Aunt Betty panted. "And perhaps you didn't lose the ring on purpose, but that doesn't say your niece can run off with my nephew," Uncle Ben said, although not so antagonistically as before.

"She is as good a girl as ever lived," Aunt Betty sobbed. "And he is a good boy." Her tears had had the effect of quieting Uncle Ben to the reasoning point.

It was the opportune moment for the arrival of the elopers, and sure enough they came on hand. Before condemnation could be showered on their heads the lost ring was displayed and recognized. Aunt Betty remembered that the ring had been loose, and that she had cleaned her mother's lamp the day it had disappeared. After all those years it was hard to believe the truth, but the old folks were equal to the occasion.

"If it wasn't that your wishing lamp was broken I'd be glad we found the ring," Will said, the first chance they had to be alone. "I don't need it now," Madge smiled sweetly. "I have all the happiness I need without wishing for any more."

ROCK-OF MAJESTIC BEAUTY

Great Gray Rampart Has Attraction That Has Been Finely Described by Traveler.

There is a grim gray rampart that it snows. Its jagged ridge sharp cut against the sky, while over all its mighty breadth and height, brooks stark desolation. From miles away it gazes over lower peaks upon the yellow, hot and dusty desert that seems, by contrast, teeming with life. No eagle wheels above that steep wall, nor hawk nor buzzard circles in the blue. No earth, no weed, nor any forest growth finds lodgment in a crevice of the rock.

And yet, when day is fading, and it stands out purple-black against the rosy clouds, it holds a certain beauty in its gloomy loneliness. Then when the evening has closed in and velvet night comes forth, it towers a mighty shape against the paler sky. And in the stillest watches of the night, the frosty, glittering stars stoop low to kiss its stony brow; for, though its foot is covered deep in sharp-edged shifting shale, its lofty head rears proudly up to mingle with the brilliant spheres that lower mountains may not reach—and mocks at desolation.—Orville H. Leonard.

New Treatment for Meats.

The profession of chemical engineering has newly justified itself with announcement of the perfection of a process of dehydrating meats which overcomes former objections that the treatment coagulated the protein and rendered it unpalatable. The new process removes all of the water and renders the product sterile, so that it can be kept indefinitely. It dispenses with the use of brine, refrigeration or any other artificial agency, and the two chief economic arguments in its favor are that it saves about eleven-twentieths of transportation space now required and calls for no special provisions for its preservation. The scientific point out that these factors would make the new product especially desirable for relief work in Europe, that it would be ideal for vessels on long voyages and that by avoiding refrigeration costs it ought to contribute something toward reducing the cost of living.—Portland Oregonian.

Airship's Day Coming.

We have passed from the best-girded gully to the chimney roadster, and it is only a step further to the chimney steamer. The day may be here shortly when the young man who is courting a girl, and who will soon be the uncle of a child, will call for her in his chimney steamer and he will have her in a chimney steamer. If this is the case, they will fly above the clouds. The chimney steamer will be a few thousand feet to where it is needed. The chimney steamer is a zone and the motor car may be passing. Tomorrow often springs something new, and when it comes youth will gladly accept it.—Indianapolis News.

NEW YORK NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Paragraphs of Interest to Readers of Empire State.

Interesting News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points in the State and So Reduced in Size That It Will Appeal to All Classes of Readers.

Mt. Morris has a curfew law for dogs. Corning soldiers from overseas defend the Y. M. C. A. Many Italians are leaving Geneva for their native land. There is to be a recruiting campaign for marines in Buffalo.

Albion reports that the 1918 apple crop exceeded all records. Dunkirk's supply of beer will be exhausted long before July 1. Beekeepers met in Rochester and organized a county organization.

Non-war industries of Mt. Morris have decided wages must be cut. Foreigners of Mt. Morris have filed a petition asking for night schools. Two of the large New York clothing firms will move their plants to Rochester.

Mayor Buck will separate farmers from hucksters in the Buffalo city markets. Lyons people are being asked to keep their pledges to the Red Cross war fund.

There were 110 fires in Hornell during 1918 and the aggregate loss was \$36,387.14. Toluid, a by-product of gasoline, is to be made in Rochester. It is the basis of TNT.

Buffalo, according to an estimate by the health department, has a population of 500,000. Dunkirk wants a \$200,000 postoffice and the chances for getting it are believed to be good.

Wayne county fruit growers have decided to take steps to establish central packing houses. Monroe county medical inspection will be checked up by the state department of education.

Canandaigua business men are going to finance a rest room which will be fitted up there shortly. Members of the Orleans County Fruit Growers' association held their annual meeting at Holley.

Chamber of Commerce men in Rochester are working to keep the government's optical plant in that city. Clean will have a new industrial plant. The United States Glue company of Milwaukee will build there.

Much work is being done this winter to improve the Canandaigua outlet near Waterloo and reclaim muck land there. Herbert S. Carpenter of New York has been re-elected president of the state Forestry association at its meeting in Albany.

Automobilists may use their present registration plates until Feb. 15, 1919. Secretary of State Hugo announced in Albany.

According to further reports from Buffalo dairymen are ready to take stock in a \$10,000,000 project to cut out milk middlemen. Rochester has created a special city department to obtain employment for men discharged from the service of the United States.

Members of the Campbell branch of the Dairymen's league have organized a \$40,000 company to purchase the Steuben Creamery company. Troops from Buffalo and Western New York, members of the 27th division, will be given a monster parade in Buffalo, according to present plans.

Internal Revenue Collector Rigdon has warned Western New York people against fakers who would assist people in making out their income tax reports. Dr. A. H. Norton, a member of the faculty of Elmira college, was elected president of Keuka college at a meeting in Penn Yan of the trustees of that institution.

Mrs. Jerome B. Moore, well known throughout the state as an anti-trust leader and prominent in the social circles, died suddenly at her home in Syracuse. John E. Foster of Rochester is the president of a company just formed to operate a chain of auto supply stations along the million dollar highway in Orleans county.

Joseph L. McEntee of Albany, dean of the New York legislative correspondents, is dead. Mr. McEntee was engaged in newspaper work at the hospital for more than 35 years and was 63 years old.

Canandaigua may have organized a company for raising sheep for the production of Persian lamb fur. The capitalization is said to be \$300,000 and the New York Persian Lamb Fur Sheep corporation will be the name of the enterprise.

A resolution appropriating \$1,000 for the expenses of the legislative expenses on Feb. 9 in honor of Theodore Roosevelt was adopted by the assembly. The resolution, which was introduced by Assemblyman Coles, also authorized the appointment of committees of both houses to make arrangements.

A resolution requesting the war department to permit New York draft records to be retained in the state as an aid to the reconstruction commission, was adopted by the state senate. The resolution was introduced by Republican Leader Walters.

By a vote of 52 to 24, the state conference, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the close of a protracted session in Rochester, endorsed Mrs. Frank F. Dow, state chaplain and regent of Irondequoit chapter, for vice president of the national society.

With the differences between the Dairymen's league and the milk distributors settled for the present, the farmers in the vicinity of Warsaw are again drawing their milk to the local distributing agency. Between 36,000 and 38,000 pounds are received daily.

With the close of the war savings stamp campaign for 1918, Cattaraugus county stood 11th in the state. Its per capita was \$18.30. Nine townships and two cities went over the top in the county. Gowanda more than doubled its quota with a per capita of \$41.58.

A proposal to erect a statue of the late Theodore Roosevelt on Ellis island, so that "foreigners coming to this country shall see liberty and the figure of the man who represents Americanism as they steam up the bay" was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the People's Social Service league, representing organizations in New York's east side.

The legislature should appropriate \$5,000,000 from the second \$50,000,000 highway bond issue to cover the expense of completing all unfinished highway contracts during the coming season, and to enable the state highway department to resume the work of construction when material and labor costs readjust themselves, Highway Commissioner Duffey says.

Charles E. Treman, federal food administrator of New York state, outside the metropolitan districts, announced the resignations of the 55 county administrators. This means, he said, the virtual end of federal food work in New York. In the upstate districts there have been 753 penalties for violations and nearly \$50,000 was contributed by offenders to war charities.

The sub-committee on taxation of the state conference of mayors, is in favor of the tax on soft drinks, and recommendations will be made this week to the tax committee. The sub-committee also has approved the so-called model tax system, which provides for a tax on realty, a state income tax and a business tax, which would be obtained by amendment of the present Emerson law.

Construction of 20 combination power and cargo barges for the New York state barge canal was authorized by Director General Hines. They will be put into operation in the spring by the railroad administration. The boats will be 150 feet long, 22 feet wide, of 400 horsepower and capable of carrying 500 tons. They may operate both on the canal and in the Hudson river to New York city.

Bootleggers and moonshiners would better beware of Mrs. Ella Boole, head of the New York State W. C. T. U. and vice president of the national organization. Mrs. Boole has a bill ready for introduction in the legislature, which provides that any person found intoxicated after prohibition becomes effective must reveal the identity of the one who supplied the liquor or go to jail for 300 days.

Commissioner of Agriculture Wilson and the farm service bureau are receiving the active aid and co-operation of more than 6,000 rural school teachers in the campaign of the department of agriculture to develop New York's agricultural resources. A part of this work, in charge of the farm service bureau, consists of furnishing through agricultural experts reliable and accurate advice to returning soldiers who may desire to take up farming.

The farms and markets council has undertaken a survey of milk production, having appointed a committee consisting of William E. Dana, William F. Pratt, Datus Clark and Jonathan C. Day, which will conduct a hearing at Glens Falls in response to a request from the chamber of commerce of that city. Hearings will be held in other parts of the state at dates to be announced later. It is expected some of these will take place in Western New York.

Pasteurization of milk at the creameries where it is produced, rather than in the cities to which it is brought, was advocated by Henry Arnstein, owner of six creameries in Northern New York, in testimony at the John Doe inquiry in New York into milk situation. It cost 25 to 75 cents for each 100 pounds if pasteurized in the cities, the witness said, but the cost would not exceed one-third of a cent a quart if pasteurization was done at the creameries. The annual milk business in the state comes to \$200,000,000, the witness declared.

New York milk consumers will share but little in reduction of 48 cents per hundred pounds in distributors for February milk, agreed on by the Dairymen's league in settlement of the January milk strike, according to an announcement by Robert E. Dowling, chairman of Gov. Smith's milk commission. Although the farmers' price has been reduced from \$4.01 per 100 pounds to \$3.53, graded A bottled milk will continue to sell at 18 cents a quart and grade B at 16 cents. The only retail cut will be one of one cent a quart in the price of bulk milk, which has been selling at 13 and 14 cents a quart.

The Shining Way

By E. B. HACKLEY

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Roxana Cullom, an alert little gray-haired woman, paused when she came to the "big road" at the foot of the mountain, and set down the little basket of fried chicken and biscuits she was taking to a sick neighbor. Though it was a long way she had come from the hidden Cullom stronghold at the top of the mountain, she had not stopped to rest, but to think over things.

Today was Wednesday, and Monday she had let the children set as the day when she would be married the second time—and without love—without love!

She untied the strings of her black alpaca sunbonnet and threw them back. Things were closing in on her; she felt as if she were smothering.

Back in '85, when young Isaac Cullom brought her to his new home here in the wildest part of the county, he had set out great orchards with an eye to making moonshine. And Isaac had made a success of his venture. No revenue officer—nobody foreign to the neighborhood—would ever have dreamed of fields and orchards lying behind that forest of hemlock and oak, poplar and chestnut.



In Front of a Big Log House.

At Isaac's death, his son Sheridan fell heir to his orchards and his calling, but Sheridan could not make the liquor as Isaac had made it, try as he might. A year after Isaac's death, however, Sheridan learned that Simon Cone was an expert distiller and persuaded him to stay with him. Sheridan paid good wages and gave Simon every consideration.

When he chose, he slept late in the morning and his breakfast were kept warm for him. Roxana, Sheridan's mother, did most of the cooking, and before many months Simon began to turn admiring eyes on the spry little woman who cooked better than anybody he had ever known.

Sheridan and his wife, Dorcas, were much pleased. If Simon married mother, his stay with them would be certain—permanent. Their persuasion and Simon's urging were too much for Roxana. She promised to marry him.

That morning Dorcas had made her try on the dark blue poplin dress they had bought for her. Roxana had suggested that the color was unattractive for a woman in her sixty-fifth year.

"Black is all right to mourn a husband in," Dorcas had insisted, "but not to wed another one in, mother!" To mourn a husband! And she—she had not mourned Isaac.

"I'm bound to you and I'll stay with you and do my duty by you as long as I have to," she told him in the first year of their marriage, "but don't expect love from a woman you married through a lie!"

The year before Herndon Heriot, the young man she loved, had gone away to the war.

"I wish I could read and write, Roxie darling," he told her at parting, "so's I could write to you while I'm away; but I can't, and I wouldn't trust nobody to do it for me; but you be waitin' and ready to marry me when I come home—Roxie—you be ready?" But that winter when Isaac Cullom told her of reading in the papers of Heriot's marriage she believed him, and, stung with the insult she believed Heriot had put upon her, she married Isaac hastily.

Then, one day in May, when she went out to gather the white azaleas Heriot always loved, the boy himself came up behind her.

He was gaunt and pale—the left sleeve of his blue army coat hung limp from the elbow, but he was smiling. "I've come back to marry you, Roxie."

"Don't tech me—don't kiss me, Heriot!" She pushed him back from her. "You another man's wife! Isaac Cullom told me you were married. I believed him, Heriot!"

He listened to her story, his face whiter than the azalea blooms she had left fall. "I never grieved for my arm," he told her. "I just laid there in the hospital and tried to get well quick—I

hoped you'd love me, but you didn't. You let me, I mean, to see you. You said you was out here. You never told me—" He turned away and pressed his unshined right arm across his face. "Oh, Roxie—Roxie—show, show! Show, show! Show!" He couldn't hardly bear it!

Then he'd gone, and she had never seen him again. The child, Sheridan, had made life with Isaac endurable; the child she had wanted to call "Herndon," but had not dared.

"I've promised Simon and the children—but I married once without love and I can't bear to do it again," thought Roxana. "I may be up in years, but my heart—my heart ain't old!"

She rose, her small features wreathed with the emotion of a lifetime pressed upon her.

"Life'd been so fair if I'd loved my man!" she murmured. "I wish somebody would tell me now not to go after my heart! I wish there was some body!"

Her faded cheek crimsoned suddenly. There was Heriot! Heriot lived 20 miles away—alone—and he was not married. She set her lips and deliberately turned her face away from Roxana Placer's. The October air was like honey; Roxana's feet felt like wings. For hours she walked before she stopped and ate a lunch from the basket she had started to take to a sick friend.

"I don't want folks asking questions," she told herself cheerfully at dusk as she made for her weary body a couch in a big dry stack of straw some distance off the road; it's clean and I ain't afraid!"

By noon the next day she reached the mining town near which Heriot lived.

"Heriot at home," a friendly mountaineer told her, as he pointed the way to her. "He gits a usable pension and he's well fixed, but he says he gits mighty lonesome sometimes, livin' by hisself!"

It was mid-afternoon before Roxana stood before the whitewashed picket fence in front of a big log house fringed by a glory of pink and yellow dahlias. A man coming out of the "backyard" where were rows on rows of hives, opened the gate hospitably.

"Won't you come in, lady?" "I don't know as I ought," she stammered. "I just wanted to see you, if you think it's right. I'm a woman married; when she don't love a man—mean, I mean, that ain't never right, ma'am." He answered in polite wonderment, "for any age." They he knew her. "Why, Roxie, who's a-wantin' you to do that foolish thing?"

"I ran off," she confessed later. "I didn't have anybody to side with me when it come to me yesterday morning. I couldn't marry Simon, and I remembered you always sided with me, Heriot! I just couldn't marry the second time without love!"

Heriot looked into her troubled face and the smoldering fire of youth blazed up in his heart. His eyes kindled, his rugged features lighted. "Meanin' you been a-leavin' a child all them years, Roxie? I've been hearin' some a heap, but the rest of the world be mighty bright and shiny. If I thought you'd marry a second time for love!"

Roxana reached out her trembling hands and took his one hand in hers. Life was very fair and beautiful!

COLONIAL CHILDREN AT WORK

Youngsters Were Taught Early to Earn Their Bread "by the Sweat of Their Brows."

There was plenty of work on a farm even for little children, writes Allen Morse Karie, in her "Child Life in Colonial Days"; they sowed various seeds in early spring; they weeded flax fields, walking barefoot; among the tender plants; they hatched and combed wool.

All the work on the farm, after the breaking, was done in old times by women and children. It is said there are in all 20 different occupations in flax manufacture, of which half can be easily done by children. Much of the work in domestic wool spinning and weaving was done by little girls. They could spin "the great wheel" when they were so small that they had to stand on a footstool to reach up. They skinned the yarn on a clock-reel. They easily filled the "quills" with a woolen yarn, used in weaving bedspreads, and set the quills in the middle of the great pointed wooden shuttles. They wound the white warp on the spools, and set the spools on the frame. They might, if very deft and attentive, help "set the piece," that is, wind the warp threads on the great yarn-beam, pass them through the eyes of the heddles, or harness, and the spars of the reed. Girls of six could spin flax.

Animals at Their Toilet.

Animals, says a French savant, furnish man example in the matter of hygiene. They were the first creatures who made use of the sponge, soap and even of the toothbrush.

From time immemorial they cleaned themselves by using the tongue as a brush, their saliva as soap, their tail as a towel, their claws as a comb. Furthermore, they bathe themselves frequently.

Colonies of monkeys isolate those among them who refuse to observe the rules of cleanliness. It has been remarked that monkeys with well-cared for hands take the precaution when drinking of never lifting them set with chimpanzees almost invariably wipe out their mouths after eating, and a certain young orang-outang always used a toothpick.