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Fall Fair Dates

The Western District Fair Association have fixed the following dates for the fairs of that circuit:

Strathroy	Sept. 15-17
Petrolia	Sept. 18-20
Forest	Sept. 24-25
Parkhill	Sept. 25-26
Wyoming	Sept. 26-27
Brigden	Sept. 30
Alvinston	Oct. 2-3
WATFORD	Oct. 7-8

The wireworm has made its appearance in Metcalfe, and a number of fine fields of oats have been badly damaged. One or two fields have been almost eaten.

Principal Wright, of the Forest High School, has resigned his position to accept the principalship of St. Marys Collegiate Institute at a salary of \$1800 per annum.

The worms that infest children from their birth are of two kinds, those that find lodgement in the stomach and those that are found in the intestines. The latter are the most destructive, as they cling to the walls of the intestines and if not interfered with work havoc there. Miller's Worm Powders dislodge both kinds and while expelling them from the system serve to repair the damage they have caused.

Notwithstanding earlier reports, the outlook for fruit in Essex county is not nearly as bright as was expected from the abundant blossoming. Apples and pears will be scarce, while the cherry crop is not anything extra. The drought is cutting the strawberry crop short, and high prices are prevalent for this choice fruit.

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THE HIGHWAYMAN
How a Bracelet Became a Keeper
By EDNA L. SWIFT

One evening in the year 1648 a coach lumbered along the main highway between Glasgow and Edinburgh toward the latter city. It was the year that Oliver Cromwell, having closed the war with the parliament, defeated the Scotch royalists at Preston and ended the war. In those days the roads were unpaved and, being the only means of land transportation, were much used and consequently in the worst condition possible. Two persons within the coach, a gentleman and his daughter, were tossed about as it lurched in the ruts and mudholes which the driver could hardly have avoided even had there been something better than an oil lamp on each side of the vehicle to light the way. Presently a rear wheel went down to the axle, and the coach, careening on that side, came to a stop. For some ten minutes the driver lashed the horses to a vain effort to force them to pull it out and, after a rest, was about to begin again when by the dim side lights the travelers were able to discern the figure of a masked man on the road beside them.

That he was a highwayman was evident from the concealment of his features, but his first words were not in the least terrifying. "Wait a bit," he said to the coachman, "till I bring a lever with which to get the wheel on to dry land." And with that he disappeared in the darkness, returning in a few minutes with a fencepost, one end of which he placed under the rear axle and the other end on his shoulder. Then, calling on the driver to again apply the lash, the coach was lifted on to firmer ground.

"Now," said the man who had secured this result to the gentleman in the coach, "the laborer being worthy of his hire, I shall have to trouble you for your valuables. It pains me to do this; but the war being over and the king no longer able to pay his soldiers, I must needs get a living the best way I can." "Alas," replied the gentleman in the coach, "that is a case of one beggar calling on another for help. The Duke of Hamilton in order to pay the troops that Cromwell had so ably defeated, has taken everything I possessed except my home. I am on my way to Edinburgh to try to make a loan on that which will tide me over these strenuous times."

"In that case," replied the highwayman, "please accept my services gratis."

While this brief dialogue was being spoken the lady in the coach sat concealed in a corner so that the highwayman did not see her. But as he, having mounted his horse, was about to ride away she leaned forward and, taking a bracelet from her wrist, extended it toward him, saying:

"It is not meet that one of the king's defenders should go unrewarded for a service. Take this, and may the day soon come when his majesty shall be able to take care of his own."

There was sufficient light from the coach lamp for the man to see that she was a young girl and beautiful. He sat so absorbed in the vision of loveliness before him that for a moment he did not heed her words; then, taking the bracelet, he said:

"I shall return it to you."

"If you do," said her father, "you shall be hanged for what you are—a robber. My daughter and I are not agreed upon these troublous times. I am with the parliament. I understand that many of the king's hirelings, now that their occupation has gone, have taken to the road. Cromwell will soon be our ruler, and he will then clear our highways of these gentlemen robbers."

the king nor the parliament. He left the travelers, but felt very despondent. For his first effort at a highwayman's career was not to his liking, and he knew of no other occupation unless he went to France and became a hireling soldier of the French king. One thing he was decided upon—that sooner or later he would take the bracelet he had received and clasp it with his own hands upon the wrist from which it had been removed.

King Charles I. was brought to trial and beheaded at the beginning of the following year. The fortunes of the royalists were at a low ebb and were not destined to improve till King Charles II. was restored to the throne more than a decade later. Meanwhile the young Scot, who had made one attempt at a career on the highway, being proscribed by Cromwell's government, went to France, where he found Prince Charles who secured him a commission in the French army.

One evening there was a ball in progress in the manor house of Donald MacIvor. He had profited by Cromwell's success and was disposed to win over as many of his neighbors to the new regime as possible. The fête he gave on this occasion was with this end in view. Among the guests was a young man who was not known and had not been invited to the ball. But amid so great a throng the presence of the stranger was not noticed. Presently he approached the oldest daughter of the house and said:

"I must ask you to pardon my intrusion here, for I have not been invited. I have returned to Scotland after several years' absence on being advised of my older brother's death. My father, Sir Malcolm Douglas, who lived beyond the Grampian mountains, died two years ago, and my brother died recently. I am therefore Sir Walter Douglas."

"And why," asked the lady, whose cheek paled at the sound of his voice and whose bosom was heaving, "did you not obtain an invitation, which I am sure my father would have?" She paused, and the young man replied to her question before she had finished:

"Because I am a proscribed royalist."

Placing her hand on his arm, she led him to a window seat where they would not be noticed. They were scarcely seated before he clasped a bracelet about her wrist.

"Go away from here," she said under her breath. "My father may notice that you are a stranger and inquire who you are. Should he recognize you by your voice, as I have done, your life will pay the penalty of your rashness."

"My life is worth little to me, nor has it been of value to me for some time past. I saw your face lighted by a coach lamp, for I have been an exile. But recently I have inherited the estate which my father saved by remaining neutral in our troubles. Yet, besides my loyalty to our rightful sovereign, there is but one act in my life to keep me from enjoying my heritage, an act of highway robbery. I have returned the booty taken on that occasion, and I crave your forgiveness."

"It is granted. But my father—he will never forgive you."

"There is a chance. He may not recognize me as the highwayman. Should he not there is no reason why I should not make myself known as a Scotch laird recently come into an estate, for the war has for some time past been over, and there are, I understand, to be no more persecutions for loyalty to the king."

"But in the event of my father recognizing you as the highwayman I would not give a farthing for your life. He has often spoken of that episode and vowed that should you make good your words to return my bracelet he would see you hanged high as Haman. Keep it," she added, taking it off. "I would not dare wear it."

"As a keepsake?"

"Yes."

"I am resolved," said the young man after a pause, "to take the one chance that deprives me of being openly your guest. I am going to make myself known to your father. If he does not recognize my voice my troubles may be at an end, and I may be with you."

her emotion rather than that he would be recognized by his voice. Fortunately her father was looking at Douglas and did not see her efforts to repress it. But at this noncommittal reply MacIvor turned away to his duties as host. His daughter gave a long drawn sigh of relief and led her guest to another part of the house. After another interview behind window curtains he left her with the assurance that he would be always welcome.

That part of Scotland lying beyond the Grampian mountains was in those days a wild country. Sir Walter Douglas went to his estate and, taking no part in the later futile attempts of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England and Scotland, was not disturbed by the parliamentary government. Later he made a second appearance at MacIvor's home to ask for the hand of the old man's daughter. It was gladly bestowed upon him, and after a wedding ceremony during which the father gave his daughter away to the man who had robbed him—Sir Walter had the keepsake in his pocket when being married—the knight took his bride to his remote home. When Charles II. was restored to the throne the pair were prominent at court, and Lady Douglas often told the story of the bracelet, wearing it openly on her wrist, to the merry monarch. It is needless to add that his majesty greatly enjoyed it.

CULINARY MATTERS.
Mayonnaise of Salmon.
To one can of salmon minced fine mix a dressing as follows: Yolk of one raw egg, spoonful of mustard, four tablespoonsful of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, pinch of salt, very little cayenne pepper. Put mustard in with the egg, stir one way and add oil drop by drop; then beat until creamy. When stiff add the vinegar, then pepper and lastly salt. Garnish the dish with parsley or celery tops.

Celery Sandwiches.
One cupful of celery and one tablespoonful of apples, nuts or olives, all minced very fine, mixing thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Spread white bread with butter, then the above filling, place another piece of bread on top and cut in any shape desired.

Olive and Egg Sandwiches.
Stone and chop twelve large olives and four finely chopped hard boiled eggs and enough melted butter to make a paste, season with pepper and salt, spread on thin slices of bread from which the crust has been removed and press firmly together in pairs.

Raspberry Sherbet.
Place in a bowl one-half pound of granulated sugar, one quart of lukewarm water; squeeze in the juice of three lemons, the grated rind of one and the white of an egg; press through a cheesecloth into a bowl one-half pint of preserved raspberries, add two drops of carmine coloring and one tablespoonful of Swiss kirschwasser and add the mixture to the water lemon juice, thoroughly mix with a silver spoon for five minutes. Strain through a Chinese strainer into a small ice cream freezer, cover the freezer, place in a tub of broken ice mixed with rock salt all round, then freeze for thirty-five minutes.

Powders in Bananas.
If you have difficulty in giving children powders cut a banana down the middle, scoop out some of the pulp and put the powder in. Place together again and the taste is hardly ever noticeable.

For Diseased Udders.
Isolate a cow the moment she has anything wrong with her udder and milk her last. Pontifice the udder with hot oatmeal porridge in a wide bandage without holes being cut for teats. Twice daily rub well with a mixture of equal parts warm melted lard and fluid extract of poke root and belladonna leaves. Give a pound dose of epsom salts in three pints warm water as one dose and follow with a half ounce of fluid extract of poke root and two drams of saltpeter three times daily in water.—Dr. A. S. Alexander.

The Horse's Pulse.
The pulse of a horse may vary from twenty-eight to forty pulsations a minute. The best place to take the pulse of a horse is on the lower border of the jawbone, about four inches in front of the throat latch.

The Worst of It.
"Do you keep a cook, Mrs. Suburb?" "Madam, I not only keep the cook, but also her entire family."—Baltimore American.

Nothing is so new as what has long been forgotten.—German Proverb.

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