"Mamma, mamma," cried she, "jot

She waved them back and whispered

"It is nothing new; it will pass

"Mamma," said Eleanor with a new

for all, let us settle this subject. 1

voluntary mediator, thankful-so

Lady Annabel raised the soft hand to

"I consent. May Heaven forgive me

if I am wrong! After all," she added,

"it may never be required of you. We

may never find him, or he may have

"Ah, yes," responded Eleanor sooth-

ingly, "we are making a great deal of

of it. But you, Walter, must never

hope for anything except a friend's af-

"So be it, then, I submit. May I know

"His name?" repeated Lady Elea-

nor, dreamily. "I do not even know it

"What inexplicable mystery is this?"

She shuddered while she answered:

"Be content, Walter, and ask no

"My children," whispered Lady An-

nabel, "one thing I must require of you.

The intention may be sincere and gen-

uine, but the heart be treacherous, Mr.

Vernon, I request you to continue your

visits as usual. The test must be ap-

plied by actual trial. If my daughter

can learn to school her own heart, it is

well; if not, I would rather die myself

She rose from her chair, signed for

Eleanor to support her, and bidding

him as courteous an adieu as if only

ordinary conversation had passed be-

So ended this exciting, perplexing,

sorrowful interview; and restless and

miserable, haunted by a thousand ab-

surd misgivings, Walter returned to

his studio. He remained a week away

time he met the admiral, whose easy,

CHAPTER XIII.

lord, touching his arm, said formally:

"Mrs. Dacre, allow me to present to

you our distinguished artist, Signor

Vernoni, Vernoni, the Hon. Mrs. Da-

Absent-minded and sad, Walter had

not heeded the lady's approach. There

was no way to avoid an interview. She

stood before him, her genial face aglow

with smiles, her fair white hand ex-

One moment Walter's fierce eyes

glowed upon her; his haughty lip curl-

ed in scorn; then turning upon his heel,

"No, no, I shall never take that hand

in friendly greeting," and vanished in

The startled Mrs. Dacre colored crim-

son, and the tears rose to her eyes; but

seeing her husband's anger, she passed

fierceness of his indignation at the in-

The viscount hunted up Walter later

"Upon my word, Vernon, I hardly

ere is in a rage, and declares your pres-

No doubt you were, and exceeding-

out I would die a thousand times rather

Someract," said Walter again, in .

he good name of the dead father you

loved once better than life, would you

take her hand in yours, though eti-

quette, courtesy, and the whole world

mothered voice of deep emotion,

than touch that woman's hand."

tended toward him.

he ejaculated:

embarrassed face:

his sanity.

the crowd.

HE ONLY event

of importance

fast and warm ad-

mirer, Viscount

were in the midst

of a gay crowd

when the young

They

Somerset.

ignorant of all that had passed.

tween them, left the drawing room.

than take her from you."

the name of him who wins the treasure

her lips and whispered:

fection, a sister's love."

Walter sighed.

ejaculated Walter.

with a wan smile on her deadly face:

CHAPTER XIL-(CONTINUED.) "How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if are ill; this excitement is killing you!" as you said—and it made my heart leap with joy-you love me, how can it be your duty to give me up and marry another? O, Eleanor, dear Ellie, think of presently.' my life-long devotion, my stern sacriair of determination and energy, "once fice, that refused to hear even a single word from you-my unceasing toil and incredible exertion to fit myself to know the constant worrying about it is stand in these doors a suitor for your destroying you. Here I am a willing, hand, without a blush of shame! To have gained the long-prayed-for posithankful, my darling mother, to be able to brighten thus little of your trial. tion, to find my love returned, and yet I am sorry you should know how much to lose you—have you thought how terrible a doom it is for me? Can it be a it cost me to relinquish Walter, but beduty that would crush our hearts in the lieve me, I shall conquer it bravely Once entered upon the path, I shall fulfillment?" not shrink; I shall never repent."

She wrung her hands.

"Forbear, O Walter-have pity on my weakness! All last night I wrestled in my agony to see the right, I came out of the bitter waters calm in self-renunciation, knowing it was my duty to give you up. Neither your grief nor my own anguish must drift | chosen another himself." me away from the position I defined then. Dear Walter, my childhood's friend, my protector and comforter al- trouble before we are sure there is need ways, help me now to be true to my own convictions of right!"

There was a solemn pathos in her tone-in her white face and imploring eye-that rebuked Walter's personal

"Eleanor," said he, impetuously, "if I could see any reason for it-if it were not so contradictory to all my ideas of right-I would be wiling to bear my own pain to aid you!"

"Be sure I must be well convinced of the right of it ere I peril your happiness and mine. If you knew all you would be the first to bid me God speed upon my atoning sacrifice."

Walter was looking steadfastly into the beautiful face. Coming suddenly forward, while lip and cheek paled beneath the intensity of his emotion, he

held out his hand. "It is enough. I will bid you Godspeed now. I renounce my hopes, Ellie -my Ellie, for whom I have lived, and striven, and hoped. I will give you up,

even unto another's arms.' Lady Eleanor's head drooped torward to his shoulder; her cold white cheek touched his; her brown curls flung their sunny ripples against his jetty locks, while her quivering lips whispered:

"God bless you, Walter! It is pleasant now to think how short is earthhow enduring Heaven!"

He wrapped his arms around her, pressed her passionately to his heart, unrestrained manner showed he was and then put her away. A step threshold startled them. Lady Annabel stood within the doorway, her sad glance wandering from one agitated face to another. She was evidently greatly moved, yet she came in with her accustomed stately grace, and greeted Walter with the usual salutation; then turning to her daughter, she said mournfully:

"I see how it is, my child; you deceived me last night, and my worst fearswhen I knew Mr. Vernon had returned -are verified. I see that you love each other."

No answer came. Eleanor turned away her tearful face and Walter, his sensitive spirit stung by the thought that she would consider him as an interloper, raised his head in haughty si-

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" came in a piteous voice, so full of yearning tenderness it seemed to convulse the poor girl's heart. "I asked no sacrifice of you. I should love and bless you still if you left me tonight to fly with the man you love. Hear me solemnly declare I dare not even advise you to marry other than him who holds your heart. Go and be happy, my child."

Walter bent forward joyously, but Eleanor only shook her head.

"I know you do not ask it, mother, but I know it is right-it is best, and it will give you peace. Walter himself has given me up, and blessed my effort." Lady Annabel looked wildly from one to the other as she faltered;

But if you love each other, how can he give you up, or you take yourself from him?"

"The consciousness of doing right will enable us both to conquer our illfated affection-will it not, Walter?" Perplexed, grieved, heart-crushed,

Walter could not refuse the pleading look in those blue eyes, and he answered-"Yes." What was his astonishment to see

Lady Annabel fall on her knees, and, catching her daughter's hand, bathe it with tears and dry it with kisses.

"My grand, heroic child!" cried she. Will Heaven permit such innocence and worth to atone for the sin of others? I will pray that your noble sacriice may not be needed; and yet I own. if it is completed, a mother's eternal gratitude will be yours. Ah, my own Eleanor, your pure hand shall lift away from me a load of remorse, and carry to another atonement for suffering and ss. But it must be free and voluntary-not from foar of my displeasure-

She sank down into an easy chair and ed a handkerchief to ber face, while a violent fit of coughing ensued. The lace meshes came away, their snowy Eleanor sprang to her side in con-

prosperous; she is none the less my father's deadliest foe."

"What is to be done?" asked the perplexed viscount. "Dacre's friend will wait upon you to-night,"

"What-a duel? A mode of settlement as despicable as it is abhorrent! Well, well, it matters not. I cannot avoid it; you would all believe me a coward if I refused; so I will stand and let him shoot me, for wrong my own soul so much as to raise a deadly weapon against the life the Creator gave, I will not. Let him shoot; it is meet the son should perish as well as the father, through Annabel Marston's means." The kind-hearted Somerset was real-

ly grieved and troubled. "Is there no way to avoid it? Dacre demanded the reason for such insulting

conduct; can I not hint something that will satisfy him?"

"You may say to that woman, I could not take her hand, because I am Paul Kirkland's son, who knew Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire in days gone by. Mark her face when you speak the name."

Throughout the next day Walter was in no enviable state of mind. All things looked gloomy and threatening. The sorrowful fate before Eleanor-the mystery of the motive that should make her thus voluntarily immolate herself upon the altar of duty-the hard struggle and desolate, loveless life before himself-the bitter resentment for his father's wrongs-all disheartened and dismayed him. He was in no mood to grieve when his friend returned saying It is not as good as what is grown on full apology. The lady, he said, remembered seeing once or twice in Lincolnshire a drawing-master named Kirkland, but was not aware how that should affect Signor Vernoni's conduct in the least.

comfort him any," said Walter, sarcastically. "I can't say but I shall be the greater gainer by the operation. I will leave him an explanation of her 'once or twice.' Go back, and let him fix the place and time for the heroic deed. I will be on the spot, and I will stand as quiet, be sure, as the best target he ever shot against. Life has no charms; let him send me out as quick as possible."

"What would all London say to hear this!" cried the viscount in despair. 'Signor Vernoni, the worshiped, petted artist, already crowned in youth with the laurel wreath, ready to throw away his life so recklessly. Ah, my friend, I might hint at a more powerful reason for you to seek escape from this. Lady Eleanor Collinwood, our pride and star, before whom so many plead in vain, looks upon you alone with favoring eyes. Will you forsake that enviable position?"

"Hush!" interrupted Walter sternly. "No more! Go at once and settled this wretched business!"

The viscount left him, and Walter flung himself upon the lounge and tried from Collinwood House, during which to sleep to escape the maddening tumult of thought. The effort was as vain as if the soft damask had been lined with thorns. Then he rose and paced to and fro, two hours or more. when his errand boy handed him a brief line from Somerset.

> "To-morrow, at eight in the morning, at Blackheath." He read the line two or three times

meanwhile occurred at a private and then said aloud: party to which he "And this, then, is the end of all my had gone with his

high hopes, my unceasing endeavorsto die in a duel! I must see Eleanor again; she need not know it is a farewell interview, but it will be a consolation to me-possibly to her also-if the worst happens."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LANG'S WONDERFUL DOG.

Did Some Very Remarkable Things Ac

cording to the Veracious Narrator. A Newfoundland named Oscar belonging to myself had often listened with much interest to stories of rescue of drowning persons by dogs, says Lang in Longman's Magazine, I happen to possess an engraving of Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society." Oscar would contemplate it for hours and study the pose in the mirror. One day two little children were playing alone on St. Andrew's pier and was sketching the ruins at a short distance, Oscar running about on the pier. I happened to look up and saw Oscar, as if inadvertently, but quite deliberately, back one of the children on eagerly, endeavoring to soothe the (Johnny Chisholm by name) into the water, which is there very deep. The animal then gave three loud howls to attract attention (he had been taught in the evening, and said with grave, to give "three cheers for Mr. Gladstone"), jumped into the water, rescued the child and carried him, "quite safe know what to say. I'm afraid you've but very wet," to the local photographer's, obviously that the deed might made a decidedly ugly business. Dabe commemorated by art. Nobody saw ent popularity shall not save you from the beginning of this tragedy except a horse-whipping, if you refuse to give myself. Oscar, when brought home, him satisfaction. In fact, signor, it was deliberately rapped out "Humane sorather a hard thing. I was taken aback ciety" with his tail on the floor, but, much as I appreciated his intelligence I could not, in common honesty, give him a testimonial. This preyed on his ly indignant, my noble friend. I was mind; he accompanied a party to the grieved myself that it should happen, top of St. Rules' tower and deliberately leaped from the top, being dashed to pieces at the feet of an eminent divine The viscount looked up as if doubting whose works he had often, but unsuccessfully, entreated me to review in an unfavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet and ou met a woman who had wrecked the return with the carving knife in his happiness, perilled the life, and blasted

Ungodliness always leads to lawless ness and is destructive. It affects the "No," was the prompt reply, "but home, the community, and the life of still I am mystified. Mrs. Dacre is a the nation. We can only exist as a lady of irreproachable character-there nation when we foster and cherish morality and religion .- Rev. E. J. Mets-"No," replied Walter, bitterly. "I ler.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof -Horticulture, Viticulture and Flori-



HIS subject was discussed at a mosting of Canadian farmers, as follows:

"Celery growing, is it profitable to the market garden-What is the method of best growing and blanching? Which are the best varieties for the amateur;

for marketing; and what is the best way to pack and keep for winter use?"

Mr. Bucke-I believe it has been generally said that the proper soil to grow celery in is black swamp muck. I have and have never seen a bad crop. It does not appear to rust the celery.

Mr. Rose-Any one who wishes to grow celery should not attempt it in and take the celery out for use as I redry soil. I have for many years planted more or less celery. Our soil is high and dry, and I have never yet with perhaps one exception had a good crop. Dacre would only be satisfied with a mucky soil. It does not blanch quite as well, and it is inclined to be tough. I in fact abandoned the cultivation of it | Prince of Wales-sometimes called the last year; but by mistake of one of the men we had a piece planted with it, and the season being a wet one the tried. celery was the best we have had for years. We have a gentleman who lives who has a piece of mucky land-it is place in this country occurred at Salt | and do not attract moisture from be-

know she was admired, respected and FARM AND GARDEN. remain on it, takes it into the roothouse, and packs it close together standing perpendicular. He says that celery keeps without any difficulty whatever, and continues to blanch and grow. I do not think he puts any soil or moss around it; only packs it close together, and uses it as he wants it.

Mr. Wellington-I just pack the moss at the bottom, for an inch or two up.

Mr. Goldie-That plan would hardly suit the large growers. The way they commonly do in New Jersey, and I think about New York, too, is to dig a trench and stick it in as closely as they can without putting any earth in at all, and then cover it over with hay that is taken off the salt meadows. They can then pick it out at any time during the winter. I think the way Mr. Wellington mentions would be the best for small families.

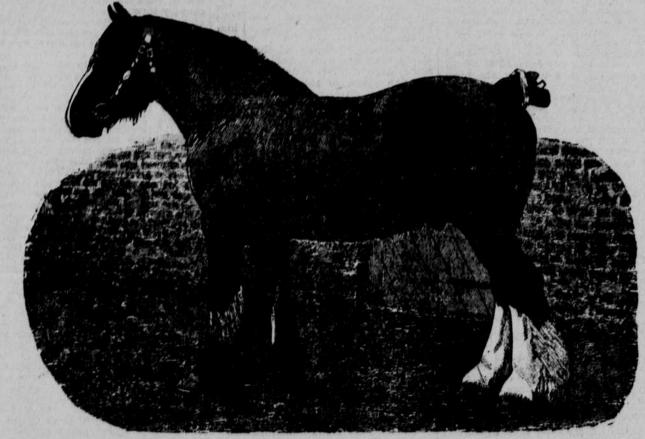
Mr. Woodward-I have a different way of keeping celery from any I have heard mentioned. I used to pack it in sand in boxes. Then I got to packing it with moss. For the last few years I have taken shoe-boxes and made the bottom of them water-tight for about two or three inches up. I have then bored holes in the boxes so as to be sure never to have water come above seen it grow repeatedly in such soil, that. I lift the celery with a moderate amount of soil sticking to it, set it in grows fine and strong, and the muck | the boxes on end, and put a little water in so as to puddle the earth. I then set the boxes on top of each other, quire it. I had some of it for my breakfast yesterday morning, and nobody could have asked for better. The secret for growing celery is to have the ground rich and keep it damp.

Mr. Beadle-I like best the variety of celery that is sometimes called the Sandringham dwarf. I think that is the sweetest and nuttiest celery I have

A Fortune from Mules.

The biggest mule deal that ever took | these particles lie less closely together

Cultivation Preserves the Moisture That cultivation of the upper crust of the soil tends to prevent evaporation of the moisture below, is a fact that every practical farmer is well aware of, writes F. C. Barker in Irrigation Age. It is daily being proved in actual practice, but the scientific theory upon which this phenomenon is based is little understood. Men will tell you it is so, but why, they do not understand. Now, it is well known that the soil is composed of innumerable and infinitely small particles. When the soil is dry each little particle is surrounded by a vacuum or air space. Whenever the particles come in contact with moisture, they have the power of attracting that moisture and of surrounding themselves with a thin film of water. The particles next to the water first draw the water around themselves, then the dry particles next to them in turn attract it, and so a continuous stream is set up, much in the same way that a wick of a lamp draws up the oil. This goes on until the whole body of soil is saturated, but as soon as the water reaches the particles on the surface of the soil, this water is evaporated, and the supply below is again drawn upon, until the water stored below is so exhausted, or left at such a depth that the distance overcomes the power of attraction, and the soil becomes completely dry. This is the process which goes on in uncultivated soil. The object of cultivation is to break up this attraction, usually called capillary attraction, in the upper crust and so prevent the moisture from being brought to the surface and evaporated. To understand how this is done, one must take into account another scientific fact, and that is, that if these little particles in the soil be widely separated from each other they lose their power of attraction. Now, when the top crust of the soil is loosened and reduced to a fine tilth,



THE NOTED SHIRE STALLION HENDRE HAROLD (15,630), PROPERTY OF LLANGATTOCK, MONMOUTH, ENGLAND.

feet in some places—and he grows on that year after year the most magnificent and succulent celery it was ever anybody's pleasure to eat. He grows it in large quantities, and I presume there is no town that has enjoyed better celery than the Woodstock people have for the last few years from that place. In keeping celery for the winter I find very great difficulty. If I put it outside—which the most of those who grow it largely do-put it in trenches-I find great difficulty in getting at it. About five minutes of severe frosty weather damages celery so that

it is not fit to eat. Mr. Wellington-I do not think the growing of celery is so difficult as is the keeping of it. After trying a number of plans-placing it in sand, and stacking it up very compactly together without anything about it, but merely allowing the roots to rest on soilfound the best way and only way I could keep it perfect was to pack it in damp moss, the same as nurserymen use for their trees and shrubs. I have tried that now three years with success, and the celery seems to keen growing and blanching as it grows, rud I cannot buy celery in Toronto equal to what I have on my table every day. We pack it in the damp moss in cases and then put it in the cellar. I have never to damp the moss after I put the celery away, and I have to-day as fine celery as I can find in the country. You can get the moss from any ordinary

Mr. Gilchrist-Was that celery that Wellington put in the cellar

Mr. Wellington-It was only about half blanched when it was dug and put Mr. Glichrist-I think a great many

make a mistake in blanching their celery before putting it away.

Mr. Rose What temperature do you

Mr. Weilington-I have an ordinary cellar such as we have in cities; a good sized cellar. I keep it as cool as pos-

sible without letting frost in. Mr. Gray—Mr. Hose spoke of a per-son who is a very successful grower of relery in the town of Woodstock; Mr. Irickey is his name. I asked him the other day how he kept it. He says he toes not make much out of it through the summer, but in the winter. He takes up his colory and a great don't of it is quite unblanched. He raises it

with as much dirt on the roots as will year round

and only 500 were kept in Utah for sale California in lots to suit purchasers at the average price of \$500 apiece and Holliday cleaned up more than \$1,000,-000 on the dicker, which goes down in history as the biggest mule deal on record.

Hoge Beat Dogs. About February, 1892, my wife said to me, I want a pig, says a correspondent of Stock Journal. I am feeding three or four worthless dogs for you and the boys, and I would much rather feed a pig for myself. I tried to impress upon her the idea that the pig would be the source of more annoyance than profit. I thought, as she made no reply, that she had abandoned the idea of keeping a pig. I knew, however, that she had the peculiar knack of carryinfg her point, and was out surprised a few days later on discovering in the back yard a diminutive pig in a chicken's coop. I said nothing, but kept an eye on the pig. It soon outgrew its narrow limits, and built it a comfortable sty. Though my wife never called on me for more than one bushel of cors, that pig by December turned the scales at panade. The worthless dogs are so ager on the farm, but there are three pigs in the sty that will pan out from sod to 1,000 pounds of pork, besides lard and sausage galore.

Lice coat the farmer a great deal of money. De not feed the hon on grain the

muck down a foot and a half to two Lake City in 1860, when at public auction low. The moisture now rises as high Ben Holliday bought from Uncle Sam as the upper tilth, and there remains 4,500 head of big stout Iowa and Mis- to a much longer extent than in the souri mules, says an exchange. These case of untilled soil, for, owing to the fine hybrids had been taken to Utah blanket or mulch of loose soil on the in the famous expedition against the top, the soil below the surface is much Mormons, which crossed the plains in less exposed to the action of evapora-1857 under command of Albert Sidney tion. Some of our farmers here are Johnson. When the expedition proved unwilling to accept the above theory, a fizzle and had been recalled, the gov- alleging that adobe or clay soil, that ernment found it had no use for so has never been cultivated for years, many mules and they were consequent- will have more moisture below than ly condemned and ordered sold. They cultivated soil. If this be so, the fact were put on in blocks of 50 and sold does not clash with the theory of parat prices ranging from \$50 to \$100 a ticle attraction. On such soil the top head. Ben Holliday had the stuff to surface has been packed down so closepay for the stubtails and seeing a spec- ly that the surface is practically pudulation in them he took the whole cav- dled, in which case the attractive pewallard at his own price. On the first er of the particles is destroyed. It is day of June the mules were started on the same as though the surface were a drive to California. They were covered with a large rock or a board, driven in bands of 500, a week apart, whereby the evaporation were suspended. Every one knows that moistthere. The mules were readily sold in ure may almost always be found under a large rock. The idea is to cover the soil with something that will suspend the attractive power of the soil particles and retard evaporation, Herein lies the whole secret of why land should be cultivated after each irrigation or heavy rainfall if the farmer wishes to conserve the moisture in the soil. There is also another and very important reason why crops should be cultivated after each irrigation. The roots of plants require air quite as much as they do water, and when the soil becomes packed or plastered down by irrigation the roots do not get a full supply of air unless this surface crust is broken up.

> When to Sell Hogs. - As a rule, writes H. B. Wilson in Practical Farmer, the best time to sell hogs is at six or eight months of age, which is very easily done if they are fed all the muscle-forming food they will eat after being weaned, which should be when eight or nine weeks old. The object should be to keep the pig growing. When the pig stops growing, he is losing money for his owner. When four months old their ration may be part corn. The last four weeks before selling, the feed may be almost entirely corn. They must have plenty of water at all times that are on full feed ought to have ashes and charcoal at least twice week, with sait occasionally.

A French surgeon has removed a bullet from the eye of a child without destroying the sight.