

THE TWO WILLS.

Josephine Mayhew was left an orphan in her childhood, the sole inheritor of her father's princely fortune. Her guardian conscientiously fulfilled his duty in the proper investment of her money, but left her intellect and character to be formed by the servile crowd of money-worshippers who surrounded her. Consequently she grew up selfish and haughty, impatient of contradiction, claiming and receiving homage and admiration as her right. She possessed great beauty of both face and figure, and was well educated and accomplished.

Josephine resided with her guardian. He was a widower, and his family consisted of himself, Josephine and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Monroe. Mrs. Monroe was a nice, patient little woman, scarcely more than a child in years or strength of character, yet old in sorrow and trouble. She had married George Monroe against the wishes of her parents, who saw and comprehended his utter worthlessness, and very soon she rued her step, for he proved wild and dissipated and careless of her comfort or pleasure. Unlovely as was Josephine in many respects, the rich treasure of affection of many a manly heart was lavished upon her; but her heart remained untouched until she met Norman Remington. He was her equal in title and station, and greatly her superior in moral worth and true dignity of character. She soon loved him with all the ardor of her passionate nature, and gladly pledged to him her troth. Norman lavished upon her the earnest devotion of a strong, loving nature. He thought he saw beneath her apparent heartlessness some true womanly sensibilities which he fondly dreamed it would be his care to awaken and develop.

Soon after their engagement Norman had expressed his disapproval of Mr. Gasper Fenton, one of the most persistent of her followers. He was of good family and of rather prepossessing appearance, but he had a dissipated, unsettled look. Josephine, with her womanly instinct, had mistrusted him from the first, and had only permitted him to join the train of her admirers that she might have the pleasure of scorning him when he should presume to propose.

There was to be a large charity ball, got up by the elite of the place. Norman asked Josephine to go, extending at the same time his invitation to Mrs. Monroe. Much to Josephine's chagrin she accepted the invitation, and when alone she petulantly asked: "Why did you ask that low-bred wretch to accompany me? You might at least have consulted my pleasure first."

"My dear Josephine, cast aside all such unwomanly thoughts and feelings. I pity her loneliness, and it surely will not harm us to give her one evening of pleasure."

Josephine shrugged her shoulders, but remained silent. She did not care for an open rupture with her lover, but she mentally determined to punish him by luring again to her side Gasper Fenton, whom she despised and hated, as did every honest man.

The ball had already begun when they entered, and Mrs. Monroe being claimed by an old acquaintance for the waltz just forming Norman and Josephine were soon floating about in their dizzy mazes. After the dance he left her to speak to some friends.

Gasper Fenton, who had been watching his chance, now stepped forward and paid his respects to the haughty beauty. She was all smiles. And emboldened by his suave reception, he begged the favor of her hand for the waltz just forming. She graciously accepted, darting a look of triumph at Norman, who was just leading Mrs. Monroe to form one side of the same quadrille.

After the dance was concluded Norman led Mrs. Monroe to a seat and hastily excused himself. Turning to seek Josephine, he saw her just stepping through the open window to the balcony. The silvery moonlight struggled faintly through the parted curtains, and glistened softly on her satin robe as she swept from his view. He hesitated a moment and then strode after them. Walking up to them, he offered Josephine his arm, without noticing Fenton.

"The night air is too chilly," he said, "after the heat of the dance. You had better return."

Meeting his rebuking glance with defiance, she said, jocosely: "Excuse me, Mr. Fenton, I suppose I have to obey."

Fenton bowed, saying, "Remember the next waltz is mine."

Norman hurried her in without giving her time to reply. He said nothing; but with a determined, almost fierce look upon his face he led her to the conservatory and, placing her in a seat where they were hidden from view he said abruptly, "Now, Josephine, explain your conduct."

"Really, Norman, your tone of command is highly offensive."

"Josephine, don't trifle with me. You have insulted me, and evidently with a purpose. I want you to tell me why you have thus openly defied my unexpressed wish by receiving that base scoundrel with freedom and civility."

"You have no right to speak to me in such an authoritative manner. I re-

sent it. You choose your own companions, and I claim the liberty of doing the same."

"Josephine, once more I will suppress my indignation and beg of you to shun that man. He is, under the outward semblance of a gentleman a bold, bad man; an adept in all manner of evil, a gambler and a scoffer at women. You, know me too well to think I would thus malign any one without undeniable proof. His very presence is contamination to any woman, and my wife must never consort with such an exceptional character."

She arose with a gesture of impatience.

"You are really quite dramatic. If Gasper Fenton is so dreadfully wicked why, your favorite Mrs. Monroe, with her over-abundant supply of goodness restores the balance."

Norman turned very white, but remained speechless. He followed her back to the crowded rooms. As they entered Fenton met them saying, "Really, Miss Mayhew, I began to think you had deserted me. Our waltz is just going to begin."

She took his arm, her overweening pride exultant at thus defying her lover.

Norman did not come near her again during the evening; but when she descended the stairs, shawled and wrapped for home, he stood ready to conduct her to the carriage. The drive home was a silent one. Mrs. Monroe, still excited by her unusual dissipation, chirruped merrily about the pleasures she had received; but the grim silence of companions quickly quenching her flickering gaiety and she sank back in the carriage oppressed she knew not why.

Arriving home, Norman conducted the ladies to the house, and with a cold good-night, retired.

"Putting on his dignity," said Josephine to herself as she went up to her room.

Next morning, after a restless night a note was presented to her which, on opening, made her flush with anger and surprise. It ran as follows:

"MRS. MAYHEW:
"I find that I was completely mistaken in your character. We would never be happy together, and I shall consider our engagement annulled.
Yours, etc.,
"NORMAN REMINGTON."

A variety of emotions struggled in her heart; she had loved Norman Remington passionately. Pampered and spoiled as she always had been, she had never once thought that her rebellious folly would lead to this. Pride and resentment were dominant traits in her character, and she exclaimed, "He doubtless thinks that he has inflicted the direst punishment upon me for opposing his wishes and means to return to me when he presumes I am sufficiently humiliated; but he shall learn his mistake. When he next addresses me it shall be as Mrs. Gasper Fenton."

One month after the eventful ball Josephine married Gasper Fenton. It was a brilliant affair, and the young couple started off on their wedding tour with all the pomp of circumstances which wealth affords.

Two years of unmitigated misery passed away. Josephine's revengeful act had recoiled upon herself. Her husband had proved to be more despicable than Remington had assumed. Restraint no longer necessary, he attempted no concealment of his evil companionship or his immoral practices. Nightly he either held an orgie at home with companions as brutal as himself or went abroad to some den of no doubtful character. He had long since ceased to treat his wife with any semblance of respect. He taunted her with coarse allusions to her love for Remington, which he knew she still cherished, and never ceased to worry her for sums of money.

One cold, wretched day in winter, as she sat by the window, gazing wearily out at the wildly drifting snow, her husband entered, and taking a seat beside her he said, "You do not look well, Josephine."

"Indeed I am quite well," she replied; for she would never acknowledge to him her increasing weariness. She well knew that he would rejoice rather than weep over her death.

"No, you are not well, and have not been for some time. You should see a physician."

"Yes, and make my will, I suppose," she added maliciously.

A look of hatred flashed from his eyes, but he answered quietly, "I did not mean that, but it is certainly every one's duty, who has much property, to make a will."

"You are wonderfully anxious for my death," she said bitterly. "However," she continued, with the semblance of resignation, "perhaps it would be as well. If you will bring an attorney here this afternoon I will ease your mind, if not my own."

His eyes sparkled with this unexpected compliance, and he said, unhesitatingly, "and dare I—will you—"

"Oh," she said, quickly, "to whom should I leave my property if not to you? I have no near relatives or friends."

With a countenance radiant with ill-suppressed joy he took her hand and said:

"My dear wife, I hope you may live long to enjoy your wealth. I see I have mistaken you, and I humbly beg

your forgiveness for my harshness toward you. You see," he continued, "I was madly jealous of that Remington, and feared you still cherished his memory, and it made me act unbecomingly. But after such an unmistakable evidence of your love I can doubt no longer. I shall return presently with a lawyer." And he hastily left the room.

Josephine cast a scornful, malignant glance at the retreating figure of her husband.

"Fool! does he think to blind me with his maudlin sentiment? I will outwit him yet."

Fenton, fearing to let her resolution cool, soon returned with a lawyer, and a will was quickly drawn up and attested and signed. This will Josephine gave to her husband with every appearance of satisfaction, and Fenton, locking it securely in his private secretary, muttered exultantly: "I never hoped to secure it so easily. It shall now be my care to see that she makes no other."

But Josephine was a match for his cunning. The very next morning she had another will drawn up, leaving everything to some distant relative whom she had never seen.

Her health gradually failed, and when the cold, raw winds of March swept dolefully around her dwelling she was confined to her room, and soon she was too weak to rise from her bed. She knew that before the balmy, life-giving air of summer would come she would be lying in her grave, but the thought of her second secret will was the source of an exultant joy even on the borders of the tomb.

Fenton, too, knew that she was dying. "I will search," thought he; "she is sly and crafty, and perhaps she has eluded my vigilance and made a later will than the one I hold."

So he searched the house over, but found nothing.

"If she has any, it is secreted about her bed," he thought; and he watched her with cunning cautious eyes. He soon detected her nervous habit of feeling about her pillow, and once thought he saw the corner of a paper.

"The sly jade!" he fiercely muttered. "She has one beneath her pillow; but by heaven, I'll have it and destroy it!"

Watching his opportunity, he entered the room where she had been left alone. He had been drinking to drown his anger and disappointment, and when Josephine saw his fiend-like face, she shrieked with fear.

"Hush your noise! You thought to fool me, but I'll have that will that you've secreted about you, if I have to choke you to get it."

He made a rush toward the bed and snatched the pillow from beneath her head. Filled with fierce strength born of excitement, his wife clutched him about the neck with her attenuated hands, thus impeding his movements. He attempted to shake her off, but she clung to him with a deadly grip. Her sunken eyes glared frightfully; the round, red spots on her cheeks deepened, showing more vividly the ghastly pallor of her face, and her shrill cry for help rang through the house.

The servants rushed to the room, and dragged the infuriated madman from the bed just as his frantic clutches at the bed clothes had disclosed a legal-looking document. The dying woman sank back exhausted. The glaring eyes grew dim and expressionless, the jaw dropped, and the clenched hands relaxed. She was dead.

Gasper Fenton was handed over to the authorities, and the last will and testament of the unhappy Josephine bequearing her husband, was executed.

The Changes of Time.

The other day he returned. He stood again in his native village. He found the can where he had hid it. He procured a pint of milk. He went to his old familiar boyhood's home, entered, and in a hesitating and trembling voice, said, "Father and mother, here's your milk." He was given a warm welcome, but he noticed there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old familiar look. He questioned them: explanations followed. The young man discovered that, though the good people were still his parents, the change in their personal appearance was readily accounted for. Shortly after his sudden and mysterious departure from home his father died and his mother married again. Then his mother died and his new father married again.

Thus on his return the wandering boy found the dear old home as he had left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and a new mother. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—Old Colony Gazette.

A Rheumatic Superstition.

Rheumatism is caused by the deer or by the measuring worm, the idea being suggested in the latter case by the manner in which the measuring worm arches his body in walking, which is supposed to be like the contortions of a rheumatic patient. On no account must the patient eat a squirrel or touch a cat, since the manner in which these creatures arch the back indicates an affinity with the disease. Nor must he eat the legs of any animal, since, as every one knows, the limbs are most frequently affected with rheumatism; and by eating the legs of an animal the "disease spirit" residing there might be taken in.—Youth's Companion.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Seasonable Hints About Poultry.

F. Mortimer in Poultry Monthly: If your fowls are drooping, examine them for lice. If they are found, use insect powder.

Separate the males from the females as soon as they begin to mature; they will thrive all the better for it.

Turkeys are fond of potato bugs, and if it becomes necessary to use paris green in the potato patch, care should be taken to keep the turkeys out, for they will soon get enough poison to kill them. If fowls are penned up in very close quarters, without regard to the number thus crowded together, it is quite impossible for them to be available as breeders, and they will quickly convince you so, that in this condition hens will lay you few or no eggs.

The Cincinnati Enquirer gives this remedy for "bumble foot" in fowls: When toes and feet swell up and fill with matter, wait till each swelling ripens fairly, cut open the puffy protuberance and let out the gathering puss freely. The incision should be made crucially (thus, x) and quite down to the bone. Cleanse off the matter, and wash in a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and water.

How shall I start? We have the above question asked very frequently by those who have come to the conclusion that there is a fortune to be made in breeding fancy poultry. To such we would say start on a small scale. If you have made a success of common fowls this is to your advantage, for in this way you have learned many of the peculiarities of the birds you are to handle.

Don't build a large house, lay out expensive yards and fill them with expensive fowls. Far better start with a single trio with a store box for your house, and then grow up with your business. Do not depend on dividends the first year or two. Do not start in unless you have a little money to lose in experiment. We have yet to learn of a poultry yard started on a grand scale, the manager without successful experience, that did not prove a failure.

The Creamery Business.

In contemplating the present magnitude of the creamery business it is hard to realize how short has been the time that has been required to bring it to its present proportions. In a copy of the New York Tribune of January 21, 1880, we find the following trace of its beginning in Iowa:

Messrs. Musin & Co. have established at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a butter business on a novel basis. They supply farmers with pans holding seven gallons each, in which to set milk, and every day or two send their own teams out on a collecting tour of ten miles circuit and skim and bring in the cream for churning; some of it however, is shipped from further points by rail, and nearly one thousand five hundred cows contribute. The dairymen are said to be so well pleased with the plan that they will double their stock next season and, of its advantage the Fort Dodge Gazette says:

We examined some of the butter and found it excellent. Well, now, here is a man buying cream from all sorts of people—people some of whom are so unskillful and careless about making butter that they would scarcely sell at all, and when they did for only 4 to 6 cents, and this man has since last May so educated these people to cleanliness that he makes 32 cent butter from the cream of the milk of these same cows that before made only 4 cent grease.

From this "butter business on a novel basis" in Iowa in 1880, has sprung up a butter business that in 1890 exported 73,996,677 pounds of butter, besides supplying a home demand of as much more. The same copy of the Tribune says:

A California correspondent of the Rural Press says that the establishment at Sequel turns out daily from forty five to fifty barrels of white granulated sugar, that at Alvarado from thirty-five, and prices are regularly quoted in the San Francisco market. He adds that the factory at Isleton (complete, but now idle) will probably be run full handed the coming season and that a new one will put up in Los Angeles county.

Of the two businesses, both seeming to be in the experimental stage in 1880, the creamery business has developed by far the more rapidly.

Whipping Horses.

Prof. Wagner in writing upon the subject of whipping horses, says: "Many think they are doing finely and are proud of their success in horse training by means of severe whipping or otherwise arousing or stimulating the passions, and through necessity crushing the will through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman as the care displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of his mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to arouse the passions or excite the obstinacy. The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to over-

ate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affectionate and better nature must be appealed to in training horses as well as in training children, but if only the passions are excited the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive and courageous horses only at the risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of a naturally gentle character to be spoiled by whipping once or twice.

Live-Stock and Farm Notes.

Slow drivers make lazy horses. Good grooming is necessary for the health of horses.

Do the greatest part of your farm work with productive mares.

Horses given good care require less food to keep them in good condition.

While the feed has much to do with the quality of milk the breed of the cow has more.

The creamery does the work of a hundred hands and turns out a much more even product.

As a rule, after a cow passes her eighth year, she loses, to some extent, her capacity for giving milk.

Hogs will not do well if they are compelled to lie in the hot sun. They suffer with the heat more than any other class of stock.

If you are short of forage try some of the new forage crops on a small scale but make either corn or sorghum the principal reliance until value is definitely ascertained.

Under general conditions all around farming will be found the best, but if your soil were especially adapted to any one variety of crops and a good market can be secured, stick to that.

Successful Dairies.

Don't give calves wet, cold or filthy quarters and expect them to grow and look well. 'Tis against the rules of nature and common sense.

If the skim milk be thin and blue or only yellow remains for the calves, add a small handful of wheat middlings and gradually increase the quantity.

When butter is gathered in the churn in the form of granules it is never over-churned. Gather it, wash it and salt it there with brine and the most fastidious customer will be pleased.

A good showing is made by the Ayrshire herd of J. D. Krebs of Orange county, N. Y. Eleven out of his herd of 23 gave an average of 6467 pounds of milk in 310 days, and the best record was 770 pounds in 330 days, while none were under 5000 pounds. They had only pasture in summer, with 12 to 15 pounds of mixed grains in winter and two feeds of hay per day.

I don't know of any spot in which fowls can so profitably stand idle as in two or three long, narrow barn or feeding yards. When one has been used for, say milking, until trampled and filthy, turn into the next and sow or plant it instantly. The crop it grows will exceed belief and can be fed green in adjoining yards, which can in return receive the same treatment.

Some Curious Things.

Statistics prove that only one man in a million lives to be 108 years old. Del Pardo, Mexico, has a Frenchman with three arms and six toes on each foot. He is a rope maker by trade, and seems happy and contented.

Disasters to eyesight must be much more common than is generally supposed. Two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.

Proprietors of the Lullman car in vented report that paper car wheels have run 400,000 miles under their cars, while the average running power of an iron wheel is but 55,000 miles.

At Crow Point, N. Y., there is a handsome granite monument which was erected to the memory of a horse. The horse was "Old Pink," and the monument was erected by Gen. John Hammond, who rode the old war-horse during the rebellion.

The "Sabbath Day's Journey" of the Jews was 2,000 yards. This was the traditional distance from the end of the ark of the covenant to the end of the wilderness where the Sabbath law was given.

Christmas is often written Xmas. The X is supposed to represent the cross upon which our Saviour was crucified, and is used in place of the name Christ. Those who think it a new-fashioned way of spelling Christmas, will be surprised to learn that it was in use over a thousand years ago.

The "bolts of Jove" seem to have special spite at the French farm which lies between Flint and Flushing, Michigan. During the last dozen years five horses have been killed by lightning on this farm, and nearly every tree on the place shattered by the electric fluid.

Dr. Murry of the Royal Society of Edinburgh estimates the main height of the land of the globe at 16,000 feet above the sea level. Humboldt's estimate, given in "Notes for the Curious" last fall, was 14,000.

The art of paper-making has reached that point where a growing tree can be cut down and converted into a news paper, all within 24 hours.

There is a difference of only 22 square miles between the areas of England and Iowa.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Linon Lawns.

Fern linen lawns with crossbar thick raised cords are imported summer dresses. There are blouses or shirt waists or plain linen batiste made with deep sailor collar of the batiste doubled, large sleeves and wide cuffs. These are worn with a skirt of blue serge attached to whalebone corselet that has suspenders or shoulder straps of the serge. Little jacket of the serge is added, the ecru sailor collar of the shirt worn outside of the jacket.

Dinen lawns, the coolest of all fabrics, make most comfortable summer gowns, and are also serviceable, they both wash and wear well. They are now to be had in India silk design of little Pompadour bouquets, wavy ribbons, rose-buds, blquets, and dots that are the merest specks of color. French dressmakers use plain white linen lawn as waist lining and foundation skirt of dresses of figured lawn, but home dressmakers omit all limit for simple gowns that have merely belted bodice and straight skirt for yards wide. The top of the bodice must be tucked or pleated.

Dainty matinee gowns of linen lawn that take the place of wrappers are the speckled lawn, button-hole-stitch in scallops of red or blue to match the dots. The long unlined bodice is tucked by hand in the thinnest lengthwise tucks from neck to hips, thence falling plain to the scalloped edge. It is drawn to the waist in the back by a ribbon passed through a casing, coming out at the sides to tie across the front. Leg-of-mutton sleeves have tucks and scalloped cuffs turned back from the hand; the collar matches the cuffs and has a ribbon passed underneath to tie in a sash bow at the throat. The skirt is tucked lengthwise from belt to knee in front and on the sides, while the back breadths are merely gathered at the foot is a deep hem, with beading at the top.

The Hard Faced Albanian Women and Their Pretty Costumes.

In the ancient province of Phokis, in the central part of Greece nesting among wild mountainous ranges, is a little town called Dhistomo, where dwell a hardy, cruel race of people called Albanians, where the women are more like slaves than wives and the husband has as many of them as he chooses, says the New York Evening Sun.

Their duties are to help in the cultivation of the ground, attend to the household and bear children, while the men range over the mountains for game and guard the flocks.

They are a dirty race of people, the women hard featured and coarse, with storm beaten complexions and dark skins. They have no beds to sleep upon, no chimneys nor ventilation to their huts. Their food is far from luxurious, and drunkenness is a common vice among them. They are avaricious to an extreme; will murder to procure money and almost starve themselves to keep it.

Their life, when not engaged in war, is one of utter indolence, lying on their mats in the sun for hours at a time, asleep, or gathering in groups by the wayside, singing songs of war to the weird music of their guitars. The men are irritable in temper, never forgiving an injury or a blow.

The women dress in a most picturesque manner. They first wear a long white linen undergarment called a kemise. It reaches to the ankles, has large flowing sleeves and a bright colored border around the bottom of it.

Over this they wear a little tight sleeveless jacket, open in the front. It is made of soft white woolly material, has a bright border around it which goes up at the side seams and is long enough to reach to the knees and a long bright colored woolen sash is picturesquely tied about the waist.

The sashes are of a different color, the girls wearing only red ones while the married women wear them of different colors, blue or yellow, etc. Over the sash and tied with long red strings is a futea, or apron.

The heeled shoes are ornamented on the pointed, turned up toes by a tassel or bow. The headdress is not unlike a Turk's fez.

A dress in gray bengaline is made with a bias skirt, each seam being corded and finished at the bottom with a puffing of the same material. The corsage is made without darts, the fullness being gathered to a point at the belt under a motif of jet. A shower of fine jet falls from the edge of the corsage, forming a point half way down the skirt.

The largest importation of cotton goods this season seems to be gingham, exquisitely fine Scotch weaves, illus. (trating mans new devices of pattern). The most notable features are extremely large plaids of gorgeous coloring, closely imitating the tartan and the clan plaids, and the combination of groups of variegated fine stripes with wide white sateen stripes.

Drying Rose Leaves.

A Pomona (Cal.) woman has devised a process for drying rose leaves so as to retain their fragrance, and has secured a market for all she can prepare with a New York firm.