



CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

A message had been sent by Mr. Boldero as soon as he entered the house to Mrs. Hatton, to the effect that he would call on her later in the evening. In reply, he had received a little note:

"Dear John—Your visit will give me great pleasure. I have definite news to tell you at last. I suppose I ought to be overwhelmed with grief, but I am conscious of nothing but an overpowering sensation of peace when I tell you that I have had to-day authentic intelligence of my husband's death. You shall hear all to-night. Yours always truly—Ann."

She had written her note thus far when Ann, who stood by her waiting for it, said, sharply:

"Are you going to treat Mr. Boldero as the friend he is, and tell him all you think, dear miss, or are you only going to tell him what you told me after that man had been here to-day?"

"That is the latest—that is the only authentic intelligence I have to give him," Mrs. Hatton said, gently twisting her note up, assigned as it was, in order that she might avert her head, and avoid her old servant's gaze.

"Then if you believe it, ma'am, when shall I go out and order your widow's mourning?"

"Take that note, and don't—oh, pray don't torture me by going into ghastly details!"

"If what that man told you was true, you must wear widow's mourning, and some one must go out to order it for you," Ann said, firmly. Then she took the note in to Mr. Boldero, and came back with the information that—

"Captain Edgecumb is there, behaving as if he belonged there, as it's my belief he does; and Miss Jenifer's looking as if she liked talking to Mr. Boldero best."

"Ah! Mrs. Hatton said, impatiently, "I've other things to think about that are of more importance than Miss Jenifer's love affairs."

It need only be told here that when Mr. Boldero's interview with his old friend Mrs. Hatton came to an end this evening, he left her with the firm conviction in his mind that she was justified in believing her husband to be dead.

"It's singular though that the man who is able to assure you of this fact should personally resemble your husband," he said, reflectively, and Mrs. Hatton replied:

"It's more than singular; it's horrible. Can you remember much of Mr. Hatton?"

"To tell the truth, no," he said, frowning that though her husband had been a brute to her she would feel hurt with any one who, after once seeing him, had forgotten him.

"Perhaps, then, the likeness between Mr. Whittier and my—the late Mr. Hatton would not strike you as it did me, even if you were to see him?"

She said these words in an almost inaudible voice, and he could not help being touched into thinking even better of her than he had ever thought before, by the evident emotion she felt in recalling her husband's memory, had as it had been.

"You must remember that I saw so little of him; you mustn't think me either forgetful or careless when I confess to you that Mr. Hatton's personal appearance has passed from my memory altogether," he said, kindly, and she had great difficulty in keeping back a gasping sigh of relief. In due time there came a box for Mrs. Hatton, with Josiah H. Whittier's compliments, for the first night of his appearance on the boards of an English theater. Mrs. Hatton gave the box to Jenifer, and returned a note of thanks for it on paper with a deep black border. It was almost singular that when Mr. Josiah H. Whittier received this note he almost whistled with amusement, and avowed to himself that the writer of it acted as well as he did himself.

As Jenifer happened to be seeing a good deal of Effie in these days, it came to pass that the group of four which Mr. Whittier remarked with great interest in the box he had sent to Mrs. Hatton were Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Ray, Jenifer and Captain Edgecumb.

The reason of Jenifer's seeing a good deal of Effie in these days was as follows: The date of the concert which Miss Ray—assisted by Madame Voglio—was to give, by kind permission of Mrs. Jervoise, at the house of the latter, was now issued, and, in justice to Mrs. Jervoise and Effie, it must be said that they both worked with their most successful will to secure success.

CHAPTER XXII

The day and the hour came; and, after some of the unimportant preliminaries had passed the way, Jenifer came on and sang her best. The room was admirably suit-

ed to her voice; she felt that she had an appreciative and attentive audience, and she sang as Madame Voglio had never heard her sing before.

The plaudits were loud and long; but there was a very large number of men in the room, considering it was a morning concert, and the majority of these applauded her quite as much for running the reigning beauty hard, and for her high-bred, distinguished air, as they did for her exquisite singing.

But in spite of the plaudits, in spite of the marked advance Jenifer had made on all her former efforts, Madame Voglio said, in her soul:

"Poor child! She has touched her highest."

Among those who were warmest in their congratulations to Jenifer when the concert was over was the great American actor. "If she only can be taught to act as well as she can sing she'll be worth training," he told himself; and he tickled Captain Edgecumb's ears by saying: "When I open my theater in New York next year, I shall be making her a big offer."

Captain Edgecumb, as he listened to this, felt as if riches were being a snare to him already.

That night, when they were sitting in the drawing room, Mrs. Ray half asleep, after coffee and the unwonted excitement of the day, and Jenifer quiet and subdued, Captain Edgecumb, who had come back with them, began to urge upon Jenifer the advisability of an earlier marriage than had at first been contemplated.

"Let me come out in public first," she pleaded.

But he had Mr. Josiah H. Whittier's words ringing in his ears, and he longed to have the right to order her off to America to be "run" into a fortune.

"You build too much on the fact that I had a success at my own concert, given in a private house, under favorable conditions, to a picked audience," Jenifer said.

"You rely too much on the conventional professional jargon Madame Voglio talks to you, darling," he answered. "Whittier says—"

"Don't tell me what he says. I distrust and dislike that man."

"Any way, he recognizes your great talent, and is ready to offer you a capital engagement next year in New York."

"I'm not going on the stage."

"That's rather prejudiced on your part, isn't it?" he asked, with affected carelessness. "You don't mind singing before the public?"

"Nor should I mind acting, if I had it in me, but I feel I haven't it in me. Do be contented," she said, laughing, "with the failure I may make on the concert boards."

She worked on, and worked so well that Madame Voglio made strenuous exertions and succeeded in getting her pupil's name so prominently before the giver of some of the best concerts in London—the head of a great music-publishing firm—that at last he consented to hear Miss Ray, and having heard her, he held out hopes that at no distant day she should be well placed in one of his programs.

During all this time Mrs. Archibald Campbell had been assiduous and kind in her attentions to her brother's betrothed. But old Mrs. Edgecumb had never found it convenient to call upon her future daughter-in-law.

"In the usual order of things it would be for my mother to call upon you, I understand," Captain Edgecumb said to his bride-elect, whose mind was in a chaotic state between the constant calls made upon it by the counter-claims of the concert and coming wedding; "but you know she's rather peculiar, so I will take you to call on her, and you'll see she'll appreciate the attention."

"Just as you like," Jenifer said, acquiescently, and so a day came when, accompanied by her betrothed and his sister, Mrs. Ray found herself in the presence of her future mother-in-law.

Mrs. Edgecumb received Jenifer kindly enough for a fashion, but it was very much after the fashion in which the Queen of England might receive a Tahitian princess, and remarked, affably, but audibly, to her daughter Belle that it was really "funny that a little country girl should want to rush into publicity in the way she did."

"She's a very nice girl—much too good and bright for any man I know," Mrs. Campbell said, warmly, as Captain Edgecumb took Jenifer on a tour of inspection through some of the chief objects under the paternal roof.

CHAPTER XXIII

"Is this Captain Edgecumb rich—rich enough to be indifferent to any fluctuations of fortune on your side?" Mr. Bol-

dero asked, when he came up to speak about settlements.

"I don't know. I suppose he is," Jenifer answered indifferently. "He has a good appointment, I know. That secretaryship that we told you about, you know, gives him an income that will be more than enough for what we shall want."

But when Mr. Boldero came to speak to the expectant bridegroom, he found that he had not to deal with the same indifference as had characterized Jenifer's manner. Captain Edgecumb was quite willing to settle the very small private fortune that would come to his share at the death of his father on Jenifer, and also quite willing to let her have a fair allowance for housekeeping out of the income from the secretaryship. But he evidently regarded this as an unimportant and merely temporary arrangement, and disgusted Mr. Boldero by saying:

"Fact is, I don't suppose I shall keep the berth long; it will be me too much, and it will be far better that I should look after Miss Ray's interest and money matters, than that she should rely on an agent. Women always get cheated in business unless they are of a far mearner and more suspicious type than Miss Ray is, I'm happy to say."

"True; but you'll hardly like to be dependent on your wife, will you?" Mr. Boldero asked, coldly. Already he began to despise and distrust the character of the man who had taken Jenifer from him. Yet his conscience stood in the way of his interfering with her prospects, just as it had done when she had besought him to interfere with her brother Jack's for his own salvation. He could not, he dared not, be false to an oath he never ought to have taken. He could not break his vow and plead with Jenifer against her rash trustfulness.

So the settlements were drawn up, a furnished house taken in the St. John's Wood district, near to Madame Voglio—old Mrs. Edgecumb thought this, though mortifying to her, was only just what she had expected from one of the class to which Jenifer belonged—and the wedding day fixed.

Her first appearance at St. James' Hall was also fixed for just a month after the wedding day.

It was not a lively wedding by any means. Jack and his wife were the only members of Jenifer's family, besides her mother, who were present. There were Edgewood's faction were well represented, but they obviously disapproved of Mrs. Jack. Effie had made up her mind that she would not be present under any circumstances, but she really had a fair excuse in the death of Mr. Jervoise two days before the wedding, an event which, though it had been long expected, came off at last so abruptly as to startle them all.

Thus it came to pass that Jack and Minnie were the only representatives of the younger Rays at Jenifer's marriage; even her father's old friend, Mr. Boldero, failed her on the occasion. There were some things which were beyond even his conscience supported strength to endure, and one of these would have been the sight of Jenifer married to another man.

Marriage had not improved Minnie, and it had deteriorated Jack.

It was settled that during the very brief tour which the newly married people were going to allow themselves, Mrs. Ray should take up her quarters in the newly taken furnished house in St. John's Wood. This matter had been clearly arranged, and Mrs. Ray's boxes had been packed toward carrying it out.

But just as the bride was starting, maternal instinct, which had been yearning over poor deteriorated Jack all day, made Mrs. Ray say to Jenifer:

"I do feel so much inclined to give poor Jack a holiday! For the sake of doing it I'll put up with his wife and ask them both here. I'm sure Mrs. Hatton won't mind keeping us on another fortnight."

"Why do that, another dear, when our new house is ready and servants taken? Go there, of course, and ask Jack and Minnie to go and stay there with you. Dear mother, it will make me so happy to think while I'm away from you that you're being kind to Jack and Minnie!" and Jenifer hugged and kissed her mother rapturously.

A shooting box, with a splendid trout stream running through the grounds, in County Cork, had been offered for the honeymoon by a former brother officer of Captain Edgecumb's. This offer had been accepted by him without consulting Jenifer, who had set her heart on going to Paris for opera, and then to the South of France watering places for glorious—gratuitous—instrumental music. But she surmounted her wishes in favor of his, which tended toward Ireland and the trout stream.

It did not occur to her to say anything to him about the treat her mother proposed giving Jack and his wife until they were some two hours on their journey. Then she said:

"I am so glad dear mother will have something to occupy her mind and take her thoughts off Hubert and Effie's neglect of her while I'm away. She means to ask Jack and Minnie to stay with her for a fortnight."

"What?" he asked, in accents of undisguised consternation.

"To ask Jack and Minnie to stay with her for a fortnight."

"Where?"

"At our house—the new house."

"At our house? Jenifer, I really am annoyed at your having been indiscreet enough to give way to any such maudlin folly on your mother's part," he said, so severely that Jenifer actually shivered.

"Indiscreet to let my own mother ask my own brother and his wife to the house she is going to share with me! What discretion can there be in that, Harry?"

"A great deal. I'm afraid you'll soon find out; ignorant as you are of the world, you'll find it much safer to consult me on every subject. You've made a ghastly mistake, Jenifer, that's about the truth. Jack is not at all the sort of fellow I want to have known as my wife's brother, and the woman is simply impossible. My people won't like it at all."

"I think I shall always think of pleasing my mother before any of your people," she said, keeping her tears back bravely, but feeling that he was both cruel and foolish in trying to come between her and her love for her own.

"Then you'll make a ghastly mistake, and you may as well understand this at once and forever, Jenifer. I've conceded the point of your mother living with us—that will be nuisance enough; but I'll have nothing to do with Jack; he'll want to borrow money of you. Hugh and Effie are very well; they'll always be good for me; but I must say I never felt so disgusted and ashamed in my life as when I see that other sister-in-law of yours there among my people to-day."

"It's a pity your sense of disgust and

shame didn't make you refuse to go through the ceremony," she said, with a choking ball in her throat, and a heart that was throbbing with pain. Still she kept back her tears.

"Don't let us quarrel on our wedding day," he said, more softly.

"I shall never quarrel with any one," she replied.

"Don't put me down as too insignificant for you to quarrel with," he replied, nettled into speaking sharply again.

"Would you rather I developed unexpectedly a virago-like spirit, and begin to argue and wrangle, Harry? I can do neither. I can fancy no more bitter lot in life than to live in a home atmosphere in which there is no peace."

All the glory was gone, not only from her wedding tour, but from her married life, within three hours of its commencement.

(To be continued.)

Electricity in the United States.

All over the United States the mountain streams which are unavailing are now being utilized for generating electricity. Many towns situated on these rivers are in this way admirably served by the streams.

The city which, so far, has been most enterprising in availing itself of an immense water power at its doors is Great Falls, Montana. There electric power does all the mechanical work.

It propels, lights, and heats the trams; furnishes power for the passenger-lifts in the high buildings, and for the printing presses and the trams. It is also used for excavating, pumping, and rock-crushing.

It is even applied to the mortar mills used by builders. The restaurants cook by electricity; the butchers employ it to chop their sausages, and the grocers to grind their coffee.

Housewives run their sewing-machines and heat their flat-irons by electricity, and bake cakes in wooden electric cake ovens that can be set on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. Electric boilers, grills, and tea-kettles are also in common use.

For four or five months past electricity has now been used for propelling long, heavy passenger trains through tunnels on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and just before the winter weather closed the navigation on the Erie Canal, successful experiments were made in the propulsion of canal barges by electricity, much in the same way as trams have been propelled by the trolley system for some five or six years past.

A Tame Butterfly.

We have heard of tame flies and performing midges, but the following authentic story of a tame butterfly, told by a French lady, has novel elements in it:

"I found in my garden a magnificent butterfly, quite numb with cold. Taking it into the house and putting it into a box for two hours revived the little thing. Then I dipped its antennae in a solution of syrup and sugar, and continued this treatment for three days.

"On the fourth day the creature fluttered on to my hand and sucked the liquor of its own accord, and after this it became perfectly tame. I put flowers into my room, and it fed on them and was perfectly happy. When it sat on the table I could pass my finger down its back without the slightest fear the butterfly might take to wing.

"In fact, it arched its back as does a cat when it is pleased. After three weeks of perfect tameness its colors faded, its wings shrivelled up, and it died."

What next, one wonders? A butterfly arching its back when stroked by a human hand is surely a phenomenon that seems to give promise of all kinds of possibilities. Scientists and variety artists, take note.

Herr Seeth's Lion.

The feat with which Jules Seeth, the lion tamer of the Circus Schumann, now showing at the Industrial Exposition in Berlin, winds up every performance beats anything yet shown in this line. All the other lions retire from the circular performing cage to their respective lairs, only one male lion, Sultan, the biggest and apparently the fiercest of the lot, remains, and permits his trainer, Seeth, to take him bodily upon his shoulders. Just as Hercules once picked up the Nemean lion and walked off with him, this fearless trainer bows himself out of the cage with his live burden upon his sturdy neck and shoulders amid the roaring plaudits of the enthusiastic audience.

Sympathized with Beecher.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, who looks something like the late Henry Ward Beecher, was walking through Central Park last summer. It was a dreadfully hot day, and he had his hat off to cool his brow. Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, he came plump upon an old lady seated on a park bench. She jumped up, exclaiming, "Goodness me! It is not Mr. Beecher?"

"No, madam," Collyer answered, "it is a cooler place."

Kane's Witty Stimle.

Dr. Elisha Kane, on returning from his great Arctic exploration, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour.

"Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend.

"It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the Doctor.

"Do you use condensed milk?" asked the neighbor of Mrs. Eastside. "Yes," she replied. "I think the milkman must condense it. If he didn't, I don't see how on earth he could get so much water in it."—Buffalo Times.

Miss Gushington—How did you feel when you found that the ship would surely go down in ten minutes?—Dr. Sallee—I felt for a life-preserver.—Melbourne Times.



A Homemade Heater.

The heater is made of galvanized sheet iron, is 5 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. The pipe at the left for carrying off the smoke is 5 inches in diameter—ordinary stove pipe; its height will be governed by the depth of the tank. The pipe at the right is slanting, 7 inches in diameter, and is provided with a cap for covering the opening. Through this the fuel is put. The cap must contain two holes which will permit of a proper draft. At night, fill the water tank, and the last thing before going to bed put the fire and the fuel in the heater. In spring, remove it from the tank and store in some dry place. If properly taken care of, so that it will not rust, it will last for several years. Any kind of fuel can be used, and it is surprising how little it takes. For removing the ashes, an old dipper is just the thing. The original, from which a drawing was made and is reproduced above, cost \$3.75.

Prices Too High.

One of the causes for loss in the cattle feeding business is not difficult to find, and it would be well to give this subject careful consideration in calculating the chances for profit. An "article well bought is half sold" is an old adage among merchants, and it is alike applicable in the business of cattle feeding. Of late, stocked cattle and feeders have commanded prices out of all proportion to the price obtained for the finished article, and it has been impossible, even with cheap food and careful feeding, to realize much profit from the investment. Unfortunately, a large proportion of both stockers and feeders offered for sale are not of the best quality and such cattle must be bought cheap or loss in the feed lot is inevitable.

When cattle are well bred and have individual merit there is far less risk incurred in purchasing, even if the price is somewhat high, for with such cattle well finished a price close to the top can be confidently anticipated. But with the ill bred steer, lacking style, the most careful feeding can never make amends for what should have been secured by breeding, and such cattle prove dear at almost any price. It is sheer folly to embark in the cattle feeding business making calculations, as feeders often do, upon advanced prices when the cattle are ready for market. No business man could ever be successful by buying above the market in anticipation of a rise in values, and the feeding of cattle, to be successful, must be conducted on sound business principles.

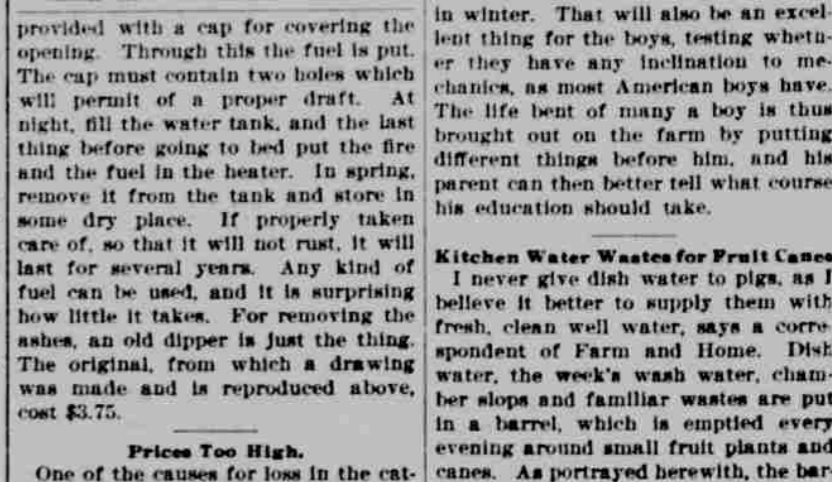
Waste Stable Space.

The space under the stairway in a stable is usually worse than wasted, because it is apt to be made the dumping ground for a thousand and one odds and ends, resulting in a heap inextricably confused. The accompanying illustration shows a way of utilizing this space that will add to stable conveniences. The space is boarded up and that portion having the greatest height is made into a harness closet, while the rest is made a grain bin, with one or more compartments. To reach the bottom of the bin when the grain is low, a part of the front is hinged, so as to turn down.

Rubber Horseshoes.

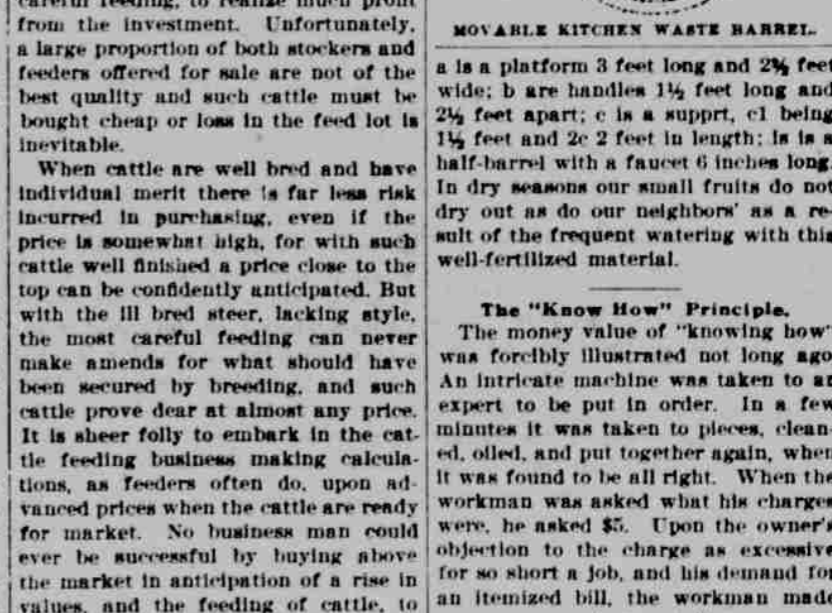
If the latest phase of modern ingenuity proves a success, there will be no more heavy trampling, and the rhythmic clucking of the hoofs of four-footed steeds. There has been invented a new horseshoe—a steel frame about which is built a cushion of vulcanized rubber. The advantage claimed for it is that, as the rubber instead of the metal strikes the ground, there is no concussion or jar, and the horse's hoof, leg and shoulder are saved.

Thirty-three per cent of the diseases of horses, it has been said, are maladies of the foot, and there is little question that even the best shoeing, as it is done now by burning the hoof, is, in a measure, injurious. This new



Kitchen Water Wastes for Fruit Cans.

I never give dish water to pigs, as I believe it better to supply them with fresh, clean well water, says a correspondent of Farm and Home. Dish water, the week's wash water, chamber slops and familiar wastes are put in a barrel, which is emptied every evening around small fruit plants and canes. As portrayed herewith, the barrel is fastened on a two-wheeled cart.



Increase of Potato Rot.

Wherever potatoes are largely grown the rot is apt to increase. This is a natural result, as there are more chances in a large acreage for some of the rot fungus to be kept through the winter, and by being fed to stock getting into the manure heap. Owing to the cheapness of potatoes a good many last winter were fed to stock or thrown away altogether. In either case the result is likely to be an increase in potato rot in that locality this year.

Skim Milk for Laying Hens.

No better use of skim milk can be made than to feed it to poultry, either small or large. It should, however, be generally fed in hot weather as curd, which enables it to be eaten clean and without waste. A mixture of curd and wheat bran is excellent for hens when moulting, as both the curd and the bran contain the nutrition required to grow a new crop of feathers.

Rat-Proof Corn Crib.

The loss of grain on a farm from rats is quite an item, as they destroy a portion other than that consumed. The corncrib should be made rat-proof and all harboring places made disagreeable. They can be prevented to a certain extent by traps, poison and other devices, but the best method, if possible, is to provide no harboring places for them.

MOVABLE KITCHEN WASTE BARREL.

is a platform 3 feet long and 2 1/2 feet wide; b are handles 1 1/2 feet long and 2 1/2 feet apart; c is a support, d being 1 1/2 feet and 2 e 2 feet in length; f is a half-barrel with a faucet 6 inches long. In dry seasons our small fruits do not dry out as do our neighbors' as a result of the frequent watering with this well-fertilized material.

The "Know How" Principle.

The money value of "knowing how" was forcibly illustrated not long ago. An intricate machine was taken to an expert to be put in order. In a few minutes it was taken to pieces, cleaned, oiled, and put together again, when it was found to be all right. When the workman was asked what his charges were, he asked \$5. Upon the owner's objection to the charge as excessive for so short a job, and his demand for an itemized bill, the workman made out one somewhat as follows:

John Doe	Dr.
For one hour's time spent in repairing machine	\$0.50
For knowing how to do the work	4.50
Total	\$5.00

This "knowing how" embraces a principle that is especially applicable in all departments of agriculture. The man who knows how has a decided advantage over the one who does not in every walk of life. Verily, knowledge is money. Profit thereby.