

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, wait—wait! By-the-by," bringing on her left hand from behind her back. "I had nearly forgotten, but I found these, and I brought them to you. Violets! Smell them," thrusting them under his nose. "Delicious, aren't they? I found them under the ivy wall. Andy and I planted them there last year."

"Andy and you seem to be great friends," says he in a gentler tone, taking her hand, violets and all and holding it. Somehow it has come to him that this charming child is not in love with "Andy," however delightful that young gentleman may be.

"Oh, the best, the dearest! I don't disguise from you," says Miss McDermot, growing suddenly serious, "that at times we quarrel. 'We' (thoughtfully) quarrel a good deal when together. But when Andy is away from me—ah! then I know what a perfect darling he is!"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," murmured Mr. Eyre, wisely refraining from a smile. "And Andy, how does he regard you?—here—and there?"

"Here, as I tell you," says she, with a fresh, delicious laugh, "he makes himself amiable now and then. But when he is 'there'—oh, then Andy loves me!"

"I should think you and he should always be 'there,'" says her companion gravely.

"Well, I don't. I'm delighted he's coming. Bless me! glancing at the clock, I've only half an hour to see about his sheets and things! and I don't believe Bridget has thought about lighting a fire in his room."

"He'll kill me if he finds himself without a fire in his room!" she rushes out of the room as she had entered it—like a heavenly Spring wind that brings only joy to the receiver of it. Eyre, staring after her, feeling a quick throbbing at his heart. What a delight she is! How different from most girls! And this cousin of hers—this Andy! No doubt he is a young Adonis—a "curled darling"—a creature half boy, half man and wholly charming. But she is not in love with him. So much can be read by those who run.

When he does see Andy, which is three hours later, his astonishment knows no bounds. Andy is indeed a revelation! He is perhaps the ugliest young Irishman on record, and that is saying a good deal. As handsome as Irish women undoubtedly are, so in proportion are Irish men hideous.

But his manners made up for a good deal. He is full of bonhomie, brimming over indeed with the milk of human kindness. In the course of the five minutes he is permitted to speak with Mr. Eyre, who is still considered an invalid, he fires off as many jokes as would have made a reasonable supply for a month with anybody else.

Having then said he felt he ought to go and present himself to the McDermots, who is his guardian, he beats a retreat, dragging Dulcine into the corridor outside as he goes.

"I say, he isn't half a bad fellow; but he isn't fit to hold a candle to Sir Ralph," says he in a whisper, still clutching Dulcine by the arm.

"You know my opinion of Sir Ralph!" returns she, trying unavailingly to extricate herself from his grasp.

"Girls never have an opinion worth a ha'penny!" retorts he, letting her go with a disgusted grimace. Already one of the quarrels!

"Honor's a mistress all mankind pursue; Yet most mistake the false one for the true."

Eyre having received permission, and being anxious on his own part to bring matters to a climax, makes an early opportunity of requesting a private interview with his host. The time chosen is to-day. As wet a day as ever came out of the heavens, and the one after that on which Andy McDermot arrived.

There had been a hurried interview between Eyre and Dulcine in the morning, in which the girl had seemed downhearted and dispirited, and inclined to let matters stay as they were, but she was undoubtably must be considered; but Eyre—fired with sorrow for her, and determination to save her from the impending disaster that threatens her—namely, her marriage with that miscreant Anketell—had refused to listen to her fears, and is now standing outside the McDermots' private den, waiting for admission.

It is soon given.

The den is an awful agglomeration of things useful and useless—principally useless—but beloved as having once belonged to better days than these. In the midst of the chaos sits the McDermot, calmly smoking a pipe that could never have seen a better day than this, as it is now as black as black can be.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Eyre! You," says he, rising and pulling forward a chair for his guest—"you sent me word, I now remember, that you wanted to see me. Feeling strong, eh?—better, eh? Have a brandy and a soda?"

"No, thanks. No, I assure you. The fact is, I—I wanted to speak to you about your daughter."

"About my daughter?" The McDermot lays down the decenter, and turns his eyes full upon Eyre. "Well, and what about her?"

"It is a little difficult to explain to you; but—I have come to the conclusion that your daughter is not happy in the engagement she has contracted."

"Ah!" says the McDermot, wrinkling his brows. "Is that all? Don't you want to tell me you have fallen in love with Dulcine—that she would be happier in an engagement with you? and therefore you think her coming marriage with Sir Ralph Anketell an iniquitous arrangement?"

"Not iniquitous so much as mistaken," says Eyre, keeping his temper admirably, under the other's ill-considered sarcasm; "besides, must it come to marriage?"

"So I have been given to understand by both parties."

"Engagements have been broken before now."

"I dare say—I know nothing of that. I know only this, that my daughter's engagement with Sir Ralph Anketell shall not be broken."

"Not even if it were for her good?"

"How should it be for her good?"

"Happiness counts," says the young man quickly. "McDermot" (earnestly) "I should not try to disarrange your views for your daughter, if I could not offer as much as I cause her to lose. I can make settlements."

"No doubt, no doubt! That is matter, sir, for the lady you may choose to marry."

"Just so; that lady is your daughter."

"There you make a mistake, Mr. Eyre," said the Dermot distinctly. "You will never marry my daughter with my consent. With regard to her own consent, that is already forfeited. Her word is given to another. And one word, sir, permit me to say that as my guest you—"

"No, I shall not permit you!" interrupted Eyre passionately. "Is every sacred, earnest feeling to be ruled by society's laws? Your daughter is unhappy. Surely there are occasions when the best, the most honorable rules should be broken! And, knowing her unhappy—"

"You are eloquent, sir," says the McDermot, with a reserved smile. "Forgive me if I break in upon your admirable dissertation on the weak points of society. 'You say my daughter is unhappy. May I ask your authority for that speech?'"

"Certainly," hotly. "She herself has said so!"

"Excellent authority indeed! My daughter," grimly, "is evidently a greater fool than I thought her!"

"You misjudge her," says the young man, eagerly.

The McDermot let his eyes rest on him for a moment. "I can follow your line of thought," says he, slowly. "The woman who could appreciate you could be no fool, eh?"

"Sir!" says Eyre, frowning.

"But are you so sure of her affection? Is every young girl's first word worthy of credit?"

"I desire to keep to the point," says Eyre, a little haughtily. "I can offer your daughter a position. I, on my uncle's death, shall inherit a title. I can offer her quite as much as Sir Ralph can."

"Sir!" interrupts the McDermot, sternly. "If you could make her a duchess, I should still decline your proposal. My daughter has given her word to marry Sir Ralph Anketell, and by that word she shall abide!"

So it is all over, then—in that quarter, at all events. Eyre, having bowed himself out of his host's presence, after forcing himself, as in duty bound, to make courteous acknowledgement of hospitality received, which acknowledgement has been as courteously accepted, has sent a message to the village for a trap to take him and his belongings to the inn down there as soon as may be. He is raging with indignation and disgust. That old Goth! He will give his daughter to a man she hates just because in a foolish moment the poor girl has been coerced into an engagement with him. Never had the spirit of Don Quixote been so strongly reproduced as in Mr. Eyre's heart at this moment. He will come to her aid, father or no father! What would any man stand still and see a girl wantonly, deliberately sacrificed, and not put out a hand to help—to save? If so, his name is not Lancelot Eyre!

To see Dulcine is, however, necessary. She must be made cognizant of the plot laid against her happiness. Up to this, poor child, she has regarded her engagement as a usual thing, if hateful; but she must now learn that force will be employed if she refuse to go calmly to the altar with that abomination, Sir Ralph.

He has only just stepped into the corridor when he comes face to face with her.

"Well, I've seen your father," says he. "What! Oh, no!" says she.

"Yes, I have; a d bigger old—I beg your pardon. But—"

"He says I must hold to my engagement with Sir Ralph?"

"He says that, and that only. If you were a slave, he could no have made it more distinct that you were without power in the matter."

"Surely, you're very pale, you exaggerate a little. A slave! Whose slave?"

"Sir Ralph's present, if you don't take swift measures to free yourself, Dulcine, you trust me, don't you? Come away with me. Come this evening. There is a train at half past six; meet me there, and—"

"And what?"

"I'll take you up to town to my sister's, and we can be married tomorrow morning."

"Married to-morrow morning! And—"

"He," meaning her father, she however, had not meant or father, why, he deserts as all will get—no more."

"True, true!" says she, as if trying to work herself up to the necessary point of valor. "A slave, you said. But still—"

"Dulcinea! Dulcinea!" roars some one in the distance. It was the voice of Goth!

"He's calling me; I must go!" says she, taking her hand away from Eyre in a lit le frightened fashion.

"Remember," whispers he, holding her by the sleeve, "remember the train; the station is only a mile from this; 6:30, keep it in mind. I shall be there. It is nothing of a walk, and—"

"But, my clothes!"

"Oh nonsense! My sister will—"

"You are wrong Mr. Eyre when you talk of him like that," says Dulcinea, loyally. "Eyre has meant to befriend her. A ray of the firm that blazes within her father's eyes shines in her own at this moment."

"Look here!" says The McDermot, furiously; "you can fancy yourself in love with whom you like, but you shall marry Anketell, all the same. You've given your word to him and I'll see that you keep it."

"I shall not marry him unless I wish it," says his daughter with distinct defiance; whereupon The McDermot breaks out in a terrible way, and says all sorts of bitter, unpardonable things, until the girl, who is in a white heat of rage in her own way, flings wide the door and rushes into a garden, to find rest and peace, and room for thought.

She finds, however, only her cousin.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is it not time, then, to be wise!—Or now, or never?"

Perhaps to her it has seemed that "rest" and "peace" may be found in him. Fond hope!

"Andy!" calls she. "Andy!" He is at the other end of the garden, and at first does not hear her. "Andy!" however, resto es him to a proper frame of mind.

"Hi!" says he, from the middle of a bed of cabbage.

"Come here! Come at once! It is something very important."

This brings him to her at the rate of forty knots an hour.

"Well, what's the matter now?" says he.

"Everything!" says Miss McDermot with commendable brevity.

"That generally means nothing with a girl," says her cousin, contemptuously. "However to do you justice, you look like business this time. What is it, eh?"

"If I could be sure of you, Andy," says she, forlornly; "but you will be as like a fly to not to take his side."

"Whose side?"

"Well, you see!"—hesitating—"It's this way"—dead pause.

"Oh go on, for goodness sake. If you have anything on what you are pleased to call your mind, get it off! You look," with all the delightful sympathy that, as a rule, distinguishes the male members of one's family, "like a sick chicken. Anything fresh? or is it the same old game?—our well-beloved uncle on the rampage again?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

They May Not Have Known What It Meant, But They Obedied It.

John F. was a soldier. He was a member of the Tenth Maine regiment and orderly sergeant of his company. He was every inch a soldier, brave and true, albeit a little prone to stick to the letter rather than the spirit of the law.

The articles of war were his study—his vade mecum, according to the New York Ledger. In short, he was excessively military—military all through. At the close of the late war John came home and was shortly afterward installed into the responsible position of sexton of our church, and he straightened things out wonderfully.

On the very first Sabbath after his taking charge we found posted upon the wall of the church vestibule an imposing document, headed "General Order No. 1."

There had been trouble in certain quarters resulting from the difficulty which ladies who came to church late found in gaining their seats when gentlemen had got in ahead of them. John determined to remedy this, so he issued "General Order No. 1," which read as follows:

"Rules to be observed when a lady wishes to enter a pew in which gentlemen are already seated: Let the lady advance one pace beyond the pew, halt, about face and salute. The pew will be vacated by the gentlemen by a flank movement."

"The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face outward—then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, the others passing to his rear, when if necessary, the line will be perfected up and down the aisle by right or left counter march, as the case may require, the right in front."

"The lady, when the way is clear, will salute again, and advance to her position in the pew, after which the gentlemen will break from the rear obliquely and resume their places."

"Parties performing this evolution have possession of the aisle until it is completed, and none others will interfere." (Signed)

JOHN F. F. SEXTON.

Things went straight after that.

Behind the Times.

"Young man," said the adored one's father in a business-like way, "I don't care anything about your ancestry, and as for your financial standing, I find it very satisfactory."

"Indeed, it's very kind of you, sir; I'm grateful." "As I was saying when you interrupted me," continued the old man, in a tone almost severe, "I don't care about those things, and your character and habits seem to be quite worthy of approval."

"You can't know how glad I am to have pleased you," began the happy lover of such a father's daughter, only to be shut off with: "I am considering the matter of offering you a partnership in our firm." "You overwhelm me." "But there is one question I wish to ask you—and I want a candid answer."

"Anything, anything," assented the bewildered youth joyfully. "Is there any tendency to insanity in your family?" "Not a trace, not a trace," was the prompt reply of the delighted chap, who had been half fearing some awkward inquiry. The look of pleased enthusiasm that had pervaded the prospective father-in-law's face vanished. He seemed utterly crushed.

"Go!" said he. "I feared there was some hidden obstacle. You are not fitted for modern finance. I cannot listen to your suit."—Detroit Tribune.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR PROGRESSIVE FARMERS.

Care of Dairy Utensils—Best Cheese Cow—The English Wheat Crop—Benefits of Drainage—Useful Hints—Farm Notes.

Care of Dairy Utensils.

In no other work is there as great a demand for cleanliness as in the three parts of the dairy business, milk, butter and cheese, says the American Agriculturist. The most attention is needed to maintain the cleanliness of the milk receptacles, such as pails, pans, cans and churns. In the first place there should be a sufficient supply of pans that those emptied and washed in the morning need not be used until evening or the next day.

After washing they should be placed in the sunlight until used. On cloudy days they can be thoroughly dried about the stove and not nested when they are wet, and allowed to thus remain for several hours, as in that condition they cannot dry, and when separated at night they will give off a disagreeable odor, and the warm milk placed in them is certain to be contaminated. All tin dairy utensils should be first washed in boiling water, then thoroughly rinsed in clean cold water, and turned bottom side up to drain and dry until again used. All vessels about the dairy should be cleaned as soon as emptied, and not allowed to stand neglected for hours thereafter. The shelves, benches and racks upon which the pans are set should be washed with soap and water every time they are cleared. Even a few drops of milk allowed to remain on them to mould or gum up with butter fat would prove unhealthy, and detrimental to the milk in the same apartment. Where only a few cows are kept the same scrupulous cleanliness should be observed. The surface of the butter in the tubs should be covered with a cloth saturated with strong brine, both during and after the filling is completed. Locate the filled tubs in a cool, dark portion of the cellar, examine once a week, and if the brine is found oozing through the staves, it should be wiped away and not allowed to remain and stain the wood, giving it a most uninviting look.

Useful Hints.

The following schedule sent out by the experiment station of the Agricultural college, Guelph, Ontario, contains some useful hints in regard to butter making:

1. We do not consider that we know every thing about buttermaking, as something new is being discovered every month. Not only from our own work are we continually learning, but also from the observation and research of others.

2. We do not keep a cow that makes less than 200 pounds of butter to a year;

3. Nor put a cow on a starvation ration;

4. Nor expect a cow to make something out of nothing;

5. Nor keep our cows in an ice-house, hog-pen or dungeon;

6. Nor allow them to go a whole year without carding or brushing them;

7. Nor depend upon pasture alone for a supply of summer feed.

8. We do not allow the milk to stand very long in the stable to absorb foul odors.

9. We do not neglect to strain the milk at once after milking;

10. Nor set the milk in deep cans in water without changing the water at least twice, or without ice;

11. Nor mix sweet cream with cream to be churned less than 12 hours before churning (the cream is ripened in one vessel which holds the cream for a whole churning);

12. Nor add scalding water to the cream; nor guess at the temperature with the finger; nor take two or three hours to churn;

13. Nor gather the butter until the "dasher stands on top," and then dip it out of the buttermilk;

14. Nor add coarse salt by guess; nor work the butter into grease;

15. And finally, we do not send our butter to market wrapped in old rags that may have seen other service in the home.

The English Wheat Crop.

According to Sir J. B. Lawes' annual letter on the wheat crop, England this year has a poor yield of light grain. The figures show an average of twenty-five and seven-eighths bushels per acre, weighing sixty pounds per bushel; and the yield on the 2,295,183 acres of wheat now grown in the United Kingdom is, therefore, less than 7,500,000 quarters.

After deducting two bushels per acre for seed, the quantity available for consumption is less than 7,000,000 quarters.

The population being nearly 38,500,000, and the annual consumption six bushels per head, the quantity of wheat required for the twelve months ending next harvest will be 28,750,000 quarters, 23,000,000 quarters of which will have to be provided by stocks and imports; and there is no doubt we shall get all we require easily, since the stocks on hand are enormous, while 6,400,000 quarters of American wheat now on the water constitute the "visible" supply, as against 3,680,000 quarters at this time last year.

These figures are quite sufficient to account for the low price of wheat, and while they assure the public of

abundant bread, they deprive the farmer of all hope of better prices for some time to come. So long as the average production of wheat remains in excess of average requirements, so long will the price remain abnormally depressed.—London Chronicle.

Best Cheese Cow.

The Dairy Editor of Orange Judd Farmers, in reply to an inquiry, says she would take the Holstein and feed her well. This is saying nothing against any other breed, in fact we can picture special conditions where we should not change to the Holstein if we already had a herd of excellent butter cows. But suppose we have a herd of Jerseys giving 5 per cent milk. The ordinary cheese maker will run too much of this fat into the whey vat. To save it the patrons will be under heavy pressure to have it partly skimmed, and like telling your hired man to drink whisky every day, but not let the habit get the better of him is the habit of skimming milk for cheese-making. Then again, the Holstein is already well developed as a great milk producer. As to steer calves, A. H. don't intend to raise steer calves on whey, as a business, so he will work for milk production in big, paying quantities. The dairying that needs crutches is poor dairying; the dairyman who "needs steer calves to make his business pay" can't keep pace with the fellow who walks without them. Then for cheese—and without saying aught against any other breed—we can recommend pure-bred Holsteins, and the grades from best common cows and a first-class Holstein male and think they will fill the bill nicely.

How to Cure Hams.

Many hams, like cider vinegar, are spoiled in the curing. A good brine may be made as follows: Five pounds of sugar to 200 pounds of meat, one ounce of saltpetre to 20 pounds of meat, one ounce of salt to every pound of meat, and water to cover all the hams packed in this brine. It should be understood that the lower the temperature the longer it takes to cure them and in very cold winters the temperature in the cellars for ordinary pork-curing is so low that considerable time is required.

After the hams have been well brined they must be smoked for three days, and if on cutting it is found that the pickle has not reached all the way through them, the brine can be boiled over and skimmed. Pack the hams away in a temperature of about 40°.

They should then be returned to the smoke house for a day after the brine has dried off. A bitter taste will be given to them if hung in the smoke-house wet with the brine. To give the rich brown color so well known in market hams, hang near a stove for several days, and rub over thoroughly with cotton cloth. Fine looking and nicely flavored hams will thus be secured.—Northwestern Agriculturist.

Benefits of Drainage.

It is never out of place nor a waste of time or money to drain wet land. Without proper drainage, there can be no surely successful agriculture. In many cases too much dependence is placed upon natural drainage. It is doubtful if there is any soil that can not be somewhat benefited by underdraining. If dry, the drains let in the air, from which the cooler earth attracts the moisture, to the benefit of the crop; if wet, they furnish an outlet for the surplus moisture, and this also benefits the crop.

For it is an undeniable fact that either too little or too much moisture is injurious. If too little, there is no circulation of water in the soil and the plant not only suffers from thirst but starves for want of liquid containing available food; if too weak in nutriment to furnish sufficient food, so the plant literally both drowns and starves. Hitherto very little thought has been given to the circulation of water in the soil; but it is found that this is one of the most important considerations in the growing of a crop, and is receiving attention.

Farm Notes.

If you want eggs give your fowls plenty of good, wholesome food. Successful poultrymen place much more reliance in that than in patent egg-producing compounds.

If raising fowls for meat instead of eggs, you want the large breeds and those that grow rapidly. These will require lots of food, but they will use it to good advantage.

Too much heat in an incubator is just as bad as too little. It should be kept steady at 103 degrees. Practice maintaining an even temperature before you put the eggs in.

To learn any trade thoroughly requires study as well as practice—head-work as well as hand-work. Our boys should be taught that farming is no exception to this rule.

If you have not already done so, it would be well to examine your granary now and make sure that it is rat-proof. It will not pay to hold grain if the rodents have free access to it.

Millet is of very great value to the dairyman, when properly grown and harvested. In planning for next season's crops try and arrange for a field of it. If you have no silo, this will to some extent make amends in the winter feeding.

One or two acres of well selected and well cultivated fruits will go far toward supplying the ordinary household expenses. A little land devoted to such purposes always makes an appreciable addition to the cash income, and will repay the labor needed to secure it.

Every one gives the highest praise to Gravel, druggist, Walnut at Allison Cincinnati, O., says this is the best remedy for my customers that have used this preparation speak of it in the highest terms.

Cannibalism is still practiced in some places in the world.

Can't be beaten! Mr. J. G. Wittle, Mound, Ill., writes: "I have used Mound Oil with wonderful success for inflammatory rheumatism in my foot. It cannot be beat."

The fixed stars are of all colors, blue, green and red predominating.

Still Bright and Booming.

Many bright and useful publications are round to us annually and the sight of the is as refreshing and welcome as the faces of our original and humorists as Bill Nye, Opie P. Read, Danbury News, Man and e. It is a free gift of the season at Druggist's counter, and will be sent as the highly popular St. Jacob's Oil and a man and Book of Health and Home of One Hundred Dollars, open to contestants, the details of which are in the Almanac sent forth by the Quaker Voezler Company, Baltimore, Md., and a copy will be mailed to my address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by the above firm.

Hundreds of wretched victims of poverty, attempted to parade in London, but the police dispersed them with clubs.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases, put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years ago, some pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly clinging to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Peppard's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer testimonials and prescriptions for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The strongest telescope brings the moon to an apparent distance of 100 m. m.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Quickly relieves throat and lung disease, restores vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

Poker players go through life hard and hand.

Chas. J. Bell of Omaha, representing the old reliable State Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Worcester, Mass., wants agents in every county. Write him.

Pennsylvania produces more cigars than any other state in the Union.

Luane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy, the bowels must move every day. Luane's Medicine moves the bowels, regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and \$1.00, at all druggists.

Five million pounds sterling is spent annually on whisky in Ireland.

Brummell's Cough Drops. The genuine have A. H. E. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

In Shakespeare's time, wit, criticism and not men were given a sea on the stage.

We eat too much and take too little exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

J. G. Peppard, Kansas City, Mo., is the only exclusive dealer in Grass Seeds in the west. He makes a specialty of Millet, Cane, Clover and Timothy Seeds.

A LONG PROCESSION of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (langour, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

About Catarrh. No matter what you've