the tide,

Red as with blood, my fairest hopes have died.

My golden freights, forsaken in the strife,
Unheeded lie and every wave is rife
With ruin, wrought by hate, and doubt, and pride.

God saw my need, and knew the remedy,
The mighty grief that could my heart control.

The might, give troit.

troi.

His touch electric, softly, tenderly,

Upon my quivering heart in pity stole.

One great convulsion! Then the waves swept free

Along the deepened channel of my soul.

—Susan Marr Spalding.

Actor's Story

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED "H'm! Mutiny!" he growled; "but I like the lad's spirit, and begad, the old beggar shall have it hot!" So saying, he made his way to the managerial sanctum, where he gave Willie's message to the autocrat, with

various verbal embellishments. Old M- merely scratched his ear with his pen, and said: 'Dear me! dear me! a remarkable young man! Do you think he means it?'

I don't think anything about it, sir; I'm quite sure of it."

Dear me. dear me. What time does the mail go to-morrow?"

"Twelve o'clock." .Woll, well; come to me in the morning at cleven. Meanwhile I'll

Next day, at half past eleven, Jamleson was at the coach office with his baggage. He waited until ten min-

utos to twelve; then he booked for London and paid his fare. Twelve o'clock came. He took his seat on the box beside the driver, the guard blew his horn, the driver flourished his whip, and was about to start, when lo! down Leith Walk came the captain, puffing and blowing like a gampus. Waving his hat and his handkerchief, he called out, Stop! stop!"

The driver pulled up exclaiming. What's the row now?"

"Nothing." gasped the captain, but you sir. Mr. Jamieson come down. I want you!"

Too late, captain," replied Willie. "But I tell you it's all right!"

roared the captain. Hamlet or nothing." said Jamie-

·Oh! Hamlet, Othello, Macbeththe whole lot of them; only come

On your honor, sir?"

'On my honor as a gentleman!"
"All right!" and Willie sprung
down like a "2-year-old." Seizing his carpet bag, he spun over a halicrown (almost the last he had left) to the guard, and returned triumphantly to the theater, where the boys struck up "See the Con uering Hero Comea" to the intense annovance of old M--, who couldn't avoid hearing this spontaneous outburst of musical mutiny.

The following Monday Jamleson opened in 'Hamlet," and was resived with very great enthusiasm by a crowded house. A call before the curtain was then not so cheap an bonor as it is nowadays, and when at the end of the play he was called forward he was more than delighted. Just as he was about to make his ted in the private box to his right threw him a laurel wreath, and disappeared as if by magic. Although he had barely time to catch a glimpse of her pale face and flashing eyes he recognized the mysterious lady of the pony chaise at Aberdeen. As soon as he left the stage his quick eye detected a card which was attached by a piece of ribbon. On one side these words were written in a bold, but feminine hand: 'You told me once should I ever need a friend I might rely on I need one now.

On the other side was engraved ·Miss Flora McAllister. Athol House,"

Below was written. "At home to-morrow from twelve

CHAPTER X.

Athor House. The morrow's post brought Jamieson a letter from Curly, describing his impressions of London—of the theatre, the company, etc. The general tone was elate and confident, and he wound up by stating that his debut was fixed for the following Monday. and that he was to open as Doricourt.

At noon Jamieson presented himself at Athol House-one of those wonderful old places twelve or fourteen stories high, the like of which is to be seen nowhere but in "Auld Reekie." Its historical memories went back I don't know how long; but the very room into which he was shown had once been inhabited by the Regent Murray, afterward by Claverhouse and the great marquis himself."

It was now in semi-darkness-the blinds were all down. The atmosphere was so gloomy and depressing that he couldn't bear it, so he pulled up the curtains and let in the blessed sunshine. Looking through the window, he contemplated the wonderful picture before him. The valley smiling at his feet where now the railway runs; to the left the castle and the castle gardens; to his right Holyrood and Arthur's seat. Nearer stood the Calton Hill; a little to the left of that lay Leith, with the blue Firth beyond; right in front of him

Prince's street and New Town. The Abbotsford monument, which had only recently spruce into existeuce stood forth conspicuous, as it glittered in the sunlight. It was a lorious panorama There was no city in the world more beautiful than consis Edinburgh; but he had had ample time to explore and admire its defenseless! Can't you see?-they

during the fortnight presently he turned away to look at the room. Rare books lay on the table, a few choice pictures were on the walls, objects of art were scattered about in every direction. To opposite window, stood a painter's easel, supporting a picture covered by an Indian shawl. On two or three stools were palettes, colors, brushes, and other implements of the studio. His curiosity was excited by the covered picture, so he stepped forward, and removed the shawl. It dropped from his hands as he ex-claimed. "Curly!" The painting was not quite finished, but the resem blance was so life like you almost expected to see poor Donald start from he canvas-to hear him speak! While Willie stood lost in contemplation, a soft, low voice murmured. as if in response to his unspoken thoughts. 'Considering that it is only painted from memory, it is not a bad likeness, is it. Mr. Jamieson?"

Turning round he saw Hora. He bowed, and, dexterously avoiding her proffered hand, coldly replied: 'You wished to see me, madam, and I am here."

There was a pause. You see they met under the shadow of a misunderstanding, and neither one of them knew exactly how to begin. She of course, deemed herself wronged. one time she had made up her mind

that she never would, never could forgive Curly. But after all she was a woman. She was alone in the world now, for her father had been dead for some months. She did not even affect to bewail him, though in deference to the projudices of soclety, she were mourning. She was now free to think and act for nerself. If Curly could only explain the past,

Of all her hopes and fears, of the terrible trial through which she and her lover had passed, Willie knew nothing. He only knew that his friend had been cruelly wronged, and then, as he imagined, treacherously abandoned by the woman he loved. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it was she who had most reason to think herself deserted and betrayed. Resides she was in total ignorance of what had occurred to Carly, or indeed what had become of since their parting. She had h m seen Willie's name announced at the theatre, and she felt convinced that if any man knew Curly's whereabouts Willie Jamleson was that man. She remembered, too, the promise of the latter on the night of the elopement. Hence it occurred to her as an inspiration to invite him to come and see her. He had accepted her invitation. certainly, but he might apparently as well have been in Aberdeen, so cold and distant did he seem.

"Mr. Jamieson." she said. 'you once told me that should I need a friend. I might rely on you.'

"I did but many things have happened since that night. You were then about to become the wife of the man whom you have since so cruelly abandoned.'

'Stop sir." she said, 'one moand she went rapidly to an escritoire at the other side of the room, and taking out the fatal paper with Curly's signature, she continued, before you speak further, perhaps you had better read this."

Jamieson read it. Then exclaimed: "My God! What does it all mean?" .That is the question I ask myself sibly you might have been able to explain."

"I know less Miss M'Allister, than you know yourself. After you left Aberdeen together I never even heard trom him. until the day after I last saw you. The next morning brought me a message from him. An hour later. I was on my way to Dundee, where I found him in the infirmaryhow. I have not the heart to tell

you." and he broke down utterly. It was astonishing how calm she remained till he had recovered himself, then he resumed, and told her everything which the reader knows already. It was her turn then. She wept one moment and chafed the next, with clenched hands and set teeth she strode to and fro. as she exclaimed:

"The villain! the cowardly, dastardly villain. Oh! that I were a man for your sake, Daniel Deempster!"

"Don't you waste your breath on that gentleman-leave him to me! said Jamieson. Now if you please, Miss M'Allister. we are friends henceforth, so give me your hand." She extended it frankly, and he kissed it reverently.

Since the time I told you of," he continued. 'your name has never passed between us but I know the poor fellow loves you still dearer than life."

.If he loved me could hecould he have done this shamething? And to call God to witness it too! Oh! the coward! the coward." .We must take human nature as

we find it. God help him, if he is a coward and God help me for I can love him none the less. Do you love him less than I do?"

ol did love him once more than all the world, but oh! Mr. Jamieson," she exclaimed. . the M'Allisters have held their own in flood and field since Scotland was a nation. And a cow-ard! (h! I can't bear it." And she cast herself on the couch, and wept bitterly. Then she got up and pointed to the picture.

"Look there." she said, 'does that look like a coward!"

No." Willie replied. 'and I don't believe he is a coward, but there are moments when the bravest man loses heart. Tell me one thing: were they

not armed?" "Yes; they both had loaded pistols." .And of course he was unarmed.

would have slain him there and then. had he not signed that miserable pa-per. Besides they worked upon his fears for you and in a moment of weakness he yielded to their infamous threats."

·He ought not to have yieldeddeath, anything but dishonor. would have avenged him first, and bewailed him after."

It was Willie's turn to wait now. When she had softened down a little he showed her a letter he had received that morning. At the very sight of the well known hand her heart leaped with joy; he was alive-he still loved her-all was forgotten, forgiven.

Jamieson asked her permission to write to Curley to explain that he had seen her, but she begged him to leave her to take her own course, which she did, with results to be hereafter

CHAPTER XI.

The Fatal Anniversary. Meanwhile Curly was busy with his rehearsals in town. At length came the debut. All through the earlier part of the play he impressed the audience most favorably, and each succeeding act confirmed the impression. The minuet in the masquerade scene was danced by him with such supple elegance that he completedh is conquest of the capricious public. The ladies were in raptures with the new comedian, and even the men were unwillingly moved to admiration. The debutant's success was assureda brilliant future lay before him.

When he returned to his room to make his change for the last act a large parcel lay upon his dressingtable. He motioned the dresser to uning he looked at the contents of the parcel. There was a quantity of fresh flowers and a letter directed in the hand he knew so well. His heart, stood still for a moment; then he took courage. There would be a few kind words perhaps; something to give him heart of grace. He tore open the envelope, and stood for a moment like a man transformed to stone.

Traced in characters of fire he saw the fatal words:

"These presents are to attest that Flora M'Allister is not my wife; and I call God to witness that neither now nor hereafter will I seek to become

·DONALD CAMPBELL "Dudhope Ferry, May 12, 18-" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

She Settled Him.

The lady was undoubtedly angry. She had taken her seat in a cable car one crowded afternoon, and was contemplating her surroundings with an air of unreserved satisfaction when the object of her ire entered and stood directly in front of her. He scorned the assistance of the strap and seemed thoroughly confident of maintaining his equilibrium under any and all circumstances of cable-car travel. In this, however, he was rudely surprised by the sudden starting of the car, and stepping backward trod heavily on the lady's dainty shoe. Of course she was angry, but the pain was too much for silent suffering.

"Those straps are intended to as sist such people as you," she said. He excused himself, but paid no heed to the warning and continued to stand in the center of the aisle. At the next street corner, however,

the fellow tripped up and fell against by day, on my bended knees, by night, on my sleepless pillow—but answer never comes. I thought posthe woman. Rising with the woman's you won't hold on to those straps in the future. I will give you my seat and hold on myself!" That 'settled"

Large Rats in Small Bottles. Lord Albemarle told Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when she was in England, this story about the Duke of Weilington: Sitting next a lady at dinner, who had a smelling-bottle containing musk the Duke is alleged to have said to her: "in India ladies put musk-rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats, then," the lady observed. Not at all—about the size of English rats." Then their smelling-bottles must be very large.' "Not at all-about the size of yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady: 'You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse Guards; we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles."— Argonaut

Obliging Cfficials.

When Admiral Shufeldt went to the hermit nation. Corea, to arrange for a treaty. Miss Shufeldt missed a valuable bracelet, the theft of which was duly reported to the proper authorities. Suspicion rested upon two natives, who were taken before the tribunal and subjected to a rigorous examination. The officials found that no incriminating evidence could be obtained against the suspected culprits and informed Miss Shufeldt of the fact, but added in a spirit of courtesy, that 'if madam wishes, however, we will at once cut off the heads of both men.

Gold Diggers of Thibet.

The gold diggers of Thibet, most of whom are Chinese, make air do the work of water. That is to say, they use the same process by which farmers used to winnow their grain before fanning mills were invented. They lift the baskets containing earth and gold to an elevation and then slowly empty the contents to the ground.

A Lonely Little Girl.

Elsie, who is the youngest of the family, was entertaining me the other day. During the conversation she "All the folks who come to our house are so much older than I am. Giving a little sigh she continued: "There seems to be awfully few people seven years old nowadays. Hartford Post

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE ADVANTAGES OF IRRIGA-TION IN CROP GROWING.

Water Available When Needed-To Keep Milk From Souring-How to Manage Cut Worms-About Tomatoes, Sheep Shearing and Household Helps.

The more we observe the effects of irrigation as relating to farming and the production of crops the more we become convinced of its advantages, and that it might be profitably employed in many sections where such assistance is unthought of. One point must be conceded and that is, that moisture is an absolute necessity in crop growing, not only to start the seed into vital activity, but as a medium whereby the soluble elements of nutrition are conveyed to the plant itself. While it is true that an excess is objectionable and hurtful, it must at the same time be remembered, that the want of it, is also fully as damaging to the growth and development of a crop.

The advantage of using irrigation water is that its office can be regulated to meet the actual requirements, and if there is sufficient moisture in the soil to answer the demand of the crop and hold it in a condition of healthy growth then the irrigation supply need not be drawn upon, this is usually the case in the spring after the melting of snow and the fall of spring rains has occurred, but how often is it the case that as the summer months come on with the attendant hot weather, the supply of moisture diminishes and at the same time the demand is rapidly increasing with the increased growth of the piant; this is the time when an incalculable amount of benefit could be conferred by an application of water held by storage for that purpose. We do not claim that irrigation can be made available in every instance where it might be needed, but we believe that there are sections where a reservoir might be constructed to prevent the waste of surplus water, and that might by some effort be diverted to points where crops would be greatly benefitted. We have seen something of the workings of irrigation in Colorado and also in California, although we are aware that the general conditions of climate in both states are unlike most other sections of the country in the fact of having a longer season of no rainfall; but the effects can be studied equally as well.

Even at the East where rainfall is expected periodically, crops are frequently greatly injured by a want of moisture; this is the case in Colorado and California with this difference, there it becomes a certainty but the effects are wholly warded off by means of a sufficient flow of water from some neighboring canal and because of this crops are kept continually growing and are carried to a state of perfection. It is considered that by a judicious use of water for irrigation, crops of much superior quality and of larger yield are secured, and this is what all farmers

desire. The same rule that applies to cultivated crops, such as vegetables, corn, etc., will apply with equal grass may be very largely increased by a use of water, and this, too, by no addition of fertilizer. In Colorado immense crops of alfalfa are grown through the agency of irrigation and we feel confident that the same means applied to mowing lands of the Eastern, Middle and Southern states, where possible, would tend to a greatly increased crop of hay. There is little doubt but that the improved agriculture of the future will demand the utilization of the surplus water that now goes to waste.

To Keep Milk From Souring.

A man who has had experience in handling milk sent to the Boston market, and who never had any sour milk returned, recently told an Eastern exchange how he managed to keep milk from souring. He says:

In the first place the cans need attention, especial pains being taken to thoroughly cleanse cans and stoppers and place them upon a rack outdoors. to air or sun. They are not taken to the barn till milking time, and no empty cans are allowed about the barn. Particular care is taken to have the udders clean, and the milk, as clean as possible, turned from the milk pail to the strainer pail, and poured through a cloth as well as wire strainer, into the cans and immediately set into a trough of running water; the temperature varying somewhat with the weather, from forty-eight to sixty degrees. The milk is stirred with a long handled spoon at frequent intervals, and left unstoppered over night, but the lid or cover of the trough is closed.

The milk is taken from the trough the first thing in the morning and stoppled, and the morning's milk similarly treated, except the time of remaining in the water has been limited to from two to four hours. By this, to explain, I mean, at one time we had to get it to the depot at 9 a. m., at another 7 a. m., by change in

It is my opinion that clean milk, placed in clean cans, cooled to sixty degrees at the farm, and placed in a milk car with ice, and reaching Boston that day, so that it will reach the consumer for the next day's use, will be found to be perfectly sweet for all uses, if not tampered with by the milkman.

I do not believe that such milk needs any of the so-called preservatives to add to its keeping qualities. In the absence of running water. where well water had to be used, I bristles.

should not set the milk into freshly pumped water, because too sudden cooling will separate the cream from the milk while the water of milder temperature will not; but the water should be renewed after the milk has stood an hour or so at night, and for well water, renewing once a day is sufficient. -Journal of Agriculture.

How to Manage Cut Worms.

A writer tells the California Fruit Grower that he thinks the best way to get rid of cut worms is to poison them. He says: "I use syrup or water well sweetened, mix with plenty of Paris green and thicken with flour. I cut papers six or eight inches square with a cut over half way through the center, and a cross cut through that to fit around trees or vines then hold them in place with clods and put a few spoonfuls of the mixture around the trees or vines on the paper. I find plenty of dead cut worms and beetles both on and under the paper. I have not had a chance to try it on canker worms, but I think they would eat it, and it would be cheaper and better than printer's ink around the tree. I also protect my young trees with tins that clamp around them. I have made them six inches high and about three inches in diametar and put them in the ground two or three inches. Cut worms and beetles cannot climb over them, and will not dig under them. Any tinsmith will make them for about two cents a piece. I have used the tins sucessfully three seasons."

Nonsense About Tomatoes. An idea has gained currency dur ing the past few years that the tomato as an article of diet is liable to produce or encourage the terrible disease of cancer, and not long ago it was stated the use of this vegetable had been forbidden at the London cancer hospital. So widely spread had this notion become that Dr. Marsden, chairman of the medical committee of the cancer hospital, has thought it advisable to give it official contradiction. He says that his committee has been inundated with letters on this subject, and he begs publication for the following statement, which we hope will settle the matter once for all. It is the opinion of the committee "that tomatoes neither predispose nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but on the contrary, are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."-Farmer's Voice.

Sheep Shearings.

Plenty of bells on the sheep will frequently scare the dogs away.

If the ewe is not strong and perfect how do we expect a strong and perfect lamb? But some seem to expect it.

It is likely that flockmasters must depend on mutton productions or give up sheep breeding. It looks that way.

It is claimed that sheep that will yield at least six pounds of wool, will double the flockmaster's money in four years. It would seem that as long as we

do not produce enough mutton or wool for home supply, sheep growing should be profitable. Sheep will bear much neglect, but

it is certainly unwise to invest force to grains and grasses, says money in an animal simply to see Coleman's Rural World; a crop of how much neglect it will stand. There is often a black sheep in the

flock with a white fleece. It is the sheep that is good for nothing. That is the kind of individual we apply the name of black sheep to in a human family. It fits just as well in the flock.

Household Helps. A raw potato dipped in brick dus.

is effective for cleaning steel knives. Mildewed clothes may be renewed by soaking the spots in buttermilk and spreading the garments on the grass in the sun.

One pint of buttermilk in which a well-beaten egg is stirred will break up any fever in half an hour if not of too long standing.

A "friendship garden" is the latest fad for the woman who has a country home or lives in the suburbs. A friendship garden is one in which to grow flowers and shrubs that have been planted by friends and relatives of the owner.

A good way to cook liver is to fry it in butter, with an onion cut in small pieces scattered over it. Cook slowly; when done add a lump of butter and a little flour; stir well and turn over the liver. Serve with Saratoga potatoes. Grease stains on a carpet may be effectively treated by applying a mix-

ture composed of two ounces of amonia, two ounces white castile soap, one cunce glycerine, one ounce of ether. The soap should be dis-solved, first in a pint of water, then the other ingredients and two quarts of water should be added. Another recipe for removing grease spots requires the application of four tablespoonfuls of alcohol to one of salt.

To remove the glass stopper from bottle, tap the neck gently on a hard substance, wood or marble, first on one side, then on the other. This usually serves, but to keep the neck well covered with olive oil for an hour is another plan, and still another is to immerse the bottle in hot water and let it stand for fifteen minutes.

Hair brushes should be washed once a week to keep them in a healthful condition. A bit of washing soda should be dissolved in hot water. The brushes should be dipped in the water bristles downward, the back and handles being kept as free from the water as possible. Ammonia may be used in the same way, but soap is said to be injurious to the

A "GATORED" MULE

Scared by a Saurian the Long Charger Never Recovered "Did you ever hear of a 'gate

mule?" asked Mr. William Thompson, of New York, who is his way home, after a year spent i

"A 'gatored mule,' as he is called in Florida, is one of that stubbon race which has been driven partial." insane from an alligator fright 1 fact, while a mule will stolidly to be thrown off a railroad by a loss motive before he moves, he goes inter wild state of terror at a single glimpse of a saurian monster.

"There are hundreds of gator mules' in Florida. To tell the trut. I helped to 'gator' one myself. He did it happen?

Well, I had been staying at Ocal some weeks, and finally agreed, with several friends, to go hunting in the south. About twenty miles fro town we located upon a small stre abounding in game. After pitchi camp I went for a walk, and before long found a 'gator hole.' strong, musty odor which issue from it, I knew that the owner w at home.

"Calling my companions, I decide to capture him. We rammed a lor pole into the burrow several time Finally we heard the snap like the report of a gun, and the pole mained fast. The gator had sein it. We tried vainly to pull him out Then some one suggested that w use our camp mule. We shouted The mule was led down to the hole chain fastened to the pole, and the

the frightened animal, was started "There was a creaking of chains a roar, and the alligator, seven less in length, came out with a rush, the mule started on a wild run for the road. The saurian's teeth were sunken so deeply into the wood that he could not release himself, and away went mule, pole and all. The alligator spun around, hissing like a steam engine, but he held on, while the mule, thinking himself pursued snorted and ran. We followed. Into the main streets of Ocala flew the mule and his queer load. Completely exhausted, he was stopped by a party in front of the postoffice. The 'gator was dead. We skinned and stuffed him. The mule recovered, but the sight of a swamp now throws him into a perfect frenzy of terror.

WHITE HORSE OF LAMBOURNE Strange Natural Formation Seen on m

English Hillside In Berkshire, England, is situated a hill on the steep side of which is the figure of a gigantic horse whose dimensions are almost an acre in ertent. The head, neck, body, and tail of this wonderful figure consists of wide white lines, as does also each of its four legs. The outlines of this monstrous specimen of the genus equinus are formed by cutting trenches in the chalk, of which the hill is mainly composed, the ditches being from two to three feet deep

and about ten feet in width. The chalk of the trenches being of a beautiful white and the surroundings the greenest of the green, makes the figure of the horse plainly discernible, according to the Philadelphia Press, at a distance of about twelve miles. This is the famous "White Horse of Lambourne." The white horse is known to have been the standard of the some have supposed that this monster emblematic figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon kings. Mr. Wise, an antiquarian who has written much on the white horse of Berkshire, brings in several arguments to prove that this figure was made by or under orders from Alfred during the reign of Ethelred, his brother, and that it is a monument to a victory over the Other well-Danes in the year 871. known writers are of the opinion that the celebrated white horse is a natural freak—one of nature's oddest oddities. Ashmead-Burrton thinks that the early tribes noticed that the outlines of the freak resembled horse to a certain extent and that

the trenches so as to preserve the color and shape. This task is known all over England as "scouring the white horse." He Carried a Sword. Bluster, to an opponent with whom he had been holding an angry conversation—Be careful of your language

they worked it into its present shape,

at least that they gave the outlines

their present graceful symmetry.

However this may be, it has been the

custom since time out of memory for

the neighboring peasants to assemble

on a certain day of each year, usually about midsummer, to clear

away the weeds from around the

white horse and to trim the edges of

to me, sir! Opponent-What for? Bluster-I hold to the code. Re member I carried a sword during the

Opponent-Yes, I recollect You carried it in a Knight Templar pro-

cession. - Texas Siftings. At the Bargain Counter. "The mystery surrounding the sudden disappearance of

Bychepe turned out to be no mystery at all." "How's that?" "Her crushed and flattened body was found among the debris in front of Atcoste & Co.'s bargain counter when they swept out the next mora-

ing after the disappearance. Style and Poverty.

Augustus - Let's take a promen-

Cholly-Cawn't do it, me boy. I're got to make these patent leathers lawst till it's warm enough to weah russeta