Then, from somewhere out the skies, There stole upon a waiting world

# The soft sweet peace of paradisa From out the great unseen t'was hurled. —Inter-Ocean. The Actor's Story.

### BY JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED. As the mail rattled through Birmingham that night it passed within a stone's throw of a pauper lunatic asylum, where a worn and wasted man lay, making one continual moan: "Ah, my loved! My lost love! If

you only knew-if you only knew! Could the inmates of that couch have heard that piteous prayer even then it might not have been too late! Alas!

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Waiting on the Other Side. When they got back to Edinburgh Flora rallied a little, but she had a

presentiment that the end was near. and she wished to close her eyes there where they had first seen the light, so after a rest of a few months she prepared to return home.

The season being over in Edinburgh Jamieson arranged to play a short engagement in Aberdeen, and they journeyed north together.

Her relations having espoused her father's views on the subject of her connection with Curly, a total estrangement had ensued between them.

Except the family doctor and Jeannie and Willie she had not a friend in the world. It was not to be wondered at therefore that she urged the latter to occupy her father's rooms during Considerations of decorum induced him to pause, but when Jeannie added her entreaties to those of her mistress, and when Dr. Miller assured him that it was absolutely necessary that some one in whom she could confide should be always near her, why he snapped his fingers at Grundy." and took up his abode at Gairloch house.

From the first Flora did not deceive herself, so one day while Jamieson was at rehearsal she sent for Mr. M'Crawley Gittins, the family solicitor, and made her will. This gentleman demurred in carrying out her instructions, but she was peremptory and there was nothing for it but to obey. The will was executed and attested by the gardener and coachman. Then she gave the document to the doctor (whom she had constituted one her trustees) for security. The lawyer did not look overpleased, and took his departure somewhat abruptly.

At length Jamieson's engagement was over, and he was enabled to devote more time and attention to the invalid. Every day about noon she usually tottered into the room, supported by Jeannie; then he would assist her to the sofa placed outside the drawing-room in the garden overlooking the sea, where they would sit for hours together reading or talking of her lost love. She never believed that he was dead.

At length came the time when she could no longer leave her room. Willie became more and more anxious. and never left the house. Every now and then Jeannie reported that the invalid was sleeping or perhaps that she was reading Curly's letters

or weeping over his portrait.

As Jamieson's anxiety increased he would lie awake half the night read-

One night, especially, he had a presentiment of evil which kept him awake till daybreak. He read, or ried to read far into the morning. antil it was fair daylight-indeed. almost the for him to get up. At last he fell of into a stupor of sleep. He had barely slept half an hour when Jeannie came to his bedside and touched him on the shoulder. In a moment he was awake. 'Come" she said. He looked at her pale face and knew what she meant. The time had come. He remembered long after that it was the twelfth of May-the second anniversary of the fatal day at the ferry. When he entered Flora's chamber the large French windows were open wide, the sweet smell of the flowers the fresh breath of the sea the rippling of the waters washing the shore below at the foot of the garden, the bud, the leaf, the flower, and the young day leaping into life. the joyous carol of the lark ascending to the gates of heaven. God's glorious sunshine filling the room-all these made it seem as if death could never come where all this busy, beauteous life abounded. There she lay, in the light of the

dawning day, decked as if for a bridal. She was clad in a white lace peignor-dowers still fresh with the morning dew were around her and about her the grayness and the gloom had gone, the bloom of youth had returned to her cheeks, her eyes glistened with a humid, tender light -the sea breeze toyed softly with her beautiful hair as it fell in tangled masses on her shoulders.

To the left of the bed stood Curly's portrait, long since finished. The poor lad was attired in his cornet's uniform—the dress he had worn the night when they first met at the ball.

she was smiling upon the plcture. and Jamieson thought the picture was smiling upon her.

Soft as his footfall fell she heard it. Turning toward him, she spoke in a low, soft voice. The words and the melody dwelt in his memory as

long as he lived. "Willia" she said-she had never called him by that name before-

may I call you so?" The tears which he strove to keep

THE APPROACH OF NIGHT. huge hand in her baby fingers, as she continued.

.You were always a friend-always. and you have been very good to me. When all this is but a memory, I hope you'll meet some woman worthy of you, and if children should come to bless your home, call them after him -after him and-me." Then she kissed his hand.

After a pause she inquired. "Do you remember what day this is?" Again he bowed his head, while she continued in the same sweet, gentle

"This day, two years ago, they killed our young lives, but they could never kill our love-that will live when we are dead! Hush! you are a man-a brave one. Don't cry for me, dear-I am happy now. He will come back to you some day-I'm sure he will. Tell bim I loved him always -tell him I have waited for him here as long as I could now I shall wait for him there! My poor Curly!"

### C HAI TERXVI.

Man to Man. The relatives came down like a horde of locusts at the funeral. They were all Presbyterians and Flora was a Roman Catholic, so they left the cortege at the gate of the burial ground. The chief mourners were the doctor. Jeannie and Willie.

When they approached the grave. there stood beside it a gigantic man whom Willie instantly recognized from Elspeth M'Diarmid's description. There was no mistake about the 'corbie's beak and the evil cen. now bloodshot and inflamed. The very sight of this loathsome creature set Jamieson's blood on fire, and he had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from taking the law into his own hands there and then. A huge white horse, a vicious looking beast with a tremendous Roman nose, stood tied up without the gate. champing fretfully at the bit. As soon as the coffin was lowered, with an impatient gesture Deempster turned away, leaped on the horse gave him the spur, and was out of sight in a moment.

"After all." muttered Willie, between his teeth. 'it is best it should be so. I can wait, I can wait!"

On returning to the Gairloch house after the funeral he and the dector found the relatives in solemn concinve in the dining room, paying their respects to the "funeral-baked meats."

The general buzz of conversation ceased as Jamieson entered. Without ceremony Dr. Miller proceeded to read the will. With the exception of certain legacies, such as five hundred pounds to the doctor's daughter, five hundred pounds to the lawyer, two hundred a year to Jeannie, and various smaller sums to the servants, the whole of the estate, real and personal, moneys invested in stock, etc., amounting in the aggregate to something like twelve thousand pounds a year, was bequeathed to Jamieson in trust for Curly (if he should be alive), failing this Willie was to inherit everything absolutely, without let, hindrance, or control, being constituted residuary legatee and joint executor with Dr. Miller.

When the will was read a dead silence ensued.

Evidently the family circle had been already prepared for this intelligence and their plan of action had been arranged. Every one turned round and looked at the lawyer, who rose, and clearing his throat with a glass of sherry, said:

"Ahem, my friends, I am already acquainted with jour views, and it only remains for me to carry out my Ahem! Dr. Miller. I beg to inform you and yonder young man that my clients here assembled will resist to the uttermost the carrying out of this will and in fact legal proceedings have this day been commenced, praying the court not to grant probate on the grounds of insanity on the part of the testatrix and undue influence on the part of the residuary legatee. Acting under advice, the seal of the procurator-fiscal has been placed upon all documents. valuables, etc., belonging to the estate, and as we are de facto in possession (which as you are doubtless aware, is nine points in law) on behalf of the next of kin. nothing remains for me but to request the so-called executors and the woman Jeannie McPherson to quit this house with as little delay as possible. As we do not wish to behave ungenerously, we will allow you half an hour to clear out. We have left nothing to accident and the police are here should it be found necessary to have recourse to them in aid of the process of ejectment.'

Here was a deadlock. The doctor and Jamieson took stock of the situation, found the enemy held every card except the will, and, desirous of avoiding scandal, left the house immediately without a word. Not so poor Jeannie. She gave the enemy a hot time of it, but in the end even she had to succumb to the rough logic of facts.

Jamieson accompanied the doctor to his solicitor, and gave instructions for the defense of their rights under the will, and so commenced the litigation in the famous case of 'Jamieson and Miller vs. M'Allister and Others.'

Fortunately for Jeannie, the doctor, who was a widower, wanted a housekeeper to look after his daughter Maggie, and he installed Jeannie at once. Jamieson had an engagement offered him for Glasgow, and there was nothing to detain him further, except

to "have it out" with Mr. Deempster. Strathmines is about six miles from Aberdeen but that was nothing to Willie, so he walked over one fine morning after breakfast. On arriving at the lodge he inquired if the laird was about? The lodge-keeper replied. 'He is gone out to have a wee bit rabbit shooting. You'll find him in the glen yonder, about a mile and a bittock awa'."

A mile and a bittock means two good English miles or more. Still it was all in the day's walk. At length back. hoked him and he could only Willie reached the glen. As he en-bow his head in silence. She took his tered at one end Deempster appeared

at the other with his gun and MA FARM AND HOUSEHOLD hundred nuclei together or in adjecdog a pretty black pointer. As the two men approached each other the dog came bounding forward and licked Jamieson's hand. The laird pulled himself up stiffly, and growled out Now then, what do you want?" "I want you. Dan't Deempster. Do

you know me?" "Oh ay. I ken you well enough. You're the play-actor fellow that was at the funeral the other day; but you're no' in the kirkyard the noo.

vou're trespassing on my grounds, so you'd better make yourself scarce." "Not till I have settled my account with you."

"Me? Is the fellow mad?"

Take care that you keep a civil tongue in your head Mr. Deempster. or it will be the worse for you. waited for this two years or more, but now the time has come."

.Well now that it has come once more I ask, What do you want with

gave Donald Campbell that foul blow, out below the hill by Dudhope Ferry. you murdered two lives, and because the law can take no cognizance of your crime you think you can escape with impunity!"

'Impunity!" roated Deempster; is it impunity to have that babyfaced blockhead, with his great glittering eyes, his white face, and fair hair streaked with blood, standing by my bediand board by day and night! But there- Clear out, or I'll riddle your hide with buckshot? You won't? Then by"- and with the word he lifted his gun, and let fly at Willie.

Fortunately his eye was quicker than the other's hand, and he cast himself full length on the grass as the charge flew harmlessly over him. The next instant he was at his would. be assassin's throat, had snatched the rifle from him, smashed the stock and barrel over his knee, and hurled it a hundred paces away.

The pointer stood still and trembled. Then the tragedian said, in a stern. quiet voice. "I don't wish to have blood on my soul-not even the blood of such a skunk as you are. But I am going to thrash you as long as I can stand over you.

So put up your hands and don't let me take you at a disadvantage.' "You take me at a disadvantageyou?"

Don't talk but put up your hands I tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED. ] ALAS FOR HER.

The Sad, Sad Tale of a Cable Ride and Braids of Soft Hair.

A sad, sad tale is floating about the circumambient atmosphere about a sweet young girl, says the Louisville Commercial, who went out a summer evening with her best young man. Her toilet was simplicity and good taste itself. Arrayed in vestal white. with white lilacs in her hat, and her gloves and boots most unexceptionable, she was a "maiden fair to see." Why, a man would know as soon as he looked at her that she was sweetness and modesty itself. Nothing strained nor artificial about her. She was a human daisy. a violet, with no knowledge of the arts and shams of women who have been in the hollow. artificial world. Her young man was all attention. He placed her upon a front seat in the car and proceeded to do the devotion act thoroughly. And she shyly blushed and sweetly smiled in an enchanting manner as she inclined her fair young head toward him to catch his murmured words. All was going on beautifully when one of the two young men who sat just behind them called the attention of his companion to something about the head of the young The other fellow grinned, and then a woman across the aisle smiled. which attracted the attention of other people on the car, and they also looked and seemed amused. The best young man detected these glances and saw that something was wrong, and he proceeded to take a look himself at the back hair of the one dear to him. Of course, her hair was arranged in just the pretty, natural way one would expect in a girl like thatjust a simple braided knot of silken tresses. But out of the center of the knot, where an unkind fate had caused a hairpin to give way, there protruded the end of a switch of false hair, to which was appended the hairdresser's ticket, with the price of the braid upon it. And if it had not been for those horrid young men it would never have been seen. And it was just too mean, too! So there, now!

## Perpetual Holy Lamps.

Cedemus makes mention of a lamp. which together with an image of Christ, was found at Edessa, during the reign of the Emperor Justinian. It was set over a certain gate, and sealed so as to exclude all air. The seal testified that these details were carried out soon after the crucifix on. When opened by the soldiers of Cosroes, king of Persia it was found to be burning as brightly as when first inclosed, over 500 years before. The fresh dirt. The third cultivation Persian forces broke down the shrine and poured out the oil that was still in the lamp, an act which is said to have been followed by a great plague.

At the time the old monasteries of England were demolished a lamp was found in a tomb which was supposed to have been burning since about the vear 50) A. D. How these things were accomplished is a mystery, but it is supposed that the Romans understood how to resolve gold into an oil a few ounces of which would suffice to burn a thousand years. If such an art was ever understood it is now irretrievably lost -Philadelphia Press

## A Horseshoe of Cowhide.

A very elastic and durable horseshoe is made in France by compressing cowhide in a steel mold and then subjecting it to a chemical process. It is said to last longer than iron and needs no calks as it adheres readily to any surface however smooth.

THE GOSPEL OF CLEANLINESS IN THE DAIRY.

Dairying Is Ticklish Business-Deen Cultivation-Queens Getting Lost-Absorption in Drained Soils-Stock Notes and Household Helps.

## Cleanliness.

Dairying is a very ticklish business. Dairy products absorb odors so readily that to keep them pure requires the greatest of care. country storekeeper gets some hard raps for his "detestible" jumble of different grades of butter, good, bad and indifferent; and I am free to confess that he deserves pretty nearly all the censure he gets. But he is not the author of all the bad butter in the world, His offense is chiefly that he spoils some good butter by ·I want to tell you that when you mixing it with grease. The grease is not made by him. It is sold to him for butter. My desire is to impress the butter maker with the fact that often through a little carelessness on his her part butter is ruined. Sometimes it is injured without any fault of the butter maker. It may be injured while in the udder. Galen Wilson recently gave an illustration of this. in writing of the experience which another had, who said: "I once got up my cows late at milking time, tween sunset and dark. I sat down to milk, and at the first stream was almost choked with the effluvia of a skunk. The hired man cried out that the devil was to pay with the cow, and we found every cow so tainted that the milk was worthless. That is all I know about it, but I suppose the cows had encountered a skunk." Now, if a cow's milk while in her udder can be so contaminated by her sense of smell, says Wilson, it is perspicously explained how the milk gets into the dairy cocoanut. Milk, when warm especially, absorbs odors equally well whether in the udder or not. In a search for the causes of so much poor butter it is found that the farmer is many more times in fault than his wife, who does the mechanical part of making it. At first the cow may have sour or musty feed to eat, stagnant and bacteria-laden water to drink or manure odors to inhale. And when the milk is drawn it encounters stable and barnyard scents; and when being conveyed to the dairy-room it possibly passes the pig pen, with its odoriferous exhailations, the swill barrel privy, a dead cat or hen lying on the ground, the sink-drain, bad smelling spots on the ground where slops have been thrown and rotten chips in the woodshed. These are all faults of the man. Woman's derelictions are that when milk enters the dairy in may encounter scents of cooking vegetatables, boiling clothing, steam from washtub, floor mopping, musty cellar scents, stale victuals and filth in the corners and seams of milk utensils. All of these scents pierce the milk as

> the sticks are withdrawn and the scent remains to corrupt the mass. To make first-class butter every visible and invisible Indian must be suppressed, says a Farmer's Voice writer

surely as the sharp sticks do the

white man, with this difference, that

I have found all this true in my forty years' experience, and anyone who observes it will also find it true.

## Deep Cultivation.

I read an article in your paper by D. J Bissell, on "Corn Culture," which interested me, and as he wants to hear from farmers and I being a jack-at-all-trades will give my experience, and that will differ from Mr. Bissell as regards shallow cultivation. Now, it all depends on how you break the ground; if you break your ground shallow and plant your corn it will come up and grow right away from corn planted in same field when ground is broke deep. Now, the reason for that is this, the subsoil is hard and as the planter packs the ground tight around the seed. the moisture from the ground starts the seed quicker than when the soil is deep plowed and necessarily looser around the kernel. In that case I think shallow cultivation would be the only way proper, since the ground is too hard for the roots to go down for moisture, they must have to spread out and if you cultivate deep and cut those little feeders off, you

injure your corn. If the season is right and soil good. Mr. Bissell can raise corn, but let him plant his corn that way, and tend it shallow. I will proceed as follows as I have done for years with best result and if we have a drouth or i we do not I will beat him on corn. I will plow my ground deep and put on bull tongues and cultivate deep as I plow and close to the corn; keep my ground level, next time I will not plow quite so close but close enough to get the ground all covered with should not be quite so close to the hill but with large shovels; the fourth time, which will likely be the last, turn your shovels so as to put a little more dirt toward corn and put the bull tongue or small shovel on behind to keep the ground level, but plow as deep as ever. If you have tended your corn right it will now be just ready to commence tasseling and after that time prosecute any man you catch cultivating your corn. Your ground is loose and the feeders have gone deep and corn is green and will stand drouth while neighbor Bissell's is all fired: — Coleman's Rural World.

## Queens Getting Lost.

Mrs. Jennie Atchley tells the Canadian Bee Journal: I have discovered that queens do not often get lost on the mating trip; but, upon their return are apt to enter the wrong hive and get killed. As we keep several at a discount with sensible people.

ent vards, we have had scores of queens return to the wrong hives, in which, being queenless most of the time, they were accepted. But she always destroys the cell that is in the nucleus. I noticed that where there are only one or two hives apart by themselves the queens do not get lost. Even the drones in the drone hive will scatter all over the yard, and act pretty nearly the same way. Who ever found a queenless bee tree? I do not believe that one queen in a hundred gets lost or is captured by birds; they simply return to the wrong hive and get killed.

#### A Large Creamery.

An English exchange says: largest creamery is near St. Albans. Vermont, in the United States. Twelve thousand cows, owned by 700 farmers, supply it with cream, and the average daily produce is 10,000 pounds, or five tons, of butter. All cream received is tested in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of the amount of butter fat in the ciga average product of each farmer's dairy, and he is paid it."

daily for the butter value he brings in. There are fifty-four stations for receiving the milk, and at these stations the cream is separated, and only the latter is sent to the factory. They run a score of churns, each of which will turn off 500 pounds of butter in one batch. The butter- the little woman." working machines are four in number, and in a very few moments eighty pounds can be properly worked and salted. They use a cartload of salt every two months, and the factory employs sixty hands, besides the forty on the station's employ force. to prepare the product.

Absorption in Drained Soils. The power of land to absorb water and hold it without mjury is greatly increased by drainage. It is for this reason that the drain when first laid often runs off more water than it ever does thereafter, while not draining so wide a space as it does after several years use. Taking off the surplus water in winter allows frost to penetrate the soil deeper, and this by spreading its particles enables it to hold more water. Clover has also a like effect, with the additional advantage when it has made full growth that its decaying roots in the subsoil make natural water courses. The decrease of my worrying days, don't put the decrease of the missing the missi deepening of soil by these means is greatly increased by the use of the subsoil plow. With a field clovered. drained and subsoiled there need be little fear of drought, as the soil will hold water enough to tide over the dryest seasons .- American Cultivator.

### Stock Notes.

Keep no horses on the farm for show. Make every one earn its living, or sell it.

When a hog is ready for the market it should go to market. Keeping

common stable without partitions. With dehorned cattle, too, all stock can be pastured together.

Grease and carbolic acid make a good composition for lice on stock A pint of grease and one and one-half

When the caif is once stunted it never gets over it, mind that. The only way to get a good cow, bull or steer is to keep the calf growing all the time.

It was just a little lesson, that all, but it went right to the specific distribution of the stopped a moment on his all the stopped a moment on his all the time. tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid.

Never buy a calf without learning what its ancestry was. Even if the calf is not thoroughbred, and its ancestry was good, there is a fair chance of its being good.

The man who sells a horse with a false pedigree can be and ought to be sent to the penitontiary. It is said that one of this sort is now wearing stripes in one of our prisons.

## Household Helps.

A woman is just as much entitled to the best washing machine and wringer, or a good churn, etc., as her husband is to labor saving machinery.

If John likes good cool milk, firm butter, etc., he will get his wife a refrigerator or ice chest if she will bring the matter forcibly to his attention.

Women need to exercise prudence on wash day. Going out from a hot room bareheaded, or with bare arms to hang out clothes, is surely imprudent.

Most housekeepers need to be fre quently warned not to hurry or frat. Sometimes it seems actually neces sary to hurry, but the habit should be guarded against.

The intelligent mother is very par ticular about who attends to baby. Impressions are made on children very early and very easily and nothing but good ones should be made.

We know women with small families who hire cooking and washing done, when their health is suffering for that kind of exercise. People are better contented and therefore much happier when they have. a reasonable amount of work to do.

Madras curtains seem to go best with straw mattings in the summer home. New patterns show pale gold grounds with deep yellow borders. An ivory white curtain is sprinkled with clusters of pinks. These curtains are usually finished with ball fringe.

There is no nicer "position" for any woman than that of housekeeper for the man of her choice. The girl who is neglecting to learn how to cook and keep house in first-class style, will certainly rue it in the future. The false notion that housekeeping is not as honorable as a clerkship, or some other positions, is

# DIDN'T KISS HIS The Worriment It Caused a R Wife-How It Was Set

They had been married years, yet never had he goes from the breakfast table in the ing without a goodby kiss we had been a good to wint them. friend came to visit them. those cynical, time-soured back who find fault with everybody everything, and decide for them that the whole scheme of creati-

The friend did not say anyth the time, although the kiss jar his sense of the proprieties; waited until he had his host we ear, so to speak. Then he said: "You seem to keep the honey pretty well, George. Must b

deuced bore, too, when the is over." Then good, weak George began get wabbly in his mind, and he silly fear that his friend was man fun of him.

"Yes," he said, as he lighte cigar, "it is rather a bore, don't know, but the little woman ex

"I dare say," resumed the fri "but I wouldn't coddle her any mif I were you. It's too so-ton mestic, you see, for this age. Me a man seem spooney and weak."

"Yes, I've thought so my Guess I'll turn over a new leaf The little woman, who had r sense in her little finger than Ge

had in his whole body, was gre surprised when her husband the his breakfast napkin on his p rose in haste and with a ca "tata, dear," ran off without the tomary salute. But she didn't anything, and bided her time came sooner than was expected, the Detroit Free Press. George went home at night w

out the friend, who had return whence he came. At dinner terms was silent and morose, and the li woman asked: "Anything gone wrong to day?" Yes, everything. Lost \$20 out

my vest pocket." "Too bad, but it might have be worse."

"George," said the little won

in a calm, sweet voice, don't w think it all happened because went away without a good-by k I've had a worrying day, too, and laid it all to that." "I believe you are right Qu

but I really believe there's something in it." "And here's the money; you dro ped it on the hall floor in your hur

And the papers are probably in 70 other coat-you know you chan this morning."

"That solves it, little woman." fat hogs for better prices seldom pays.

Dehorned cattle can be kept in a common stable without partitions.

George gave her the kiss he is omitted in the morning with interest and if the friend could have seen in the would have gnashed his teethbut he didn't.

#### A LITTLE LESSON. And the Roses Never Came Back Ap

to the Old Florist. It was just a little lesson, that w

"You don't buy any more flow

now?" said the florist.
"No," was the response of good-naturedly, though it was brid "And it used to be, a year ago more, that roses and violets and

nations and all sorts were great tractions to you?" "Yes, I had a sweetheart the and the man blushed and laughed.
"You used to take her a flowerer

time you went to see her, did you?" pursued the inquisitive, kind old florist. "Yes." "And they didn't cost very m

as a rule, did they?" "Oh, no, but that didn't make difference to her. If I brought the fresh and fragrant that was enough "Why don't you take them to now? Did she choose another

your stead?" and the florist's re was sympathetic. "Oh, no; I married her a year aga The florist waited a moment, s thinking.

"And don't you love her now!" asked, cautiously, as if treading thin ice. But you know the flower business

doesn't go any more." "Did she ever say so?" asked florist.

"Well-um-er-no; I can't hat she did." "Have you ever asked her abo No. I never happened to the

of it. Busy, you know, with sorts of things, so much practical." The florist didn't answer. he

to a pot of roses and violets a taking a handful, he handed the over to his late customer. "There," he said, "I give them

You in remembrance of old ime You night take them to your in and if she doesn't like them you

bring them back to me. But they never came back.

Profitable Mission Fields
Complaint is made to the Britis
foreign office that in the South's islands the stock of the mission stor consists, not of bibles or hymn boo but of cases of Old Tom gin and beer, bags of shot and boxes percussion caps for Enfield rife percussion caps for the keen competition of the keen competition of the percussion arrives in hypersons. missic aries in business.