BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED. But ere they could touch her, she raised her hands to her heart, with a sharp agonized cry, and fell heavily into a chair. Her face grew livid; a

dark tinge crept over her lips. "It has come!" she gasped, panting for breath. .It is-the last. Ah. mon Dieu! have mercy! Forgiveforgive-

With a heavy groan her head fell back and after a brief, convulsive struggle she lay still.

She had escaped human justice.

CHAPTER XII. Through Sorrow's Gates.

Oh. my dear, my dear, you did it for his sake-you did it to save him! I knew it. I knew it. my darling girl," sobbed pretty. excitable Gladys Kennard, some days later, as she clasped Olive Denham in her arms. (She had not known it; indeed, it had never struck her for a moment, but that is of no consequence).

And, indeed, all London now looked upon Lady Denham as a heroine. l'ublic opinion, which had run strongly against her, suddenly veered roundnow that she was free, and cleared from all suspicion-and pronounced her conduct be ond all praise. No one, it appeared had ever really be-

lieved her to be guilty. "Poor poor darling." said Society feminine. . Fancy her allowing herself to be accused, to save her hus-So sweet -- so romantie! How fond she must have been of him!"

Deuced plucky little woman!" sad Society masculine. "By Jose!" Denham's a lucky beggar. Wonder if any woman would show as much appreciation of me?"

As for Sir Keith himself he did not know of his wife's loving sacrifice of herself for his sake he did not know that she had been given back to him. and that she scarcely ever left his side. For the fearful strain of these past weeks had been too much for him, and he was raving in brain

He pulled through, though, after many long weary nights and days; and at last was pronounced comparative'y out of danger.

One evening, when Olive had been sitting beside him almost in silencefor he could not bear to talk or be taiked to much as yet-a message was brought to her that Mr. Kennard was downstairs and desired to see

Denham is better. Coringham tells me." said Kennard hurriedly. advancing to meet her as she entered the library.
Yes." she answered looking up

at him with lovely, heavy eyes, -he is very mu h better. He has been steadily improving for the last three or four days. But." she added with a quiver of the lip. "I do not think he remembers anything of-or what has happened. And he is so terrib'y weak. Charlie Coringham w him for a few minutes to-day, and I think oven that tired him. So you won't mind if I don't ask you to go

Not at all." he answered with h's grave smile. "I think one visitor in a day is enough for him just now. only came to bring you a piece of good news. Lady Dennam."

Good news." she repeated.

es. I only returned this morning from Kildanaion, the little Irish town where, if you remember, Felise Devorne was married to Edgar Vers-

"Was supposed to be married, you mean," she said bitterly.

No-was actually married." he answered with deliberate emphasis. Here is a copy of the certificate.' She took the paper he held out to her, and read it, her face flushing and paling alternately. Then she laid it down and folded her hands together

Our boy!" she gasped. Oh. thank God!—our boy need not be ashamed—need not be"— She stopped suddenly, her chest heaving, her eyes dilating a slow, painful brush mounting to her forehead. Then. with a low, shuddering cry, she threw horself into a chair and hid her face

Fennard bent over her anxiously. Dear Lady Denham." he said. you must not agitate yourself in this way. Remember Ke.th. your husband. He needs you. He will wonder at our absence."

"Ah! yea he cannot do without meet?" she murmured. rising slowly to her feet. "I will go to him." a quick movement she caught his hand, and touched it with her lips. Then she went swiftly out of the

One of the nurses met her at the top of the staircase.
Sir Keith has been asking for you.

Lady Denham." she said. He seems restless, and not inclined to sleep. Olive stole softly into the sick room and bent over the bed.

Did you want me dear?" she said in a voice that was in itself a caress.

Yes "he answered with a fired little smile. I always want you. have been trying to remember things—and I can't. I have had such horeible dreams. Olive—such ghastly. awful dreams. I thought they had taken you away from me-you and the boy; and"—— He stopped and put his hand to his forehead with a weary gesture of pain.
"You must not talk dear," said his

wife anxiously, for the doctors still feared any excitement for him. course you have had horrible dreams. You have been very ill, you know.' He pressed her hand, and lay silent

for a time. Then he said suddenly: Olive I should I ke to see Cyril." Had you not better wait a day or

"No." he answered irritably. want to see him now.'

When Cyril came in spite of the injunctions he had received from his nurse to be 'very quiet and not disturb his poor papa'-he threw his little arms round Denham's neck and

burst into tears.
"Oh! father," he sobbed. "I've been wearying to see you so dreadfully, and they wouldn't let me come. Oh!-arn't you glad darling mother has come home?"

At the child's words. Denham became deathly pale. Olive seeing this hastily unlocked Cyr:l's clinging arms from her husband's neck.

Run away, now, Cyril darling, she whispered kissing the tearstained little face. . Father is very weak still. You shall see him another time.'

"Let him kiss me, poor little fel-low." said Keith, faintly. "Good-night, my boy. You shall come again to-morrow.

· Good - night, father. God bless ou. I hope you'll sleep well," said the sweet, childish voice.

The words seemed to strike a latent chord of memory in Denham's brain. He raised himself with difficulty on his elbow, and leaned his head on his hand. When Cyril had gone he said: "Are we alone, Olive?"

He did not speak just immediately; then he said, with a terrible agitation

in his weak voice: ·Olive-I remember it all-now the child's words brought it all back to me. And yet-1 do not under-stand. Is it you my wife?-or shall I awake and find it only a dream? remember it all-and yet there is something that always escapes me, he went on, excitedly. "I remember the murder—the awful days that foi-"I remember lowed-and that most terrible day of

He sank exhaustedly back on his pillows, and covered his eyes with his

all when they told me that you-that

"Oh, God?" he muttered. ;am I mad, that I cannot remember! Olive -help me!

His wife, seeing how fearfully he was agitated, and uncertain how far he would be able to bear the recital of all that happened, was inexpressibly relieved by the nurse's announcing that one of the doctors. Sir Henry Drummond, was downstairs.

Olive ran down to the library, and confided her anxiety to the kindhearted old man who admired pretty Lady Denham immensely, and had always stoutly believed in her in-

He listened with grave kindliness. as in broken faltering words she told him of Kennard's discovery; then with a few cheerful reassuring words he went up to the sick room.

Sir Henry was with his patient for a considerable time. The general condition was improved, he said, when he came downstairs again; but Sir Keith had been somewhat excited, and must be kept quiet for the remainder of the day.

"I have told him everything my dear Lady Denham." went on Sir Henry, rubbing his glasses diligently. And now, I think he would like to see you. But don't let him talk

Olive went slowly upstairs, and into her husband's room. He was lying with his face turned toward the door. looking white and exhausted, but with a light of great thankfulness in his eyes. He held out his arms to her, and drew her head down to his.

·My wife-my wife!" he murmured. with trembling lips. ·My noble darling-you would have given your life mine! And I-I had dared to for doubt your love for me-nay, more, to"---- He stopped, for his voice failed him.

She slipped to her knees, and rested her head on his breast. After a long silence she moved

slightly. "And our boy!" she whispered.

Did Sir Henry tell you?" "Yes," he answered and his voice

shook. Oh. my dearest-let us Olive hid her face on his arm.

"But Keith." she stammered almost weeping. have you realized thatthat I was never Edgar Verschoyle's wife at all!-Just for a moment a dark flush rose

to Denham's forehead. Then he turned his wife's face to

his: and a very loving light shone in his brown eyes as he kissed her quivering lips.

"My dear," he said, and the simple love-word held a world of tenderness. "I only realize that you are mineand that henceforth no earthly power can take you away from me!"
THE END.

Infallible Indication.

Judging from the dress and general appearance of that couple that has just got aboard it's a case of bride and bridegroom. They are starting on a wedding tour.

"That may be, but they've both "How do you know?"

'Can't you see she's carrying all the bundles?"—Chicago Tribune.

tireat Book Agents.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Washington, Longfellow, Daniel Webster, Grant, Bismarck, Mark Twain, Jay Gould. ex-President Hayes and James G. Blaine all tried the book canvassing business in early life.

A Smart Lawyer.

"Is Smithins a smart lawyer?" ·Very. Man went to him with a case involving \$150. Said he was willing to spend \$1,500 to get it back. Smithins made him out a bill right off for \$1.350."-Brooklyn Life.

Comparatively Happy.

"Are you happy now that you're married?" She: Comparatively." He: 'Compared with my whom?" She: 'Compared with my husband."-Life.

4 FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

BADLUCK IN THE DAIRY MEANS BAD MANAGEMENT.

Pluck and Common Sense Needed 1 Every Business-Threshing Navy Bonns -Horse Talk-Poultry Pickings and

Bad Luck in the Dairy.

No man can thoroughly succeed at any business unless he is hopeful of the future. Particularly is this true of farming and dairying. A dairy-man falls into a little bad luck with his cows or milk or butter, and he gets downhearted, and has an attack of the "blues."

When he is in this state of mind he is apt to make a worse mistake in some form of his dairy management than the one that originally led to his discouragement.

Now, it is futile to tell a man not to get discouraged without offering some remedy for a cure of the complaint. The most potent remedy that I know of for this bad ailment is work-energetic work. So, when a cow dies of "milk fever," or you lose \$10 on the sale of a lot of butter, it is the poorest policy in the world to

get disheartened over it. By so doing you may take so much less interest in your daily routine of duties as to lose two more cows, or \$20 on the next butter sale. Bad luck is not always avoidable

in the dairy, but a succession of bad luck generally is, and if a dairyman meets with many reverses he should inquire of his own mind if he is not responsible for some of them. When dairy misfortunes come to you, work to retrieve them, whother you feel like it or not. As a result, ambition will come to you, and you will eventually prosper, says the Ameri-

can Cultivator. The dairyman who has his barns and stocks insured when fire sweeps them away has not his good luck to thank for the insurance, but his good management. By a proper business method he had been enabled to save something from the wreck to rebuild

Now, ambition will not come to you spontaneously; you must cultivate it, and this will bring you cheerfulness of mind and brighter prospects. The worst thing that ever struck a dairy farm is apathy in the owner. It is a mental dry rot. It means a dilapidated barn, dilapidated cows and blue milk.

Apathy will not lift a farm mortgage, or build a new house, but energy and persistent work will. knew a dairyman once who : had let one misfortune flatten out all of his ambition, and he fell into a state of apathy. Everything on the farm needed new life infused into it, from the meadow which did not yield a ton of hay to the acre to the mongrel cows that did not pay for their keeping from year to year.
This dairyman's wife, under the

impression that a change was needed, woman like, thought that she would do something in a small way to improve matters. She had \$10 of "pin money" laid by, and this she expended for a new-born Jersey heifer calf. Her husband, when he found what she had done, was shocked at what he considered such wanton extravagance. "Why, he had never got more than \$2 for any calf that he had ever sold, and they were much more likely looking' than this new comer.

It was three years before the lady could show her husband that she had not made a mistake in her purchase. Then the puny call had grown to be a milch cow and was producing more butter alone than any other two cows in his dairy. What was more, the wife wisely kept the butter made from her cow separate from that produced from common herd, and under the name

of "Jersey" sold it for a top price. Her Jersey's first calf was a male, but she traded it for a heifer, and soon she owned two, three, five cows, all profitable animals. Her husband caught the spirit of progress that she had stirred up on his farm and enlarged the business that she had

created. It was better to have emulated the energy of his wife's example than not to have been aroused at all. Industry will drive dull care away, for no one has time to brood over ill luck while busily engaged in repairing its effect.

Threshing Navy Beaus.

A correspondent who has had ex-perience in that line, says he believes it is impossible to thresh beans so that they would sell in the market. Last season he ran some fifty bushels of navies through a threshing machine and has resolved not to do so again. Fifty per cent of his beans were split, and the crop would not sell for seventy-five cents per bushel if placed on the open market. It was a long and laborious task to prepare those beans to a salable state, but he succeeded in selling them all with the exception of ten bushels of screenings. He says; These screenings make excellent soup, but not being partial to bean soup my supply bids fair to be everlasting.

Even a small per cent of split beans would materially depreciate the value of the beans, and in order to obtain the top prices they would have to be hand-picked, and to pick out those broken beans is something more than to pick out the black and damaged beans as is otherwise done.

I shall not attempt to thresh my beans by a threshing machine until flail altogether if I cannot find a bet- | sugar of lead has been added.

and running through a fanning mill THE TRAVELING TRAMP will be less than twenty-five cents per bushel, and it would not be less by using a threshing machine. It is a curious fact that a good many men here who have not grown twentyfive bushels of beans in their lives, stoutly assert that threshing beans with an ordinary threshing machine is a grand success, and influenced by their opinions I went at my beans with great expectations. It did not. however, take me very long to find out that an ordinary threshing machine is not the best tool to prepare my fancy natives for an exacting

It is to be hoped that some inventor will furnish the ideas for a cheap and effective bean thresher that will come within the reach of the individual bean grower. - Farm, Field and Fireside.

Horse Talk.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some block-head

that has less sense than I have. Don't think because I am a horse that iron weeds and briars won't

hurt my hay. Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck. Don't put my blind bridle so that it

irritates my eye or so leave my fore-lock that it will be in my eyes. Don't think because I go free under

the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip. Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road or I will expect

it next time and may be make trouble. Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow is on the ground.

Don't forget the old Book that is a friend of all the oppressed, that says: "The righteous man is merciful to his beast."

Don't make me drink ice cold water or put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding a half minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need. Don't forget to file my teeth when they are gagged and I cannot chew

my food. When I get lean it is a sign my teeth want filing. Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and my-

self too. Try it yourself sometime. Run up hill with a big load. Don't leave me hitched in my stall all night with a big cob right where l must lie down. I am tired and cannot select a smooth place.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smashup.

Poultry Pickings.

Save the best birds for breeding. In winter cover the windows of the poultry house at night with batting or shutters.

If a hen only pays seventy-five cents profit annually, she is paying a big per cent.

The temperature of the poultry house in winter should never be below 40 degrees.

Hens will not lay unless they have a full supply of water. Water is as necessary as food.

home for the hens. If you want to fatten, feed corn and other fat producers. If eggs are

wanted give egg producing feed. It is all right to have a good breed, but without good care in the way of feeding and warm quarters fowls will

bekept at a loss. Certain markings are necessary for exhibition, but for practical purposes a good hen is a good hen whatever her markings are.

Remember that laying hens will be kept more profitably through the winter if fed wheat and some meat. Winter eggs are profitable.

French poultry raisers cook the grain that is fed to fattening fowls, but some poultrymen claim that there is no advantage in doing it.

Household Helps.

For an ingrowing toe or finger nail cut a V or notch in the center of the nail, and it will grow toward the center and relieve the corner.

A goblet of hot water taken just af ter rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended to dyspeptics.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woollen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat plentifully and faithfully, brushing it into a dustpan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has disappeared.

Broken china may be mended by making a light paste on the white of pleasant for a moment or two. an egg, and flour, cleaning the broken edges from dust, spreading them with the paste and holding the parts together while wet, wiping off all that cozes out. It must be held or fastened in position until dry.

For dark colored garments make the starch of coffee or make hay tea to wash them in. When the color of the industry in this locality has red or pink garments is doubtful grown to such proportions that it | soak them two hours in salt water would pay to invest in a special bean before washing, and blue ones in thresher. This season I shall use a water to which a tablespoonful of ways iron colored garments or the I estimate that the cost of flailing wrong uide as far as possible.

RAILROAD PETE HAS LUCK WHEN ON THE ROAD.

Accidents Had no Terror for Him-He Could orin and Bear Anything That Turned Up-Had Come Out of a Dozen smash-Ups Without a ceratch.

"Yes, a tramp is killed in a rail-road accident now and then." said the freight conductor, "but it may be set down as an act of Providence. In other words, it is the tramp who seems to have nineteen chances out of twenty of coming off without a scratch.

"You carry a good many on the deadhead list, I suppose?" queried the Detroit Free Press man.

"I don't suppose that a freight train enters or leaves Detroit which hasn't from two to ten tramp passenge's on the bumpers," he replied. "The last thing before pulling out, we go along the train and drive them off, but they are tack in place again before the train is under way. Now and then I've had a tramp killed on my train, but he was a second-class tramp and new to the railroad business. There are two species of him, as you probably know—the railroad tramp and the highway tramp."
"No, I didn't know that."

"Well, it's so, and the railroad tramp feels himself head and shoulders above the other; one rides in his carriage, so to say, while the other sloshes through mud or dust. We were speaking, however, of tramps being killed on the road. A week ago I saw by the papers that a wellknown tramp called 'Railroad Pete' had been killed down near Dayton. I didn't believe it, and it wasn't an hour ago that I met him down in the yards looking for a Chicago freight."

"Did you ever carry him on any

of your runs?" ·Did I? Well, I should whistle for a cow on the track! I'll bet money Pete has traveled 25,000 miles on my trains, and I'll bet more money that he goes out with me to night. He is a case in point. He's been in at least a dozen smash-ups and never got a scratch. Five years ago, when I first met him, we struck a farmer's team at a crossing and had fourteen cars piled into the ditch. About the last thing the wrecking crew came to as they cleared away the debris was Kailroad Pete, but he didn't even have his nose skinned where four of my crew were killed. Six months later my train went through a bridge and two men were killed and eight cars smashed to kindling wood. Pete was down at the bottom, as usual, and I believe he got his foot hurt that time. Do you remember the big accident down near Monroe-

ville two years ago?"
"I believe there was one."

"You can be sure there was! I was running a train of forty-two cars, half of them 'empties,' when the engine struck a car which had rolled on to the main track from a siding. That was what you might call a jim dandy accident. Twentynine cars left the track and the kindling wood was piled thirty feet high. The engineer was killed outright, the fireman fatally injured and three of my brakemen never knew what hurt 'em. I got off light, but it was three months in the hospital. Railroad Pete was right in the center of that wreck, and it was eighteen hours beoven a bruise oe him!" He hadn

"But he can't always escape." "I dunno about that I know of his having been thrown off a train twice and landing right side up. Two or three times he has jumped off Whenever a farmer can get hold of at stations where he didn't stop, oyster shells he should take them and after knocking down fences and uprecting trees, has escaped even a busted suspender. One night, down near Toledo, he got to fighting with another tramp on the roof of a car and was knocked off by a bridge. The other man was run over and cut into strings, while Pete landed in a snow-bank and reached town only forty minutes behind schedule time. Down here at Trenton one night about a year ago he was manœuvring around to get a ride on my train when the express picked him up. Say, if he wasn't thrown twenty feet high and a hundred feet out into a garden you may call me a

liar!" "And he wasn't killed?" "Killed! Why, when half a dozen men went after his body they couldn't find it! As soon as he struck he jumped up and made a half circle to strike my train and get a front seat. I believe he complained that one of his knees was bit stiff for a week or so, but that was all. Kill old Railroad Pete! It might be done with a gun or axe, but he can't be gathered to his fathers by any sort of railroad accident we know anything about in country." this

A Secrifice.

Mr. Sourly-I'm going to have my pictures taken to-day.

Mr. Sourly's Wife—You will have

to make a great sacrifice if you do.

Mr. S.—Why? Mr. S.'s W .- You'll have to look

Educational Item-Teacher-You were not at school yesterday.

Tommy-No, my father needed me

Teacher-Why? Tommy-To give me a licking. -Texas Siftings.

Chinese Birthdays.

In computing the age the Chinese always reckon back two years from the celebration of the first birthday. Al- or, in other words, as though the had not the young ensign been an unperson had been a year old at the time of birth.

RALPH OR RAFET

Which Way | hould This Name Be Pro-

Antiquaries or philologists from nearly all parts of England have favored the papers with their views respecting Lord Tennyson's pronunciation of the name "Raiph," and they appear to be equally propor-tioned for "Raif." "Raif" and "Raie." according to local proclivities. Cus. tom and literature are equally un-certain. Writing from Brompton Ralph Rectory, Taunton, the Rev. H. C. Launder gives an interesting account of what may be regarded as the evolution of the word.

He says: "Since the discussion has been raised respecting the word 'Ralph,' it may interest many of your readers to know of its spelling in the register of the parish of Brompton Ralph, and of the pronunciation given by the inhabitants. The register dates from 1557, and is called the register of the parish of "Brompton Raffe.' There is no change in the spelling, as far as I can trace till 1652, when 'Ralf' displaces 'Raffe.' In 1665, and from then to 1716, I find Raife.' In 1717 a new register is begun with the word as we now have it, 'Ralph.' The younger generations pronounce the debated word as though it ought to rhyme with 'chaff.' The very oldest inhabitants use the pronunciation which rhymes with

"It is curious to notice, however, when a child is baptized 'Ralph,' after the name of the parish (cases have occurred within the last few years), the parents invariably give 'Ralph' the 'safe' sound." "Hudibras" affords another ex-

ample of variety of pronunciation. Butler says of the doughty knight that A 'Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not plain Ralph.

From all which the conclusion of the matter would appear to be that it is wrong to be dogmatic one way or the other, and that each man may pronounce "Ralph" as it may sound go od to his ears.

There is a hole in Yellowstone park supposed to be a "dry geyser," which is believed to be "bottomless." Three thousand feet of line, with

weight attached, has been let down

into it without meeting with obstruc-

A Dry Geyser.

Cost of Milk Varies. The New Hampshire experiment farm finds that milk from the best cows costs one and a half cents a quart; from their poorest, four and a half cents, as it costs just as much

to feed the smaller producer. SORTED AND SELECTED. The most disastrous flood was that

of Holland, 1520; 400,000 persons drowned. An opal, weighing 600 karats, in the ossession of Elward H. Fleming of Opalville, Idaho, is claimed to be the

largest of its species in the world. A West Virginia man has become insane on the subject of the Ferris wheel. He rode on the wheel and on his return home endeavored to make one on a similar plan.

Gorham Abbott of Winsted, Conn., has surprised his friends by beginning to talk after being dumb for thirty years. He was made deaf and dumb youth.

After two years' trial with pine, oak and greenheart in the Suez canal works it has been found that while pine and oak are destroyed by the borer worm the greenheart, which comes from British Guiana, was unharmed.

Miss Anna Gies, aged 40 years, has brought suit against her father in a New York court for \$10,000. She says that she has been his housekeeper for nearly twenty years past, and that he owes her at least the amount she has sued for. Hans Schliessmann, a Vienna carica-

turist, has been sending letters to his friends inscribed with "Mr." and a sketch of the person intended, and a designation of the quarter of the town in which he lives. They have all reached their destination. The Chinese are the most expert smugglers in the world. Contraband opium has been found in their queues,

the soles of their sandals, in loaves of bread, and even in bananas on the stalk, defying the closest scrutiny. Some of their shrewdest schemes are discovered by accident only. The idea that chess was invented by the ancient Indians or by the Chinese is shaken by the discovery at Sakkara. in Egypt, of a wall painting showing two chess players belonging to the

government of King Teta of the sixth lynasty. Professor Brugsch put Teta at 3,300 B. C., or 5,300 years ago. A young couple are getting married. Suddenly some absurd idea enters the head of the bridegroom and he bursts out laughing. Thereupon the old priest who is officiating pauses a mo-ment and says gravely: "Do not laugh, my son. You will have little occasion for mirth in the state into which you

are now entering." Admiral Avelan of the Russian navy encountered while he was an ensign an officer who for some grave offense had been degraded from a captaincy to the post of common sailor, and who despaired of ever finding an opportunity to exhibit the gallantry that alone would restore his rank. The ensign secretly arranged with him to fall overboard and be saved by the man, and the plan was carried out on the first rough weather that occurred. The man was so indifferent a swimmer that he would have drowned usually good one, but the desired end

was secared.