

DIVINE LOVE.

The world is led by unseen power Through darkness, fear and light; Man's destiny is not obscure, For God in man is right.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

The result of the young lady's self-communings was that she dawdled about her toilet, that she took an unconscionable long time in dressing, that she hovered over her lunch, and persisted afterwards in continuing an animated discussion with Lord Gwendale, who was pleased to find his daughter interested in a subject which interested him, and for which she had not shown any previous sympathy.

Lady Evelyn resorted, in fact, to a dozen little schemes; and as many of the recognized privileges of her sex, for the purpose of avoiding the duchess garden-party, where she knew she would meet Mr. Maclane. Not that she had taken a sudden dislike to the young man, or had resolved upon a breach of their engagement, but her volatile mind had discovered a novel and pleasant attraction, and fluttered around it with that delightful indecision, which is the cream of excitement in the life of a young lady of fashion. It was nearly as enticing as the tasting of some forbidden fruit. Lady Evelyn knew that her duty bound her to Mr. Maclane, and that no image but his should obtrude itself on her waking thoughts. There was something spicily charming about feeling a kind of stolon affection for one man, whilst, in promise, bound to another, which pleased Lady Evelyn, and made her fingers tingle with a nearly voluptuous sensation.

The marchioness was already waiting in the drawing-room, dressed for the garden-party, when her daughter was still in the dining-room, conversing with her father about matters for which, at any other time, she would have evinced not the slightest interest, and the details and particulars of which she now seemed most anxious to acquire. Lady Gwendale was a patient lady, and well accustomed to her daughter's foibles. When she found that Lady Evelyn had made no preparations whatever for the function of the afternoon, she ordered her carriage and drove away alone.

Evelyn was happy when she found that her strategy was successful. She skipped upstairs to her own room, and threw herself into an armchair, whence she could look out upon the lawn and the green trees beyond, and lose herself in a delightful reverie, whilst her maid brushed and kept on brushing her luxuriant hair. It seemed entrancing to her to abandon herself to this day-dream, and a full hour or more passed before the young lady was aware of the effluxion of time. Even then it was only a message from Lord Gwendale, which brought her to a sense of the everyday commonplace. My lord, being for the nonce particularly pleased with his daughter, sent up to know if she would accompany him in a walk through the park. It had been so long since the marquis had thus honored her with alacrity, and the balmy summer afternoon saw the pair among the crowd of promenaders by the side of the Row.

Unlike her father, Lady Evelyn boasted of a large circle of acquaintances, and though she had hoped to find time, during the walk, to indulge in the musings which had proved so pleasant to her earlier in the day, her attention was now fully occupied in saluting and returning salutes. She stopped to exchange a few words with my lady, or to ask a question or two of my lady. That or, again, to talk banalities with the young Lord So-and-So, while a continuous smile played around her pretty lips. Under the influence of this airy occupation, her previous purpose vanished into thin haze, and was momentarily forgotten, when, on a sudden, at the sight of a young gentleman who was leaning against the railings, Lady Evelyn's face turned pale, and her heart went pit-a-pat in an alarm, which—whether it was painful or pleasant—the young lady knew not.

It was a handsome face, bronzed by the sun, and two or three scars gave it a peculiar charm, without disfiguring it. The bright dark eyes flashed in animated conversation with a gentleman whom Lady Evelyn did not know, whilst the brown, nervous hand twined a small, dark moustache, with unconscious dandyism.

Lady Evelyn looked the gentleman straight in the face, but he gave no sign of recognition, and continued an apparently agreeable converse. Lady Evelyn's fingers tightened and her breath became tardy. She nervously gripped her father's arm.

"Look there," she whispered. "Surely that is Herbert Chauncey!" My lord put up his double eye-glasses and stared at the young man, who avoided the old nobleman's glance with well-bred ease. Lord Gwendale did not know what to make of it, for surely that was the young earl of Cleve. It was true my lord had forbidden the young man his

house, but why this absolute want of recognition?

"Really, my dear," stammered the marquis, "I—I do not know what to make of it. This is Herbert Chauncey. I am sure it is Herbert Chauncey. He seems purposely to avoid us; let us walk on."

Lady Evelyn, however, was not to be thus easily frustrated. She walked right up to the young gentleman, and, with her face beaming with the sweetest smile, she said:

"Surely, I cannot be mistaken. You are Lord Cleve?"

"That is my name," the gentleman replied affably, but his manner showed that he believed himself speaking to a total stranger.

"But don't you know me?" Lady Evelyn continued, in amazement.

"I have not that pleasure," Lord Cleve replied, as pleasantly as before.

Evelyn felt a ball rising to her throat.

"You don't know me!" she exclaimed, in half-suffocated wonder.

"You don't know Evelyn Wynter?"

"I am very sorry," the young man answered in an even-tempered, common-place manner, "but I do not."

Lady Evelyn stepped back and bowed stiffly. She looked the young man up and down with a withering glance, which seemed to produce no impression but a faint and curious astonishment.

"Thank you, my lord," she exclaimed, and rejoined her father.

Yet, she could not help turning her head.

Lord Cleve's face had assumed an expression of puzzled anxiety, and her quickened ear caught the words—barely whispered, as they were, to the young man's companion:

"Evelyn Wynter? Evelyn Wynter? Ought I to know her? Do I know her?"

"Let us go home, pa, dear," she whispered, when she was again leaning on Lord Gwendale's arm. "Let us go home. I do want to cry."

CHAPTER V.

When Lady Evelyn walked away, a flashing picture of proud annoyance, Lord Cleve followed her disappearing figure with hungry eyes. He had long ago grown accustomed to the falling which marked his everyday intercourse.

"I suppose I knew her once," he said to himself, with a sigh. "God! how hard it is not to be able to remember."

His companion, a member of the firm of solicitors who had served the house of Chauncey for generations, had purposely avoided interrupting the little scene which took place before his eyes. Solicitors are proverbially cautious, and Mr. Archibald Quenthelm was polished cautiousness personified. He was fully aware that Herbert Chauncey had been shown the door by Lord Gwendale, and he did not, at that moment, care to solve the question whether or not Lord Cleve's present conduct was an intentional quid pro quo for the marquis' abrupt termination of the former engagement, or whether it was simply the outcome of the young man's affliction. But when Herbert turned to him, with a pallid sadness in his face, and asked him, "Can you tell me, Mr. Quenthelm, if I ought to know this young lady?" he felt himself absolved from the consequences of an abrupt explanation, and replied:

"Certainly, my lord. You were once engaged to be married to her."

"You amaze me," Herbert answered. "I have no memory of the thing at all. Most likely I cared very much for her once, and perhaps she cared for me—perhaps she cares for me still. She must have thought me very rude. What did she say her name was—Evelyn Winter? I wonder what Lucy would say if I were to broach the idea of marrying."

A wistful little laugh tripped in the wake of the words.

"Let us follow them, Mr. Quenthelm," Lord Cleve suggested to the solicitor, and the two pushed their way through the little knots of pedestrians towards the point where Lady Evelyn and her father had disappeared from view.

"Do you know, that was a pretty girl," Lord Cleve continued, "and I admire my own taste in having once thought well of her. Not as pretty as Lucy, though. I have never seen any woman half as pretty as Lucy."

He stopped for a moment and looked into his companion's eyes. "Nor a millionth part as good," he added, with serious emphasis. "I'm sure I do not know one-eighth of what she has done for me—and never shall know, I suppose—but thus far my first memory carries me, that when I recovered from my wounds, her face beamed upon me like an angel's, and she has been my untiring good angel ever since."

The search proved fruitless. The marquis and his daughter had left the park by Apsley gate, where the great Piccadilly season traffic gaped to engulf them.

While they were standing by the edge of the sidewalk, consulting with one another whether to turn their steps, a peculiar incident attracted their attention. Two gentlemen were endeavoring to shoulder their way through the crowd, so as to be able to reach Rotten Row, and in their efforts they found themselves face to face with Lord Cleve. One was an elderly man, tall and squarely built, with long, sparse, grey hair, and a face cleanly shaven but for a small grey tuft at the chin. His was not an agreeable face, but scarred and freckled. A cruel face, with thin, whitish lips and ugly square jaws, and with shifty, small, cold, greyish-brown eyes. The second man was much younger and not so tall as the other. His reddish-brown hair was cut short,

and his beard of a similar color, cropped close. He resembled the older man, so that he might have been taken for his son, but his features were of a more pleasant type. Both were of unmistakable American extraction, though dressed according to the latest London fashion. The younger man's gaze was the first to meet Lord Cleve's, and he turned a greenish pale under the bronze of his skin. He staggered back a pace, and excitedly gripped the elder man's arm. The latter, thus directed, also looked full at Herbert, and his face became an ashen white, while his teeth seemed to rattle.

Lord Cleve stared at the two men with ill-suppressed and amused interest. At that moment the crowd swayed a little on one side, and the young nobleman was by it borne away from the two Americans.

"Did you notice those two men?" he asked his companion, when they were strolling along the less-crowded footwalk of Piccadilly. "Something shocked them, for they were both as pale as sheets."

"The younger of the two," replied the lawyer, "is Mr. David Maclane, a very rich American, who, strange to say, is engaged to be married to Lady Evelyn Wynter. The elderly gentleman is his uncle."

"Maclane?" was Lord Cleve's startled exclamation. "That is Lucy's name. Lucy's name is Lucy Maclane. These men seem to know me, and to be shocked and surprised to meet me. I must ask Lucy about this. You must excuse my excitement, Mr. Quenthelm," he added with a frank smile. "That poor broken head of mine can bear so little, and at nearly every step in this Old World hive I come across something that surprises me—something I ought to have remembered, and which has gone from my memory. That gentleman, you say, is engaged to marry Lady Wynter. To tell you the truth, Mr. Quenthelm, I prefer the lady's appearance to that of her intended husband."

"You most probably met Mr. David Maclane and his uncle out on the Western prairies," the lawyer suggested. "Their wealth consists of vast gold and other mineral deposits in the Rocky mountains, and I have been credibly informed that up to some few years ago they were far from rich."

"I never came across them that I know of," Lord Cleve replied. "and I don't remember ever having been in the Rockies. Mine was a prairie life; at any rate, as far back as I can recollect. Gold was found, I know, in large quantities, about Pike's Peak and elsewhere, but it never troubled me. The hunt for gold had no excitement whatever for me. You see I have not been over-strong, and the excitement would have been more than I could well have borne. You smile," he added. "I look a sort of juvenile athlete, do I not? I am sound enough in wind and limb, but I can't bear much here." With that he touched his forehead, and a sad smile spread over his handsome face.

"Miss Lucy Maclane is staying with you, my lord?" Mr. Quenthelm asked.

Herbert's face brightened, and the smile became a contented one.

"Lucy never leaves me," he said. "She is too fond of me."

"You lived all these years on the prairies together?" was the further inquiry.

"Quite so," Lord Cleve replied, and noticing an expression of cynical incredulity and satirical bonhomie on his companion's face, he shook his head, and added: "We lived together as a brother and sister might, neither more nor less. Ah! you find it hard to believe this, but it is so. I would have married Lucy a hundred times if she had consented, but now I would no more dare to ask her than I would a seraph or a fairy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Part of the Recital.

Tennyson's wonderful poem, "The Revenge," was first published in the Nineteenth Century in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication, Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his house in Eaton Square, in order that he might recite this patriotic piece to them. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines—

"And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain, And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags, To be lost forever in the main—"

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added, without the slightest pause and without the least change of tone in his voice, "and the beggars only gave me three hundred pounds for it, when it was worth at least five hundred pounds or more."—Argonaut.

Miles of Various Lengths.

English speaking countries have four different miles, the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two. Then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet. In fact, almost every country has its own standard mile.

One Matter Explained.

Mrs. Wickwire—I don't believe a man's love is as steady as a woman's. Mr. Wickwire—Of course it isn't. When a man is really in love he can't think of anything else. But a woman can hold her attention to keeping her hat on straight even when her lover is kissing her for the first time.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

THE FARM AND HOME.

ROTATION FOR FRUITS AS WELL AS GENERAL CROPS.

May Become a Necessity for Old Orchards in the Fight Against Disease and Insects—Sour Stop—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Fruit Rotation.

Crop rotation has become quite essential to agriculture in order to keep up the fertility of the soil, but very few seem to consider it necessary to extend this same plan to the fruit trees, vines and shrubs. Nevertheless, it is pretty well known now that the continuous growing of any one crop of fruits in one place tends to concentrate all of the blights, diseases and fungi that injure our plants. Often the only way to destroy these diseases is to kill off all of the plants and trees, and to burn root and branch. By transferring the orchard to another part of the farm we can often obtain better results than if we devoted all our time to spraying and picking off infected leaves.

We generally select the best soil for potatoes and wish to grow them there continually, but in time blight and rot make it impossible, and we have to move the potato field. The same is true with onions, sweet potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables. Now the same holds exactly true with raspberries, blackberries, currants and other plants. We can in some instances keep down the diseases by continuous spraying, but in time the diseases become so general that an extra wet season is sure to make the fungi get the better of us.

Our strawberry beds should be changed every few years and placed in new localities where diseases will not make their life precarious, says the American Cultivator. Raspberry vines, currants and gooseberry bushes cannot be moved so easily, but new orchards have to be planted every year or so, and these new ones should be planted as far from the old ones as possible. Even in the apple and pear orchard something in this line can be done. Old orchards as a rule suffer more from blight than young ones, and grubs and insects increase rapidly in numbers. If the new orchards are planted right alongside of them they are infested with the insects and diseases early in their life. Grape vines require a change probably more than any other fruit, and every new vineyard planted should be separated from the old ones. If the land is planted with other crops for a couple of seasons the germs of diseases will get out of the soil.

We can ward off disease fairly well with spraying, and it is right that this should be kept up persistently, but with the present increase of insects and diseases in old orchards the future must bring about such changes that it will be absolutely necessary to adopt a system of rotation in our fruit crops the same as now practised with other crops. It is also a question to be considered whether such a change would make a vast difference in the soil productivity. We know the rotation for field crops makes the soil richer, and improves it so that the crops are larger and better. Do not all fruit trees, plants and vines draw from the soil certain elements which must be supplied in the cheapest way by a rotation?

Sour stop.

I have never yet been able to get any of the sour stop advocates to tell me why the sour, fermented, rotten stuff they recommend as the food for swine is better than pure and sweet food. It is just an old-fashioned idea handed down from father to son from time immemorial, and has no more foundation than the jail out of which the prisoners used to dig with the ace of spades.

The principal elements of nutrition in corn is contained in the sugar and starch found, and when we soak this corn until it sours we change these two elements into a new one (acetic acid) and lose the greater part of the feeding value of the corn by the change, for certainly no one will attempt to maintain that acetic acid (vinegar) has any value as a food. Soaked corn, if fed before souring, is preferable as a food to dry, hard corn. It softens it and the juices of digestion act upon it more readily, digestion is hastened and at the same time more perfect. But let it remain in soak until it sours and we ruin all the good we have done had we fed it at the proper time.

A brood sow requires a specially arranged pen for the safety of the young pigs. It should be at least eight feet square, and have safeguards around the sides so that the little pigs may escape under them when the old sow lies down, and escape being crushed, as many are, for want of this guard. It consists of a board fitted to the side of the pen at right angles thereto, and eight inches from the floor, supported by upright pieces at distances of two or three feet.

The feed trough should be built close to the floor so that no spaces may be left for the pigs to crawl in and get fast. The trough should be shallow, so that the pigs may not get in and be drowned. A second apartment should be provided, so that one of them may be kept clean, while the sow will be careful to observe, for a pig is a cleanly animal when the facilities for cleanliness are afforded.

Wind Breaks Sometimes Injurious.

A free circulation of air, especially on low ground, is often a better guarantee against injury from freezing than is a wind break. It is in cold still weather, rather than when

winds are blowing, the frost settles down into valleys, and there does great damage to vegetation, while that on higher land exposed to wind escapes. Animals feel cold most in the wind. They are giving off warmth from consumption of air and food, and the wind brings cold air to the surface of the skin as fast as that in contact with it can be heated. The most intense cold very rarely is carried by winds along the earth's surface. It comes from the upper regions of the atmosphere in times when the air is still except for cold air setting down and the warmer air rising. Hence it often happens that tender fruits like peaches often escape winter killing when planted on side hills, while their buds will be blasted when the trees grow in the sheltering lower lands in the valley. Yet for a residence the valley might well be the warmest.—American Cultivator.

Keeping Up the Standard.

If every farmer would head his poultry each year by birds not related to the fowls on his place he could make enough out of 100 hens to supply his family with all the groceries needed and still have enough left to pay for the feed. This is probably true even when all the eggs and chickens used on the place are counted in if the flock is given good care. The purchase of cockerels from a known breeder each year is best as long as one is using graded stock, but the proper way to do on the farm is to run a good yard of pure breeds and buy or exchange for a good hen or pullet, and keep her eggs separate, mark her chicks with a pinch in their feet and keep only cockerels from these and pullets from your own stock. The half blood outcross is enough each year, but this need's care and judgment to keep the breeding distinct.

Farm Notes.

Don't neglect salting the cows. Clover should be cut very fine when fed to the hens.

The dairyman must not begrudge the cow all she will eat.

Rye furnishes good pasture and is a good green manure crop.

In England considerable attention is paid to raising pheasants.

Turkeys picked dry command better prices than when scalded.

The ducks intended for spring laying should not be made too fat.

Common stock on the markets always have to stand back till the better classes are sold.

The temperature of the cream has more to do with the butter coming than most people think.

If you have never tried dehorning, or preventing the growth of horns, try it. We prefer prevention.

It takes an active man to succeed at dairying. The lazy man better look somewhere else for a soft snap.

The mare is more profitable on the farm than the gelding, because she will do about as much work and raise a colt each year.

If an animal is once allowed to become very poor, it will require so much feed to bring it back that it will not be very profitable.

The American Sheep Breeder says that exercise makes wool; quiet and sleep make fat. Sheep in prime stock order yield the strongest staple; but the fiber of a fat sheep is stronger than that of a poor one.

There is no reason why a man or woman who has been milking cows and making butter for years, with plenty of dairy literature at hand, should not be as competent as any man employed in the creamery is.

The farmer who centers his hopes in grass and cattle, says an exchange, will have a much more even and satisfactory course before him than the one who depends mainly on grain. For one thing, he does not find it so difficult to keep his land up.

Home Hints.

Cream boiled makes the coffee richer and does not chill it.

In beating whites of eggs for meringue or frosting do not add the sugar until the egg is stiff.

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

Canned tomatoes are nice stewed and baked in alternate layers of rice or macaroni, seasoning the layers with butter, pepper, and salt.

In making coffee remember that the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel in which you prepare it the better the coffee will be.

If tea be ground like coffee or crushed immediately before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served, heat the blade of the breadknife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.

Always keep a jar of cracker dust on hand for breading, or else save up all pieces of bread and once a month dry them in an open oven, then place them in a bag and pound until fine.

Mix fine sawdust with glue to a stiff paste for filling nail holes or cracks, and the patch will hardly be discernable, especially if the sawdust is of the same wood that is mended.

Almost anything made with baking powder can be raised quite as well with sour milk or buttermilk and soda, allowing one even teaspoonful of soda to each pint of milk.



Headache and Ringing Noises.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Taken for One Benefits the Other.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Ever since a child I have been troubled with my ears. When I was not deaf there were ringing noises in them that was worse than being deaf. I would cry for hours on account of the pain. Then I was taken with headache both day and night. I could not rest, it being more severe at night. I noticed an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided I would get a bottle and see if it would help my head, never thinking

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

that it would help my ear. After taking a few doses I perceived that it was helping my head so I continued with it for some time, when to my surprise and joy I realized that it was not only helping my head but that

My Ear Was Better.

Now I am not troubled with either and love it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I could praise it all day and find the words for it." MISS ALTA WESTON, Lake City, Colorado.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 50 cents.

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