Peach me to gray.

Not on y in the morning gray.

Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Palls on me—but at high noon to-day
Palls on me—but at high noon to-day Teach me to pray.

London Spectator.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER V-CONTINUED. They loitered along until they reached Claridge's hotel. There Lord Cleve took leave of Mr. Quenthelm. There was, of course, the earl's town house, in Berkeley Square, where Herbert might have stopped, but the place had been shut up since the death of its previous owner, and the Hon. Miss Chauncey, Herbert's eldest sister, who had looked upon herself as the head of the family, did not think the place fit to receive its present owner, without some tidying and brushing up. The young man had, therefore, taken up his temporary quarters at Claridge's, glad by this means to escape the host of inquisitive callers, who kept the knocker and bell at Berkeley Square in continual movement.

Lucy was sitting at the window of the private sitting room, which Lord Cleve had engaged for her separate use, when Herbert entered. Her budding girlish beauty had expanded and blossomed into a womanly loveliness which could not fail to be remarkable. Charming, truthful nature was writ all over that beautoous face -God's fairest image as He had created it. The deep eyes were eloquent with tenderness and truth; the downy dimpled cheeks, redolent with graceful delicacy. There was just a little pensive sadness hovering over it all, but faintly perceptible at in-tervals, when the big eyes were not attracted by another gaze, and which seemed to come out in spite of itself. The lithe and round figure was draped in the simplest of gowns -homely, grayish woollen stuff, summer though it was, and the young lady had the courage to despise the absurd edict of fashion, which in those days imposed upon the fair sex the ordeal of wearing crinolines.

As Lord Cleve had told Mr. Quenthelm, Lucy had lived with the young man whose life she had saved on the prairies all these years, and the earl had spoken the absolute truth when he had said that they had lived together as brother and

Her father and cousin had rendered her no further assistance than carrying the wounded man to a temporary place of shelter, in a tumbledown and disused trapper's hut, on the further side of an incline on the opposite side of the gulch, and on a spur of the mountains, totally distinct from that on which both Maclane's and Ashland's cabins were By these means, and by Lucy's silence, they were sure of obtaining, at least, sufficient breathing time to secure a large amount of gold, and to be able to fly East, before the avenging arm of the rough border law could reach them. Not very far from the broken down-trapper's hut lived, in solitary retirement, an old Sioux half-breed, named Makasapa, who, like everybody else barely any English at all, although his father had been a rough and ready Scotch trapper, who, somehow or other, years and years before, had spent a few hunting seasons among the Dakotahs, and had disappeared without the least further enquiry about the fate of his wife and child. But Lucy was fully conversant with most of the Indian dialects of the surrounding tribes, and had no difficulty in obtaining the old half-breed's skilled assistance in the dressing of Herbert's wounds, and also in securing his secrecy on the subject.

Weeks passed thus, and the girl barely left her charge for a moment. When the wounds began to heal, and the flickering life became stronger, when consciousness returned and tho danger of accusation grew more threatening, the Maclanes paid hurried visits to the hut, with ghastly pale faces, enquiring about the patient's condition, and with hard-set teeth vowing that they would finish their job if the wounded man's absolute silence could not be obtained. They had struck a great lode of gold in the meanwhile, and had stored away a big pile of the precious metal ready for sudden flight. Again and again Lucy stood determinedly in front of the man, who already owed her his life; over and over again she dared and defied her savage relatives. She went even so far as to order them out of the hut at the pistol's mouth. "Little by little, the Maclanes came to accept the danger of the situation, and to prepare for all eventualities.

They had buried Dick Ashland in an out-of-the-way spot, where nobody would have thought to look for him. They removed all traces of bloodshed from the gulch bottom, and burned their own gore-stained clothes. Thus they entertained the hope, by desperate impudence, to be able to brazen the matter out. until yew. That's sartin sure." they could retire and disappear in the great thriving East.

Great was their amazement, and equally great their relief, when Herbert, on recovering, recognized neither of them, nor Lucy; when he seemed to wake, as from a dream, in which all the reminiscence of the bloody fray was swallowed up; when in fact, all memory of that terrible night and of all persons and places, seemed to be gone from the young mac's mind. They looked at one an-

other in grim and half-frightened stare, as if the relief which had burst upon them was too sure to be real. But the hours and the days drew on, and Herbert's condition remained the same. In fact, at that time, loss of memory was absolute; acts of the morning were obliterated by the events of the afternoon, and the poor young fellow could not carry his recollection from one day to the next. This surprising dispersal of their fears changed the plans of the Macianes, and they urged Lucy to return to the parental cabin, and to share the immense and newly-found wealth. But the girl was firm. She would not again live with her guilty father and cousin. She would rather die a hundred times, than touch a red speck of their blood-stained gold. She would leave her relatives to explain the circumstances as best they might, but she would move far away from them and devote her life to the care and recovery of the man whom they had so dastardly assailed and injured. She gathered up her belongings, and those bequeathed to her by her dead mother, and having pursuaded Makasapa to join his fortunes to hers, the two set out with their now fairly recovering patient, to the prairies north of the South Platte, where Makasapa soon found them a home with some friendly Sioux.

As Herbert became stronger, his memory of actual occurrences improved and he was able to remember events of the days and weeks as they swept by, but the past, even as near as his residence and recovery in the mountains, was gone. To all his questions concerning himself, both Lucy and Makasapa gave evasive answers, and, as the enquiries fatigued him, and seemed to distress the girl, he did not continue them. As his health and strength returned it brought back his impulsive, hothearted disposition, and, as was only natural under the circumstances, he fell head over ears in love with the beautiful girl who was so good to him. But Lucy knew how to tame her admirer into tacit submission. and Herbert'at last resigned himself into living with her as a brother would with a dearly beloved sister.

She loved him with the purest devotion a woman's heart is capable of, and just because her love was so pure, she, the daughter of an assasin, resolutely refused inseparably to link her name with that of an honest man. She would be his loving friend, his tender sister, his dog if need be; but she would never have her husband awake one day to the fact that the wife whom he nurtured was the daughter of the man who had murdered his friend, and who had attempted to murder him.

During all this while Lucy held no communication whatever with her father and cousin, and the latter, whether it were from indifference or fear, sought none with her. Therefore, when the Maclane's met Lord Cleve in Hyde park they were thunderstruck to find themselves face to face with their former victim, and they were absolutely unaware that Lucy was in London also.

When the cute New York enquiryagent finally tracked Herbert to his moving prairie home, and established his identity beyond chance of contradiction, the young man felt sorely nonplussed about his future action as the bearer of a great and ancient title. He felt no desire to live in a city, and in addition to that, Lucy at in that country, would have died to first declined to accompany him to help Lucy. The old man spoke England. Lord Cleve had to exercise all his powers of persuasion to induce her to quit the New World for the Old. Even then she would accept but trifling sums for the purchase of such indispensables in the shape of gowns and bonnets as the difference between prairie and town life necessitated. She would have none of the "forfarows," as she termed them, which the oily persuasion of the clerk in the big Chicago dry goods store attempted to press homeliest of materials. The Yankee crinoline, with its elaborate arrangements of a hundred silk-covered, pliable springs, set her in an absolute roar, and made her exclaim, "I reckon I ain't a dancin' bear. When I am I'll buy myself a cage-not afore."

Thus it came that, on that early summer evening when she rose to meet Lord Cleve, she was dressed in more simple fashion than any of the maids who waited upon her and yet in a manner which none the less set off her dazzling beauty.

"You are not a bit like the London girls," he said, "and I wouldn't have you change for the world. You couldn't be better than as you arenot to my liking-if you tried ever

Her face dimpled sweetly and her eyes glistened as they frankly met

"I guess," she said, "that's jest because yew're used to me, an' because thar ain't been time yet fur any o' the London girls to hop around yew. But it'll come, as sure as raspberries don't grow on pine trees."
"What will come?" he asked, play-

She walked away from him and commenced drumming on the window panes, looking at the crowd below. "The young woman will come," she said, "that'll want to marry

Having delivered herself of that startling phrase, she commenced to whistie "Yankee Doodle" with a verve and vigor which to an English ear would have sounded an amazing

anomaly. The earl stood for a moment or two in the center of the room, and undecidedly followed Miss Lucy's movements. Then he stepped to the window, and bending his face in an unsuccessful attempt to gaze into her eyes, he asked:

"What has put that idea into your THE FARM AND HOME.

She slipped away from him and seated herself in the big velvet-covered arm-chair which stood near. "Nothin"," she exclaimed. "I guess

it's nothin'." Her mite of a foot was beating a march on the carpet, and her eyes were drooped as if she were searching for some object hidden there, when his encounter with the Maclanes, that afternoon, crossed Lord Cleve's mind. His misfortune had caused him to acquire a habit of dashing from one subject to another, as he always dreaded to forget what he did not elucidate, when the occasion presented itself.

"By the way, Lucy," he asked, have you any relatives of the name Maclano?"

There was such a frightened-fawn look in those big blue eyes, and a startled expression crept over the beautiful face.

"I've got a father an' a cousin," she replied. "Why do yew ask?" "Is your cousin's name David Maclane?" Herbert continued in his en-

The trifling shadow deepened on the girl's features.
"I guess that's it," she replied.

Why do yew ask?"

"And is your father a tall gentleman." he persisted, "with a big scar on his face?"

"That's him, most likely," she answered, rising, "But why do yew

"Two gentlemen ran across me in the park," he replied, "and I was told they were Mr. David Maclane and his uncle. They are very rich, I am informed, and young Maclane is engaged to be married to Lady Evelyne Wynter."
She had listened in a pale silence.

Then she shook herself together, and, with a barely audible laugh, she said in a tone of perfect commonplace-

"Dad and Dave in London! I never reckoned on that."

"Do you know," continued Lord Cleve, "that I fancy your father and your cousin must have met me before-under disagreeable circumstances I should say-for when they saw me they turned as white as ghosts. You are not ill, my dear?" he added, seeing the color fade from her cheeks.

The frightened-fawn look was again in those big eyes, more tremu-lous than before, but it was gone in a flash, and she burst into a peal of silvery laughter.

"Of course I ain't sick," she replied, "but it's that stifling in this place that a Greaser couldn't stand it. I want a whiff of fresh air."

Herbert rushed to the window and opened it wide. "What does it all mean?" he said to himself. "What does it mean?"

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Lucy set her little wits to work the moment she had recovered her wonted self-possession, to extract by a process of insinuatory wheedling, and a pleasing deceptive pressure of enquiry, from Lord Cleve all he had learned about her cousin, her father, and Lady Evelyne. She had no trouble in eliciting from the young man that he had once been engaged to Lady Evelyne Wynter, and thereby started Herbert upon the idea that he must needs, in his usual slap-dash manner, write a letter of apology to the lady who had once upon a time consented to be his wife. The thought was no sooner born than it was acted upon, and young Cleve sat down at the oldfashioned mahogany bureau to pen his apology, while Lucy stood behind his chair looking over him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Destroying Bank of England Notes With the bank of England the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 p. m. It used to be done in the daytime, but upon her, but chose the simplest and ing stockbrokers petitioned the govmade such a smell that the neighborernors to do it in the evening. notes are previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount. in figures, and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a closed furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burned fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned. The number of notes coming into the bank of England every day is about 50,000, and 350,000 are destroyed every week or something like 18,000,000 every year. The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long.

Expected Him. Young Yardlie-I understand that there is a vacancy in your establish-

ment, sir, and I have come to apply for the position. Senior Partner, dryly-I have been expecting you."

"Expecting me?"
"Yes. I heard you ask one of the clerks if it was true that our Saturday half-holidays were to be continued

a month longer." Whigs Were Teamsters.

Whigs were originally teamsters in Scotland, who used the term whiggam to encourage their horses. Opponents of the government in the reswards whigh

THE SYMPTOMS OF TUBERCU-LOSIS IN COWS.

Dangerous Prevalence of the Disease and Measures for Its Eradication. Artichokes for Hogs-Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Tuberculosis in Cows. The most common disease of cows is that known as tuberculosis, more commonly recognized by the popular term, consumption. This common name is given to this disease from the fact that the various vital organs implicated are gradually consumed by a germ that lives at the expense of the tissue, and changes it into a degraded, cheesy, dead matter, which, being gathered into small or larger knots or tubercles, gives reason for the scientific name of the diseasetuberculosis.

It is a common belief that this disease affects only the lungs of an animal or a person. The truth is quite otherwise. It may invade any part of the body; the lungs, or their serous covering, the pleuræ, by which not only the lungs but the whole cavity of the chest is covered, and which is a frequent seat of disease; the membrane supporting the bowels, (the mesentery), the coats of the bowels, the throat, the spleen, the liver, the pancreas, the kidneys. the ovaries, sometimes the muscles, and frequently the soft ends of the bones. In female animals the mammary glands, the udder, as it is commonly known-is a frequent seat of the disease.

Cattle are more subject to this disease than other animals, writes Henry Stuart in Colman's Rural World. Sheep and swine are the next in order of subjection, and fowls follow after these, but these last mentioned rarely suffer except from infection by swallowing the ejected matter from the patients of hospitals of persons diseased in private houses that has been thrown out where the fowls can pick it up.

The use of the milk of tuberculosed cows, especially when the udder or the ovaries are the seat of the disease, has been the most effective means of communication. And it has been observed with the utmost interest by statisticians and physicians that the deaths of infants by consumption have been greatly increased since the more general adoption of cow's milk for their food.

There are some cows that seem to have a natural predisposition to tuberculosis. This is due, doubtless, to inherited conditions, by which these peculiar features have been caused, such as the long legs, the narrow chest, the thin, long neck, narrow forehead, and the semi-translucent ears, with a silky softness of the hair and thinness of the skin, all of these denoting weakness of constitution. And with these there is a copious flow of milk, thin and bluish in color and poor in fats. Such an animal having any local inflammation set up from whatever cause becomes the easy subject of attack and the ready victim to the best. This natural predisposition may be set in action by various causes that are common to dairies either not well managed or carried on under a method by which the cows are over-stimulated by high feeding to procure increased product. The system gives way under either condition, and the disease attacks the herd in the most insidious manner. Thus the high-bred cows, bred too closely, so that a weak constitution is inherited, as well as the town slop fed herds, in their wretched, noisome stables, fall victims to the disease.

The first symptoms of the disease are easily apparent. Indeed, some of the worst cases have occurred in dairies where the owner could scarcely be convinced of the truth of the announcement of the veterinarian, until the post-mortem examination. by which the diseased organs were plainly corroborative of the diagnosis. The sick animals may be in the highest condition, as easily as in the lowest. The symptoms vary as the seat of the disease may. The cough and the peculiar mawkish odor of the breath, quite different from the healthy respiration, and the dis-turbed breathing, disclose the fact that the lungs are effected. The profuse diarrhea, with general emaciation, dullness, large, exceedingly bright eyes, dryness of the nose, and apparent fever and rapid pulse, indicate that the bowels are the seat of the disorder. When the throat is affected the glands are enlarged, and the dry cough slight, and seldom noticed, except by the watchful attendant, afford the testimony to the fact. The unnatural desire for the company of the male indicates the disease to be in the ovaries, in which case the milk glands usually are involved and the mitk is wholly unfit for use. Sometimes the disease appears as swellings of the joints and lameness. But in all cases the advance of the disease is accompanied by the most conspicuous manifestatien of approaching death. eyes lose their brilliance, and sink in their sockets; the cheeks fall in; the nose is quite dry and pinched in at the nostrils; the breath is hurried. and every inspiration produces heaving of the flanks and distress; the body moves with the action of the lungs, and the carcass becomes thin and hidebound. The hair stands on end, and the skin is scurty. There is a discharge of whitish matter from the nose, and the breath is fetid. All these symptoms increase in virulence, and daily the animal becomes weaker. This is often the toration period were derided as case in herds that are still milking favoring the Scotch covenanters, and hence were called whiggams, after than does this function. But the

as to excite suspicion by any one having any special habit of noticing differences of this kind.

There is no use in treatment, as

the animal is worthless for any pur pose. Its progeny will inherit the disease, its flesh is not fit for food, the milk is poison, its very breath and discharge from the nostrils will communicate the disease to other animals, and if it could be saved the usefulness of it is quite destroyed for the future. The only thing to be done is to avert the disease by timely precautions. No animal exhibiting any of the predisposing characteristics should be used for breeding. and the elegant, slender, deer-like form is to be discarded for the more robust, if not so handsome, animal whose healthfulness is apparent. No doubt, the fortunately now discarded habit of choosing breeding animals for color or figure has had much to do with the present prevalence of this disease among the Jerseys, who seem to be almost the sole victims to this veritable pestilence. The effective measures taken by the agricultural department for the mitigation and eradication of the old-time decimating disease, pleuro-pneu-monia, have been crowned by remarkable success, and the same measures to eradicate this equally destructive disease might be applied. doubtless with the same invaluable result. And this well deserves the greater attention on account of the imminence of the infection among unguarded persons, and especially the helpless infants whose lives are destroyed by the use of the infected food. It is a fact well known to and authoritatively declared by experts that the death rate among these helpless infants has been trebled since the introduction of the widelyused but deadly milk bottle. The entire immunity of these infants may be secured by general use of the sterilizing apparatus recommended by the United States department of agriculture. This simple precaution for safety should be in use in every household.

Artichokes for Hogs.

I would like to give my brother farmers a few items of my experience with artichokes. I have grown the white Jerusalem artichoke for three years and would not try to run my farm without them. Last summer when the crops were cut short by the drought and everything drying up, my artichokes were green and thrifty and continued to grow until frost. They are a large tuberous rooted vegetable which are just coming into favor for stock feed, and for hogs are excellent as the crop is so easily handled. In the fall when the stalks are dry the hogs can be turned to fatten and finish up with a little corn. The tubers that remain in the ground will come up the next spring and produce the next crop without any more planting or cultivating. No amount of freezing in the ground injures them, and I always leave an acre or two for spring use. Here I turn my hogs to fatten for spring market and finish them with a little corn. Plowed out. and pitted in the fall, they are excellent to feed cows, calves and colts during the winter. Six bushels will plant an acre, and one acre in good soil will yield from eight hundred to one thousand bushels. Plant any time in April.

Farm Notes.

Wrap the butter for sale in parch ment paper.

Agriculture and horticulture

should be taught in the country schools. Guess work and half-way methods

will not be found profitable in horticulture. Scald the butter print, then put it into cold water, and the butter will

not stick to it. A writer thinks a good way to make the straw stack benefit the cow

is to put some of it under her. A progressive farmer is not afraid to try new methods and new things. If the new is better than the old he

adonts it. Rotation of crops not only aids in maintaining or increasing fertility, but it helps to rid the ground of insect pests.

Study the question of combatting the insect enemies of the orchard, and be ready to prevent their injurious work.

It is claimed that a hen while in her prime, if properly cared for, will produce three times her weight in eggs annually.

Home Hints.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust.

Don't shut the lids of pots, boilers and saucepans when putting them away. It retains the odors of cookery. Never put your stovepipes away without rubbing them thoroughly

with linseed oil or something similar. This will prevent an accumulation of To remove tar, rub in grease (lard is as good as anything) until the spot seems pretty well loosened,

and then wash in plenty of hot water and soap. To keep the lips in good condition one should never go out into the air without having a little vaseline rubbed on them. It need not be enough to show, but can be enough to keep the cold from affecting them. In addition do not kiss every chance ac-

quaintance you meet. Veal, to be just right, should be of pinkish-white flesh, with clear, white fat. If there' are no receptacles for the dressing, which is the life of roast veal, the skin may be successfully separated from the flesh here and there, making pockets for the dressing, but if you use the only than does this function. But the proper pieces for ros ting there will milk is so thin and blue and watery be no trouble about finding places.



Friends Surprised at the Wonderful Improvement.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs: — I take pleasure in writing the good I have received from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every spring and summer for six years or more, my health has been so poor from heart trouble and general debility that at times life was a burden. I would become

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