

ERRANT THOUGHTS.

This is the gentle, star-light night:
And dreaming off before, on nights as fair,
My hopes and thoughts have taken flight
And gone I know not where.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Young Cleve looked her with kindly attentions and rang the bell for the maid, who escorted the girl to her room.

He had not breathed a syllable to Lucy concerning his feelings about that letter. "I am sorry, Mr. Ashland," he said, that I have not the slightest memory about your brother.

"George Maclane, Dick Ashland's neighbor," he muttered to himself when the yeoman was gone. "And Dick had found gold and I was to help him get it."

The tramp up and down the room became faster, and a dark shadow settled on the young man's brow.

"I can see it all," he continued. "Lucy knows something of this, and her father and cousin are in it, only she is too true to them even now, and will say nothing against them."

"The muscles of his handsome face contracted as if in pain. "God," he exclaimed, "it is hard. Why can't I remember? Why can't I remember?"

Then, on a sudden, he checked himself, and a look of stern determination took the place of the anguish that had succeeded it.

"I will remember," he cried. "I will remember." He stopped in front of his table and rang the bell.

"Send at once a messenger to Sir William Cuthbertson, in Mount Street," he said to the man who entered, "and tell him Lord Cleve will call on him at twelve o'clock to-day."

That being over, he set to work arranging his papers with an air of quiet commonplace which proved the intensity of his desire.

"I'll get at the bottom of this," he said determinedly to himself. "Sir William shall operate on me as soon as ever he will."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Boltons," South Kensington—generally known as "The Boltons"—was, in the year of grace eighteen sixty, one of the fashionable localities of London.

London fashion and fashionables required a yearly renewal of the supply of lions to their social menagerie. Now, real big lions were scarce and often very shy; therefore, London fashion and fashionables had sometimes to content themselves with a wretched, starved semblance of the noble beast, and as long as a pretence was furnished by a lion's skin and mane, London fashion and fashionables were often compelled to ignore that an ass's body was covered by a yellow hide.

In the case of the Maclanes, the efforts of London fashion and fashionables showed some portion of reason in their madness through the fact that both the Maclanes were marriageable and were wealthy. Now a lion in fashion is a desirable beast. A wealthy lion becomes a dream of loveliness. But a marriageable wealthy lion—ye gods and little fishes, where shall I find adjectives and adverbs sufficiently to portray the estimation in which he is held by Tyburnia, Belgravia, and Mayfair?

Many and various had been the assaults by maidens and matrons upon the single blessedness of George and David Maclane. High-born ladies vied with one another to draw the lions into their nets they were spreading for them. As we have seen, no less a person than the only daughter of the marquis of Gwendale consented to link her name to that of the young American, and all went swimmingly for poor Dick Ashland's assassins until they were frightened nearly out of their senses by their sudden meeting with Lord Cleve.

consented to link her name to that of the young American, and all went swimmingly for poor Dick Ashland's assassins until they were frightened nearly out of their senses by their sudden meeting with Lord Cleve.

Even that dread had long ago vanished. They were cognizant of the fact that Herbert had lost all trace of memory, and, the first shock of meeting with their victim being past, they became quickly reassured, and, in the privacy of their own home, laughed at themselves for thus allowing themselves to be frightened by a harmless bogey.

Shortly after that they learned, not without trepidation, that Lucy was in London, residing with Lord Cleve. Lucy, they knew had kept her word, and had been as silent as the grave in which Dick Ashland's bones were resting.

One day after luncheon, they were sitting over their fifth or sixth bottle of champagne, when David Maclane, who between the whiffs of a huge cigar, was reading "Albert Gate," suddenly put down his weed and dropped the paper on the table in front of him in a breathless perturbation.

"Waal," exclaimed George, "who's been made meat of now? Yew look that skeared, one might think the 'Raphahos' were after your top-knot."

"I'll be doggone if I can make yew out!" cried the latter. "I guess yew've got to be such an elegant critter as yew cayn't speak no more, no-how. What's the sign now?"

"The sign's bad injun," George, "David replied wistfully. 'It's darnation bad injun, an' its 'facos blackened for war.' Real this an' I guess it'll give yew yew'r stomachful, this day and to-morrer, an' a good while to come."

George Maclane cast a disdainful glance at his nephew. He took up the journal and his eyes fell immediately on the following paragraph:

"Our readers are probably aware that the young earl of Cleve, whose happy return to England we announced some time ago, has been suffering from complete loss of memory, the result of some ugly wound in the head. Lord Cleve has placed himself under the care of Sir William Cuthbertson in the hope that the great surgeon might be able to help him in recovering the valuable mental faculty of which he has been deprived. At London will be glad to learn that, about ten days ago, Sir William performed a most successful operation on his distinguished patient, and that the young earl's power of memory is returning fast. There is no doubt whatever that, before a month is over it will be completely restored, and as the young nobleman's career has been a most romantic one, though hitherto a closed book, even to himself, we may expect some interesting recitals of the thrilling incidents of his life in America—the most interesting one being naturally the account of the murderous conflict in which he received his terrible wounds."

George Maclane dropped the paper, as his nephew had done before him, and gave a long, low whistle. "I guess yew're right, Dave," he said. "It's bad injun—it's injun on the war-path, an' powder runnin' dernel short."

"What are yew goin' to do?" the younger man asked. "Do!" exclaimed George. "What can we do?"

"If that young man remembers a hand stretch about Dick Ashland, an' himself, an' us, it will serve us to a few yards o' rop' apiece. It makes me shiver to think of it."

His face had gone ashen, and brought within discernible distance of man's justice, coward fear took possession of him. His teeth rattled and his limbs shook.

"If that young man remembers!" George hissed disdainfully. He hit the table with his clenched fist, making the glasses jump and the decanters rattle. His cruel little eyes glittered more ferociously than ever, and his teeth were set hard in relentless savagery. "Damnation!" he cried. "He mustn't remember—he shan't remember! I guess we're not logs. We've got heads, haven't we? We've got eyes, haven't we? We've got hands, haven't we? We've got money, haven't we? An' if we're to swing fur Dick Ashland, I reckon it won't matter much if we cut that young fellow's throat in the bargain to stop his jaw."

"That ain't so easy, George," David answered tremulously. "Yew cayn't get at a man so smack hear as out in the Rockies. It's just a trifle bigger job to stop his jaw in this hole than if we had him on the Sangre de Christo."

"D—n it," viciously exclaimed the elder ruffian, "we've just got to do it, and the sooner we make up our minds and set to work about it the better."

CHAPTER IX.

The Maclanes had no difficulty in discovering the place where Sir William Cuthbertson had performed his operation and where his distinguished patient was slowly recovering. It was a pretty little cottage standing in a tiny walled garden on a sparsely-frequented road between Shepperton and Halford-on-Thames. A former owner had given it the fanciful name of "The Nest." The place was within easy reach of London, and although, at a comparatively short distance the river teemed with buoyant life and revelry, along the

lane, shaded by huge elms and wild chestnuts, solitude was made musical only by the feathered songsters of the skies, and the sigh of the leaves quivering with the summer breeze.

The nearest habitation, a small house, usually left furnished during the boating season, was about five and twenty yards away, and occupied at the time. Other residences, strewn here and there along the road, were hidden deep in park-like grounds, and gave rise to no disturbing noises.

The room in which Herbert was lying was situated on the ground floor of the little cottage. It was spacious, and plainly, but extremely comfortably, furnished. The walls were painted a bluish stone gray, and no pattern of any kind attracted attention. There were no pictures on the walls, and the doors and windows were hung with curtains of a softly, dull-colored material. The two big windows looked across a small, but beautifully kept, lawn on to a brick wall smothered with Virginia creeper. The sky-line was nearly hidden by giant elms in the full wealth of their leafy green. All was simply harmonious—no violence of taste or shade shocked the eye. It was homeliness and comfort made solid, and yet placed with such balmy rest as a mountain wilderness could scarcely surpass.

Not a soul entered his room but the softly-spoken, grave-visaged grey-headed attendant, who moved with a noiseless solicitude, and anticipated his every want, his every wish. The hours seemed eternal, but his determination strengthened him and made his temporary loneliness less bitter. All around him solemn silence reigned. His attendant moved stealthily like a cat, and no disturbing footfall reached his ear from anywhere. It was only at the rarest intervals that the grating of wheels on the soft clayey road outside became audible, or that a passer-by, more noisy than usual, intruded upon his privacy by the faint sounds of the snatch of a song.

Lucy had succeeded in obtaining Sir William Cuthbertson's permission to live in the cottage with Herbert, upon the express condition that her presence should not be betrayed by sound or sign, that she should remain in the wing of the house opposite to that where young Cleve was stretched on his bed of pain. It can easily be guessed how gladly she consented to these conditions; she would have consented to any terms to be allowed to remain near the man she loved so well.

If there was one person in this world who sincerely hoped and prayed for Herbert's cure, that person was Lucy Maclane; and yet no person in the world—her father and cousin included, could have more dreaded the fatal day when Herbert would be cured; when remembrance, fierce and relentless, would assert its sway, and ruthlessly dash away the curtain which she had woven at such a cost and under such severe trials. Her mind was stretched on the perpetual rack of the most terrible doubt, with but the faintest glimmer of hope piercing the darkness that threatened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Youthful Financier.

He was a small boy, whose head was about on a level with the grocery counter. He swung a tin pail in one hand and tightly clasped four pennies in the other.

"Pleathe, thir, how much ith a pint of milk?"

"Then pleathe give me three thent' worth and a peppermint stick. My mother thaid I could have the change, if iwer thair any, for candy, and she muth have known thair wouldn't be any. It wathn't fair."

And the young financier walked gayly off with a large striped stick of candy and a very little milk splashing in the bottom of the pail—Wisconsin.

Not to His Taste.

British husbands, when their dinner parties turn out failures, are apt to grumble at their wives for the cook's misdemeanors, but they abstain from the practical style of rebuking practiced by the celestials. Recently the Chinese professor at a university gave a national banquet to follow professors and was much put out because the cookery was not to his taste. After a time he got up, bowed solemnly and said, "Go lickee wife," and departed, returning presently, smiling as blandly as usual, after having administered judicious chastisement to his better half.

Hard Times.

"Madam, I—I must apologize. My—my seven children, and—it's hard times, yew know—and—"

"Poor fellow! Here's a trifle for you. And now tell me how old are the poor little dears."

"Thank ye, mum! Well, Bill he's 32, 'n Mary's 27 and married. The other five's dead, mum. 'N Bill 'n Mary says I'm too lazy to live, mum; they're very ungrateful. Thank ye, again, mum."

A Premotion of Greatness.

Pater, to son, who had been left to take an orange while his father left the room—Why didn't you take the largest orange, Johnny?"

"Fils—Because I could tell by feeling them all that the largest one had no juice in it."

Why He Dined at the Club.

"Hullo, old man! How's it you're dining at the club? Thought your wife told me she had the Browns and Smiths to dinner this evening."

"No; that was yesterday. This evening she has the odds and ends."

THE FARM AND HOME.

LESSENING COST OF PRODUCTION IN DAIRIES.

A Successful Woman Tells How She Does It—Guinea Fowls—Keeping Healthy—Cleaning a Sick Room—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

A Woman's Dairy.

Mrs. E. M. Jones, Brockville, Ont., is a very successful dairy woman. In a paper read before the Quebec farmer's congress, she says: We must increase our products and increase our profits too. And one great way of making more profit is to follow the teachings of all great dairy schools and colleges. They continually tell us to "lessen the cost of production." How is this to be done? By starving our cows? Far from it. But by keeping a better class of cows, feeding and caring for them better, and using more skill and care in making our butter. We thus increase our output, and at the same time we lessen the cost of production.

Do not think I advocate too high feeding for this is almost as great an error as starving your cattle. Feed generously and of suitable material, but find out each cow's capacity, and feed her up to the highest point at which she pays for the feed, and not one bit beyond it.

In my herd the usual grain ration for each animal in full milk varies from seven to ten pounds per cow, each day. This is composed of ground oats, ground peas, wheat bran and occasionally a little oil meal. The ration is divided into two feeds, and given night and morning, upon the silage. Should the silo be empty, the grain is always fed upon hay that has been cut and moistened.

The quantity of silage fed is thirty to forty pounds a day. At noon my cattle get a very small feed of cut carrots or mangels, and any further supply of food required consists of bright, early-cured, long hay put in their mangers. They get all the salt they need, all the water they want twice a day, and each cow is well curried and brushed over every day. Whenever weather permits, they are turned out for a short time about noon, but are never left out till cold or tired. The barns are thoroughly cleaned out twice a day.

With this feed and care, I have two-year old heifers, making from twelve to fourteen pounds of butter a week and mature cows making from sixteen to nineteen pounds a week. To a very uncommon cow, I feed a larger ration. My famous old "Massena" is now eating more than the quantity I have just now mentioned; but what is her yield? Being in her sixteenth year when I vested her, she gave in eleven months and nine days, 8,200 pounds of milk, which churned 654 pounds of magnificent butter, and then dropped a fine heifer calf. With her previous owner, when she was younger, she is credited with 900 pounds of butter in a year, and her record is accepted by everyone.

Some people say that this large butter yield wears a cow out. Well, it has not worn "Massena" out, for she is hale and hearty, as bright as a dollar, and due to calve in April, when seventeen years old.

Now, what we want to do is to get rid of those poor cows that will not respond to feeding. Eat them, bury them, but do get rid of them, for they are mortgaging your farm, making slaves of your wives and families, and sinking you deeper into debt every year they exist. Then fill the country with cows that will respond to good feeding, that will pull you out of debt and leave you a good balance in the bank. I do not extol one breed above another, for circumstances alter cases, and it is folly to disparage one noble breed of cattle just because you happen to prefer another. We have many grand breeds to choose from; so I say to you most earnestly, choose the breed that suits you best, then get the very best individuals of that breed, and give them the very best of food, and you will never regret it.

Guinea Fowls.

It is strange that so few guineas are kept on the farm. They are pretty fowls, peculiarly interesting in their habits, indefatigable foragers and really excellent for table use, as their flesh, though somewhat dark in color, is, when properly cooked, delicious, having a flavor much resembling that of wild game. For their egg production alone, guineas are well worth keeping. The hens begin to lay in March, if the season is favorable and continue until frost, thus bridging over the time when the common fowls are indulging in their annual moult. Their eggs are dark brown in color, having remarkably thick shells, and though smaller in size than those of chicken hens, yet their greater richness of flavor more than makes up for their diminution in size. In the market they are said to bring a superior price, being much prized by housekeepers for cooking purposes, especially for making a nice cake. During summer and the pleasant weather of spring and fall, guineas prefer to roost out of doors, and to spend their days away from the house, roaming over distant woodland and meadows, where they make their nests in secluded spots on the ground, hollowing out a place in the loose earth beneath low bushes or wide-spreading dock leaves. They are monogamous by nature, preferring but one mate and showing great affection for each other, though should the flock not contain an even number of sexes, two or more hens will go with the same male, and all lay in the same nest most harmoniously.

The hen does not usually set till late in the season, the time of incubation being four weeks, and though their eggs hatch well, but few chicks are raised, as the little ones are remarkably tender and delicate, so susceptible to chill from rain and dew that if a flock couples itself in a season, when left to its own devices, it is about as much as one can expect. Raised in this way, the young guineas are wild and shy as partridges, and when needed for the table have to be hunted down like wild game.—American Cultivator.

Keeping Healthy.

A thrifty animal full of robust health is more capable of resisting the poison of contagious diseases successfully than an unthrifty animal. With all classes of stock then in order to maintain good health it is essential that all reasonable care be taken for that purpose. Give them clean quarters, dry bedding, wholesome, nutritious food, pure water and an opportunity to take abundant exercise when necessary. The breathing of impure air, the drinking of filthy water, of sleeping in a wet or nasty bed and the eating of unwholesome food are the principle causes of disease. There is something in the breeding, as some animals lack vigor from the start; but even these can often be brought through all right with good care when a little neglect would certainly cause a loss. But it is not only in their ability to resist disease that makes it desirable to keep the stock thrifty. With good health the animals will make a much better gain in proportion to the amount of food consumed and this of itself is no inconsiderable item. With good feeding a vigorous, thrifty animal can readily be kept gaining, while an unthrifty animal is a constant care to keep up.—Journal of Agriculture.

Cleaning the Sick Room.

A sick room that needs cleaning can be made fresh and sweet without sweeping and without dust by wiping everything in it with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which there are a few drops of ammonia. The rugs and draperies, though there should not be any in the room, the doctors tell us, may be put upon the line for a thorough airing and wiped in the same way. The feather duster, which should be banished because it does no real good anywhere except to stir up and redistribute the dust, is especially out of place in the sick room, where there may be, and doubtless often are, germs of disease in the innocent-looking dust. If a patient is in a nervous state a screen may be placed in front of the bed while the freshening goes on. If the room can only be heated by a stove the noise of putting in coal can be deadened by wrapping the coal in a paper before putting on the fire.

Farm Notes.

It requires skill to market small fruit properly. It pays as well to grade poultry before sending to market as it does to grade any other article offered for sale.

Ammonia may be prevented from escaping from the manure pile by occasionally applying dry earth to the surface.

Success in gardening depends very largely on having a rich, deep, well-broken soil. The garden spot should be broken in the fall.

Pumpkins can be grown very cheaply, and they are excellent for milk cows and hogs. In fact they are "good for man or beast."

Every farmer should raise at least all the fruit his family can consume, and the man who does not is not as good a provider for his family as he might or ought to be.

Alfalfa, says Gleanings, is one of the most wonderful honey plants in the world, and bee-keepers in the vicinity of this plant have had more uniform success than elsewhere.

When the farm boy is given a present of a pig or calf, let it be with the distinct understanding that he has to feed and care for it, and is to have all the money it sells for.

Home Hints.

To beat the white of eggs stiff with ease they should be cold, with a very small pinch of salt added.

Cut a piece from the top of old kid shoes and insert it inside the iron holder you are going to make.

Add two tablespoonfuls of kerosene to the pail of water with which you wash grained or other varnished furniture.

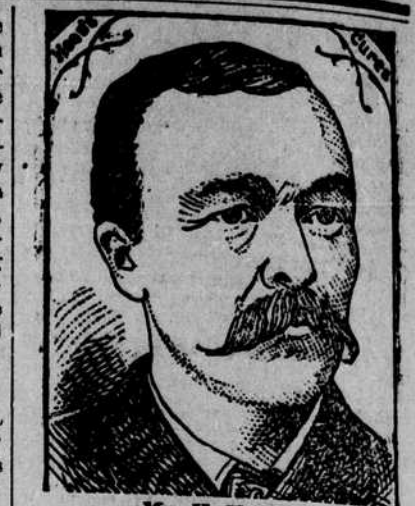
Make boiled starch with a weak soapuds male of white soap instead of with clear water, and you will have no difficulty with its sticking.

Egg shells are somewhat porous, and, like butter and cheese, absorb unpleasant odors. Therefore, eggs should be kept in a sweet, clean, cool place.

All floor and wet brooms should be thoroughly wet in scalding hot brine before using them. It will effectually prevent the straw from breaking.

Do not wring wool underwear through a wringer. Use the hands, and shake it thoroughly before drying. When perfectly dry fold it smoothly, but do not iron. See if the odor is not more agreeable than when a hot sad iron has passed over them.

To mend china or broken earthen ware take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes of the consistency of cream, apply with a brush to the broken edges of the ware and join together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement makes it doubly valuable.



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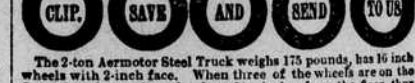
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