GARDENS.

The wide fair gardens, the rich lush gardens, Which no man planted, and no man tills, Their strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom

lifted,

Near and far o'er the vales and hills: Sip the bees from their cups of sweetness Poises above them the wild free wing, And night and morn from their doors are

The dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts

The waving gardens, the fragrant gardens That toss in the sun by the broad highway, Growing together, gorse and heather, Astor and golden-rod all the day. opples dark with the wine of siumber. Dalsies bright with the look of dawn.

The gentian blue, and the long year through The flowers that carry the seasons on And the dear old gardens, the pleasant

where mother used to potter about, Tying and pulling, and sparingly culling. And watching each bud as its flower laughed

Hollyhocks here, and the prince's feather,

Larkspur and primrose, and lilles white Sweet were the dear old fashioned gardens ere we kissed the mother, and said, "Good-night."

-Harper's Bazar.

Lady Latimer's Escape. BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

Fate is Against Some People From the Cradle to the Grave. "Change is the law of wind and moon and

And yet I think, lost Love, had you been true. Some golden fruits had ripened for your

plucking You will not find in gardens that are new." Many years have come and gone in

my life since this eventful one of which my story tells. My name is Audrey Lovel, and I am the eldest daughter of the Reverend Archibald Lovel, and Millicent, his wife. The Reverend Archibald has been for many years vicar of St. Hubert's church at King's Lorton. He lives in a beautiful, oldfashioned vicarage, just outside the town of King's Lorton, a house such syou see in illustrated Christmas annuals, with gable ends and great stacks of chimneys, and great windows with pleasant seats in the deep bays. Tangle of roses and jasmine cover it in the summer; in the winter there is a wealth of green holly. A large, old-fashioned garden surrounds where every kind of tree grows and flower blooms. A bright, sunny orchard lies beyond that, the gates of which lead into the clover meadow, and at the foot of the meadow runs the clear, deep, beautiful river Linne, the loveliest river in England, and the at torment of my mother's life, for the boys were always coming to grief over it, either skating when the ice was not an inch thick, or swimming when the current was too strongrowing when the wind was against them-fishing and falling head-first into the stream. That river was the one blot on my mother's otherwise

appy life. My father, not being by any means rich man, was blessed with the sual large number of children. He was heard to say, despairingly, that he should cease to count them after the number of seven was reached.

We were nine in all. Six hearty, calthy, hungry boys, and three girls. was the eldest. Then came the eldest son, certainly the most terrible boy in the world. My mother used to any of him, "Bob is all a boy," and that means a great deal. Archie, the ond, was not quite his equal in mischief, but he had every desire to be Willie, the third, was a quiet, well-behaved boy, who lived in continual fear of his two elder brothers. Then came a sweet, fair-haired little maiden; it was rest for one's eyes to in the old house. took upon her. She was called after our mother, Millicent. Then three more boys, the sole object of whose existence seemed to be eating and noise, varied with skirmishes of all kinds, carried on in all places and at all times - skirmishes that almost made my hair stand on end. Then came the last, sweetest, fairest, and best, a wonderfully fat, lovely baby girl, named Trottie; the roundest, by the family, adored by the boys. "The boys!" Does any sympathetic reader know what that means? If you suddenly hear a tremendous crash like the roar of artillery, or a great up-heaval like a tropical earthquake, and you ask in alarm, "What is it?" the inevitable answer is, "The boys." If there is a rush up and down the staircase, followed by sudden shricks, unearthly noises, succeeded by silence even more terrible, and you ask, "What is it?" "The boys." Any unexpected explosion, any unforseen ac-cident, any unthought-of hap, had but one source, "the boys." Yet how we loved them, and what fine, manly fellows they were. But they were the very torment of our lives. How they enjoyed luring that unhappy little maiden, Millie, into the most unheard-of situations. The only one they held in supreme awe was Baby Trottie, who ruled them with a rod of iron. A large, happy, healthy family, and at the time this story opens I was just eighteen. I had, thanks to my father's insistence, received an excellent education, and was now supposed to be helping my mother. Being the eldest daughter I had certain privileges. I had a dear little room of my own, the window of which overlooked the green meadow and the lovely brimming river! I had the entry to my father's library, a privilege which "the boys" most virtuously chunned. Altogether I loved and en-joyed my life, with its simple duties and pleasures. I had thought little of love and lovers. The boys absorbed all my leisure time-to save them from drowning, to keep them from breaking their necks by sliding down the great carved balusters, exhorting them as much as possible not to climb the very tallest trees in search of birds'-nests, and preventing them from throwing stones quite close to the windows.

My father took life very easily-the boys seemed to look upon him as a beloved friend and a natural enemy; no skirmishes were indulged in in his presence, no practical jokes. When they had misbehaved themselves to any great extent, they were very wary in turning corners, jest he should spring upon them suddenly, and a peculiar shrill whistle was the signal for clearing the coast; it meant that he was coming, and that summary justice might be expected. My father was a well-bred gentleman, and a splendid scholar; he spent the greater part of his life in writing and reading. His income was a small one, but my mother managed it.

My mother was one of the sweetest and most gracious of women, loved by everyone, the soul of generosity and kindness. She never raised her voice, even to the boys. She was essentially a motherly woman, and the boys were the pride, the delight, the torment, and joy of her life. She was wellborn, well-bred, a lady in every sense of the word. She could make puddings and cakes, darn stockings, and yet in the drawing room she had all the graces and sweet stateliness of an accomplished lady. I may mention that the boys' wardrobe was something fearful to behold, but my mother understood it.

There was no affluence, no luxury in our house; and, indeed, there was a difficulty in making both ends meet. But we were very happy, very loving, devoted to one another. There was no quarreling, a terrific fight among the boys did not always mean a quarrel. There was no selfishness: there is no such school for learning self-denial and self-control as a large family.

About two miles from the vicarage stood the grandest mansion in the county, the residence of Lord Latimer, the greatest man in the county, and it was called Lorton's Cray. It was the wonder of our childish lives. A mag-nificent mansion, with thick, gray, ivy-covered walls. It had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and held every beauty of the architecture of that period. The rooms were all large and lofty, with great windows; the floors and staircases were all of polished oak; the ceilings painted, the entrance hall a marvel of stainedglass windows, with a magnificent groined roof.

Once or twice in our lives we had been allowed to go through this house. It produced such an impression on the boys that they were silent for some days afterward. The picture-gallery ran the whole length of the house, and held some priceless paintings. The portraits of the Latimers for many generations past hung there, with a fine collection of modern paintings.

The drawing-room was a magnificent apartment; we held our breath as we stood on the threshhold; even Bob and Archie collapsed-they were speechless. It was all white and gold. There was no color except the rich bloom of the rare flowers that stood in the jardinieres; the hangings were of white velvet and white satin embroidered with gold; chairs, couches, lounges the same. From the large windows there was a superb view of the square of fountains and the deep green of the rich foliage beyond.

Incre was a spacious banqueting-hall, a cozy dining-room, a library that was unequaled for its size, a morning-room opening on a rose garden. The great state apartments were in the eastern wing. There were in-numerable pretty little rooms, in-numerable pretty nooks and corners

CHAPTER II. The news of Lord Latimer's marriage and return spread like wild-fire over the country; nothing else was spoken of.

"It will be good for us and good for the poor," said my father. "Lord Latimer is very generous.

But I noticed one thing--my father never spoke of any other quality of the earl. He was generous, and attended church regularly-two fine qualities.

Our children were all on the qui vive to see the new lady of Lorton's Cray. We heard that the old lord had suddenly returned without having given one moment's warning, bringing with him his young wife and her lady's-maid. She was beautiful, they said, as an angel, her hair glittered like gold, and her face was fair as the dawn of the morning. She wore rich dresses of strange texture, and rare jewels. Some said she was proud and capricious, others that she was most loving and gentle. Every one gave a different opinion of her, and she had made a different impression on every person who had seen her-from which act my father argued that she must be a wonderful woman.

Lord Latimer rode over to see my father the day after his arrival, an act of attention which delighted him. He behaved most generously-he gave him a check for the poor, a check for the church; he promised to assist with some alterations on which my father had set his heart; he inquired after the number of children at the vicarage, smiled when he heard there were boys; he was-and we all liked him best for that-most amiable and agreeable to our dear mother; he spoke of his wife, said the journey had tired her, and that she was not quite well-but there was a curious tightening of the lips as he spoke of

The next day was Sunday, and we were all interested, knowing that we should see Lady Latimer at church. I need not say that our family pew was sight to be remembered. Nine healthy, happy faces ornamented it. I am sorry to add that the conduct of the inmates was not always above suspicion. If Bob looked particularly devout, or Archie collected and calm, I knew that a dire catastrophe impended. It is not in boys' nature to remain quiet for more than ten minites, if for so long.

I am ashamed to confess with what longing of impatience we awaited the coming of the Lorton's Cray party to church. Bob, who excelled himself in wickedness that morning, was busy. I could see, making a caricature on one side of the leaves of his prayerbook. Archie was making a desperate effort to become possessed of it. Mil-lie, seated between the two belligerents, had a terrible time of it, and

looked ready to cry. I had just restored order when they came. I saw something that looked to me like a vision of grace and loveliness floating up the aisle of the old church. I saw rich silk and velvet sweep the ground, priceless lace fall in perfumed folds, jewels gleam here and there; in the breathless silence the soft frou-frou of the rich silk was distinctly heard.

I did not see her face until she was seated in the pew and all the excitement incident upon their coming was over; then I looked at her. I loved her that first moment; I have loved her ever since, and I shall love her until I die.

In what words can I tell the dainty. marvelous beauty of that fair young himself with an erect and dignified ace, the perfection of its features, the loveliness of its coloring? It was the perfection of fair and brilliant beauty. A low, white brow, round which golden rings of hair clustered, shining rings of rich, rare gold; delicate, level brows, dark, beautiful eyes, a mouth that seemed at once all good and all sweetness, a delicate chin, perfectly molded-a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

ABROAD FOR A WIFE. THIS IS REPORTED OF JAPAN'S CROWN PRINCE.

This Young Noble's Bride. Whoever She May Be, Will Have an Illustrious Father-in-Law - Genealogy of the Prince's Family.

T IS REPORTED by cable that Japanese envoys in Europe are instructed to look out for a European bride for the mikado's heir. The Japanese minister at Washington, however, disclaims all knowledge of so delicate a subject, and is disinclined to speak

of the matter. The lady, whoever she

may be, who consents to wed the mi-

kado's heir, will have the satisfaction

of allying herself with a family whose

genealogical claims are the proudest

in the world. An ancestry of a few

beggarly centuries pales into insignifi-

cance when contrasted with a line of

descent which is asserted to run back

to the twilight of the gods. The mi-

ado, himself, no doubt, is too much en-

lightened, too completely in touch with

the current of modern ideas to share

the belief held by hundreds of thou-

sands of his subjects that divine blood

courses through his veins. But, wheth-

er he believes in this or not, the ruler of

Japan can at least point to a genealogic-

al tree which entitles him to boast

of possessing the "bluest" blood on

earth. His imperial majesty is the 123d

emperor of Japan. The Japanese have

their history and their mythology, and

the present emperor comes from Jimmu

Tenno, who was the first mikado, and

ruled Japan 660 years before Christ

was born-2,554 years ago. This man

was a descendant of the sun goddess,

and Mutsuhito, the present emperor,

traces his descent directly from him.

Japanese history gives the story of

each of the 122 emperors between the

two, and if you will think a moment

you will see how far back 660 B. C. is.

It was before Rome had become an

empire. England was unknown even

to the Romans, and hundreds of years

were yet to elapse before Cæsar pene-

trated Gaul. Such is the ancient line-

age claimed by the present emperor

of Japan. If antiquity of descent

counts for anything a more aristo-

cratic father-in-law surely could not

consort. He was born on Aug. 31,

1879, and is therefore only in his 16th

year. But in the east boys and girls

become men and women more rapidly

than in the west. The mikado him-

self succeeded his father at 15 and

married before he was 17. The prince,

his son, will attain his majority this

year, and no doubt his marriage will

follow as soon as circumstances will

permit. The crown prince, who was

proclaimed heir to the throne in Novem-

ber, 1889, is naturally as yet compara-

tively unknown to the great outside

world, but all that has transpired

respecting him goes to show that he is

be desired.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from

March April

Are the Best Months in Which to

Purify Your Blood

Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness.

This demand can only be met by the purifying, enriching and Blood-Vitalizing

elements to be found in Hood's Sarsa parilla.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe, at the age of 72 years, was at-tacked with a violent form of salt rheum; it spread all over her body, and her hands and limbs were dreadful to look at. At the same time, my little daughter Clara, who was just one year old, was attacked by a similar disease, like scrofula. It appeared in

Large Sores under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but semed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she be-gan to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a Measithy. Robust Child.

May

Healthy, Robust Child. grandmother took Hood's Sarsa Her

parilla at the same time, and the salt rheum decreased in its violence and a rheum decreased in its violence and a perfect cure was soon effected. It took about three months for her cure, and she ascribes her good health and strength at her advanced age to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has certainly been a Godsend to my family." MRS. SOFEMA WOLFE, Zaleski, Ohio.

HOOD'S

HOOD'S ONLY A Prolific Insect.

Philadelphia Record: The infinite value of little things in their bearings upon life in this world has a most striking illustration in the history of the gypsy moth, which pest the common-wealth of Massachusetts is now imploring congress to help get rid of. Harvard professor who entertained a vain hope of advantageously crossing the European moth with American silkworm allowed his one solitary im-ported caterpillar to escape. What is the result today? An insect that de-stroys the trees within 350 square miles of territory and threatend the whole country, and several hundred thou-sand dollars expended all to no use. This is one curious modern version of the old Arabian fable of the giant in the bottle.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. wnu

The first mention of any sort of taxation in Greek history is a tax levied by Solon, B. C. 540. The young prince, for whom it is said a western bride is being sought, will be some years younger than his

Conceit is a dangerous foe to most men or moderate ability.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Do your grumbling where nobody but yourself hears it. Braiding remains a very fashionable

arimming. It the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well tried re edy. Mas

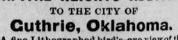
WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething-

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass, Oct. 22, '94.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.-Goeth.







AND

It was a house full of surprises; where it was least expected one would find a large window with comfortable seats, a lonely little room, a door opening on to a quaint staircase that led to the grounds. Then, all over the place there was a perfect wealth of ornaments, the accumulated treasures of long-generations-and the Latimers had always been very wealthy.

The grounds were magnificent; the fine old trees, the beautiful, undulating park, the lovely fairy dells where violets and cowslips grew, the matchless terraces, the broad marble steps that led from one to the other-it was all beautiful.

When we came from our last visit, my young brothers looked at me with contemplative, solemn eyes.

"Andrey," said Bob, "you will be, I think, good-looking. I hope you will remember your brothers, and marry well."

"A brother-in-law with a house like that would suit me," said Archie emphatically.

"Of course, as your brothers, we should be offered the run of the house," said Bob. "In fact, it would doubtless be thrown open to us."

How little I thought, while they teased me and enjoyed themselves over this future brother-in-law-how little I dreamed of what was to be!

Lord Latimer had not been to King's Lorton within my recollection. The house was beautifully kept. There was a faithful old housekeeper, Mrs. Heath; an ancient butler, who seemed to be part of the place; and plenty of servants. Everything was kept in readiness; no matter when or how the old lord might return, he would have found everything prepared for him at any moment. For some years there was no mention made of Lord Latimer's return; all at once we heard that he was coming back, and bringing with him a young wife.

"A young wife!" cried my mother, when she heard it. "Why, that must be impossible; that must be untrue; he is over 60.

"Yes," replied my father, incau-tiously enough, considering the boys were all round him: "but then he is a very well-preserved man."

And the boys spent the remainder of the day in trying to find out what a as Illinois, by Father Hennepin, more "well-preserved" man was, and then then 200 years ago."—St. Louis Remaking caricatures of him

TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swimming Cavalry.

Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul river at Peshawur. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accoutrements, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect theircomrades, crossed in like manner.

He Was a Villain.

Friend-Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband?

Eliza-He is a villain.

Friend-All men are; but what has he done?

Eliza-You know he was a widower. Well, I found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when

they were courting. Friend-Well, I wouldn't mind it. He will never send you any more. -Texas Siftings.

First Discovery of Coal in America. There are strong reasons for believing that we are indebted to the early French missionaries for the first discovery of coal on this continent. In McFarland's "Coal Regions of America" I find the following: "It is a remarkable fact that the first discovery of coal in America, of which an ac count has been preserved in a printed book, was made so far in the interior public.

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carriage and is somewhat reserved. He is, however, not too dignified to be devoted to boat racing and other forms of outdoor sport. He was educated at

German and French.

Savanah to the Chattahoochie there is

no city like Atlanta. By a count just

made, it has 208,644 inhabitants-twice

as many as it had ten years ago-and

Said of Alexander.

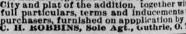
The late czar was a devoted and gallant husband to a winning and

tender hearted wife. A few years ago

a feminine visitor at the Russian court

laughingly rallied the czar on his dis-like for waltzing. The tall, handsome man smiled and said frankly: "Madame, I never dream of waltzing unless with my wife."

more than half of them white.



because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be ; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Codliver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Soro Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anapmia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting-

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