LAST WORDS.

ts, whose love has been so sweet to lookin backward as I co. a: while I haste, and in tals rain f joy am min flin - tears of pain. orn with costly shrub or tree, the little grave which shelters me vild wind-sown seels grow up un

and forth all summer unalarmed. the tiny, busy creatures croop,
sweet grass its list year's tangles

a, re nemberia; me, vou coma some d there speak no praise but only say. e loved us! 'Twas that which made

er dear are the words that I shall joy to hear —Helen Hunt Jackson

ady Latimer's Escape. CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER II-CONTINTED. looked to me beautiful as the el angels in the old y at Lorton's Cray. Yet

the face of a woman, not of an and when I came to look more into it, I saw uneasiness, lanpride; at times unutterable e, unutterable scorn, then somelike despair; the light died from roud eyes, and the lines deepround the beautiful lips.
at once I started with amaze-

for she was looking at our pew, saw a smile pass like a sunbeam her face. I looked at the long of children; they were all, outly, at least, decently behaved. or two of them had their eyes months opened very wide, and fascinated by Lady Latimer. her eyes met mine, and I saw in a tender light, a beautiful gleam. old lord, looking very stern and sat by her side-May and Deer, indeed.

re than once I caught the beauties fixed on mine. I cannot tell it was, but a certain conviction to me that she was not happy. ite her grand title of Lady Latiof Lorton's Cray; despite her ty, which was greater than I had seen: despite her rich dress and ewels and the magnificence that unded her she was not happy. I ot tell how it happened, but it ed to me her eyes were telling me nd that it was a secret known only

self and me; but that must have

as like a bird fascinated. I not look away from her. I am much afraid that I thought of ing else. I saw her watch our procession down the church; s eccentric, it was this time peculiar than ever, owing to the that Bob, whose expression of enance was perfectly angelic, pinned Millie's cape to Archie's t, and the wildest confusion en-We had reached home before ded. Imperial justice was admined later on.

next day Lord and Lady Laticalled. The army of boys had sent to King's Lorton, under the ext of purchasing a new cricket Our pretty vicarage looked its It was the month of May, the lilacs were all in

the lilacs ; the beautiful syringa-trees all in flower; the house was a ct bower; the birds were singing trees all round it.

shall never forget how the fair, nly presence of that beautiful an brightened even our cheerful She was in the drawing-room I went in, talking to my mother. Latimer was discussing a late with my father. Latimer held out her hand to me, a smile so bright and beautiful nost dazzled me.

saw you in church yesterday, Lovel," she said, "and I have to ask if you will be my friends." I could describe her grace, her etness! If she had said to me, drey Lovel, from this moment you ome my bond-slave, and attach reelf to me for life," I should have e so. I loved her after the fashion athusiastic young girls, with a full perfect love.

have been telling Mrs. Lovel," continued, "how much your face acted me. I wanted to see you erday

he had a wonderfully sweet voice, and caressing. She went on: And those delightful boys of yours, I enjoyed seeing them! I am y they are out. Mrs. Lovel, you t let me have them all over at on's Cray."

mother smiled.

am afraid, Lady Latimer," she "you would hardly survive it. A h revolution or a Cuban insurtion is bad enough; but the boys ting together is beyond imaginaand the dear, gentle er smiled as she thought of it. Nevertheless," said Lady Latimer. shall hope to see them. It is very

ely at Lorton's Cray."

And I saw. plainly as I heard the rds, a fine, quick gleam of scorn tlighted for half a minute on her band's face, and then was gone. Are you dull and lonely, Grace?"
asked. "I am sorry. You will
in have plenty of visitors."

or a few minutes he was moody silent, then he turned suddenly to

Mrs. Lovel," he said, "it is in your er to do me the greatest favor. hear that Lady Latimer complains feeling dull; will you allow Miss vel to pay us a visit? In fact, if it be convenient to you, to go back us now? It will be a pleasure to dy Latimer and myself."

The beautiful face brightened, the cious hand was held out to me. How kind! Will you come, Miss I should be so delighted."

she had said. ...Will you come to eria with me?" I should have gone. e fair, queenly beauty, the mystery the dark eyes, and her gracious, nning manner, had laid me under a

Lady Latimer," I answered.

"And will you tell me all about the boys?" she said. "All about the boys would mean a

long biography of each one," I answered; "but I will give you the leading points in each career."
"That will do," she rejoined, laugh-

ingly. "I am so glad you will come, Miss Lovel." Then I went to my own room to make some preparations, and my mother followed me.

"It seems a strange thing, mamma," I said, "for Lady Latimer to want me. and to wish to take me home with her

now.' "I do not think it strange, Audrey." she said, "not at all. Evidently, Lady Latimer is very dull and very lonely, and Lord Latimer is anxious that she should have a companion. I think, my dear," added my beautiful mother, with a gentle sigh, "that it is an excellent thing for you. It will bring you into good society; indeed, I think it is most providential for us all. Lady Latimer has evidently taken a fancy to you. It will be good for the boys, too.'

Now, anything for the good of the boys was as irresistible to me as to my mother, and a glorious vision of un-limited toys and fruit came before our

"I should think," said my mother, "that Lady Latimer is about your age, Audrey; she does not look one day older.

"And her husband more than sixty!" I cried. "It seems very unnatural, mamma."

"Such marriages are often made in high life," said my mother. She bent down and kissed me. "I am glad," she said, "that we do not belong to what is called high life. I should not like you, my Audrey, to marry in that fashion. I wonder how long will you stay at Lorton's Cray?"

"Two or three days, most probably." I replied. "Mamma do you know that the first moment I saw Lady Lasimer—the first moment that her eyes looked into mine, I knew that we should be something to each other? Her eyes said so plainly.'

"Fancy, my dear," answered my gentle mother. knew it was not fancy, but truth.

CHAPTER III.

.dy few preparations were soon made. Lord Latimer was profuse in his thanks to my parents. It was so good, so kind, so generous of them to spare me; he was so grateful. It was such a sad thing for Lady Latimer to feel herself so dull-so unfortunate; but in my cheerful society no doubt she would rally. His words sounded kindly, but there was an evil look in the old lord's eyes as he uttered them.

Then we all three drove away together, and the wonder, the dream of my life, came true—I was at home at Lorton's Cray. "What would the boys say?" That was my first thought as we drove along, and I longed to hear the remarks and comments that would be made in the august assembly. Then my companions attracted all my attention. I began to see why Lady Latimer was dull and lonely. The old lord was by no means a pleasant, amusing, or even agreeable companion; he was silent and saturnine. If he expressed an idea, it was either false, mean, or ignoble; if he uttered a sentiment, it was either morbid or cynical; if he made a remark. it was sure to jar in some way or other on one. He talked to me during the greater part of the drive; he could not forget that Lady Latimer had complained of feeling dull; he seemed to resent it as an insult to himself; he reverted to it continually.

If I had been Lady Latimer, I should have lost both temper and patience; but when she saw the turn things were taking, she leaned back in the carriage and said nothing.

What weariness crept over that beautiful face! What sadness came into the proud eyes! The bright May sunshine, the flowering limes, the springing grasses, brought no smiles to her lips. I was almost dazed with delight to drive on that lovely spring day through that delicious, odorous air. To see the depths of the blue sky, the light of the sun, the bloom of the spring flowers; to hear the lark and the thrush, the bleating of the little lambs in the meadows-had filled me with delight that was almost intoxicating; my heart and soul, my whole nature, seemed to expand. But on the beautiful face opposite to me there was no smile. . I do not remember that husband and wife exchanged one word. Verily, May and December, eighteen and sixty, could never

When the carriage stopped before the great entrance-hall door, and I stood on the threshold of Lorton's Cray, a curious sensation came over me-a foreboding, but such a mixture of sorrow and joy that I could not understand it. I felt the shadow of coming evil and the brightness of coming joy. The emotion was so strong that I felt all the color die from my face and lips; my heart beat, my hands trembled. It seemed to me that I had gone quite suddenly into another world. Lord Latimer gave

me a very kind but stately welcome.
"You look tired, Miss Lovel," he said; "you had better have a glass of wine.

"Come with me to my room, Miss Lovel," said Lady Latimer, not seeming to heed her husband's words; and we went up the grand staircase together.

Ah, what luxury! what magnificence! what splendor! I was struck by the great white statues, holding aloft richly colored lamps, masses of crimson flowers at their feet. She swept up the grand staircase, looking neither to the right or left, and hastened to her room.

"That's a relief." she cried, as she

"It will be a great pleasure to me, "a most blessed and unmitigated ro-

"What is?" I asked wonderingly. Her face crimsoned.

"To get in-doors," she uswered quickly; but I felt sure that she did not mean that when she spoke first. Then Lady Latimer rose from her

chair. She took off her hat and man-"I prefer dressing and undressing

myself to having a maid always about me," she said. "Shall I ring for Hilton for you?" "I have never had a maid in all my

life," I answered, thinking of the toilets at home and the struggle to get through them.

"That is right," she said heartily. I looked around that magnificent sleeping-room. The hangings were all of blue velvet and white silk; the carpet of light blue velvet piled with white flowers; a few exquisite pictures adorned the walls; ornaments of every description abounded; the toilet-tables seemed to me one blaze of silver and richly cut glass; one door opened into a bath-room superbly fitted; another into a beautiful boudoir, all blue and white. A baleony ran along the windows, filled with the loveliest, rarest and most fragrant flowers. Everything that money 'could purchase or art suggest was in those beautiful rooms. I thought to myself as I looked around, "How enviably happy the owner of all this magnificence must be!" I was soon to find out that all the magnificence in the world could not confer happiness.

"Come into the boudoir," said Lady Latimer. "How pleasant it is to have some one to talk to and laugh with. There are days when my very nature seems starved for the want of laughter.

"And we have so much of it," said I

involuntarily. "Yes. When I saw that row of smiling, happy faces at church, my heart went out to them; the tears came into my eyes, and I longed to be among them. She drew me to herself in a half-caressing fashion inexpressibly graceful. "I am so glad that you came back with me, Miss Lovel, I can never tell you how I felt when I saw you. I am sure that, in some strange manner or other, you are going to make part of my life, or be involved in it in some way.'

"I had the same feeling," I replied,

wonderingly.
"Then," said Lady.Latimer, "it is true that there is something in it. I am very lonely, and needed a friend. You have such a frank face, so noole and true. You are dark and beautiful. I like dark, beautiful faces. You are sympathetic; I need sympathy. We shall be good friends, Miss Lovel.

"I hope so," was my answer. I knew that in my heart I loved her well enough to be her constant friend all my life. Then she threw off the sadness and weariness that lay over her like a shadow.

"Miss Lovel," she said, "have you been over the house?"
"Two years ago," I answered; and I

then told her of the great awe that had fallen over the boys at the sight of all the magnificence. Laughingly I told her how the boys had implored me to marry some one with a house just like this, for their especial use and benefit.

"There is many a truth spoken in jest," said Lady Latimer; "but never do that, my dear; let nothing ever tempt you to marry for the sake of a grand house, or money, or position. It is the most horrible mistake that a that."

"I never shall, Lady Latimer," I replied; then, thinking of home, I added: "I should never have a chance, no matter even if I might desire it.' Our only visitors were the curate and the doctor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kentucky Burgoo.

A traveler from the South described recently one of the oldest and most popular dishes in Kentucky, which is known as "burgoo." It is an outdoor concoction and many massive pots of it are said to have simmered over a hot fire in the open at political gatherings in Kentucky. The making of "burgoo" is thus described: In the bottom of the big pot some red pepper pods are thrown, then potatoes, tomatoes and corn added; then a half dozen nicely dressed prairie chickens are thrown into the pot, and also a half dozen of the fattest farm yard chickens are added; then a couple of dozen soft-shell crabs and three or four young squirrels are thrown on the heap. Enough clear spring or well water is poured into the caldron barely to float the varied contents and then the fire is started. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and an old superstition is that it must be stirred with a hickory stick in order to give it the best flavor.

Giants of Prehistoric France. In a prehistoric cemetery recently uncovered at Montpellier, France, while workmen were excavating s waterworks reservoir, human skulls were found measuring 28, 31 and 32 inches in circumference. The bones which were found with the skulls were also of gigantic proportions. These relics were sent to the Paris academy, and a learned "savant," who lectured on the find, says that they belonged to a race of men between 10 and 15 feet in height.

Didn't Understand Human Nature.

"Yes," said the proprietor of the barber shop, "he was a very good barber, but we had to let him go. He didn't understand the business." "What did he do?"

"He forgot to say to a baldheaded customer that his hair needed trimming to-day.

One hundred miles north of Key West is the farthest part south in Florida that snow has ever been sunk into the depths of an easy chair; known to falk

A Delicious Plum Pudding.

Pick and stone one pound of the best Malaga raisins, which put in a basin with one pound of currents (well washed and picked), one pound of good beef suet chopped not too fine, three-fourths of a pound of white or brown sugar, two ounces candid lemon or orsugar, two ounces candid lemon or orange peel, two ounces of candid citron, six ounces of flour, and one-fourth pounds of breadcrumbs, with a little grated nutmeg and salt. Mix the whole together with eight whole eggs and a little milk. Have ready a plain or or-namental pudding mould; well-butter the interior. Pour the above mixture into it, cover with a sheet of paper, tie the mould in a cloth, put the pudding into a large stewpan containing boiling water and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half, or it may be boiled by tying it in a pudding cloth well floured, forming the shape by laying the cloth in a round-bottomed basin and pouring into it. It will make no difference in the time required for boiling. When done take out of the cloth and turn out done take out of the cloth and the upon your dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar on it and serve with this dered sugar on it and serve with this was formerly done in the crudest mansauce: Put the yolks of three eggs in a stewpan with half a cupful of pow-dered sugar and a gill of milk. Mix well together, add a little lemon peel and stir over the fire until it becomes thick; it must not be allowed to boil. Flavor to taste and serve very hot.

A professor who used to teach the grandfathers of the present generation of students objected to the pronunciation of "wound," as if it were spelled "woond," and his students used to hunt for chances to make him explain his objections. One day he stopped a stu-dent who was reading to the class and said, "How do you pronounce that word?" "Woond, sir." The professor looked ugly and replied, "I have never foond any ground for giving it that soond. Go on."-Household Words.

The sheep that goes astray never finds a green pasture for itself.

Unspeakably Miserable

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Clubs for Farmers' Wives. If possible, it is wise to go outside of the ordinary limits of acquaintance and invite women of widely different associations and employments to become members of the club, writes Helen Jay in a very practical article on "The Mental Life of a Farmer's Wife" in the March Ladies' Home Journal. We all need to enter into the lives of others, and for an organization of women know no better motto than the words of Dr. Hale, "This club exists to find out how other people live." It will be easier to do this than appears upon the surface.

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ner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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Whippoorwill Cowpeas.

From Oklahoma comes a report of the analyses of whippoorwill cowpeas at five different stages and of prairie grass. "composed almost wholly of blue stem and joint grass," at three different cuttings. With reference to the cowpeas, results indicate that for a good hay the peas, including vines, leaves and pods, should be harvested as the peas have matured in the pods. Should the prop be late it is better to cut before complete maturity than to delay the harvesting until a heavy frost has killed the vines and leaves.

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