CHAPTER XI .- (Continued.)

He approached the gate, and was about to knock, when he saw a ittle figure flitting along the path before him. He recognized Dolores. Why was she roaming abroad alone on the roads at this hour? Was she watching for him? The young man hastened toward her, then paused at the angle of the wall to look at her.

Dolores stood in an open space of the path, waving a fan. Her shadow was projected on the ground behind her in a long, wavering line. The dog she insisted, with a return of fantastic Florio sat beside her, gravely looking

The girl's face and arms, bathed by the moonlight, had the purity of alabaster in contrast with the luxuriant masses of her black hair, and her eyes were dreamy, as if she moved in a reverse. She talked to Florio in a low tone, and occasionally laughed. Now she advanced, mineingly, with skirts outspread, and profound curtsies, wielding the fan, with natural grace, in her right hand, as if at a presentation. Again she abandoned herself to a gliding dance measure, wreathing her arms above her head, with the glittering fan held high in the air.

The childish vanity of smile and posture were obvious. She imagined herself to be once more at a ball and in a theater.

The spectator found the mere contemplation of her light movements bewitching, but he longed to clasp her in his arms. "Dolores!"

She started, and came toward him, with an exclamation of pleasure. Florio barked sharply.
"Are you glad to see me again?" he

inquired eagerly, seizing her hands. 'Oh. yes!" "Did you expect me to-night? fenred I should not be able to get off.'

"I always expect you." Then there was a moment of soft silence between them, during which he twined her arm around his neck.



"ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?" broad breast, and showered kisses on

Dolores drew back half troubled.

half ashamed, and, inspired by an instinct of coquetry, once more unfurled her fan, making of the fragile weapon a barrier between them. 'Look at my new fan," she said, in

small, so I came out here to play with It in the moonlight." "Have you met any one on the

"No one. The people are all in the

town at this hour." The fan is very fine. The grand

duke sent it to you at the door of the theater." Dolores elevated her delicately

arched eyebrows in surprise.

"You noticed the messenger, then?" 'Of course I saw him," warmly. "The prince broke my old fan, and he was very kind to remember the ac-

cident," innocently.

Lieut Curzon looked at the rich toy

carelessly. The moonlight shimmered on pearl, tortoise shell and feathers, with a pictured design worthy of Comte Nils, or of Rudeaux, on one side. Tiny points of silver, or steel, sown over the surface, glittered in the moon's ray, as if diamond insects hovered and escaped with every turn of the happy owner's dexible wrist. A subtle perfume emamated from the downy margin. "I will give you a dozen fans if you

wish," said the saflor, in a slightly aggrieved tone.

Yes, he was piqued and irritated to behold her cherishing the quite unwarrantable gift of another man.

Dolores smiled, with a sudden, dazsling gleam of snowy teeth between red lips, and turned her head, archly. At the same time she clasped, provokingly, the princely souvenir to her

"A dozen fans would be too many, only what happiness to take up one or another at pleasure. No! You must not touch me again."

She leaned toward him, and passed se fan, playfully, over his curling wakefulness, when she had listened to those confused and intermittent sounds below stairs, which indicated that Jacob Dealtry was roaming about the Watch Tower.

In addition, the Cavalier of the picture seemed to stand on the threshold of her chamber and reproach her for some fault. His voice was muffled, vague and monotonous, like the rhythm of the distant sea. She could not distinguish his words. What had she done? Dolores could not understand. She rose, made her simple toilet, and

ate her frugal breakfast with a healthy, young appetite. Her grand-father had been up for hours. He did not notice her. The amenities of conversation were rare between them.

The young man stood before her in

He drew her once more close to his

"I am reasonable, and not at all

"You belong to me. You are to be my wife. We will live and die to-

"Shall we ever grow old, like grand-

We must grow old in our own fash-

Dolores recoiled and unfurled her

"Dolores, give me that confounded

"Then you do value it more than

The girl frowned, pondered a mo-

His strong fingers closed over the

"Would you mind my keeping it?" he

"No," with a softness which was

"Would you care if I broke it and

The muscular hand cryshed feathers,

substance and pearl stick before he

wreck on the other side of the road.

was aware of it, and then he flung the

Dolores cast a bewildered glance at

the broken fan, but made no attempt

to recover it. A tear rolled down her

"You are a good little girl not to

scold me for such clumsiness," he said,

with real, or assumed contrition for an ebullition of temper. "I did not intend to crush the thing. You shall

His arms were around her, his cheek

For a time she yielded passively to

"You were cruel to break it!" she

She fled away swiftly, closely fol-

He waited irresolutely for a time,

Little did he foresee the events of

A cloud swept over the moon's disk,

like a veil. The gate of the garden

opened, a figure emerged, noiselessly,

glided along the boundary wall, groped

in the path for some object, and as

The splendor of the night deep-

ened. The white hamlets slept, as it

they were the tombs of the inmates.

and the sea heaved and sparkled in

the track of leviathan about to rise

song and jest were occasionally audi-ble in the port, while the ships of the

harbor dreamed above their reflections

CHAPTER XIL

Expulsion.

COULD NOT

leave the poor fan

Then she sought

morning.

the fragments beneath the same pil-

low, where she had placed them on the

previous night before going to sleep.

The moon had become hidden by

clouds at the opportune moment when

she had returned in search of the treasure. There was treason to Ar-

thur Curzon, and even defiance of him,

in the act. For the first time in her

young life she was required to ponder

on the unreasonable and exacting

character of man. The garrulous

moods and prevalent crossness of

grandpapa was a different matter.

Her admiration of the handsome offi-

cer, and the affectionate gratitude

awakened in her heart by his

geniality and generosity, were mere

surface ripples of sentiment as yet in

Her slumbers had been broken by

her nature.

swiftly withdrew.

in the tranquil waters.

coaxing accents. "The garden is too from the depths. Bursts of maudlin

rested against her face, his mouth sought her trembling lips in a long,

have another to-morrow.

ardent kiss.

ment, closed the fan, and placed it in

his nand without uttering a word.

alluring, tempting, almost feline.

fan. "Let us always remain young,"

"Listen to me, darling-"

flighty."

gether."

gaiety.

fan!"

"No! No!"

frail treasure.

cast it away?"

"No."

teased.

any gift of mine?"

"I listen!"

papa?" meditatively.

ion," he replied evasively.

The girl took the fan in her hand, and contemplated it with sadness. She shed a few tears over the wreck. Ah, how beautiful it had been only the previous night, with moonlight sparkling on the spangled surface! The fingers that crushed the pearl and tortoiseshell structure must have been very strong, and the anger of Arthur Curzon deep. Did she not feel some sweet, feminine docility of subjection to the muscles of this Samson?

'He was jealous," said Dolores, aloud, and a dimple deepened in her soft cheek.

She glanced at a little mirror; already she was a woman. The discovery frightened and enchanted her.

The broken fan still claimed her sorrowful tenderness and regret.

"What shall I do with it?" she demanded of the Knight of Malta, pausing before the picture. The Knight was mute.

She went out into the garden, irreselutely. A bee from his hive in the



"HIS ARMS WERE AROUND HER."

rear of the Tower settled on her wrist She did not fear the insect. The bees made famous honey.

"What shall I do with the fan?" she repeated, obeying a childish impulse to question Fate.

The bee was mute, and, after basking, a downy, golden body, on the extended arm for a moment, spread gossamer wings, and flew away, as if about to keep a business appointment in the kingdom of the thyme.

"What shall I do with the fan?" the girl inquired of the pigeons, the flowers, the dog.

The pigeons ceased to coo, and tooked at her with bright eyes; the flowers swayed on their fragile stalks, and hung their heads, languid with their own fragrance.

Florio bounded through the reeds, and again emerged, uttering a sharp bark, as if to claim her attention for discovered in the middle of the clump of plants.

Dolores caught up the little animal. and bestowed her usual caress, a kiss on the nose. "The very spot!" she exclaimed. "I will bury the fan. Florio knows more than the pigeons, or the bees."

She glanced about in search of her grandfather. She had once offended him by digging at the roots of his flowers and attempting to bury a broken doll. Now she would ask him to accord her a tiny corner for the fan's grave. The gate was half open. She looked out, and beheld the old man traversing the path in the direction of the high road. He was evidently bound on some errand. She must await his return. When would he return though? Surely there could be no harm in hiding away the fan among the canes! Her life had been so meager of incident, that this one acquired importance in her estimation. Impatience overcame all scruple. She once more sought and found a broken, rusty knife, and, kneeling, thrust her arm through the barrier of stems to scoop out a little hole in the earth. The clump of canes should shelter the spot.

The task was rudely interrupted. A claw-like hand grasped her shoulder, and she was dragged back with

lying out there in the road," Dolores Jacob Dealtry had entered the enclosure, and discovered her occupaconfided to her tion. He pounced upon his grandpillow when she child in an access of fury. "You jade! awakened the next You devil's imp! What are you about,

The words seemed to hiss in her ear, awakening painful memories.

"I am not hurting the flowers in the very least, grandpapa," she protested, in an aggrieved tone.

She was older and stronger than when she had attempted to inter the doll, and need not fear to confront him in a fit of anger. She must learn to brave him. Nevertheless, the rage of the old man made her quail. She rose to her feet, trembling in every limb, and averted her head.

The crisis was terribly brief. One moment a white face confronted her, with the pinched features drawn and contracted, and a pair of gleaming eyes projecting from the sockets. and the next she was thrust out of the gate, with her dog, and the bolts

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

agitated dreams and feverish starts of PAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Successful Farmers Operate The Department of the Farm-A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



HE GROWING poultry should be pushed to maturity. Unless the pullets are well matured before cold weather, they will not lay before spring. If your are raising turkeys and

ducks for the fall

market remember It is the large fowls that bring the most money, and they should be forced in growth as much as possible. The faster hey grow the better the meat, and the larger they grow the more money they will bring. Do not feed corn; the ob-ject row is growth, not fat. Bran is an excellent food for growing fowls, but it should be well scalded or it will cause bowel trouble.

Do not induce the hen to wean the chicks early. The chicks that remain with the hen until they are well feathered will grow faster and thrive better in every way than when the hen leaves them early. As a rule, old hens will not wean their chicks until they are pretty well grown, and for this reason old hens make better mothers than do pullets.

Be sure to keep the growing pullets free from lice, as that pest in itself is the cause of more deaths among grow-ing poultry than anything else. If growth has been checked by the presence of lice the young fowls will always be less vigorous than they would have been if they had not been infected with them. Thick, sweet cream is better to grease the heads of young fowls afflicted with lice than melted lard; it will kill the lice and not injure the fowl, as lard is apt to do.

A very critical time for growing poultry is the time they shed their downy covering and before they are fully feathered. At this time they should be well fed and kept well sheltered at night and during damp weather. They are more liable to roup at this time, and exposure to cold and dampness is apt to result in this fatal disease.

Lime water and sweet milk will as sist in feathering. A diet that will greatly assist in feathering is prepared as follows: To a pint of boiling sweet milk add two well-beaten eggs, let boil until the consistency of jelly, add a dash of red pepper. When given to the fowls place in a cool place in the shade to prevent its becoming sour.

Grit of some kind is as essential for young poultry as for adults. It is one of the requirements of nature. Place grit where they can get at it and see how eagerly they devour it, and you will be convinced that it is a necessary part of their bill of fare. The lack of grit will cause indigestion and bowel trouble. A constant supply of it within reach all the time will cause them to consume more food and thereby make a more rapid growth and reach matur-It is important for growing fowls

to have shade, where they can retreat out of the hot sun. The extreme heat of the sun is debilitating to growing fowls and will retard growth. Duck-lings are very sensitive to the heat of the sun.-Farm, Stock and Home.

Care of Ducklings. These little animated, orange feathered-downed, we should say-objects have very little need of a mother, except to brood them at night, and except they are hatched quite early, when the weather is cool. A good-sized hen can care for a large flock of them—as many as fifteen or twenty, perhaps. When first hatched, it is better to confine them in a low, movable pen made of boards, say six inches wide, and any length convenient. The pen may be made either square or in the shape of a triangle. In either case it is a wise plan to nail thin boards across the corners, thus affording the ducklings a shelter and refuge from sudden storms and the sun. If the coop be placed where some tree will throw its shadow across it so much the better. This is especially necessary after the latter part of May. Water, in shallow vessels, should be plentifully supplied, and in order that one may be perfectly sure that the birds will be all right in the morning, an empty barrel should be placed on its side within the pen, with a nicely-fitted and ventilated cover for a door, and the ducklings closed within this temporary yet quite serviceable structure, otherwise one may be missing in the morning. It is better to keep them within this enclosure until they are large enough to get out, by which time they will take care of themselves. The enclosure can be shifted about, so that the ground need not become befouled. Ducklings are not very particular in

the matter of food, as they will relish and thrive upon the coarsest fare, provided only that it is always given fresh and sweet. The following is a formula for a model food for young duck-lings: Ground white oats, sifted, three parts; sharps, four parts; bran, one part; ground oil meal, one part. When using it, first mix the different ingredients in a dry state, then take only a sufficient quantity of the mixture for one feeding, and after salting it slightly scald thoroughly with boiling water and when cool enough, feed. It should not be wet enough to be sloppy, but only sufficient to soften and swell the broken grains.-Mark Lane Express.

Liming Eggs.-In liming eggs the most tedious and ticklish part of the work is puting the eggs in the pickle. This may be greatly simplified by using a tin basin punched full of inch-holes, and large enough to hold six dozen eggs. The edges of the basin should be covered with leather, and it should have a handle about three feet long. Fill the basin with eggs, put both under the pickle and turn the eggs out gently; they will all go to the bottom without breaking. This basin will be found equally useful in dipping the eggs out when it is desired to remove them from the pickle.-N. Y. World.

Look out for vermin now, there is nothing that retards the prosperity of a flock of fowls like these pests, and this is the season they multiply.

Oleomargarine vs. Butter, These are some figures given out by the Produce Exchange, Chicago:

In 1894, in the United States, there were manufactured 70,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine, equal to the product of 500,000 cows, of which, in Illinois, there were made about 60,000,000 pounds, equal to the product of 450,000 cows.

During the above period, the agricultural producer for the raw material en-tering into a pound of butter received sixteen (16) cents, while under the same conditions, for the raw material entering into a pound of oleomargarine he received three (3) cents. This difference represents a loss of thirteen (13) cents on every pound of eleo sold and consumed as butter—over \$5,000,000 in the United States and \$7,500,000 in Illinois.

It is a conservative estimate eighty (80) to ninety-five (95) per cent of the oleo consumed is consumed as and for butter at the price of but-

Every pound of oleo thus consumed takes the place of and destroys the sale

of a pound of butter.

It is further true that it is the yellow color or the shade of yellow color ar-tificially given to oleo that enables it to be sold and consumed as butter at

the price of butter.
In other words, it is the means whereby the fraud is committed and the public deceived.

The consumer is thus defrauded and cheated-but everybody is a consumer, therefore in this connection the terms consumer and the public are one and the same thing.

But legislation seeking to protect the public from fraud is not class legislation, and it is further true, that legislation against fraud is not class legisla-

Whenever a pound of oleo is sold at the price of butter, a fraud has been committed—committed not only on the producer who is deprived of an opportunity to earn sixteen (16) cents and in its place has an opportunity to earn only three (3) cents, but also on the consumer who pays the sixteen (16) cents and gets only the value of three (3) cents in return. Therein lies the fraud.

An Ideal Dairy.

Probably the most ideal dairy in existence is that of the Princess of Wales, in which not only she, but her various daughters, have learned to make the most perfect of butter. The walls are covered with tiles presented to the Prince of Wales, who placed them here as a surprise to the royal dairymaids. They were made in Bombay, and are cf a deep peacock blue, the rose, sham-rock, and thistle being intertwined, with the motto, "Ich dien."

A white marble counter running around the room holds silver pans of milk from the Alderneys grazing without. Above this on broad bracket shelves of marble is a collection, in every imaginable material, of cows, bullocks, and calves; Italian and Parian marble; alabaster, porcelain, terra cotta, and silver-all gifts. A long milk can, paint-ed by the Princess Louise to match the Indian tiling, stands in one corner, and opposite is the head of the Princess' pet Alderney, with a silver plate re-cording her virtues. Here the Princess sometimes churns in a silver churn, and in the next room the butter for the family is made and sent up fresh every morning when they are in The day's supply is made up into little pats and scrolls all ready for the table, and the Prince requires a special order of pats. Not a grain of salt is allowed in them, and they are made the size of a half dollar and the thickness of three, with either the crown, the coat of arms or the three feathers stamped on each.-Ex.

Cheese must not be kept in a warn, and dry place. The best place is a celas would be called dry, which will anyhow have some moisture in it, some is nece proper keeping of cheese. Dark-ness is preferable to light, and a low temperature, but not lower than 55 degrees, is desirable. The cheese will become moldy on the outside; the mold is permitted until the surface is covered, when it is scraped off and the cheese is washed with water at 80 degrees and all the mold is removed. It is then wiped dry and greased with sweet oil, or butter, un-salted, to fill the pores in the crust. It is thus left for a few weeks and this is repeated. In this way the cheese slowchanges its character, improving all the time in flavor and texture. It be-comes fatty by the charge of some of the caseine into a kind of fatty matter, and a peculiar mild aroma is produced quite different from the intolerable smell of the coarse kinds of semi-putrid cheese known as Limburger, or some of the overcured German cheese. The curing described is that practiced with the Brie and the Roqueford cheese, as well as that finest of all kinds, the English Stilton. As a rule we do not give requisite attention to curing our cheese. and hence its want of high quality. The curing of cheese is a slow process that requires skillful control, or it becomes decomposition.

The secretary of agriculture has issued a bulletin relating to the extension of the trade in American agriculture and other products in the world's markets, Germany being the country treated of in this bulletin. Consular reports from German commercial centers are appended to show the feasibility of extending the market for American products in their respective fields of observation. During the six years ending December 31, 1893, the foreign commerce of Germany increased 8.7 per cent, as compared with an increase of one-tenth of 1 per cent in that of Great Britain, a decrease of 3.6 per cent in that of France during the same period, and an increase of 3.3 in that of the United States for the six years ending June 30, 1891.

A Lockjaw Remedy.-A writer in Clark's Horse Review gives his ex-perience in curing lockjaw, in which he says: "If a nail is picked up, get it out, of course, as soon as possible, then get a half pail of hot water—as hot as the horse can possibly stand it —pour in plenty of vinegar and also pienty of salt. This is all, only it must be so hot that at first when you must be so not that at first when you put the horse's foot into it he will pull the foot out of the water; put in again and keep on doing so until you can hold the foot in steadily. Hold it in half an hour or longer and repeat it again after two hours. Do this four times the first day. In nine cases out of ten it will save the horse." The Sworn Tormes

Of the Spanish inquisition as
tortures more dreadful than as
by the victim of indammators.
The chronic form of this osah
is sufficiently painful;
start with Hostcuers Money
avoid becoming a life one many
ters will remove malaria and
plaints, dyspepsia, constitution
ness and neuraigia, remedy of
hasten convalescence.

A Curious Weather Proph A means of forecasting the A means of forecasting the from a cup of coffee is given Leeds Mercury, which assets has proven more trustworthy official guesses. Drop two has sugar carefully into the middle cup; if the air bubbles received. cup; if the air bubbles remain center of the cup it will be one. rise rapidly and go to the side, rain all day; if they gather int ter and then go in a cluster to look out for showers.

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