"Go away!" cried Jacob Dealtry through the partition. "Let me never see your face again. A spy!"

"Oh, grandpapa!" "A-a thief! Be off with you, once

for all." "Where am I to go?" implored

Dolores She was stupefied and incredulous

of the brusque expulsion.
"Return to the convent, if you will. You shall not enter my door again. A

spy! A traitor!" The voice of the old man, piercing and sharp, rose to a sort of howl of

menace with these words. Dolores turned away, with Florio under her arm.

The morning was clear, and the sunshine dazzling, yet the sky seemed about to fall on her head. Was it true that her grandfather had banished her from the Watch Tower for

A crushing blow shatters the prism of a crystal. The sheek of brutal, unforeseen ejection from her home, by her nearest relative, scattered her ideas in a similar manner. Her first thought was of Arthur Curzon. Where was he? How could she find him in her humiliation and distress? Poloces lacked the nerve requisite to baunt the quay in quest of him. Or did some instinct of modest pride withhold her from displaying her shame to the world? Oddly enough, the first and rudimentary comprehension of dread of public opinion in lier mind took the form of a natural shrinking from the eve of slender and grave Dr. Busatti, and his yellow, little mother. The recollection of the ladies of the ball, and of the gentlemen who had been kind to her on that momentous occasion, did not trouble her There remained for her only the safe refuge of the convent. The sad and monotoneus routine of mon-astic rule was to be the end of all joy and kappiness. A seb rese in her throat.

She walked slowly toward the town: No one noticed her and she passed other pedestrians as if they had been phantoms

Near the fortifications she paused to gaze down on the harber with a certain wistfulness. Since her childhood the ships coming and going had alweys inspired an indefinable longing and restlessness in her breast. Now Arthur Curzon was on board of one of the craft. He would be sorry if he could see her. Perhaps they might never meet again. Ah, how she loved him at this moment! She leved him with all her heart and soul. She realized the joy and the bitterness of the emotion.

corvette Ladislas was away in the distance, bearing the young prince to the Nile. The Italian acket, the Elettrico, was to sail at a later hour for Sieily.

Dolores pursued her way until the walls of the convent became visible. She halted again, and shuddered, as if she had received the shock of a blow full in her heart. She trembled and shrank back. If she entered that portal, she might never be able to again escape. On one side were the



"YOU JADE, YOU DEVIL S IMP."

blue sky, the glancing waves of the sea, the warm sunshine toward which her whole nature yearned; on the other, in the cold shadow of the cloister, was the silent and repressed lot of the nun.

The fugitive recoiled, oppressed wit doubt and dread. She hid her face in her hands, weeping, and striving to conquer her own indecision. Then a swift panic of terror seized her impulsive temperament. She fled back swiftly to the Watch Tower. Fear ent wings to her agile feet.

The familiar boundary gained, she leaned against the wall, panting, and closed her eyes. Her senses reeled, and a white cloud seemed to envelop and stifle her. The little dog leaped to the ground, and regarded her with enxiety, his tail drooping.

She knocked timidly. "Grandpapa!" her voice was weak

and hoarse. There was no response. The outcasts listened intently, the girl with parted lips and dilating the dog with a sagacious advice.

little head cocked on one side, and and ears pricked up. The ripple of the fountain alone was audible within

Still there was no reply vouchsafed by the obstinate old man. The appeal of Dolores, more piercing and assured this time, only served to arouse the echoes. Jacob Dealtry gave no sign of life. Did he hear the appeal? Had he shut himself up in the tower?

Fear again smote on the heart of Dolores, a chilling, indefinable dread of the coming night and darkness. She must seek the convent as a shelter. or become a beggar, a fugitive. What other refuge could Malta offer her? Terrible alternatives of poverty, and friendlessness.

She wandered away from the gate, and crept into the ruined temple. where Lieut. Curzon had first found her grandfather lying insensible on the pavement. Her instinct was to hide herself from the light of day and the scrutiny of her fellow creatures. She was only conscious of a cowardly impulse to put off the fatal hour of return to the convent until evening and when no other course should be possible to her.

She croucked in the most obscure corner of the ruin, helding Florie in her arms. The little dog whined from time to time and lieked her check. Florio evidently realized the full peril of the miserable situation.

Her glance strayed around the rude interior of the temple with weariness and indifference. She knew the place well. She had often visited it with her grandfather and Dr. Busatti. The ultur rose before her and fragments of sculptured blocks by scattered about on the ground.

If the past appealed to her at all, it was when a sunbeam slanted in a golden shaft athwart the entrance, recalling to her the night when she personated the Phycnician maiden in

She buried her face in her hands and wept. Hunger and thirst assailed her, and then her faculties became gradually dull, coldly benumbed. Perhaps A light and jaunty footstep aroused

her a masculine voice humaned a strain of the song, "My Pretty Brown Maid." Captain Blake looked into the tem

Dolores held her breath, shrank back further into the shadow. Florio was mute in sympathy.

The girl felt overwhelmed with shame. She did not wish to be seen in her disgrace, just then. What assistance could this stranger give her? She kuted him, with sudden enprice of unreasonable animosity. If he discovered her retreat, he would hugh and jest at the whole dilemma. Dolores could not endure laughter and jesting in her present plight.

"What a beastly hole!" remarked Capt. Blake, aloud, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

Then he strolled on.

The minutes passed slewly and monotonously. Delores wished she had detained, claimed the human sympaths of the gallant soldier once he had departed. He had been kind on a former occasion. Why should she shrink from him now? Hope, expectation, thrilling anxiety of waiting, were all awaked in her breast by the incident of Capt. Blake's taking a country walk. If he thus rambled forth from the town, why not another? Ah, she watched, not for him, but for another! Surely Arthur Curzon would come before nightfull. If he loved her, he must be aware, by some unerring intuition, of her need of him. Of course, he loved her. Had he not repeatedly sworn that he loved her? She doubted this much needed tenderness no more than she feared the sunshine would be withdrawn by some cruel whim of nature from her island home

At length her quick ear heard another footstep approaching. She rose to her feet with a bound, and Florio rushed out of the ruin with a joyful bark of welcome. Oh, swift divination of feminine coquetry! Arthur Curzon had sought the Watch Tower, with a new fan in his pocket, to atone for his misdemeanor of the previous night.

"Good morning, Dolores," blithely. "Good morning," falteringly.
"Were you watching for me here,

Bless you! Why, this rum old temple would serve as a good trysting place."

"Yes," said Dolores, with a sigh. She grew pale, and her eyes sought the ground. "What is amiss, Dolores?" quickly.

She flew to the young man's side, and clasped both of her hands on his "I should have soon died if you had

not come!" she moaned. "Grandpapa has driven me away. He is in one of his fits of bad temper. He has them occasionally. I did nothing to offend him, except to hide the broken fan."

Arthur Curzon's features darkened, while a gleam of anger shone in his eyes.

"Did he dare to strike or beat you. Dolores? He shall answer for it to me, if he did!"

Dolores sighed.

"Oh, no! Grandpapa has never beaten me, I think. He has struck me with words often enough, though.' She held up her sweet face to him,

bathed in tears, for consolation and

the project of retiring to the convent.

"Tell me what I am to do." sobbed breast, "Ah! I have no one in the world besides you!"

Touching assurance of helpless innocence and faith in his power of protection! Arthur Curzon was moved by it, as many another man would have been in his place.

"Why did you think of a convent?" he inquired at length. "You should have come to me, my pet."

Dolores smiled faintly.

'How could I board your ship? I am not a pirate, or-a-a laundress. Grandpapa is always urging my return to the convent." "Curious! He is a protestant," mus-

"It must be to get rid of me," Do-

lores affirmed, ruefully. Finally, he took her by the hand,

and led her back to the Watch Tower. His eyes had acquired a steely glitter, while the lines of resolution deepened about his mouth. "Poor child! Your grandfather

must not be allowed to turn you out of doors as if you had been guilty of some crime. I will make him listen to reason. Later, I shall take you away," he said, with resolution.

Dolores looked at him, lips and chin acquiring their sauciest curves. Already the terrible cloud of trouble was passing away from her spirit. Had she not cast the burthen of her trouble on another?

"You will take me away if I will go," she supplemented.

"Of course."
The cloud of misgiving, and perhaps apprehension, was gathering now about the path of Arthur Curzon. Change in all relations with the sweet and bewitching creature at his side had come with an almost appalling swiftness, jarring and perplexing to the utmest degree. If the Watch Tower, with the tangled garden, had been a hidden paradise to the supine native, Dr. Busatti, because of the beautiful girl who dwelt there, how much more so was it to himself with his fiery nature of the sailor? He had not availed himself of a proposed leave of absence, because he preferred to linger at Malta and hold stelen intercourse with Dolores. He would not vacate a field in favor of Capt. Blake, or some other airy trifler. The atmo sphere of reverse was reseate, even time possessed no due value spent in softest dalliance, varied by femining



appeased to a seductive ensuing tranquility. Behold! Here was the fairy princess thrust forth from her garden to beg her bread on the highway!

Arthur Curzon knocked on the gate, in turn, with an imperious insistance. Jacob Dealtry vouchsafed no response. The two young people looked at each

other in mutual dismay. "You see it is no good to knock, said the girl, with blanching lips.

Her evanescent gaiety had left her with trembling limbs, and her great eyes fixed beseeckingly on her companion, who held her destiny in his keeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) A Remarkable Feat.

An account is given of a remarkable feat accomplished for the Bonsecours Spinning works at Nancy, namely, increasing the height of a chimney about one hundred feet high by some thirty feet additional, without stopping the works a single day. Owing to the power being augmented, the existing chimney did not give sufficient draft for the greater number of boilers, and one or two alterations were involved -either to build a new chimney alongside the old one or to raise the latter still higher. An expert by the name of Bartling offered to increase the height of the standing chimney without any interference with the work of the mills, and, aided by another man equal to the occasion, the contractor proceeded to fix a series of light steel ladders to the chimney by means of iron hooks driven in between the courses of the bricks-erected a pulley at the top of the chimney and a flight of scaffolding all around, and then, having lowered the cornice surmounting the chimney, successfully built on to the top at the rate of about four to five feet per day.

A Plain Duke When Queen Victoria was on her way to Florence, divers dignitaries assembled at the station to greet her. While waiting they observed a man of modest appearance, who strolled up and down beside them, and whom they took for a journalist and sniffed at as having no right to be so near. A station official curtly ordered him back, and the stranger obeyed with a mild and courteous acquiescence. The station official and the civic dignitaries were ready to weep when the train rolled up and the queen, alighting, held out her hand to the stranger with a delighted exclamation. He was the duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

The difference between genius and talent is that the former is a perpetual, never-failing spring; the latter is merely a cistern that has to be filled up from time to t.me.

The young officer heard all, even to DAIRY AND POULTRY.

the girl, hiding her face on his broad INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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



URING the past few years now and again, references have been made to a variety of duck called the Indian Runner, and when traveling in Cumberland and North Lancashire I have been surprised to see the large numbers of this vari-

ety of waterfowl kept. The same is true to a more limited extent in some parts of Southern Ireland. When in conversation with farmers and farmers' wives, more especially in Cumberland, I learnt that they pin their faith strongly to the Indian Runner, declaring this to be the most profitable duck known. This is due to the fact that the production of eggs is their chief object, table qualities being a secondary consideration. A few particulars with regard to this variety will be of interest.

Up to the present time information with regard to the origin of the Indian Runner has been very scant, and even now we cannot point to any definite particulars respecting them, nor whether they are bred in any foreign country. In a small brochure issued by Mr. J. Donald of Wigton, Cumberland, it is stated that about fifty years ago a drake and three ducks were brought from India to Whitehaven by a sea captain, but as the term India, even today, and to a greater extent fifty years ago, may mean any place east of the Cape of Good Mope, this does not help us as to the definite port of shipment or purchase. I am not without hope that this article may lead some readers in Asia to make inquiries on the subject. Mr. Donald states that the same captain brought over a further consignment a few years later, but that "they were not known to their introducer by any special or distinctive name, having simply attracted his attention when ashore by their active habits and peculiar pen-

The first speciments brought over and, we believe, the second also, were presented to some friends in West Cumrland, in whose hands they remained absolutely for many years. But, with that desire for sharing in a good thing which is characteristic of the Cumbrians, a large demant rapidly sprung up for stock, and thus they have seminated themselves through that and the adjoining county. The name given to them is, first, because they are supposed to have come from India, and, second, that they have a "running" gait; hence we have reached the com-bination "Indian Runners."

A breeder of this variety says that he considers Indian Runners the best paying variety of duck to keep, except when reared absolutely and entirely for the table. For that purpose they are undoubtedly small, 3 to 4 lbs. each when fully grown. Whilst they do not readily fatten, they are very nice eating, and the flesh more resembles the flavor of wild duck, but is much softer and more easily eaten. At ten or twelve weeks old the Indian Runner is as tender as a young chicken. The fiesh is parti-colored, the neck and shoulders creamy white, and the rest of the body much darker, the dividing line being very clear and distinct.

As already mentioned, it is as a lay-ing duck that the Indian Runner excels, and is said to average 120 to 130 eggs per annum, without any special feeding, but simply when given hard corn morning and light. When worms are easily found they require very little food othwhite in shell, of good flavor, and not nearly so strong as is usually the case with duck eggs. Mr. Gitlett informs me that he has ten Runner ducks which have laid 746 eggs from January 1st to May 30th of the present year, which, considering the severe frosts which prevailed during the first three menths, is a remarkable result. The highest average was sixty-one eggs from ten ducks in one week. As a rule, if properly grown, these ducks commence laying when about five months old ,and if they are hatched in May and June will begin to lay before the severe weather arrives, and continue egg production right throughout the winter. Earlyhatched ducks are liable to moult in the autumn, and this means fewer eggs in the colder months. Ducks hatched the first week in March have been known to commence the first week in August, and it is more desirable to bring them out so that they will begin in November. Five ducks can be run with one drake, and the eggs are remarkably fertile. Indian Runners are non-sitters, but, as in most other breeds in which the ma-ternal instinct is suspended, exceptions are found to this rule, but cannot be re-lied on for sitting purposes.

In appearance the Runner is lengthy and slightly built, with close, compact plumage. The fore part of body is elevated, and the head carried high. This type is found to be the best layers.

The following is a description of the characteristics of the Indian Runner: Beak: Bright orange in color, with a triangular tip of jet black, but as age

advances the orange color becomes spotted with olive green, and finally assumes a dark olive green color, especially in ducks, the drake retaining the orange much longer. Head: Of the drake, above the eye.

a very dark brown, with a slight patch below the eye on each side, these markings being neatly rounded off behind. Neck: Pure white down to near the shoulders, which, with the breast, is of a beautiful gravish-brown Under parts black, and wings pure

white.
Tail: Brown, with curled feathers white, and for about two inches above the tail the feathers are a very rich dark brown.

Legs: Orange color. The duck has similar markings to the drake, except that the colored parts are a sober brown, like a very light Rouen

In summer the drake, as is the case

color, without that brilliant luster which characterizes the winter plum-age. He also loses the curled feathers in his tail, which are not replaced until after the autumn moult .-- Edward Brown, in London Live Stock Journal.

How Butter Becomes Rancid. Butter stored in a warm room or ex-posed to sunlight may become rancid rom noxious bacteria without becoming sour from either bacteria or from direct chemical change, according to V. Klecki, of Leipsic, Germany. acidity of butter increases regularly with its age, and by the action of sunlight and heat this goes on more slowly than under the usual conditions. Heat diminishes the activity of the acid microbes, and they may be killed by direct sunlight, hence the degree of rancidity of butter cannot be estimated directly from its acidity. Oxidation plays an inferior part in rendering butter acid, the sourness being principally due to the action of bacteria, which are chiefly anaerobic, getting their oxygen by chemically decomposing the butter and hence they can live without air or Temperatures of freezing and of body heat retard the production of acid. The addition of four per cent of poisonous flouride of potassium to test tubes of butter entirely prevents the action of acid-forming bacteria, and the butter retains its aroma taste and consistency, but the flourides cannot be used as preservatives because of their poisonous properties. The bacteria die after they have produced a certain quantity of acids in the butter. Hence, the acid number eventually reaches a maximum beyond which it does not in-This maximum corresponds to a rancidity of about 18 degrees acid is produced in butter by light with the exclusion of air, nor by pure air with the exclusion of light, but bacteria may produce acid in this butter, hence the great importance of antiseptics in keeping butter, as has long been known in practice and followed through the use of common salt, which hinders the action of the bacteria. A freezing temperature and partial darkness have about the same effect in diminishing the production of acid as has saft on butter exposed to light. The proportion of easein in the butter has little effect on the acidity, and indirect sunlight does but little harm. Under ordinary

though these factors may retard the acidity of the butter, but because they also induce putrefactive changes which bring about rancidity.

conditions the acidity of butter is chief-

ly due to bacteria and not to direct exi-

dation of butter fat. Nevertheless, but-

ter should be kept away from direct sunlight and warm temperatures,

Skill in Daleying. In producing a pound of butter there are sixty-six times more room for skill than in the production of one pound of best chance for putting his skill into money. The object of the butter-maker is to get the fat out of the milk with as little of the other constituents in the milk as possible. In every 100 pounds of butter there should be about 13 pounds of water, 82 pounds of butter fat, pounds of salt and 2 pounds of the other constituents in the milk. A cow is not a machine, but a living organism, and therefore will not give a different product because she takes different feed. The feed does not affect the blood of a cow, from which milk is largely formed. Feed will affect the quality of the milk sometimes by changing composition of the fat itself. If the quantity of fat is not affected the velafrom the feed will become part tile fats of the fat in milk, and give its peculiar flavor to the milk. These volatile flavers can be expelled by heating milk or cream to 150 degrees. The ease with which cream may be separated from the milk semetimes depends upon the kind of food a cow takes. Cows for making butter should be handled under such conditions as will give them perfect repose. Cleanliness should be strictly observed. Impure air of the stable will affect the milk, and ensilage will not injure the milk when fed to cows. When cows have been milking a long period or have been ever-heated, or without saft, the milk will become sticky, and prevent a complete separation of the cream. By having some fresh-calved cows' milk to mix with the milk of cows that have been milking a long time, a better quality of butter can be made. Keep the cream sweet and cold, and use a suitable fermentation starter, and you will get a quality of butter in January as good as the quality of June butter. If cream is properly tempered, a temperature of from 54 to 58 will be suitable for churning and 45 minutes will be long enough to get butter.—Professor Robertson, Ontario.

Whence the Quality?

Quality of milk is unquestionably bred into a cow, and not fed in. own convictions in regard to points which you raise are as follows:

1. The percentage of fat in a cow's milk is not materially influenced by the selection of foods, provided she is fed a generous and well-balanced ration. 2. In a large amount of feeding of milch cows which this station has done during the last five years, we have ob-served that changes in food have produced changes in the amount of milk rather than in its character. Generally speaking, an increase of the total amount of fat produced has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the other solids, as well as in the volume of milk. A milking cow be-longing to certain breeds that produce thin milk cannot have Jersey quality fed into her milk any more than one can feed brains into a Digger Indian. That quality must come into an animal of those breeds-if it comes at allthrough a process of selection and persistent good feeding, and will be attained only after several generations, perhaps not then.—Maine Expt. Sta.

A Crimson Clover Question .- Mr. F. W. Sargent, of Amesbury, tells the Farmer and Homes of success with crimson clover where others have failed. His success also was purely accidental. He sowed a side hi!l last fall with crimson clover and herdsgrass. The following rains washed it badly. and to all appearances this spring the crimson clover was a failure, but later it began to germinate and come up in good shape at the lower part of the field where it had been more deeply covered by the wash from the hill above, and since then has done very nicely. This experience raises a ques-tion in Mr. Sargent's mind, whether or with Rouens, assumes a color like that of the duck on back, shoulders and chest, but is not quite so light in color. The head also becomes of a more dowdy spring and become a valuable crop. not if crimson clover could be sowed so late in the fall that it would not sprout, it would start early in the

Is a human nerve. This in a Is a human nerve. This in a sum Let it become overstrained or and the sensitiveness is increase For weak or overwrought nerm ter's Stomach Bitters is the best existence, since it invigorars as them at the same time, it also superlative efficacy in dyspessa, tion, malarial and kidney compliant matism and neuralgia.

The Art of Breathing. It is perhaps one of the sign times, to those alert for inde that the art of breathing has b more and more a subject of atte Oculists as well as physiological deeply into the study in a way to be touched upon here. Phy have cured aggravated cases of have corred aggravated cases of nia by long-drawn regular to fever-stricken patients have been ed. stubborn forms of indigestication disappear. A tendency to constitute the strict of the stubborn forms of the strict of the str to disappear. A tendency to e to disappear. A tendency to constitute may be overcome, as some and ity has within the last few years ly demonstrated, by exercise in the last few years and the word of the mounted, and the victim of hyperconstraints. influence taught to withstand force of an energy directed an

him.
There is a famous physician in ish who has written an extensive upon the subject of breathing. Be besides, formulated a system by a besides, formulated a system by a asthmatic patients are made to without losing breath, while sufferom weaknesses of the heartaren At Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol patients (almost every royal house Europe is represented) are put thus a certain system of breathing walking. The mountain paths are marked off with stakes of different paths are marked off with stakes of the purise color, each indicating the purise color, each indicating the number minutes in which the patient walk the given distance, the treath and walking being in time togeth. As the cure progresses the ascent and steamer and steamer. made steeper and steeper.

The wisest men have never in my

Every man is full of philosophy to its evanecesi

The angler may forget his fires in amateur roet, never.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this war. The reason is found in the fact that nerves are weak and the bedy is a le ish and unkenthly condition. He is may be restored by Hoods much which feeds them upon puss food this medicine will also create mayor and tone up the system and time in mand refreshing sleep and vigores in

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