lost his head.

ent purpose.

he asked.

bell.

"To Great Russell street."

"You went to Great Russell street?

And what, in the name of goodness, did

Estcourt," he continued, severely,

"what we lawyers call this kind of

thing? "Adhering to the sovereign's en-

An overt act of treason, and you and

note then. The man himself had al-

ready asked me to go for quite a differ-

Here the maid entered to lay the

"I'll explain it all to you after dinner,"

said Dick. "In the meantime let us

Dick was preoccupied, and the con-

versation dragged. His guest eyed him

doubtfully from time to time, and he

was uneasily conscious of the fact.

Presently he got up and went to the

"I quite forgot," he said, as he pulled

the cord, "I never asked about that

"I don't understand," said Mr. Wick-

"The seal was broken when I found

The lawyer looker puzzled. "Sure?"

"Certain," Dick replied. "The letter

"That's awkward. I'm afraid any one

who may have read it would think you

The maid appeared in answer to the

"Jane," sald Dick, holding up the let-

"The gentleman wrote it here, sir."
"Excuse me," said Mr. Wickerby, interrupting, "but I should like to ask

kind of thing, you know."
"All right," said Dick; "you'll do it

The lawyer turned to cross-examine

"Yes, sir; he came here once, a week

What time was it when he wrote the

Jane, who was beginning to

"What gentleman?" he asked.

"I don't know his name, sir."

ago, with Captain Estcourt."

held the taper myself."

girl, in great distress.

"But he was out."

"Who was it, then?"

the day?'

court."

"Did you know him by sight?"

'What did he do with it then?'

"And who has been in here during

"No one, sir, but me and Captain Est-

"Then," said the lawyer, with sever-

ity, "It was you who broke the seal; come now, tell the truth."
"No, sir; indeed, it was not," said the

"Captain Estcourt, I suppose, sir,"

"I thought he must have come back

sir, and gone out again. I remember noticing that the letter had been opened

when I came in to see to the fire, and

I said to myself, 'Then he must have been home again.'"

'You're certain no one else came in?'

"They couldn't have done, sir, without

ringing. Captain Estcourt, he has

Mr. Wickerby saw that she was not likely to be shaken from this theory.

Whather it was true or not, it was her only possible method of clearing her-

self from the charge of having opened

"Thank you," he said; "I daresay you are idight. Captain Estcourt must have forgetten. That will do, Jane, and you

The girl fled with alacrity, and Mr. Wickerby turned to Dick, who was

"Weil," he asked, "what do you say to that?"

"What confounded nonsense all this

is!" cried Dick; "as if I didn't know that

I never set eyes on the thing till this

afternoon, just two minutes before you

who sent the invitation, and no doubt

"Oh, hang them, yes!" groaned Dick.

-the lady spoken of as 'my sister-in-

came in! I shall think no more of it.'

eede't trouble yourself about it."

fuming with impatience.

"What time was that?"
"That would be about 11, sir."

atchkey, but others must ring."

question or two; I'm used to this

had been opened, beyond a doubt."

kept queer company.'

ter, "who brought this?"

better than I should."

settle the business you came about."

sharply.

RAND. MS NALLY & CO. . CHAPTER VIII.

BY PERMISSION OF



count, after attend-Madame Montaut to her carrlage with polite inquiries and condolence, went each his own way, and you do that for? Do you know, Captain the other drove back to Bedford Square.

emies': 'levying war against our lord the king'-that's what we call it, sir. Dick was relieved to see how quickly the open air restored the color to Cayour friends make a joke of it!" milla's cheelis; she was herself again by the time they reached home, and med to have recovered even the gaiety which had been conspicuously absent from her manner all the morn-

He stayed an hour or two, and was cloth, and both were silent. induced to tell many stories of the sea. The colonel listened for some time, and then excused himself on the plea of having letters to write. "But I hope you will dine with us," he added.

This was done, and occupied them for somewhat less than half an hour, "Thank you," said Dick, ruefully; "I for somewhat less than half an hour, wish I could; but my lawyer is coming at the end of which time they set down to see me on business at 4 o'clock; he is to table. an old family friend, and I asked him to stay to dinner." And, in fact, he tore himself away soon afterward. When he had seen him out of the house the colonel came back to the drawing room smiling and rubbing his hands together with an appearance of great note being open."

Well, Camilla," he said, "and when will it be convenient to you to pay me?" Pay you what?"

"Have you forgotten? You wagered your fortune that Estcourt would not

She started to her feet; terror, incredulity, anger, and terror again, flashed in her glance and shook her

"Well," she cried, "what then; what "Why, then, of course, you have lost."

"You are lying," she cried, flercely.
"That would be useless here," he said; "one can not deceive oneself. But surely," he expostulated, "you can't pretend to have misunderstood him all this time?

What time?" she asked, in faint de-

"This morning," he replied. "I changed my mind again, and decided in favor of writing. At 10:30 I sent him that if he kept our appointment for 11 Jane, wo'clock at Great Russell street I should understand him to have accepted our "What proposal. He kept the appointment, as you know; you saw the friendliness with which he met his new confeder-Carnae and Rabodanges; and I surprised," he continued, "that he did not hint to you his acceptance of letter?" your cause and your guidance.'

near as I could say.' "You have ruined a man's honor." but you shall not have your way with both of us: if he goes with you, I stay behind." And she left the room before he could find an answer.

Dick, in the meantime, stepped with a swinging pace along the streets, look-ing exultantly back upon the brightest day in his memory, and forward to a yet brighter one tomorrow. He sprang up the stairs to his room, and burst gally in. His glance traveled to the mantel-piece, where his letters were usually placed; today there were two, and he hummed a tune as he took them in his hand. They were both from known correspondents, and quite un-interesting: but a third, lying near them, was directed in a handwriting

that he had never seen before. He was surprised to find, on turning it over, that this last one had been already opened, but he immediately forgot this in his astonishment at the con-

was no mistaking the source from which it came; the words "my sister-in-law and I" brought a flush to his face. He was amased, bewildered, over-

whelmed.

Before he could collect his scattered senses the door opened, and "Mr. Wickerby" was announced. On the threshold stood the lawyer he had been expecting, a gray-haired, sharp-eyed, precise-looking man of 55 or more, with his hat in one hand and a bag in the

"Good day, sir," he said. And then, with a quick glance from Dick's troubled face to the paper in his hand, he added: "Anything wrong? No bad news, I hope?"

Dick jumped to his feet, took the hat bag from his visitor, and drew a chair up to the fire for him.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Wickerby," he said; "I'm in a regular maze over this extraordinary note."
"Let me see," said the lawyer.
Dick mechanically handed it over to him, and tried to put his own ideas in

order while the other read in silence. " said Mr. Wickerby, look up at last, "this is a cool fellow, my word! He pretends to be a id of yours. Do you recognize the

"No," replied Dick, "I never saw it in ut you can guess the author, ch? -m, so much the worse! If you will

my freedom, Captain Est-

top!" cried Dick. "I must warn that these are intimate friends of s." and he blushed crimson. terby looked at him curious-must be," he said, "very in-

"They must be," he said, "very in-ate, I should say, to venture upon he proposal as this."

"Hang it" cried Dick, "you don't ion fixed a penetrating glance upon him.

"Do you know," he said, "I think, my DAIRY AND POULTRY dear Esteourt, it might be better for DAIRY AND POULTRY you if you made a clean breast of it. I'm an old confidential friend of your people, and you know I will keep your

"I give you my word," cried Dick, "there's nothing more to tell than this: I know Colonel de Montaut—the man who wrote this letter, you know-pretty well; and as for Madame de Montaut-"Yes?" inquired Mr. Wickerby. "And

as for Madame-?" "Oh, you understand," said Dick, with desperate embarrassment, "she's the only woman in the world; but no one could ever think me capable of disloyalty, and she least of all."

"Hm-m," said the lawyer, couldn't, perhaps; but women have a high estimate of their own power, and some of them love to exercise it, too."
"Some of them!" Dick burst out, indignantly; "she's not 'some of them.' She wouldn't accept the help of a traitor, much less ask for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick. He was becoming irritated beyond his 'How does it contain its own answer?" self-control, and Mr. Wickerby hast-Silence, in this case, was to give reened to leave this part of the subject. fusal; consent was only to be inferred "The question now is," he remarked, from a particular act.' "what you are to do."

Dick was thunderstruck at this, and "Do!" cried Dick. "I shall write to Colonel de Montaut at once, and call to-"But I went," he stammered. morrow morning to explain the mis-"Went where?" asked the other,

"Stop a moment," said the lawyer "I'm not quite sure that that's your wisest plan, though, of course, it is the natural one to think of first. Let me just put the case before you as it looks to an outsider-not to me, mind you, but to an impartial stranger; to a judge or jury, for instance."

Dick looked nervous and sulky, but said nothing, and Mr. Wickerby went on in a clear, precise tone, marking off for the storage of hay and grain, and the points on the fingers of his left hand "But that was not why I went," said Dick, in confusion. "I hadn't had the as he proceeded:

"An English officer," he began, "makes friends with a Frenchman-a strong Bonapartist-and falls in love with a relative of this gentleman, much attached to the same cause. He goes often to their house, and is frequently

seen in their society.
"On Saturday, March 24, 1821, he leaves home at 10:30 in the morning. Immediately afterward a letter from his Imperialist friend arrives, referring to previous conversations, and asking him to join in a treasonable plot. A refusal is to be easly implied by mere silence, but the consent, which is plainly expected, is to be evidenced by attendance at 11 o'clock at a certain place for the purpose of meeting two fellow-conspira-

"By 11 o'clock this letter has been opened and read. No one has entered the house since our friend left it, unles, indeed, he returned himself. The maid who received the note, with seal intact, is positive on this point; and to save herself would probably, under pressure, swear that she heard him come in

"At 11 o'clock he is at the place named -for quite a different purpose, he says, but admittedly at the invitation of these same Bonapartists. The other conspirators are there too, and a cordial introduction takes place. His conduct does not appear to have aroused any doubt in their minds as to his acceptance of their overtures.

"Confronted with this array of facts. our friend proposes to put himself right by explaining matters to the Bonapartists and even to commit the imprudence of expressing his regrets on paper. 'Litera scripta manet.' My dear Estcourt, no prudent man ever writes a letter when he can avoid it. Your disappointed friends would have you in a trap here. You'd much better run away quietly, and take a holiday somewhere, without leaving your address. they've come to grief and got hanged

"What the devil do you mean?" shouted Dick, in exasperation.

"Then you can come back in safety," "About 10:30 in the morning, sir, as continued Mr. Wickerby. "But if you write, they'll have undeniable evidence that you received their proposal, and "Yes, sir; I brought him the wax and you'll have to choose between keeping the secret-which is a felony known by the unpleasant name of 'misprison of "He gave it to me, sir, and I put treason'—and giving them up to justice. As a matter of fact the absence of good it on the chimney-piece."
"You are sure the seal was unbroken which, I take it, you are even less likely to prefer. His ironical tone and incontrovertible

logic infurlated Dick.
"Damnation!" he roared; "why can't

you let me go my own way? I know my friends better than you do, I should

'I hope so, too," replied the lawyer, offended in his turn. "I will leave you to your own way, as you desire, and hope to hear no more of this business. I beg you to notice that I do not know where your friends live: I did not ever catch their names; and I understand that the whole affair is a practical joke. I wish you may live long to laugh at it.'

He took up his hat and bag and left the room. Dick heard the front door bang heavily behind him, then made a quick gesture of deflance, and sat down at his desk to write to Colonel de Montaut.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bourget Praises Yankee Women

What, then, has M. Bourget to say of the American woman? To begin with, seems bewildered with her com plexity, for he calls her in turn an idol, an enigma, an orchid, an exotic, while she typifies, in a country as yet with-out an ideal, the yankee's devotion to sheer force of will. She is not made to be loved. She does not want to be loved. It is neither voluptuousness nor tenderness that she symbolizes; she is a palpitating objet d'art, at once sumptuous; alert, intelligent, and audacious, and as such the pride and luxury of a new and somewhat defiant civilization.

In fine, M. Bourget's language on the subject is so magnificent that we should write him down a romanticist pure and simple were it not that, in the the course of his analysis, he shows us another side of the picture. The purity of the American girl, the author of "Le Disciple" tells us, is not to be ques "That is all very well," replied his companion, "but the question is, will tioned. She is coquettish as well as calculating, and as frankly mercenary all these other people think no more of it, too?"
"What other people?"
"Well, there is first the gentleman on occasion as she is naively self-centered. Clearly, it is the individualism of the American woman that surprises the critics of the Latin race, for northerners have little difficulty in undersupposes you to have accepted it with your eyes open; secondly, these French-men he mentions—did you meet them. standing a nature which seeks its interest as much in globe trotting and self-culture—or shall we call it self-advancement?-as in mere ebullitions of passion or sentiment. "Thirdly, the person or persons, un-known, who opened and read this let-ter; and fourthly-let me see-oh, yes

By actual experiment it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of water only one inch in divessel having a resisting power of 27,0

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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



AKE a building that will hold 59 cows, say 28 feet wide by 108 feet long and 14 feet high. The first story should be 10 feet for the cows, with a 4 foot loft for meal and cut litter. A building of this width and size

of light timbuilt bers, say 2 by 4 inch studding, balloon frame. As the roof is narrow the rafters can be light and need no purlins. Board it with neat siding and line it or plaster inside. With well arranged windows and air ducts you have light and ventilation as thoroughly under your control as in the living room of your house. Such a building as this can be put up for one-third the cost of a 55 by 60 foot bank barn and be infinitely better as a place to house cows. Two objections will probably be urged against this single purpose barn-first, for the storage of hay and grain, and, secondly, that it will be inconvenient to get the coarse provender from the storage barn to the cow barn. In answer to the first objection I can say if new buildings are to be put up, build them long and narrow, as in the case of the cow barn before described, for the same saving in the cost of the smaller sized lumber can be made. Lumber of what we call yard sizes costs \$12 to\$15 per thousand. Sawed sizes cost \$18 to \$20, and quite large sticks, which have to be of good pine, may cost \$30. Such a building as above indicated can be built of yard sizes and would not cost over half as much as a square bank barn of the Chester county pattern of the same capacity. If your old barn is good, take our your basement stables, drop your bays and so increase the storage capacity.

As to the second objection, every farmer with land enough to put on 40 or 50 cows to 100 acres will surely have a silo and cut his fodder and his hay, and with well arranged hanging tracks can take his cut feed across his barnyard into his cow barn with more satisfaction than in the old way of taking forkfuls of hay and sheaves of fodder through the dark and parrow entries. An extension of this idea of single

purpose barns would suggest a horse barn also, which in many ways would be preferable to stabling them in the basements of bank barns. We used to imagine that great straw sheds were needed for the storage of litter, the shelter of the stock and the protection of the manure. Now we haul our manure directly to the fields, our cows are not let out when they require shelter, and the straw should be cut into inch lengths at the time of thrashing, in which case it can be housed in one-third the usual space, and actually costs less than to store it away uncut.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Western Pastures.

One of the foremost considerations with the dairyman is the matter of cheap and effective food. In the Wes here, even at this comparatively early day, the cry is for more pasture room pasturage for the cows at about this time of the year, as a rule, is complained about a good deal more in this section than it is further East where they have learned to depend upon something better. It is now conceded by dairymen who have studied all sides of the question that the corn field will furnish more of the right kind of food for the dairy cow than will the pasture. That is to say, turn the pastures into corn fields and clover and alfalfa meadows, then prepare the food for the cows for every month the year around, and it will be discovered that milk and butter are produced at a lessened cost. This manner of feeding necessarily brings into requisition the silo. By this means several advantages are had. It is possible to feed through a long drouth just the same as though the pastures were green and without any increase of cost. It is also possible to feed through the long winter on a milk producing ration that is grown on the farm and is as cheap as grass itself. With the right kind of ration for winter feeding it encourages more of winter dairying, and consequently greater profits to the butter maker. This branch of conducting the dairy is but one branch of what is known as intensive farming. It is found to be in keeping with the idea of cutting down the acreage of the farm, and of putting more of both brain and brawn labor into those acres. This system is working well in practice further east, and it is but a matter of time when it will be found more thoroughly engrafted into our Western ways.—Nebraska Farmer.

Amateur Tests.-We once knew of a man that bought a good many cows every year for his city dairy. It was before the advent of the Babcock test, and for that reason he was very excusable in using a more primitive mode. He would get the milk of the cow offered for sale and set it over night in a goblet. If it showed a good thick cream in the morning, he bought the cow, provided her milking capacity was fairly good. This might do for cows to be used in a milk dairy, but it would be very unreliable for cows to be used in a creamery or for the private dairy. This, for two reasons: First, some cream is much more compact than others, and a cow whose cream was five-sixteenths of an inch | ish .- Ex.

thick might really contain less butterfat than one four-sixteenths inches thick. Second, the cream in some milk rises very much slower than in other lots, due largely to the size of the butter globule.

Uncertainty of Scores.

says: There is no doubt but that the A. P. A. can recommend certain persons as judges, and require them, before that is done to be examined as to their qualifications for such position, but in that event will all societies and associations employ them? If they did not, would it not lead to another rebellion, in comparison to which the score card affair would be a pigmy? Would it not furnish a pabulum for poultry writers to ventilate their literary attainments pro and con for a long time? The judge, to suit all, must be especially endowed with certain qualities, among which might be mentioned well versed in the business, which means tact and experience; he must be quick. agreeable, absolutely accurate, unvarying in judgment, have a retentive memory, possessed of patience, and to be able to measure up defeated exhibitors he must be a phrenologist, a physiognomist, and a psychologist or hypnotizer. In fact, such a man cannot be found, and therefore, resort must be had to those possessing fewer virtues. If a judge is required to use a score card he will have between twenty and twenty-five subdivisions of a fowl to examine, each of which may be defective in from one to six or more places, and all such defects will vary in from one-fourth to five or more points in valuation, and in a class of twenty fowls his mind or attention, it is possible, will be or may be brought into direct operation over 7,000 times, and what is expected is that he shall go over and over the same specimens time and time again and have the results exactly alike; or if after a week has elapsed a few of the specimens included in the twenty named meet him elsewhere, he is expected to place them in the same notches again as a test of his expert skill, ability and honesty, no matter what changes may have been made in the circumstances and conditions surrounding them-a thing impossible, and its like or analogy is not found in all nature, a thing which cannot be done whatever system of scoring he uses, or whatever committees or associations recommend him; and it is safe to say that it is impossible for a judge to score fowls in any considerable numbers, or at different times and places, and make the scores exactly alike when done twice or more, but with a few extra or fine fowls he may score sufficiently close to have the results approximately alike.

Greater Poultry Profits.

Years ago, says E. H. Davis in The Poultry Monthly, the poultry business was not as lucrative as it is at the present time. During the winter months, although our poultry was well sheltered and fed and great care used to keep the buildings clean, giving plenty of fresh water, etc., we found at the opening of the spring we had no remuneration for our labor, as cost of grain, scraps, potatoes, etc., far exceeded the income of eggs.

We have now a better way of feeding, and most excellent results have followed. We feed cut green bones in fair quantity every other day, and some of the time every day. They are inexpensive, and with a good bone cutter they make when cut fresh every day it to a nice rare steak to a hungry man. The fowls love it. They thrive, and the chickens grow rapidly when fed on it. The mineral part of this food gives chickens material for their growing bones, and for the laying hens the shells, while the meat, gristle and juices in these green bones give material for the flesh to the growing chickens and interior of the egg in abundance.

So now our fowls, instead of being overfat in winter, are giving us eggs. Instead of being a sorry looking, delected, unprofitable lot during the molting period, they are wide awake and strong, and many of them go so far as to give us eggs regularly at this time. The grain bill being largely reduced, the egg yield being increased and no loss from sickness, all aid in making our winter and spring record very encouraging, and no one could induce us to neglect the feeding of green bone freshly cut at all seasons of the year.

Silkes.

Manly Miles has this to say of the above named breed: This breed, sometimes called Silky, or Negro fowls, have a very peculiar appearance; their plumage being so unlike that of the plumage being so unlike that of other fowls, as to be scarcely recognized as feathers; while the skin of the fowl is a deep violet color, almost black, the surface bones being of the same hue also, which gives it a rather uninviting look when prepared for the table. The flesh, however, is very delicate and white, and superior to that of many breeds. The plumage has a soft, flossy appearance, the filaments being separate or single, and has been represented by ancient naturalists as resembling wool. In describing this peculiar breed of fowls some say, "They were covered with wool instead of feathers"; others say, they were covered with "hair like cats."

These fowls are supposed to be natives of India, though some say they originated in China. They are bred in England to some extent. The cocks weigh about four pounds, and the hen about two and one-half pounds.

Scavenger Sheep.—The too common opinion in regard to sheep is that they are but scavengers, and fitted only to consume the weeds and other wastes on the farm; but out of nothing comes nothing. If there is no proper food, care and shelter provided, we must expect our sheep to pine away and perSaved by Her Corset.

New York Press: Edward Kempton, young man employed for the last year year in this city, called at the home of Miss Laura Johonott to bid her goodbye before leaving to accept a position in Brooklyn. While taking his leave ne pulled a revolver from his pocket A writer in Ohio Poultry Journal and fired at the girl's heart, but the bullet struck a corset steel, glanced and did no harm. He immediately raised the revolver and shot himself through the temple, dying a half hour later without regaining consciousness. It is thought he was deranged.

A wrong desire overcome is a tempta-tion resisted.

Scrofula from Infancy

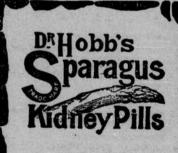
Troubled my daughter. At times her head would be covered with scabs and running sores. We were afraid she would become blind. We had to keep



parilla and soon me saw that she was better in every respect. The sores have now all healed. I had a severe attack of the grip, was left in bad condition with muscular rheumatism and lumbago. Since taking

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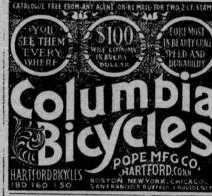
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