CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)
Ralph had invited a couple of young gentlemen with their sisters up from the city, and Miss Ireton came over to the Rock with a gay party of her own friends. Boating, picnicking hunting, fishing and strolling in the woods filled up the days, and in the evening they had dancing and music and conversation. Miss Ireton professed a great attachment for Agnes, but toward Marina she was always frosty, though sufficleptly gracious to avoid attracting at-

Ralph saw plainly whither his mother was drifting. She had set her heart upon his making Imogene his wife. She had never told him so, in just so many words, but her every act spoke her desire. Ralph loved his mother, and he most devoutly wished to know whether he loved Miss Ireton. Sometimes when she sat beside him, her faced drooped, her eyes downcast, her fragrant breath warm on his face, he fancied she was al! the world to him, and then a single tone of Marina's sweet voice would dispel even the memory of Imogene's pres-

One sunny afternoon, the party at the Rock went for a ramble down the shore. Imogene, swinging her straw hat on her arm, walked by the side of Ralph. Growing far down in a cleft of a rock, she spied a bunch of purple flowers. She claped her hands with

"What lovely blossoms! Such a per fect shade of purple! How I wish I had them for my hair! My heliotropes are ugly by comparison!" And she tore the odious things from her massive braids and crushed them in her hand.

Marina, too, was looking down at the coveted flowers. Ralph stepped toward them. Lynde Graham and Mr. Ver-stein both apoke together.

"Don't go, Trenholme! It looks dangerous!

"Gallant gentlemen, to think of danger where a lady's gratification is conerned! I count myself fortunate to be allowed the privilege of risking so little

Miss Ireton blushed with triumph. Marina's eyes were downcast.

Ralph swung himself over the cliff. Both the girls advanced to look over. He gathered the blossoms, put them in som, and prepared to return. But he placed his foot on an insecure stone; it gave way, and he was precipitated downward. A clump of spruce broke, somewhat, his fall, but those who looked over the brink hardly dared sope that there was anything but death

Miss Freton fell back, pale and trembling. Agnes lost all consciousness in a swoon, but Marina leaned over, and called into the depths, with her clear,

"Mr. Trenholme!"

She always called him so now. was no longer Ralph, as of old. There was on reply. She rose up, pale as death, ut there was no tremor in her voice Dr. Graham, we must get him up

There are ropes and a boat a few rods Graham was off for them and back

gain in a moment. The gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly. There was no way to reach Trenholme, save by descending the face of the cliff. Marina took an end of the rope and made it fast around her waist.

They read her purpose in her eyes ed, calmly: "No, I can go best of all. Your

will be needed to draw us both up. And I have lived among these cliffs

they offered no further resistance, toward her carefully down. She ched the hand of Ralph Trenholme it was warm. Her heart gave a great und. She knew that he lived. She disengaged the rope and put it about him, and in rapid succession both were drawn up to their friends.

holme was only stunned, and the tion regived him. He rose to his t, and took the flowers from his som. Same deep purpose glowed in

his eyes. He turned to Marina, who stood a little apart. "They are children of the salt spray. rself, Marina," he said. "Wear m and do me honor."

She colored slowly, bowed her graceful head, and fastened them in her curla. Imagene's eyes flashed dangerously, but her voice was cool as she

ar me, how pretty! But purple is oming to a blonde, though sobjects to purple and gold, I

After that, Ralph devoted himself to a, and not all the blandishments of the black-eyed syren could win him lance. Once only, she ed palpably to bring him back. He promised to teach Marina a new chess, that night, promised in ng of Imogene. As he was

passing the conservatory on his way to the little room occupied by the girls n common, he heard his name called:

He knew the voice at once, and went

"Isn't it a perfect night?" she said, looking out into the clear moonlight. "It is so sweet, it makes me restless. I wish you would go and walk with But I hoped this fact might have an me on the cliffe. Will you?" She put influence with you." her hand on his arm and looked up at him with her matchless eyes.

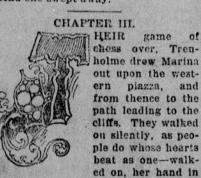
arm.

"Thank you," he said quietly. would afford me much pleasure, but 1 race. I believe in blood. And this girl have engaged to play a game of chess has not even a name!" with Marina. I will send Verstein or Dr. Graham to you."

Her eyes fairly shot lightning, her face was like a thunder-cloud. She closed worthily." her small hand slowly; the action was significant, but the voice in which she! replied was cool and even:

need not trouble either of the other riage love should be first always." gentlemen. On second thought, I must | He sank down on one knee before go to my room and finish a letter which her, and put his head in her lap, just revior."

And she swept away.



cliffs. They walked on silently, as people do whose hearts beat as one-walk-

his, unheeding that the sweet night had changed, and that the cold wind was glooming the sky with black clouds. They sat down together on a broken

fragment of rock that seemed to lean out, listening to the murmur of the sea. Trenholme put his arm around Marina. "My child," he said, "you have known me a long time. Do you trust me?"

She looked up into his face with the confidence of a child.

"Yes, Ralph, as I trust no other." "I am glad. Because I want you for

my wife. I love you. I have loved you, I think, ever since the sea cast you up at my feet, and now I want you wholly She did not reply, only looked at him,

in a little tremulous flutter of wonder, her innocent heart shining through her eyes.

"Marina, I am waiting for you to speak." "But, Ralph, I have no name," she

"I have given you mine once, nov offer it to you for all your life!"

"But your mother?" "My mother is proud, but she loves

rina, answer me, dear." "What shall I say?" "Tell me if you love me-if you trust

me enough to give yourself into my keeping? His face was bent to hers. She put

her arm timidly around his neck. "I do love you, Ralph," she said softly, "more than al! the world! And I have been so wretched, thinking you cared for Miss Ireton!"

"My little Marina! Miss Ireton is magaificent, but I do not love her. You are my light. Nothing shall divide us.' He took her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

Just then the storm burst over them. The thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed blood-red athwart the heavens. Trenholme caught Marina up, and bounded lightly from rock to rock up the circuitous path to the house. Just across the end of the piazza lay the fallen form of the old sycamore tree that had for years waved over the easteru gables, rent and riven into splinters by a flery thunderbolt. Marina grew pale as death and shivered when she saw it.

"O Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, clinging to him. "It is an omen!"

He kissed her, to seothe her fears. "My darling! it is nothing. The lightning likes an old tree, and this has kept guard here for ages. Do not give it a thought. To-night I shall speak to my mother. Sleep well, dear; remember you belong to me."

He left her at the door of her chamber, which was in the east wing, on the second floor, and whose bay windows had always been shaded by the great tree now fallen.

Neither Ralph nor Marina had seen, crouching under the fallen trunk, the weird form that looked at them out of great, revengeful eyes, that clutched its white hand through the gloom, muttering hoarsely:

"My hour will come! and then be-

Marina crept into bed, trembling at the flerce raging of the storm, yet filled with a strange delight. Her lips yet thrilled with his kisses; she held her hands tenderly to her heart, because his fingers had pressed them.

Ralph went into his mother's little private boudoir. He found her sitting there alone, as he had expected. He

went at the subject at once: "Mother, Marina is to be my wife."

She stared and grey pale as death. FARM AND GARDEN. What she had so long dreaded had

"Well?" she said, a little haughtily. "I ask you to accept her as a daughter, and to love her, if not for her own sake, at least for mine. And she deserves even your love, in justice to her

"Partiality may influence your opinion in regard to Marina's virtues; but I have nothing to urge against her character. I helped to form it myself. Ralph, I have feared this for a long time, but I hoped for a different result. I am frank with you. I had set my heart on seeing you the husband of Imogene Ireton. She is beautiful, she is your equal in wealth and rank-and more, she loves you!"

"Mother!" "I know you think, my son, that one woman should never betray another's secrets. And perhaps she should not.

"And it has not. I love only Marina -none other. And she loves me. He dropped her hand gently from his Mother, will you accept her as I ask you?

"Ralph, how can I? I am of a proud

"She will have mine. It is an honorable one. No fairer lady has ever borne What a look she flashed upon him! it; and the world knows many noble and beautiful women have borne it

"Will nothing move you, Ralph?" "Mother, words are useless. My mind is fixed. Forgive me if I seem unduti-"Oh! of course I would not interfere ful, for in loving Marina I have not with any previous engagement. You ceased to love my mother, but in mar-

ought to have gone this morning. Au as he used to do, when a child he came to have his little troubles soothed away. "Mother, dear, bless me, and promise to love Marina."

He looked up into her face, and the HEIR game of look conquered. His eyes were like chess over, Tren- those of his dead father. She bent over holme drew Marina him and kissed his forehead, her face out upon the west- wet with tears. He understood the gesern piazza, and ture, and went away from her content. from thence to the The next day at dinner, the engagepath leading to the | ment was announced.

CHAPTER IV.



HE preparations for the wedding of the heir of Trenholme house were on a magnificent scale. Mrs. Trenholme having once yielded, would do the generous thing, and Marina would be married with all the pomp and cere-

mony that she would have given to Agnes in the same

The gentle bride took very little interest in the preparation. She liked best to sit out on the cliffs with Ralph, her hand in his, her sweet eyes looking out to sea from whence she came to him. And so the blissful summer days went by, and brought nigh the twentieth of September, the time set apart for the bridal.

Miss Ireton had been profuse in her congratulations, and it was by Marian's own request that she came over to the Rock a week before the wedding day, to assist in various items of the bride's trousseau. And she was to be bridesmaid and remain until they had set forth on their wedding tour.

The twentieth arrived, clear cloudless and bland. A large party had assembled at the Rock two or three days previously, and was made still larger by constantly arriving reinforce-The ladles-in-waiting had dressed the bride and left her to herself. The hour-hand on the great clock in the hall pointed to ten. It was the hour set for the ceremony. The bishop came forward in his robes. Mrs. Trenholme spoke to the bridesmaids as they stood in a group before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARATION OF MEATS.

Method: by Which the French Eutcher Excel in Their Calling.

Butchers' meat (in France) is pre pared, divided and arranged in the sheps in such a manner that it never suggests slaughter. It is a rare thing for one to see a stain on counter, bench or floor. The mode of killing the animals probably has something to do with this freedom from moisture and dripping. Maria Parloa, in an article on "The Science of French Cooking." in the Ladies' Home Journal, says the animals are not bled before being killed. as might be inferred from the absence of moisture, but they are killed in such a manner that veins and arteries are emptied quickly and thoroughly. After this the animal is bouffee, that is, filled with wind. The large arteries are pressed open and the points of large bellows are inserted into them. While the bellows are being worked a man beats all parts of the carcass with a flat stick. This is to distribute the air in all parts of the flesh. All this work is done very rapidly. The inflating of the animal in this manner gives a fuller and firmen appearance to the meat, and, I fancy, empties the voins and arteries more effectually than they would otherwise be. The French use very little ice, and meats are kept only a few days at the most. The best of beef in France does not compare with American beef, but the veal is superior to anything we have. It is valued more highly than any other product of the butcher. But no matter what the viand when it comes to the hands of the cook it is so prepared that she has but little to de to it except to cook it.

Five charters were asked of the A. R. U. last month in Ohio.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof-Horticulture, Viticulture and Flori-



months I have made several trips amounting to six thousand miles, extending through the states of Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, and into and

through Ohlo, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia.

In these several trips have been a close observer from the car window, and though had been over most of the routes traveled, it was no less interesting to me this time, for the diversity of soil and climatic influences are perceptibly noticeable as we pass through the different sections of country.

No where do the methods of farming present a better appearance of thrift and home-like surroundings than in sections where diversified farming is systematically engaged in from year to year, by which the farmer grows as many or nearly all the staple crops required to meet the demanda of his own wants, and by converting the products thus grown to a higher rate of values ready for use, such as beer, pork, mutton, poultry, eggs, butter, etc. The all corn, wheat, cotton what not class of farmers are usually more dependent upon others and the uncertainties of market influences that cause an unhappy condition in their accounts.

The crops in localities appeared to be exceptionally good, but in many, short to a very poor crop, and believe the corn crop has been very much overestimated by the reports. Corn is selling too low to be of any practical value to the producer in districts where 10 cents per bushel is as much as it now commands.

Of a middle states farmer it has been said, "plenty of cora, plenty of everything," which I would take to mean he has plenty of cheap food to allow liberal feeding for the various kinds of stock, converting it into many useful articles necessary for "getting on well."

In some sections of the West corn does not mean so much for the situation or the producer has not the advantages of obtaining those results, and is compelled to submit to the inevitable by taking what ever he can get after freight and commission are paid.-Miello, in Farmer's Review.

The dead plant is prepared for feeding the growing plant through the ac-

tion of microdemes or bacteria or, to use a name that will become general among farmers, ferments; low orders of plant life similar to what raises bread or ripens cream. There is much to learn regarding the processes, but it has been fairly well settled that each successive step is taken by a different living organism. The practical value of this comes from the necessary conditions to have the dead plant-manure changed | do the work satisfactorily, as we think to soluble plant food-and this is under it will, it would be another case in the control of the farmer. According which nature provides an easy remedy to Warrington ammonia is made first, for the ailments she permits to befall nitrites next, then nitrates. The plant may feed on all of them, as all are soluble, but the organisms may change ammonia and nitrites to nitrates before the plant feeds upon them, as conditions favorable to plant growth favor nitrification, that is, heat and moisture suitable, together with the ingredients necessary to form the nitrates, which manure supplies. Light is not favorable to nitrification. So we conclude that manure spread on the surface in dry weather must wait until rains wash it into the soil. If it is put on lightly, in the spring, grass may cover and shade it so that the organisms can work. If manure is plowed under in our soil from four to six inches the moisture and heat will be suitable for forming nitrates or soluable plant food. If manure is packed solidly in a pit it will not nitrify if kept wet and cold. and if put in a great heap in winter, while the weather is cold it will not produce nitrates until turned over in the spring, because the oxygen in the air is a necessity in the process. A heap of manure left in the barnyard all summer will waste on the outside, because it gets too much air, while at some distance from the outside it will have proper conditions for nitrification. and when rains come they will dissolve the nitrates and wash the solution away. So manure heaps carried over should be covered to avoid this, and kept moist and cool to prevent fire fanging or loss of ammonia in gaseous shape. A loose heap of manure will thus waste away, and in the fall a load of it is of no more value, if as much, than a load of green manure. We must then spread the green manure at once on the surface or plow it under, or put it in condition to make ni trates and then keep the rains off. It is not practical to put manure in cold storage, nor to build houses for it. The best we can do is to put the fresh manure on the land. There is no loss from sun drying, and when rains come they will wash it into the soil, where the ferments can reduce it to plant food .- Prof. James Wilson. Value of Farm Products.

The annual report of the secretary of agriculture, which has just been issued, states that the farm products for the year ending June 30 last are estimated to be worth \$2,300,000,-000. The products of these farms

districts whose attention and energies were devoted to other occupations than agricultural pursuits, but there was enough of a surplus to export to the value of \$553,215,347, 75 per cent going to European countries. The agricultural exports of the country constituted

69.68 per cent of the whole. The secretary of agriculture estimates that there are 40,000,000 of the total population who do not live on farms, so that one-third of the population only was engaged in producing the vast amount indicated by the figures given. The year covered by the report, comparatively speaking, was not a good one for the farmers. In many sections of the west there was a total failure of crops in consequence of long-continued drouths, so that a much better showing would have been made had the year been an average one.

Forestry in India.

Government forestry seems to be a success in India. The inspector-general of forests for India is now in this country and he gives an interesting account of the management in that country. He says it has taken eighteen years of legislation to get the kind of laws needed, but they have succeeded. Now the permanency of the big forests is assured and the government will get a handsome income from them. The government is gradually obtaining possession of all the forest lands and now has 80,000 square miles of wooded country under supervision. The government at intervals gives notice that it intends to take a certain piece of forest land so many miles in size, and claimants have six months in which to appear and prove their claims. An individual or town, probably, has a descriptive right to take building timber from the forest in question. That right is proved and settled permanently, and thereafter only such trees as are marked by the inspector can be cut. In Burmah alone there are over 1,000 different kinds of forest trees and the study there is to propagate the valuable species and weed out those that are not .- Rural Life.

Tillage and Fertility-The fact that the rocky particles of the soil are the source of phosphoric acid and nitrogen, and that they are derived by dissolving of the rock, makes tillage a source of fertility, since it tends to the more rapid disintegration of these rocky particles. If these particles were as easily dissolved as the grains of sugar or salt, our soil resource would sooner be destroyed by excess of moisture or by too frequent cultivation. One of the great sources of depletion of soil is the too frequent cropping, which means double or triple depletion. First, the crop, be it hay, grain, wool, meat or milk, taken from the farm, removes fertility. Second, the tillage unlocks the phosphoric acid and potash from the rock, and makes a larger portion available for the plants. Third, the land left bare much of the year declines in the per cent of nitrates. This last is a more important source of loss than is commonly understood.

Fill Up the Holes.—Has any reader ever tried Dr. Braden's plan for improving muddy roads by covering the low places with straw, coarse hay; weeds or other such trash? We thought the idea worth trying in places where marsh grass abounds, on the borders of sloughs. A large amount of such filling could be applied very easily and cheaply there, and if it is found to us. The plant whose root cures snake bite is said to grow always in places where venomous serpents abound. Where bad roads are apt to be in their worst condition, in the low ground, the reeds and the tough, coarse grasses do most abound. Let us give this cheap road material a trial before we laugh at it as foolish to think seriously about. -Indiana Farmer.

Profit in Apples.-Apples pay if the producer can get 20 cents a bushel for them on the tree. The only hope of making the raising of fruit pay is to ship it to Europe, where good apples are scarce. For this purpose the utmost care must be observed in packing. The rest of the crop that cannot be consumed at home and made into cider. cider felly and vinegar can be fed profitably to live stock. Apple-fed pork is a delicacy. The people of the United States, too, ought to eat more apples than they do. Nothing is more conducive to health and long life. This year they will have a chance to indulge their appetities with the choicest fruit, which is abundant.-Ex.

Cultivated or Uncultivated Trees .-The Nebraska agricultural sta-tion has issued a bulletin from which the following practicable conclusions are drawn. Trees in cultivated ground have darker and more vigorous foliage than those in sod ground, with less yellowing, dropping of leaves or wilting in hot, windy days. Apples averaged fourteen per cent greater weight on cultivated than on pasture land, and 17 per cent greater than on mowed land. As to moisture, for every 100 barrels of water in twenty inches depth of soil or sod land, there were 140 in cultivated land. Evaporation, as anyone might suppose, was found proportionate to the velocity of wind, Apples in Missouri. -- Missouri

is claiming to be a formidable rival to the best known apple growing states. Apples are a surer growth in Missouri than in either New York or Michigan because of the milder climate, it is asserted. In the Ozark country the crop has failed only three times in the past twenty-five years. This year Missouri alone will furnish from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 worth. Orchards of hundreds of acres are no great novelty in the prolific Ozark country. Ex-Secretary of Agriculture Norman J. Colman has were not only sufficient to feed 6,000 pear trees and 2,000 apple trees, all the town and city populations and | the latter bending under the heaviest a large number of people in the rura! | yield they have ever borne.-Ex.

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That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardener say. Well why don't you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's northern grown seeds. His vegetables are bred to earliness and they never disappoint you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm

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