into her throat. She caught his hand

"You will make me happy!" she cried.

"Oh, sir, God in heaven bless you; and

some time you will thank Him that he

taught you mercy in the cause of jus-

The governor rose, put Helen away

from him, and drew toward his writ-

ing materials. He wrote rapidly a few

moments, signed his name at the bot-

tom of the sheet in bold characters, and

He then folded the document and

"There," he said, "if I have done

wrong, I hope heaven will pardon me,

but no man in his senses could resist

two such women. I have reprieved

Lynde Graham for eighteen months,

and if in that time nothing turns up in

his favor, he shall be executed! Take

it and lose no time. Remember if you

do not reach Portlea by 10. o'clock on

Christmas morning, this paper for

which you have dared so much will be

She stooped over him and touched her

lips to his forehead in utter silence.

Only God knows how much at that time

The groom brought her horse, fed

and refreshed, to the door, and assisted

her to the saddle. Helen went out and

took her hand. There was a suspicious

moisture in the eyes of this wild girl

"I love you, Miss Trenholme," she

love. I do hope you will be in time. And

some day I mean to know you better. Good-bye."

The groom loosed the rein and

through the gloom rider and horse

vanished from the sight of Helen Ful-

CHAPTER VII.

dangerous a journey, soon af-ter she departed, and he immediately

dispatched one of the servants on horse-

back to escort her. The man was well

mounted and he overtook her a few

miles on her way and they rode to-

gether until the evening of the 24th,

to go on alone. She halted until after

midnight to rest her horse, and then

set forth. She had seventy-five miles to

Between the hours of ten and two!

The fearful words of the sentence

most seized her. If Jove gave out, then

all was over. She seemed, even then,

to hear the jeers of the cruel crowd,

the mocking shouts, the heartless

Still her horse staggered on, but his

Only for a moment. The anxiety

within brought her to herself. She

looked around her. She was very near

Portlea. There were many people mov-

ing to and fro. A great crowd filled the

streets. She took a road to the jail yard.

nes saw nothing save that horrible

frame work of timber, raised high

above the stone walls of the jail, and

standing on the platform, a very prince

among them all, the tall, erect form of

She was in time! Her heart swelled

"Yet a little more, Jove, and it is

done!" she cried; but the poor beast

sounded like the sigh of a human be-

Agnes sprang from the saddle and

They parted before her, and she reach-

ed at last the foot of the scaffold. The

The crowd was terribly dense, but Ag-

laughter ..

failen snow.

Lynde Graham!

almost to bursting.

ng in despair.

ride before ten in the morning.

to leave

OV. FULTON needs

ed not to have urg-

ed Agnes to use ex-

pedition; she re-

quired no incentive

to haste, beyond her

own terrible anxie-

ty. The good old

thought himself of

his want of gallant-

ry in permitting

alone on so

gentleman

she revered Archibald Fulton.

a dead letter!"

put there.

gave it into the waiting hands of Ag-

affixed the great seal of the state.

and pressed it to her lips.

CHAPTER VI.-[CONTINUED.]

The governor's hoyden daughter had a warm heart under all her careless guise, and she soon had Agnes fed, tice!" dressed in a suit of her own clothes, and snagly tucked up in bed in her own chamber.

The weary girl fell asleep, and when she woke she found it was past sunset and Helen Fulton was sitting by her

"Papa has come," she said; "so get up and brush your hair, and let me put this cluster of rosebuds in your curls-papa is not so old that he has lost all taste for beauty."

Agnes submitted quietly, and was led down to the library by her young host-

The governor was a tall, well-preserved man of 45, with a pleasing address, keen gray eye, and a face rather handsome than otherwise. Helen led Agnes up before him.

Papa this is Miss Agnes Trenholme of Portlea. She has come here with a special errand to you." The governor greeted her court-

"I am pleased to see Miss Trenholme I know Mr. Ralph very well. To what am I indebted for this agreeable sur-

Agnes swallowed down the sobs that were rising in her throat by a brave that the damp fogs of night did not effort. She had wondered what she should say to this man when at last she should get an audience, and now that the time had come she had forgotten everything she had intended to urge. Her courage, so brave and strong, had subsided to positive weakness. She slipped down to her knees on the rug before him and burst into tears.

"My child," he said, kindly laying his hand the her head, "what means this emotion? Speak out. Surely you are not afraid of me."

'No, but I feel so tired, and so nearly less! And I dread that you will refuse me. Luit you must not! Indeed you must not, for I will take no denial! I will stay here at your feet until you mant my request!"

"You forget that you have not made "I came to ask so much of you! I

eve traveled nearly 200 miles alone, raving the displeasure of my friends, and the scorn of the world-I have come to ask you to spare his life—the

The governor's brow grew dark.
"Miss Trenholme, he is a murderer!"
"I tell you he is not! Never call him thus, You he is not! Never call him thus, You wrong him. He is innocent. I tell you, before God, that if you let him go the gallows, some time you will report in dust and ashes the murder you yourself have committed! He urself have committed! He when she dismissed him have harmed a single feather of st bird in the woods. I do not ask you to pardon him-O no, I am with asking his life—a little its from death until God sees fit ng the real assasin to justice!"

y poor girl," he said, sorrowfully, ret that this has happened. I pity u, for I suppose you love this unfor-nate young man; but I cannot grant equest. From my soul I believe Graham guilty!"

not say so. You crush out hope me heart! O, I cannot, cannot go paper I want! Look at me, Governor A few little weeks ago I was and care free. Now see the this terrible grief has wrought. Your daughter pities me; her innocent what strait she may yet be reduced. Be merciful to me as you would want mercy shown to her!

Helen crept into her father's arms, and laid her soft cheek against his. Papa, it will not hurt you to let this man live, and it will make her so happy. I'll go without a new bonnet this winter, if you'll do what she wants" And she pinched his cheek.

Madcap! Helen, how can you trifle asked the governor, trying to frown, "This is too solemn a thing to on. I believe that death should be the fate of all murderers."

The face of Agnes grew stern as his own. Her voice had a steel-like ring.
"And so do I, with my whole soul! If th him guilty, I would not k a word to save him. I loved the dered girl as fondly as I could have ter, and I would give my life to have the real murderer for his crime. But in this cas e law has fastened on the wrong perand a curiously strong chain of metantial evidence has so closely ad itself about him, that it was imto the jury to do otherwise enviet him. But for all that he is set Oh, sir, give me a reprieve, if of ions little year! Many things to toroid in a year."

for one year! O. sir, I will not

rope was already adjusted, the carpenter stood ready, waiting the sheriff's FARM AND GARDEN. word to let the drop fall, and the signal would have been given in another MATTERS : OF INTEREST TO

The voice of Agnes rang out, over and above all the confused noises of the motley gathering:

"A reprieve! A réprieve!" She held aloft the paper-they saw the great seal of the state.

"A reprieve from the governor," she said, and fell senseless, even as she spoke, into the arms of old Dr. Hudson, who rushed forward to receive her. The sheriff read the reprieve aloud.

and then removing the rope, he led the prisoner down the steps of the scaffold. In all his captivity no one had ever heard Lynde ask a single favor, but now he said to the official: "Grant me this. Miss Trenholme has

saved me a little longer to life-allow me to pass near enough to her to touch her clothes."

The sheriff stared, but indulged the wish. Graham went up to where she lay, a gread crowd around her, and Dr. Hudson and a brother physician applying restoratives. He stooped down and looked into her face. Oh, how very white and deathly she looked! Graham lifted the soiled mantle she wore, and touched the hem reverently with his lips. Then he turned away, and went back to his dreary prison house.

Agnes was taken to the residence of to at once. Dr. Hudson, and cared for as well as could be. But she had endured so much, both mentally and physically, that life hung upon a thread, and for days she lay in a stupor so closely resembling death that at times those who watched her could not tell whether or not the breatn still lingered.

Mrs. Trenholme braved the displeasure of her son and came down at once to nurse her, and when, after ten days of stupor, her disease culminated in brain fever of the most violent type, she wrote thus to her son:

"Ralph, Agnes is sick unto death. If you could sit beside her as I do, and listen to her unconscious ravings, and through them learn how terribly she had suffered, you would forgive her. Oh, Ralph, by the memory of your dead father, I implore you to come to us!

"Your Mother." But Ralph, still haughty and unrelenting in his cruel pride, answered:

"Mother, it is useless to plead for her. She has brought our honored name to said gently. "I admire so much your disgrace by the course she has taken. courage, and your faith in the man you I cannot forgive her! Ralph."

But that night, when he retired to rest, no sleep came to Ralph Trenholme. He saw the pale face of Agnes as he had last seen it. She laid a little cold hand on his arm and with a sweet, sad voice asked him to pardon and love her. He started up, his brow wet with a chill perspiration, his heart beating loudly. But at last he slept, and, sleeping, a vision came to him. He stood in the summer house at the foot of the garden. The time was June, for there were roses in bloom at the mouth of the arbor. Directly, there floated upon the roseate air the face of Marina. He saw the blue eyes, and felt the thrill of the golden hair as it swept against his cheek.

"Ralph," she said, "dear Ralph, put aside vengeance. It belongs unto God alone, and he will bring it to pass! Also put aside wrath, and go to your sister. She is calling you, and I, your guardian spirit, bid you obey the summons!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Labouchere's Little Joke.

Notice-Several influential dowagers purpose of conveying a cargo of disappointed British girls to America, with view of disposing of them advantageously in the states. Attention is earnestly requested to the circumstance that presentation at court is desirable. since importance is attached to this rang constantly in her ears. What if she were not in time? O, what if she social formality across the Atlantic. and ladies who have attended a drawwere not? The thought was agony. She ing room may, therefore, be expected urged on, her jaded horse by every to obtain more satisfactory terms than means in her power. Ten miles from those who have not. The steamship Portlea, it seemed as if the animal was Frisco, according to present arrangeabout spent. He trembled, staggered ments, will sail from Southampton for and was about to fall, but Agnes sprang New York on October 15 next. All inoff and soothed and encouraged him quiries as to terms, etc., should be adwith voice and hand, and then by-anddressed to the secretary, 225 Belgrave by mounted again and went on. O, how square, S. W. Office hours, 10 a. m. to heavy her heart was! Despair had al-

> close at 2 p. m,-London Truth. Safe There.

When Col. Ingersoll was in England he visited St. Paul's cathedral for the first time. As he was contemplating the

p. m. upon week days; Saturdays,

breath came hot and thick, and the foam stood upon his flanks like newly tomb of Wellington the guide said: That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest military 'ero Europe or the 'ole She looked at her watch. Half past world hever knew-Lord Wellington's. 10! If she should be too late! The world This marble sarchophagus weighs 42 whirled round before her. There was a tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle great roar in her ears, like the rush of the sea upon the rocky coast. It grew weighing 13 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, so dark she could not see. She grasped weighing over two tons. Hinside that the neck of her horse for support, her confused head falling on the pad of the is a ma'ogany coffin, 'olding the ashes

of the great 'ero." 'Well," said the colone', after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at

my expense." The Sultan's Troubles. As if the sultan's cup of bitterness were not full to overflowing, with the spirit of revolt stalking through Armenia and Macedonia, and even in the shadow of his palace at Constantinople, now comes a petition from Crete requesting the powers to intervene in the affairs of the island and put an end to anarchy, accompanied by murder and rapine, of which the Cretans are the victims. In a little while it may no longer be necessary to partition Tur-key; the empire of the Ottomans will could do no more—he reeled and sank on his knees, with something that fall asunder through sheer rottenness.

At a Safe Distance. Clara-All the girls are taking boxfashed through the excited crowd. ing lessons. Aren't you scared? Young Bachelor-No; I always keep away from bargain counters.

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

AGRICULTURISTS.

DULLETIN FROM the Indiana Experiment station says: Young fruit trees are very apt to be injured during the winter by mice and rabbits gnawing the bark. This is especially true if the orchard has

been neglected during the summer season. A heavy growth of grass or weeds about the trees makes excellent nests for mice during the winter, and where rubbish heaps have been allowed to accumulate in the orchard, especially if it is near a forest, rabbits will almost invariably congregate. Under these conditions the young trees will almost certainly suffer from the ravages of one or both of these pests. It is important, therefore, that this matter be attended There are various remedies recom-

mended for these evils; the first and most successful of which is clean cultivation. If this has not been followed then remove all loose mulch, dead grass and rubbish of various kinds from the immediate vicinity of the base of the trees. This will destroy the nesting places of mice, and will go far towards protecting the trees from injury. Then, in addition to the above, make a smooth, compact mound of earth, a foot high, about the base of the trees, just before the ground freezes. These two precautions will be all that is necessary to insure protection against mice.

Rabbits are not so liable to injure trees where there are other small plants, such as young grape vines or nursery stock in the immediate vicinity of the orchard, as they seem to delight in cutting off the young tender branches in preference to gnawing the bark of older trees. It is always safe, however, to protect the trees, and a favorite method is to wrap the trunks with closely woven wire screen, such as is used for screen doors. This may be cut into strips eighteen inches to two feet in length and wide enough to completely encase the body of the tree. These may be tacked on or the edges woven together, and if they do not fit too closely may be left on for several years. Instead of the wire screen, ordinary roofing tin is sometimes used. Sheathing paper is also used with good effect, placed on the tree in a similar manner. If one is located near a slaughter house, a very convenient as well as effectual method is to wash the trunks of the trees with blood or rancid grease. This, however, is liable to be washed off by rains, and would need renewal several times during the winter. These and doubtless other remedles will prove effectual if properly applied. By giving this matter immediate attention, much damage to the young orchards may be prevented.

Jas. Troop, Horticulturist.

Education on the Farm. The farmer's profession can be elevated above its present standard only as the children improve upon the methhave combined together to charter the ods of their parents. President Chadsteamship Frisco, 6,000 tons, for the bourne of the Massachusetts Agricul- er, at the narrower margin, which is tural college once said that the way for young men to rise in the world was to stand upon the shoulders of their fathers. We miss half the wear and tear in life when we acquire the faculty of profiting by the experience of other men. It proves nothing, that some fine-ly educated man has failed in farming, or that some uneducated men have succeeded. Education will help a man, but it will never make one. When it can be proved that a majority of educated men upon the farm are failures and a majority of the uneducated successful. we shall all begin to question the propriety and value of education for the farmer's profession. But until that is proved we shall believe that the farmer's business stands upon the same basis that supports all other kinds of business, that the general education which is useful to the doctor, the lawyer, the man upon the board of trade is just as valuable to the man who tills the soil, and that professional training in schools of agriculture will have the worth upon the farm that the knowledge and discipline of the law school has in practice before the courts.

One thing more. The circumstances of a farmer's life are such that he is brought into closer, because more constant contact with his family than men engaged in other pursuits. His partnership with the companion of his life is, in a business sense, certainly a very close one. Side by side they often perform the same kinds of labor, and the silent partner not unfrequently bears the heaviest burdens. Many of us in the rush and amid the distracting cares of our business, forget that woman's strength is not man's strength, that a ceaseless monotony of toil takes laughter from the lips, roses from the cheeks and health from the body. No sensible man would desire that farmers' wives should be transformed into useless ornaments; but it should be the aim of farmers who would do honor to their profession to make their mothers and wives and daughters something more than mere household drudges, to give them an opportunity, as far as means will permit, to satisfy those fancies and tastes to cultivate those graces and those talents that are the beauty and the charm of true womanhood.-H. C. Adams.

Farm Ownership.

It does not require the compilation of figures to show that there is a change gradually working itself through the Rairy breed.

ownership of farm lands. It is a fact open to general observation that the farms of the country are gradually dropping into the hands of tenants, and in our opinion it is that much worse for the country. No one will dispute that the farmer has many advantages in working land owned by himself that can never accrue to him while the land is owned by another. One of the leading causes to be assigned for this state of things is the fact of a desire to overreach one's self in the possession of lands. To make use of a significant Western expression, it comes of biting off more than one can "chaw." have long advocated as the best policy for farmers to pursue in this matter that of cutting down their possessions in lands, rather than that of extending them. When the farmer makes up his mind to this order of things it will be some time before the sheriff closes him out. In the course of the next ten years we look for a stronger pressure than ever before brought to bear upon this matter of reducing the size of the farm. A new style of farming is gradually to come into vogue that will necessitate it. The extensions of irrigation systems and the growth and expansion of the subsoiling idea are destined to lead in the direction of intensive farming in the West. We are aware that it used to be fashionable to spread one's self out over a large area in his farming operations with a view of reducing the cost of production of crops. This day has passed. Things have changed and if the farmer of today expects to contime to own his own land he must give more attention to each individual acre and see that it does its share.-Nebraska Farmer.

be bitten by any animal, for even though there may be no poisonous glands, the saliva in the mouth of animals that bite is always more or less poisonous. The bite of the hog is more apt to be serious than that of any other domestic animal. It requires skill and activity to handle large numbers of hogs without endangering those who hold them. The hog is an omnivorous eater, and is not at all particular about getting particles of dirt or excrement with its food. Old hogs, which are most apt to bite, often destroy mice and snakes, and though they get no venom in their mouths, it will poison wherever such saliva reaches abraided skin. No one who has a sore on his hand should be called upon to assist in butchering hogs, as he may be infected from contact with the saliva without being bitten. In all cases of bite or cut a wash of some antiseptic should be applied. Diluted carbolic acid in the proportion of one to fifty of water is good, as is also a weak dilution of corrosive sublimate in proportion of one of the poison to one or two thousand parts of pure water. These poisons thus diluted do no harm, and they will prevent poisons from working in cuts and bruises of any kind.-American Cultivator.

Bite of a Hog.-It is a serious thing to

Price of Smutted Wheat.-It was not pleasant to the millers to have the public know that they were making choice milling wheat of that branded "rejected" by the inspection department, because it was even slightly smutted, and at a cost of not over half a cent a bushel, though they were buying it at 6 to 12 cents below what would be its market value if not smutted. The disclosure of the scheme seems to have had one good effect, it has already brought the price of smutted wheat, if otherwise good, up to within 5 cents a bushel of the same quality if not smutted, and there is an evident desire on the part of millers to buy the formnot strange, all things considered Much of the smutted wheat is otherwise of very fine quality; it would seem that smut, like death, "loves a shining mark," and selects the choicest wheat for its victims. If such wheat can be bought for even 5 cents below its true market value, and can be made pure at a cost of half a cent a bushel, the competition for its possession will naturally be sharp, and the margin of price between smutted and unsmutted will naturally grow smaller and smaller. -Farm, Stock and Home.

Clover and Alfalfa for Hogs.-In most of the soils in the Central West red clover must be relied on chiefly for the green food of growth. But where the soil is very deep and porous alfalfa does finely. On such soil alfalfa will supply forage for 15 to 20 hogs per acre for the season. This is specially fine for pigs and growing shoats. It has been found that pigs will gain 100 pounds each during the season from May to September. and 100 pounds of pork cannot be produced so cheaply on any other feed. The pigs will come out of the field in autumn in capital condition to fatten with corn or small grain. The alfalfa in a hog pasture could be moved once or twice during the summer, or whenever it begins to get hardy and woody. This will provide plenty of young and tender herbage, which is more nutritious. weight for weight, than forage from the older plants, and if the swine are provided with this food in its most nutritious condition, their growth will be most rapid.-Ex.

Blood Tells.—Recently 308 American beeves were sold in London at 7 cents per pound, an average price of \$97.58, the herd bringing the snug sum of \$30,-054.64. The Polled Angus in this shipment brought full \$100 each; the Here-fords came next, and next the Shorthorns. The average weight was 1,360 munds. These beeves, it is said, reached their destination without loss and actually in better condition than when placed on shipboard. This shows that the cattle were carefully managed up to the day of sale, and that the breeding, and treatment were profitable.

H. B. Gurler thinks the first move for a dairy farmer who has not tested his cows, should be to have them tested, and become acquainted with them individually. Weed out all the unprofitable

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