

CHAPTER V.- (CONTINUED.) "Ah," said she, fixing her eyes steadfastly on the dim line where sky and ocean blended into one, "when I sit

here I grow so impatient, Walter; I long to skim like the albatross yonder with daring wing, along, above the heaving waves. The world-the world beautiful-so grand-I would see | well as you?" My spirit tires of this sameness; it 1t

pants, like an imprisoned thing longing it will be of little use for me to tell you for one taste of the pure air of free-

"Silly girl! What is freer and purer than this sea breeze, playing so daintily with your curls? What more boundless, vast and grand than this ever-changing ocean at your feet? Why should you sigh for anything fairer?"

Because, fair as it is, it is our prison. We can go no farther; her we must stay, confined to the narrow breadth of this little island, when the wide illimitable world is before us. Ah, Walter, I fathom your kind wish to cheat me into contentedness. Can I not read your sympathy with my own yearnings? Do not see your.eyes flash as they turn toward the point, where, far away, our me and mother-land waits for us? Am I so dull that I cannot perceive the noble ambition imprisoned in your What a glorious name might not the talents and germs of genius. dormant and passive here, carve out for you in the great arena of the world.

When I think of it I grow restlessangry almost.' She started up vehemently and

stretched out her imploring hands to the ocean.

me, come!" she cried, as passion-as though the onleaping waves ately would bear her words to friendly ears. ocean, mighty ocean-that spared om thy yawning graves for a liv-"Ob ing tomb, be merciful. Send hither a bark to hear thy foster children back to the embrace of mother earth—a messenger, of hope and mercy. Mighty Nepture, where are thy spells now?" The girl stood, frozen by the spell of

her own emotion into a statue of such wild and matchless loveliness that the gazers almost hushed their breath in in fear that the myth she had inad might rise from his foamy couch se and bear her away for his bride.

The only reply came in the hoarse ating of the surf that seemed to moan wildly, "Not yet-not yet." outstretched arms drooped de-

Her the glow died from off ber face, and with a deep, deep sigh she manf slowly back to her seat again. Her sigh was echoed dismally, yet Walter answered soothingly:

"Nay, nay, dear Ellie, do not look so I confess you have spoken the truth. I, too, have these longingswild, intense cravings for action -this dismal lamenting for talents buried in obscurity-and yet often and often.comes a strong conviction that our wildest hopes gratified, and afely restored to all the pleasures nt and honors of the world, we id look back with a sigh of regret peaceful innocence of our life

k her beautiful ingly. "I can scarcely agree with you-bet-

"And yet my canary is weary o. her pretty cage, her seeds and sweetmeats, and beats her wings against the bars and pines for freedom!

Eleanor colored. "Ah, you overheard our silly talk. I never meant you should know it, but, oh, papa, is it not very hard for us as

"My child," answered he, solemnly, what a bitter cruel enemy I have found this same world for which you sigh. I may bid you prize this calm peace, this freedom from sin and sorrow, but you will be deaf to my words, because of the siren song the radiant-faced Hope sings ever to the ears of youth. No, my children, I long no more for the busy haunts of men. I am ready

to pray that this peaceful Eden may prove my grave." The young creatures, dimly guessing

through what waves of grief and pain he had reached the peaceful shore of content, looked up wistfully into his pensive face and kept respectful silence.

"Now, then," said he, rousing from his reverie, "I shall send you, Ellie, to the house. You will find the French lesson I prepared on your table, and you may translate it as neatly as you can. Tom has plenty of freshly-made paper in the drawer."

Eleanor obeyed at once, glancing at Walter as if expecting him to follow; but his father laid a restraining hand on his arm, and Walter remained at his pened to you?" side.

"My son," said Mr. Vernon gravelyso graevely that Walter felt the tears rising to his eyes-"you are pining for action; you long for the excitement and effort required in the battle of life. See, here in this deserted island is a grand opportunity for heroism that you have quite overlooked. Do not be startled, Walter, when I tell you that I have made a painful discovery today-that you love Eleanor with an affection more fervent than a brother's or a friend's. I put it to your own conscience and manliness-is it honorable to take advantage of the isolation of her life here, and win her love before she has opportunity to see others and judge for herself? There is no doubt, judging from the jewels in the trunk, the coat Good children, dear children, ye're sorof-arms on her clothing, and Tom's account of the servant's idea of the family's importance, that Eleanor is the child of noble and aristocratic parents. You know the exclusive pride of such, for I have often told you of it. Now, then, have you a right to profit by the accidental circumstance of the shipwreck, and take advantage of her guileless, unsophisticated nature? Here is your task, grander and nobler than any struggle for worldly fame and prosperity-conquer yourself, Walter; be a

man thus early in your boyhood." There was a yearning, pitying ten derness in the tone that belied the calm, reasoning words. Walter knew that his father grieved for him, and looking up proudly, although his lip the change will soon come. I'm sorry quivered, he said:

"I know what you mean, father, and without Tom's stout arm to do it,

son from him, Sir Walter. I am becoming much aggrieved, you are so formal and polite. You don't frolic with me; you don't pet me. I declare, Walter, you haven't kissed me for these thre? weeks!"

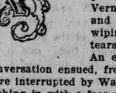
As she spoke she held up her beautiful face, the crimson lips pouting archly.

Poor Walter colored crimson, stammered incoherently, and then darted away.

Ellie burst into tears; Tom whistled, and Mr. Vernon, closing his book, followed after his son.

CHAPTER VII.

RECKON I'll find Walter and fix the flag as we agreed.' said Tom, looking ruefully at weeping girl. He had hardly disap-



were interrupted by Walter, who came rushing in with a face so ghastly they both sprang up in alarm.

Tom. He is hurt; he is dying, I am afraid.

preserved carefully for such exigencies, and darted after his son, who had flung an arm around Eleanor, and almost carried her in his rapid flight back to Tom.

At the foot of the tall tree to which the flag staff was nailed they found poor Tom. He was lying just as Walter had left him, with a face wearing the awful, unmistakable signet of death. Mr. Vernon shuddered, and flinging himself frantically beside him, groaned:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, what terrible thing has come upon us? What has hap-

The glaring eyes turned lovingly to the distracted group. "My hour has come this time. The 'Petrel's' ribs wasn't cleaner stove up than mine are now. Tom's last voyage is nigh on it ended." "It can't be, it shan't be," shouted Walter fiercely, and passing his arm under the drooping head he poured a little brandy in his hand and wet the clammy, parted lips, and turning impatiently to his father, said almost angrily:

"Why do you look so hopeless? Help me take him up; help me to do what will make him well again."

"No, no, lad, don't move me; it's no use. Tom tells ye so himself-he's sighted the promised land already. ry to lose poor Tom; he thanks you kindly. Mr. Vernon, sir-"

"Tom, my best friend, my preserver and savior, say on, I hear you," sobbed the strong man, hiding his quivering face

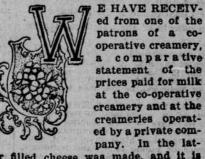
"I'm going fast, and I must say quick while I can talk all I want you to do. 've wrote down where my sister lives ong ago; you'll see it, and if you ever get away from here I know you'll see her. Tell her I was willing to die. that I allers tried to do the best I could. and I know the Lord is merciful."

Mr. Vernon could only take the cold hand in his and press it tenderly for a response.

"I know ye'll miss me, but the use of so much hard work will fall to you bill we have heard the cry that the

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.



ter filled cheese was made, and it is claimed by parties who have been interested in the manufacture of filled cheese, that the farmers are receiving a large benefit from the use of skimmilk in the manufacture of filled cheese. We give below the two tables for the year beginning June 1st, '95, and ending May 31st, '96:

CO-OPERATIVE. Price. Month. une 65 uly80 leptember ctober anuary85 Pebruary

PRIVATE CREAMERY. Price.

Month. P June July65 October95 ebruary82

The party from whom we received

"Farmers, please examine the above carefully, and see how much you have

lost or gained who have sold to the above creameries."

Taking the whole year through, it will be seen that the average paid by the co-operative creamery is only 21/2c less than that paid by the creamery utilizing skim milk for filled cheese Any farmer that will sell his skim milk for the purpose of making filled cheese at an average of 21/2c per hundred, is certainly lacking either in good judgment or sound business sense; and has never understood the value of skim milk, even for fertilizing purposes. He would make more money by dumping the milk on the ground or any place where he raises either fruit or vegetables, than to sell it at the rate of 21/2c per hundred. This shows how the makers of filled cheese have been humbugging the farmers, telling them that they were receiving so large an amount per hundred for their skim milk over and above what they could get were they selling their milk to creameries where filled cheese was not made. Ever since the passage of the filled cheese

DAIRY AND POULTRY, mon trees. His hogs have been free from disease, while his neighbors who did not keep goats lost most of their hogs by cholera. He ate the moat of young goats and liked it better than mutton. His experience coincides with that of farmers in countries where the goat is extensively raised and prized. England is not among them, owing partly to there being comparatively little waste land, but, also, according to S. H. Pegler, an authority on the subject, because there "the advantages of goat-keeping are but imperfectly known." and the American lack of appreciation for goats may be inherited. In Ireland, on the contrary, the number of goats has increased in recent years. Of course the goat cannot compete with the cow as the single milk animal for those able to keep the cow,

but it has advantages in places where the cow cannot be kept, and as an addition to the profits of the farm. In the first place, it is a great instrument for extending pasture lands. It will eat by preference and thrive upon forest leaves, shrubs and weeds that no other domestic animal will touch, and get a rough and overgrown field into good condition for horses and cattle. It is hardy, and will live on rough or smooth ground. There is a prejudice against the milk, but one entirely groundless. It is richer than cow's milk, heavier in butter and much heavier in cheese, but all experts declare that it has absolutely no different flavor or taste from that of the cow. The average daily yield of a wellkept goat is said to be three pints; not a large quantity, but not an item to be despised, in view of its richness, the size of the animal and the slight cost of keeping it. Herds of goats in this country would not only utilize much of the herbage which now goes to waste, but might also develop some profitable industries which have not yet been acclimated here. The manufacturer of fancy cheese in imitation of expensive foreign varieties in some cases has been so successful that the domestic product sells on its own name and merits. In other cases, such as Roquefort, the results have not been satisfactory. Methods of curing account in part for the failure, but different materials may have something to do with it. Many of the finest European cheeses are made from goat's milk, while the American attempts to rival them have been made with cow's milk. There is nothing else available in the market. If there were, doubtless creameries making fancy cheese would arrange to consume all that could be had, and the goats would prove a source of wealth both to farmer and manufacturer. Nor is the goat to be despised for food by an over-fastidious race. In the restaurants of Rome the kid holds an honored place. The elderly members of the tribe are inferior to mutton, but the kid, properly prepared, is a meal which will bear comparison with any other. It would be an agreeable variation of our regimen. The man who makes a goat grow where none grew before should have credit with him who makes two blades of grass stand where formerly one stood alone. By all means, let us learn of the ancients and grow rich from flocks of goats .-- Ex.

Some Figures on Chesse

In a recent report Major H. E. Alvord, of the United States Dairy Division, says:

Nine-tenths of the cheese produced in this country is made in the states of New York, Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Vermont, Iowa, Pennsylvania

Rest for Children

It is far better not to allow a child to be out of doors at all in the middle of the day, when the sun is hottest, and always to insist that it lie down for an hour after dinner. Whether child sleeps or not does not matter; it is resting and that is what is re-quired; and unless this is a rule rigidly enforced, it will not be carried out, most children, after the days of their infancy have passed away, being very disinclined to be compelled to lie down, except at such times as when they wish to sleep. .

Dishonored Drafts.

Dishonored Drafts. When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions fegularly, and the liver works like clock-wo k. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

They Study Great Speeches

A feature of the work arranged for a class of women who are studying Amer-ican history will be a study of the speeches of American orators who rep-resented different schools of thought and different sections of the country. Another class of women interested in the same subject is studying the his-tory of the forts of their state.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. Wm. B. McClellan, Ches-ter, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

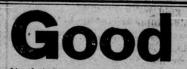
A Real Mrs. Partington.

An English paper tells of a real Mrs. Partington. She walked into the of-fice of the Judge of probate and asked, "Are you the judge of probates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the re-ply. "Well, that's it, I expect. You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner.

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Mrs. Walter Q. Gresham has become a Christian scientist.

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Dr. Kay's Renovator revents fevers by renovating and in-igorating the entire system, enrich-ing the blood and giving new life and It strikes to the root of the matter d is a positive preventative.

Month.

these figures makes this notation:

peared when Mr. Vernon returned, and began quietly wiping away the tearsfrom the girl's An earnest, serious conversation ensued, from which they

the

"Quick, father, quick! Come up to

Mr. Vernon seized a flask of brandy,

ter corrow and sore trouble than su-pinepose and inaction."

Walter was looking fondly in her

"It is not strange that you fret and ine, Eilie dear. A brilliant lot amidst he noblest and best of our happy land ubiless awaits you, but for me it ough I would welcome it gladly, yet mforts me to think that in its abe I enjoy a blessing which freedom the island would take forever

te looked down at him question-

in not guess, dearest, that once in your own circle humble Walter would scarcely presume to intimacy with the noble heiress." a still

CHAPTER VI.

LEANOR reached Le down her little hand to his shoul-100 der, and her blue eyes shone indignantly. "Had it been any C) one but you, Walter, to make that heartless speech-" 16.4 sobs, she added

tremulously: "Oh, what does not the helpless, endless child owe to you and your ther, but for whose untiring love and are I might now be an ignorant, un-outh and awkward creature, of whom, if ever rescued, my relatives would be schamed? No, no, Walter; come what

ton pere, we have had such a delightondly on his arm. "Ah, excursion at the brook up in the mtry, and we were industrious, too, ing of fab."

Mr. Vernon passed his hand caress-gly over her bright curis.

N. 2 88

lie shall never hear a word or hint from what's best, and can take care of you." me to suggest there is anything else in ship."

dreams Walter had received from an unknown angel mother, and was gone. Walter continued on to the little wood beyond the cliff; and only himelf, and the pale-leaved blossoms that were wet with briny dew knew of the passionate flood of boyish tears that were shed there.

Thenceforward there was a quiet lignity of manliness about Walter's de-meanor that puzzled Tom and Eleanor as much as it pleased his father. He did not take so many strolls alone with Ellie, but always managed to find pretext for Tom's company. He no longer act, but treated her with as much hon-

toward his queen. Her probable rank quently alluded to, until, pouting with she would throw into the sea the sporkling chain of diamonds whose unknown crest had raised such a formality be-

incided with her. "I know," said he. "I've allers been brought up to think nature made a great difference in folks when she brought 'em into the world. Why, our

folk in ---- county thought we were hardly fit for my Lady Somerset to speak to; but the older I grow the more I come to reason that our souls are pretty much equal in the Lord's sight, if so be we all do right. Shiver my timbers if I didn't use to get into a cor-uer when one of my shipmates that went down off here in the 'Petrel' ar-gued with me about it. Ye see, he came from Americky, where, if they behave, all the folks are lords and ladies, and, 'Cording to his account, they live amaz-ingit hand four from the rock and run-ting to hang fondly on his arm. "Ah. timbers if I didn't use to get into a cor-'cording to his account, they live amaz-ingly happy. Well, well, the Lord knows all about it-where's the use of puzzling over what don't concern us?-though sartin, here in this 'ere forrin place, we don't get any special sign that little Ellie's any better'n the rest of us, only for having the angel na-tur' of all womanhood."

gayly, "see what a philosopher our Tom family estate, in the shadow of a grand has become! Look that you take a les- monument.

will be worthy of your goodness. Els the Lord's will be done. He knows He paused again to rest, and seemed the world besides a brother's friend- sinking into a stupor, until Walter tried to move him to a more comforta-His father bent down suddenly and ble position, when he smiled feebly in left such a kiss on his forehead as in his thanks, opened his eyes, and said with considerable energy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOMEN STARING AT WOMEN. A Man's Comments on This Weakness of the Fair Sexual Viscott

Two women pass each other on the street of a provincial town; they are not acquainted, yet it is long odds that one of them turns around to look after the other-very short odds against both doing so, says the Nineteenth Century. It is not the gait or the used the slightest freedom in word or figure or the hair of the stranger that has attracted atention; it is the dress, graphers whose acquaintance with him orable delicacy as he might have used not the person within it. The gentle anarchists who are busy organizing and superior station were more fre- the debrutalization of man will, of course, attribute this little failing to pretty vexation, Eleanor declared that the vanity of the feminine mind by reason of man's tyranny in excluding women from boards of directors and other intellectual arenas. It may be and skins for clothing and was his tween them. Tom in his droll way co- conceded that psychology and betterment are more recondite fields than millinery, but this would be but a dull world and far uglier than it is if every woman had a soul above chiffous. Odds grenadine and tarlatan! That were a consummation by no means desirable. No, let all men who have eyes to see withal or hearts to lose set great store by the pains bestowed on pretty dress-ing, but if one may speak and live the art should be studied with subtler tact than is sometimes seen. It should be better concealed; it is distressing to see a young woman's eyes, wandering over the dress of her with whom she is talking, for if the mind be engaged in taking note of external detail conversation ceases to be intercourse and becomes the crackling of thorns under the pot.

A Loyal Irishman.

A loyal Irishman, who recently died in Wisconsin, set apart \$19,000 in his will for the purpose of transporting his own body and those of his brothers buried in this country to Ireland, "There," said Eleanor, laughing where they will be interred on the old

the manufacture of the second of the second

farmers were going to lose a large amount of money by its passage, because the factory men who riade filled cheese could afford to pay so much more for their milk. We have no doubt but what they could afford to pay much more for the milk when they manufacture filled cheese and sell it as it has been sold for the last five years. But that they did pay this advanced price for the milk where they manufacture filled cheese is not a fact; and they have been humbugging the farmers at their expense, and making a great deal of profit out of the manufacture of the fraudulent article .--- Elgin Dairy Report.

her

Goats.

The goat has not had a fair show in modern times. Among the ancients he was highly esteemed, and figured extensively in serious literature. Now he is only the butt of funny parais confined to a tradition that he cats tomato cans on the Harlem rocks. The children of Israel and the heroes of Homer, knew him better. The Old Testament shows the goat as an essential part of the Hebrew's flocks. It gave him milk and meat for food, hair most common sacrifice for sin. Encamped before the walls of Troy, Ulysses and his comrades regaled themselves with the fat goat's roasted quarters, and thought themselves specially blessed of the gods. But we of the Western world have come to despise the goat as "the poor man's cow,' a useful enough animal for the mountaineers of the Alps or the equatter sovereigns of unsavory suburbs, but an inferior creature not worth the notice of the free-handed owner of broad American acres, possessed of Jerseys, Merinos and blooded trotters, and above the utilization of a brush lot or a stony pasture. Some American farmers, however, are coming to realize that the goat may be made one of their valuable domestic animals, not merely a poverty-stricken substitute for a cow, but an addition to the farm community, filling a place of its own and giving a return peculiar to itself. A Missouri farmer writes to an agricultural paper that he finds goats profitable for rough land filled with weeds and bushes. He has had them four years, and they have destroyed the bushes, sumac and small persim-

Michigan, ranking in the order named. The New York product alone is almost one-half the total, and this state and Wisconsin together make over twothirds of all made.

It requires the milk of about one million cows to make the cheese annually pressed in the United States.

The value of the annual cheese product of this country varies from \$20,-000 000 to. \$25 000 000

About 9,000,000 pounds of cheese are imported annually into the United States.

The rate of consumption of cheese in America is about three pounds per capita per annum.

Consumption of cheese is applicently somewhat decreasing.

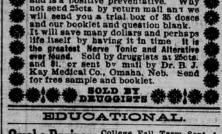
Good cheese is approximately com posed of one-third water, one-third milk fat, and one-third casein, with some sugar and ash.

Mildew on Peas.

Late peas, especially when grown in damp ground, are often so badly mildewed that it is not worth while growing them. The pea mildew is one of the powdery mildews, Erysiphe communis, belonging to the same family as the powdery mildew of the grape. It grows entirely on the surface of the host plant, covering it with a white coating of delicate interwoven fungous threads. At certain points protuberances appear on threads which serve as suckers, drawing from the cells the nourishment required for the growth of the fungous. The spores are produced in delicate sacs which in turn are enclosed in dark colored spore cases. The latter appear as black specks just visible to the naked eye among the fungous threads. The disease attacks leaves, leaf-stalk, pod and stem so that the pea plant is thoroughly infested with it, much to the detriment of its growth. Frequent cultivation or irrigation will do much to hold the disease in check, but the use of some fungicide will be desirable upon late varieties in hot, dry seasons. Among the best for the purpose is a solution of one pound of copper sulphate in 500 gallons of water.

Bad water will make bad milk, no matter what the other food may be: and bad milk will make bad butter, no matter how it is handled.

The Rhode Island Station says that milk fever in cows is a brain disease, and is inherited by many cows.



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