CHAPTER II .- (CONTINUED.) "I fancy I shall never marry," said Carriston, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die, doesn't grow up with exactly the same feelings as other people. I don't think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No, I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph thing which breaks what you are

I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas. "Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West end practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish."

I have already alluded to the strange beauty of Carriston's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity, on account of the mysterious expression which I at times detected in them. Often and often they wore a look the like to which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist-a look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our newborn intimacy I found this eccentricity of Carriston's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him, and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest one's-self of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temperament-perhaps even more a poet than an artist-I laid at the door of the muse these absent looks and recurring flights into vacancy.

We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, sketching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks, and the overhanging trees, the last just growing brilliant with autumnal tints. So beautiful was everything around that for a long time I worked, idled, or dreamed in contented silence. Carriston had set up his easel at some little distance from mine. At last I turned to see how his sketch was progressing. He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a harder one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him, at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of heaven depended upon seeing through

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering tourist girls scrambled down the rugged steps, and one by one passed in front of him. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statuesque face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought I rose, crossed his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a dazed, inquiring way.

"Really, Carriston," I said, laughingly, "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or a least a poet."

He made no reply. He turned away from me impatiently, even rudely; then, picking up his brush, went on with his sketch. After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trudged home in the twilight. he said to me in an apologetic, almost penitent way: "I hope I was not rude to you just

"When do you mean?" I asked, hav-

ing almost forgotten the trivial incident. "When you woke me from what you

called my dreaming?"

"Oh, dear no. You were not at all rude. If you had been, it was but the penalty due to my presumption. The flights of genius should be respected, not checked by a material hand."

"That is consense; I am not a gen-

and you must forgive me for my eness," said Carriston simply. After walking some distance in silence, he spoke again. "I wish when

you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good." Seeing he was in earnest, I promised

to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whither his thoughts wandered during those abstracted mo-

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances-circumstances which you cannot explain -you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?'

"To see things. What things?" "Things, as I said, which no one else an see. You must know the You must know there are

"I know that certain people have asond-aght; but the assertion is too abwaste time in refuting."

said Carriston dreamlly, "I that if I did not strive to avoid panio it some such power would come to me." You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others ous o

don't, because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes-handsome eyes they are, too-contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see--

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule everypleased to call the law of nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn or throw grave doubts upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which can not be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argument," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk

"You doctors," he continued with that delicious air of superiority so often assumed by laymen when they are in good health, "put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."

"No doubt; it's a convenient shelf on which to put a difficulty. But go

"The body is your province, yet you can't explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishing theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us; in fact, it does not exist.'

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this 'But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you yourself

"Nothing, I tell you. And I pray may never see anything."

After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned him to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I plied him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly childish and out of place beside the intellectual faculties which he undoubtedly pos-

Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain-even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned, I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks, and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward taking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp lookout upon him, and let him fall into no more mysterious reveries; but the curious idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly rooted to be displaced. On all other subjects he argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point he was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all, his answer

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years ago." When the time came to fold up my easel and return to the drudgery of life. I parted from Carriston with much regret One of those solemn, but often broken, promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the

> III. N THE spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth to see, for the last time, an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for a traveling companion a well-

dressed gentlemanof about forty years of age. re alone in the compartment. ter interchanging some small s, such as the barter of newspapers, glided into conversation. My fellow traveler seemed to be an intel-lectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and early on various topics, and, judging from his talk, must have moved in good scriety. Although I fancied his features bore traces of hard living, and dissipation, he was not unprepose g in appearance. The greatest fault in his face were the remarkable thinness of the lips, and his eyes being a shale closer together than one cares to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but a my part I should not choose for but "my part I should not choose for a frierd one who possessed them, with-

out die trial and searching proof. At this time the English public were interested in an important will which was then being tried. The reversion to a vast sum of money de-pended upon the testator's sanity or insan ty. Like most other people, we duly escussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come

under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends, and insanity begins," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes. The boundary line is, in some instances, hard to define. To give, in such a dubious case, an opinion which would satisfy myself, I would want to have known the patient at the time he was considered quite sane.'

"To mark the difference?" "Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a freind of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but, for all I know, he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then, without mentioning names, dates or places, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with rapt in-

'You predict he will go mad?" he said.

"Certainly not. Unless something unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why do you fear him, then?" "For this reason. I think that any sudden emotion-violent gof, for in-stance-any unexpected and crushing blow-might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments.

"Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

I laughed. "Doctors never give names when they quote cases.'

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupled I dismissed him from my mind. as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

short time and would probably never Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said. roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought we could do no better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name-a foolish reason I should no doubt call it.

When we met he would let me know it. This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A College Student as Blacksmith.

At Cornell all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students, but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron, but the profesor took special care that there was nothing lacking in thoroughness of his training at the forge. Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. "You see." he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job. but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and sent it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed. and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine and the boss raised my salary."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Rural Humorist. "My friend," said the traveler, "have you a knife about you?" "Naw; but you'll find a fork in the road yander."

"You're bright, ain't you?" "Naw, I'm Brown."-Atlanta Constitution.

Strength of a Web of Spider Silk. Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about fifty per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

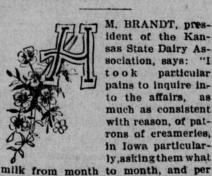
Patents.

To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take prices were for selected stock, prepared out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated cost of which is about \$2,500.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

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.



M. BRANDT, president of the Kansas State Dairy Association, says: took particular pains to inquire into the affairs, as much as consistent with reason, of patrons of creameries in Iowa particularly, asking them what

pound for butter fat, or per hundredweight for milk, and was usually answered that they had forgotten, or they believed it was so and so, or the other, leaving the impression that it was their business to see that their cows were doing all that it was possible in the quantity and quality of milk, and the prices or returns would be all right when the time came to draw their pay; in other words, it was not a question of price so much as what they could make the cows do per month or year in weight of milk or butter sold. Kansas has some superior advantages for dairying. We can manufacture as fine a butter, or at least it sells for as much per pound, as any sister state can boast; we have a ready market for all and more than we can supply of fine goods; there have been large quantities of poor butter made in creameries as well as on farms-too much entirely. It costs more to make a poor article than a good one, and it brings less than half as much money, and I have not seen the day, in the nine years that I have been engaged in the manufacture of butter by the separator process, that I had not sale for more than I had to offer. This cannot be said of farmmade butter; it is, on the other hand, a continual drug on the markets of the world, selling at less than cost. Why not take the same raw material, sell it to a good and well-regulated creamery, and get twice the money for it, and have ready sale? Now, why all this difference? We say there are numerous causes, the principal one being lack of facilities for the making of butter on the average Kansas farm, and the large percentage of foreign matter that is in milk that cannot be strained out, all of which is removed by the separator. The creamery makes a uniform grade; raises the standard of quality very materially; has an output that will enable it to establish a trade that will stay by it if the goods are kept up in grade, and at a price very much above farm or ladle butter. There is

not a farmer in Kansas, or elsewhere, if he knows what could be done with a good cow, but what would be a dairyman. There is not a more honorable way of making a comfortable living. Show me a farmer who has insisted on raising grain for the past six or seven years exclusively, keeping very little dairy stock, if any, who has made any money, and kept his grocery bills and incidental expenses paid up without going in debt, and I will show you two who, with ten of fifteen cows, have, aside from raising a wheat crop, raised enough of corn, oats and other feed crops and fed them to cows that paid ing expenses on half the acreage, were happy, and had money in the bank. We have here in central Kansas, within a radius of seventy-five miles, some thirty creameries, paying to the farmers monthly from \$35,000 to \$40,000: the number of red barns, painted houses, smiling faces and happy families is growing monthly in proportion to the increase in amount paid out. Ten years ago the same community received less than \$2,000 per month from the same source. Other branches of farming have lost pace; we need to remedy this by a different system; we have come to the place and stage where we must do it if we would keep abreast with our neighbors; the dairy and the cow must figure conspicuously at this stage. She will do it if we give her half a chance, and it is for those to say who are striving to own pleasant homes and have comfortable surroundings

Canadian Poultry for England. A Canadian paper says: Last year some big profits were made on shipping Canadian dead poultry to England, and those who expect to duplicate their good fortune this year have been buying heavily in Ontario, and paying pretty good prices owing to the competition between buyers in securing the very choicest stock. Last Christmas in Manchester and Liverpool and London, says the Trade Bulletin, Canadian turkeys, weighing from 15 to 20 pounds each, sold at prices which netted shippers a clear profit of \$1.00 to \$1.50 each bird. Of course less profits were made on smaller birds; but it is a well-known fact that turkeys chickens and geese shipped from Canada last year made exceptionally good prices on the Christmas markets. It is feared by some that the purchases on this side may be overdone this year and the large shipments be too much for the demand. American buyers, it seems, have been competing with Ca-Brockville sections, and as high as 10c to 101/2c per pound has been paid for choice turkeys, 6c to 7c per pound for choice chickens, 6c for geese, and 7c er is attending to other duties.-Ex. to 8c for ducks. But of course these specially for the American and English markets. For the English markets the birds are not plucked; but

whether or not she can have recogni-

tion in our midst.

killed. This is preferred, as the reath- | EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA ers keep the birds clean, so that when they are picked on the other side, they have a nice, fresh appearance. One Montreal firm is shipping about six cars of dead poultry to the English markets, and several other firms are sending forward round lots, and we hope they will do as well as they did last year. Western firms are also shiping largely.

Mating for Brollers.

It is not necessary to keep a lot of roosters in the flocks. They are not only useless and expensive, but also quarrelsome, says Farm and Fireside. It has been demonstrated that hens will lay as many eggs if no males are with them as when they are present. One effect of having the roosters with all the hens is that the farmer is less careful selecting eggs for hatching, being inclined to use eggs collected from the whole flock. This should not be the case. What should be done, in order to secure strong and healthy chicks, is to select about a dozen of the best hens and mate them with a choice male, using only eggs from the selected flock. As the hatching season with incubators is nearly here, for producing broilers, the farmers will, by the adoption of this method, know what kind of chicks to expect, and what they should be when ready for market, but if he does not mate a flock for the purpose, using the eggs from all of the hens on the farm, his chicks will be of all kinds, sizes and colors, with no uniformity, and will be but a lot of mongrels of which he knows nothing and cannot expect good results therefrom.

It has long since been proved that exclusive broiler plants are never long lived. Of course there are exceptions to that rule, but the exception comes only where the broiler plant has some good reliable egg farmer raise the eggs for him, says an exchange. But to gather up eggs here and there, no matter how the fowls are fed and kept, nor to what variety they belong. is a risky piece of business. When common eggs are used, the broiler raiser has all sorts of blood to handle. He finds all sizes and weights at the end of three months and very often is compelled to feed one-half of the lot arother month in order to get them up to the desired weight. But when the man uses his own eggs, or, in other words, when he uses the eggs from one breed, or one cross and feeds and cares for the stock for fertility, he is sure to have a uniform lot and meet with better success.

Spotty Butter.—Sometimes impurity in the salt will make the butter spotty -this disfiguring being the effect of lime in the salt, and this is a common impurity in the cheap kinds of salt. The lime in salt of course will exist mostly as a chloride, and this will have the very worst effect on the butter, bleaching it in patches or streaks, and giving a soapy texture or flavor to it. Sometimes there is gypsum in the salt, and this has, as I have found, the effect of making round spots in the mass of butter wherever there is a speck of this sulphate of lime. There cannot be too great care taken to procure the purest kind of salt for dairy use; and it should be ground as fine as flour, so that if any impurity does exist in it, it may be evenly spread through the butter, and thus the color escape injury. Hard water, too, is not fit for washing the butter, on account off mortgages on their homes, paid liv- of the impurities in it being mostly lime or gypsum, both of which, as said, are injurious to the butter color.-Ex.

Effect of Light on Butter.-Light has an effect on the butter color. The dairy in which the butter is kept while making, or resting and for the final working should be darkened by shades, so as to avoid this effect. Or the butter should be protected by a cover impregnable to the light. The light has a bleaching effect, and this is especially marked when the butter is put away in a gashed or flaky condition, by which one side of the flakes is exposed to light and the other side is in the shade. My practice has always been to cover the butter in the bowl with a doubled towel, to protect it from the light, however dull it may be.-Ex.

Transporting Eggs.-The cost of bringing eggs great distances is less than one would think. The large shipments reduce the cost of freight. It costs about % cent per dozen more to ship eggs from Ohio to New York city than from the vicinity of New York. and only 11/4 cents a dozen more to ship from Iowa. It is generally the supply of eggs from the western states which fixes the price in the eastern markets. The western shippers are very active in their shipments through the months of March, April and May. During these months eggs pour into New York at the rate of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 per day.

Fall Cows.—The amount of butter per cow for the year is said to be greatest for the cow which calves in September or October, and she brings the added advantage of producing the greatest milk flow at a time of the year when it is worth the most money. As a rule the farmer then has more time to give to the details of butter making, and properly stored food is just as cheap as summer provender .- Ex.

Swedish Method of Raising Cream. -By the Swedish mathod no time is lost; no labor to siluired by the dilunadian buyers in the Belleville and tion process of a ration, and all the gream is save. As soon as the milk is fifxed with cold water the separatien goes on naturally while the farm-

> Do not purchase trees of irresponsible parties. Be sure that the trees you buy are of first quality, and from a

reputable nersery. their feathers remain on after being | Tight barne mye feed.

From the Old-Time Whalebone Spr to the Bow Channel Steck

Forty years or so ago umbrellas were

made with stretchers or bows of whalebone. These bows were rather bulky in themselves, and they were apt to get a little permanent bend from long use so that they bulged when the umbrella was rolled up; making the big, baggy umbrella, familiar to middle-aged and older people, and occasionally still seen, though on the stage oftener than in real life. With the introduction of petroleum oil into general use as an illuminating oil, and the consequent very general abandonment of the use of whale oil came the decline of the whaling industry. Fewer and fewer vessels went after whales, because there was less and less demand for the oil. Of course, the supply. of whalebone decreased with the supply of oil, but the price did not, nor did the demand. There are still some uses for which whalebone is considered most desirable, and with constant demand and decreasing supply the price of whalebone steadily advanced, as it has continued to do. Whalebone soon became too costly to permit of its further use for umbrella stretchers. At first a slender, round, tempered steel rod. With these slenderer bows the umbrella could be more snugly rolled and the old baggy umbrella began to disappear, and the modern tight roller to take its place. Then came umbrella bows of light steel rolled in V skape, and then, in the quest for a still tighter roller, umbrella handles were made of metal. The first tubing handles were made of brass. Steel would have been cheaper, but there had been discovered no satisfac tory method of brazing steel tubes such as are used in umbrella handles. There is such a method now, however, and umbrella handles of steel tubing are now made in great numbers. And nowadays many spreaders are made of steel, rolled channel-shaped. In cross section this spreader is shaped some-thing like a capital letter E without a tongue, and the ribs of the umbrellathe steel rods that run from the sliding ferrule, or runner, as it is called, on the handle of the umbrella, by means of which the umbrella is spread -are so attached and adjusted to the spreaders that they shut into the channels when the umbrella is closed.

ITS LATTER-DAY DEGENERACY.

The Umbrella Is No Longer a Portly, Respectable Instrument.

The real old family umbrella has come out. Call that slim, stuck-up, affected, attenuated thing a family brella? Go away, says a writer in London Queen. I remember the genuine family umbrella; it was kept in readiness behind every front door; it was a large, portly, heavy instrument. As an emblem of respectability it was highly esteemed in middle-class society; it was serviceable as a tent in rainy weather; it could be used as a weapon of offense and defense on occasion. I have seen a picture of an elderly gentleman keep-ing off a footpad by means of this lethal umbrells. He made as if he would spear or prod the villain. Why, one prod would alone make a hole of six inches diameter in that murderous carcass. The nurse used to carry it, with difficulty managing the baby and the umbrella; it went out to tes with the young ladies; the maid who "fetch them home took the umbrella with her.' It succeeded the lantern and the club formerly carried by the 'prentice wh he escorted his mistress to the card party after dark. I remember it, I say. There were three brothers who came to the same school where I was but a tiny little boy. They lived at some distance and had to pass on their way to school through a stratum of inferior respectability. Every morning brought to these three brothers the delight and excitement of battle with the boys belonging to that inferior respectability. To the eldest brother, who carried the really important weapon, the umbrella was exactly what his battle-ax was to the Lion Heart. So he raised it; so he wielded it; so he swung it; so he laid his enemies low to right and left of him, before him and behind him: while the other two, relying on the books tightly strapped, brought there to bear, with shrewd knocks and thwacks and poundings, on heads and

'Twas a famous family umbrellagreen, too, if I remember aright.

shoulders and ribs.

Life in the Georgia Mountains. From the Ellijau Mountain Sentinel. -Mr. Henry Shepard was in town Monday, and showed us the head of a squirrel which his little boy killed that was quite a curiosity. It had only one ear, and its lower teeth had grown upward into its upper .jaw and the upper teeth grown downward through its tongue into the lower jaw. It is a mystery how it lived, as it was impossible for it to have opened its mouth.

Cripple Creek's Output.

The total output of the Cripple Creek district from 1892 to 1895, inclusive, was \$13,700,000. It is expected that this year's output will reach \$10,000,000. making a total of \$23,700,000. It is claimed that of this year's output \$3,-500,000 will be net profit to the owners.

Market for Railroad Ties.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which the contractors get on an average 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5,250,000.

The Apparel Question.

Little girl: "Do children keep on growing after they get to heaven, namma?

Mamma: "Yes, I suppose so." "Then where do they get their clothes?"--New York World.