

CHAPTER III .- (CONTINUED.) So soon as our first hearty greetings were over, I proceeded to ascertain how the last year had treated Carriston. I had taken place in his manner, no less er-altogether more like ordinary humanity. Not only had he greeted me with almost boisterous glee, but during our drive through the wonderful scenery he was in the gayest spirits and full of fun and anecdote. I congratulated him heartily upon the marked improvement in his health, both mentally and physically.
"Yes, I am much better," he said.

"I followed a part of your advice-gave up moping, tried constant change of scene, interested myself in many more things. I am quite a different man."

"No supernatural visitations?" I asked, anxious to learn that his cure in that direction was complete.

His face fell. He hesitated a second before answering.
"No-not now," he said. "I fought

against the strange feeling, and believe have got rid of it-at least I hope I said no more on the subject. Car-

riston plunged into a series of vivid and mimetic descriptions of the varimet with during his stay. He depicted | the back of the house. his experiences so amusingly that I laughed heartily for many a mile.

"But why the change in your name?" I asked, when he paused for a moment in his merry talk.

He blushed, and looked rather ashamed. "I scarcely like to tell you; you will think my reason so absurd." 'Never mind. I don't judge you by the ordinary standard."

Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared if I gave my true name at the hotel at which I stayed on my way here, he might by chance see it, and look me up in these wild regions."

"Well, and what if he did?" "I can't tell you. I hate to know I

feel like it. But I have always, perhaps without cause, been afraid of him -and this place is horribly lonely."

Now that I understood the meaning of his words I thought the boy must be joking; but the grave look on his face showed me he was never further from merriment.

"Why, Carriston," I cried, "you are positively ridiculous about your cousin. You can't think the man wants to murder you."

"I don't know what I think. I am saying things to you which I ought not to say; but every time I meet him I feel he hates me, and wishes me out of the world."

"Between wishing and doing, there is a great difference. I dare say all this is fancy on your part."

"Perhaps so. Anyway, Cecil Carr is

as good a name up here as Charles Car- age. riston, so please humor my whim and say no more about it."

As it made no difference to me by were proof against anything I could do to remove them. At last we reached our temporary abode. It was a substantial, low-built house, owned and inhabited by a thrifty middle-aged widow, who, although well-to-do so far as the simple ideas of her neighbors went, was nevertheless always willing to add to her resources by accommodating such stray tourists as wished to bury themselves for a day or two in solitude, or artists who, like ourselves, preferred to enjoy the beauties of nature undisturbed by the usual ebbing and flowing stream of sight-seers.

As Carriston asserted, the accommodation, if homely, was good enough for two single men; the fare was plentiful make myself very happy in these quar-

I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before I found out one reason for the great change in the better in Charles Carriston's demeanor; knew why his step was lighter, his eye brighter, his voice gayer, and his whole bearing altered. Whether the reason was a subject for congratulation or not I could not as yet say.

The boy was in love; in love as only a passionate, romantic, imaginative nature can be: and even then only once in a lifetime. Heedless, headstrong, impulsive, and entirely his'own master, he had given his very heart and soul into the keeping of a woman.

IV. HAT a man of Car-

riston's rank, breeding, and refinement, should meet his fate within the walls of a lonely farm-house, beyond the Trossachs, seems !ncredible. One would scarcely expect to find among

such humble surroundings a wife suitable to a man of his stamp. And yet when I saw the woman who had won him, I neither wondered at the conquest nor did I blame him for weak-

I made the great discovery on the

stroll. I returned, and whilst standing at the door of the house, was positively startled by the beauty of a girl who passed me and entered, as if she were was both delighted and astonished at a regular inhabitant of the place. Not the great change for the better which a rosy Scotch lassie, such as one would expect to find indigenous to the soil; than his appearance. He looked far but a slim graceful girl with delicate more robust; he seemed happier, bright- classical features. A girl with a mass of knotted light hair, yet with the apparent anomaly, dark eyes, eye-lashes and eyebrows-a combination which, to my mind, makes a style of beauty rare, irresistible, and dangerous above all others. The features which filled the exquisite oval of her face were refined and faultless. Her complexion was pale, but its pallor in no way suggested anything save perfect health. To cut my enthusiastic description short, I may at once say it has never been my good fortune to cast my eyes on a lovelier creature than this young girl.

Although her dress was of the plainest and simplest description, no one could have mistaken her for a servant; and much as I admire the bonny, healthy Scotch country lassies, I felt sure that the mountain air had never reared a being of this ethereal type. As she passed me, I raised my hat instinctively. She gracefully bent her golden head, and bade me a quiet but unembarrassed good-morning. My eyes followed her until she vanished at the eties of Scotch character which he had end of the dark passage which led to

Even during the brief glimpse I enjoyed of this fair unknown, a strange idea occurred to me. There was a remarkable likeness between her delicate features and those, scarcely less delicate, of Carriston. This resemblance may have added to the interest the girl's appearance awoke in my mind. Anyway, I entered our sittingroom, and, a prey to curlosity and perhaps hunger, awaited with much impatience the appearance of Carristonand breakfast.

The former arrived first. Generally speaking, he was afoot long before I was, but this morning we had reversed the usual order of things. As soon as I saw him I cried:

"Carriston, tell me at once who is the lovely girl I met outside. An angel, with dark eyes and golden hair. Is she staying here like ourselves?"

A look of pleasure flashed into his eyes-2 look which pretty well told me everything. Nevertheless, he answered as carelessly as if such lovely women were as common to the mountain side as rocks and branches:

"I expect you mean Miss Rowan; a niece of our worthy landlady. She lives with her."

"She cannot be Scotch with such a face and eyes."

"Half and half. Her father was called an Englishman; but was, I believe, of French extraction. They say the name was originally Rohan.' Carriston seemed to have made close

inquiries as to Miss Rowan's parent-

"But what brings her here?" I asked. "She has nowhere else to go. Rowan was an artist. He married a sister of what name he chose to call himself our hostess, and bore her away from I dropped the subject. I knew of old her native land. Some years ago she that some of his strange prejudices died, leaving this one daughter. Last year the father died, penniless, they tell me, so the girl has since then lived with her only relative, her aunt."

"Well," I said, "as you seem to know all about her, you can introduce me by

"With the greatest pleasure, if Miss Rowan permits," said Carriston. I was glad to hear him give the conditional promise with as much respect to the lady's wishes as if she had been a duchess.

Then, with the liberty a close friend may take, I drew toward me a portfolio, full, I presumed, of sketches of surrounding scenery. To my surprise Carriston jumped up hastily and snatched it from me. "They are too bad to look and our rooms were the picture of at," he said. As I struggled to regain cleanliness. After a cursory inspection possession, sundry strings broke, and I felt sure that I could for a few weeks lo and behold! the floor was littered. not with delineations of rock, lake, and torrent, but with images of the fair young girl I had seen a few minutes before. Full face, profile, threequarter face, five, even seven-eighth face, all were there-each study perfectly executed by Carriston's clever pencil. I threw myself into a chair and laughed aloud, whilst the young man, blushing and discomfited, quickly huddled the portraits between the covers. just as a genuine Scotch lassie bore in a plentiful and, to me, very welcome breakfast.

Carriston did favor me with his company during the whole of that day, but, in spite of my having come to Scotland to enjoy his society, that day, from easily guessed reasons, was the only one in which I had undisputed possession of my friend.

Of course I bantered him a great deal on the portfolio episode. He took it in good part, attempted little or no defense. Indeed, before night he had told me with all a boy's fervor how he had loved Madeline Rowan at first sight, how in the short space of time which had elapsed since that meeting he had wooed her and won her; how good and beautiful she was; how he worshiped her; how happy he felt; how, when I went south he should accompany me, and, after making a few necessary arrangements, return at once and bear his bride away.

I could only listen to him, and congratulate him. It was not my place morning after my arrival. Eager to to act the elder, and advise him either taste the freshness of the morning air for or against the marriage. Carriston I rose betimes and went for a short had only himself to please, and if he

made a rash step only himself to blame for the consequences. And why should I have dissuaded?-I, who in two days envied the boy's good fortune.



SAW a great deal of Madeline Rowan. How strange and out-of-place her name and face seemed amid our surroundings. If at first somewhat shy and retiring, she soon, if only for Carriston's sake, consented to look

upon me as a friend, and talked to me freely and unreservedly. Then I found that her nature was as sweet as her face. Such a conquest did she make of me that, save for one chimerical reason. I should have felt quite certain that Carriston had chosen well, and would be happy in wedding the girl of his choice; heedless of her humble position in the world, and absence of befitting wealth. When once his wife, I felt sure that if he cared for her to win social success, her looks and bearing would insure it, and from the great improvement which, as I have already said, I noticed in his health and spirits, I believed that his marriage would make his life lorger and happier.

Now for my objection, which seems almost a laughable one. I objected on the score of the extraordinary resemblance, which, so far as a man may resemble a woman, existed between Charles Carriston and Madeline Rowan. The more I saw them together, the more I was struck by it. A stranger might well have taken them for twin brother and sister. The same delicate features, drawn in the same lines; the same soft, dark, dreamy eyes; even the same shaped heads. Comparing the two, it needed no phrenologist or physiognomist to tell you that where one excelled the other excelled; where one failed the other was wanting. Now, could I have selected a wife for my friend, I would have chosen one with habits and constitution entirely different from his own. She should have been a bright, bustling woman, with lots of energy and commonsense-one who would have rattled him about and kept him going-not a lovely, dark-eyed, dreamy girl, who could for hours at a stretch make herself supremely happy if only sitting at her lover's feet and speaking no word. Yet they were a handsome couple, and never have I seen two people so utterly devoted to each other as those two seemed to be during those autumn days which I spent with them.

I soon had a clear proof of the closeness of their mental resemblance. One evening Carriston, Madeline, and I were sitting out of doors, watching the gray mist deepening in the valley at our feet. Two of the party were, of course, hand in hand, the third seated at a discreet distance—not so far away as to preclude conversation, but far enough off to be able to pretend that he saw and heard only what was intended for his eyes and ears.

How certain topics, which I would have avoided discussing with Carriston, were started, I hardly remember, Probably some strange tale had been passed down from wilder and even more solitary regions than ours-some ridiculous tale of Highland superstition, no doubt embellished and augmented by each one who repeated it to his fellows. From her awed look, I soon found that Madeline Rowan, perhaps by reason of the Scotch blood in her veins, was as firm a believer in things visionary and beyond nature, as ever Charles Carriston, in his siliest moments could be As soon as I could, I stopped the talk, and the next day, finding the girl for a few minutes alone, told her plainly that subjects of this kind should be kept as far as possible from her future husband's thoughts. She promised obedience, with dreamy eyes which looked as far away and full of visions as Car-

"By the bye," I said, "has he ever spoken to you of seeing strange

"Yes; he has hinted at it." 'And you believe him?"

"Of course I do: he told me so." This was unanswerable. "A pretty pair they will make," I muttered, as Madeline slipped from me to welcome her lover, who was approaching. "They will see ghosts in every corner, and goblins behind ever curtain."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sir Isaac Newton's Absence of Mind. Sir Isaac Newton, too, frequently forgot whether he had dined or not. It is reported that on one occasion his friend, Dr. Stukely, being announced, Sir Isaac asked him to be seated, and he would join him shortly. The philosopher repaired to his laboratory, and as time went on, it became evident that the visit of his friend had entirely escaped him. The doctor was left eitting in the dining-room until the dinner was served. This consisted of a roast fowl. The host not even now putting in an appearance, Dr. Stukely seated himself at the table and demolished the fowl. When Sir Isaac entered the room, and saw the remnants of the meal, he apologized and said: "Believe me, I had quite forgotten I had dined."

A Striking Likeness.

Miss Susan is an exceedingly refined young lady, who has seen some five summers. She is full of airs and of graces, reserved, self-contained and decidedly uppish. She cut her uncle dead in the street one day, and when he reproached her for her extreme hauteur, she said, with her most pronounced society manner:

Oh, I saw you, uncle, but I thought it was auntie!"-Harper's Round Table.

Germany imports 800,000 tons of pickled herrings every year.

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.



ARDLY second in importance of plenty of good feed is an abundant supply of pure water on the farm where dairying is a leading business, says an exchange. Be the rations ever so plentiful and the supply of water scanty or filthy, the cows cannot

do what is expected of them. Cows giving milk need a large amount of water, as any farmer will notice when undertaking to furnish a supply, when from any cause there is a scarcity. It is needed in the pasture in warm weather and at the barn or feed lot in winter. It is bad to be short in supply in summer, but much worse in cold weather, when it is usually so much more difficult repairing water mains and tanks or obtaining a fresh supply. It will pay the farmer to make some extra outlay in order to obtain an abundance of never-failing water, good for all parts of the year. In wet seasons ponds and creeks furnish all that is needed for cattle, but in dry times windmills must be put in operation to meet all the requirements, as much loss comes to the dairyman and stock raiser when the water reserve falls short. By all means have a plentiful supply of water for winter. The nearer to the barn this can be located the better it will be, expecially in blustering weather. Whether it shall be in the stables will best be determined by the owner. Since the tuberculosis scare it is thought best by many to be safer and better to have it outside the stables, but if out of doors, it should be well protected from storms. Dairy cows in particular should have as comfortable place in which to drink in bad weather as is possible to furnish. It may sometimes be necessary to drive quite a little distance for water, but if the drinking place is well protected and provided with plenty of good water, not too cold, there will be little trouble or loss, but to be obliged to go a long way and then drink from an icy creek in a beak place, any one can see would be injurious for milch cows and must materially diminish their profitableness, and the same rule would apply in a lesser degree to fattening animals. Half-watered and half-fed stock give no returns, besides being inhuman.

Handleapped by Fraud.

"Honesty is the best policy"-so the old saw runs, says New York Farmer. It is not a very enobling motive -hardly creditable to anyone, still, as it is better to be honest, if we can only make men honest as a matter of policy, let us do so rather than do nothing in that direction. It is not many years since the United States was a very much larger factor in the European trade in dairy products than is the case to-day. The demand for our goods was almost unlimited. To-day our trade there is a mere ghost of its former greatness, and it will hardly ever again reach the old high-water mark. We have lost the trade by dishonesty. We have labored with a zest that is seldom equaled in honest trade, to sell filled cheese for a genuine article and hog-butter for its model, the | in this country, that steers are most this matter. Nine-tenths of all this rascality and rottenness came from Illinois, that home of hog-butter and filled cheese, and it is there to-day that the apologists for the frauds are found in greatest abundance. The blot is one which should be wiped out. Filled cheese has recived its quietus-hogbutter needs the same legal status in Illinois and some other states that it has in New York and some of our neighbors. When these two swindles are so handicapped that their profitable manufacture will be impossible, our trade abroad may be restored to us and the consumption of genuine products at home be largely increased.

Probably Roup.

Please inform me through the Farmers' Review what ails my chickens. They will swell up on one side of the head, usually the left eye will swell shut with a sort of thick yellow matter or canker, the tongue, mouth and as far down the throat as you can see is covered with thick chunks of yellow canker. They dump around for about three days and die. I have a good warm hen-house well ventilated. I feed corn. oats, millet, ground barley and oats. Please inform me what to do for them. Some of the hens are laying. I have fed them some Venetian red, which I thought helped them .- G. H.

From the description we would incline to the belief that the trouble is roup. You say the pen is warm and well-ventilated. That may be just the trouble. We are not in favor of vontilators at all. We have seen too much trouble arising from cold drafts of air in warm pens. We have known large numbers of fowls to die from no other apparent reason than this. Better have the pen cold and draftless than warm and drafty. Here is what one authority says on roup: "Almost all forms of chronic catarrh in fowls go by the name of roup. It usually begins by a severe cold, caused by exposure to cold, wet or damp. There is discharge from the nostrils, at first of thin mucous, and the entire cavity of eye-ball quite concealed, and in severe just now is the time to be at it.—Ex.

cases the entire face is considerably swelled. It is said to be contagious, but is probably so only in severe and virulent cases."

Prof. Law describes roup as follows: "Duliness, sleepiness, neglect of food,

ruffled feathers, unsteady walk, quickened breathing, with a hoarse wheeze and an occasional crowing sound. On the tongue, at the angle of union of the beak, or in the throat appear yellowish white films (false membranes) firmly adherent to a reddened surface, and raw sores where these have been detached. The nostrils may be completely plugged with swelling and discharge so that breath can only be drawn through the open bill. The inflammation may extend along the windpipe to the aerial cavities and lungs, or along the gullet to the intestines. In the first place death may take place from suffocation and in the latter from diarrhoea."

Treatment. — The same authority

says: "Disuse raw grain and feed on vegetables and puddings made of wellboiled oats, barley and Indian pudding. Dissolve carbonate or sulphate of sods, or chlorate of potassia freely in the water drunk. Remove the false membranes with a feather or forceps and apply to the surface with a feather a nitrate of silver lotion. If diarrhoea supervenes, give a teaspoonful of quinnia wine thrice a day. It is all-important to change the run of the chickens for a time at least."

We ourselves have never had fowls afflicted this way, for we have always kept them in tight pens, but not too warm, in fact in pens where a single inch wall of boards is the only protection from the cold.

The Pert Chicken. There was once a pretty chicken, But his friends were very few, or he thought that there was nothing In the world but what he knew.

Had a very forward way, Telling all the hens and trukeys What they ought to do or say. Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder That your goslings you should let Go out paddling in the water,

So he always in the farmyard

It will kill them to get wet." I wish, my old Aunt Dorking," He began to her one day, That you wouldn't sit all summer In your nest upon the hay. Won't you come into the meadow,

Where the grass with seeds is filled? If I should," said Mrs. Dorking. "Then my eggs would all get chilled."

No they won't," replied the chicken, "And no matter if they do, Eggs are really good for nothing, What's an egg to me or you'

"Can it be you do not know, You yourself were in an eggshell But a little month ago And if kind wings had not warmed you, You would not be out today, Telling hens and geese and turkeys

'What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking;

What they ought to do and say, To be very wise and shrewd Is a pleasant thing no doubt, But when young folks talk to old ones They should know what they're about." -Selected

Cattle Feeding in England.—It is said that the English breeders carefully note at what age the steer shows the greatest gain, and for the largest profit feeds accordingly. In a test a calf was weaned at 12 days old and fed skimmed milk and linseed meal, and later on chopped roots, bran and hay with cut grass in summer. He was weighed last fall upon the fe profit, but after that he lost, which is quite in accordance with our experience fed liberally from the start. The Scotch breeders understand that, and besides having well bred steers they never allow them to lose their call's flesh. They are great feeders, and keep the calves growing and fat by the best feeding. They never allow them to lose the cream or bloom so much prized by the butchers which invariably shows if the animal has been stunted or starved at any time in its growth. This bloom of the calf flesh can never be regained if once lost, so the butchers say.-Ex.

Housing Hens.-It will not do to keep a lot of hens in a dark or uncomfortable building and expect them to be busy and lay. They prefer a light, dry, roomy place, where each hen can exercise freely and without hindrance from the others. They will never care to scratch, however, if they are fed every time they appear hungry, They must be compelled to scratch and work for their food. We do not advise the limiting of the food. Give them plenty, but only in the litter, where they must work and scratch for each grain. Throw the grain in leaves, cut straw, cut hay or any kind of litter, and at night give them a good feed in the trough, composed of a mixture, but during the day make them work and work hard. At first they may not be inclined to accept such conditions, but unless they scratch let them go hungry. Scratching means eggs, for it keeps them in health .- Ex.

Improve the Stock.—The only way to maintain the quality of our live stock is to constantly aim to improve it. Good beef never lacks demand, either at home or abroad. The Briton likes his American roast, and our export trade has reached enormous proportions; but we must be ready for competition, and give heed to the healthi ness and quality of our product.-Ex.

Spray the Poultry House .- After fixing up the hen house so that it will be secure and tidy for the winter, take your spray pump and give it a good soaking with kerosene emulsion. Next the nose may become filled up; froth whitewash with a lime and carbolic and mucous fill the inner angle of the acid mixture. All this is necessary to eye, the lids are swelled and often the get rid of the summer stock of lice and

FOR UNIVERSAL ARBITRATION

PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT FOR ALL DISPUTES.

TO DO AWAY WITH WARS.

Senator Bacon of Georgia Intro-Such a Measure in the Senate-The United States to Take the Lead and Invite All Civilised Nations to Follow-Washington News.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30. - In the Senate to-day Mr. Bacon of Georgia intro-duced the following: "Whereas, The United States depre-

cates war and desires the maintens of peace and friendship with all the world and that this desire is not limited to the relations to any one nation, but extends to their relations with all the nations of the earth, whether the same be great or small, strong or weak.

"Resolved that to the end that these "Resolved that to the end that these relations of peace and amity now happily existing between them and all nations may be perpetually preserved and that wars may be discouraged and as far as practicable, made impossible, the United States favors peace and the practice of international arbitration for the settlement of all questions in difference between them and any other nation which they may fail to adjust by treaty or diplomatic negotiation.

"Resolved, further, That the United

"Resolved, further, That the United "Resolved, further, That the United States does hereby avow it as their future policy and intention whenever there shall arise any question in difference between them and any other nation, which they may fail to adjust by treaty or diplomatic negotiations, that they shall and will, so far as they can consistently with the national shonor and established national policies, agree with such other nations to submit and established national policies, agree with such other nations to submit such question in difference to the arbitrament and final decision of an international court of arbitration. Such court shall in the future, as in the past, be constituted by agreement between parties consenting thereto with special reference and adaptation to the particular question in difference and to the conditions then existing.

"Resolved, further, That the United States hereby invites all civilized nations to make corresponding and reciprocal declarations to the end that wars between nations may cease and

wars between nations may cease and that an universal reign of peace may be inaugurated and perpetually main-

Mr. Bacon spoke briefly on the resolution saying that a declaration by Congress, which is the war-making power, would exert far greater influence toward peace and against war than any treaty. He expressed hope that a favorable report would be speedily made by the committee on foreign relations and that Congress would make the declarations stated. The resolutions were referred to the committee on foreign relations.

CHINA'S NAVAL PLANS.

The Celestial Empire Proposes to Be come First Class Sea Power.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Commander F. M. Barber, U. S. N. (retired) who was invited to address the Chinese Tsung-Li-Yamen, or imperial council, last fall upon the feasibility of securevery three months and it was found ing ships in the United States, reports that when two years old he gave a that he was informed that China proposed to reconstruct her navy and become a first class naval power in ten years. The Bay of Kia Chow on the genuine product of the dairy. It is profitably fed up to 18 to 24 months if south side of Shangh Tung promontory hardly fair to use the word "we" in fed liberally from the start. The Scotch was to be thoroughly dredged and was to be thoroughly dredged and fortified for a great naval depot and the arsenal at Foo Chow to be reorganized and enlarged under French engineers so as to be capable of constructing modern vessels of war of all types. Nine ves-sels had already been ordered from Europe, two of these unarmed cruisers of 4,300 tons and twenty-four knots speed from the Armstrongs in England three unarmored cruisers of 2,500 tons and twenty-three knots speed from the Vulcan works in Germany, and four torpedo destroyers of 200 tons and thirty-two knots speed from 'the Shichau works at Elbing, Germany.

WILL FIGHT IN NEVADA. Bill to Legalize Glove Contests Is Up to the Governor

Carson, Nev., Jan. 30 -The Corbett Fitzsimmons fight will be pulled off in Nevada, probably at Carson. The state senate yesterday presed the bili to legalize glove contests and last night Dan Stuart, the fight promoter, announced that the mill would occur in the Silver State. The bill passed the senate by a vote of 9 to 6, and the town is all excitement in consequence. The bill was not enrolled in time to be presented to the governor, but it will reach him to-day. There is no doubt of his signing it.

Burge Gets Only a Draw. BIRMINGHAM, Eng., Jan. 30 .- The fight between Dick Burge of England and Eddie Connolly of America for \$5,000, which took place at the Olym-pic club last night, was declared a draw in the eleventh round. Unusual excitement was caused, crowds flocked to the doors of the club house and extra police were required to preserve

A Consul Fined for Assault.

Berlin, Jan. 30 -A dispatch from Mayence says that Perry the United States consul there, has been fined 200 marks for injuring last summer an inmate of his home by striking him on the head with a re-

Underground Trolleys for Gotham NEW YORK, Jan. 30.-The Metropolitian Traction company has decided to equip three of its lines with the underground trolley system and has closed contracts with a number of firms for the materials needed.