CHAPTER VII .- (CONTINUED.) "But why should he have done this?" I asked. "To prevent your marriage? You are young-he must have foreseen

that you would marry some day." Carriston leaned toward me, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

'This is his reason," he said-"this is why I come to you. You are not the only one who has entirely misread my nature, and seen a strong tendency to insanity in it. Of course, I know you are all wrong, but I know that Ralph Carriston has stolen my love-stolen her because he thinks and hopes that her loss will drive me mad-perhaps drive me to kill myself. I went straight to him-I have just come from him-Brand, I tell you that when I taxed him with the crime-when I raved at him-when I threatened to tear the life out of him-his cold wicked eyes leapt with joy. I heard him mutter between his teeth, 'Men have been put in straitwaistcoats for less than this.' Then I knew why he had done this. I curbed myself and left him. Most likely he will try to shut me up as a lunatic; but I count on your protection-count upon your help to find my love."

That any man could be guilty of such a subtle refinement of crime as that of which he accused his cousin seemed to me, if not impossible, at least improbable. But as at present there was no doubt about my friend's sanity, I promised my aid readily.

"And now," I said, "my dear boy, I won't hear another word tonight. Nothing can be done until tomorrow; then we will consult as to what steps should be taken. Drink this and go to bed-yes, you are as sane as I am, but, remember, insomnia soon drives the strongest man out of his senses."

I poured out an opiate. He drank it obediently. Before I left him for the night I saw him in bed and sleeping a heavy sleep.

VIII.

HE advantage to one who writes, not a tale of imaginanation, but of simrecord events, is this: He need not be bound by the recognized canons of the storytelling art - need not exercise his ingenuity to mislead

his reader-need not suppress some things and lay undue stress on others to create mysteries to be cleared up at the end of the tale. Therefore, using the privilege of a plain narrator, I shall here give some account of what became of Miss Rowan as, so far as I can remember, I heard it some time afterward from her own

The old Scotchwoman's funeral over. and those friends who had been present departed, Madeline was left in the little farm-house alone, save for the presence of the two servants. Several kind bodies had offered to come and stay. with her, but she had declined the offers. She was in no mood for company and, perhaps, being of such a different race and breed, would not have found much comfort in the rough homely sympathy which was offered to her. She preferred being alone with her grief-grief which after all was bound to be much lightened by the thought of her own approaching happiness, for the day was drawing near when her lover would cross the Border and bear his bonnie bride away. She felt sure that she would not be long alonethat the moment Carriston heard of her aunt's death he would come to her assistance. In such a peaceful God-fearing neighborhood she had no fear of being left without protection. Moreover, her position in the house was well-defined The old woman, who was childless, had left her niece all of which she died possessed. So Madeline decided to wait quietly until she heard from her lover.

Still there were business matters to be attended to, and at the funeral Mr. Douglas, of Callendar, the executor under the will, had suggested that an early interview would be desirable. He offered to drive out to the little farm the next day, but Miss Rowan, who had to see to some feminine necessaries which could only be supplied by shops, decided that she would come to the town instead of troubling Mr. Douglas to drive so far out.

Madeline, in spite of the superstitious element in her character, was a brave girl, and, in spite of her refined style of beauty, strong and healthy. Early hours were the rule in that humble home, so before seven o'clock in the morning she was ready to start on her drive to the little town. At first she thought of taking with her the boy who did the rough outdoor work; but he was busy about something or other. and besides, was a garrulous lad who would be certain to chatter the whole way, and this morning Miss Rowan wanted no companions, save her own mingled thoughts of sadness and joy. She knew every inch of the road-she feared no evil-she would be home again long before night-fall-the pony was quiet and sure-footed-so away went Madeline in the strong, primitive vehicle on her lonely twelve miles' drive through the fair scenery.

She passed few people on the road. Indeed, she remembered meeting no one except one or two pedestrian toura portion of their day's task in the early morning. I have no doubt but ing. They alighted in front of a house.

Miss Rowan seemed to them a passing vision of leveliness.

But when she was a mile or two from Callendar she saw a boy on a pony. The boy, who must have known her by sight, stopped, and handed her a

telegram. She had to pay several shillings for the delivery, or intended delivery, of the message, so far from the station. The boy galloped away, congratulating himself on having been spared a long ride, and Miss Rowan tore open the envelope left in her hands.

The message was brief: "Mr. Carr is seriously ill. Come at once. You will be met in London."

Madeline did not scream or faint. She gave one low moan of pain, set her teeth, and with the face of one in a dream drove as quickly as she could to Callendar, straight to the railway station.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, she had money with her, so she did not waste time in going to Mr. Douglas. In spite of the crushing blow she had received, the girl had all her wits about her. A train would start in ten minutes' time. She took her ticket, then found an idler outside the station, and paid him to take the pony and carriage back to the farm, with the message as repeated to Carriston.

The journey passed like a long dream. The girl could think of nothing but her lover, dying, dying-perhaps dead before she could reach him. The miles flew by unnoticed; twilight crept on; the carriage grew dark; at last-London at last! Miss Rowan stepped out on the broad platform, not knowing what to do or where to turn. Presently a tall, well-dressed man came up to her, and removing his hat, addressed her by name. The promise as to her being met had been kept.

She clasped her hands. "Tell meoh, tell me, he is not dead," she cried. "Mr. Carr is not dead. He is illvery ili-delirious and calling for you."

"Where is he? Oh, take me to him!" "He is miles and miles from hereat a friend's house. I have been deputed to meet you and to accompany you, if you feel strong enough to continue the journey at once."

"Come," said Madeline. "Take me to him." "Your luggage?" asked the gentle-

"I have none. Come!" "You must take some refreshment." "I need nothing. Come."

The gentleman glanced at his watch "There is just time," he said. He called a cab, told the driver to go at top speed. They reached Paddington just in time to catch the mail.

During the drive across London, Madeline asked many questions, and learnt from her companion that Mr. Carr had been staying for a day or two at a friend's house in the West of England. That yesterday he had fallen from his horse and sustained such injuries that his life was despaired of. He had been continually calling for Madeline. They had found her address on a letter, and had telegraphed as soon as possible—for which act Miss Rowan thanked her companion with tears in her eyes.

Her conductor did not say much of his own accord, but in replying to her questions he was politely sympathetic. She thought of little outside the fearful picture which filled every corner of her brain; but from her conductor's manner received the impression that he was a medical adviser who had seen the sufferer, and assisted in the treatment of the case. She did not ask his name, nor did he reveal it.

At Paddington he placed her in a ladies' carriage and left her. He was a smoker, he said. She wondered somewhat at this desertion. Then the train sped down west. At the large stations the gentleman came to her and offered her refreshments. Hunger seemed to have left her, but she accepted a cup of tea once or twice. At last sorrow, fatigue, and the weakness produced by such a prolonged fast had their natural effect. With the tears still on her lashes, the girl fell asleep, and must have slept for many miles; a sleep un-

broken by stoppages at stations. Her conductor at last aroused her. He stood at the door of the carriage. We must get out here," he said. All the momentarily forgotten anguish came back to her as she stood beside him on the almost unoccupied platform.

"Are we there at last?" she asked. "I am sorry to say we have still a long ride; would you like to rest first?" "No-no. Come on, if you please." She spoke with feverish eagerness.

The man bowed. "A carriage waits,"

Outside the station was a carriage of some sort, drawn by one horse, and driven by a man muffled up to the eyes. It was still night, but Madeline fancied dawn could not be far off. Her conductor opened the door of the carriage and waited for her to enter. She paused. "Ask him-that man

must know if-" "I am most remiss," said the gentle-

man. He exchanged a few words with the driver, and, coming back, told Madeline that Mr. Carr was still alive, sensible, and expecting her eagerly.

"Oh, please, please drive fast," said the poor girl, springing into the carriage. The gentleman seated himself beside her, and for a long time they ists, who like sensible men were doing drove on in silence. At last they stopped. The dawn was just glimmer-

The door was open. Madeline entered swiftly. "Which way-which way?" she asked. She was too agitated to notice any surroundings; her one wish was to reach her lover.

"Allow me," said the conductor, passing her. "This way; please follow me." He went up a short flight of stairs, then paused, and opened a door quietly. He stood aside for the girl to enter. The room was dimly lit, and contained a bed with drawn curtains. Madeline flew past her traveling companion, and, as she threw herself on her knees beside the bed upon which she expected to see the helpless and shattered form of the man she loved, heard, or fancled she heard the door locked behind her.



ARRISTON slept on late into the next day. Knowing that every moment of bodily and mental rest was a precious boon to him, I left him undisturbed. He was still fast asleep when, about midday, a gentleman

called upon me. He sent up no card, and I supposed he came to consult me

The moment he entered my room I recognized him. He was the thinlipped, gentlemanly person whom I had met on my journey to Bournemouth last spring-the man who had seemed so much impressed by my views on incanity, and had manifested such interest in the description I had givenwithout mentioning any name-of Carriston's peculiar mind.

I should have at once claimed acquaintanceship with my visitor; but before I could speak he advanced, and apologized gracefully for his intrusion.

"You will forgive it," he added, when I tell you my name is Ralph Carriston."

Remembering our chance conversation, the thought that, after all, Charles Carriston's wild suspicion was well founded, flashed through me like lightning. My great hope was that my visitor might not remember my face as I remembered his. I bowed coldly, but said nothing.

"I believe, Dr. Brand," he continued. 'you have a young relative of mine at present staying with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carriston is my guest," answered, "We are old friends."

"Ah, I did not know that. I do not remember having heard him mention your name as a friend. But, as it is so, no one knows better than you do the unfortunate state of his health. How do you find him to-day-violent?"

I pretended to ignore the man's meaning, and answered smilingly, Violence is the last thing I should look for. He is tired out and exhausted by travel, and is in great distress. That believe, is the whole of his com-

"Yes, yes, to be sure, poor boy. His sweetheart has left him or something. But as a doctor you must know that his mental condition is not quite what it should be. His friends are very anxious about him. They fear that a little restraint-temporary, I hope-must be put upon his actions. I called in to ask your advice and aid." "In what, Mr. Carriston?"

"In this. A young man can't be left free to go about threatening his friends' lives. I have brought Dr. Daley with me-you know him, of course. He'is below in my carriage. I will call him up with your permission. He could then see poor Charles, and the needful certificate could be signed by you two doctors."

"Mr. Carriston," I said, decidedly, 'let me tell you in the plainest words that your cousin is at present as fully in possession of his wits as you are. Dr. Daley-whoever he may be-could sign no certificate, and in our day no asylum would dare to keep Mr. Carriston within its walls."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A WONDERFUL EFFECT.

Whistler's Daring Scheme of Color in His Dining Room,

One of the most daring bits of color ing on record in the way of household furnishing is the dining room of the artist Whistler. It may be said to be a symphony in yellow, or in blue and yellow. All of the walls are painted blue, the blue being of a decidedly greenish hue. The cornice is painted in stripes of dark green, blue and yellow, the ceiling being pale yellow. The surbase is the color of a ripe lemon, as are the doors and all the wood about the windows and the high wooden mantel. The hearthtstone is also yellow, and about the fire-place is a set of lemoncolored tiles bordered with blue. Two sets of shelves, one on either side of the fire-place, are painted yellow. The woodwork of the cane-seated chairs is yellow and the seat blue. The floor is covered with a blue and yellow Chinese matting, cubic patiern. This is all a very cheap sort of furnishing, but here the cheapness ends. The curtains are of rare needlework, of various shades of yellow upon fine white linen, which fall unconfined to the floor. The shelves mentioned hold bits of rare blue china; on the mantel are Japanese curios, blue, sea green and yellow. A half-opened fan is in one corner. There are no mirrors and no pictures. Opposite the fireplace hang midway between the floor and ceiling two Japanese flower pots, each holding a yellow primrose. The table service is of old blue. Who but an artist would dare undertake such a scheme of color, and who but an artist would succeed?

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—Holmes.

DAIRY AND POULTRY FARM

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Thi Department of the Farm-A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock



HE receipts of butter and cheese in Chicago during last year, as given below, show an increase over the year 1895 of 50,000,000 pounds of butter and 15,000,000 pounds of cheese. During the year

lower prices have prevailed. The unusually large production of milk, and therefore of butter and cheese, was caused by the favorable weather conditions throughout the summer and early fall. The year has been without precedent for good pasturage throughout the hot season, and in consequence there was little decrease in the make of butter until the latter part of October. While in former years there was a large falling off in the make after June, enormous quantities of June butter were placed in cold storage in anticipation of the higher prices that come with a lessening in the make, and as the supply of fresh stock kept up through the summer he lers of storage stock grew anxious, sut the fall developed a good demand for it, and the year 1896 closed with coldstorage goods well cleaned up. Much of this overproduction of butter found a ready sale in foreign markets. Handlers of butter are constantly on the lookout for markets in which to adter. The causes of increased producand the export trade was a factor toward that end in the last year. This trade is growing, as is shown by the fact that in 1895 the United States exported 15,647,500 pounds, and in 1896 sent abroad 26,320,000 pounds of butter. The causes of increased production of butter apply also to the large make of cheese in 1896. But in addition to this the passage of the "filledcheese" law was of incalculable value to this industry, and also of great benefit to the entire dairy interests of the country. While the data at hand show a marked improvement in the consumption of cheese at home, there has been but little more exported in 1896 than in 1895. Through and local receipts of butter, cheese, eggs and poul-try by months for the year 1896:

Butter.	Cheese.
pounds.	pounds.
Jan	3.759.700
Feb	3,601,750
March14,468,250	3,691,000
April15,046,100	3,168,300
May22,458,000	4.108.000
June	5.228.150
	5.807.450
July27,316,000	
Aug22,464,000	7,067,850
Sept22,004,600	9,658,350
Oct21,363,300	11,375,450
Nov	7,769,700
Dec17,110,850	7,886,500
Totals236,776,450	
Table of shipments from	Chicago of
butter and cheese for the	year 1896:
Butter.	Cheese.
pounds.	pounds.
Jan14,376,550	3.863.300
Feb13,933,650	3,830,600
March13,871,000	3,951,600
April17,751,100	4.173,750
May19.780.700	3.077.350

2,894,600 Totals .....220,975,300 52,613,050 Local receipts of butter as reported daily by railroad and express companies to the produce exchange, by months, for the year 1896:

	Butter, Ibs.
January	4.890,900
February	3.816.300
March	4,893,000
April	
May	9.081.240
June	
July	
August	
September	
October	
November	
December	
Totals	82,336,480
Table of the average p	
and cheese for the year	
	utter, Cheese,

April ......17 1-3 November ..... 

Poultry Notes. Cayenne pepper is doubtless bene ficial to poultry, especially in winter, provided of course it is used with proper limitations. A teaspoonful, twice a week, for fifty fowls is an abundance. Still less will be required in summer. There is no use in overdoing the thing, and one had better use no stimulating spices than to feed an excessive amount. The only idea is to warm up the system in cold weather, ward off colds and chills, and promote digestion. A little pepper is good. Too much is an injury. Snow is with us and the poultryman will have considerable work on hand, not only to shovel paths, but also to open up areas where the fowls may come out, and exercise them-selves. A hen is very helpless in deep snow. She cannot walk, nor can she get upon the wing without much trou-Hence it is quite important to provide a small space which has been cleared of snow. The snow that is to be moved may be appropriated to bank accessory to every farm.

up against the poultry house. In this way the cold will be kept out. Howover, it must be looked after that during a melting spell the water does not run into the house. Drainage must of course be good. Unfortunate indeed is the family who cannot produce its own eggs and thus have the satisfaction of knowing they are fresh and good, and of tasting their delicious flavor. There are many pleasures and luxuries connected with fowl culture that are independent of mere pecuniary advantages. As the weather becomes cold, collect the eggs oftener. them to freeze means the loss of their sale. Really the poultry house should be sufficiently warm and snug so that the eggs will not freeze in any ordinary winter weather. Frequent collections are still more essential when the eggs are to be preserved for hatching purposes. Wet, damp houses and yards are the source of much disease and ill health to poultry. After a shower?the drainage should be sufficient to take off all surface water. The inside of the poultry house should be elevated slightly so as to admit of no influx of water from without. Fowls will stand cold better by far than dampness and filth. Lice are not so rampant at present as they were last summer, but yet they are still in existence. The "red mites" will be found in cracks and holes on and near the perches. Soak them in kerosene occasionally and they will give up the struggle. The dust bath in a sunny corner of the fowl house is an institution that should never be missing, and it should also be replenished and renewed from time to time. W. P. Perkins.

What One Boy Did.

Although we have spoken several times recently on the subject of poultry raising by the young folks, we cannot refrain from telling the boys and girls what a gentleman in this city told us not long since about his boy, says the Poultry World. This account was such an apt illustration of what we have recently endeavored to impress on our readers that we will give it to them. At the age of ten years this boy began keeping poultry. His father built him a fowl house for which nothing was ever paid by the son, but this was the only expense which was not borne by the young fancier himself. He kept White Leghorns and his spare time out of school was devoted to caring for and enjoying the flock. He worked at the business and it was good for him. It taught him regularity and involved responsibilities in seeing that his pets did not suffer. When he reached the age of twenty he went into his father's office. His bank book at that time showed a balance in his favor of \$1,000, cleared from his poultry hile he attended school. Those who think it "not worth the trouble" may ponder this result with edification to themselves. That one thousand dollars was worth more than one hundred housand cents to the land. It repreented more than money. It was material evidence of much that could not be expressed in dimes and dollars. To begin with, it associated health and vigor with its owner. Business habits ilso were necessarily formed in the course of that decade which would be useful in future. Independence was indicated, a sense of being of some importance and the means of doing for himself were accompanying features. All these are worth much, and many a worried father and distracted mother who wish that the boys had something

Mr. George S. Angus of Kossuth County, postoffice Burt, publishes in the Burt Monitor the following report of the earnings of twelve cows for the year: "Whole number of cows milked during the year was 12, number of pounds of milk taken to the factory was 70,141, which would be 5,844 pounds per cow. Milk sold for 512.90; skimmilk, at 10 cents a hundred, \$7.12; 12 calves this year are worth at least \$60; total \$643.13; \$53.59 apiece. I noticed last year that some in writing gave the average number of cows milked during the year, which I do not think is the right way. I give the whole numher that was milked during the year, whether it was for ten or only two months: If a man has to have 15 cows to milk, say an average of 10, then he should count them as 15 and not 10. Our milk sold for 73 per hundred. which was two cents below the average price paid at the factory. We aim to milk them 11 months in the year, commencing about November or December, as a cow will feed all winter, and milked will give as much milk the following summer as the half-fed cow coming in in the spring."

Poultry Runs. Farmers are not, as are city people

restricted for range for their poultry, Therefore the birds should always have large ranges. The range should be large enough so that the grass will not be eaten off. It might be thought that this word of advice is not needed. yet we know that it is. We have ourselves seen farms where the poultry run was so limited that the earth was bare of verdure all the time. Beyond the run in mind was a grass field that should have been made to contribute to the sustenance of the poultry. There is another point about having a grass run for the poultry so large that the grass cannot be eaten off. That is, that grass is a cheaper food for poultry, as a part ration, than almost any other. The grass not only is a cheap food, but a healthful food, and one that seems to stimulate egg production. The blades of grass attract insects, such as grasshoppers, and thus contribute to the supply of flesh-food, so much liked by poultry. Wire for fencing costs lit-tle; therefore there is no reason why a large poultry run should not be an

CAPT. M'GAFFIN DEAD

TAKES HIS LIFE WHILE IN A HOSPITAL.

Driven Insane From the Effects of a Wound Inflicted by a Japanese Shell-Many Deeds of Note Credited to the Young Officer-A Brief Sketch of His

Died by His Own Hand.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12 .- Captain Philo McGiffen, who commanded the Chiese ironclad Chen Yuen at the battle of Yalu river in September, 1894, during the China-Japanese war, commit-ted suicide early to-day in the Post-graduate hospital, to which he was recently admitted for treatment, by shooting himself over the right ear.
About the middle of January the

aptain became insane and it was found necessary to have him confined in the hospital. He was taken to a room on the second floor with a win-dow in it opening on Second avenue. He had some sort of mental trouble for months before it developed into in-

for months before it developed into insanity, and on his being removed to the hospital he was so violent that it was found necessary to place him in a straight jacket. At that time and since then Dr. Hammond attributed his condition to wounds he received in the battle of Yalu river.

Philo N. McGiffen, who commanded the Chinese ironclad Chen Yuen in the battle of the Yalu river, was born in Washington, Pa., in 1863. He graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis with high honors in 1882. His personal bravery won admiration long before the battle of Yalu river. While he was a cadet in the naval academy McGiffen received the thanks of the secretary of the navy for rescuing two children from a burning building. Some two years later he was complimented in a general order from the secretary of the navy for an act of personal bravery in going aloft to secure a spar on the Constitution during a hurricane when the sailors would not wonture into the rigging.

a spar on the Constitution during a hurricane when the satiors would not vonture into the rigging.

After graduating near the head of his class McGriffen was honorably dishis class McGriffen was honorably dis-charged in 1884, owing to a reduction in the number of midshipmen. He entered the service of China during the Franco-China war and was dis-tinguished for gallantry; was sent to England to superintend the construc-tion of ironelads, at the outbreak of heatilities with Japan was nut in comtion of ironclads, at the outbreak of hostilities with Japan was put in command of the Chinese squadron. His part in the battle of Yaln is well known and although it was a defeat for the Chinese fleet, it accomplished its desired end in preventing the landing of a Japanese force in the rear of the Chinese army.

MRS. MARTIN'S BALL.

The \$250,000 Function Went Off Ac

New York, Feb. 12.—Beautiful beyond description was the ball masque of Mrs. Bradley-Martin last night at Hotel Waldorf. Thousands of men and women crowded the streets around the hotel, but the police kept them moving and no conflicts or excitement of any kind resulted. Detectives swarmed in and around the house to prevent trouble, but their presence

prevent trouble, but their presence was not needed.

Great social functions of the past in this city were eclipsed, even the memorable Vanderbilt ball of 1883, with which since then all other affairs have seemed to suffer in comparison. For lavish expenditure, for artistic decorations and surroundings, for a reflection of the most picturesque episodes in old world history, and a gathering to do "that they like to do and amount to something," would do well to follow the course adopted by his father.

A Valuable Herd.

Mr. George S. Angus of Kossuth

Harris Against the Treaty.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 12.-Senator Harris has under preparation a con-current resolution which he will probably introduce to-morrow to requ the Kansas Senators in Congress to vote against the ratification of the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain. The resolution will protest sgainst the treaty on the ground that it would be unwise and unnecessary and a depart-ture from Washington's admonition in his farewell address to "beware of all entangling ailiances."

Stricken on the Stage

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.-Armand Castlemary, while singing the role of Tristano in Flotow's opera of "Martha" at tano in Flotow's opera of "Marine at the Metropolitan opera house last night, dropped dead in front of the footlights and almost in full view of one of the most brilliant audiences that has filled the theater this winter. So quiet was the matter kept, however, that few in the audience knew a tragedy had taken place before their very eyes. very eyes.

No Sunday Closing in England. London, Feb. 12.—By a vote of 206 to 149 the House of Commons rejected the bill of Mr. Wilson (Liberal), providing for the closing of public houses throughout Sunday. Public houses are allowed to be open for a time in the middle of Sunday and Sunday evening.

Severe Earthquake in Utah. BRIGHAM CITY, Utan, Feb. 12 .-

o'clock last night this city was visited by the heaviest earthquake shock ever experienced in this valley. It was so severe that the bell in the court house tapped five or six times. The shock was felt as far north as Logan.

Actors Married on the Stare Mexico, Mo., Feb. 12.-Bert Shepard of Detroit, Mich., and Louise Steep of Cincinnati, Ohio, members of the "Fannigan Bali" theatrical company, were married during the performance at the opera house here last night by the Bev. D. B. Sipple.

Mr. Wilson, College President. LEXINGTON, Va., Feb. 12.—The be of trustees of Washington and Lee university to-day unanimously elected Postmaster General William L. Wilson president in place of G. W. C. Lee, who recently resigned.