

CHAPTER V

HE public wagonette in which Marjorie was to journey home ran dally between Dumfries and Annanmouth, a small seaside village much frequented in summer for its sea-bathing, and passed within half a mile of Mr. Lor-

raine's abode, which was just six Scotch miles away from Dumfries itself. The starting place was the Bonny Jean Commercial Inn an establishment said to have been much patronized by the poet Burns during his residence in the south of Scotland; and hither Marjorie, after leaving her tutor, proceeded with-

The wagonette was about to start; and Marjorie hastened to take her place. The vehicle was drawn by two powerful horses, and could accommodate a dozen passengers inside and one more on the seat of the driver; but today there were only a few goingthree farmers and their wives, a sailor on his way home from sea, and a couple of female farm servants who had come in to the spring "hiring." All these had taken their seats; but John Sutherland stood by the trap waiting to hand Marjorie in. She stepped in and took her place and the young man found a seat at her side, when the driver took the reins and mounted to his seat, and with waves and smiles from the Misses Dalrymple, who kept the Bonny Jean Inn and a cheer from a very small boy on the pavement away they went.

At last the vehicle reached the cross-roads where John and Marjorie were to alight. They leapt out, and pursued their way on foot, the young man carrying a small hand-valise, Marjorie still holding her school books underneath her arm.

Presently they came to a two-arched bridge which spanned the Annan. They paused just above the keystone. The young man rested his valise on the mossy wall, and both looked thoughtfully down at the flowing stream.

"It's many a long year, Marjorie, since we first stood here. I was a barefooted callant, you were a wean scarce able to run; and now I'm a man, and you're almost a woman. Yet here's the Annan beneath us, the same as ever, and it will be the same when we're both old-always the same."

Marjorie turned her head away, and her eves were dim with tears.

"Come away," she said; "I cannot hear to look at it! Whenever I watch the Annan I seem to see my mother's drowned face looking up at me out of the quiet water."

The young man drew closer to her, and gently touched her hand.

"Don't greet, Marjorie!" he mur-mured softly: "your poor mother's at peace with God."

"Yes, Johnnie, I ken that," answered the girl in a broken voice; "but it's sad, sad, to have neither kith nor kin, and to remember the way my mother died-ay, and not even to be able to guess her name! Whiles I feel very

lonesome, when I think it all o'er." "And no wonder! But you have those that love you dearly, for all that. There's not a lady in the country more thought of than yourself, and wherever your bonny face has come it has brought comfort."

As he spoke he took her hand in his own, and looked at her very fondly; but her own gaze was far away, following her wistful thoughts.

"You're all very good to me," she said presently, "Mr. Lorraine, and Solomon, and all my friends; but, for all that, I miss my own kith and kin." He bent his face close to hers, as he

returned: "Some day, Marjorie, you'll have house and kin of your own, and then

He paused, blushing, for her clear, steadfast eyes were suddenly turned full upon his face.

"What do you mean, Johnnie?" "I mean that you'll marry, and-Brightness broke through the cloud,

and Marjorie smiled. "Marry? Is it me? It's early in the day to think of that, at seventeen!" "Other young lasses think of it, Marjorie, and so must you. Our Agnes

only a year older than yourself." Marjorie shook her head, then her face grew sad again as her eyes fell upon Annan water.

married last Martinmas, and she was

"I'm naebody's bairn," she cried, "and shall be naebody's wife, Johnnie.'

"Don't say that, Marjorie," answered Sutherland, still holding her hand and pressing it fondly. "There's one that loves you dearer than any-

thing else in all the world." She looked at him steadfastly, while his face flushed scarlet.

"I know you love me, Johnnie, as if you were my own brother."

"More than that, Marjorle-more, a thousand times!" the young man continued passionately. "Ah! it has been on my mind a thousand times to tell you how much. Ever since we were treat to see your bonny face. Sit ye little lass and lad you've been the one down by the fire!" thought, and dream of my life; and if "Is that my son?" said the weaver, of pigs to the population.

I've striven hard and hoped to become a painter, it has all been for love of you. I know my folk are poor, and that in other respects I'm not a match for you, who have been brought up as a lady, but there will be neither peace nor happiness for me in this world unless you consent to become my wife.'

As he continued to speak she had become more and more surprised and more surprised and startled. The sudden revelation of what many people knew, but which she berself had never suspected, came upon her as a shock of sharp pain; so that when he ceased, trembling and confused by the vehemence of his own confession, she was quite pale, and all the light seemed to have gone out of her beautiful eyes as she replied:

"Don't talk like that! You're not serious! Your wife! I shall be 'naebody's wife,' as I said, but surely, surely not yours."

"Why not mine, Marjorie?" he cried. growing pale in turn. "I'll work day and night; I'll neither rest nor sleep until I have a home fit for you! You shall be a lady-O! Marjorie, tell me you care for me, and will make me happy!"

"I do care for you, Johnnie; I care for you so much that I can't bear to hear you talk as you have done. You have been like my own brother, and

"And now I want to be something nearer and dearer. Marjorie, speak to me; at least tell me you're not angry!"

"Angry with you, Johnnie?" she replied, smiling again, and giving him both hands. "As if I could be! But you must be very good, and not speak of it again."

She disengaged herself and moved slowly across the bridge. He lifted his valise and followed her anxiously.

"I know what it is," he said sadly, as they went on side by side together. "You think I'm too poor, and you would be ashamed of my folk."

She turned her head and gazed at him in mild reproach.

"Oh, how can you think so hardly of me? I love your mother and father as if they were my own; and as for your being poor, I shouldn't like you at all if you were rich. But," she added gently, "I like you as my brother best."

"If I could be always even that I should not mind; but no, Marjorie, you're too bonny to bide alone, and if any other man came and took you from me, it would break my heart."

"What nonsense you talk!" she exclaimed, smiling again. "As if any other man would care. If I were twenty, it would be time enough to talk like that; but at seventeen-oh, Johnnie, you almost make me laugh!"

"Tell me one thing," he persisted: 'tell me you don't like any one better than you like me."

"I don't like any one half so well, except, except-Mr. Lorraine." "You are sure, Marjorie?"

Quite sure." "Then I'll bide my time and wait."

By this time the village was in sight, and they were soon walking along the main street, which was as sleepy and deserted as usual. Even at the tavern door not a soul was to be seen; but the landlord's face looked out from behind the window-pane with a grim nod of greeting. A few houses beyond the inn, Sutherland paused close to a small, one-storied cottage, in front of which was a tiny garden laid out in pansy beds.

"Will you come in, Marjorie?" he asked doubtfully.

Marjorie nodded and smiled, and without another word he opened the garden gate, crossed the walk, and led the way into the cottage.

CHAPTER VI.



S they entered the door a loud humming sound came upon their ears, mingled with the sound of voices. Turning to right, they found themselves on the threshold of room, half pe ior, half kitchen, a one

end of which was a large loom, where an elderly man, of grave and somewhat careworn aspect, was busily weaving. Seated on a chair close to him was a girl of about fourteen, dressed in the ordinary petticoat and short gown, and reading aloud from a book. At the other end of the room, where there was an open ingle and a fire, an elderly matron was cooking.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from the latter, who was the first to perceive the entrance of the newcom-

"Johnnie!" she cried, holding out her arms; and in another moment she had folded her son in her embrace, and was kissing him fondly.

The young girl rose, smiling, book in hand; the man ceased his weaving, but remained quite still in his chair. "Yes, here I am, mother; and I've

brought company, as you see! "Hoo's a' wi' ye, Marjorie?" cried the matron, holding out her hand. "It's a

in a deep, musical voice, but without DAIRY AND POHLTRY turning his head. His infirmity was now apparent-he was stone blind.

John Sutherland walked across the room, gave his sister a passing kiss. and placed his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder.

"It's yoursel', my lad! I ken you noo. feel your breath about me! What way did ye no write to tell us you were on the road hame?"

"I was not sure until the last moment that I could start so soon, but I jumped into the train last night, and down I came.'

"Who's alang wi' you?" asked the weaver, smiling. "I'll wager it's Marjorie Annan!'

'Yes, Mr. Sutherland," answered Marjorie, crossing the room and joining the little group. "I met Johnnie in Dumfries, and we came home together."

The weaver nodded his head gently. and the smile on his face lightened into loving sweetness.

"Stand close, side by side," he said, while I tak' a long look at baith o

"While you look at us!" echoed Marjorie in surprise.

"Ay, and what for no? Dinna think because my bodily een are blind, that I canna see weel wi' the een o' my soul! Ay, there you stand, lass and lad-my boy John and Marjorie Annan; baith fair, baith wi' blue een; John prood and glad, and Marjorie blushing by his side; and I see what you canna see-a light all roond and abune ye, coming oot o' the golden gates o' Heaven! Stand still a wee and hark! Do ye hear nothing? Ay, but I can hear! A sound like kirk-bells ringing far awa'."

As he spoke he sat with shining face. as if he indeed gazed on the sweet viston he was describing. Marjorie grew red as fire, and cast down her eyes; for she was only too conscious of the old man's meaning, and, remembering what had taken place that day, she felt constrained and almost annoyed. John Sutherland shared her uneasiness, and to divert the conversation into another channel, he spoke to his young sister, who stood smiling close by.

Mariorie uneasy lest the old man's dreamy talk should again take an awkward turn, was determined to make her

"Good-bye now, Mr. Sutherland," she said, taking his hand in hers, "I must run home; Mr. Lorraine will be expecting me."

And before any one could say a word to detain her, she was crossing the threshold of the cottage. Young Sutherland followed her as far as the garden gate.

"Marjorie," he said, "I hope you're not angry?"

"No, no," she replied; "but I wish your father would not talk as if we were courting, Johnnie. It makes me feel so awkward, and you know it is not true."

"Old folk will talk," said John Sutherland, "and father only speaks out of the fullness of his heart. He is very fond of you, Marjorie!"

"I know that, and I of him-that is why it troubles me to hear him talk its continued use even in minute quan-

There was a moment's pause; then Sutherland sadly held out his hand. "Well, good-bye, just now. I'll be looking ye up at the manse!"

"Good-bye!" she answered. "Come soon! Mr. Lerraine will be so glad to see you."

So she hastened away, while Sutherland, with a sigh, stood looking after silently, and now for the first time in his life he began to dread that she might not love him in return. To him. just then, it seemed as if all the world was darkened, the blue sky clouded, all the sweet spring weather touchd with a wintry sense of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# URANGES WITH HORNS.

some Strange Varieties of the Fruit Grown by the Chinese.

The Chinese are very fond of monstrous forms of fruit and flowers, and any departure from the normal form is usually cherished and highly valued. In their gardens they have numerous forms of monstrous oranges-some will produce fruit with points like firgers, and are known as the Hand Orange. Another form, says Meehan's Monthly, has a long horn projecting from the apex, and they are known as the Horn Orange. Another variety, which botanists have known by the name of Citrus aurantium distortum, bears a fruit in the resemblance of a cluster of sea shells. To one ignorant of the laws of vegetable morphology, these spells of wandering from the normal type are very mysterious, but when it is understood that all parts of the orange, as well as other fruits, are made up of what would have been leaves or branches changed so as to constitute the various parts of the seed and seed vessels, and that a very little difference in the degree of life energy will change them into various different parts that come to make up the fruit, the mystery in a great measure is solved. There are few branches of botany which give the lover of fruits and flowers so much pleasure as the study of morphology.

A Good Idea. "I see from the war news," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that several magazines

have been captured." "Yes," replied Mr. Snaggs. "I suppose the object is to prevent the editers from filling their pages with war articles for the next twenty-five years." Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The countries relatively richest in horses and horned catle are Argentina and Uruguay. Australia has the most sheep; Servia has the greatest number

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.

Butter Colors and Health

ULLETIN 21. State of Michigan Dairy and Food Commission.

The attempt to imitate bright yellow coloring, natural in some milk, has led to many obnoxious preparations, so that today a beautiful yel-

low butter or cheese or occasionally milk must be looked upon with some suspicion, as this coloring is no sign whatever of the quality of the product, and in many cases is a mask for inferior rather than superior products of the dairy. Annatto, turmeric, saffron, carrots and the yellow coal tar products (anilines) are among the favorites used in these colorings. Annatto is a coloring matter obtained from the seeds of an evergreen plant of the Bixinea family, and is a native of South America, and the West and East Indies, where it is used for flavoring and coloring soups and other dishes. Spanish saffron or crocus is a powerful stimulant and narcotic emmenagogue and may lead in delicate persons to very serious results, especially in cases of expected confinement. Not only this; its effects upon hysteria and other nervous affections has led in careless dosing to serious cases of nervous prostration. In the hands of inexperienced persons this is a risky coloring to say the least. In the use of some of the coal tar colors lies the greatest risk to the health of consumers, although the majority of these colors are, from a sanitary standpoint, comparatively harmless substances, a few of them are decidedly poisonous. There are seven coal tar colors posses sing marked poisonous properties; of these five are yellow or orange and two are green. The names of the poisonous colors are: 1st. Martin's yellow, naphthalene yellow or Manchester yellow. 2. Saffron substitute or dinitro cresol.' 3d. Picric acid. 4th. Metanil or golden yellow. 5th. Orange No. 2, Beta haphthalene orange, and aurantia or golden yellow are classed as sus-

Greens, 1; resorcinol, 2; naphthol

These coal tar colors taken into the stomach in large quantities produce serious disturbances, such as nauses vomiting, headache, etc. It seems to be fairly well established that the quantity one would consume as used in butter at an ordinary meal would not produce any especially harmful results, yet with three meals per day and the continued use of these poisonous colors there is an open question whether tities is free from serious objections as an article in food. Most of the butter colors, used are in liquid form held in solution or division in oil or glycerine. Some of the favorite formula

consisted of: (1) Annatto, Turmeric, Olive oil, Saf-

(2) Annatto, Saltpetre, Fish oil. (3) Saffron, Turmeric, Cotton seed

Columbia butter color, Hansen's contained coal tar colors. Improved butter color, Wells, Richardson & Co., coal tar color.

Concentrated butter color, Perry's coal tar color. Annattoine ...... Annatto

tening, dressing and sorting, as well fective. In Scotland, to scare the as in packing them as the trade demands, much better prices would be received. Beginners who have succeeded fairly well in raising a flock are often as to make the crows believe there is at sea when it comes to preparing them for market. Rhode Island turkeys are famous for their quality. In the best markets in New York city, Providence, Newport and Boston they lead those from other sections. In the same markets they often bring ten or twelve cents more than those from all other states except Connecticut. About New Years a leading New York paper quoted R. I. turkeys at twenty-eight cents. and everything else in the turkey line at less than seventeen cents. Many growers are interested to know the reason. It is not their fame in the past, or because they are scarce, that they sell for the most; it is on account of their superior quality. Much of this high quality is due to the plump compact breeding stock used, and to the way it is managed; also to the care taken in growing and fattening the young turkeys. The pains taken in dressing and preparing them for shipment, however, probably does more than all to give them their high standing. Of course you can not dress a thin, flat bodied, long-legged bird so it will sell with the best; but the plumpest, best shaped and most attractive bird in every way, previous to killing, may be so dressed that it must be classed with that which is inferior. Again, the handsomest young turkeys that are perfectly dressed if packed along with ill-dressed ones, or with tough old toms and hens, must be classed with the latter, and go for less than they are worth. Too many send nothing but "fair to poor" stock to market. In many cases it is simply because they do not know how to prepare it so it will bring all that can be got for it.

### The Egg Industry.

Ask any thrifty housewife regarding the value of the quantity of poultry and eggs used in her family, then multiply that amount by the 14,000,000 families in the United States alone, and you will be astonished at the magnitude and value of the great poultry industry. While some families may use but a small amount, many others use a very large amount of poultry and fresh eggs, says Oklahoma Farmer. Their use is a question of advanced civilization and knowledge of the hygienic value of foods, as shown by the much greater use of poultry products in large cities and towns by the most enlightened people of the world. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of eggs raised in the United States, the amount is not large enough for the consumers of them. In the past three years nearly 8,000,000 dozen eggs have been imported, paying a duty of 8 to 5 cents a dozen for entry. The foregoing fact, and the more important one that the prices for choice poultry and eggs are higher now than ten years ago, shows that the business is not overdone. The value of the poultry products increased from \$118,000,000 in 1880 to \$148,000,000 in 1895. The demand for fresh eggs and choice poultry increases faster than the supply. In European countries where larger proportions of eggs and poultry are used than with us, the supply is furnished, not by large farms, but by the multitude of people who live near cities and towns. There are thousands of suburban families in the United States who may learn a lesson from this. Enough strictly fresh eggs ought to be raised by them for home use. Those having a suburban home year and thus add to their income.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

Thatcher's Orange...... Annatto always steer clear of, says Nor'west tory it seems to be impossible to pro-Two of the above coal tar colors gave, Farmer. Ten years ago he would not duce either butter or cheese at a prost.

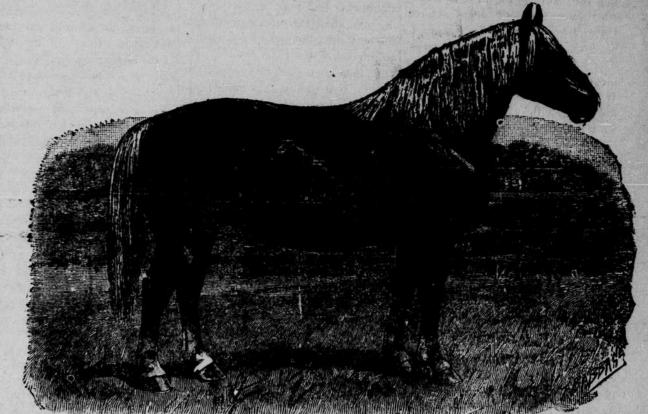
crows, farmers put up what is there called a potato "bogle"-a suit of o clothes so stuck up in the potato field a man inside them. Thus far Jimms has outwitted the thieves, and he now keeps two or three of these watchmen in the field with entire satisfaction as to results. A little sulphur dusted into the old duds might be useful, as the smell of it would perhaps add to the effect. Should the wolves get to recognize the difference between the sham man and a real one, there is still another resource open to the shepherd. He can take the place of the scarecrow for a few hours and try a rifle. Sufferers from the wolf should give this plan a trial anyway. One man keeps stag hounds that do good work. Last spring a few hunters made good money by tracking the dams to their dens and digging out the young brood. Some sheepmen advocate an increase in the wolf bounty, but it would take special pressure applied to their local representatives to work up any movement in that direction.

## Advice to Horse Owners. Suppose that your horse has fallen

lame; don't immediately resort to your favorite liniment, says a writer in American Horse Owner. It is a cardinal rule to first have the shoe removed and the foot examined. Numberless mistakes have been made by neglecting to observe this rule. The writer has known many cases of foot lameness in which the horse has be treated for foot lameness in the shoulder, the tendons at back of leg, "the back sinews," the pastern, the fetlock, the coffin joint, in fact, every conceivable place but the right one. Pain in the foot will often cause a sympathetic swelling in the leg, which may be easily mistaken for the seat of trouble. Until the shoe can be removed, keep the foot as moist as possible by means of water or stopping with clay or cow dung. This, besides allaying possible inflam-matory processes, will facilitate examination of the foot by softening of the horn. A mere cursory examination of the hoof when the shoe is removed will not do. It must be a thorough examination by thinning the whole of the sole. Corns, pricks and bruises of the sole are usually amenable to treatment by poultices and fomentations. Of course the smith will, or should, take the very greatest care when thinning down the sole, not to cut entirely through the horn and so let "the flesh" out, for this would probably considerably complicate matters, and possibly prove worse than the original trouble. If the animal does not speedily show signs of improvement after 48 hours' treatment, professional advice should be had.

## Keeping Summer Butter.

In reply to an article on the over production of the dairy industry, a Minnesota paper says that in 1850 the United States contained a population of twenty-three million people, and there were 6,385,094 cows, and in 1886 with a population in this country of fifty million souls, there were 12,443,120 cows, and even in 1896, with a population of over seventy millions of people, the number of cows were less than fifteen million, which shows how much faster our population in-creases than are the dairy interests, besides in 1850 only twenty people out of every hundred of our po lived in towns and cities, while now the figure is twice that, and this fact with some land can easily raise a good- largely increases the demand for dairy ly number of eggs to sell in town each products. There is a strip of country extending from the Atlantic oc the Rocky Montains, within which is made nearly all we know as dairy The wolf is the most wary of all products. It takes in the states of wild animals. Traps, poison, every device by which other beasts of prey are Nebraska, South Dakota and New Spanish Dairy Color.......Annatto inveigled to their destruction, he can York. Outside of this strip of terri-



QUEEN OF HEARTS, A SUFFOLK MARE THAT HAS BEEN A PRIZE WINNER IN ENGLAND.

for methyl orange.

Notes on Turkeys.

Success in securing a large number of little turkeys depends upon the winter and spring management. It is, however, one thing to raise a large flock and another to put it in the best shape for market. Many old and successful growers are not well up on this end of it. If their methods were im-

According to his method of reasoning, it must be a new engine schemed for his destruction. Now he cares no more for barb wire than for the prickles on a market for it there. For these reaa rose bush, and from all quarters come complaints that half a dozen strands of wire are of no account when a lamb is on the other side. He has this year killed more lambs than ever before, and goes under the wire without a moment's hesitation. But a well-known sheepman tells us that there is still ting money under false pretenses.
one way to scare him, which in his Fall growth of wood should not be proved, says Samuel Cushman in Farm one way to scare him, which in his Poultry, and more care taken in fat- own experience has so far proved ef- stimulated in trees.

reaction for Martin's yellow and one go within touch of a barb wire fence. Even New England consumes more butter than she produces. And when butter can be exported to Europe at a reasonably low price, there is always sons the profits of the dairymen in the dairy country seems to be assured

> Air the cellar during the warm days, throwing open all windows and doors.

Selling butterine for butter is get-