

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"You are hurt," says Sir Christopher, anxiously. "How?—where?" "This arm," says Fabian, touching the injured part lightly. "A mere scratch, no doubt, but it hurts," and he turns away and goes quickly in the direction of the house. Dulce, running down the balcony steps, goes up to him with a very white little face.

remains to battle with the varied thoughts that rise within her. A faint, gray pallor supersedes the vivid carnation of a while ago. She sighs with evident difficulty, and sinks back heavily amongst the cushions.

CHAPTER IX.

Time, as a rushing wind, slips by, and brings us Dulce's ball. The night is lovely and balmy as any evening in the summer months gone by, though now September shakes the leaves to their fall. In the library the lamps are lowered. No body has come downstairs yet, and the footman, little sweet, gossiping fire that warns them of winter's approach, turns to leave the room. On the threshold, however, he stands aside to let Miss Vibart enter.

look at you. Remember I have never seen you dressed for a ball before.

"As I assembled at his request, she stands quite still, and, letting her hand, which she has been holding before her, with her hands clasped, she lets him gaze at her sweet fairness in utter silence. It takes him some time. Then— "You are very pale," he says—no more. Not a word of praise escapes him.

"No, and it is probable you will never see me in it again," she says, petulantly. "I dislike it. It is cold and unbecoming, I think."

"Do not say that," he interrupts her eagerly. "I know, but do not. I have lost all interest in my work. I cannot return to it to-night. And that book you brought, let me have it now, will you? I shall be glad of it by and by."

"I am keeping you from your work," says Portia. "Go back to it. I know I should not have come here to disturb you, and—"

"He is very pale, and there is a very agony of expectation in his dark eyes. But yet he stands irresolute, not seeing his agony, because her head is bent, with her fair arms still hanging before her, and her fingers loosely intertwined. He can look unrebuked upon her beauty, upon the rounded whiteness of her arms, upon the tumultuous rise and fall of her bosom, upon the little shaped perfect head, that might well have graced a throne.

CHAPTER X.

The ball is over. The last guest has departed. Portia has washed "good-night" to a very sleepy Dulce, and has gone upstairs to her own room. In the corridor where she sleeps, Fabian, too, and as she passes his door lightly on tiptoe, she finds that his door is half open, and hesitating, wonders with a quick pang at her heart why this should be the case.

"You!" in accents of the most acute surprise. "Can I do something for you?" "Thank you, no." Her little cold hands are nervously twined around the book she holds. Speech has cruelly deserted her; a sob has risen in her throat, and she is battling with it so fiercely that for a moment she can say nothing. Then she congers, and almost piteously she lays the book upon the very edge of the table nearest her, and says with difficulty: "I brought you this. At breakfast this morning you said you had not read it, and to-night I knew you would be alone, and I thought—it is 'The Europeans'—it might help you to while away an hour."

"It was kind of you to think of me," says Fabian, coldly; "too kind. But there are some matters of importance I must get through to-night, and I fear I shall not have time for fiction."

"As you are here," he says, "let me

first notes of an awakening bird? She never knows. But all at once Dulce returns to her, and knowledge and wisdom is with her again.

"To live with a stained life, however dear; to feel his shame day by day; to distrust a later action because of a former one, to draw miserable and degrading conclusions from a sin gone by. Not! Her lips quiver. Her heart dies within her. She turns her eyes to the fast reddening sky, and, with her gaze thus fixed on Heaven, registers an oath.

"As she may not marry him whom she loves, never will she be wife to living man!" "Must there be grief for you, too, my own sweetheart?" says Fabian; and then he lays his arms around her and draws her to him; and holds her close to his heart, until her sobs die away through pure exhaustion. But he never bends his head to hers, or seeks to press his lips to those—that are sweet and dear beyond expression—but that never can be his. Even at this supreme moment he strives to spare her a passing pang.

"For us," he finishes for her, slowly; and there is great joy in the blending of her name with his. "Yes, I know; it is what you would have said. Forgive me, my best beloved; but I am glad in the thought that we grieve together."

"He never tries to combat her resolution to slay the foe that is desolating his life and hours. He submits to cruel fate without a murmur.

"To See the Men on Mars. Prof. Lowe predicts that, by reason of the invention of a new style of telescope, by the year 1900, we will be able to see the men on Mars, if there are any there, and to examine almost as closely into affairs there as if we were only removed from the surface by the height of one of our sky-scraping buildings. Prof. Lowe is an enthusiast, but so many marvelous and seemingly impossible things have been accomplished of late that we have come to believe that nothing is impossible.

"Found a Petrified Foot. While digging for bait with which to go fishing the other day, little Johnny Regan, of Lenni, Delaware County, discovered a small stone jar, and on emptying it several small pieces of leather were found at the bottom. On digging farther down an Indian's moccasins was found, which contained a petrified foot, evidently belonging to a fallen brave.

"A Centenarian Who Works Daily. Probably the oldest citizen of America engaged in daily toil for wages is Barney Morris, whose duty is to keep paths and lower beds in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, free from waste paper and rubbish. June 10 last Barney celebrated his 106th birthday. He was born in Temple Court Parish, County Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country seventy-five years ago. Aside from his wrinkled skin, the only sign of his great age is the absence of teeth. His hair has been the same shade of iron gray for twenty years.

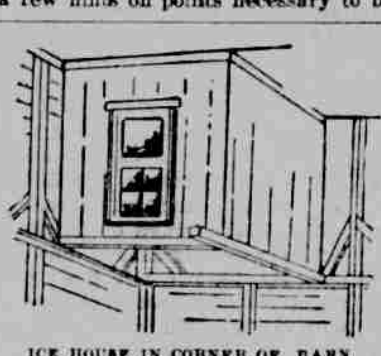
"As a man grows older, his idea of home becomes a place where he can rest, without any noise to worry him. An old-fashioned woman's idea is that a dinner isn't good unless the soup is hot enough to burn your tongue.

AGRICULTURAL



ICE HOUSE IN THE BARN.

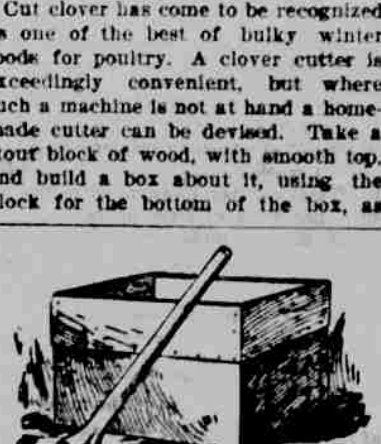
The idea that a costly ice-house is requisite for the profitable storage of ice is not borne out by those who have improvised storage at comparatively trifling expense, says the Journal of Agriculture. A corner in the barn can be adapted by any farmer at all handy with tools, at a cost exceedingly small when compared with the advantages which a liberal supply of ice during the heated season will confer.



ICE HOUSE IN CORNER OF BARN.

observed in its construction, etc., will be useful. A supply of eighteen tons of ice can be stored in a space of twelve feet square and ten feet high. In building an ice-house, the chief points to be considered are the exclusion of air from under or around the body of ice; proper ventilation over the ice, and proper surface draining around the ice-house. Any little crack that admits of the inflow of warm air will play havoc with a body of ice. Hence waterproof paper should interline the walls, so as to exclude every possible chance for the admission of a current of air. If there be too much sawdust placed around ice it is liable to ferment and develop heat to such an extent as to melt the ice. Four inches of sawdust or chaff is sufficient to place under the ice, and eight inches is sufficient on the sides of a house with a single wall, and four inches in case of a twin wall. A twin wall is made by boxing the studding on both plates and sills, so that they shall alternate with each other. Two by six may be used, and they may be placed two feet apart; twelve-inch boards will answer for plates and sills. This permits each studding to project two inches past the center of the wall and prevents the air current from setting. The studding must be papered with waterproof paper and then ceiled.

Cutting Clover for Fowls. Cut clover has come to be recognized as one of the best of bulky winter foods for poultry. A clover cutter is exceedingly convenient, but where such a machine is not at hand a home-made cutter can be devised. Take a stout block of wood, with smooth top, and build a box about it, using the block for the bottom of the box, as



HOME-MADE CLOVER CUTTER.

shown in the cut. The cutter is a pestle-shaped affair, square at the lower end. To this are attached three sharpened steel plates, as suggested. Set them into the wood and bolt securely. Any blacksmith can make the plates, and they can be sharpened on the grindstone. With this, one can cut up clover as the housewife chops meat in her tray, but a few moments longer required to cut sufficient for a large flock.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Some Don't's for Farmers. Don't lean down too hard when the boy is turning the grindstone; this is one of the causes of boys leaving the farm. Don't expect the boy to keep up with you and the hired men, and run errands or carry water at the same time. Don't expect a boy to maintain an angelic disposition if, after working hard all day, he is expected to eat at the second table. Don't give the boy a lamb or calf to raise—which would have died if he had not attended to it—and let it grow up to be dad's sheep or cow. Don't continue to treat the boy as if he had no sense, but consult with him occasionally; he may possibly know more than you do. Don't rave and storm because the boy wastes some time to tinker; he may astonish you with some of his work. Don't tell the boy he can go hunting or fishing Saturday and then hitch on a day's work before he goes. It is not fair.

Grafting Seedling Apple Trees. On every farm there are apt to be more or less apple seedlings, which come up in corners of the fence or other

out of the way place, and often attain a height of six to eight feet before they are noticed. The best use that can be made of such trees is to graft them without transplanting into some variety that is productive and profitable in the neighborhood. A bearing apple tree that has salable fruit is a profitable investment. It is likely to be all the more productive if the tree is located instead of being in an orchard. If the seedling is left to grow up without being grafted its fruit stands just about one chance in a hundred of being worth gathering.

Farm Telephone. There is no reason why farmers generally should longer delay to avail themselves of the advantage of telephones. The plan is to form regional telephone companies to buy the improved appliances and construct a farm telephone system that will put each subscriber in connection with his neighborhood and with the outside world. In Gibson County, Indiana, they have already "caught on," and the enterprising farmers of that section have many lines connecting town and farms.

In another farming locality we know of there is a central exchange which connects fourteen lines running into the country and to other towns. A dozen phones or more are connected with each line. One farmer in that county can talk to five hundred farmers in that and adjoining counties. These exchanges are all on the mutual principle. The central station is conducted by a young lady, who receives \$1 a year from farmers who have phones, and collects from persons who have no instruments but want to use them. A cheaper system of constructing switchboards has been discovered. The switchboard for the use of the common fifteen lines and costs less than \$20, being made by local mechanics.—Up to Date.

Crate for Moving Animals. It is often desirable to move a small animal from one building to another, or from one pasture enclosure to another. Leading or driving a calf, sheep or pig is attended with difficulties. They will go in company with others,



CONVENIENT ANIMAL CRATE.

but decidedly object to going alone. The cut shows a crate on wheels, with handles permitting it to be used as a wheelbarrow. Into this the small animal can be driven, the door closed, and the crate wheeled away. It will also be found a very useful contrivance in bringing in calves that have been dropped by their dams in the pasture.—American Agriculturist.

Feed vs. Pasture. The amount of green food that can be grown upon an acre of land and fed to cattle from the first appearance of rye or crimson clover in early spring until late in the fall is many times more than that which can be obtained on the same area used as pasture. While on the pasture the cattle are subjected to storms, many insects, and during dry seasons they must perform considerable work to secure as much food as they desire. As green crops may be cut at any time and several cuttings can be made in a season, the flow of milk will be greater than when the cows are on pasture. While less labor is required in pasturing the cows, a smaller proportion of land can be used under the soiling or green-food system.

Vines and Trellises. Many people are prevented from planting grape vines under the idea that the putting up of the trellis is a difficult and expensive thing to do. But the first year a light stake will be all that is required to train the single shoot to, and over the second year, when two or three bunches of grapes may be grown, the stake will be all that is required. A trellis made by setting posts six feet apart and five feet high above the surface of the ground will accommodate a single vine. For supports, wires should be stretched between the posts, but these wires must not be left tight when cold weather comes on, as the contraction of the wire by cold will surely break them.

The Growing of Parsnips. The parsnip naturally puts its roots down more deeply than any other of the esculent roots. It needs a rich soil. If the subsoil has not been enriched it should be pulverized with a subsoil plow, and not brought to the surface. We have seen parsnips that were fully 16 inches long, of which all the growth except two or three inches was below the ground. In harvesting parsnips a furrow should be thrown from the rows, leaving the side of the furrow as close as possible to the roots. No part is better than the parsnip for milk cows.

Trim the Grapevines. If the grapevines have not been trimmed and the old wood cut out of the blackberry and raspberry fields it should be done before the season opens warmer. Such work is best done when the ground is frozen. Cane cut produced on the new wood, and the old vines can stand cutting back severely.