



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

Dulcie listened to him with a smile in her eyes. It was plain to her that he had not guessed the cause of her sudden blushes. His egotism and vanity had blinded him.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, when he paused, as if he had gone through a performance for her amusement.

"Who could forget you?" the young man said in a low tone, more to himself than to her.

"I am sorry for that, but do not make me feel sorry I stayed," Dulcie said. "Why should you be glad?"—demurely.

"I have seen you," he repeated passionately. "Do you know what that means to me? Do you know that day and night your face haunts me, your voice is in my ears?"

She folded her slim hands on the bar and lifted her face to him. The pearls, with those little shining rings of hair about it, gleamed in the light.

CHAPTER VIII. Toward the end of April, Lady Harvey was to give a dinner party. Invitations for it came to The Elms, to Mrs. Hardinge's delighted surprise.

quing fields. The black hair had fallen back from her head and face.

Julian Carre, looking at her, felt his heart throb fast, stormily, passionately. "What is in the girl?" he said to himself.

"I was passing, and I heard your voice," she said. "I could not but stay. You do not blame me?"

"I am sure it is time I was at home," Dulcie said. "It is quite time," he answered, coolly. "More than that, it is time that I was; but we can't part like this."

CHAPTER IX. The day of Lady Harvey's dinner party came at last—a brilliant April day, the heavens cloudless, the sunshine warm.

He put out his hands and took hold of hers. They were full of leaves and yellow buds, and he held them close in his feverish grasp, the soft, white hands and the flowers.

"I will go away now if you will promise to see me to-morrow," she said. "You will not be warned, then?"

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In one month more it would be Esther Durrant's wedding day. A shiver of pain shook the girl as she thought of it.

Could it really be true that the man she had loved and trusted in with all her heart would take another woman as his wife when those four short weeks were over?

"Oh, cruel, cruel!" she had murmured to herself many a time, thinking of him. "Oh, cruel and false!" Yet, had he been so false after all?

There was the smart. That was the wound to which the proud little heart could not grow reconciled.

"I shall have no home here," she wrote, "when once Esther is married." But she did not tell him that the bedroom would be the old friend Percy Stanhope's.

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At a time when bankruptcy and speculation were not tolerated in decent society. She knew he was learning to love her; but she had not counted on his loving her better than himself.

"If he stands there till the sun sets," she thought, "I shall not be the first to speak."

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A phrase of produce far outweighs a pound of empty craft. Boasters, sometimes liars called, have bragged till angels laughed.

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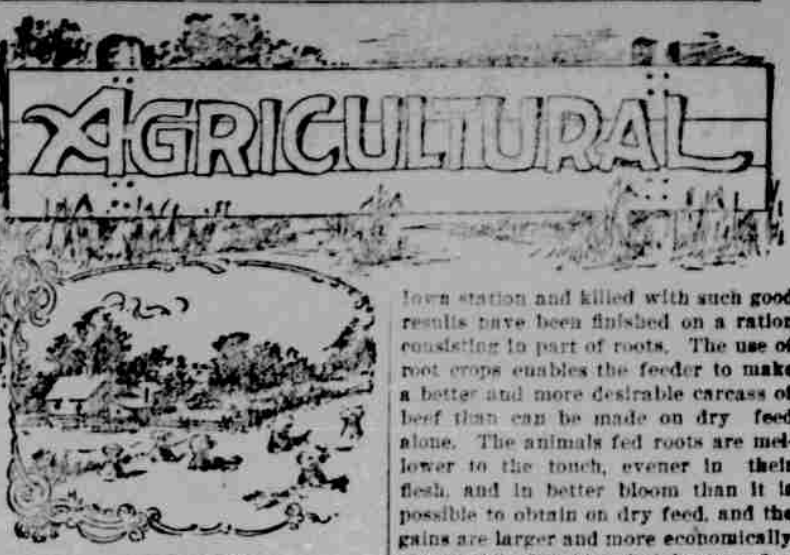
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The Dog Under the Wagon.

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray. "Put on your things, 'tis market day."

"Away they went at a good round pace, and joy came into the farmer's face."

The farmer all his produce sold and got his pay in yellow gold. Home through the lonely forest.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined. But quickly caught the thief behind; He dragged him down in the mire and dirt.

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AGRICULTURAL.

been station and killed with such good results have been finished on a ration consisting in part of roots. The use of root crops enables the feeder to make a better and more desirable carcass of beef than can be made on dry feed alone.

For Watering Fowls. A well-made watering fountain for poultry is the best arrangement for watering fowls, but these are more or less expensive.



DEVICES FOR WATERING FOWLS.

scratched into it. Make the platform on which the pall rests broad enough so that a fowl can fly up and stand up on the edge while drinking.

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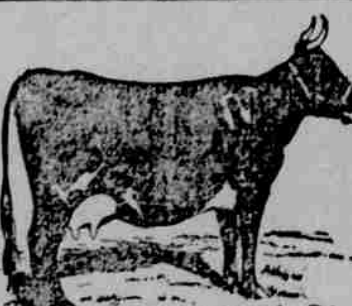
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ROSE CLERNA.

of our country, as this more nearly resembles its native home.

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The Asparagus Beetle. The asparagus beetle has nearly destroyed the asparagus industry in some localities. Many remedies have been suggested, among them applying lime freely over the bed late in the fall.

Killing Canadian Thistles. To kill Canadian thistles, let them come to bud, or flower; put heavy chains from right end of doubletree to plow beam, at where the coulters is, or should be; leave slack enough to loop in furrow, just ahead of the turning furrow sledge; have a good plow that will turn the furrow, and with a steady team you will cover thistles completely, and as they will have used all their vitality in maturing flowers for seed, will benefit the land as green manure.

For Mending Hoes. The accompanying illustration represents an ingenious article for mending hoes. A piece of pine or other soft wood, hollow, cut 8 inches long and turned to 3/4 in at B and 1/2 in at C will fit the ordinary size of hoes.

Cabbage Worms. Sprinkle cabbage liberally with road dust and the worms will come up and drop off. As cabbage heads from the inside this will not injure them.

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