

site . Burned and setting and a light of a site second of the

CHAPTER VII.-(Continued.) ening fields. The black lace had fallen

Dulcle listened to him with a smile in eyes. It was plain to her that he had not guessed the cause of her sudden His egregious vanity had blindhes. od hin

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

And somehow he divined by her way of mying those two little words, that, for reason of her own, she was not inlined to take the hint he had wrapped up no noetically

See."-rising lazily and patting on her "My friends are coming back for me at last! I had begun to think they had forgotten me!

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

"Oh, they could!"-innghing a little, They are all in all to each other. Why bould they remember me?" He stood beside her while she drew or

er gloves. One of them she could not tton, and she held it out to him with a retty little gesture. Of course he was nger over it than he need have been! And no one could blame him for lingering That round white wrist would hittle. have tempted a far stronger man than Julian Carre.

Percy Stanhope, coming up, saw them, as they stood side by side, and a sharp pang went through his heart. He would arly have liked to knock the man down; ant he knew that he had no right to do it. He had sense enough left to see that. As It was, his greeting was of the stiffest.

They stood and talked together for a few minutes, and then Julian Carre went back into the church for Lord Harvey, and they went home as they had come, scross the fields together.

Leaning over the gate of the house, as they came within sight of it, was Hugh He had been smoking; but, ning. when he saw them, he threw his cigar nto the road, and went forward to meet After the hand-shaking had been rone through, he made his way to Dul-

"I have come down," he told her, enjoy myself. I want to forget all the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Eevesque?" They were standing at the foot of the

allow stone steps; and the shadows of the old elm's leaves fell over her face, and crept down to the dainty shoulders.

"I will if I can, Mr. Fleming. "Very well! Then it is a bargain?" -with a laugh.

Well, let us shake hands on it as they to in the North Countrie!"

He held out his broad palm, and she put hers upon it; and, for an instant, they ang together, and then slowly parted. And Dulcie, looking into the man's eyes, knew that she had won another

back from her head and face. Her pretty, light dress, with the vivid grimson hows at the throat and elbows, made a patch of soft color against the green about Julian Carre, looking at her, felt his heart throb fast, stornily, passionately. "What is in the girl?" he said to himself, as he watched her from the shade of the high bridge opposite, "that draws

me to her in spite of all my common sen She is not as beautiful as Audry Follet. nor as Lady Mary, even; yet they are as water unto wine compared with her."

She had not seen him. She was not even thinking of him. When he crossed he read and stood before her she clasped her hands with a sharp ery. The pretty color had faded from check to lip, for she thought, when she first looked up, that it

was Percy Stanhope. "Have I the misfortune to startle you again?" he said, penitently,

Of course you startled me. Where did you come from?

"I was passing, and I heard your voice. I could not but stay. You do not blame me?"-bending forward to eatch a glimpse of her face, under the shade of the bought to which she had retreated. 'Most decidedly !"

"I am sorry for that, but do not make me feet sorry 1 stayed."

"Why should you be glad?"-demurely, "I have seen you." Dulcie laughed and glided a step near

er. It was nice, after all, to read the love in this too candid man's eyes and to know that the game she had taken up for pastime had grown into serious earnest for

him. "I have seen you," he repeated passion ately. "Do you know what that means

to me? Do you know that day and night your face hannts me, your voice is in my ears? She folded her slim hands on the bar

and lifted her face to him. The pearly brow, with those little shining rings of hair about it, gleamed in the light. The large, bright eyes met his unflinchingly. You must not blame me for that, You

know when you told me a week ago that your friend had warned you against admiring me I hade you take the warning. Could 1 do more?

"It was too late." Julian Carre answe ed hoursely. "You knew that it was too late when you said it."

"Did 17" the girl said indifferently. She was plucking listlessly at the in-

burnum flowers that hnng over her head. The piquant face, the round, white throat, were framed in by their slender golden sprays. Harvey had told him the truth. He

had slipped "into the depths" without knowing it. She was beautiful, and he loved her as his friend had foretold he

In one month more it would be Estier 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 eart would take mother wound as his wife when those four short weeks were over? It seemed to her that it must have been far more than a countly since this have and trust had been crushed and hissfled out of her life so roughly. The night size had recognized Percy Stanlagic's face in Esther's locked scenard

a night set far behind her in a dense shads and horror of pain, "Oh, cruck cruck" she had meaned to

herself many a time, thinking of him, "Oh, cruch and false?" Yet, had he been so false after all? She had told him she did not love him, and he had believed her and had straightway carried to another te love she would not have. Could he have done this if his love had been a real heart-root? That was the question. How would it have beene the transplanting if it had been such love, strong and deep. as she had once thought it?

"I could forgue him." Duice thought. looking out at the pale April sky, "if he had only waited a little while. But he did not. While I was sitting in old Pere Jurques' salon, listening for his ring at the door, he had gone away from me forever, had come home here, and was busy winning Esther to love him, just as he had ones won me."

There was the smart. That was the wound to which the proud little heart could not grow reconciled. "I will do the heat I can for myself,"

she had said to Esther. Was she doing it? Was she not playing with men's hearts as if they were croquet balls, with out one care for the future that lay be-

"You have been dreaming, Dulcie," she said to herself, with a little bluter sigh, 'and you will waken up 'out in the cold' if you don't take head

That very night, when the house was quist, Duleie sur down to write a letter. It was a long letter-to her Uncle Durerand it told him the truth about her position.

"I shall have no home here," she wrote, "when once Esther is married." But she did not tell him that the bridegroom would be their old friend Percy Stanhop I should be wratched here, though Mrs. Hardinge orges me kindly enough to stay. If you have things so settled now that you can offer me the shelter of a roof, I will come back to you. I am able and willing to work for the rest."

When the letter was written, and inclosed in its envelope, the girl looked at it for a few minutes intently.

"That shall decide me," she said to herself. "If he says 'come,' I will go, and leave all these new friends behind me. he does not say 'come,' then----But she did not finish the seatence. A

swift, stinging flush came into her checks. and her lips quivered ominously.

CHAPTER IX.

The day of Lucly Harrey's dinner party same at lest-a brilliant April day, the heavons cloudless, the sunshine warm, the air fragrant with spring's perfumes. Down in the heart of Brierton Wood spring held high carnival. The banks were purple with wild pansies; the mos was emerald green; the young leaves thrilled and quivered in the very eestacy of life. Down the long walks went Du ele, her hat in her hand, her sweeping skirts rustling over the leaves and twigs. Dulcie flung herself down here to rest.

and folded her arms under her head for a pillow. The sanshine heat warmly on her uncovered head and face, but she did would. She tormented him, she mocked not mind that. She reveled in the warmth at him, she made it no secret that she and the quiet, the drowsy, soothing rustle did not care a fig for him. But nothing of the branches, and the ripple of the

uistor, at a time when banhruptey and speculation were not tolerated in decent ety. She knew he was learning to her; but she had not counted on his loging her better than himself as yet. It might come to that some day, she had fincted at times, but that "some day" al always seemed a long time off. And by the side of his fore was at the full altially, the harriers all average pi, and she foll herself cought in the torrent, and summed a little by its force. He did not look at her. He steed gaaw ing his nepstache and bloking the toe of

boot into the ground. What should she say to him? For the first time in her perimps, the girl felt at a loss for its, Percy Stanhope's wooing had been nothing like this. She had loved him, and he had road the love in her eyes before her ligs could speak it, and been satis He had been an eloqueat, resistless wooer; but this Julian Carre stood like stone, and waited for her to speak to

"If he stands there till the sun sets," she thought, "I shall not be the first to STRuk. At last he turned toward her

"What have you to say to me?"

"Nothing"-in a very quiet little voice "Nothing?"-with rising passion. "Is **Ia that all you have to offer in exchange for man's whole heart?"

He came quite close to her, and drew the bat out of her powerless fingers, flinging it on the grass behind him. It very nearly fell into the water, and she gave a hitle "Oh!" of dismay.

"You are awfully silly, Mr. Carre!" "I dare say I am." "May I have my hat, please?"

He was making ber cheeks burn un comfortably, he stared at her so, and he

still held both her hands prisoned in on "I am sure it is time I was at home"-

restleasly. "It is quite time," he answered, coolly

More than that, it is time that I was; but we can't part like this. "How? I don't understand!"-begin

ning to quake again. "Oh, yes, you do understand! I have told you I love you. You know very well

what that means. I want you to love me I want you to be my wife. (To be continued.)

A phabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prodence far outweighs pound of canning craft.

Boasters, sometimes flars called, hav bragged till angels laughed. Denving faults will double them, withou

a gain of pelf. Envy shoots at others, but she wounds herself.

Foolish fear a danger dreads when there's none in sight,

God in our poor, feeble hands puts H temple's light.

He has hard work who has naught in his bands to do;

It costs more to right one wrong than to suffer two.

Knavery is a poor trade for a youth to learn.

Learning journeys with a man where'es may turn. he Modesty will goard a soul better than a

sword. Ne'er forget to listen well to your heart's

first word. One swift hour caught to-day is worth

two io-morrow. Proud looks, sometimes, are a mask worn

to cover sorrow. Oujet conscience is the saint that gives

quiet sleep. Richest he who from poor fields crops -

good can resp. Small faults left long enough grow up to ginat foes.

bough that bears the weight of fruit



The Dog Under the Wagon. Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray. "Put on your things, 'tis market day. And we'll be off to the nearest town, There and back ere the sun goes down "Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined. And soon made up his doggish mind To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face, "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm swful glad he's left at home-He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot. I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot, The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold And got his pay in yellow gold; Home through the lonely forest, Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree; "Your money or else your life." says he, The moon was up, but he didn't see The dog under the wagon.

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

dirt. And tore his cost and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground; The robber uttered not a sound While his hands and feet the farmer bound.

And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life. The farmer's money, the farmer's wife, And now a hero grand and gay. A silver collar he wears to-day. Among his friends, among his foes-And everywhere his master goes-He follows on his horny toes, The dog under the wagon. -The Advance.

The Ayrshire Cow, This old breeed from the County of Ayr, Scotland, needs some one to blow stroyed the asparagus industry in some

its horn; the breeders don't seem localities Many remedies have been inclined to do it, even when given a suggested, among them applying lime special invitation. The breed seems freely over the bed late in the fall, specially adapted to the northern part after the tops and bed have been burnt



results have been finished on a ration consisting in part of roots. The use of root crops cuables the feeder to make a better and more desirable carcass of beef than can be made on dry feed alone. The animals fed roots are mellower to the touch, evener in their fiesh, and in better bloom than it is possible to obtain on dry feed, and the gains are larger and more economically produced." We also find beets a fine auxiliary food for pigs, and can winter them very cheaply on this diet.

For Watering Fowls

A well-made watering fountain for poultry is the best arrangement for watering fowls, but these are more of less expensive. Some substitutes are shown herewith. A gallon "canned ap pie" can may be attached to the wall as shown, or a lard pall may be hung upon a null within reach of the floor Batter still is the third device, which permits water to be poured into the pail each day from the outside, and is up where the litter will not be



DEVICES FOR WATERING FOWLS.

scratched into it. Make the platforn on which the pail rests broad enough so that a fowl can fly up and stand up on the edge while drinking. When fowls and chicks run at large there cal be no better drinking fountain to be placed out of doors than the familia device of filling a tin pail, can or other vessel, according to the size desired and inverting it over a flat dish a lit tle larger in diameter. This supplies clean water as fast as it is used, any cannot be solled.

The Asparagus Beetle. The asparagus beetle has nearly de

over, with another liberal application

of lime in the spring. Some growers

claim that, where the rows were hilled

up two feet and the young shoots cut

off as soon as the tips appeared above

ground, no damage was done. Cutting

the shoots was also continued until

quite late. Where shoots were allowed

to grow until 2 or 3 inches high before

cutting, the beetles attacked them. It

may be stated, also, that if all shoots

are cut when just appearing the aspar-

agus stalks will be found tender from

the tip to the butt, and of much better

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.

"I don't think I ever saw Berta so exelted over anything." Esther said, as the two girls sat over their late tea. "She is in a fever of delight. We shall hear of thing for the next fortnight but 'What shall we wear?

Dalcie smiled, and sipped her ten quiet-A change had of late come over her not to be accounted for in any way. She had lost half her reckless nerve and a good deal of her brightness,

Snatching up a tace cape, she passed out on to the lawn, through the open win-low, while Esther went away to find a at for herself. A west wind met her, like a caress, as she emerged into the open sir. Close beside the gate was a tall inburnum, now in full bloom. Dulcle went straight to it, and leaved her arms the low wooden gate post. The golden perfome at her with every passing breath wind. Everything was very quiet and sweet. The acige on the other side of the road was starred all over with clasters of elegant spring flowers. Some ere. In the far blue overhead, a lark as singing.

An she leaned there, a lad passed and at at her; stopped a few seconds, then med and came back,

she naswered, amazed tout he know her.

"This is for you, then, and no answer. thank you."

was a small note curiously twist Before she could find breath to ask sent it, the lad was off, tramping ag the road at a rate that made her to try to follow him.

ething chill crept through the girl's as she held the paper in her hand. ng ber head to make sure that Eswas not coming, she opened it and

Why are you so cruel? These three have waited for you and you never If I have offended you, you might at let me know how. I shall wait

ope till I see you." re was no need to look at the signa-the knew from whom it came-that it was Julian Carre who had

IT' she asked hereoif with t. "I used always to be able to hat I wanted to de, and to do it hat I wanted to do, and to do it, I seem to have two souls in my or drawing me a different way." r jeized her presently, and the hed up and down across the short it he iswa, chatting; while the me out overhead, and the night aght to them faint schees of the arting over its pebbles. were standing where the light a gene dase fell full upon them.

30,

e fact that he loved her "Do you know," looking up with a smile, to find him watching her admiringly, "Mrs. Hardinge would be quite horrified if she knew that I was out here at this hour taiking to you?"

"What is Mrs. Hardinge to us?"-cross

She is my bostess at present, that

He put out his hands and took hold of hers. They were full of leaves and yel-low 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,

You will not be warned, then?" "Not by you, dearest!"-pressing his

lips to the bare, white arms, almost rough-

With a sudden jerk she released her hands and stood back from him.

"At least you have warped me." she aid, crimson with anger.

He had seen her in all sorts of moods, but never like this before. Perhaps he liked her all the better for the haughty emper that would brook so little.

"You will forgive me," he said, pushing open the gate in his earnestness. "You will not blame me for what I could not

"Oh, no. I shall not blame you"-scorn fully.

illy. "It has been quite my own fault." With a chill bow she swept past him and into the house before he could stay

He waited and watched, half hoping she might come out to him again, but she did not. He heard a brilliant value being played in the drawing room presently, and by some instinct he divined that Dulcie was the player. He turned about at that and strode home, a man angered beyond

his patience "Dulcie," Mrs. Hardinge said, coming into the toom where the girl was playing, ... ging, as she would have said to her

self, to work her temper out at her finger tips, "what is this that Eather told me tips, "what is this that Eather address about your not going to Abbeylands?" "Nothing; but that I am not going."

"Eather will be very disappointed then. She says she shall not enjoy he.self without you. Could you not change your

"I would rather not, thank yo "At all events, you need not decide un-til to-morrow. I shan't write till then." Mrs. Hardinge took up a book and lay

own on one of the couches, and Dulcie

segan playing again. Should she go? That was the one qu tion that haunted her, and repeated itself over and over again, to the time of the tune she was playing. Should she go, and show him that not one of the fine ladies of It would be a rure triumph for her, and her eyes danced at the prospect. "I hope she'll decide to stay at home," Mrs. Hardings was thinking

a. Hardings was thinking, behind the res of her novel. "Eather is really adsomer than she is, and yet, somehow."

It was a month to the Car since Dr! 's

howing water. But after a while she b gan to tire of it. Animated nature had the strongest charm for Dulcie

Presently she heard a whistle, and a crambie, and a man's voice a voice that she knew as well as she knew her owncalling out, "Down, you brute! Down, Jumbo," and she was rather pleased than

He came on whistling, and tramping down the grass with long, heavy strides and at the bend of the bank he saw her. She had raised herself on her ellow to listen, and her upturned face, with the warmth of the sunshine in its vivid smiles, was the first thing he noticed. Ju lian Carre stopped suddenly, and th whistle died on his line, with a soft, sin gle note like the call of a bird. She was almost at his feet as he stood, a lovely. Milliant little creature with some of the witchers of the wild wood in her lithe listless grace of itmb and poise. He forgot that she had been augry with him, and he with her. He knelt down on the grass beside her, and held out both his hands. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed like a girl's through their tan.

Now, what good fairy sent you here to-day, Miss Lescoque? I am fairly afraid to shut my eyes, lest on opening them I should find you had been only a vision."

"A very substantial vision!" Dulcie laughed, putting one pink palm into his harger one.

"For the last fortnight I have been look ing forward to this day, or this evening, rather," he said, bringing himself a little nearer and leaning on his elbow, so that he could see her face. "Do you know

"I have not the faintest idea"-inne cently.

It was not exactly the truth, for she had, while he spoke, one of those flashes of intuition that make the ordinary woman so much more than a match for the verage man.

"Because"-very low and tenderly-"I snow that I should see you then." She shot a side glance at his face, and what she read there flushed her own a

little "If you do. I shall be what you took me for just now-a vision, and not myself at

"How do you meau? You are coming with Mrs. Hardinge, are you not?" "No, I am not going"-very quietly. "Can it by true? I am terribly disap-

pointed."

"I am sure I cannot see why, Mr, Carre; you will have a whole beyy of country ladies to console you; and besides," with a little smile that bewildered him, "I id have looked ar 'odd' among the

"I believe you would laugh like that," he said moodily, "if you saw a man dy-ing. I can't argue with you! You do but jest and mork, while I-I love

you! There, you have it!" He rose to his feet as he said it, Duicie rese, too. She had gauged him pretty correctly, and knew fairly well how many barriers of prudence his love would have to leap on its way to her. She was not rich. She had no family. Her oul; living relative was a bankrupt spee-

owest bends and grows Upright walking is most sure on the way of sin.

Virtue is to Happiness very closest kin Wise men make their chances; for they are seldom found

You will never hurt the world spreading kindness 'round. Zeal that is misdirected will crumble

the ground.

Length of Reptiles.

A python 20 feet in length that died in the reptile house of the London Zoological Society was the largest reptile ever confined there. There is a general impression that pythons reach a length of 40 feet or more, an absurdity made manifest when the authorities assert that the female Indian python still in the gardens, and but a trifle over 18 feet long, is the longest snake in cap-

tivity of which there is any record. General impressions as to the length of these great reptiles are due to the absurd pictures that formerly decorated geographies and other works used ometimes as text books, showing a picture of a python in the act of crushing and swallowing an Indian buffalo That was a ridiculous picture that was he father of many of the "freak journalism" pictures of the present day.

The London python, which was a real instead of a fabulous reptile, was just over 20 feet in length. It was obtained in Malacca and was presented to the society by Dr. Hampshire on Aug. 29, 1876, and had, therefore, lived rath er more than twenty years in England During that period it had been fed principally with ducks, of which it some times swallowed four or five at one

meal. Its food was offered to it once a week, but it sometimes refused to eat for a month together. The speci men will be mounted for the Tring mu eum.-New York Tribune

An Easy Victory. "Ah," the fond mother sighed, "you ay you love my daughter now, but will you love her when she is old?"

Steadily looking her in the eyes h replied: "She will never get old. Any one

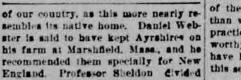
can see at a glance that she takes after you.'

Green Ante

The green ants of Australia make seats by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural gine. Hundreds have been seen on one eaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive hold and fasten it.

nge from Florida. A sponge with the great circumferon taken from the waters of Blacay re ber, Florida.

BOSE CLENNA



the breed into two classes, one representing the butter and the other the cheese type. At the Vermont Experiment Station, in 1805, Rena Myrtle 9530, a farrow cow, made the largest milk and butter record ever obtained at the station from a cow of any breed in one year-12,175 pounds of milk, producing 546 pounds of butter. The average production of cheese in Scotland is from 500 to 600 posinds per COW.

The secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association, C. M. Winslow, sums up the qualities of the Ayrshire, by saying that she is noted for vigor. hardthood and for producing a max! mum quantity of good milk from a minimum quantity of food. The average weight of the cow is about 1,000 pounds. The Ayrshire buil is highly recommended to cross on Jersey cows. In the language of the breeders, the Ayrablee nicks well with the Jersey The cut represents the Ayrshire cow. Rose Clemna, the property of C. M. Winslow & Son. She has a record of 7,768 pounds of milk and 454 pounds of butter in 385 consecutive days. She took first premium at the Vermont State Fair last year for the largest amount of butter fat from one day's milking. There were thirteen cows in competition.

To Kill Tree Horers. When borers have made their way into trees, some hot water at a temperature of 140 to 160 degrees, or as bot as can well be borne by the hand, injected

into the holes they have made will destroy them. Buch a temperature will not injure the tree. With a syringe and flexible rubber tube with a small nossie enough water should be forced up to make sure that the borer is killed. All insects can be killed by applying water to them at a temperature not high enough to be injurious to vegeta-

Beets for Eastings. One or the other, if not both, a

be produced on every farm where stock be produced on every fairs where stock of any kind-and be it only one cow-is kept. Beets come handy even for fattening stock. Bays Prof. Curley, ef the lows station: "From our experience here in the use of bests in finishing cat-tie of high quality for the block, I have e the introduction of the block, I have beelency in saying that the intro-seties of roots and the best product the our fattening rations will result in vestiy better product. All of the cat-e that have been marketed by the

quality than when the tops are "green" and if the rows are billed the cutting of the shoots is done with more ease than when the level culture method is practiced. The suggestions given are worthy of consideration by those who have had the beetle to contend with this season.

Killing Canadian Thistics.

To kill Canadian thistles, let them some to bud, or flower: put heavy chain from right end of doubletree to plow beam, at where the coulter is, or should be; leave slack enough to loop in furrow, just shead of the turning furrow slice; have a good plow that will turn the furrow, and with a steady team you will cover thisties completely, and as they will have used all their vitality in maturing flowers for seed, will benefit the land as green manure.-Farmers' Voice.

For Mending Hose.

The accompanying illustration represents an ingenious article for mending hose. A piece of pine or other soft wood, hollow, cut c 8 inches long and turned to % in at A, 1 inch at B and % inches at C will fit the ordinary size of hose. For larger or smaller sizes the wooden connection is made to correspond. To repair the damaged portion, slip each end of the hose half way over the connection. So long as the joint is fairly tight no wiring or tieing is necessary, as the water soon

swells the wood, making a tight joint. Cabbage Worma 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. They may need a second application. For worms on cauliflowers, sprinkle with fine salt .- Agricultural Epitomist.

Norticultural Notes. The English ivy does not harm a tree

as which K grows.

See if a little loss water on irrigated and will not be better.

Fruit when placed in cold storage uld be firm and bard.

Sprinkling plants with water when trost is expected will protect them

Pears to be put is cold storage should be picked before they begin to rises.

Watermelons ought not to be grown on the same ground oftener than three VALTE

The grape vine trained to a single te has never done its best in our en

transferred are as hardy that they may ad even after the gine to set.

tion.