



CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

She lifted her eyes and looked at him—exquisite eyes, wet now with blinding tears, under their thick, shining lashes. "Heaven forgive you, Dulcie! You might have rested content with the first part of your work. You need not have come here to wreck the last hope of peace that was left to me," the young fellow groaned, smiting his hands together with a force that made her start.

—as she had never realized it yet—that the day was actually close at hand now, on which she would take the vows of a wife upon her, and begin, with Percy, the new life that their love was to make so happy on to the very close. The color came and went in her cheeks, her lips trembled. It was not so much the beauty of the dress, as the beauty of the life that would begin for her the day she should wear it, that made the girl's heart beat, and her veins throb, and that rush, as of keen pain that was almost intolerable, sweep over her.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning Dulcie was up betimes and dressed in one of her smartest gowns, with her shining hair coiled demurely. She was good to see as she came into the breakfast room. Mrs. Hardinge was not down, only Mr. Hardinge and Hugh Fleming; so Dulcie presided at table.

—as she had never realized it yet—that the day was actually close at hand now, on which she would take the vows of a wife upon her, and begin, with Percy, the new life that their love was to make so happy on to the very close. The color came and went in her cheeks, her lips trembled. It was not so much the beauty of the dress, as the beauty of the life that would begin for her the day she should wear it, that made the girl's heart beat, and her veins throb, and that rush, as of keen pain that was almost intolerable, sweep over her.

CHAPTER XV.

A lurid sunset over Brierton Wood. The birds were twittering restlessly. There was the low, complaining "sough" of the trees to be heard over the fret and dash of the river. The little stream was brimmed to the top of its banks, and swept by in no gentle mood, to make its leap over the face of the old weir. The light was low and brooding, with more of a sullen glare than brightness in it. All the freshness had died out of the air.

A lurid sunset over Brierton Wood. The birds were twittering restlessly. There was the low, complaining "sough" of the trees to be heard over the fret and dash of the river. The little stream was brimmed to the top of its banks, and swept by in no gentle mood, to make its leap over the face of the old weir. The light was low and brooding, with more of a sullen glare than brightness in it. All the freshness had died out of the air.

deserted her. Never had she needed it more. "I don't want to frighten you, Dulcie," Percy Stanhope went on, in that low, dogged tone so unlike his natural voice. "I don't want to distress you in any way. Let us look at things fairly and calmly. This marriage can't go on, that is certain. You must see that yourself."

"It is hard on us all, heaven knows. I would as soon die almost, as give such pain to Etty," and his voice quivered with a sudden infection of tenderness that seemed the kindest mockery in Dulcie's ears; "but she would never forgive me if I married her with this love for you burning my heart out."

"Oh, Percy," the girl cried out, "why are you so cruel to me? You are talking like a madman; I believe you are mad. It's rather late in the day, I think, to begin to talk about this marriage not going on."

"Better late than never"—gruffly. "Better never than so late in this case!" she cried, vehemently. "You love her. Do you think I am blind? Why, I knew that you loved her the first hour I saw you both together. You were happy enough then. You never gave a thought to me. You will be happy enough when I am away."

She had moved away from him to the edge of the trail, swaying plank. The river flowed rapidly past, so rapidly that her eyes ached as she watched it, and a faint, sickly feeling stole around her heart and made her head swim. The sky had turned from a dark blue to a dark cobalt. The birds had ceased to twitter, and the save for that turbid, swirling water, the place was intensely still. Her eyes were dark and misty; her cheeks and even her lips were pale.



The Old Plow. By the fence in the orchard the old plow stands. Slowly rusting and rotting away. While the days go by with their drooping sands. And the world grows dull and gray.

It did its work in the long ago As it tumbled the stony soil. And the harvest waved with a golden glow. With a crown for the brow of toil.

It seemed to shout like a warrior bold As it entered the stubborn field. And the wind-swept clouds above it rolled. And the sun smote its shining shield.

But now it stands by the fence alone. With its share all brown with rust. And its oaken frame with weeds o'er-grown. And smouldering away to dust.

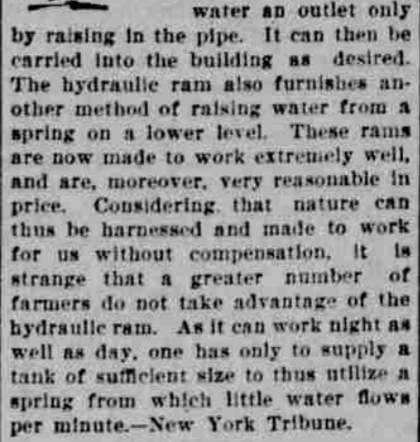
And as at the dear old plow I gaze I think of the loved ones dead. And the fragrant flowers of the vanished days. And the joys that so swiftly sped.

And soon I know with the flowing tide That furrows the silvered brow. I, too, will be tenderly laid aside. To molder like an outworn plow.

The Leicester Sheep. The first illustration is a portrait of a pair of yearling ewes, recently exhibited in England. They are not so elegantly formed as the Border Leicester strain, of what may be called the same breed, and of which a picture is given of a trio which gained the first at a recent Highland show; but they are unexcelled as a mutton sheep, and a producer of a heavy and valuable fleece. The pictures speak for themselves. It only need be said that both these strains of this remarkable breed are to be found bred to perfection by several of our Canadian breeders, whose skill has kept up the style and material value of the race. It is one of the curious examples of the differences which will gradually grow out of the personality of breeders, each of whom has a different ideal that these two strains should have acquired from the

cow in that respect if she has a deep body, indicating the possession of large digestive organs. Long experience has taught progressive dairymen that a cow having a wedge-shaped form, the rear being wide, the odder large and extending well both front and back, with the teats set regularly and well apart, is usually one that will not disappoint her owner, but as the individuality of the animal is also a factor in the breed, the disposition, freedom from disease and quality of the product must be considered, especially as no two cows are alike, and the quantity and quality of the milk and butter may vary with the same individual daily. The calf should also conform to the shape of the cow, and even the embryo udder will give some indication of its future. An experienced breeder gives this rule for judging of a cow or calf by its appearance: With the eye measure the distance from the tall about half-way down the rump, as it drops straight down, to the rear line of the thigh, and the greater the distance between those points, and the more curving the thigh, the better the cow. The hips must curve away from the tall as the indication of a good milker.

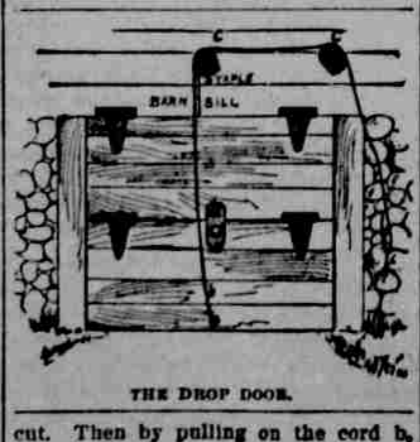
Raising a Spring's Level. It is often the case that a spring is so situated that the water just fails to run from it into the house or stable. If the source of the spring is evidently considerably higher than the spring itself, get a section of iron water pipe, such as are laid in cities, and put it over the mouth of the spring's inlet, as shown in the illustration, filling in all the spring about it with stone and cement, giving the water an outlet only by raising in the pipe. It can then be carried into the building as desired. The hydraulic ram also furnishes another method of raising water from a spring on a lower level. These rams are now made to work extremely well, and are, moreover, very reasonable in price. Considering that nature can thus be harnessed and made to work for us without compensation, it is strange that a greater number of farmers do not take advantage of the hydraulic ram. As it can work night as well as day, one has only to supply a tank of sufficient size to thus utilize a spring from which little water flows per minute.—New York Tribune.



Creameries that Pay. A creamery built with a great splurge and at a great expense and declining rapidly into bankruptcy is one of the things which give agriculture in general and the dairy business in particular a blackset. Do not build a creamery on a grand scale, but rather follow the more practical line laid down by your neighboring localities where the dairy cow is a continual source of profit to the patrons of the creamery. If the plant is built at the right time and upon the proper basis, it makes a cash market for the dairy products, relieves the farmer of the labor of butter making and very often is a great educator in the way of showing the best methods of feeding and of handling the cream and milk.—Creamery Journal.

Getting Rid of Ants. C. H. Fernald, of the Massachusetts experiment station, recommends the following, which is a good and sure method: Make holes with a crowbar or convenient stick from 6 inches to 1 foot deep and about 15 inches apart, over the hill or portion of the lawn infested by the ants, and into each hole pour two or three teaspoonfuls of bisulphide of carbon, stamping the dirt into the hole as soon as the liquid is poured into it. The bisulphide of carbon at once vaporizes, and permeating the ground, destroys the ants, but does not injure the grass. One should remember while using this substance that it is highly inflammable and should not bring near it a flame or even a lighted cigar.

Drop Door for the Barn. The accompanying illustration shows a very handy drop door for basement barns. It is hinged to the barn all at the top. Another pair of hinges are fitted about the middle. By turning the button a parallel to the board of the door, the lower half of the door can be raised by means of the cord b, which runs over the pulley c. If it is desirable to open all the door, turn the button a into the position shown in the



cut. Then by pulling on the cord b, the whole door is raised.—Orange Judd Farmer. Hints for the Henner. Active hens are the best layers. Clean houses and runs are the best medicine. A nest egg will usually stop her scratching the nest; if not, use shavings. A spoonful of oil or turpentine is a good remedy for tapeworm in poultry. If fowls leave part of their breakfast in the dish, remove it. A hen can be fed almost anything that a cow will eat, and many things besides. He'd Been Tried. With his feet on the window sill and a general air of the man who knows how it is and is willing to tell, Rawson observed: "It's really pathetic the absolute confidence a woman has in the man she loves." "Yes," responded Longwed, with a sigh, "she thinks he can do everything."—Detroit News. In his time, nearly every boy has carried milk.

A TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

Rattler and Greaser Afloat on a Plank for Several Hours. "I have heard of many men being placed in odd predicaments," remarked Capt. Jenkins, "but one of the most peculiar situations that ever befel an individual was assuredly that of an ignorant Mexican a good many years ago near Indianola, Texas, at the time the town was so nearly destroyed by a tropical hurricane or cyclone. I have heard the story many times, although it happened so long ago. It was during the extreme height of the cyclone. Houses in Indianola were going to pieces like so much paper, boats were being wrecked, and it looked decidedly bad for the individuals who were located in exposed portions of the coast. It was about this time that a little Mexican settlement on one of the coast islands adjacent to Indianola began to go to pieces, the water having risen over the top of the sand dunes and the waves smashing the loosely constructed buildings of the settlement into kindling wood. Jose Barrett, one of the inhabitants of the settlement, was separated from the remainder of his family, and, clinging to a long plank, was driven into the inner bay over the ruins of the settlement. When the day broke he was out of sight of land. The waves had calmed down and the storm was gone. As he cast his eyes about in the early dawn, to his horror he found the other end of the plank occupied by an immense rattlesnake. As soon as the snake observed the Mexican he began to writhe and coil in an odd sort of manner and apparently to make attempts to reach the poor fellow, whose hair was then standing on end in a manner wonderful to behold. The hours went by. The snake kept up his antics, but for some reason did not get any nearer the Mexican. The unfortunate fellow was afraid to leave the plank, knowing that he would drown, and at the same time he was in horrible fear of meeting death in a more terrific manner from snake bite. He lay on the end of the plank, with his eyes fixed on the rattler. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, when a fishing smack came sailing along on the lookout for castaways. The Mexican was seen from the boat and in a short time was hauled on board more dead than alive. He pointed weakly at his hissing companion. The sailors on the smack killed the rattlesnake and found that it had jammed its tail through a small knothole in the plank. The immersion of the buttons of the rattle in the salt water had caused them to swell and he was unable to remove his tail from the hole. To this fortunate circumstance the Mexican owed his life. The fact that the coast islands contain many rattlers accounts for the presence of the snake on the plank."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dietetics. We used to have old-fashioned things, like hominy and greens. We used to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans. But now it's bouillon, consommé and things made from a book. And not a feu and Julienne since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat—And pickled pigs' feet, spare ribs, too, and other things to eat; While now it's fillet with ragout, and leg o' mutton braised, And macaroni au gratin, and sheep's head Hollandaised; Escallops a la Versailles—a la this and a la that—And sweetbread a la Dieppoise, it's enough to kill a cat! But, while I suffer deeply, I invariably look As if I were delighted, 'cause my daughter's learned to cook.

We have a lot of salad things, with dressing mayonnaise; In place of oysters, blue points, fricasseed a dozen ways; An orange roly poly, float and peach meringue, alas—Enough to wreck a stomach that is made of plates of brass! The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat; We've lots of highfalutin' things, but nothing much to eat. And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look, I have had sore dyspepsia since my daughter's learned to cook. —Southwestern Medical Record.

Britain's Asiatic Empire. A fact which we perhaps too often forget is that numerically the British empire is an Asiatic empire. Of the 380,000,000 people in the whole empire India contributes 200,000,000. Nor does the Anglo-Saxon race figure as largely as we are apt to fancy in colonial population. Canada and Australia are, indeed, white man's lands, but in South Africa the white man is in a distinct minority, while in West Africa and East Africa there are teeming populations of blacks whose numbers can only be roughly guessed in millions. If these be deducted it will be found that outside the United Kingdom there are only some 10,000,000 persons of European race in the British empire, so that, putting the United Kingdom at 40,000,000 persons we have altogether in the empire a population of some 330,000,000 Asiatics and Africans.—London Graphic.