CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) She lifted her eyes and looked at him -exquisite eyes, wet now with blinding tears, under their thick, shining lashes.

leaven forgive you, Dulcie! sight have rested content with the first part of your work. You need not have me here to wreck the last hope of peace that was left to me," the young fellow grouned, smiting his hands together with

force that made her start.
"How could I tell," she cried, "that I ald meet you here? Don't you know that I would have died-yes, died!"with a rising sob, "before I would have seen you again if I could have belped it?"

She told me she was engaged to be married; that was all. And when I came ere she showed me your likeness, and I never knew till then" stopping an in-stant to catch her breath-"that it was my-that it was you she was going to marry; and now let me go!"-for he stood between her and the door-drawing herself up, and trying to look unconcerned and majestic.

'Dulcie!"-and be held out his hands her with a sudden tenderness and pas-n. But she pushed them from her, and ran out of the room and upstairs, not pausing to look behind her. Was she afraid that his eyes would have drawn er back and into those yearning arms if

As she got to the top of the stairs, Mrs. Hardinge opened her room door and look-

'Oh, it's you, is it?'-dryly, "I thought had thieves in the house when first I beard the voices! Late, isn't it, for a tete-a-tete?"

I went down for my purse," Dulcie

'And I have got it all right! Good-

"Good-night-or good-morning, I suppose it is by this time."

## CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning Duicie was up be est gowns, with her shining hair coiled daintily. She was good to see as she came into the breakfast room. Mrs. Harge was not down, only Mr. Hardinge and Hugh Fleming; so Dulcie presided at

Percy Stanhope was nowhere to b. seen, and she dared not trust her tongue to sek for him

When Mrs. Hardinge did come dow the was in the very best of humors.
"Where is Percy?" she asked at one

"Off for a walk an hour ago," her hus

with a chill smile, "We used to bear that 'early to bed was early to rise;' and women. The next moment she was cannot help it.

smiling and shaking hands with him, in the most nonchalant manner possible.

For a brief sp cie felt her cheeks crimson.

"I'll pay you off for that, my lady," sh said to herself, with a little frown of dis-

ordered the pony carriage, and drove to meet the afternoon train for the city. Very thankful Dulcie was to see her go. Percy Stanhope had not come back, and she had ceased to expect him. The house was very quiet and very stuffy. She had promised to meet Julian Carre that afernoon in Elton lane, but she had two The question was answered for her, for rindow, rawning and looking out wearithe Harvey carriage dashed up, and Esther herself got out, looking as cool and pale as if there were neither sun nor dust in the world. Dulcie dashed the window open, and ran down to the gate

am so glad you have come"-holdboth hands out, and lifting her month be kissed.

"And I am so glad to be here. "Now tell me everything," Dulcie in-sted, when Eather had taken her things

off, and was resting cozily on the sofa.
"I don't know that there is much tell. They were all very kind to me, and the house is something splendid—the kind of house one reads about, you know. The res are lovely. And then the plate, old china, and the gorgeous little knich-knacks. I never knew there were te things in the world."

Dulcie sighed. "And you might been mistress of it. If I had only chance now!" Dulcie, sitting upright on her low chair,

ok her curly bead solemnly. Words fall me, my dear Etty. But let be brief, and not harrow your feelings mary delay. The dresses have

isther burst out laughing, Dulcie join-in; then a deep flush stole from chin

would I not give," poor Dulcie "to be able to blush like that at on of my wedding dress!"

es were in Mrs. Hardinge' to sitting room; it was quite crowd-They were handsome dream. presented they were fashiona-irs, Hardiage would be the con-Hardings would not have One, in particular, took or, it was a black velvet, , ageare bodice, trimmed with see, falling downward from it. I came only to the elbows, and tiles, soft and cloudy. But the bread Duccie lifted it out al-ready, and spread it over the way white, of source—white,

ize-as she had never realized it vetthat the day was actually close at hand now, on which she would take the 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 ber. Dulcie guessed it all, and turned away to pick out fresh treasures from the cases. Her heart ached, oh, so horribly She could have sat down in the midst of all this bridal finery, and cried some of the bitterest tears of her life. But that would never do. Instead of that she smiled and talked, and bustled about like a gay little curious fairy.

At that moment a servant knocked at

"Mr. Stanhope's compliments, Miss Es ther, and could you come down stairs to see him, please?"

"Don't touch the dress," Esther called out at the door as she swept down stairs to see him. She was not many minutes away, and

when she came back she horrified Dulcie by insisting on putting on the dress. 'Oh, Etty darling, don't do it," Dulcie cried, starting up from her knees, where

she had been smoothing out the plait-ing on the shining skirt. "It's so awfully unlucky! Do listen to reason. No one ever did such a thing"-solemnly-"that did not come to grief." But Esther could not be turned from

her purpose. Laughing, and blushing, and trembling a little in her shy, nervous haste, she put the dress on, and Dulcie, with something like a throb of dismay at her heart, helped her to do it. She tied back the long train, and buttoned up the tight sleeves, which looked, when they were closed, as if they had grown on to the round, plump arms. Then she went down, because Etty would have her go, and saw the look of rapturous admiration that came like a flood of sunshine into Percy Stanhope's blue eves at sight of this white vision that lingered in the shade of the doorway for a second, as if afraid to enter and face his gaze.

Poor Dulcie! There are such things as ooks that hurt worse than blows, just as there are words that cut keener than knife blades! For an instant, spirit and flesh failed her. A shade of the agony the was enduring fell over her face. Percy Stanhope, looking past his intended, saw this mute reproach in her eyes and on her lips, and understood it. But it was only for an instant. One cannot cry out when one's hurt in this world of grown-up men

"Do you know, Mr. Stanhope, that I am very angry with you both; you for asking, and Etty for granting, such an Have you never inreasonable request. heard that it's unlucky to try on a bride's dress before the wedding day?

"I never have heard it, Miss Levesque but if I had, I should not have be I should still have braved the ill-luck, and felt myself well rewarded."

There was no mistaking the tendernes in his voice as he said it. Duicle was far too keen to mistake it. This "white urs clear before her ere that. What love" of his, as he often called her, was ald she do with herself all that time? so beautiful that his heart thrilled at love" of his, as he often called her, was sight of her; so beautiful that he longed for the hour to come that should make her his own, so that she might win him forever from this other love, that only lived in his heart to tear it and wound it with vain passion, "Well," Dulcie laughed, "I have warned

you both, but, since you will not heed my warning, I shall waste no more of my valuable time upon you."

## CHAPTER XV. A larid suppet over Brierton Wood, The

birds were twittering restlessly. There was the low, complaining "sough" of the of the river. The little stream was brim med 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 fresh-

Dulcie Levesque, standing upright as a dart on the plank bridge, which was lit-tle more than a foot wide, across the water, noted these signs of a coming storm with keen impatience. She was not afraid of the storm itself, but of the remarks it would occasion if she were out in it. Opposite to her stood Percy Stanhope She had come to the wood that afternoon to meet Julian Carre, and, to her deep chagrin, she had come face to face with her old lover instead. And he was in no very pleasant mood, either. He was inclined to take upon himself to lecture and dictate to Dulcie. He had seen her that past day with her head on Julian Carre's shoulder, and he was wroth indeed with

ber for it.

not even lady-like."
"What right have you to talk to me like what right have you to talk to me like that?" Dulcie cried out at last, roused to indignation by his reprosches, "What is it to you what I do, or with whom I walk? I consider you are very imperti-

"You do well to call me that," was his bitter retort. "Do you think you are nothing to me? Do you think that as long as I live I shall ever forget what you

"I think you had better."
"I think you had better."
"It's of no use, Dulcie; I can't stand this any longer. I will not try to give you

deserted her. Acres had she accied

"I don't want to frighten you, Dulcie," Percy Stanhope went on, in that low, gged 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 cer-tuln. You must see that yourself." She gasped and shivered, drawing away

as far from him as the parrow plant would let her.

"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 inflection of tenderness that seemed the keenest 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

"Better late than "ever"-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 frail, 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, 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.

"I am going to be married to Julian

Carre." Her voice did not sound like her own as she said it. No blush came into her face no smile into her eyes. She looked and spoke like a woman half dazed. The harsh laugh that answered her made her

heart throb wish him joy of his wife, then.' There came a low growl of thunder, and a patter of big rain drops. Duicie started, and turned as if to step off the bridge, but he put out his hand, and

would not let her stir. "Oh, if I were only at home," she thought, "if I were only safe at home!" "Percy," she said, trying to steady her voice, "I don't think you mean to be cruel to me, but you are. Can't you see that we are going to have an awful storm? I shall be drenched through before I reach home as it is. Don't keep me here any longer.

"Cruel to you, my darling! Have I been cruel to you? Then be sure I never meant it. I would shed my heart's blood for you, Dulcie."

His hand came down heavily on her shoulder, and he drew her to him with a kind of sob.

"Why, the trial to forget you, to love Etty only and forget you, has almost killed me. Do you think I could be cruel to

He drew her face to his breast, and stroked her cheek with fond, trembling "What fools we have been!" he burst

out, presently, "What awful fools we have both been, Dulcie! What ever possessed us to think we could live without each other?" "If it be a sin," she said to herself, as

she lay in the close clasp of his arms, "I cannot help it. I have no strength in me For a brief space there was

tween them; such silence as has been well called "golden." Again and again her soft lips pressed little furtive klases on the breast of his coat, she thinking he did not know. Again and again her eyes looked up into his, only to droop again under the weight of their happy tears. "I loved him first," she thought,

must love him best. Etty would not ask me to give him up if she knew." "Dulcie," he said, presently, "we most not keep this to ourselves an hour longer.

Who shall tell Esther, you or I?"
"Oh, I could not! I dare not! Oh, Percy, must she know?"

When they had left the wood and come out upon the common, they found the sky one blaze of shifting clouds, which glowed and deepened about the setting Tears came into Dulcie's eyes. Something in that changing sky, in the sweetness of the freshened earth, touch-

"How beautiful the world is!" she cried, softly.

"How beautiful my love is!" Percy Stanhope cried, looking at her.

She smiled, yet a sudden swift pang made her heart ache. She could not for-get how lately he had called another woman "his love," while she had been forgot-When they were near to The Eli he left her. He was going back to the city by the evening train.

"I will write and tell Etty everything. Trust me; I will be as gentle as can be; but she will understand, and forgive us both, when I tell her all."

Dulcie's lips quivered and she clasped her hands about his arm in sudden intolerable remorse and pain,

"Oh, my poor Etty! Dare we ever hope to be happy again after hurting her so Could nothing save her from

such pain as this will be to her?"
"Nothing," he said, almost angrily, "but our death or mine. The day I saw you n that fellow's arms, I knew I could not live without you. I knew I never could

marry Esther. His free had a curious gray pallor upon it; his blue eyes had a cold gleam in them; his lips were set and stern. The beauty of his face, which Dulcie thought the bonniest on earth, was dimmed just then, as he held his little sweetheart's hands in his, and answered her with such blunt

directness.

When he had gone, she walked quickly down the lane, and in at the gate of The Elms. Mrs. Hardinge was looking out of the drawing room window. She felt curl-ous to know when Dulcie came in, and if any one came up the lane with her. No one did come with her, so far as she could tell, and that pacified her a little. Still

it was with something very like a sneer that she turned to Esther. "Here is Duicie at last, looking not very much unlike a little tramp in wet, draggled clothes. I wonder how that girl can go about in all weathers, as she has taken to doing lately."

(To be continued.)

Beware of the cyclist who praise heel of a different make from his



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 dropping sands.

And the world grows dull and gray. t did its work in the long ago As it tumbled the stony soil, And the harvest waved with a golden

With a crown for the brow of toil.

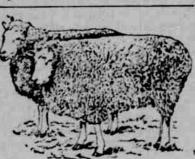
It seemed to shout like a warrior bold As it entered the stubborn field. And the wind-swept clouds above it rolled And the sun smote its shining shield.

But now it stands by the fence alone, With its share all brown with rust, And its oaken frame with weeds o'ergrown And smoldering 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 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 first illustration is a portrait of a pair of yearling ewes, recently ex-



ENGLISH LEICESTER EWES.

hibited 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 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



BORDER LEICESTER EWES. starting point, a distinct type, which was certainly as distinct from each of these as each is from the other; and which may still remain in the memory of an expert who may not have only in mind what he saw a good many years ago. It is thus that races change under the influence of skillful culture, or may deteriorate under continued neglect .-

Montreal Herald. Melon Vines in Rows. Most people are so used to planting melons in bills that they deem this the only way. But very successful melon growers think that making a very slight ridge and planting the seed in a row pretty close together is a better way. So soon as the vines begin to run their tendrils clasp others, and this keeps them from being blown about by winds. By making the ridges eight or more feet apart the cultivator can be kept running through them until the vines spread out and occupy the whole of the vacant space, which they will surely do before the summer is ended. If the vines appear to be too close together in the row the poorest may be cut out without leaving a vacancy, as would be the case if they were planted in hills.

Bearcity of Cattle. Cattle are becoming scarce in the West, and the Eastern markets will be fected by the conditions existing in the cattle regions. Farmers who raise more calves, and of good quality, will get good prices for them by the time they are matured. There is no better way to dispose of the surplus foods sume it, and the manure will also be

as important item on the farm. Judging a Cow.
It may truly be said that to know a ow well she must be examined inter-nally, so as to judge and score her heart, lungs, liver and stomach, which he not possible, but dairymon are con-

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 udder 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 individnality 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 tail 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 tail 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 falls to run from it into the house or stable. If

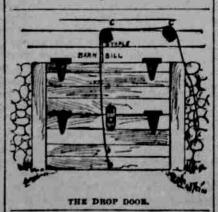
the source of the spring is evidently considerably higher than the spring itself, get a section of iron water pipe, such as are laid in cities, and put It over the mouth of the spring's inlet. as shown in the illustration, filling in all the spring about it with stone and cement, giving the

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 snake bite. He lay on the end of the and are, moreover, very reasonable in price. Considering that nature can when a fishing smack came sailing thus be harnessed and made to work for us without compensation, it is The Mexican was seen from the boat strange that a greater number of and in a short time was hauled on farmers do not take advantage of the board more dead than alive. He pointhydraulic ram. As it can work night as well as day, one has only to supply a The sailors on the smack killed the rattank of sufficient size to thus utilize a tiesnake and found that it had jammed spring from which little water flows its tail through a small knothole in the 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 backset. Do not build a creamery on a grand scale, but rather follow the Democrat. more practical lines 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 ing 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 Anta, C. H. Fernold, of the Massachusetts experiment station, recommendes 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 laws 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 auts, but dees 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 very handy drop door for basement barns. It is hinged to the barn sill 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



Then by pulling on the cord by the whole door is raised,-Orange Judd Farmer.

Hinto for the Hennery. active hens are the best layers. Clean houses and runs are the best

A nest egg will usually stop her scratching the nest; if not, use shav-

A spoonful of oil or turpentine is a good remedy for tapeworm in poultry.

If fowls leave part of their brinkfast A TEXAS SHASE STORY.

Ruttler and Greaser Affont on a Plank

"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 dividual was assuredly that of an gnorant Mexican a good many years 20 near Indianola, Texas, at the time he 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, bonts 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 Indianolo 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 Baretti, 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 halr 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 dld not get any nearer the Mexlean. 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 spring on a lower level. These rams plank, with his eyes fixed on the ratare now made to work extremely well, | tier. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, along on the lookout for castaways. ed weakly at his hissing companion. 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 tall 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-

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, consomere and things made from a book. nd not an fen and Julianna sine daughter's learned to cook

We used to have a piece of beef-just or-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

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 daugh-

ter's learned to cook.

We have a lot of salad things, with dress ing mayonnaise: In place of oysters, blue points, fricasseed

An orange roly poly, float and peach me ringue, nlas-Enough to wreck a stomach that is made

of plated 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 290,000,000. 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 330,060,-000 Asiatics and Africans.-London Graphic.

He'd Been Tried. With his feet on the window sill and general air of the man who knows how it is and is willing to tell, Rawson

observed: "It's really pathetic the absolute con-fidence a woman has in the man she

"Yes," responded Longwed, with a sigh, "she thinks he can do everything."—Detroit News.