

AGRICULTURAL.

USEFUL FARM HINTS.

Is the mower ready?
The old hen had better go.
If thou usest a dull hoe it proveth thou art dull.

Young man, don't be afraid to ask her; brace up.
Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

Some men are prone to make Sunday a weak day.
He that brings up his son to nothing breeds a thief.

If you expect the land to support you it must be well taken care of.

Attend to the feet of the work horses as carefully as you do the feet of the drivers.

Mind you the women folks are or more real account than anything else on the farm. Don't slight 'em.

Ducklings usually start their moult when about eleven weeks old. Market them before they begin.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning, add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

You cannot afford to be a farmer unless you know a great deal about it, but if you have the impression that you know all about it salt-peter won't save you.

Kindness and the use of a curry comb and brush will cure a kicking cow. Never tried it on a mule.

If you act the rascal with your farm by robbing it of all its fertility your administrator may find it difficult to pay probate court expenses.

The sugar corn will ear better if not too much crowded. It needs sun and air around it to grow to perfection.

A sloppy watery mess should never be given young pigs, for by gorging themselves with it they will become pot-bellied, have indigestion and the scours.

There is honey in the comb, even in the curry comb. It will sweeten the temper of the horse, and, like the genuine honey, it is only obtained by industry.

It is said that opportunity has long hair in front, but that the back side of her head is bald. He that grasps her by the forelock can sleep well at nights.

Some one has written that laziness and labor are brothers. If this be true one of them was surely changed in the cradle. Labor is wedded to incentive. Laziness is a rusty old bachelor.

While we are lamenting our lost winter wheat in the United States, we can console ourselves with the fact that the crop is very large in Argentina.

Dig a hole deep and wide in which to bury your prejudice, and after interring it dig up plenty of good judgment and lay your plans with it instead of with prejudice.

Have a place for everything, and see that everything is put in its place. A hoe left in the field and allowed to rust may not amount to much, but a number of hoes and a number of other tools, especially of the more complicated and expensive farm machines, often add up a bill that is formidable.

How many farmers keep accounts with their crops, or know the relation of cost to the amount they are sold for? On what crops or animals a profit or loss is made? Without these accounts he may have a fairly good guess at the profit or loss on any specific crop, cow or hog, but he cannot tell accurately, or be in a position to make such change as will insure to his profit.

Now off with the farm horse's shoes and let his feet down on the ground. Even if used a little on the road, shoes are not usually needed at this time of year. At least let the hind feet go bare and have tips on the front feet. The idea is to get the frog down on the ground so it will grow and the foot expand as it should. The bigger a horse's frogs are, the fatter he will be, and the easier his motion. They insure a smooth, supple action by keeping the heels of the hoof well spread, thus giving room in it for the multitude of little muscles to work naturally.

Serious internal disturbances show themselves in the starting colic. When a horse's digestive organs are "upset" he is uneasy, pawing, stamping and acting badly. Administer a pint of raw linseed oil, or, if the case is not a bad one, begin feeding oil meal, a little at a time. Glauber or epsom salts to the extent of a large handful put in each feed, until a pound or more has been used, will regulate the system, open the bowels and cool the blood. Put a little table salt with the medicine to induce the patient to eat it.

If the most and best hay is desired it is not a good plan to pasture the meadow in the spring of the year. Some farmers erroneously think they can pasture the meadow up to a certain time and it will do no damage, and they expect as much hay as if they had not pastured any of it. The meadow seldom does its best when pastured in the spring, and sometimes it is damaged by fall pasturing. It is one thing to have a good meadow and another to know how to treat it.

Owing to the loss of so much clover it is thought there will be a shortage in the hay crop. In view of this it may be an excellent plan to look up some millet seed and arrange to sow some for hay. If you do, please don't sow it until warm weather is well established, for it is a hot weather crop. Then, don't let it get ripe.

There is nothing more inspiring in farming than to begin farm work when

the soil works well and the weather is as good as if one had planned it for his own convenience, unless it is being able to reap a good harvest. Harvest time always has its inconveniences, even if the yield is satisfactory, for there is always the heat and danger of treacherous weather. In spring the long season when we have been housed up sharpens the appetite for work, which, in turn, creates a desire for rest. As a rule we are always glad to begin farm work and equally as glad to finish up in the fall. When we get up at three in the morning to break stalks, we feel as if we were ready for any emergency, and as we come in with the last load of corn in autumn we are then ready for Thanksgiving.

SCIENTIFIC CORN CULTURE.

The following are the essential facts presented by Prof. P. G. Holden, assistant professor of agricultural physics at the Illinois University, in his talk on "Different Kinds of Corn Cultivation" at the Stephenson county (Ill.) Farmers' Institute:

"I will give the results of some experiments made at the University of Illinois. The results of experiments will not always be the same, as the surrounding conditions may not be the same one year as the next. It is necessary for the farmer of all people to use brains. These experiments were to determine the effect of different depths of cultivation on the root system and on the moisture in the soil, the effect of the condition in which the ground is left, and the effect on the yield of corn. In root pruning a machine is used which cuts straight down in the ground at a distance of six inches from the hill of corn and on the four sides of it. One row of corn was pruned and the next row left. The corn not root pruned yielded 89 bushels per acre; that pruned two inches deep, 78 bushels; four inches deep, 63.5 bushels; six inches, 48 bushels. When pruned on only two sides of the hill, two inches deep, the yield was 78 bushels; four inches, 75 bushels; six inches, 64 bushels. The deeper the root pruning the less the yield of corn. All this corn was thinned out exactly alike, to four stalks in the hill, and the pruning done four times in the season from June 10 to July 5. The number of ears produced in each of the conditions above were respectively 414, 406, 364 and 354, showing a uniform decrease the deeper the root pruning.

"The average of twenty-one experiments showed that corn ground cultivated two inches deep retained 21.5 moisture; 3 inches, 22.7; 4 inches, 22.9; 6 inches, 23.5; corn not cultivated but cleared of weeds, 20.7, showing a gradual increase of moisture with the increased depth of cultivation. The moisture to a depth of twenty-seven inches was actually measured. The difference of about 2 per cent of moisture in the cultivation from two to six inches deep means eighty tons of water to the acre. Corn mulched with June grass retained 26.6 moisture.

"Ordinary cultivation four inches deep retained 22.9 moisture; deep plowing early and shallow plowing late 24.1 moisture; shallow plowing early and deep plowing late, 22.4 moisture; deep plowing early with a smoothed surface late, 24.5. Tower cultivation retained 22.3 moisture; tower ridge, 23.1; ridge, 22.6; harrow, 22.6. The shallower the cultivation the lower the moisture.

"The yield of corn per acre at the respective depths of 2, 3, 4 and 6 inches of cultivation were 88.58, 96.4, 90.1, 84.2 bushels; corn not cultivated, 93.1 bushels; corn with the weeds left in, 53.3 bushels; corn mulched, 71.7.

"These experiments show that in averaging up the decrease of yield with the deeper inference with the roots and the increased moisture with the deeper cultivation that the best results were obtained from cultivation three inches deep. In four years' cultivation we have found that corn not cultivated but carefully weeded out yielded more than all the other methods, but it costs more to cut the weeds than the increased yield amounts to. We have had excellent results from cultivating only with a harrow and a weeder. The moisture coming up from below by capillary attraction is quickly passed off into the air when it strikes a shallow loosened surface, but if the cultivation is deeper, forming a mulch, the moisture is held by it much better.

"The effects of different methods of cultivation on the yield were as follows: Ordinary, 91.1 bushels; deep plowing early and shallow plowing late, 88.5; shallow plowing early and deep plowing late, 88.9; deep plowing early and smoothed late, 89.9; tower, 88.5; tower ridge, 90.5; ridge, 94.2; harrow, 90.9.

FARMERS' WIVES AND POULTRY.

On most farms the farmers' wives are supposed to do the greater part of the labor in caring for and raising the poultry. Some of them get their pin money in that way and some of them get quite a bit more than that, making a considerable sum for more substantial expenses. It is safe to say that the desire on the part of the wife in poultry raising is profit.

In view of this fact some women have begun to ask themselves whether they are getting much out of the business, and whether they are bringing them up to the standard they should be for the best results. It is one thing to be able to put a great many dozen fowls on the market, and quite another to get a great many dollars out of them.

We once knew an enterprising young boy who had a desire to begin the poultry business, in which he received but little encouragement. He succeeded, however, in borrowing a hen that wanted to sit from one neighbor and a sitting of eggs from another, and all he had to put into the enterprise was his

willingness to give it his attention, and he did it and succeeded. A boy of that kind will succeed, for he is made out of the kind of material which means success. There is no knowing what a boy of that kind would do if he had encouragement.

We believe that farmers' wives as a rule are admirably adapted to the poultry business, and they should have some encouragement in it. Good buildings should be provided for them, and everything that will in any way add to the convenience of the good wife in caring for them. She may not be able to hit one of the chickens with a stone that she throws at it when it is scratching up the garden, but she will generally hit the nail on the head often than the big stout man who would not stoop to "such small business" as that of poultry raising. After the morning meal is prepared and his lordship has gone ahead, she goes to the poultry house to make the flock comfortable. She gets recreation out of it, for the reason that it is a change from working indoors. Soon she has everything in good trim and she rests by going back to the house to take up the work there. Then the sitting hens have to be removed, and she keeps this up all through the day in a merry mood, getting enjoyment as well as profit out of the business.

We believe the wives ought to be encouraged in the poultry business, and they ought to have good poultry quarters and a good breed of fowls to begin with. Never should they be chided for the small business they are engaged in, for it is not a small business. We know of an instance where a woman paid off a mortgage with chicken money and if it had not been for her and her chicken money it could not have been lifted. Women are a part of the firm and they have a skill in many things that is all their own, and some of them have more skill in this line than their husbands have in their work. We also believe that the husband and large boys ought to help the wife and mother do such heavy work as may be needed when they can, and the potpie and poached eggs will have a much better taste. Perhaps when hunger has full possession of the big boy he may get an extra egg or two if he is helpful. The full grown man who will eat a plateful of potpie and two or three eggs and then complain that his wife is doing no good with the chickens, ought to be compelled to join the army in Manila and try shooting Filipinos, without eggs and pot-pie.—Homestead.

WHITE VC. BROWN BREAD.

The very general impression prevails that brown or whole wheat bread is more nutritious and more wholesome than white bread made from bolted flour. A series of experiments reported in the current issue of the Experiment Station Record, however, indicates that this generally entertained opinion should be modified. From these experiments the conclusion is drawn that the highly nutritive value which, on purely chemical grounds, is placed upon brown bread made from whole wheat, can not, except as to vegetable fats and mineral constituents, be maintained from the physiological view of the question because digestion does not find in the brown bread the elements which chemistry finds. In other words, distinctly less of the nutritive materials actually get in to the blood in the case of brown than of white bread. White bread is, weight for weight, more nutritive than the brown, and where people have irritable intestines white bread is to be preferred. On the other hand, with people having sluggish intestines and a tendency to constipation, brown bread is preferable to white. It is also preferable where the other articles of food and drink that are consumed daily are lacking in mineral ingredients, and especially in lime salts, and if one's diet contains insufficient fat, or if one in bad health is unable to digest fat in other forms, brown bread, which contains a larger amount of it than white, is probably preferable.—Homestead.

LATE INVENTIONS.

A carving knife sharpener and fork guard are combined in a Pennsylvania patent, the upper portion of the guard having two disks carried on splines to rotate as the knife is drawn between them.

A folding step ladder has recently come into use in which the legs and step supports are hinged at the center to close up when not in use, allowing the ladder to be stored in about half the space of the old ladders.

Runners and wheels can be easily brought into use on a new vehicle, the runners being carried by rock-shafts operated by levers to lower them below the line of the wheels, or lift them and allow the wheels to support the load.

In a new bicycle tire the resiliency is obtained by hollowing the face of the rim deeply and stretching a strip of fabric across the face, with a ring of rubber or other flexible material suspended in the center of the fabric.

A pneumatic axle bearing for vehicles has been patented to take the place of inflated tires on road wagons, being less liable to puncture, the weight being carried by pneumatic rings placed inside drums surrounding the axle.

Ice cream can be shipped without melting in a new delivery package, a nonconducting material being used as a filler between the inner and outer walls, the cream being placed in a tight receptacle in the center and surrounded with ice.

To prevent bicycle wheels from throwing mud and water on the rider's back a new device is formed of two arms pivoted on the rear axle to support a small roller in a position to take up the mud before it can be thrown off.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Sabina Emmott persuaded her father that his health would suffer if he did not accept an invitation from Lady Bettaby to spend a few weeks at her hospitable country house, on the moors, she did not do so in the expectation that she would meet Sir Roydon Garth, any more than she did it out of regard for the major's health, which was excellent. She had almost dismissed the hope of following up her man, nevering on board the Gemini on account of the difficulty in finding out how her plot against Lilac had progressed.

The major's daughter was undoubtedly as fond of the handsome young baronet as she could be of anybody but herself; and she coveted the title of "Lady Garth," but Miss Sabina was far too sensible to lose any opportunity of making a good match through mere personal preferences, and she jumped at the chance of visiting Westwood, which had become quite famous for the number of matches made there. Lady Bettaby, a good-looking widow of forty, with no children of her own to look after, had a perfect mania for match-making, and Sabina counted upon meeting at her house at least one eligible man, whom her ladyship would perhaps do her best to coerce into falling in love with her.

Sabina, who made it a point of devoting herself to her father when she had no other claim upon her time, was reading aloud to him a dull newspaper article on army matters when Sir Roydon's letter arrived, and as Lady Bettaby looked up from its perusal and glanced out of the window, she caught sight of father and daughter seated in a couple of wicker chairs under a giant cedar on the lawn.

"What a devoted daughter dear Sabina is!" she said to her cousin, the Honourable Newton Dene, with whom she had been chatting when the telegram arrived.

Newton Dene, being a confirmed bachelor of fifty, without means, had failed in every way to attract Miss Emmott, and was therefore able to criticize her freely.

"Don't you think that she makes a little too much parade of her devotion, Declina?" he said, in his soft, spiritless tones.

Her ladyship shrugged her shoulders. It was a gesture that she had learned abroad, and executed excellently, as she knew.

"I wonder if Sabina has ever met the baronet?" she went on. "I must go and ask her."

"And lay your first nine two minutes after the poor invalid has claimed your protection! I shall make a man in my notebook never to come here when I am ill and unable to defend myself."

Her ladyship was already out in the sunny garden. As she approached the couple under the cedar, Major Emmott sprang up and offered her his chair. Lady Bettaby shook her head.

"I have come only for a moment to appeal to your good nature," she said "yours especially, Miss Sabina."

Miss Emmott turned her head and glanced up at her ladyship with her bright little eyes.

"Anything that I can do for you, dear Lady Bettaby, will delight me," she said; and her ladyship shrugged her shoulders.

"But this is to be kind to a poor invalid I have coming—an old friend of mine who is just recovering from a short but serious illness and wants brightening up. You would certainly succeed in doing it, Sabina dear, if you were willing to help me."

The prospect did not sound inviting, so the girl said diplomatically:

"I shall be delighted if we are still here when your friend comes. But papa was wondering whether we ought to trespass upon your kindness any longer. We have been here three weeks already. When does this lady you speak of arrive?"

"It is not a lady," corrected her ladyship quickly, giving the information which Sabina had been anxious to obtain. "And you must not talk about leaving us yet, Major Emmott," she went on, turning to the old soldier, who had not thought of going so—

"Just too, when I need dear Sabina's services and yours! Sir Roydon Garth has had some serious disappointment, I believe, which has affected his health, and I have sent for him to cheer him up a little. Lady Garth is very anxious about him."

"Oh, Garth and I are old friends!" said the major; then he glanced at his daughter. But I do not know whether Sir Roydon will like to see us, dear."

"Sir Roydon always seemed pleased with your society, papa," answered the girl, demurely. "I think that you will be able to keep him interested."

The absence of his daughter's part of any apparent personal interest in the baronet's visit suddenly reminded the old soldier of the avowal she had made when he informed her of Sir Roydon's engagement to the Californian girl whom the baronet had confided to his care. He waited until his hostess had left them, then he twirled his fierce military moustache.

"I am afraid, Sabina, that you do not care for Garth," he said, rather nervously; "I hope, however, that you will try to feel as favorably disposed towards him as you can. Although I have never let you guess the fact, I have always looked upon Garth as the man I should choose for you to marry."

"But, papa, Sir Roydon would never think of marrying me," said Sabina, with demure modesty; and the Major glanced at her proudly.

"I do not know, Sabina. You are in all respects worthy of him; and now

that he has found how mistaken he was in that Miss Marvel, I have no doubt he will be in a mood to appreciate goodness and nobility of character at their true value. You will treat him kindly?"

"For your sake—yes, papa. Do you think it would look kind if I drove down to the station to meet him when he arrives tomorrow?" she asked innocently.

"When Miss Emmott was alone in her own room that night, she looked at herself in the glass, and smiled at the reflection.

"Fate is playing into your hands, Sabina, dear," she said. "You shall marry Sir Roydon Garth, baronet."

The next morning she dressed with more than ordinary care, choosing a delicate arrangement of green, with a neat little driving hat to match, and set out in the dog-cart for the station, rejoicing over the fact that she had won her father's permission to a course that in any other circumstances he would have condemned. Sabina drove smartly, and she knew that she never looked so well as when managing a horse.

When Roy, in accordance with Lady Garth's arrangement, arrived at Westwood station at noon, looking thin, careworn and dejected, he glanced round in vain for Lady Bettaby's kindly face on the platform. The major's daughter, with due regard for the value of first impressions, had come down without a groom, and was holding in the spirited mare outside the station.

"Anybody to meet me from Lady Bettaby's?" the baronet asked of the man who was looking after his luggage. The man touched his hat.

"Yes, sir—your lady in a dog-cart." Roy wondered who on earth it could be.

"I suppose you will have your trunk sent up, sir?" said the man.

"Yes, please."

Roy walked out of the station with some little curiosity, in spite of his apathy, as to who the young lady could be, and a flood of bitter memories came back at the sight of the small, neat figure perched on the high dog-cart, and holding the reins with firm, neatly-gloved little hands.

Sabina was right in thinking that her unexpected appearance would make an impression; but it was not the impression she had counted upon. As Roy glanced at her, the scene came back to him of his parting from Lilac in the "Golden Hotel" at San Francisco, and he did not even notice the green costume which had been put on for his special delectation; for his thoughts were with a sweet-faced girl in a blue cotton dress, who had looked up into his face as he clasped her in his arms and made him think that she loved him.

Miss Emmott was chagrined at the absolute indifference with which Roy accepted the fact of her presence, and she whipped the mare viciously as soon as the baronet had taken his seat by her side.

The baronet did not seem inclined to start conversation on his own account, and Sabina felt that she must nerve herself for an effort, so in a sympathetic voice as possible she said abruptly:

"I am so sorry about your trouble, Sir Roydon."

"My trouble?" questioned the young man; and his tone did not encourage Miss Emmott to think that her sympathy would be appreciated. But she kept on valiantly.

"Your disappointment with regard to Miss Marvel."

"Has Lady Bettaby told you about it?" he asked. And Sabina shook her head with a very vigorous and bird-like movement.

"No. I do not think that her ladyship knows. The voyage revealed to me that Miss Marvel did not really care for you, and your illness explains the rest. I know that you do not like me to speak of it; but I cannot help telling you how sorry I feel. I cannot understand how she could like Mr. Mowbray better than you. He was such an insignificant-looking man, while you are—"

she paused for a moment, then added—"so different"—as if she had been going to say something else.

The baronet's silence did not encourage her to proceed; and as she neared the house Sabina changed the subject by talking about her father and the pleasure that he would feel at meeting Sir Roydon again. She was not sorry when the journey was over.

"It is very hard," she said to herself, as she was changing her dress for luncheon. "A man who suffers in silence is rather difficult to deal with; and I wish I knew what has really become of Lilac. Surely she cannot have married Mowbray, after all!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It did not take Evangeline long to recover from the shock of hearing that Lilac assuredly was to marry Mark Mowbray, and that the Californian girl felt herself bound in honor not to break off the engagement which she had entered into when she felt sure that Roy did not love her. The tone in which Lilac made her announcement was sufficient to tell her that all her love was still Roy's. She put her arm tenderly around the heart-broken girl's waist.

"You must not say that it is too late, Lilac, dear," she said gently. "It is not as if you were married already. You must tell Mr. Mowbray everything, and he will release you from your promise. It is not to be thought of that you should ruin your own life and Roy's just because of a mistake."

Lilac sat cold and motionless, a picture of stony despair, and did not answer.

"I can ask you now, Lilac, dear," her friend went on, "which of them is it that you really love—Roy or this Mr. Mowbray, whom you say that you are going to marry tomorrow?"

"No, no—it is too late to ask now!" moaned Lilac.

Evangeline began to grow impatient with her.

"It is not too late until you are married. You know that it would be wrong of you to marry Mr. Mowbray while your heart was with Roy. I do not see how he can hesitate.

"But I told Mark that it was quite certain that there was no chance of my changing; and he has been very kind to me," said Lilac hopelessly.

"Of course he has been kind to you! Nobody could help being that!" said Evangeline, with spirit. "He cannot expect your heart in exchange for a little kindness—can he? And, when you told him that you would not change, it was because you were fully persuaded that Roy was going to marry me—wasn't it? I do not know how much of your story you have told to Mr. Mowbray."

"He knows how much I care for Roy, and he understands why I have promised to marry him—because he is my only friend in the world and cares for me so much."

"Then the case is very simple. Your promise is quite conditional upon Roy's not caring for you, and since he is really breaking his heart over you, the promise does not hold. Of course, you think that you must make Roy suffer rather than the other. That is the worst of us silly women! We always jump to the conclusion that the thing is right which costs us most. But, thank heaven, you have a disinterested person to advise you; and I say most decidedly without a shadow of a doubt, that your only right course is to tell Mr. Mowbray that you have made a mistake. I wish that I had brought Roy with me to tell you so! He thinks that you fell in love with Mr. Mowbray on the journey. Men are so blind! And I did not like to suggest the real story until I had made sure that it was the right one. Of course I did not suspect it myself until I saw your letter, you silly, foolish darling!"

She stooped to kiss the girl's cold cheek; and, melted by the caress, Lilac burst into tears, and, throwing her arms around Evangeline's neck, sobbed as if her heart would break. For ten minutes her friend could think of nothing but soothing her. Then, when at last the overwrought girl grew calmer, Evangeline thought it was time to look for some return for all her exhortations.

"You will ask Mr. Mowbray to release you—won't you, Lilac, dear?" she said gently, as if she were talking to a child; and Lilac nodded. "Go to him now," said Evangeline, who was still rather afraid of her friend's passion for self-sacrifice, and she was sorry to hear that the author was not in the house, and was not expected to return until late in the evening. He had gone up to London to make some necessary arrangements with his publishers before leaving England on the morrow for his honeymoon, and it would be several hours before his return.

"And the marriage was to take place tomorrow?" said Evangeline, anxiously.

"Yes—at 10 o'clock."

"Can I remain here with you until Mr. Mowbray returns?" she asked; and Lilac, well pleased, agreed. She was afraid of being left alone with her own thoughts.

"Come, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Mowbray," she said, rising and leading the way into the room where Mark's mother sat anxiously awaiting the result of the interview which, from the first moment of hearing Evangeline's name she had feared boded no good for her son's happiness.

The marks of tears on Lilac's face made her more nervous still, and there was a pathetic anxiety in her kindly old face as she greeted the heiress and introduced Lilac's proposal that she should stay to dinner. Lilac herself had run away to wash away the tell-tale traces of tears, and the old lady seized the opportunity to question Evangeline.

"I am afraid that you have brought dear Lilac important news, Miss Garth. I see that she has been crying."

"For happiness only, I think, Mrs. Mowbray," said Evangeline, who was too full of Roy's fate and her hopes and fears on his account to consider the Mowbrays' view of the situation; and she went on to explain with her natural frankness. "Lilac has been acting under a false impression, and I have fortunately been able to open her eyes. You have heard, I believe, that she was engaged to my cousin, Sir Roydon Garth, and came to England with the view of making the acquaintance of his friends before their marriage."

"Yes, yes!" said the old lady, too impatient to listen to the history, with which she was already acquainted. "I hope that you have done nothing to make her regret the step she has taken in engaging herself to my son?"

"For a few moments Evangeline reflected.

"She did not claim to be in love with Mr. Mowbray," she said tentatively; and the old lady answered with a quivering voice and an anxiety that touched Evangeline more than she cared to admit to herself.

"No—Lilac was quite honest with Mark; but she had promised to marry him, and if anything makes her draw back now, I am sure that it will break my boy's heart."

There were tears in the old lady's eyes as she spoke, and Evangeline felt very uncomfortable.

"But you would not like your son to marry Lilac if all her thoughts were centered on somebody else?" she said gently.

"I am sure that she would love Mark in time. She could not help it, because he is so good, so kind, and he loves her so passionately. He has loved her from the moment that they first met, and when he thought that she was unattainable he went about like a man who had no hope in life. It made me miserable, and now, if anything occurs to bar his happiness just as it seems assured, I think that it will kill him."

To Evangeline's dismay the old lady began to weep.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to hear that Mr. Mowbray's happiness is so bound up in Lilac," she said, wiping the tears from her own eyes. "Because I am sure that it would not be right for her to marry him, and I cannot help telling her so. It would scarcely seem right if my cousin did not care for her; but now that she knows that she made a terrible mistake in believing that he did not care for her, and that he loves her quite as passionately and devotedly as your son can, I do not see how she can so easily with the marriage, or how you can wish it. It seems as if either Mr. Mowbray or my cousin must have his life's happiness ruined; and Lilac certainly loves my cousin, which makes all the difference."

(To be continued.)