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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE MARKET BELL.

Sweet from his pipe the piper drew
A strain that ravished all men's ears,
And soared in troumph to the blue
Wherein the skylark disappears. The listening throng, or grave or gay, Were hushed beneath the music's sway.

When sudden on the silver notes A harsh resounding clangor fell;
A shout went forth from eager throats—
"The market bell! the market bell!" Swift rushed the audience from the place; The piper piped to empty space.

An oid-world story this, antique,
And told in e-nic irony:
The keen-edged humor of the Greek,
It bears no sting for thee and me?
The sweet, the clear, the sad, the fain,
Dear Nature woocs us not in vain?

Her mystic measures round us roll, We sit in silence at her feet,
And, awed and blessed, we own control
As potent as, alasi 'tis fleet.
For list! for haste! we know it well,
Earth's loud, imperious market bell.
Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Magazine.

STEP-MOTHER AND STEP-SON.

A Story of Love, Jealousy, Hatred, Revenge and Heroic Self-Sacrifice.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "A Bridge of Love," "At War With Herself," "A Golden Dawn," "Which Loved Him Best?" "A Rose in Thorns," &c., &c.

. CHAPTER III.-CONTINUED.

"She is the beauty of this neighborposition. I am sure you will like her, Leam. She is the very type of a bright, clever, earnest English girl.'

The eyes that reminded him of the depths, to his. Did he love her, that he spoke so warmly in her praise?

"I see that she is beautiful; and something tells me she is good. But who is she?" asked Leam.

of Carlien, and she was left an orphan relief, would say when she was quite a child. Her aunt. Mrs. Pitt, of Withdean Grange, adopted Whom have you seen? What have her, and she has brought her up. Lady you been doing?" Viola has some small fortune, but not much; the late Earl's estates were all entailed."

"Where is Withdean Grange?" asked Leam, half hoping-she knew not why

-that it was at some great distance. "Only two orthree miles from here," replied Ross; "the lands adjoin. And, now that the carol-singers have finished, shall I take you back? And will you the world to him.

Leam Dynevor danced with Ross, and drifted nearer and nearer to the shore him a glimpse of these feelings. They from which there is no return. Lady were looking at the pictures-he was kindness," he said, slowly. "I ride Viola watched the two, wondering if the place that had been hers was taken from her.

There had never been any mention of love between the young heir of Larch-ton Mere and Lady Viola Carlien. Every one said it would be an excellent match, and the girl loved him with all her warm, happy heart. She had loved him as long as she could remember, came into the cold blue eyes. and he had always felt the truest, most kindly affection for her. For the last she asked. "Do you, Austen?" He ten years they had been like brother looked at her in wonder; pain and anand sister. They had played, studied, ger were in the ring of her voice. ridden, walked, sung and danced toridden, walked, sung and danced together. So that it was rather a trial for Lady Viola when she saw his beau-

Mrs. Pitt and Lady Viola to be invited from the sight of men. I shall see it to Larchton Mere for the Christmas no more on this side of the grave." week. Both Lady Viola and Ross had enjoyed it with frank, simple enjoy- moments. Was it worth while to be ment; but this year there was another | jealous of this face which was now but | to forget it, to say to himself that it was element introduced: things were no dust and ashes? Yet he had loved it. longer the same. Perhaps Lady Viola and better perhaps than hers. She put had never understood her own heart her arm coaxingly round her husband's until she saw that a rival had been neck. placed in the very heart of her kingdom. She understood it now by the chill that suddenly came over her and myself-tell me quite honestly-you the dull pain that made her heart ache. It was natural that Ross should would you have thought the more beautainment she offered was a theatrical be attentive to his kinswoman, who tiful—that is, supposing that you think was at the same time his guest and a me beautiful at all?" stranger. It was fitting and right that he should dance with her and talk ter. Why do you ask me such questo her. But was it needful that her tions?' face should reflect the happiness of his? Need they both look as though they did not see that her red lips were parted all. had floated away into some brighter sphere, and had left the colder world behind them? Need Ross watch her in that lingering way, looking glad when she was glad and vexed if she looked sad? Beautiful Lady Viola bit her lip in vain irritation; she played with her fan until the fragile ivory broke; she toyed with her bouquet until the flowers were destroyed, and their white petals lay on the ground.

Ross came to Lady Viola for the secand dance. Her first instinct was to turn away, to refuse to dance, to tease and irritate him, to punish him for having deserted her even for half an hour, but her better sense and judgment came to her aid. Bad temper would never help her; she would only

CHAPTER IV.

the courteous greetings, and the kindly | hands of his son. Ross was young and | derstand the words. His face flushed, | pired.

of jealous pain.

Lady Cumnor was essentially selfish. had there been a fair division between | self. the two sons. Hers must have all. She would on every occasion contradict, either blandly and with a smile, or imperiously, with a frown, everything that Ross said. If he wished a thing done, she would prevent it; if he wanted anything, he should not have it. She would disguise her dislike to him by smiles and words that would cost nothfinding round him nothing but discomfort and discord, Sir Austen would be compelled to remove his son from home; and, when that was done, the coast would be clear enough. She could manage the rest. She knew well that to reconcile himself to the change. the world in general would take her part, a beautiful young step-mother against a grown-up son.

She understood Ross's character well -all its nobility, its impatience, the how easy it would be to torture him and make him suffer. True, conscience did ask why she should torture him, why he must suffer; and the answer was, he was the son of the dead woman who had once held her place; he was the heir to the property she coveted for her son; he was handsome, and beloved by Sir Austen as her son could made an engagement yesterday which I hood," he said, "and she deserves her never be. Everyone seemed to look up to him, and the servants adored him. If any little thing happened to him, the whole neighborhood was in a tumult. Before many days were over, she could rebellion. Her ladyship was quite cool deep waters of the Black Tarn were not help seeing that neither she nor her and calm. Evidently she had prepared raised, with some slight trouble in their | little son was of any consequence when | compared with the well-loved young master. All faces brightened at the sound of his cheery voice and his genial laugh. The moment he entered a room Sir Austen would lay down his paper "She is the daughter of the late Earl or book, and, looking up with an air of

"Well, Ross, where have you been ?

She could not expect the same attention to be paid to her little son in his cradle; but it was gall and wormwood had her way, she would have swept all memory of the dead Spanish wife and her son from Larchton Mere. If she had dared, she would have had removed from the wall the lovely picture of Inez, Lady Cumnor, taken in the first year whom Sir Austen had loved so well.

Once, and once only, did she give wished. have so many excellent ones-when she a carriage." paused before this picture of dead Inez. "Do you think this face very beau- men," replied Lady Cumnor. tiful ?" she asked, affecting not to

know whose it was. A flash that might have warned him

"Do you like it better than mine?"

better than mine?" "Your face is before me, Hester," tiful young kinswoman installed in what he said, gravely, "with sparkling eyes, had been her place. Twenty It had always been customary for years since her face was hidden forever drive out with her.

His solemn words awed her for a few

"Austen, if you had seen us together -vour first wife, Inez de Luna, and will not offend me in the least-which

"I want to know," she cried; and he as though she gasped for breath.

ful," he said, gently; " but your beauty one. pleases me, Hester.' "And which do you love best?" she

asked. "Tell me. I must know." "Inez was my first love, Hester, and with all my heart."

He bent down to kiss her, but, even with his lips on hers, she vowed that she would revenge herself on the dead woman's son.

Lady Cumnor found her task a very easy one. Rosshad been so completely master at the mere that he was constantly forgetting his new and strange position. Not that he ever once failed in respect and deference to Lady Cumpunish him by being doubly charming: nor-that would have been impossible and so charming was she that Leam wondered whather he loved her. to him—he was by nature too chival-that I intend to rule my house myself."

Yous: but he was continually forgetting "My house!" How could it be that himself, and it would have been wonderful had it been otherwise. He had lived and died, where he was born, The next morning Sir Austen, his been absolute master for those long wife, son and guests all walked through months during which Sir Austen had belonged now to this beautiful, imperi-the snow to the beautiful church at been abroad. His father had never ous stranger—that the house in which day. But underneath all the smiles, tent to let the reins of power rest in the in the matter? He could hardly un was playing that her doll had just ex-

TME ADVERTISER. words ran a current of tragedy. Lady full of energy; he was so keen, so and she saw the gleam of anger in his quick, he saw everything at a glance; eyes. jealous of him; and she determined not and it was much easier for Sir Austen only to resist his authority, but to drive to sit in his easy-chair while his son him from home. Leam loved him there rode about the estate, arranged as to had been no hesitation about that; she the shooting and fishing, and gave in-loved him almost as soon as she saw terviews to the steward and agents. If could." him, while Lady Viola suffered a torture | a dinner-party had to be given, it was much easier to say, "Ross, just say ter not to do so. You must under-who shall come and send out the invi- stand that I am mistress of Larchton She would not have been satisfied even | tations," than it was to do it all him- | Mere; and, unless it be Sir Austen, I

Sir Austen had a thousand good qualhad formed for herself a plan of action, | ities; he was honorable and generous to and it seemed to her an excellent one a fault, but indolent. It was a goodfor attaining her end. It was this. She natured, polished kind of indolence, that was rather a charm than otherwise. It never did him or any one e.se the least harm; he never neglected anything that was of vital consequence; yet, at the same time, he never did himself that which he could induce any one else to do for him. That was why, even before he went abroad, very much ing. The result of this would be that, of his power had already fallen into the hands of his son; and, now that a lady -a perfect stranger, a rival, as it were, of his dead mother, one who was to take her place and name-had come amongst them, it was hard for Ross all at once

The first approach to a conflict between Ross and Lady Cumnor arose a few days after Christmas, when, during breakfast, Lady Viola spoke of wanting some silk for embroidery from Larchhot temper and great generosity; and ton; and Ross, hearing what she said, she smiled to herself as she thought rang to order the carriage to be at the door at a certain time.

"I shall be very pleased to accom- It was all so new to him. No one pany you," he said. "Perhaps Leam had ever been cool to him or had

will join us." Lady Cumnor, who was present, said: Lady Viola. I am very sorry; but I

must keep.' She did not look at Ross or address herself to him. His face flushed, and his whole heart rose in hot, passionate for the struggle.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily: "I forgot. Of course I should have asked your permission. Will you ex-

"Yes," she replied, raising a calm, impassive face to his-"certainly I will excuse you. You did not think of the altered state of things, did you?"

"No, that I did not!" "It was a most natural mistake," said her ladyship, with bland patronage-"most natural. You have, of to see it paid to Ross. If she could have the carriage whenever you wished. It will be at your service now whenever I do not want it."

There was a calm assumption of authority in Lady Cumnor's manner, as an end," she said. "While your though she were correcting the faults father lives he is master and I am misof a froward school-boy. He resented dance with me? It will be our first dance, Leam. Already Leam was something quite apart from the rest of the dead woman riage was hers, although it had always been accustomed to use it when he

> "I shall not often trespass on your explaining to her how he came to and walk far more frequently than I use

"Exercise is a fine thing for young

Ross felt that he had been completely set down and treated as though he were He told her, adding that he thought the stranger, and not she. It was huit one of the loveliest he had ever seen. miliating for him to go to Lady Viola Carlien and tell her that Lady Cumnor

wanted the carriage. "I will drive you in the ponyphaeton," he said. "We have a splen-did pair of ponies."

Lady Viola was equally delighted. But, when the matter was mentioned to her ladyship, she said that she should be sorry to disturb so pleasant an arrangement, but that she had made an engagement for both young ladies to

Ross bowed and went away. Of course it was only a coincidence; but it seemed strange that in every way his wishes should be thwarted. He tried an incident which might never happen again; yet in some way, as he went about that day, he had lost some of his independence and light heartedness.

A few days afterward there was some discussion on the subject of private theatricals. Mrs. Dunne, of Dunne Lea, had sent out invitations, and the enterone. The invitations were accepted by all the party at Larehton Mere; and a "You know you are beautiful, Hes- discussion arose as to how they should go. Lady Cumnor was not in the room at the time: and Ross, with his usual quickness and impetuosity, arranged it

The best plan would be to dine rather "Inez was perhaps the more beauti- early. The drive was not a very long

Every one present fell in with the proposal; and all the plans for the day were arranged in accordance with it. Then it occurred to Ross, who had there is no other like it; but I love you made up his mind always to be attentive and polite to his father's wife, that he ought to consult her. He went to her at once, but found her with her beautiful face flushed with anger and her eyes bright with what was not a love-light. Some one had been speak-

ing to her about the arrangement.
"I think," she said, speaking with from anger, "the time has come when there must be an explanation between you and myself. You must understand

"My house!" How could it be that this house, where his young mother had where all his glad life had been spent,

"How can I answer you?" he replied, repressed passion in his voice. "You are a lady, and my father's

"No," she said; "and it will be betdo not intend that any one else shall give orders in it."

He looked at her in some perplexity, his dark face wearing a puzzled expression. She, in her picturesque morning-dress of gray velvet, with artistic gleams of scarlet, looked imperious as any queen, tall, stately and erect, her face aflame with anger and

"You cannot mean," he said. "that I am to be a cipher in my father's house, a house I have learned to look upon as my own? You cannot in fair justice mean that?"

"I do," she said. "If your father chose to give Larehton Mere a mistress, he had a perfect right to please himself. You grant that?

"I must grant it," he answered. "And I love my father so well that I am pleased for him to be happy in the way that best pleases him.'

"You are very kind," she said, somewhat ironically, and the words sent the hot blood to his face and made him tremble with impatience that he could not repress.

It was all so new to him. No one spoken harshly to him in the whole of his life; no one had ever thwarted him. "I do not think it will be possible for Her words smote him like the sting of you to have the carriage this morning, a lash. With all his manliness and courage, he felt almost like a spoiled and petted child on hearing harsh, stern words for the first time.

" As Sir Austen has chosen to make me mistress," she continued, "I shall, of course, use my authority.

Still, with the same air of perplexity upon his face, he said:

"But, surely, Lady Cumnor, your authority and mine will not clash? How can they?'

An expression of scorn passed over the beautiful face.

"You must define matters more clearly," she said. "My authority is plain enough. I am Sir Austen's wife, consequently mistress of the house, everything in it being under my control. Now will you make clear to me what is your authority?"

"That of the eldest son of the course, been in the habit of ordering house," he replied, "and I may say the authority of habit. My father has allowed me to rule here for some years."

tress. No children shall rule while I live and he lives."

It occurred to the bewildered young man that she was classing him with the

baby in the nursery.
"Of course," continued her ladyship, folding her white hands, "I should not wish you to leave home, so long as you can accustom yourself to the new state of things."

"Leave home!" he cried. "Why, Lady Cumnor, such an idea is prepos-

"Oh. it could easily happen! If I am not happy, Sir Austen will make any change that will procure my happi-

"My father loves me!" cried the young heir.

"And my husband loves me," said her ladyship. "If it comes to a conflict between us, believe me that he will decide in my favor, and not in yours."

A tide of hot passion swept over him, and then his higher, nobler nature came to his aid. She was a lady—a woman—his father's wife. He would forget her harsh words, which perhaps she hardly meant. He would try to live in peace for his father's sake. All would come right in time. He held out his hand to her, his honest, handsome face full of emotion.

"Lady Cumnor," he said, "let there be peace between us. Why should there be war? We shall have to live together all our lives. Let us try to understand each other."

She smiled at the notion. She did not think their lives would be spent together. It did not seem very probable to her. She touched his extended hand with her cold, jeweled fingers.

"You must remember what I have said. I am absolute mistress, and I can allow no orders to be given here until I have been consulted. While you remember that, we shall be friends; when you forget it-make no mistake-we shall be foes."

She went away with a smile on her lips. She understood the noble, impetuous character of the young man quite well. He would never submit to her rule. He would leave home some day in hot anger. She would see that he never returned, and that her son Hugh became the master of Larchton Mere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-In the course of the excavations necessary for the reconstruction of the baths at Durkheim, in the Rhenish Palatinate, the workmen came upon an enormous iron chest containing the celebrated treasure of the Abbey of Limthat cold calm which always comes burg, which disappeared after the siege of the Abbey in 1504. The treasure is supposed to have been put in safety by the Abbot out of fear of an attack. It is composed of a large number of vases and other objects of gold and silver, of precious stones, and coins of the fifteenth century.

-A woman in Pittsburgh returned to her home after a short absence to Larchton; and, after service, the party interfered much with his authority; his wish had been law was now removed | find the house shut up in front and returned to Larchton Mere to spend the when he was at home he was quite con- from his control, and he had no voice crape on the door. Her little daughter

Wigs in English Courts.

First of all, I was struck by the costume of the Judge and of the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The Judge's head was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century-much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives dignity to the figures and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind and at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows, so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair that they would seem like caricature, if they did not, in their bald artificiality, pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was his reply. "Why, we couldn't get on with-out them. I couldn't try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the Judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and as if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I shouldn't dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered smiling, "that's pretty much it if you choose to put it so."-Richard Grant White, in Atlantic.

Shearing Sheep.

Early shearing is considered best by most flock masters, and the rule is to begin the operation without delay, as soon as the weather will permit. Sheep are usually relieved of their coats by hand-shearing, tedious and hard work for both man and beast, but care on the part of the operator greatly reduces the inconvenience and suffering to which the animals are subjected afterward. It pays in every sense of the word to handle the sheep carefully and to avoid slashing into sheep as well as wool. There are machines in the market which cut the fleece evenly and

shear about ten sheep per hour.
Before shearing, all dirt and straw should be removed from the sheep's feet and any matted tags and locks of wool that require washing, cut off. Shearing is sometimes done on a bench or platform, but the usual plan is to set the sheep on the rump on a smooth, clean floor. The wool is now sheared from its neck and fore shoulders, then the animal is faid upon one side and the upper side sheared, then turned over and the wool removed from the other side. Good, sharp shears are necessary to a rapid and perfect performance of the work, and great care is required to shear the wool reasonably close without cutting the skin. A good shearer does not make second cuts; the fact that wool had been left by the first cut is evidence that the shears were not properly held, and the wool removed by the second cut is worthless. It, therefore, is to the farmer's interest that skillful shearers be employed for this important work. When a sheep has received injury by unavoidable cuts in shearing it is advised that tar be smeared over the injured places to prevent flesh flies from depositing their eggs.

The loss of their woolly coats is seriously felt by sheep for the first few days, and then it is that many diseases are incurred. At this critical period the animals ought to be sheltered, not only during storms, but at night, until there has been time for their systems to become adapted to the change and the weather is quite warm and settled. -N. Y. World.

Food and Health.

Many people think it economy to buy cheap food, and save in articles which really are more necessaries than they believe. There are people who really gradge ten cents for vegetables, because they say it is too dear; others will restrict their children in milk; others will deny the little ones a refreshing orange or banana, and others will never have a pudding on the table.

Meat and bread, hot cakes, chops and steaks, they call cheap, because it is real food. These people forget that variety really nourishes the body, and makes up for that food which alone can supply our requirements. Beside this there is no real economy in it. Meat and bread cost more than vegetables and puddings combined with them. The former leave you craving for something else, which you have to satisfy, while good mixed diet supplies all your wants.

You can often see workmen or boys gulp down their haunches of bread and meat, and look around them for something they have not got. The thirstquenching, succulent vegetable is not there; the tasty second dish is wanting. and the craving remains unsatisfied. Still, double is spent in drinks .- Food and Health.

-Miss Isabelia Bird, the great woman traveler, is described as a little, delicate looking woman, who suffers from some spinal trouble, and who starts off on a journey to the roughest and most remote regions whenever she feels particularly ill.