

Say not Love reigns in your bosom.
Burning with a dying flame.
If for those you ought to cherish
You have lost of prize that blame.

Love is tender and forgiving;
Honour has no part with shame;
Pure ambition, Christian duty,
Find in Love their vital flame.

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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CHAPTER XX-CONTINUED.

I could get no further then, for the old housekeeper jumped from her wicker chair and throwing her arms around my neck sobbed convulsively.

"No, ma'am, O don't. It's in America, I shud say, but Ameriky's forinst my success in an 'O don't imagine' where the darlint is a livin'."

Peggy had struck the chord vibrating a false note, and she half-distrusted me. True enough, she intended to come back to Heatherleigh why send me for the picture.

"An' whar do you want to go to, ma'am?" said I, "it may be that the grief of losing her husband and little innocent son will kill her before she can return."

I presume I never felt so fully relieved in my life; so glad that I might fulfill my promise made on the spur of the moment.

"But that was gotten along with. I went over to Peggy and kissed her withered cheek. Miriam will be so glad, so thankful to you."

"An' it's mighty strange what kinde of folks ye Americans are, one way. Of reckon as ye're so independent the other side the water that ye're not afraid of the spirits, or the dead, or the devil hisself."

"You are right in that, Peggy; we are not standing in particular fear of any one but God."

"An' O! ruther guess some o' 'em don't stand in quakin' fear o' Him, not by an overy sight."

"I drew my wraps about me in the dense shadows, and Clarkson clinging to me like a frightened child as we entered the central hall, and our footsteps echoed hollow and strangely as we proceeded."

"Surely my theory was in danger already of being exploded by the persistent spirit."

"I lay so long with closed eyes and motionless form that the old housekeeper came and bent over me until I felt her breath on my cheek."

strained every nerve to catch every sound, remembering that Peggy said something about the master's falling to the foot of the stairs.

The lamps burned dimmer, and I was conscious of a presence other than mortal. My heart gave a sudden throbb and seemed to stand still, and I found myself foolishly asking: 'Where am I?'



I STRAINED EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE SOUND.

"Oh! what an existence. There was no undoing what I had done, no getting out of this wretched groove of useless regret."

"I felt that this was my terrible, endless punishment of atonement for something which I had done and for which there was now no repentance, and in my deep despair I uttered a loud, piteous cry."

"The sound of my voice had broken the awful spell, which the apparition had thrown over me, and I found myself standing before the door of the faithful drawing-room. How I managed to get there I can not say, as I was not conscious of having made a single step in any direction while in my strange state of sympathetic sorrow, and finally my own soul weariness."

"At sight of their familiar faces I started and awoke, shaking off the lethal charm, to realize where I really was. As the knowledge came to me, instantly I became terrified, and rushing across the hall fell fainting in Peggy's arms."

"I closed my eyes wearily and thought of Death. How such insights as I had experienced! The depths of despair, with just strength enough to endure and never become entirely exhausted, coupled with the desperate knowledge that it was too late to late! I am fully satisfied with my adventure, and shall hereafter be slow to condemn any plausible ghost-story coming to my ken."

"an' she'll say full well the rest of the nights here."

So, suiting her actions to her plans, she covered me with a blanket, pulled a little at the pillow under my head, perhaps to see if I was yet a-sleep, and reckoned to herself that they would be right as well to bed, if they couldn't shut their eyes for the first wink o' slape."

"That night's experience left me in a very nervous state, and it was days before I felt, like Richard, myself again. Peggy did not add to my comfort, either, by remarking each morning: 'An' how white and 'fraid-lookin' ye are, to be sure.'"

But, as time settled all things earthly, it settled my nerves at last, and I began to speak of going back to Cousin Gladys' little mure kept me several days longer at Heather Hall than I had intended to stay, however. After all, I am glad now that she kept me, on one pretext and another, as long as she did, for thereby I was enabled to meet a friend of Miriam's and perhaps add to her happiness on my return. And this is how it happened. I was walking in the park alone one morning while Peggy was on household duties intent, when I espied a gentleman walking slowly along a hedge that far from me. I was wondering who he was to have gotten into the inclosure without let, when he looked up and in my direction.

"See that I was watching him he came forward, and removing his hat with exceeding grace, introduced himself as Allan Percival, nephew of the deceased Sir Rupert, and cousin to Miriam Percival Fairfax."

"I remembered that Miriam had spoken so warmly, eloquently of this Allan Percival that I did not hesitate in talking confidentially to him. Indeed I had thought sometimes when she was speaking of her London visit and his likeness that in time to come Allan might find his affection returned. I wondered if I had better tell him she was living with me; then I thought I should wait a moment and let him speak."

"Don't be afraid of me; I knew Miriam went to America, or at least intended to make the voyage some months since," he said, respectfully, in a most musical voice, and with those wonderful eyes bent searchingly on me. "She intended to go to a place called Bay View to reside with a lady friend," he continued, "in order to get away from sight and sound of this accursed place," and he looked around, while his handsome face grew dark with angry sorrow."

"She told me in secret," he said, presently, looking up with a sigh: "but as you seem to know of her whereabouts also, I presume I am not betraying my cousin to stranger or enemy?"

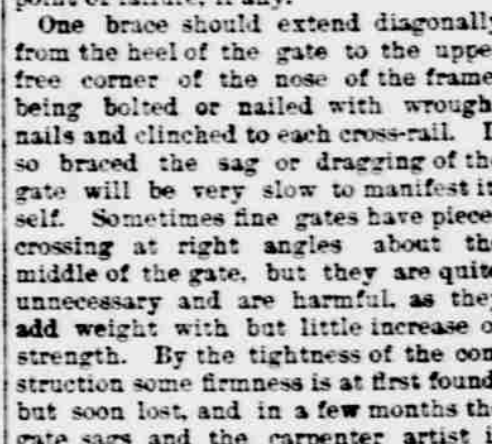
CHAPTER XXXII. "See that I was watching him he came forward, and removing his hat with exceeding grace, introduced himself as Allan Percival, nephew of the deceased Sir Rupert, and cousin to Miriam Percival Fairfax."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FIELD GATES.

They Should Be Made Strong and Serviceable Rather Than Shaky. My attention has been drawn to this matter by seeing how some farmers, reputed to be wealthy, have permitted the carpenter to make a gate fancy instead of useful.

Now nail on the lower end a piece of board two inches thick and ten inches square. This will serve to protect the post and will anchor it, projecting three or four inches each side from under the



FIELD GATE.

post. By tramping in the soil and fragments of stone the post will retain its position and soon become quite rigid. Then on top nail another square board very slightly slanted, so as to protect the post from rain and sun.

Wintering Cabbage on Long Island. The usual method practiced by market gardeners, and which is at the same time the most satisfactory and simple, is to plow out a double furrow, going forward and back in the same place.

Cabbages to keep well through the winter should be stored away before they have fully completed their growth. They then keep on growing during the winter, and in the spring will be much larger than when put away.

While bee-keepers at the North are agitating for legislation against the spraying of fruit trees with arsenites during the blossoming season as a protection against fruit-injuring insects, sportsmen at the South appear to have an equally valid cause for legislation against the use of paris green by cotton-pickers for the destruction of the cotton worm.

All plants that are set out in the fall for a permanent patch, such as raspberries, blackberries, etc., should be cut back to within six inches of the roots. Canes that are left on will be of no advantage next season.

MANURE.

The Best Methods of Making, Saving and Applying It.

It is an all-important point in the saving of manure, says the Ohio Farmer, to use enough bedding to absorb all of the liquid manure, for there is where the greatest waste of manure occurs.

I think straw and chaff a little the most for bedding, when it can be had, as they are drier and generally more convenient; but leaves, muck, sawdust and shavings will answer the same purpose.

It is a good plan to have the stable floors as nearly water-tight as possible, in order to keep the liquid part of the manure where it can be absorbed by the bedding or dipped up and turned over the pile.

Raising Grape Vines.

Raising the plants from seed is employed only by skilled cultivators for originating new varieties. Some varieties are easily raised from cuttings, but the easiest and most certain way for novices is by layers, represented by Fig. 1.

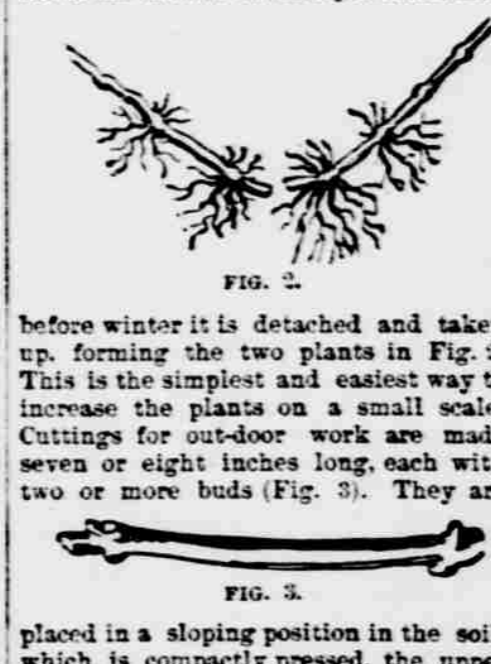


FIG. 1.

before winter it is detached and taken up, forming the two plants in Fig. 2. This is the simplest and easiest way to increase the plants on a small scale. Cuttings for out-door work are made seven or eight inches long, each with two or more buds (Fig. 3). They are placed in a sloping position in the soil, which is compactly pressed, the upper bud just above the soil. Cover the surface with a layer of fine manure.

Cutting Off the Combs.

It has long been a practice among game breeders to cut off the combs and wattles of the males. It is not believed to be a cruel process, but of that we are not so sure.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Each Day Brings Fresh Chances, Hopes and Possibilities.

The great Indian Rajah Montja, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place.

There are among our readers, too, many plain, unattractive girls, who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions are admired and courted.

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