

**BETWEEN THE LINES.**

What can she say? The pen is poised in air,  
And ink grows dry while thoughts refuse to  
flow.

A long delay—and then, in mild despair,  
The pen is urged to trace the words: "Dear  
Friend."

And is he not her friend? The lilac bough  
That bent its flowers to listen, as he said  
The few but earnest words—no lover's vow—  
That seemed a benediction on her head.

Still holds those blossoms, bright, unfolding  
yet,  
That send their perfume to allay her fears,  
And fill her heart with memories that begot  
The hope of happiness in coming years.

His letter, too, full brief, is still a friend's,  
Tho' couched in terms which sadly she de-  
fines.

Not lover-like, but youthful fancy lends  
The key, and swift—she reads between the  
lines.

The pen once more she urges on its way  
To write the news, the very last in mind.  
His note received the morning of that day;  
He wrote so soon; he was so very kind.

All well at home and send their best regards,  
And wish him luck in his new enterprise.  
The thought of lilac's perfume she discards;  
To be too bold, indeed, would be unwise.

How commonplace the language seems to her,  
In glancing o'er it when the task is done!  
It shows a lack that makes her long demur  
In sending what looks scarcely half begun.

And yet she trusts these words to him may be  
More than they seem. They are but shadowy  
signs.

To help a lover's searching eyes to see  
The gentle hope that throbs—between the  
lines.

A type of all her simple, sweet young life,  
Is this girl's letter with its sweet designs;  
It tells no word of love or passion's strife—  
The power of it lies between the lines.  
—Margaret Price, in *Once a Week*.



CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

A fortnight crept slowly by, and Michael neither wrote nor came. Olive began to fear that he was ill, and would have written a line of inquiry if they had parted less coldly. The suspense was almost intolerable; but she did not want to look like a victim, and she went and came as usual, dressed as prettily as ever, and wore her mask of cheerfulness with unflinching bravery. Her sweetness and courage went straight to the hearts of the Wakess. Mrs. Wake was so stirred that she was lifted quite out of her melancholy little self, and astonished her husband by displaying unwonted tact and wisdom.

Sunday afternoon came round again, and the three were sitting in their parlor upstairs, with doors and windows wide open, trying to pretend that they were not expecting anyone. Olive had got a large volume propped up on the table before her, and turned its pages although she could not read a line. Suddenly the house bell rang loudly, as if it had been pulled by an impatient hand; and the sound drove all the color out of Olive's face. Mrs. Wake was off the sofa with a bound.

"I will go and see who it is," she said, and was gone in an instant.

Samuel and Olive sat in silence; they could hear each other breathe. Heavy steps were coming quickly upstairs, and Mrs. Wake's light tread. A man's figure appeared in the door-



SAD NEWS.

way, and the girl started up, trembling, and went towards him; but it was not Michael Chase. It was Aaron who stood before her, looking so pale and wild that she gave a cry of fear.

"You have brought bad news!" she panted out. "Is Michael ill or dead? What has happened to him?"

"He is neither ill nor dead," Aaron answered.

And then she sank back into her seat with a long, sobbing sigh, and covered her face with her hands.

Samuel Wake went up to his niece, and drew her head gently down upon his broad shoulder.

"Speak out, Fenlake," he said, holding the trembling girl closely. "Olive will be well cared for, no matter what may come. Do not be afraid, man: she has a brave heart, and it will be best to know the worst at once."

"The worst is that Michael has proved himself to be a scoundrel; a black scoundrel," said Aaron, fiercely. "I brought the tidings myself, because I knew that Olive would sooner hear them from me than from a stranger. Michael Chase has offered himself to Miss Battersby, and she has accepted him."

Olive's head did not stir from its resting place, nor did she speak one word. It was Samuel who asked sternly if Aaron could prove that he had spoken truth?

"If there had been the least doubt," Aaron answered, "I should not be here now. It was Mr. Edward Battersby himself who told me of the engagement. Michael has got me turned away from the works, and yesterday I was loafing about, trying to find something to do, when Mr. Edward met me. He stopped and said a few civil words, and promised to do what he could for me. And then he said that there would be a wedding soon, and that I must come to the dinner that he should provide for the workmen. I asked if it was his wedding that was coming off. And he said: 'No, Fenlake, it will be my sister's wedding, and she will marry Michael

Chase. You know what a clever fellow he has proved himself to be, and we all think a great deal of him."

There was dead silence for a moment. Then Olive lifted her colorless face and looked mournfully at Fenlake.

"I know it is all true," she said, in a clear, sad voice; "he spoke of Miss Battersby. Sometimes I have felt that this was coming. You were right about him, Aaron; he has used us both badly—badly. But we will let him go his way."

She looked from Aaron to Uncle Wake and tried to smile, then put her hand up to her forehead and went quickly away.

There was not much more said by the three who remained in the room. Only Samuel asked Fenlake whether he could tell them anything about Miss Battersby.

"Nothing," Aaron replied, "except that she must be a good deal older than the rascal she is going to marry. I have heard that Mr. Edward is several years younger than his sister."

When Aaron was gone Mrs. Wake cried quietly for a few seconds, and then went to listen at Olive's door. No sound was heard and she returned to



SHE PUT THE LETTER BACK.

her husband in sore distress. But he soothed her, and said that they must wait patiently until the girl came of her own accord and sought their comfort. And she did come, sooner than they had thought to see her, and sat down in her old place by Uncle Wake's side.

"Uncle," she said, softly, "if you see a letter addressed to me in Michael's handwriting, will you promise to open it? I want you to read it before I do, and stand by me when I read it. I feel too weak to suffer any more alone."

Not many days afterwards a letter did come, and Samuel tore it open with a muttered word of disgust. It was not a long letter, nor did Michael appear to think that Olive would suffer much through his faithlessness. He told her that he had felt that there was a want of union between them, and added that he could not live happily with a woman who did not fully appreciate the efforts he had made, and the success that he had won. And then he finished with the usual wishes for her future happiness, and that was all.

Olive read the letter, standing by Uncle Wake's side, held fast by his kind arm. She put it back into his hand and said that she did not wish to see it again.

"And now I must face my life," said the girl to herself.

But this facing a life that was so utterly changed was no easy task. If you who read these pages have ever tried to go on living after the uprooting of a great hope, you will know how hard it was.

**CHAPTER XI.**

"ROUND OUR RESTLESSNESS, HIS REST." Day after day went by, and Olive fought with all her might against that indifference to all outward things which is the bane of a sick soul. Day after day a voice within was always repeating the dirge-like words: "You do not care for anything, and you never will care any more."

Uncle Wake proposed a holiday in the country; his wife had some relations living in a Surrey village, and Olive was sent to stay with them for a few days. They were kind, the air was sweet, and woods and fields were beautiful as of old, but comfort did not come to the sorely-trying heart. The voice of peace did not speak to her here; she could hear only the echoes of the past, and think only of "the touch of the banished hand." It did not gladden her now to stand looking over the stiles down the long meadows; there was no hope in the sunbeams, no promise in the whisper of the grass. Michael, the traitor, did not dwell in her mind; he was banished by the memory of Michael the young lover. She thought of him, in spite of all reason, as the hero she had first believed him to be, and mourned for the ideal that she had loved so long.

It was a relief to go back to the life in London and take up her work; just where she had laid it down. At home she was very quiet, grateful for all the kindness that strove to deaden the constant heartache; but those who watched her could see plainly that her soul refused comfort, and knew that the healing hour had not yet come.

October was gliding away; but it was a gentle, sunny October, and autumn faded slowly. And at last there came a Sunday morning, so balmy and soft that it seemed to have wandered back from the bygone summer. Olive went out alone that morning, sad as ever but with a vague desire for the sight of something green to rest the eyes; and she walked on, scarcely caring whither.

The steeple of St. Mary le Strand rose up into the blue haze of the beautiful day, and the great thoroughfare was bright with tranquil sunshine. All at once it occurred to Olive that she would go to the Thames embankment and look at the river; it would be pleasant walking there than in these busy ways. And, with this thought in her weary head, she turned suddenly into a street on her right hand—a narrow, stony little street which she had never entered before.

She was still so much of a rustic that most of the nooks and byways that

Strand were unknown to her; and it was with a sense of surprise that she found herself at the open gates of a sunshiny churchyard. Within, there were gray tombstones shaded by plane-trees; the dark gray tower of the ancient church was touched with the quiet light of the autumn morning; yellow leaves fell here and there; a ground-ash drooped its long branches over the soft turf. What a "resting place" was this for tired eyes, weary of watching the ceaseless come and go of London crowds! Olive stood spell-bound at the gate until her sight grew dim with tears.

She was not thinking of herself only as she stood there. She thought of the many homeless wanderers who had passed on this very spot, hardly able to bear the throng of images that started up around that peaceful sanctuary. Gray walls and fresh grass and trees, they make the background of memory's holiest pictures. The phantoms of old happy days went trooping along those quiet paths and vanished within the gloom of the low-browed door; fathers and mothers who had gone to rest long ago in God's acre; little children who had grown up to be careworn men and women; boys and girls who had loved each other once with the fresh, unworldly love of youth—these were the shadows that passed slowly through the green old churchyard every day.

The sorrows of one human heart are the sorrows of all; the longings of one human soul after its lost paradise are the longings of all, and it is through these common sorrows and common longings that the lost sheep are brought back to the fold and the wandering spirits are drawn softly home to God.

Ideas came to her very slowly that day, and she had lingered for some minutes by the gate before she realized that this little gray church with the quaint low belfry was the Savoy Chapel Royal. In that old churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighboring buildings, the famous Savoy palace had stood once; but Olive was in no mood just then to recall historical associations. It was enough for her to feel that she had suddenly lighted on a nook that was completely out of the world, and "not one man in five hundred who jostle along the noisy Strand ever dreams of its existence."

The restful influence of the place drew her within the open gate and along the tree-shadowed path to the chapel door. She went timidly down the flight of stone steps that led to the entrance, hearing the sweet thunder of the organ, and wondering whether she might gain admission; but when the threshold was crossed her last doubt died away. No disconsolate widow with a white cap and a short temper conducted the worshippers to their seats—a pleasant-faced young verger in a black gown found places for all who wanted them. And this was no easy task, for the little chapel, even at this unfashionable time of year, was full to overflowing.

When Olive ventured to raise her eyes, she received a vivid impression of rich yet delicate colors; the red rose of Lancaster burned in the emblazoned panes of the chancel window; all the lights that found their way into the place were tinted with rainbow dyes. But this chapel was not in the least like any of the great churches that she had seen in London—it was, in fact, "a single rectangular chamber," full of glowing shadows and warm living sunlight; no mighty arches rose overhead and were lost in mist, no massive pillars stood out solemnly from the gloom. Here was a cheerful sanctuary, magnificent without pomp, reverent, but not mysterious—a House Beautiful where every tired pilgrim might find "some softening gleam of love and prayer."

The young girl, worn with perpetual heartache, seemed at last to breathe an atmosphere of repose. The old familiar words of the Liturgy, uttered in a calm voice, fell upon her soul like drops of dew, and the music of the hymns, full of solemn appeal and sublime content, lifted her out of the iron cage of her sorrow.

When she looked up to the clergyman who stood in the pulpit, and heard that calm voice speaking the text, she did not know that he had been ministering here for more than a quarter of a century. She did not know that the words spoken in this little chapel had gone up into the minds of thoughtful men and women; she only knew that the preacher seemed to her "unknown and yet well known"; already she had fallen under the magnetic spell of his strong personal influence; the voice, so distinct and intensely penetrating in its quietness, found its way through all the clouds and shadows that had gathered around her inner life.

"You shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."—St. John xvi. 29.

The loneliness of Jesus Christ in His life, in His sufferings and in His death, is a pattern and a prophecy of the solitude which is touchingly characteristic of all true life. Eugene Bersler, the eloquent preacher in Paris, rightly says that there are two kinds of solitude, an outward and an inward, a visible and an invisible. When we are not seen, nor heard, nor touched by anyone, we say that we are alone. But it is not always a complete isolation. The fisherman does not feel alone on the ocean, though he sees only the silent stars in the firmament and hears only the sound of the moaning wind and the rolling waves. He is thinking of his wife and children, who are on shore awaiting his safe return. For them he is working; their love fills his heart; he never feels alone.

The watching soldier on his lonely picket does not feel quite solitary, for he knows that the honor of his country's flag is in his care. The workman in her garret, handling her diligent needle during the long hours of a winter's evening, does not feel lonely, for she knows that before daybreak she will have earned for herself and her children the next day's bread. The lighthouse keeper in the middle of the ocean does not feel alone, for he knows that by his vigilance the light will be

kept brilliant which will warn off thousands of ships from danger and minister to the security of myriads of lives. Those who love and are loved are never alone. These are all visible solitudes. There are also inward solitudes. A crowd is not company. There are many whose contact makes no sympathetic chord to vibrate in our hearts. Their hands may press ours, but that indifferent clasp touches nothing within our spirits. There are voices and faces which do not charm us even though they vouchsafe us conventional words and smiles of courtesy. Faces may only be as a gallery of pictures, and voices only the hum of many sounds. There is an important sense which makes this inward solitude to be especially felt in the crowded life of a great city. When William Wordsworth came to London he was astounded that people lived close to each other and scarcely knew the names of their neighbors. Charles Dickens said that loneliness was as possible in the streets of a great city as in the desert of Arabia. The Latins have a proverb, "Magna civitas, magna solitudo" (a great city, a great solitude). Hence, even we who live in a busy hive of workers and sufferers are not denied the power to find and foster a solitude. I do not know a more pathetic reflection than this, that we all live, even as we must surely all die, in a very real and requisite solitude. The experience of ages has never falsified the word spoken nearly three thousand years ago: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy" (Proverbs xiv., 10). A great saint once said that there is a sense in which we must serve two masters, for we all live two lives, an out-



AT THE CHAPEL DOOR.

ward and an inward, an open and a secret, a social and a solitary, a human and a divine, a temporal and an eternal. Happy and blest are those who so live in these two worlds as to make the most of both.

**[TO BE CONTINUED.]**

**WHERE HE HID IT.**

**A Man Who Took Care His Money Shouldn't Be Found.**

"It is hard to tell where eccentric people will not hide money," said a detective the other day. "I was once sent for to find the money of a man who had died suddenly and left no visible trace of his wealth. The family had made a careful, systematic search before I arrived. I learned that he had not used any of those complicated methods of concealment which are one of the miser's chief characteristics.

"I found that his business took him frequently from home, and that he had formerly been a sailor. I asked what room he usually slept in, and they said 'all over the house,' adding that they fully examined every place in which he was ever known to be. I asked about his clothing, and insisted upon seeing it. Some one brought his garments in at last, and very shabby looking they were. I went over them without success until my eye caught the binding.

"He always kept them well bound," said his wife; 'sailors are good sewers.'

"The binding was wide, but we soon had it off, and there we found, folded lengthwise and protected with oiled silk, fourteen one hundred-pound notes and a score of 'fivers.' A systematic search is often not as good as a shrewd guess by an experienced person."—London Tit-Bits.

**Buying Precious Stones.**

It is just thirty-three years since the writer was assured by the great Indian jeweler of that day, a man full of experience and representing large capital, that there was one final limit on the value of diamonds and rubies. "No one," he said, "remained in the world who would give more than fifty thousand pounds for any single stone." "They won't do it," he said, "the 'they' meaning princely purchasers generally, 'not if I could produce a ruby as large as a roe's egg; they have begun to think of interest."

The wealth of the world has increased since then, and especially the wealth of individuals—no one then was worth a clear five millions—in a degree which we hardly recognize; but we should still have said that the man who would give one hundred thousand pounds for a single stone would, that is, pay four thousand a year for the pleasure of possessing a useless article, usually invisible both to its possessor and the world, could not be discovered. The millionaires had become too enlightened, and the princes, even when childlike, too solicitous of reputation for good sense.—Spectator.

**Lost Opportunities.**

He (very tenderly)—Darling, you are the only girl I ever loved.  
She (coquettishly)—Oh, pahaw! you can't imagine how much fun you have missed.—Judge.

**A Similarity.**

A joke is very like a nut—  
I state this as a fact—  
Since none can tell if it is good  
Until it has been cracked.  
—Harper's Bazar.

**If They Only Were**

The long delayed millennium  
Would seem less dimly far,  
If men were only half as good  
As their sweethearts think they are.  
—N. Y. Herald.

**FARM AND GARDEN.**

**DEHORNING FRAME.**

A Simple Device for Fastening Cattle for the Operation.

There has been considerable inquiry with regard to fastening cattle while dehorning. The device which I illustrate is used by myself and others with general satisfaction, and as it is easily constructed when one has stanchions for fastening cattle I will try to explain so that anyone can make it very easily. In Fig. 1 the upright piece is the stanchion. The inclined pieces are made of 2x4 or 2x6 scantling, with a miter joint sawed in the top (as shown in cut) to prevent it from rising out of the socket at the bottom. One of these pieces is fastened solid at the top by a bolt passing clear through (as shown in cut), the other being fastened by loosely

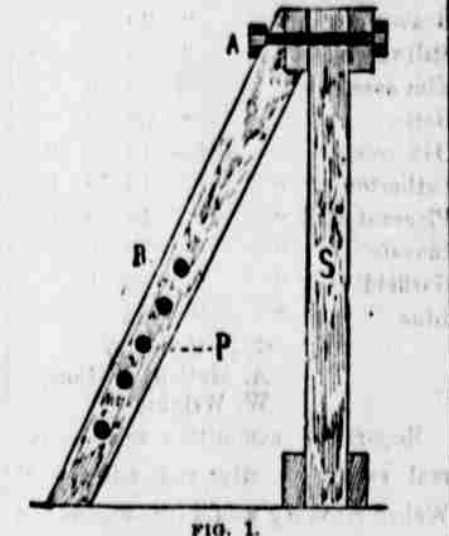


FIG. 1.

showing a bolt through, but not putting on nut.

Fig. 2 shows the brace closed, the dotted lines showing how it is opened to receive the head of the animal. The loose piece should be on the same side as the loose piece in the stanchion. A one-inch round iron pin passes through both these pieces, projecting three or four inches on each side (as shown in Fig. 2), there being several holes to receive the pin so that it can be raised and lowered according to length of cow's neck, etc. In using this device it is necessary to have a rope halter such as is commonly used on horses (although a strap halter will do). Put the halter on the animal you wish to dehorn, lead it into the stanchion, close the stanchion first, then the loose brace; draw head down so that the shoulders crowd close to stanchion; put pin in proper holes, pass halter around under pin at one end, over cow's nose and around pin at other end, (as shown in Fig. 3), till the head is securely fastened, which, if properly done, will be so that the animal cannot move it enough to interfere with the operation of sawing. Fasten the small rope around the front foot, raise the foot from the floor and fasten the rope so

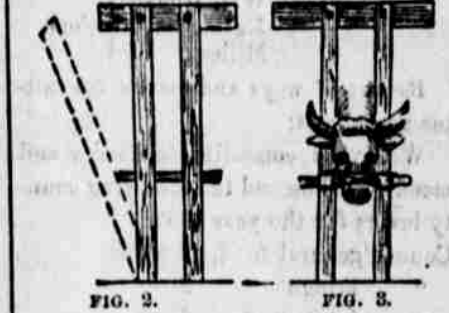


FIG. 2.

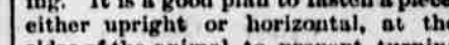


FIG. 3.

the foot will remain up while operating. It is a good plan to fasten a piece, either upright or horizontal, at the sides of the animal to prevent turning hind parts sideways, yet it is not strictly necessary.

This method puts animals in "a tight place" and they are going to get out if possible; so have everything solid, particular care being taken to have stanchion and braces so they cannot rise up. This device may not be as good as others, but it is good enough. I have put in cows and dehorned them without the aid of anyone. It is simple in construction and easily stored away to be used at any time in future, and does not require extra help to use it; but it is used only in connection with stanchions.

Fig. 1 is a side view of cattle-holder. A, bolt. B, brace, with holes at P, for the pin. S, stanchion. Fig. 2 is a front view, with the pin, P, and stanchion (S) open. Fig. 3 shows the manner of securing the nose to the pin, as described above.—F. M. Latta, in Ohio Farmer.

**FACTS FOR FARMERS.**

**EXCLUSIVELY corn feeding often causes** leg weakness with young poultry.

**Oil** on machinery not only preserves the parts and lessens the wear and loss but it also permits of better and more work done with reduced power.

**Flowers** can be grown on all kinds of soil, and every farmhouse should be ornamented with flowers of some kind of different varieties and including all colors.

If eggs are to be kept a long time after they are laid it is best to put them in a cool place and as near the freezing point as possible without freezing them. This will prevent any progress toward incubation.

Do not depend on the pasture providing a full supply of food for the steers and young stock. All kinds of stock should have a mess of oats at night, while milk cows should be fed both morning and night.

The wrinkled peas should always be selected in place of those that are fall and round, as they are sweeter and more melting when cooked. Plant peas at intervals of two weeks in order to have them in succession.

It will be a loss of seed to plant tender varieties too early. Such crops as string beans, squash, cucumbers and lima beans will not grow until the ground has become well warmed so as to insure quick germination.

CAMPION trees are being distributed in this country by the agricultural department, and as the trees seem to be becoming domesticated it is believed that camphor will yet be produced in this country in paying quantities.

**TWENTY GOOD RULES.**

**How to Destroy Lice on Chickens and Hild the Poultry House of Them.**

1. When chicks droop and appear sick without cause, especially in summer, look for lice (not the little red mites, but the large, gray body lice) on the heads and necks.
2. If you find them use a few drops of grease of any kind. A teaspoonful of oil of pennyroyal to a cupful of lard is excellent.
3. Look under the wings for the red lice, but use only a few drops of the lard.
4. Never grease the bodies of the chicks unless lightly, as grease will often kill them.
5. Never use kerosene on chicks, unless it be a teaspoonful of kerosene to a teaspoonful of lard, as it is irritating.
6. Crude petroleum is always excellent, and serves as a liniment, but mix it with twice its quantity of lard.
7. Keep the dust bath always ready. Use dry dirt or sifted coal ashes. Add carbonate of lime, Persian insect powder or oil of pennyroyal to the dirt.
8. To rid the house of lice, sprinkle coal-oil everywhere—floor, walls, roosts, yards, roof, inside and outside, and repeat often.
9. Dust insect powder in the feathers, and be sure it is fresh and good.
10. Put insect powder and tobacco dust in the nests. Clean them out every week.
11. Even when no lice may be present, use the sprinkler of kerosene at least once a week; and keep the roost always saturated.
12. No matter how clean things may appear, look for the large lice on the heads, throats and vents.
13. Lice abound both in winter and summer, but more especially in summer.
14. One-half the chicks and young turkeys die from lice. Chicks or turkeys with hens, or turkey hens, always have lice (either the mites or large ones).
15. Carbolate of lime is the cheapest powder to use for dusting over the floor and walls.
16. Always aim to get the solutions or powders into the cracks and crevices.
17. The easiest and best way to whitewash is with a force-pump. They are now made to force water from a bucket.
18. When your chicks have bowel disease, look for the big lice.
19. No mites need be present where plenty of coal-oil and carbolic acid are used.
20. Lice means work. Repeat these precautions and remedies frequently.—Farm and Fireside.

**BUFFALO TREE HOPPER.**

The Insect Pest Which Attacks and Destroys Fruit Trees.

I send specimens of apple affected with some insect. Has the insect anything to do with the blighted part? Some orchards are badly affected.

Specimens of the work of the same insect have also been received from others with the statement that "the scars are found entirely on one and two years' growth and on apple, crab, pear, willow and currant wood. The wood immediately under each cut seems to be dead, and some limbs that seem to have been attacked last year are dead and black in the center into the heart of the tree. The insect is the Buffalo tree hopper (*Ceresa bubalus*). In addition to the plants above mentioned it may be said that maple trees are affected in like manner. The direct injury is the result of puncturing the bark for the deposition of which eggs can be found by cutting away a small slice. The insect which lays these is a



BUFFALO TREE HOPPER AND EGG PUNCTURED TWIG.

triangular green bug with sharp spines at the front of the body, and may be found quite plentiful in autumn, at which time the eggs are laid. Remedies are difficult to apply, as the insect occurs on such a variety of trees, and at the time the damage is done is not likely to be noticed at all. On valuable trees it could doubtless be destroyed if sprayed with kerosene emulsion when depositing eggs, but it would be necessary to keep careful watch to attack it at the proper time, and this must necessarily be before egg deposition has fairly commenced to be effective. In spring the infested twigs could be cut off and burned and thus reduce the coming brood; but when the insects have been abundant this would involve very severe pruning, and if other trees were plenty in the vicinity it could be but partially effective. Where young orchards are isolated from other timber it might prove an advantage. It might also be of advantage in young orchards to spray the trees thoroughly with kerosene emulsion shortly after the eggs have hatched, as the young hoppers would then be easily killed, and the foliage not being so dense as later in the season would leave them more exposed to the spray. The blighted portions of the twigs do not seem to depend upon this insect, though it may in some cases kill the twig attacked.—Orange Judd Farmer.

**Sel. Hulling Strawberries.**

A new variety of strawberries is being cultivated in New Jersey, which differs from the others in being self-hulled when harvested. That is, the hull comes off when the berry is picked, giving the large end of the berry the appearance of a red raspberry, the stem being left on the vines. It should prove an excellent kind for family use, as it may not be suitable for shipping.