CHAPTER II .- (Continued,) the shock of it! Dora, my dear, let us make her elegy. We may regard her as having passed away from this life. You poor little thing! Don't cry, Kitty; let us look upon the bright side

"There is no bright side," I interposed, with a little sob.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Dora, reassuringly. "Hundreds of things may hap- earnest talk, pen. He may change his mind-that's not at all improbable. He may marry you and die during the honeymoon."

"I have always longed to be a widow," reflected Meg, musingly and cheeringly.

"A widow," added Dora, still in a tone of reassurance, "is the happiest, world! Think of the independent, lovely times she has! Her relations can't tyrannize any longer. She has to be treated with respect, gentleness, deference, and great courtesy. Oh, to be a widow! Cheer up Kitty. Give her a Meg."

"I think it is we who should cry," speak dolorously. "We have no chance of being widows!" And Meg laughed again, her sweet, rippling, light-hearted little laugh; and then she kissed me to soften the cruelty of the laughter.

Once more there was silence in the room. Dora sat opposite, regarding me with an air of grave reflection; Meg stood beside me, bending down to rest one elbow on the table, and looking closely at me with smiling eyes.

When does he mean to speak to you, I wonder?" said Dora at length, "And how will he frame his strange pro-

study door to open and for the sound "You poor little Kitty!" said Meg, of a footstep on the stairs. My face, as sighing; and, coming 'round to where I stooped over my work and tried to I sat, she bent over my chair and put escape Aunt Jane's keen scrutiny, was her cheek caressingly against mine, hot and flushed; tears were still very then added in a tone more mocking near to my eyes; my heart was beating than compassionate: "To be turned fast with strangely mingled feelingsquite suddenly into a paragoness! Oh. indignation, outraged pride, excited expectation.

of accusation.

I started guiltily. I had been listening, not to Aunt Jane, but to certain sounds which ascended from down stairs-the study door's being opened and shut, two deep, grave voices in

"I told John Mortimer that he should have opportunities of seeing you frequently," continued Aunt Jane, in her clear, level, decisive tone; "so presently I shall go away and leave you alone to talk to one another. I have only one thing to say to you, Kate-remember that he spoke to me this afternoon freest, most enviable being in the in confidence; you were to know nothing of his intentions; you will behave pleasantly but quite naturally."

With a sinking heart I sat and listed to Aunt Jane's impossible advice offered so easily. "Behave naturally!" Could I ever again stand, sit, speak, little shake and make her stop crying, look or think in John Mortimer's presence except with painful, terrible selfconsciousness, with a haunting rememsaid Meg, with a comical attempt to brance of all that Aunt Jane had told me? Why had she told me? I had liked him-I had liked him so much! He had been so good to me, so kind! No one else had been so kind! I had said what I liked to him always; I had treated him as a dear elder brother, with whom I need not stop to weigh my words. If I had seen him ahead as I went to school in the morning, I had walked fast to overtake him; when, in the evening, he came to see us, I had always been glad, and had always told him so with a smile that made the words emphatic, I had always been posal? What days and nights of re- sorry when he went away; and that,

"Kate, are you listening to me?" demanded Aunt Jane suddenly, in a tone

deed." "But not now," I said eagerly, with too much earnestness. "Seventeen is nothing nowadays. You're only old enough at seventeen to go in for senior

monkey

bing.

Cambridge examinations. If you want to go to college, you can't-they won't have you because you're so young. Holloway will take you, but Girton and Newham won't. Do you know how old our sixth form girls are? I'm the youngest; some are eighteen, some are nineteen, and some are over." Although my face was turned toward

a sad-looking man, with a sun-

browned face, bearing an old organ and

sudden well-simulated eagerness, "No

John Mortimer, in a quiet, wondering,

half-tender tone; and the tone or the

words sent the hot blood rushing to

my cheeks and set all my pulses throb-

"I know I am a child," I said quiet-

y, almost flercely. "I like being a

hild. I don't want to grow up. I will

He was looking down at me with an

observant glance, though I looked so

steadily away from him. There was a

suspicion of laughter in his voice

when, after a moment, he spoke again.

creeping upon you. In our mothers'

and grandmothers' days seventeen, I

belleve, was a very mature age, in-

"In spite of yourself, Kitty, age is

e a child as long as ever I can be."

"Kitty, what a child you are!" said

yes! Yes, he is going to stop!"

the dusty, out-of-door world, and my back toward the drawing-room, I was conscious that Uncle Richard had been sent away by Aunt Jane, and that Aunt Jane was preparing to follow him. In another minute we were left glone. My cheeks were burning, my heart was beating angrily at the consciousness of why we were left alone.

"I never realized before the extreme youthfulness of seventeen," said John Mortimer gravely. But, looking around at him, I caught the amused smile with which he was regarding me, "Why have I made you so indignant, Kitty?" he continued, in a different tone. "Why have I brought this severe lecture upon myself? Is it all apropos of the organman?"

"It's apropos of nothing." "I knew an old man of seventy-seven once who could never pass a Punch and Judy in the street. If he came in only for the end of the performance, he would trudge along with the urchins to the next street to hear the beginning. If seventy-seven takes delight in a Punch and Judy, seventeen may surely be allowed an organ-man and a

did, I retract." He opened the window as he spoke and threw out a little silver coin, which the organ-man, smiling suddenly but somewhat sadly, moved hastily to secure.

monkey. Did I imply otherwise? If I

The window, once opened, remained open; the room was a little less stifling than before. A soft evening breeze that was almost cool stole in. Across the square, beyond the houses, the sky was red; indoors the light was beginning to grow dim.

Dim light improved Auat Jane's drawing-room. But even in the grayest twilight it remained an ugly room. Its ugliness was hopeless, without one redeeming feature.

I seated myself at the foot of the twisted little sofa, close to the open window, and took up my sewing, which I had dropped just now to listen to Aunt Jane. John Mortimer sat down opposite me in Aunt Jane's chair. He leaned his elbow on the arm, and sat in a thoughtful, observant attitude, his head resting against his hand.

(To Be Continued.)

## LIVELY TIME.

When a Leopard Invades a Town i India-A Bath Disturbed.

Amrita Bazaar Patrika: About 4 a m. to-day a Gurkha soldier, who was bathing in a tank on the outskirts of the city of Gorakphur, was suddenly attacked from behind. Thinking his assailant was a pig, he (gosh ke lalach se, as a Hindustani official loftily put it) grappled with it and both rolled over into the tank, where they had a bit of rough and tumble. The assailant turned out to be a large leopard. He left the Gurkha something to remember him by in the shape of a number of claw marks, and then proceeded to invade the city, attacking and wounding a number of persons on the way. He finally took up his position in a Kumbar house, situated in the heart of one of the bazaars, quite close to the principal octroi post, the Golbar, Intimation of his presence was at once sent to Mr. Innes, the D. S. P., and to Mr. W. Calnao, the collector. The news also crept around the station and a regular posse of other sahibs assembled. Mr. Cainan and Mr. Innes got on the roof of the house where the animal was, and, by pulling off the tiles and poking the animal with a long pole, succeeded in shooting him. He turned out to be a fine male leopard, in most sleek condition, and measuring seven feet three inches. During his brief career in the city he had injured no less than eleven persons, some of them very severely indeed. The lives | nutritious flour known, and are usualof two men are despaired of; one of ly hardy, drought-resisting sorts. Howthem had, among other wounds, his elbow crushed from a bite. Two men had their eyes dislocated. A few women were badly scratched all over the body. The good folk of Gorakphur were all keenly interested in the occurrence. Hundreds of them visited hard, red, frost-resistant, and drouth-Mr. Innes' compound to inspect the

FARM AND GARDEN.

a very wizened, mournful little WATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS. "Will he stop?" I exclaimed, with

> lome Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof-Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Arrangement of Trees on Country Places. On plantations depends largely the successful composition and coloring of a country place. The first thing to consider before you begin to plant is the adjustment of your views, vistas, or outlooks, Ordinarily, except where you require for some reason a special outlook, the entire outside border of the place should be planted with a mass of trees and shrubs, making a hedge of irregular, waving lines. Ordinarily, too, there should be something like seven shrubs to every tree, the shrubs standing eight or ten feet apart and the trees forty to fifty feet. This rule applies, of course, to only large growing shrubs; the smaller ones can be tucked in round about. It is an excellent plan to establish a lofty tree, like the elm, tulip, or poplar, at each marked angle of the place and at either side of the carriage entrance. It tends to give character to the entire lawn, If you have room enough, one of the ways of emphasizing certain interesting parts of your country place, and especially the pleasant nome character of the house, is to establish a grove near that building. Set out the best shadetrees-eims, maples, beeches, tulip-trees, liquid ambars, and lindens and let them stand forty or fifty feet apart, so that they may grow into broad and lofty trees, dispensing abundant shade. Such a grove near the house will give perpetual delight throughout the year. Even in winter, during snow and ice storms, you will find unfailing pleasure in contemplating the unexpected and magical effects of snow and ice in your grove, and moreover find comfort in seeking its protecting shelter if you have planted a few pines in the midst. Planting groves means to many people simply the setting out of a cluster of trees eight or ten feet apart and allowing them to slowly crowd each other to death. Properly managed, the grove may be the most delightful and admirable feature of all country places, except the smallest, and even there one great elm or beech tree may be a grove in itself.

In adjusting the vistas by means of your planting, you should see that the longest lines of view are secured. Let them extend diagonally from corner to corner of your place, if you can .-From "Small Country Places," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., Superintendent of Parks, New York, in Scribner.

Wheat and Rust. From Farmers' Review: As plant

diseases appear to reduce the income from the farm, the farmers of the means of assistance, are spurred to greater endeavor to overcome them. There are two general methods of procedure. One, to find some remedy for the disease itself, and the other to find some type of the plant which will naturally resist the disease. The latter is really the most satisfactory, as with | that no one man felt that it would pay the adoption of a resistant species the disease may entirely die out, while under preventive or remedial treatment, it is liable at any time to spring up again. Apropos of this general subject, the Department of Agriculture is | this thought will be taken up by some preparing to publish some matter which will interest farmers in all that something material may come of states. It is on cereal rusts. It is a it. remarkable fact that notwithstanding the immense and world-wide damage done by rusts, no investigations have port should be honestly and tightly been made on the subject outside of the United States and Australia. In rels are entirely emptied in the presthe important cereal regions of Russia, ence of the buyers. They should be India and the Argentine, practically nothing is known about rusts. Here ered, and the head of the barrel is a case where it appears much more should be neatly stenciled with the practicable to fight rust through the production of rust resistant species and varieties than through attempts at treatment of the disease. It would not, for instance, be convenient to spray a wheat field. Rust on cereals is a plant life-a fungus which draws its sustenance from and at the same time ruins the host plant. Mr. Mark A. Carleton, the rust specialist of the Department of Agriculture, states it as his opinion that the average annual loss from rust in the United States far exceeds that due to any other enemy, insect or fungous, and often equals those from all others combined.

The most common wheat rust is what is known as the orange leaf rust. So far as the ordinary wheats are concerned, Mr. Carleton states, the resistant varieties are as a rule somewhat dwarfed, are close and compact and tively few in number, are stiff, narrow, and erect, with a more or less tough, dry cuticle, often with a glaucous or waxy surface; heads compact and narrow; and grains hard, red, small, and teristics of these wheats are about the same as those of the wheats of semiarid regions. Fortunately such varieties produce the finest grain and most ever, no matter what the other conditions, every variety will rust, even considerably, if it matures late. Early maturity is therefore another important quality. For rust freedom and for other purposes an early-maturing. resistant winter sort is the ideal one carcass, and large numbers also went for the great portion of our wheat

to the hospital to inspect the wounded, region. Judging from all the experiments and observations of the Department of Agriculture, the following varieties, already well known and good standard sorts in other directions, may be recommended as likely to prove considerably resistant to orange leaf rust in

every part of this country, provided, of course, that they are sown in time: Of winter wheat: Turkey, Mennonite, Pringle's No. 5, Rieti, Odessa, Pringle's Defiance. Of spring wheat: Hayne's Blue Stem and Saskatchewan Fife. Two early varieties which are quite susceptible to rust, but which usually ripen early enough to escape the worst effects of it, are Early May and Zim-

GUY E. MITCHELL.

Depth to Lay Tile.

The depth at which tile should be laid must depend on a number of circumstances, but the object should always be to get the tile below the reach of the frost. It is a well-known fact that freezing frequently pulverizes tile drains, which are nearly always made of unglazed tile. It is probable that the frost of the last winter, which went deeper than for many years, did great damage to the tile drains. However, it is hardly feasible to lay the tile so deep that they would be below the depth at which frost could reach in a winter such as the last. But it is hoped that we will not get more than one or two such winters in the course of a century. Therefore in laying the tile for the drain we need consider only the ordinary winter when the ground over much of this western country freezes to a depth of not more than two feet. It is quite common practice to put the tile down thirty inches, it being believed that the frost will hardly be able to get below that. We have heard recently of farmers in Illinois laying drains not deeper than two feet, but this is a mistake. These shallow drains might do on land that has not been worked and is of a clayey nature, but they will not do on sandy land, nor will they do on clayey land after the land has been worked for a few years and lightened up. It is said that when the Scotch first found out that drains were such a good thing they went to work and in a few years over 10,000 miles of drains at a depth of two feet had been laid. But this depth was found to be by all odds too shallow. Where sufficient fall can be secured the drains should be put down thirty inches or three feet on clay land, and may go even four feet on sandy land.

Opportunities for Spraying. Just now the fall army worm is ravaging many of the lawns in our large cities and the owners are casting about them anxiously for some means of preventing its destructive work. The only remedy seems to be to spray the lawns. Unfortunately the owners have not the implements at hand with which to do the work, and some of them would not know how to do the work if they had the implements and the materials. Most of them would gladly pay for having their lawns sprayed, and we believe that at such times, if some of the students in the agricultural colleges would take the matter up, they might make a good deal of money. This would be a boon to certain students that are trying to work their country and those who are supported | way through college. In Chicago espelargely by them to devise aids and cially opportunities for such work would certainly be found.

A few years ago the writer of this was in Minneapolis, at a time when the shade trees were being attacked and stripped by insects. The whole city was alarmed, but no one seemed to know what to do. The trouble was to invest in spraying pumps and materials, and probably most of them knew nothing about such things. So they stood by and saw whole rows of shade trees defoliated. We trust that of our enterprising young men, and

Apples for Europe,-Apples for expacked with sound fruit; sample barpacked in clean packages, well coopname of the variety, grade and some shipping mark; the English law also requires the letters, "U. S. A." to be on every barrel shipped to that country. Export apples should be shipped as soon as practicable after packing, and if held in storage for a considerable length of time, should be entirely repacked. The best varieties for export are the hard and best colored fruit.-C. R. Lawrence.

Sulphur and Salt .- It is still a disputed point as to whether sulphur added to salt is of any benefit to cattle or sheep, says Prof. Thomas Shaw. It has been claimed that sulphur will help to remove the ticks from sheep when thus fed. Whether it has any decided influence in this direction is uncertain, but it will not wholly remove them. stool but little. The leaves, compara- That it helps to preserve the health of cattle or sheep is not an established fact, but there would seem to be no harm at least from using it in moderation. As much as a teaspoonful may be added to a very few pounds of salt, but heavy. In other words, the charac- usually a less quantity is fed when it

Location of Incubator.-An incubator should never be placed in a wet or poorly ventilated cellar, nor any place that would be dangerous to the health of human beings. A dry and wellventilated cellar will answer nicely, as the cellar is not susceptible to the sudden outside change as a room above ground; but if at all damp, it is much better to keep it in a room above ground. Wherever it is kept the air must be kept as pure as possible by ventilation, without strong draughts .-Exchange.

Dusty Rhodes-Yes; I've been stepped on all my life. Mrs. Dogood-Your mother didn't

'step on" you, did she? Dusty Rhodes-Yep; she was a stepmother.-N. Y. World.

It is proposed that the souventy badge to be used at the Washington reception of Admiral Dewey shall have upon it a reproduction of the original flag of freedom that was flown by John Paul Jones when he sailed in the Bon Homme Richard. This flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, under the supervision of General George Washington.

If the shooting ability of Oom Paul's burghers is as good as in 1881 a war in that section will fatten several new

## "Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for a reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Electric Car Brakes.

Chicago Tribune: The New York state railway commission has been conducting a series of tests of various patent brakes with a view to prescribing the use of the one shown to be best adapted for electric street cars. The desirability of being able to bring street cars to an almost instant stop is evident. The problem once solved, the trolley, especially in New York, where the wires are underground, will become the favorite means of street transit. As yet, however, the problem of bringing trolley cars under the absolute control of gripmen or motormen appears to be unsolved. Some cities, Toronto, for instance, still employ oldfashioned brakes, and as a result the cars cannot safely be run at as high a rate of speed as in Chicago, where a better brake is used. In the tests in New York brakes used in St. Louis, Chicago and Memphis, as well as the one employed on the Third avenue system of New York city, were tested with results not as yet made public. In making the tests a special car with a speed indicator was used with a bell which rang for the various speeds of five, ten, fifteen or twenty miles an hour, When the bell rang the motorman threw the brake, which thus gave time and distance tests for the efficacy of the brake. Of course, no brake device, however perfect, will be satisfactory unless the motorman is prompt and efficient. Good men must handle good machinery.

With a population of exactly 206, Servia, a village in Indiana, on the line of the Chicago and Erie railway, has twelve men who weigh more than 200 pounds, and some of them tip the beam at nearly 300. Nor is this remarkable tendency to obesity in the community confined to the men. The stranger who visits the place cannot but be impressed as he strolls down the single business street from the station with the extraordinary number of large women. A count of noses among the feminine portion of the ommunity who carry more than the average of adipose reveals no fewer than fifteen whose avoirdupois will range from 190 to 250.

It is proposed that the souvenir badge to be used at the Washington reception of Admiral Dewey shall have upon it a reproduction of the original flag of freedom that was flown by John Paul Jones when he sailed in the Bon Homme Richard. This flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, under the supervision of General George Washington.

There will always be plenty of room at the top just as long as people can avoid living in attics.

SUFFERED 25 YEARS.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, Congressman Botkin says: "My Dear Doctor-Iit gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines-Pe-ru-na



Congressman Botkin, of Winfield, Kan. and Man-a-lin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure. Pe-ru-na is surely a wonderful remedy for catarrhal affections."

J. D. Botkin. The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This is generally known as dyspepsia. Congressman Botkin was a victim of this disease twenty-five years. Pe-ru-na cures these cases like magic. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free

The microbes that cause chills and fever and malaria enter the system through mucous membranes made porous by catarrh. Pe-ru-na heals the mucous membranes and prevents the entrance of malarial germs, thus preventing and curing these affections.

THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS.



I SEATED MYSELF AND TOOK UP MY SEWING.

flection it will cost him! He will look | too, I had told him, simply, without redown at you benignly; he-

"He will pat you encouragingly on the head," added Meg, patting me herself to give point to the remark. "Be sure you say 'thank you' pret-

tily, Kitty, my child," tutored Dora.

"Fold your hands meekly across your apron and speak prettily." "Her aprons will be no more!" said Meg in a tragic tone. "Pinafores and

pigtails are henceforth to be discarded." "He'll bring you a ring," said Dora. "Say you have a fancy for diamonds.

Kitty. Say you prefer the diamonds to be big." "He'll bring you tender offerings of my head, flowers," added Meg. "And I shall be

able to wear them." "And I suppose," observed Dora, gravely and very doubtfully, with much hesitation-"I suppose now he will feel

constrained to say that he loves you, Kitty." My cheeks, already crimson, grew to his, hotter suddenly. I put up my hands to cover them. I pushed back my chair from the table and turned away with the same time stern and gentle. The

helpless anger, which for a moment would not let me speak. claimed Dora, in a thrilling tone-"a truly appalling thought! Kitty, my He was still a comparatively young dear, you will have to call him 'John!' Kitty, don't go-don't go; we want to

talk to you!" I had turned to flee, I had my hand on the open door; but I looked around

fiercely before I went. "I hate you!" I cried. "I detest you!" And I shut the door and ran along the his years. passage to my room.

CHAPTER III.

Two hours later I was seated, sewing in hand, opposite to Aunt Jane in dusty railings of the square garden. the drawing-room, listening for the Around the corner of the square came | conduct?-Rev. Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

serve. "Natural!" I had behaved naturally with him all my life! I could never be natural with him any more. "My dear child," said Aunt Jane,

looking at me with sharp, attentive scrutiny, "if you wear that tragic air, I shall regret that I told you anything." "I wish-oh, I wish you hadn't!" I cried, reproachfully, with sudden pas-

sion that overcame my fear. As steps came up the stairs, I turned away toward the window. The window was shut, as Aunt Jane preferred all windows to be. Through the hot, dusty panes I looked out at the tree tops in

the square garden, and never turned A minute later John Mortimer crossed the room to where I stood.

"Kitty," he said, quietly. He put out his hand. He was standing beside me, his gray eyes smiling gravely at me. My eyes had no answering smile as I raised them slowly

It was a grave, quiet, somewhat rugged face at which I looked-a face at gray eyes were deeply set, beneath level, thickly penciled brows; they "Oh, a thought has struck me!" ex- smiled rarely-and, when they smiled, the smile was more grave than merry. man, though Dora and Meg always spoke of him as though he were their father's comtemporary. He was thirty-five-no more; but his dark hair, his short, brown beard were already touched with gray; and his face, his voice, his manner were all older than

> "What is happening down there?" he asked, taking up his stand beside me and following my glance,

My eyes were fixed intently on the

Ethical life implies the election of motives other than selfish. In our age who will dispute this, sefishness has been apothesized as the one rule of