

CARDENS.

The wide fair gardens, the rich lush gardens. Which no man planted, and no man tills. Their strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom filled.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

Fate is Against Some People From the Cradle to the Grave.

"Change is the law of wind and moon and day. I think, lost Love, had you been true. Some golden fruits had ripened for your picking."

Many years have come and gone in my life since this eventful one of which my story tells. My name is Audrey Lovel, and I am the eldest daughter of the Reverend Archibald Lovel, and Millicent, his wife.

My father, not being by any means a rich man, was blessed with the usual large number of children. He was heard to say, despairingly, that he should cease to count them after the number of seven was reached.

We were nine in all. Six hearty, healthy, hungry boys, and three girls. I was the eldest. Then came the second, was not quite his equal in mischief, but he had every desire to be so.

It was a house full of surprises; where it was least expected one would find a large window with comfortable seats, a lonely little room, a door opening on to a quaint staircase that led to the grounds.

When we came from our last visit, my young brothers looked at me with contemplative, solemn eyes. "Andy," said Bob, "you will be, I think, good-looking. I hope you will remember your brothers, and marry well."

"A brother-in-law with a house like that would suit me," said Archie emphatically. "Of course, as your brothers, we should be offered the run of the house," said Bob. "In fact, it would doubtless be thrown open to us."

Lord Latimer had not been to King's Lorton within my recollection. The house was beautifully kept. There was a faithful old housekeeper, Mrs. Heath; an ancient butler, who seemed to be part of the place; and plenty of servants. Everything was kept in readiness; no matter when or how the old lord might return, he would have found everything prepared for him at any moment.

A large, happy, healthy family, and at the time this story opens I was just eighteen. I had, thanks to my father's insistence, received an excellent education, and was now supposed to be helping my mother.

Being the eldest daughter I had certain privileges. I had a dear little room of my own, the window of which overlooked the green meadow and the lovely brimming river! I had the entry to my father's library, a privilege which "the boys" most virtuously shunned. Altogether I loved and enjoyed my life, with its little duties and pleasures. I had thought little of love and lovers. The boys absorbed all my leisure time—to save them from drowning, to keep them from breaking their necks by sliding down the great carved balusters, exhorting them as much as possible not to climb the very tallest trees in search of birds' nests, and preventing them from throwing stones quite close to the windows.

My father took life very easily—the boys seemed to look upon him as a beloved friend and a natural enemy; no skirmishes were indulged in in his presence, no practical jokes. When they had misbehaved themselves to any great extent, they were very wary in turning corners, lest he should spring upon them suddenly, and a peculiar shrill whistle was the signal for clearing the coast; it meant that he was coming, and that summary justice might be expected.

My mother was one of the sweetest and most gracious of women, loved by everyone, the soul of generosity and kindness. She never raised her voice, even to the boys. She was essentially a motherly woman, and the boys were the pride, the delight, the torment, and joy of her life.

There was no affluence, no luxury in our house; and, indeed, there was a difficulty in making both ends meet. But we were very happy, very loving, devoted to one another. There was no quarrelling, a terrific fight among the boys did not always mean a quarrel. There was no selfishness; there is no such school for learning self-denial and self-control as a large family.

Once or twice in our lives we had been allowed to go through this house. It produced such an impression on the boys that they were silent for some days afterward. The picture-gallery ran the whole length of the house, and held some priceless paintings. The portraits of the Latimers for many generations past hung there, with a fine collection of modern paintings.

The drawing-room was a magnificent apartment; we held our breath as we stood on the threshold; even Bob and Archie collapsed—they were speechless. It was all white and gold. There was no color except the rich bloom of the rare flowers that stood in the jardinières; the hangings were of white velvet and white satin embroidered with gold; chairs, couches, lounges the same. From the large windows there was a superb view of the square of fountains and the deep green of the rich foliage beyond.

It was a house full of surprises; where it was least expected one would find a large window with comfortable seats, a lonely little room, a door opening on to a quaint staircase that led to the grounds. Then, all over the place there was a perfect wealth of ornaments, the accumulated treasures of long generations—and the Latimers had always been very wealthy.

When we came from our last visit, my young brothers looked at me with contemplative, solemn eyes. "Andy," said Bob, "you will be, I think, good-looking. I hope you will remember your brothers, and marry well."

"A brother-in-law with a house like that would suit me," said Archie emphatically. "Of course, as your brothers, we should be offered the run of the house," said Bob. "In fact, it would doubtless be thrown open to us."

Lord Latimer had not been to King's Lorton within my recollection. The house was beautifully kept. There was a faithful old housekeeper, Mrs. Heath; an ancient butler, who seemed to be part of the place; and plenty of servants. Everything was kept in readiness; no matter when or how the old lord might return, he would have found everything prepared for him at any moment.

A large, happy, healthy family, and at the time this story opens I was just eighteen. I had, thanks to my father's insistence, received an excellent education, and was now supposed to be helping my mother.

Being the eldest daughter I had certain privileges. I had a dear little room of my own, the window of which overlooked the green meadow and the lovely brimming river! I had the entry to my father's library, a privilege which "the boys" most virtuously shunned. Altogether I loved and enjoyed my life, with its little duties and pleasures. I had thought little of love and lovers. The boys absorbed all my leisure time—to save them from drowning, to keep them from breaking their necks by sliding down the great carved balusters, exhorting them as much as possible not to climb the very tallest trees in search of birds' nests, and preventing them from throwing stones quite close to the windows.

CHAPTER II.

The news of Lord Latimer's marriage and return spread like wild-fire over the country; nothing else was spoken of.

"It will be good for us and good for the poor," said my father. "Lord Latimer is very generous."

But I noticed one thing—my father never spoke of any other quality of the earl. He was generous, and he attended church regularly—two fine qualities.

Our children were all on the quiver to see the new lady of Lorton's Cray. We heard that the old lord had suddenly returned without having given one moment's warning, bringing with him his young wife and her lady's-maid. She was beautiful, they said, as an angel, her hair glittered like gold, and her face was fair as the dawn of the morning.

Lord Latimer rode over to see my father the day after his arrival, an act of attention which delighted him. He behaved most generously—he gave him a check for the poor, a check for the church; he promised to assist with some alterations on which my father had set his heart; he inquired after the number of children at the vicarage, smiled when he heard there were six boys; he was—and we all liked him best for that—most amiable and agreeable to our dear mother; he spoke of his wife, said the journey had tired her, and that she was not quite well—but there was a curious tightening of the lips as he spoke of her.

The next day was Sunday, and we were all interested, knowing that we should see Lady Latimer at church. I need not say that our family pew was a sight to be remembered. Nine healthy, happy faces ornamented it. I am sorry to add that the conduct of the inmates was not always above suspicion. If Bob looked particularly devout, or Archie collected and calm, I knew that a dire catastrophe impended. It is not in boys' nature to remain quiet for more than ten minutes, if for so long.

I am ashamed to confess with what longing of impatience we awaited the coming of the Lorton's Cray party to church. Bob, who excelled himself in wickedness that morning, was busy. I could see, making a caricature on one side of the leaves of his prayer-book. Archie was making a desperate effort to become possessed of it. Millicent, seated between the two belligerents, had a terrible time of it, and looked ready to cry.

I had just restored order when they came. I saw something that looked to me like a vision of grace and loveliness floating up the aisle of the old church. I saw rich silk and velvet sweep the ground, priceless lace fall in perfumed folds, jewels gleam here and there; in the breathless silence the soft frou-frou of the rich silk was distinctly heard.

I did not see her face until she was seated in the pew and all the excitement incident upon their coming was over; then I looked at her. I loved her that first moment; I have loved her ever since, and I shall love her until I die.

In what words can I tell the dainty, marvelous beauty of that fair young face, the perfection of its features, the loveliness of its coloring? It was the perfection of fair and brilliant beauty. A low, white brow, round which golden rings of hair clustered, shining rings of rich, rare gold; delicate, level brows, dark, beautiful eyes, a mouth that seemed at once all good and all sweetness, a delicate chin, perfectly molded—a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swimming Cavalry. Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Kabul river at Peshawar. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accoutrements, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, crossed in like manner.

He Was a Villain. Friend—Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband? Eliza—He is a villain. Friend—All men are; but what has he done? Eliza—You know he was a widower. Well, I found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when they were courting.

Friend—Well, I wouldn't mind it. He will never send you any more.—Texas Slavers. First Discovery of Coal in America. There are strong reasons for believing that we are indebted to the early French missionaries for the first discovery of coal on this continent. In McFarland's "Coal Regions of America" I find the following: "It is a remarkable fact that the first discovery of coal in America, of which an account has been preserved in a printed book, was made so far in the interior as Illinois, by Father Hennepin, more than 200 years ago."—St. Louis Republic.

ABROAD FOR A WIFE.

THIS IS REPORTED OF JAPAN'S CROWN PRINCE.

This Young Noble's Bride, Whoever She May Be, Will Have an Illustrious Father-in-Law—Genealogy of the Prince's Family.



IT IS REPORTED by cable that Japanese envoys in Europe are instructed to look out for a European bride for the mikado's heir. The Japanese minister at Washington, however, disclaims all knowledge of so delicate a subject, and is disinclined to speak of the matter. The lady, whoever she may be, who consents to wed the mikado's heir, will have the satisfaction of allying herself with a family whose genealogical claims are the proudest in the world.

Our children were all on the quiver to see the new lady of Lorton's Cray. We heard that the old lord had suddenly returned without having given one moment's warning, bringing with him his young wife and her lady's-maid. She was beautiful, they said, as an angel, her hair glittered like gold, and her face was fair as the dawn of the morning.

The next day was Sunday, and we were all interested, knowing that we should see Lady Latimer at church. I need not say that our family pew was a sight to be remembered. Nine healthy, happy faces ornamented it. I am sorry to add that the conduct of the inmates was not always above suspicion. If Bob looked particularly devout, or Archie collected and calm, I knew that a dire catastrophe impended. It is not in boys' nature to remain quiet for more than ten minutes, if for so long.

I am ashamed to confess with what longing of impatience we awaited the coming of the Lorton's Cray party to church. Bob, who excelled himself in wickedness that morning, was busy. I could see, making a caricature on one side of the leaves of his prayer-book. Archie was making a desperate effort to become possessed of it. Millicent, seated between the two belligerents, had a terrible time of it, and looked ready to cry.

I had just restored order when they came. I saw something that looked to me like a vision of grace and loveliness floating up the aisle of the old church. I saw rich silk and velvet sweep the ground, priceless lace fall in perfumed folds, jewels gleam here and there; in the breathless silence the soft frou-frou of the rich silk was distinctly heard.

I did not see her face until she was seated in the pew and all the excitement incident upon their coming was over; then I looked at her. I loved her that first moment; I have loved her ever since, and I shall love her until I die.

In what words can I tell the dainty, marvelous beauty of that fair young face, the perfection of its features, the loveliness of its coloring? It was the perfection of fair and brilliant beauty. A low, white brow, round which golden rings of hair clustered, shining rings of rich, rare gold; delicate, level brows, dark, beautiful eyes, a mouth that seemed at once all good and all sweetness, a delicate chin, perfectly molded—a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swimming Cavalry. Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Kabul river at Peshawar. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accoutrements, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, crossed in like manner.

He Was a Villain. Friend—Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband? Eliza—He is a villain. Friend—All men are; but what has he done? Eliza—You know he was a widower. Well, I found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when they were courting.

Friend—Well, I wouldn't mind it. He will never send you any more.—Texas Slavers. First Discovery of Coal in America. There are strong reasons for believing that we are indebted to the early French missionaries for the first discovery of coal on this continent. In McFarland's "Coal Regions of America" I find the following: "It is a remarkable fact that the first discovery of coal in America, of which an account has been preserved in a printed book, was made so far in the interior as Illinois, by Father Hennepin, more than 200 years ago."—St. Louis Republic.

March April May

Are the Best Months in Which to

Purify Your Blood Hood's Sarsaparilla

And the Best Blood Purifier is

Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood. At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness.

This demand can only be met by the purifying, enriching and Blood-Vitalizing elements to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe, at the age of 72 years, was attacked with a violent form of salt rheum; it spread all over her body, and her hands and limbs were dreadful to look at. At the same time, my little daughter Clara, who was just one year old, was attacked by a similar disease, like scrofula. It appeared in

under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but seemed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she began to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a

Healthy, Robust Child. Her grandmother took Hood's Sarsaparilla at the same time, and the salt rheum decreased in its violence and a perfect cure was soon effected. It took about three months for her cure, and she ascribes her good health and strength at her advanced age to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has certainly been a Godsend to my family." Mrs. SOPHIA WOLFE, Zaleski, Ohio.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S

A Proliferous Insect. Philadelphia Record: The infinite value of little things in their bearings upon life in this world has a most striking illustration in the history of the gypsy moth, which pest the commonwealth of Massachusetts is now importing congress to help get rid of. A Harvard professor who entertained a vain hope of advantageously crossing the European moth with American silkworm allowed his one solitary imported caterpillar to escape. What is the result today? An insect that destroys the trees within 250 square miles of territory and threatens the whole country, and several hundred thousand dollars expended all to no use. This is one curious modern version of the old Arabian fable of the giant in the bottle.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. wnu

The first mention of any sort of taxation in Greek history is a tax levied by Solon, B. C. 540.

Conceit is a dangerous foe to most men or moderate ability.

"Ransom's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Do your grumbling where nobody but yourself hears it.

Braiding remains a very fashionable trimming. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goeth.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES COLD IN HEAD Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm to each nostril. ELY'S BROS., 66 Warren St., N.Y.

WOVEN WIRE FENCE Why pay 60 to 80c a rod for fence when you can make the best Woven Wire Fence on earth, home made, strong, light and cheap? 13 to 20c. A ROD! A man and boy can make from 40 to 60 Rods a day. Over 20 different styles. Write for free book and price list. HITSZELMAN BROS., Ridgeville, Indiana.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE CO. CURED THE BR. IN 1870. Has cured thousands since and will cure yours. Send for free book and symptom blank. Price by mail \$1.00. Insufflator. DR. SYKES' SURE CURE CO., FT. CAYTON BLDG., CHICAGO Sold by all Druggists.

SEEDS Always Fresh and Reliable. Most Attractive and Inexpensive buyers catalogue ever published. FREE to all intending purchasers. Address at once, H. W. BUCKNER, Rockford, Ill. Price 10c. (Free by mail).

PATENTS Thomas P. Simmons, Washington, D.C. No. 415 F St. and Patent Office. Write for Inventor's Guide.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS?

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year as so great a loss? Buying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a Separator, and you need the BEST—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, \$75 upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue. THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO., Branch Offices: ELGIN, ILL. General Offices: 74 CORTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.