By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER 11,-(Continued.) my mind! To-morrow I will put down in writing what I wish done about her; she will not be penniless and you look after all that for her, will you And besides, as I told you, it is highly probable that such a contingency as her being left will never arrive, and that I shall live for years to look after her myself; indeed, I believe that the peace of mind your promise has given me will prolong my life to its natural

Brian looked round the room once more; were the flowers and the feminine trifles which adorned it the evidence of Miss Laybourne's taste, he wondered. "Your daughter, is she in the next

room? May I not be introduced to her?" "Oh, she has gone to bed ages ago," replied the naturalist, an answer which fully confirmed Brian in his conviction that the young lady in question was ten years old.

"Janie will take her," he thought to himself. "She is a good, motherly creature; we can have her educated with little Lorrie; one governess will do for the two, and I daresay by and by Janie will find her a husband, and I shall not have much trouble about the child."

CHAPTER III.

"Do you belong, may I ask, to the genus ape, bird or pixie?" said Brian Desmond, as he stood looking up into the branches of the cherry tree.

It was 7 o'clock in the morning. creditable hour for him to be abroad, perambulating the garden. The birds were shouting their morning paeans together, in a glorious chorus of confused sweetness. The dew lay fresh and heavy upon the grass under his feet, the flowers opened wide their starry cups to greet their lord the sun, and Brian Desmond stared up into the cherry tree, where, among the crimson drops of ruddy fruit, was perched a small, elf-like creature, with yellow hair, white garments of indistinct formation, and preternatur- thought. ally large blue eyes that gazed down gravely into his.

"Neither," answered the creature seriously. "Genus man-sex feminine.

"Indeed?" doffing his hat with mock politeness. "I am glad to have been informed of so important a fact; had you drew near the house.

not told me, I should never have divined Why did you not say a 'baby?' "Because I am a woman," she repeated seriously.

Brian laughed. This, of course, must be Miss Laybourne, his future charge, aged 10.

Indeed, seen from this lower level, crumpled up over his head, into a small twisted form between the arms of two branches of the tree, she might certainly have passed for 10 years old.

What is your name, you odd little

scribed as Catherine Elizabeth Laybourne. As I am not yet placed beneath It I have been hitherto called Kitten." "You are a very amusing kitten, at

any rate," he said laughingly. down and talk to me."

"Why should I? You get up her and

talk to me." "Good gracious! Do you know

"Thirty-eight," replied Kitten prompt-

ly, being well informed upon this par-

ticular point. "Why, you seem to know everything," answered Desmond, in surprise.

"Things are not what they seem, then. There is something I don't know yet.

If you come up here I will tell you." "Upon my life-" he began, but simultaneously he began to climb also. He swung himself lightly up on to the branch, and landed himself by Kitten's

"What is it you don't know?" he asked her, noting that on nearer inspection she certainly must be over ten.

"I don't know whether you like cherry tart or not." He forebore with wonderful self-command to express his disappointment at this apparently irrelevant

"Hum-that depends," he said meditatively. "On the cherries to begin with; they must be ripe. On the crust, which must be flaky. And upon the condiment served with it, which must be cream.

"Then you had it all last night!" she cried triumphantly. "Did you like it; was it nice?"

So it was not an irrelevant catechism but a trap to catch him, after all. He owned with confusion that he had not tasted any of the cherry tart in ques-

'Oh, what a shame! and I had thought of it so much. Why didn't you eat it?" "I really don't know,"

"It must certainly be as I said to Daddy," she remarked, surveying him reflectively with those grave infantine blue eyes; "it must be because you are

"As you are on the subject of age, perhaps you will kindly favor me with yours?" he said.

"Certainly. I am sixteen."
"Sixteen!" he cried in amazement. "Why, I thought you were only ten." "Then you were very stupid to think so," she replied, in a perfectly tran-

quil voice. He looked at her attentively. He be gan to perceive that she was no child. but a lovely girl of the most fairy-like type, a flower bud just emerging into womanhood. Her gold crowned head, her pure delicate-hued profile turned slightly from him, the transparent taper fingers that played with a cluster of erimson cherries—all were those of a

been stupid, no doubt! And then he fell to wondering what on earth he should do, should this strange, elf-like, woman-child ever be left upon his hands. Brian began to think days" are apt to be to which we have that he had undertaken rather more than

"I am going to get down now, please." "Fray allow me to assist you?" said Isrlan in his best society manner.

The nearest approach to a laugh that Kitten ever indulged in fluttered softly "Ah! that is good of you indeed, if Kitten ever indulged in fluttered softly you knew the load that you have taken from her rosy lips. In less time than it takes to describe she had swung herself lightly on to the dewy grass, and stood looking up at him with grave blue eyes in which there lurked now a suspicion of demure roguery.

"Can I assist you?" she said, gravely, Brian laughed. "What an elf you are. fear my descent will neither be so swift nor so graceful as yours, Miss Laybourne;" nevertheless he accomplished it, although in a blundering fashion.

They wandered along the garden paths together. The dew brushed against their garments, the flower dust from the golden hearts of the marigolds, and the nasturtiums was shaken by their passing footsteps. The flickering sunlight came shaft-like down through the over-arching boughs above their heads,

The professor standing between the muslin draperies of the open breakfast room window, watched them as they came slowly along. Desmond's tall head stooped toward his companion, his handsome red bronze face burnt by the sun of foreign lands, was bent with friendly kindness toward the upturned flowerlike face by his side; his eyes that were somewhat grave with the shadow of a past grief, and somewhat tender, too, with the reflex of a kindly nature, were fixed with a pleased admiration upon the girl's youth and beauty.

Kitten tripped lightly by his side, shyness was not in her; she chattered freely about the cows, and the dogs, and her pet starling in his cage, saying anything that came into her head; sometimes with the playful foolishness of a child, sometimes with that gleam of world-wise shrewdness which crossed her more frivolous moods with strange unexpected suddenness.

The naturalist looked at them both as they came nearer. His child was fair and sweet and lovely. Brian was still young, he was a good fellow, a brave man and a gentleman. Through the old man's mind there darted a sudden

"Why not?" And then he added to himself, "That would be better for her," and a smile softened his eyes as the thought grew and grew upon him more and more. "Are you coming in to breakfast, Miss

Laybourne?" inquired Desmond, as they "Breakfast! I have breakfasted al-

ready!" "On what, Queen of the Fairles?" Dewdrops, I imagine."

"No, upon cherries and milk; it was my breakfast hour you broke in upon when you interrupted me just now. You startled me so that I had not time to finish."

"I am very sorry, but you see I have no acquaintance with the habits of tree elves; no doubt you dislike me extremely for my blunder." "No, I don't dislike you," she answer-

think I like you better than I do Roy Grantley."

"And who, pray, is Roy Grantley?" "Well, he's a boy. him for years." I have known

"And yet you like me as well? Is not that rather ungrateful, Miss Kitten, to this old friend of yours? He would be angry if he heard you."

'No," she answered simply, "because he does not mind ingratitude-boys don't when they are infatuated." "And is Mr. Roy infatuated then?"

asked Brian, looking intensely amused. "Frightfully: he worships me, you know. It is tiresome."

"And how are you prepared to regard me, as a worshiper or as an object fit for worship?"

He looked at her playfully, the grave blue eyes met his, then dropped swiftly -a slow flush mounted to her brow Something in the electric glance of his eyes caused her to tremble before him with a sweet shyness that was something new to her. And Brian Desmond saw that he had awakened the woman in the child's heart.

All that day he wandered with her about the woods and the fields, with stated intervals, of course of serious conversation with her father. He picked wild flowers for her, dog-roses and honeysuckles from the hedges, long trails of briony to wind round her hat, or meadowsweet and waving rushes from the tangled fringe of the stream that ran lazily through the meadows below the

Kitten soon recovered berself, and chattered freely to him of her simple life and its pleasures. Now and then she stole a side glance up at him, and said to herself: "He is far better than Roy, though he is so old."

And Roy was away; he was paying a visit to his uncle. There was no sunburnt, shock-headed boy to come clambering over the fence to disturb her tete-a-tetes with her new friend.

"I am glad he is away," said Kitten to herself, with the ingratitude of her sex. "Roy is not amusing like Mr. Desmond; he cannot talk and understand things one is thinking about; he only looks foolish and says silly things, and he would be horribly in the way, poor

Two-three days passed away with lightning quickness; on the fourth Brian was to go. Kitten counted the lessening hours as they speeded by, with ever increasing sadness.

"Only one day more', she said to herself when it came to the last. "One more ramble in the garden. One more lunch with Daddy sitting by, talking to him of things I don't understand. Then one more afternoon together in the woods and the fields, then the evening and the dinner hour, and the stroll in the moonwoman, and not of a child. He had light for the last time. Then night, and in the early morning he will go." reckoned up the precious moments as a miser counts his gold, and after all the day was a failure, as so many "last looked forward with a trembling eager-

It rained all the morning. Mr. Des mond remained closeted in the professor's study for all the long hours between breakfast and lunch. Kitten was told by her father that she might "run away."
She pouted a little bit, and resented for
the first time being treated like a child. After a long time she heard the study door open and a step across the flagged hall outside.

"Kitten! Kitten! Where are you?" called a voice outside. A curious sense of happy shypess kept her silent. She crouched closer under the shelter of the old faded morone curtains nad was still, though her heart was beating strangely. She heard him go out into the porch, then come in again and go to the kitchen door. Keziah would surely tell him where she was. The step came back quickly, the handle of the door turned.

"Kitten, are you here?" She stooped her yellow head low over her book, there was a reason why she did not want to look up or to answer. But he saw her in her corner, a little mite all in white, with a bent, sunny head against a framework of faded red.

"Little witch! where have you hidden yourself? Why did you not answer? Why, Kitten, Kitten, what is the mat-Why, you are crying!"

She tried to turn away her tear-laden eyes and to force her lips into a smile, but the heavy drops tumbled over on to her small hands, and the rosy lips could only tremble.

"It is your last day," she said piteously; "and-and-it is half gone already."

He sat down beside her on the ground and took the small frail hands in his own. It went through his mind to ask himself who, for many a long year, had shed tears for him, because he was going away. A great tenderness filled his heart; it was not love, it was nothing like love even, it was only such a pity as might fill the heart of a strong man toward a child who is hurt. He wanted to be kind to her, to console her, to do her good, to wipe away those tears which sorrow for him had conjured up, to coax those trembling rosebud lips into a smile. "Poor little child," he said to himself; 'what can I say or do to comfort her? inches; one-half of hip measure, twen-

always?" he asked of her suddenly, "to be never parted from me?" She looked up at him swiftly, a great gush of joy flashed over her face, a smile of heaven-born happiness parted

deringly. Then her face dropped into on sides. Slit the center of front to her hands, a crimson flush rushed sud- within twelve inches of the waistline. denly over her whole face and throat and being careful not to get this slit too the small white fingers flew up to hide high or it will not protect the front the child eyes where the woman's love of the trousers. Bind the edges neathad been quickened into sudden life.

He saw then what he had done and what she fancied he had meant. He bias strip of the goods. Make two rose quickly and looked out of the win- straps to hold the apron snugly around

woman? You and I would become great leg or else arrange so that it can be friends, but, of course, it is nonsense, buttoned at one side. Button the back for you have your father;" he could not edges to hold apron around hips and tell her how that father was likely to fasten suspenders at front and back. die and leave her to his care, which was what had been in his mind when he had talked of her living with him.

away his face, she said gently: "Non- required. In the filustration the side sense, of course! as you say, I have my view shows exactly one-half of the

and quiet, there was no harm done then, apron.—Indianapolis News. he turned round and looked at her. She had risen to her feet and stood facing him with her fingers slipped into the page of her book. There were no tears now in her grave, sweet eyes, nor any burning blushes on her cheeks, she much as usual, only, perhaps, a little point can be reached at which further paler. Already the child was learning the woman's lesson, to hide the wounds reliable authority says that a certain of her heart from the eyes of the man amount of food being required to who makes her suffer.

"But I am coming back again to see you very soon, Kitten; we shall have many more good hours together in the garden and the fields."

'Yes, that will be nice."

"Now run and get your hat; see, the rain is nearly over and the sun is coming out behind that bank of cloud; by the time you have wrapped yourself up well ingures are based were not official, but we shall be able to get out and have a walk yet before lunch."

She turned to obey him in silence. (To be continued.)

Men Not Equal.

Some years ago the Chief Justice of the United States was driving in a gig and found that the tire of one of his wheels was loose and kept slipping off. He didn't know a great deal about common affairs, for he had not lived much with the common affairs of life; but he dld know that water would tighten a tire on a wheel. Coming to a little stream he drove into it and got one little section of the wheel wet; then drove out and backed his horse and the same part of the wheel went into the water again, and he pulled back and kept seesawing backward and forward, all the time getting the same part of the wheel wet.

A negro came along, and seeing the situation told the Justice to back into the water again. He did so, and the negro took hold of the spokes of the wheel and, turning it around, directly had it wet all around. The Chief Justice said:

"Well, I never thought of that." "Well," replied the darky, "some men just nat'ly have more sense than others, anyhow."

Result of One Smile.

One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted makes one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes the maker. Then why not make the two mothers-inlaw. Two mothers-inlaw make a redhot time,-Chicago to wear it? To do this, select a col-Journal.

Heroine.

Pearl-I suffered him to steal a kiss last night. Ruby-The nerve! And did you call

your mamma? Pearl-No, I am brave, I suffered in silence.

Down in Taney County a sign on a crossroads store reads as follows: and work the horse moderately dur-"Tea, underwear and maple strup; also ing the day, when the collar will dry hides, pelts and carmels; also notary publick and soft drinks."-Kansas City



New Apron for Milking.

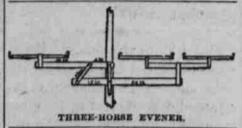
The average man on the farm does all sorts of work, hence his clothing is generally full of odors which, as they would be absorbed by the milk, makes it desirable that he be dressed especially for the work while milking. A new idea for a milking apron is here given with exact dimensions for the man of average build. This apron is fifty-two inches down the center of the front; one-half of top in front, seven



Kitten, would you like to live with me ty-five inches; length of extension at back, thirteen inches; suspender, thirty inches. Leg at lower edge 14 inches wide. To make the apron cut it from blue denim or heavy unbleached muslin, with center of front on fold of "To live with you!" she repeated won- goods and piece out the extra width ly all around with cotton braid or a the trousers leg, making the straps of "It would be nice, wouldn't it, little ample size to slip over the foot and For a large man two full lengths of goods, each one and one-half yards A silence—then as he still turned long by thirty-six inches wide will be apron and from the Illustration any He was relieved; her voice was so still housewife can cut and make this

> Feeding Hogs. A hog fed at fair profit until it reaches 200 pounds will give less profit prevent the meal from being thrown that the increase will continue with each additional pound, and a out of the trough, while the roof prefeeding can be done only at a loss. A make a gain on a hog of 35 pounds, it will require 4 per cent more food with a hog of 70 pounds to make the same gain, 14 per cent more with one of 125 pounds, 22 per cent more on hogs of 225 pounds, and 70 per cent more on those weighing 325 pounds. The tests upon which these it is a well-known fact that with increase of age more feed is required to effect a gain than at earlier age. But the light weights, those under 200 pounds, cannot be so well handled at packeries, and hence those who are feeding for market should bring them to that weight smooth and well finished. At less weight or in bad condition, it will be found that the discrimination against them is strong, so that it will always be best economy to bring them to the most rigid requirements of the market.-Agricultural Epitomist.

Serviceable Horse Evener. Here is a sketch of a three-horse evener which I use on wagon and disk harrow. A hole is made in the tongue 6 inches back of the regular one and a hammer strap with two holes in it (to match the two holes in the tongue) is put on. Strap iron is used to connect the 2-foot and 3-foot eveners. Will say that if a man has



four horses it is best to use them all on the disk harrow.-F. Ames, Farm Progress.

Fitting the Collar. The horse collar is made over a form while wet and suits the taste of collar fit the form of the neck that is lar that will fit as nearly as possible the horse it is intended for. On an evening thoroughly wet cloths enough to wrap it up, leaving the collar in that condition all night. It need not be a new one, an old one may be treated the same way. In the morning, and while wet and soft, put the collar on the horse, adjust it properly; also the hames and hame tugs, and adjust exactly to the form of the neck of the horse whose collar it must be right along. If by getting fatter | fowls will not touch,

or leaner the shape of the neck is changed, a reshaping of the collar is advisable, which can be done as in the first place.

Treating Winter Wheat for Seed In each of six years, experiments have been conducted at the Ontario Experiment farms in treating winter wheat in different ways to kill the stinking smut, and the results have been very satisfactory. Untreated seed produced an average of 3.6 per cent of smut in the crop of last year and 9.3 per cent of smut in the crop of this season. Seed wheat which was immersed for twenty minutes in a solution made by adding one pint of formaldedyde (formalin) to fortytwo gallons of water produced an average yield of grain per acre of fifty bushels in 1904 and 50.8 bushels in 1905, and that which was untreated produced only 46.6 bushels, and forty-three bushels per acre for the corresponding two years, thus making an average saving of nearly six bushels per acre. The treatment here mentioned was easily performed, comparatively cheap, effectual in killing the smut spores, and instrumental in furnishing the largest average yield of wheat per acre of all the treatments used.

are gathered for sale can be proper and of the Casualty Compa ly stored away and then go over the America, and also is connected field again, gathering up the odds and other financial and business ends which often make more than tions, one wagon load and representing several good feeds for some of the stock. If one can turn swine or sheep into the field to clean up it can generally for the House of Commons, be done with profit. Any plants with American to be thus honored. tops like asparagus may be mowed and thousands of weeds thus destroyed if the tops are burned. Then the fields are in better condition for the manure when it is time to supply it. ganization in op-The weakening meadow may be position to Ausbraced up by the top dressing of trian control, is a manure put on late, the corners can be cleaned out; the tools be taken brated revolutionunder cover and cleaned, preparatory ist, Louis Kosto being painted later on. Breaks in suth. For years fences and leaks in roofs can be re- he has been an paired. There are plenty of things to influential leader look after and the doing of them of the Hungarian means money saved or earned in every independent party case. Try it.

Cleaning Up for Winter.

Trough for Fowla. Almost ryone who has tried feed- a civil engineer, but aband ing cornmeal to chickens has had profession to enter politics, and difficulty in doing it satifactorily. The

latest idea seems to be to feed it dry. of the government. On seven The trough shown herewith is de- sions it has been reported that F signed for feeding dry meals, either



indoors or out, and for chickens as well as hens. The flat edge pleces, snown clearly in the cross-section vents rain wetting the meal or fowls

getting into the trough. Pruning Raspberries. After the fruiting season is over is a good time to cut out the old wood and leave nothing but this year's growth of canes. The canes that bear fruit this year will not bear fruit another year, consequently they should be removed, and the sooner

this is done after the fruit has been picked the better. If they are cut out at that time, the plant food taken up by the roots, all goes into the young wood, thereby inducing more vigorous growth. This method is not to be recommended, however, for sections where there is much danger of winter-killing.

Straining the Milk.

Milk should always be strained and cooled by dipping, stirring and sur- Electric Railway. Mr. Elf rounding by cold water immediately at Middlefield, N. Y., in 1856 after milking. It should always be graduate of Cornell. In 180 aired where the air is pure, at least admitted to the bar. He is all fifty feet (or more if possible) from any swift barrel, hogpen, hog yard, feed trough, barnyard, milking yard or dusty road. Two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth make a good strainer. Cloth strainers should always be thoroughly washed, then boffed and bung in a pure atmosphere to

Home-Grown Ration. In a test made at the New Jersey station a home-grown ration made up of thirty-six pounds of cowpea sliage and ten pounds of crimson clover hay, whose achievements with six pounds of corn and cob meal, costing 16.57 cents per cow per day, produced as much milk and butter as a ration in which two-thirds attorney for the of the protein was supplied by dried brewers' grains and cottonseed meal costing 17.15 cents.

Poultry Pickings. Disinfectants are cheaper than dis-

Keep pure, fresh water always within reach. To avoid disease, it is better breed away from it.

sion has been able to his much evidence of how the Fowls in confinement, to do well, need a variety of food. When chickens have bred disease,

look out for large lice. The falling off of the rooster's comb shows him to be in bad health. In selecting a location for a poul-

try yard, choose a light, sandy soil. Manure piles are good for the production of gapes in chickens. Do not condemn a breed simply because a few fewls do not come up to

your expectations. The guinea-fowl is a greater forager and destroys many insects that other



Robert H. McCurdy, who before the insurance investe committee in New York that 1893 until the



HOBT. H. M'CURDY. younger Me

began his insurance career in after his graduation from Harm the Metropolitan agency of the Life, and five years later be made superintendent of the f department. In 1903 he was general manager. Mr. McCurt born in New York City, May 26 Besides his position in the Mun he is a director of the Astor No Gather the crops clean. Such as Bank, of the Windsor Trust Con

> Waldo Story, the Bostossculptor, who is to execute a set the late Sir William Verson Ha

Francis Kossuth, under whose ership the coalition parties in H are said to be desirous of effec

son of the celeand the champion of popular rights.

Formerly he was long time has been a thorn in the Kossuth would be made premi time in 1849 the elder Koss governor of Hungary, which I clared its independence, but h compelled to flee from his native try and lived in exile many ye

Gen. G. W. Mindil, United Str praiser of diamonds that come i York, declares that they have so William Caryl Ely, who !

elected president of the res American Street and Interni WHY AM



the Den nomination for justice of the 8 Court. He was one of the pa of the Ningara Falls Power and of the Buffalo and Niga

was hone

men that haunted the clockro House and Senate for a good Dr. Victor Nilsson of Misses been chosen to edit the new man sical journal of the America

The late Gen. Sherman was at

Swedish Singers. Charles Evans Hughes, nominated for Mayor of Gre York by the Republican dy tion, is a lawyer for years have kept him in the public eye. Just now he is Armstrong commission of the New York State Legislature, which is inthe vestigating methods of the big life insurance com- CHAS. E. panies, and it was

money is juggled for the the officers and their fries Hughes was born at Gless Y., April 11, 1862. The late Hermann No The late Hermann Notes famous surgeon, wrote as e years ago in which he said prove that the moment of dis

under his direction that the

most cases absolutely paint own death evidently con

Rev. G. W. McPherson, best known evangelists of City, plans the building of a gelistic hall seating 3,000 naving in connection with I school for evangelists,