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ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER. By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVIII. Lady Grace Farquhar's last guests were on the eve of departure, much to her husband's delight. In two days' time Mrs. Clayton would be the only visitor remaining. Mr. Hastings scarcely spoke to Miss Eyre when he did, he noticed with some secret pleasure that her color came and went, and that she seemed restless and uneasy. Lady Grace was in the garden, giving directions to the head gardener, when Mr. Hastings joined her. "I have come to ask a favor of you, Lady Grace," he said. "I am sure you will be disposed to grant it," she answered, pleasantly. "When your guests are gone, I want you all to come and spend two or three days at the Court."

"I should like it very much," she said, presently; "but Sir Clayton has the greatest dislike to leaving home when he is once settled. "If I can succeed in persuading him, will you come? I have a particular object in my request." "Oh, yes, with pleasure; I am sure Marion and Winifred will be delighted. But I am afraid you will have some difficulty with my husband."

"Mr. Hastings was, however, more successful than Lady Grace anticipated, and won the baronet's consent without much trouble. The truth was, there was a very fine library at the Court, and Sir Clayton had for some time past been anxious to consult some old and valuable works he knew to be there. "When everything was settled, Winifred heard of the arrangements with conflicting feelings. She was almost sorry that she had been included in the invitation, her presence could but awaken unpleasant memories in Mr. Hastings' mind. Tuesday came, the morning was lovely, and it was arranged that Mrs. Clayton and Winifred should ride, and that Sir Clayton should drive Lady Grace over in his phaeton. When they arrived at the Court Mr. Hastings and his friends were standing on the steps to receive them. This time he did not lift Winifred from her horse and whisper welcome, but went at once to Mrs. Clayton. Winifred felt the difference, a little bitterly, perhaps, and yet with a quick consciousness that she had no right to feel it. But when she was shown to her room, a glad thought blotted out the bitterness. Was it by accident that the walls were hung with her favorite prints, and that vases filled with scarlet geraniums and ferns—her favorite combination—were disposed all about the room? Scarcely. It must have been a wish to please her, and if she still cared about giving her pleasure, surely all the love had not died out. There was a dinner party in the evening—a very gay, pleasant party, that everyone enjoyed. Afterward Winifred sang, and was brighter and happier than she had been for many weeks. Mr. Hastings had scarcely spoken to her, but yet she was conscious that he was not indifferent to her. The next day he asked her suddenly if she would like to see her old home once more. "Yes," she said, quietly; "will you take me?" "If you go alone with me I will," he answered. "I will go, if Lady Grace does not object."

"Shall I ask her?" "Do." And they went toward Lady Grace, who was sitting reading by the open window. "I see no objection," said Lady Grace, smiling, "except that you always used to be so terribly quarrelsome. I think I must exact a promise first that there shall be no disagreement on the way." "I promise," laughed Errol. "And I," added Winifred, a shade more seriously. "Then I consent," smiled Lady Grace. They went away silently together, neither speaking until they reached the end of the broad gravel drive. Then Mr. Hastings broke the silence. "Shall we go through the woods?" "I should like to very much," she answered. "I have not been there since— And then she stopped suddenly, remembering on what occasion she had been there last. "Since when?" and he looked keenly at her. "Oh, a long time ago—more than two years." "Do you remember that bank?" Errol asked suddenly. "It was there I first saw you." Presently they came to a gate; the same gate they had stood at more than two years ago—the same at which they had parted, she suffering, he stung by remorse. He had brought her here on purpose, to test the strength of her love and forgiveness. He did not open it for her to pass through, but stopped and leaned against it. She stood in front of him, waiting patiently, and he looked intently at her. "It is two years and two months since we were here together last, Miss Eyre. You are greatly changed since then." "For the worse?" she asked, quickly. "Not as the world would think." "But as you think?" "I scarcely know. They say we are all the happier when we lose our impulsiveness and warmth of heart, and become cold and indifferent. You have found it so, no doubt?" His tone was almost harsh, and she looked up in his face sadly, and yet with infinite patience. "I cannot be angry at your saying so, Mr. Hastings. You have the right to think it." "And yet I would rather hear you deny it indignantly, Miss Eyre." "If I denied it, would you believe me?" He was silent for a moment, while there was a struggle going on in his heart. He had too much chivalry of feeling to wish her to confess herself wrong and plead to him, and yet there was a

"Had he a foreign valet, do you know, Marion?" "Not when he left London. Simmons was with him then; but he may have left; he was always threatening to leave, and then, of course, it is most probable that Francis would engage a foreigner." "Something must be done at once. You cannot go yourself, Marion—that is quite out of the question—neither can I very well. Perhaps Alfred Clayton is in town; he was coming up, I know. I will telegraph to him. Stay, I am not sure where he would be. I will go up to London myself at once."

"And Sir Clayton rang the bell and ordered the carriage. "But I feel that I ought to go myself, Sir Clayton; the letter said he wished to see me." "My dear, do not think of it; the journey would kill you. To cross the channel in this cold weather and with these tempestuous winds, would be nothing short of madness."

Sir Clayton dressed hurriedly for his journey, jumped into the carriage and drove off to the station, leaving Winifred to explain matters to his wife. He just caught the up train by a minute; the horses had accomplished the five miles in exactly twenty-two minutes. Sir Clayton had to the coachman that it was a matter of life and death, and the old man, sorely against his will, had driven his favorites the whole distance at the top of their speed. Sir Clayton reached London and drove off to the hotel where he knew Alfred Clayton always stayed when he was in town. By good fortune he had just arrived there, and was at the door ready to depart again when Sir Clayton drove up. The story was briefly told and the two men looked doubtfully at each other. "Of course I will go at once," Mr. Clayton said; "but cholera in one of those foreign holes is a nasty business. I will get a time table and see how soon I can go off. I must get you to telegraph down to Mrs. Grant at Brighton—I promised to dine and sleep at her house to-night."

"I think," said Sir Clayton, "that while you are making preparations, I will drive round to the house in Piccadilly and see if there is any further news." On arriving there he found another letter, with a foreign postmark and opened it at once. It was written by the doctor in good French, and informed Mrs. Clayton delicately that her husband had just breathed his last. "This is a sad business," said Sir Clayton, returning to the hotel; "you must lose no time in getting there. I fear he will be buried long before you reach the place, and there will be no chance of bringing the body to England. Of course, if—"

"Of course—of course!" exclaimed Alfred Clayton, hastily, and grasping the baronet's hand he hurried off. He was the next heir to all that splendid property, but for the time he felt no exultation at the thought of stepping into the shoes of the man who lay dead and alone in a foreign country. On reaching the village he found that Sir Clayton's surmise was correct, and that the rich man had been interred some days before with little ceremony. The obsequious landlord and Lupin, the valet of the dead man, were voluble in their information. From Lupin he learned that Mr. Clayton had engaged him in Paris six weeks previously, having parted in a quarrel with his English servant. At first Mrs. Clayton was shocked and stunned at the unexpectedness of the blow. She had disliked her husband, but it seemed so horrible for him to have died in that terrible way, so far from home and without a single friend. Her first resolution was to leave Endon Vale, and she sent an urgent message to her aunt to join her. This time Lady Marion made no delay in answering the summons. Lady Grace begged Fee to remain. "You are very kind," she answered. "I can scarcely thank you enough for your long hospitality, but I would rather go. Under the circumstances, I could but mar the cheerfulness that ought to reign here during the preparations for such a happy event as dear Winifred's marriage; and until I can realize my new position I would rather go away quietly to some fresh place. If you invite me later, I shall be very glad to come to you again." (To be continued.)

The Overzeal of Youth. The self-conceit of youth in business matters often receives a necessary check. Sir Edward Malet relates in "Shifting Scenes" an incident wherein he was very properly rebuked by his chief in the diplomatic service, Lord Lyons. While we were at Washington, says Sir Edward, the head of the chancery gave me a letter to which an answer had to be written, and told me to draft it. I dashed off what I thought would do, trying to make it as short as possible, and it went down for approval. In due time the box came back, the head of the chancery unlocked it, took out the bundle of drafts, and presently walked angrily to my desk, holding my

King of Angoras. America has developed an Angora buck of the highest quality, which is a great victory for those who claim that we can breed as good stock as can be found in Turkey or South Africa. Lazarus was bred by D. C. Taylor of Lake Valley, N. M., and was the champion at the recent Kansas City show. He was sold at auction to Col. C. S. Richardson of Dubuque, Iowa, for \$700, the record price for an American bred Angora.

Dairy Education. A. W. Trow, the prominent farmer, creamery man and agricultural writer, of Glenville, Minn., has recently been made a member of the educational staff of the dairy and food department in his State. His work will be very largely of an educational nature and among the farmers and dairymen. The \$30,000 annual appropriation recently voted by the Legislature, together with the improved and amended dairy laws just secured, give Minnesota splendid facilities for aiding in the most effective way her great dairy and creamery interests.

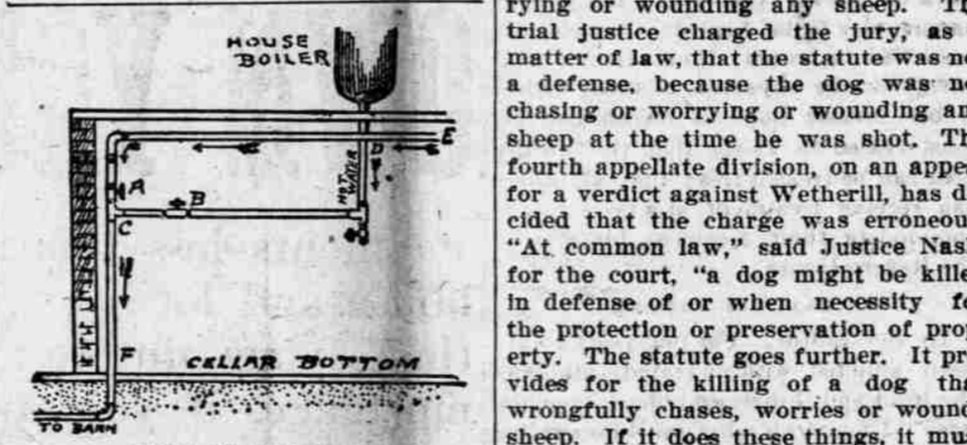
Fowls Out of Condition. During very warm weather bowel disease puts in an appearance and debilitates the members of the flock. The first thing to do is to allow no food whatever unless it is a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon in a pint of milk for twenty fowls. Be sure to secure the pure article, as cinnamon is often adulterated. A teaspoonful of tincture of nux vomica in a quart of drinking water may also be allowed, but be careful to give no food. When the hens cease laying and get out of condition, resort is sometimes had to egg foods and condition powders, which may be just the things to be avoided. Egg foods and condition powders have their places; they may be beneficial where the flock is lacking in hardiness and health, but the best course to pursue is to give no medicine or stimulants to healthy fowls, as they do not require them.

Rights of Sheep Owners. On the trial of an action brought by Agnes Smith against George Wetherill in the Oneida County, New York, court, to recover damages for the alleged unlawful killing by the defendant of her dog, the evidence showed that the animal was shot on premises adjoining those owned by Wetherill, after he had been chasing sheep. The defendant asserted that he was justified in shooting the dog under a statute which provided that any person may kill any dog which he shall see chasing, worrying or wounding any sheep. The trial justice charged the jury, as a matter of law, that the statute was not a defense, because the dog was not chasing or worrying or wounding any sheep at the time he was shot. The fourth appellate division, on an appeal for a verdict against Wetherill, has decided that the charge was erroneous. "At common law," said Justice Nash, for the court, "a dog might be killed in defense of or when necessary for the protection or preservation of property. The statute goes further. It provides for the killing of a dog that wrongfully chases, worries or wounds sheep. If it does these things, it must be killed."—American Cultivator.



Water-Heating Device. The subjoined diagram, taken from Orange Judd Farmer, illustrated how easily water can be warmed in a small way where both house and barn are furnished with running water and moderate plumbing arrangements. The pipe marked E F, running through the house cellar, furnishes water to the house and barn. By means of two short pipes, C D, the pipe from the hot water boiler in the house is connected with the pipe E F, which, as before stated, supplies the barn with cold water.

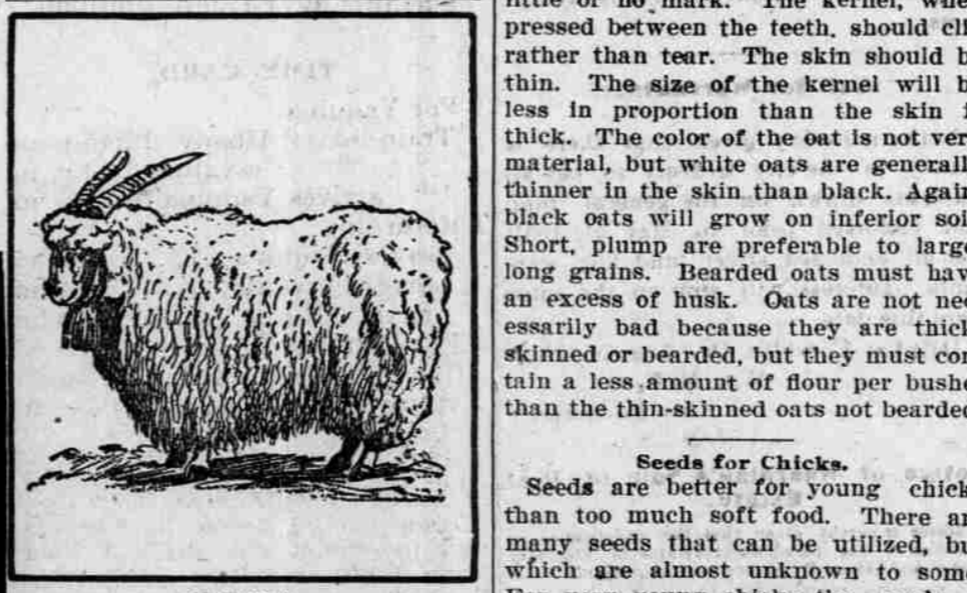
Then all that is necessary to fill the barn tub with warm water is to open the valve B and shut valve A, thus letting the warm water from the house boiler into the pipe which goes to the barn and shutting off the flow of cold. This clever little scheme has worked successfully on an up-to-date farm in Amherst, Mass., and has furnished



PLAN OF DEVICE. warm water to four cows and two or three horses for several winters. The only objection is that the good housewife sometimes objects to having her supply of hot water exhausted two or three times a day.

Relieving a Puffing Horse. Most farmers are familiar with the horse who puffs and wheezes at its work. The disease is technically known as "roaring," and is said to be similar to asthma in humans. There is really no cure for it, but the trouble may be greatly alleviated by treatment and especially by proper feeding. If the disease is not so deeply seated that the animal cannot do farm work then the feed should consist of little hay and this wet each time. Feed mainly on grains. Take one dram of iodide of potassium and mix with one-half dram nux vomica. Give this dose twice a day for two or three weeks during each bad attack and during the period let the work of the horse be that which does not require much speed. The care and treatment indicated will relieve the animal greatly, although it is doubtful if it will ever become fit for much steady work.—Indianapolis News.

Good oats. Good oats are clean, hard, dry, sweet, heavy, plump, full of flour, and rattle like shot. They have a clean and almost metallic luster. Each oat in a well-grown sample is nearly of the same size. There are but few small or imperfect grains. The hard pressure of the nail on an oat should leave little or no mark. The kernel, when pressed between the teeth, should clip rather than tear. The skin should be thin. The size of the kernel will be less in proportion than the skin is thick. The color of the oat is not very material, but white oats are generally thinner in the skin than black. Again, black oats will grow on inferior soil. Short, plump are preferable to large, long grains. Bearded oats must have an excess of husk. Oats are not necessarily bad because they are thick-skinned or bearded, but they must contain a less amount of flour per bushel than the thin-skinned oat not bearded.



LAZARUS. record price for an American bred Angora.

Seeds for Chicks. Seeds are better for young chicks than too much soft food. There are many seeds that can be utilized, but which are almost unknown to some. For very young chicks the seeds of millet, rape and hemp are excellent, and as the chicks become larger sorghum seed and buckwheat will be found better than wheat; but a ration of wheat and cracked corn will serve well for them as soon as they are large enough to eat such. If the small seeds are given the chicks they will feather with less difficulty and thrive better than when the foods are restricted to grains.

In Fly Time. A gallon of kerosene, a quart of fish oil and an ounce of carbolic acid is one of the cheapest and best homemade mixtures for keeping flies from cattle. It should be applied every morning after milking, using a good-sized hand sprayer, paying especial attention to the head, shoulders and fore legs. Spraying for flies is absolutely necessary to keep up the full flow of milk in hot weather.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Grandmother's Garden. I've been back to grandmother's garden where the dear old flowers grow. That she placed there, and tended in the summer's past, and old-fashioned flowers that used to delight her so.

There are lilacs by gate and doorway, and lilies, all in a row. Whose blossoms we fancied were trumps for fairy hands to blow. And southernwood, spicy fragrant, by the doorstone worn and low. Pinks that are rich with odors of clove and myrrh are there. And I seem, as I catch their fragrance, to be in the house of prayer, in grandmother's pew, on Sunday, close by the pulpit stair.

I can see her there with her hymn-book open at "Wells" or "Mear," With a bunch of her garden posies between its leaves, and hear The voice that has rung in Heaven for many and many a year.

Grandmother gave her flowers to crown the maiden's head When she stood at the marriage altar and a wife's "I will" is said. And they came to her for blossoms to put in the hands of the dead.

I remember the summer morning when grandmother heard the call Of the angel of death, whose summons will some day come to us all. The first of June roses were blowing down by the garden wall.

"How sweet they are," she whispered. "What dear things God has made, I am going to dwell in a country where the flowers never fade." Then she folded her hands on her bosom, and it seemed as if she prayed.

She looked so peaceful, so happy, with her hands clasped on her breast, Holding the flowers we brought her, the blossoms she loved the best. That we thought the Heaven she had gone to was a place of sweetest rest.

Over her grave in the churchyard her dear old flowers grow. But I think of her out in the garden of God, where His lilies grow. And I fancy she tends His flowers as she used to these below. —Eben E. Rexford in Home and Flowers.

New Style of Corset Cover. Here is a cut showing a new style of corset cover in white lawn and lace insertion. Lace beading, through which blue satin ribbon runs, borders the bust and is drawn to fit. The petticoat is the favorite cut, closely gored and fitted into a smooth hip yoke. It is trimmed to match the corset cover, with lace, pin tucks and ribbon.



Most Women Misshapen. A prominent American physician is responsible for the startling statement that every woman has either crooked arms or crooked legs. Inquiry among the different professors of gymnastics has brought forth much the same opinion. Women are knock-kneed, bow-legged, too lean, too fat or only partially developed, and a straight arm is very rare. Worse than all, they attribute these deformities to our manner of dressing. Tight sleeves, tight waists and tight corsets are to be blamed. A man rarely has deformed arms, because his clothing is made to allow him an opportunity to reach anywhere, and fashion does not forbid him to swing his arms when he takes his daily walk. Besides being tight, a woman's sleeves are put into a waist in such a manner as to prevent her from lifting her arms to any height. The fashionable sleeve of the last twenty years has been crooked, and woman's arms have grown as crooked as the sleeve. Bow legs and knock knees often begin in childhood, but they are finished by the high heels and narrow-pointed toes which distinguish the every-day footwear of woman.

Our own deformities may be remedied by a thorough course of physical exercise with dumb-bells and Indian clubs or any one of the excellent exercisers now on the market. Our children can be saved from deformity by care

and attention. The mother is careless often—allows her baby to stand upon tender little legs, whose cartilages are too soft to bear the weight of the body, and so bend one way or the other. If outward, the baby will have bow legs, and if in the other direction knock knees will be the result. The legs should be allowed to gain strength to bear the weight of the body. Massage for both arms and legs of a baby should accompany the daily bath.—Health Culture.

Society Woman Turns to Law. Mrs. James R. Branch is a graduate of the woman's law class of the New York university. She is a Southerner and has lately taken up a residence in

New York. Mrs. Branch is one of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a member of Eclectic. She is fond of outdoor sports and belongs to the Richmond County Golf Club. Women Are Wearing Men's Hosiery. What won't fair woman do next? The latest novelty is half-hose for women, says the New York Evening Post. They are to be had at present in only a few exclusive shops, and they are rather expensive, the cheapest being \$1. These stockings, which are designed for coolness, end just below the knee in a close ribbing, which keeps them in place. For greater security, nothing being worse from than a wrinkled stocking on a woman, there is sold a garter exactly like those worn by men. French women have worn these short stockings for some time, and one New York shop imported a few last year. The proprietor tells an amusing story to account for his first purchase. A young woman from a fashionable private school, making her summer purchases of hosiery, added a few pairs of boy's socks which she declared she intended to wear on hot days. She displayed her novel purchase to her schoolmates and the next day they flocked down to the store and bought every boy's sock in the place. The proprietor sent out an bought more small socks, all he could get of the required quality, and the school took the lot.—Philadelphia Evening Telegram.

Health and Beauty. For bee and wasp stings use carbolic acid, soda or ammonia. Never neglect to bathe the eyes occasionally in salt water. A weak solution is best. For burns use a dressing of saturated soda or equal parts of linseed oil and lime water, vaseline, sweet oil, butter—any bland oil—but on no account glycerin, which is irritating. In a case of poison ivy try a solution of baking soda or a weak solution of sugar of lead. Mackerel brine from the kit in the farm cellar or a tomato from the vines will also be found effective. In walking don't hold the leg stiff, although it must be held straight. In this way one walks with the least physical expense and with the greatest ease, comfort, healthfulness and beauty. The best treatment for a bruise is an immediate application of hot fomentations. After that witch hazel, vinegar and hot water, or alcohol and water, put on with a bandage and often moistened. During the summer weather give the children a good bath every night, but turn them loose in the day to make acquaintance with growing things and babbling brooks and all the sweet secrets that nature stands ready to reveal to the little child. When you go to the country take plenty of bandages, neatly rolled, a case of corset plaster, your family doctor's prescription for any special attack that any of the family are subject to, a small bottle of Jamaica ginger or paregoric, a package of mustard plasters, then hope you will find occasion for none of them. Double Chin Cured. A double chin is a hard thing to remove by home treatment, but it can certainly be modified by persistent daily application of the following treatment: Grasp as much of the chin as can be held between the thumb and forefinger, and twist until it slips out. Do this many times on both sides of the chin. One can form the habit of doing it when reading.



MRS. JAMES R. BRANCH.