

CHAPTER III - (Continued.) On the day after the Major's dinner party, Isabella was sitting in the ver-anda with a book open on her lap and Dido standing gravely near her. Mrs. Dallas in the cool depths of the drawing-room, was indulging in an afterluncheon siests. The sunlight poured itself over the velvet lawns, drew forth the perfumes from the flower beds, and made the earth languorous with heat

In the veranda all was cool and restful and pleasingly silent. Isabella, in her white dress, looked beautiful and pensive, while Dido, in reddish-hued robe, with a crimson kerchief twisted round her stately head, gleamed in the semi-gloom like some gorgeous tropical bird astray in our northern climes. Both mistress and maid were silent.

It was Dido who spoke first. She noticed that the eyes of her mistress constantly strayed in the direction of "Ashantee," and with the jealousy begotten of deep affection, she guessed that the girl's thoughts were fixed upon Maurice. At once she spoke reproachfully, and in the grotesque negro dialect, which, however, coming from Dido's mouth, inspered no one

"Aha, missy," said she, in deep guttural tones, "you tink ob dat yaller-"Maurice! Yes, I'm thinking about

him; and you know why."
Dido's fierce black eyes flashed out a gleam of rage, and she cursed Maurice audibly in some barbaric tongue which Isabella seemed to understand. At all events she interrupted the woman's speech with an imperious gesture

No more of that, Dido. You know that I love Maurice; I wish to marry Why are you so bitter against "He take you from me." "Well, if I marry anyone the same thing will happen," responded Isabel-la, lightly; "and surely, Dido, you do

not want me to remain a spinster all my life." No, missy, no! You marry, an' ole

Dido am berry pleased. But 'sr-ha'r man, I no like him." "We are engaged."

"Your mudder, she say no!"

"Nonsense! She likes Maurice herself," replied Isabella, uneasily. wants our engagement kept quiet for the present, but when I do tell Major Jen and my mother. I am sure nelther of them will object."

"H'm, we see, missy, we see," said do, darkly. "But why you marry dis man I no like?"

"Because I marry to please myself, mot you," said Isabella, sharply. "Oh, I know your thoughts, Dido: you would Fixe me to marry David Sarby. The idea! as if he can compare with Mau-

"Wrong, missy. I no wish dat man." Then Dr. Etwald-that horrid, gloomy creature!"

Him great man!" said Dido, sol-"Him berry-berry great!"

"I don't think so," retorted Isabella, sing. "Of course, I know that he is clever, but as to being great, he isn't to the end of the veranda, and stood for a moment in the glare of the sun-shine. Suddenly an idea seemed to sive attitude. strike her, and she turned towards the

"Dido, you wouldn't like to see me the wife of Dr. Etwald!" "Yes, missy. Him berry big great man! He lub you. He told old Dido

"He seems to have been very confidential," said Isabella, scornfully, from what I have seen, Dido, he has

some influence over you." "No," said the negress. But while her tongue uttered the denial, her eyes rolled uneasily round the lawn, though dreading some invisible prespence. "No, missy. Dido a great one, you know. She no 'fraid ob dat doctor; but him big man, missy; you mar-

"I love Maurice!" "You nebber marry him, missy. Neb-

ber, nebber! I make de speil. I know. De spell say dat doctor he marry you! Well, Dido,, we will see. And now She never finished what she was

about to say, for at that homent Dido stretched out one arm. Across the lawn man, with a cringing manner. He was boy white, but darkish in the skin, and there was something negroid about his face. This dwarfish little creature was tramp, who had become a pensioner of Isabella's. He had attached himself to her like some faithful dog, and rarely failed to present himself at least

once a day. What his real name was nobody knew, but he said that he was called Battersa. He was cringing, dirty, and altogether an unpleasant object look upon; but Isabella was sorry for the creature, and aided him with food and a trifle of money. It may be here mentioned that Battersea, although he knew nothing of Obl. was terribly afraid of Dido. Perhaps some instinct in the negro blood-for he undoubtedly had something African in his veins made him fear this unknown priestess of fetish-worship.

Well, Battersea," said Isabella, kindly, "how are you to-day?"

"Very well, lady, very well, indeed. I met Mr. Aylmer, and he gave me a That was generous of him! But,

"Because I said that a certain lady

"Now, now," laughed Isabella, "no move of that nonsense, Battersea." She | She had exerted her magnetic and |ing \$5,600,000

turned and ran along the veranda into the house. The tramp and the negress

"What de doctor say?" said Dide, in low-voiced whisper.

"Two words. The devil-stick." The negress started, and threw up er hands in surprise.

CHAPTER IV.

Evidently there was an understandures, and thereby an occult connec-ion with the ideas and doings of Dr. Stwald. What the trio were plotting against Isabella and her lover remains to be seen; but it can be guessed easily that the message of the devil-stick carried by Battersea to Dido was of ome significance.

Eattersea himself knew nothing of its esoteric meaning, but to the negress the mention of the emblem conreyed a distinct understanding. et her arms fall listlessly by her side, and, with an unseeing gaze she stared at the green trees bathed in hot sunhine. After a moment or so, she mutered to herself in negro jargon, and lenched her hands.

"Baal! the wand of sleep! the bringr of death!"

"What are you saying, Dido?" asked Sattersea, his feeble intellect scared y the florce gestures and the unknown

"I say deep things which you no understan'. Look at ole Dido, you white man,"

Battersea whimpered, and, rubbing one dirty hand over the other, did as e was requested with manifest unwil-With an intensity of Dido glared at him steadily, and swept er hands twice or thrice across his face. In a moment or so the tramp was in a state of catalepsy, and she made use of his spellbound intellicence to gain knowledge. There was thus exercised in the full sunlight.

"De debble-stick. Whar is it?"
"In the house of Major Jen. In a ittle room, on the wall, with swords and axes."

As he said this in a monotonous tonlooked across the tree tops to where the red roofs of "Ashantee showed themselves against a blue July sky. She shook her fist at the distan ouse, and again addressed herself imperiously to Battersea, commandin "Tell ole Dido ob de debble-stick."

"It is green, with a handle of gold. and blue stones set into the gold. Dido bent forward, and touched the

tramp on his temples.
"See widin dat stick," she muttered,

eagerly. "I wish to see."
"There is a bag in the handle," repeated Battersea, with an effort. der the bag a long needle," then, after pause, "the needle is hollow.

"Is der poison in de bag, in de hol-"No!" said Battersea, again. "The

poison is dried up!"

At this moment a noise in the house disturbed Dido, and with a pass or two he released Battersea from the hypknown beyond this place." She walked notic spell. He started, rubbed his eyes, and looked drowsily at the tall negress, who had resumed her impas-

"What have you been doing, Dido?" he asked, stupidly.

was the brief reply. "You hab told old Dido what she wish about de debble-stick.

"The devil-stick," repeated the tramp, in wide-eyed surprise. "I don't now anything of it. Dr. Etwald met me, and ses he, 'You go to Miss Dal as,' and I ses, 'I does;' and he ses, You'll see Dido,' and I ses, 'I will:' and he ses, 'Say to her "Devil-stick," an' I ses, 'Right y'are, sir.' But es to know-

"Dat nuffin!" said Dido, with a lordly wave of her hand. "I black; you nab de black blood in youse also. I mek you do Obl. Um!

"What's Obi? What's you torkin' 17" asked Battersea, rather nervous-'ow does you know I hev lack blood?"

"Obl say dat to me. Your mudder black?"

"Yah!" cried Battersea, derisively. You're out of it. My mother white: but my father," here he hesitated, and then resumed-"Yes, you're right, there crept a wizen, grey-haired little do; my father was a negro! A Seedes

by who was fireman on a liner."
"I hab seen dat," replied Dido, nodding her head. "Black blood in youse, an' I can do Obl on you. I send your spirit to de house of Massa Jen! tell me ob de debble-stick. But I take care ob you. Now git to de kitchen;

dere am food for you." The old man's eyes brightened in anoff round the corner as quickly as his age would allow him. Dido looked after him for a moment, considering the message he had brought from Dr. Etwald, and then began to think of the devil-stick.

She knew very well what it was, for her grandmother had been carried off as a slave from the west coast of Africa, and knew all about Ashantee orcery and fetish rites. had repeated to her granddaughter. Dido, with the result that Dido, cherishing these recollections, knew exactly how to use the wand of sleep. She had spoken about it to Dr. Etwald, quite ignorant that Jen kept one as a curios. ity, and now Etwald had intimated through Battersea that he wished her to do something in connection with the stick. What that something might be, Dido, at the present moment, could not

apparete influence over Battersea, not that she wished for a detailed descripion of the wand, for already she knew ts appearance, but because it might that it would be necessary to ise the tramp for certain purposes connected with the discovery of se-crets. Dido exercised a strong influace over this weak old creature.

Eattersea was supposed to be a Christian; but the barbaric fluid in his veins inclined him to the terrible gro-tesqueness of African witchcraft, and nstinct in his mind. The negress saw hat accident had placed in her way a hat accident had placed in the of use ing piles or posts is shown in the he contrived to keep him within her of the most useful implements that I lower. All of which fantasy would have on the farm, writes J. L. Masave been denied by the average news- comber in Farm and Home. This deaper reader, who cannot imagine such vice is of very simple construction, and things taking place in what he calls aside from the few pieces of iron, pul-euphoniously a Christian land. But this happened, notwithstanding.

Having dismissed Battersea, the ne- make it at home. gress turned to seek Isabella. She was so devoted to her nursling that she of good solid oak 6x4 in. thick. The ould hardly bear to be away from her; and since her infancy Isabella had scarcely been absent an hour from her strange attendant. The girl had gone into the drawing-room, where Dallas was still sleeping; and there, relieved for the moment from the prying eyes of the negress, she took a etter out of her pocket. It was from Maurice, stating that he was coming to see her that afternoon at 3 o'clock, as he had something particular to say. It was now close upon the hour, and

Isabelia was wondering how she could get rid of Dido, whom she did not wish to be present at the coming interview. The inborn jealousy of the woman, and her advocacy of Dr. Etwald's suit, made her an unpleasant third at such a meeting; moveover, Maurice instinctively disliked this sulen creature, and was never quite easy

und back of the house and meet Maurice at the gate. She put on a traw hat, and ran lightly away to see ntervening space of lawn, and slipped braces, e, may be 2x4. For the weight, ue near the gates.

Just as she emerged into the open. he heard a sharp click, and turice approaching. He was dressin his flannels, and looked particurly handsome, she thought; the more ip at her unexpected appearance. tagnetism of love drew them irresisti- end of each runner, through which y together

My own dear love," he murmured, softly. "How good of you to meet

"I came down here to escape Dido," explained Isabella, slipping her hand within his. "You don't like her to be

ling. She is like a black shadow of block, 1, unhooking it from the ring, evil always at your heels. I must get 1, which is attached to the driver our mother to forbid her trespassing block. Four or five blows will usually pon our meetings."

My dear Maurice, how can you possibly do that, when you refuse to tell my mother of our engagement?"
"Oh, I had a reason for keeping our

engagement secret, but it is no longer ecessary, and I am going straight to 'or itself in a short time. sk your mother to give me this dear and in marriage. If she consents, we "But my mother may not consent,"

said Isabella, a trifle nervously.
"Why not? I have a profession and small property. We love one anoth-

dearly, so I don't see what ground e has for refusal. I wish to tell your other of our engagement; for I must scue you from the influence of that rk Jezebel. She is dangerous."

"I know she is; but she hates ou!" "I don't care for her hate," replies hing, and cannot possibly harm urely Mrs. Dallas will not let herself guided in so important a be the will and feelings of that black

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

The Most Dramatic Scene In the History of Fontainebleau.

It was at Fontainebleau that Napoeon received the Pope in 1804. It was at Fontainebleau that he imprisoned the Pope-the apartment which served as his prison is still shown-in 1812 and 1813. Finally, for Nemesis would leverage. A rope or a chain attached have it so, it was at Fontainebleau to the short end of pole is thrown that Napoleon signed his abdication around the shock about half way up. and said farewell to his army in 1814, and a fork handle thrust through at the head of Cour du Cheval Blanc whole shock is lifted on the rackand placing himself at the head of the Farm and Home. guard as if for a review.

"For twenty years," he said, "I have been well content with you and you have always been with me on the path of glory. With your help and that of all the brave men who are still loyal I could have carried on the war for three years longer, but France would have suffered, and I did not wish that to happen.

"I might have died-that would have been easy-but I would not. I prefer to follow the path of honor and to write the history of our exploits.

"I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General Petit. Bring me the eagle! Dear eagle! May these kisses find their echo in every brave man's heart!

"Farewell, my children!" That surely is the most pathetic as ft is also the most dramatic scene in the whole history of Fontainebleau.-T. P.'s London Weekly.

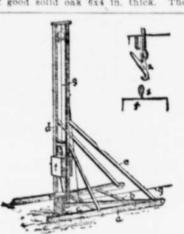
The Nature of It. "A hotel keeper has an occupation which inclines him to amiability."

"How so?" "Because to all inquiries about rooms, no matter how put, he likes to give a suite answer." - Baltimore American.

American capitalists are trying to form a merger of every acre of timberproducing land in Novia Scotia, invest-



re, by hypnotizing him once or twice, sketch. I consider a post driver one leys and the rope, any farmer can



THE HOMEMADE POST DRIVER.

Finally, Isabella decided to slip grosspieces, b, are of 4x4 oak, placed about 3 ft. apart. Firm braces, c, of 1x6 scantling, will strengthen the er lover. She passed out by a side frame. The uprights, d, are 14 or 16 danced like a fairy across the ft. long, as desired, of 4x4 cak. The ughingly into the narrow path which I, a wooden block may be used, which ound through the wood to the ave- is either square or round. It should be about 18 inches in diameter and 214 ft. long, of solid oak or hickory. Some wood that will not split readily is best. Grooves should be made in the side of the weight to take in the full width when she beheld his face lighting of the uprights. It is a good plan to The bore an inch hole through the rear a peg may be driven to hold the device in position while the post is being driven.

The working of this device is simple. The weight is drawn up by horses hitched to the end of a rope, and when it arrives at the top of the uprights it "I don't like her in any case, my dar- is released by the hook, 2, striking the drive a pointed post to the required depth. Two men and a team will drive one-half to three-quarters of a mile of posts in a day. The cost of such an implement is about \$5, and will pay

Swing for Loading Fodder.

There are a large number of contrivances made for loading shock fedder onto a wagon, some better than others. with a canthook can do as much or The illustration herewith shown is one even more than two without it. The that is in use in some localities where handle should be about 5 feet long and a good deal of fodder is cut up. The the iron hook about 12 inches. Or if rear ladder is substituted with a stout very large logs are to be used, 15 post, well anchored to the rack, on inches. The hook should work loosely top of which is a pole so adjusted as - 1 a bolt through the handle and the ation for my version of the hymn. I to be able to reach out to one side for "business end" be slightly curved inthe fodder and the other with proper ward and always kept sharp.



Let Her Scratch.

The importance of exercise for poulpertinently remarks that "scratching and cheese,

to get a minute's peace from mittes and other pests is not the right kind of exercise." The truth is obvious.

Give the fowls plenty of encourage ment to scratch for their grain feed by keeping a portion of each pen deeply bedded with leaves or straw. There is nothing like it for promoting thrift and contentment among a flock of fowls in the winter, and it is also a great aid toward getting fertile, hatchable eggs.

Small Farms.

The farm unit is gradually becoming smaller with the advance in the price of land. A well known real estate agent in a certain locality told us recently that he had ten times as many calls for 40 acres as for 160 acre farms. The small farm is the best farm, all things considered, and people are gradually coming to realize it and to look for small farms when purchasing. The farmer of to-day is beginning to learn that it is better to tramp over less ground and grow more to the acre. The taxes and fences on a large farm sometimes amount to more than the crops. There is great economy in all lines in the cultivation and management of a small farm. When the farmer knows that he has but a few acres to plant to corn, or any other crop he will use better zeed, fertilize more heavily and cultivate better. If he grows seventy to eighty bushels to the acre, say on ten acres, he is much better off than the larger farmer who cultivates twice as mucand gets only thirty to forty bushels of corn to the acre.-Chicago Weekly

Killing Weeds.

A great deal is heard about chemical weed destroyers and improved methods for eradicating weeds. Some of the improved methods are worthy be the means of destroying many of the weeds Many of them, however, are not practical and should never be

considered by the farmer. Professor Beal of the Michigan station comes forward with an entirely new means of destroying weeds which, if followed, is certainly the most practical of all other methods, except the hoe. The professor says that where Out the Life Line," sat placidly among soils are reasonably rich as a result of these mementos of fearful storms the growth of legume, there are few weeds. Lands which have been in alfalfa or clover for a number of years have few weeds. For all weedy lands Des Moines Register and Leader says. the professor suggests that the farm-

Labor-Saving Log-Roller.

On every farm where there is timber of large size there ought to be a canthook, an implement shown in the began thinking about a hymn that picture from Farm

heavy logs. It will

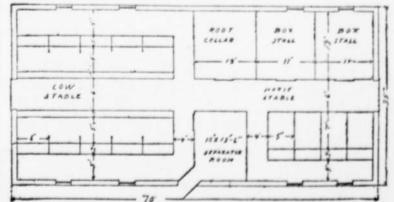
Selecting Laying Hens.

Not enough importance is usually attached to the selection of laying hens. They must be properly cared for, if they are to lay well during both winter and summer. Houses must be kept sanitary and the fowls free from vermin. Care must be exercised to avoid their being chased by dogs or other animals, or unnecessarily frightened. Poultry houses must be well ventilated, and one or more windows should be opened every bright day, so that the house will not become warm during the day and grow cold again at night.

Dairying and Price of Land.

Dairying in Holland is the principa: ccupation. The land is worth from coming down the horseshoe staircase above it so it will stay there and the \$500 to \$1,000 an acre, yet the people pay their rents or interest on the investment by producing butter and cheese, which they place on the European market in successful competition with that produced in America on land try might well be placed subordinate of less than one-fifth the value. The only to good housing and feeding. But secret is-efficient cows, excellent care, a writer in an agricultural monthly co-operation and superiority of butter

PLAN OF STABLE



The accompanying plan is a very convenient stable arrangement and economical of room. Rolling doors are shown on almost all the openings, but swing doors can be substituted if desired. Corrugated iron is recommended for the roof, as the wood covering to which roofing is attached may be only 1 1/4 x3 inch strips spaced 20 to 24 inches on centers. About fortyone squares will cover roof and to give nicely proportioned building the rafters exclusive of projections should be the same length on both roofs and the slope of the lower should be 56 degrees from the horizontal, while that of the upper will be 26 degrees. To frame and inclose barn alone would cost about \$200.

FASHION HINTS



Russian influence is strongly felt some of the newest fashions, street and evening wear. The accompanying sketch shows a walking custume cream serge, with trimmings of lavender and cream braid. It is very dashy and attractive, and is one of the many pretty things now made for southern wear.

TELLS OF HIS FAMOUS HYMN.

Faces of Street Audience Gave Minlater Inspiration for "Life Line."

Surrounded by a model of a Lyle gun, a piece of cable, life buoys, megaphone, wig-wag flags, tallboards containing instructions to sailors and two life ropes, the Rev. E. S. Ufford, of Rockland, Me., evangelist and author of the famous revival hymn, "Throw which have raged along the New England coast, in the Union station waiting for his train to Minneapolis, the

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is an evangelist ers seed the land down for either al- and this paraphernalia, which has falfa or clover and to make sure that been actually used in the rescue of the seeding is sufficient to cover the sailors from wrecked vessels and was ground. Keep the ground in legume presented to him by captains of life for a number of years and the weeds saving stations at Cape Cod and Nanwill nearly all be destroyed. This tucket, is used by him in his evangelsounds much more sensible than chem- latic services to illustrate his sermons.

"I was aiding a pastor in East Boston one Sunday night in 1884, and when we were returning home after the service the subject of conversation turned on evangelists and hymns. I would reach the people. My father World, for the and grandfather had been choir leadpurpose of moving ers before me and I had been praying that I should write a song that would save a tremendous live long after I had passed away. On amount of heavy the afternoon of that Sunday I went lifting and one man to the village square and spoke to non-church goers. As I looked upon the faces of those about me-faces upon which were written the story of sin-they seemed to be like perishing men in the billows of death. This must have suggested to me the inspir-

> "It has been often thought that I at one time must have been associated with seafaring men to give so vivid a picture as the lyric depicts, or that I had dashed off the stanzas after witnessing a wreck of some vessel. Neither surmise is correct. It is simply a mental picture which came to me a quarter of a century ago, vivid to be sure, but to which I added the

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is building & unique church by popular subscription and from the royalties received from his hymn. A large anchor is supported over the tower. The building is divided into two parts, an auditorium and a parlor. Over the rostrum is a painting by the noted artist, Charles C. Murdock, and represents Christ in the act of saving Peter from the waves. The frieze around the auditorium represents Columbus' caravels coming to America. The church is appropriately located at the corner of Water and Ocean streets in Rockland. His study is in the church tower overlooking the bay.

"My church will be known as the Temple of Galilee, or the People's church, and will always be open to people of all creeds."

In Extennation.

A little girl between 4 and 5 years of age came running in from sliding one day and exclaimed to her mother: "Oh, mamma, did you see me go down? I went like thunder!"

To her mother's astonished question as to whom she had heard say that the little one replied, "Well, mamma, you know you said one day 'as quick as lightning,' and it always thunders after it lightens, doesn't it?"

A widow's plea of popularity is to

have the men call her "trrestatible." CORI 18 optaine, in many parts of New Zealand, but the chief mines are in the Westport district, in Bouth Nelson; the Grey district, in Westland; in Otago and Auchland. The best coals occur in the two former, the Westport mines preducing a quality scarcely equaled throughout the world.

The Birer during. The bistorie river Jordan has its

origin in one of the largest springs in the world.