



CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

At last a battle was imminent. There had been terrible girdings in the papers at the long delay; all sorts of disasters were prophesied; the intrenchments were impregnable—thousands of troops were marching to the aid of Arabi—a battle, even if we were successful, must inevitably be attended with fearful loss of life. On the night of the 12th June did not close her eyes. All night long she saw the picture she had seen that night when Dallas was trying on his belt and waving his sword in the air. That had been a presentiment, she felt sure. On the morning, or the day after, she would take up the paper and read his name among the dead, as she had done in fancy a hundred times.

All the morning of the 13th she went about looking like a ghost, with pale lips and hollow eyes. At noon Tom brought the news to her. Even he was elated and interested this time. "Glorious news!—a tremendous victory; our loss comparatively trifling."

A momentary sense of relief came over June, to be crossed immediately by a misgiving. "A comparatively trifling loss" to a nation may mean hundreds of stricken homes, hundreds of broken women's hearts.

"She must ask the question," "The Guards?" she faltered.

Tom did not know; no particulars had arrived yet; this was only a telegram from the station. But he would ride over himself at once; for, even if he had been jealous of Dallas, he did not forget in the moment of danger that he was his cousin, and was really anxious to hear of his safety.

The time until Tom returned seemed like eternity. Even then the news was meager. The brunt of the loss had fallen on the Highland regiments; it was thought the Guards had not been actively engaged.

Mrs. Trevanion was to arrive that evening. She would be sure to know.

Mrs. Trevanion came, armed with the latest intelligence. She had called in Downing street before going to the station, and had heard the last intelligence from a personal friend. Foot Guards under fire, but in second line.

The third week of Mrs. Trevanion's visit was drawing to a close. It was a dull, gray afternoon. June was covering over a fire; she had a fit of shivering, and felt more than usually unwell. For the last few days a listless feeling had crept over her; she had no appetite, and felt ill and depressed. She had refused to have a doctor, but to-day Mrs. Trevanion had insisted, and a servant had been dispatched to summon him.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Trevanion, "how Dallas is getting on? I don't think his last letter was quite so cheery as usual. He had looked forward so much to Cairo, but it seems they are all disappointed and disgusted with it, and would rather be in the desert."

"Oh," exclaimed June, suddenly, with her eyes fixed on the window, "there is Agnes. I am getting positively to hate the sight of her."

"Leave her to me," observed Mrs. Trevanion. "I will talk to her."

A minute later, Miss Ellesmere was announced. She came in with a longer face than usual, and in her hand she held an orange envelope.

As June saw it, a deadly chill took possession of her; she shivered violently; her teeth chattered in her head.

"I have some dreadful news," said Agnes, fixing her cruel eyes on June's face. "This telegram came for mamma from Aunt Violet. She was out, and papa opened it. Mr. Broke died of fever last night in Cairo."

Mrs. Trevanion uttered a cry, then, starting up, ran to June.

She had turned white as death, and was falling back senseless in her chair.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Nevil was carried upstairs to bed, and it was more than a month before she was able to be moved from it again. The doctor pronounced that she was sickening for a fever—typhoid, he feared. From the moment when Agnes told the cruel news, she never perfectly recovered consciousness, but was either insensible or delirious.

The day after June was taken ill little Tom began to sicken, and in five days he died. Sir Thomas was like one stunned; but his intense anxiety about his wife made the loss of the child perhaps less agonizing. If only June were spared to him, he felt he could bear that other grief, awful though it was; he realized once again how he loved his wife, and what her death would mean to him. His remorse was grievous to witness. He made no attempt to conceal it from Mrs. Trevanion. Indeed, it was the only thing he could talk of. He clung to her, imploring her not to leave him. He seemed to hang on her presence as the only chance of saving his darling.

To Mrs. Trevanion's relief, the name of Dallas never crossed June's lips. During those dreadful days of her poor little child's illness, death and burial, June was happily unconscious. She knew nothing of Tom's agonised face, as he came in with hushed steps and haggard eyes from that other chamber where half his hopes lay dead—from the little waxen figure that it would have broken June's heart to see. This anguish at least she was spared.

his wife's room and look at her in dumb despair.

After the twenty-first day June took a turn for the better. For the first time she looked at Mrs. Trevanion with recognition in her eyes, and put out a wasted waxen hand to her.

"Have I been ill?" she asked, in a languid voice.

"You will soon be well now, dear child," answered Mrs. Trevanion, in her cheeriest tones.

"Where is Tom?" she asked, presently.

"Would you like to see him?" June made a gesture of assent, and Mrs. Trevanion went to fetch him.

"But," she said, as he was preparing with alacrity to obey the summons, "not in these clothes," looking at the mourning garments he was wearing for his lost heir. "And if," he voice faltering, "if she asks for the poor darling, you must try to command yourself, and say that he has gone away to stay."

Tom arrayed himself in an old shooting suit, and went on tiptoe to his wife's room. What an eager light there was in his honest face as he approached the bed and once more saw recognition in the eyes of his beloved! She smiled faintly and held out her hand to him, and he took it in his as tenderly as though it might melt away at a touch.

"Where is little Tom?" asked June, faintly. "I want to see all the family."

Mrs. Trevanion saw the convulsive working of Tom's face, and hastened to interpose.

"He is with his grandmother, darling," she said, thinking sadly of June's dead mother; but June understood, as it was meant she should, that he was with Mrs. Ellesmere.

"Fancy Tom letting him out of his sight!" she murmured, and then sank back tired, and said no more.

That night, as Mrs. Trevanion was sitting by her bedside, thinking she was dozing, June suddenly opened her eyes, and, with a fixed look, said:

"Is it true?" "Is what true, dearest?" "Dallas!" uttered June, in a low voice.

Mrs. Trevanion hid her face in her hands, and the tears fell thick and fast through her fingers.

"How hard!" said June, and then closed her eyes and relapsed into silence.

The doctors now gave every hope of her recovery. When she was well enough to be moved, she was to be taken to the seaside, and, as Mrs. Trevanion could no longer be spared from home, Mrs. Bryan was to be installed as head nurse.

"Oh," said Tom, in a melancholy voice, as they sat together after dinner on the last evening, "what shall I do without you? I don't believe my poor little girl would ever have pulled through but for you."

"When she is stronger, you must tell her," answered Mrs. Trevanion, with tears in her eyes. "And when you talk about your dreadful loss, it will be heart-breaking at first, but it will draw you closer together afterward. And now," looking very kindly at his griefed face, "do you feel sufficiently friendly to allow me to take a liberty?"

At this Tom jumped up, and, coming round to her, seized her hand and held it fast.

"What in the world might you not say or do?" And he took the chair beside her.

"You know," said Mrs. Trevanion, after a slight pause, "when our poor darling was so ill and we did not know which way it might turn, I would not allow you to reproach yourself in any way on her account; but, now that she is going to get quite well and strong again, you must be all in all to each other, just as you were when first you married."

Mrs. Trevanion paused a moment; then, looking at him very kindly and speaking in a low but resolute voice, she proceeded: "No third person ought ever to be allowed to come between a husband and wife. The cause of most of the misunderstanding between you and dear June has been the interference of Miss Ellesmere."

"Yes, yes," said Tom, heartily. "I am sure you are right. But I think, with poor Agnes, it was what you would call want of tact more than anything else. However," seeing the expression of dissent on his friend's face, "it shall never happen again. No one—nothing—shall ever come between my wife and me. Please God she gets well, she shall have it all her own way."

Mrs. Trevanion smiled. "I think you will find," she said, "that June is less likely to be spoiled by too much kindness than by the other method. And I am quite sure that a man as good and kind as you are ought to make any reasonable woman happy, and will do so when left to yourself."

"Oh," cried Tom, deprecatingly, "don't say anything about me! I'm a very poor sort of chap, I'm afraid!"

"No, you are not," said Mrs. Trevanion, smiling and putting out her hand to him. "But you are none the worse for being modest, and when I come to stay with you again I know I shall find you the happiest couple in the world."

befallen them. June had almost recovered her health, though not her spirits. Her child's death had been a crushing blow; it seemed to her a sort of divine retribution for having thought too little of him in his lifetime.

Six months ago anyone might safely have predicted that the boy's death would have fallen ten times more severely on Tom than on June; but such was not the case. Tom was almost cheerful, while his wife was a prey to the deepest grief. Now Tom only had one object in life—to devote himself to June, to heap love, affection, caresses upon her, to prove to her beyond all doubt how thoroughly and entirely she occupied his heart. And June, if she remained sad, thoroughly appreciated his kindness and tenderness, and was always ready to reciprocate it after a gentle and subdued fashion, very different from her gay, coquettish manner of old. Time would doubtless bring that back, but it would have been strange and unnatural that she should so soon forget.

Her heart had returned to its old allegiance. Tom was again the one man in the world whom she loved, and whose existence was necessary to her. When she thought of her dead young hero, it was with the tenderness of a sister's love, and she could thank God, oh, how fervently! that no word had ever been spoken between them that might tarnish her memory of him or cause her a single pang of self-reproach.

Mr. and Mrs. Carslake were their only guests, and thoroughly congenial ones. Madge's brightness and gaiety, tempered by her sympathy for her cousin's distress, made her presence most welcome to June, and Mr. Carslake, who possessed a very kind heart and considerable tact, was excellent company for Tom. He was, moreover, an excellent sportsman, and, with his host, enjoyed the capital sport which the place afforded. Madge was exceedingly happy. Being neither quite so sentimentally inclined nor so exacting as her cousin by disposition, she was in no danger of suffering disappointment or disillusionment, and was perfectly satisfied with the very real if undemonstrative-in-public affection of her lord.

"I am sure," she said, laughing, to June, "any one might think that you and Tom were bride and bridegroom rather than Robert and I. As for Tom, I believe he must have been taking lessons in the art of love making, he does it so well."

Tom and Madge had made up their differences and were on the old affectionate terms again.

One morning as the four were sitting at breakfast, the letters, unusually late, were brought in. Presently the rest of the company were startled by a whoop in the old style from Madge, as she started up and executed one of the pas seules due to the days of her youth, but which she had relinquished since she had arrived at the dignity of the marriage state.

"Madge!" remonstrated her husband, pretending to look shocked, but inwardly amused.

"This letter," cried Madge, waving it in the air, "contains the most delightful news in the world—news that will fill each of your separate and all your collective hearts with joy when you hear it. I will not take up your time by asking you to try and guess, because you never would. Our dear Agnes is about to become a Bishopess. But do not, my loves, be too elated by the grandeur of the connection. He is only a colonial bishop. Listen to mother's letter."

"It seems that Agnes produced a great impression upon him when he saw her a year ago at the Marston's. He thought her so very sweet, and was so struck by her earnest interest in mission work. So he begged Mrs. Marston to invite them to meet again, and proposed to her the day before yesterday. She is to accompany him to Africa in the spring. It will be a great trial to part from her, especially as we have already lost one of our dear children, but, if it is for her happiness, we must not consider ourselves."

"Fancy Aggie Bishopess of the Cannibal Islands!" cried Madge; "perhaps they will eat her some day. I wonder if a sweet woman tastes better than an ordinary one? I remember quite well meeting the bishop at the Marston's and thinking him one of the most odious and domineering wretches I ever saw. He is very small, with coal-black eyes and beard, and a complexion of a decidedly liverish hue; he looked as though he might have improved it with soap and water if he cared to, but I don't think he did care. He had a delightful conviction that ninety-nine out of every hundred souls would go to a naughty place, and he looked as if he had a fiendish temper. So Aggie's sweetness will have full scope."

Madge uttered her tirade with such a mixture of drollery and malice that even Tom burst out laughing.

Late in the afternoon, when he was sitting in his wife's boudoir before dinner—he had resumed this old affectionate custom—June said, leaning her head against his shoulder:

"We must give Agnes a very handsome wedding present. And then, with something akin to her old playful manner, 'It will be a thank offering.'"

"We will give her whatever you like, my darling," answered Tom. "It is just as well, perhaps, that she is going away, but, with emphasis, 'whether she goes or stays, no one shall ever come between my wife and me again.'"

"Do you swear it?" said June, looking earnestly into his eyes.

"I swear it. So help me heaven," he answered.

And, to ratify his bond, he took her in his arms and kissed her sweet, pale face fervently again and again.

(The end.)

How to Tell Pure Water.

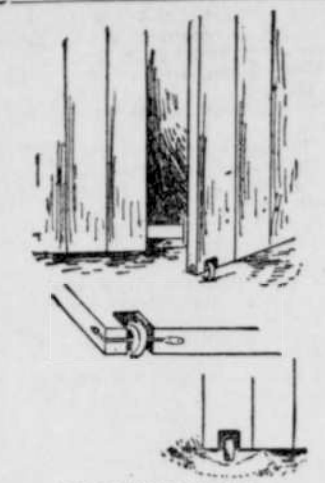
A simple test for ascertaining whether there is any impurity in water is to take a glassful and add to it a few drops of sulphuric acid and a few drops of a dilute solution of potassium permanganate. A perfect pink color will be produced, but if the water contains decaying organic matter the pink color will at once become faint and finally disappear. Sometimes ferrous sulphate, hydrogen sulphite or other reducing agents are present in water and produce similar results. An expert can always distinguish the difference and for this reason the experiments of a novice cannot always be relied upon. But when water shows an excess of chlorine and bleaches potassium permanganate it is certainly suspicious and should be analyzed by an expert.—Atlanta Constitution.

Scott was fond of riding, and by daylight would be out with his horse and dogs. Most of his work was done before dinner.



For Sagging Doors.

Obtain a wheel (one from an old machine will answer) and, after cutting a notch in the bottom of the door for the wheel, attach the latter to the door by means of an iron bar. This bar should be round and of a diameter that will work easily in the hole of the wheel. Have a blacksmith flatten the rod at either end, twist it to fit the door frame and make two or three holes in each end, so that it may be screwed to the door as shown. A large flat stone should be placed close to the door sill on which the wheel will rest when the door is closed. If the ground over which the door will swing is kept level and built up to the proper height the



TO PREVENT SAGGING.

attachment of this device to the door will absolutely prevent its sagging. It may be readily attached to an old door after first placing the door in the proper position, adding new hinges if necessary.—Indianapolis News.

Cruelty to Cows.

Men may regard cattle as mere machines, but the fact remains that they are of a sensitive organization, capable of suffering and enjoyment, and that to a degree too often lost sight of. The idea that it is just as well for a cow, either in point of comfort or health, to be tied up six months with no exercise, is contrary to all physiological teaching; and that nutritious food, light and exercise are necessary to the maintenance of health and a full development. Give cows chance to go out in the sunlight of the warm days in the winter and see how quickly they go and see the real enjoyment depicted on their expressive faces. Even though the milk flow may be somewhat lessened, will not what is lost in quantity be made up in quality? At any rate, I am sure I would much rather eat dairy products of strong, healthy cows than that of those weakened and enervated by close confinement and unnatural food, such as would be an exclusive diet of corn meal. It is not necessary, in order to give them a little exercise and sunlight to range over an extensive area. Let them out in an ordinary sized yard and they will not do traveling sufficient to waste any great amount of energy.—Farm, Stock and Home.

The Seed Supply.

No seedsman can guarantee an even quality of all his seeds every year. In some, unfavorable growing seasons occur; in others insects and fungus diseases assail the crops; in fact, there is not often a season when all seed crops are both large and of prime quality. Those who are interested in cucumber growing will be surprised at the high price they will have to pay for cucumber seed this year; in Nebraska last season, where immense crops of superior seed are now annually raised, the crop was an entire failure and the crops elsewhere were variable. Of late years Michigan has become one of the largest producers of seed peas, but the crop there last season was very short, so that the cost of seed will be greater, if anything, than in 1902. Some beans, too, are scarce, the wax varieties particularly. There was only a moderate crop of reliable seed of some sorts of squash, that of the Hubbard being less than moderate. The price of onion seed will be about the same, and cabbage seed will be lower. No grower should plant corn this year, at least without first carefully testing it. In many of the seed-growing sections the crop had not time to mature promptly, and there will probably be considerable unfit corn for sale.—Country Gentleman.

Value of Ground Grains.

In feeding grain to stock of any kind, there is no doubt but what the best results will come from feeding whole grain part of the time and ground grain on alternate days. It is known that feeders in some sections object to the feeding of ground products, but usually because of the supposed expense of grinding. True, this is considerable if one has to pay for grinding, but in a neighborhood where considerable stock is kept it will pay farmers to own a machine in common, buying one with a belt attachment so that an engine may be used. Usually any man owning an engine will do the work for twenty-five cents an hour, and a hundred bushels may be ground at small expense. In the feeding of this ground product, one must be guided by experience, but mixtures of corn and oats are generally desirable, while to still further vary the

ration, these grains may be fed separately. This sort of feeding always gives the best results and at a cost comparatively small.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Weed Seeds in Grain.

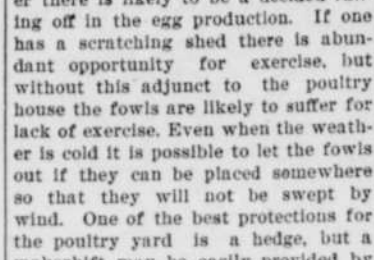
Several hundred samples of timothy, alsike and red clover on sale by local dealers in different provinces have been analyzed at Ottawa, Ont. In some 10 to 30 per cent by weight of sand was found; 63 per cent of the samples contained over two thousand weed seeds per pound, 44 per cent over five thousand and 25 per cent over ten thousand. Not more than 2 per cent of the samples were found free from weed seeds. These facts are in line with a recent complaint from a Massachusetts farmer in regard to the rapid spread on his farm of a "new weed with white blossom and a hot, bitter taste." Investigation showed the presence of wild carrot, that pest of the hay field in so many localities. The weed had first appeared in quantity along the borders of a field of oats. Better for the farmer to have paid double price all his life for the best grade of seed oats from a reliable dealer than to have introduced such a weed in cheap grain seed. It costs more to raise pedigreed seed and to raise it on clean land, but the result is worth the difference. Better raise one's own seed grain on the farm than to buy hap-hazard at the store.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

A Shelter for Fowls.

With fowls confined to the house and to the yard only in pleasant weather there is likely to be a decided falling off in the egg production. If one has a scratching shed there is abundant opportunity for exercise, but without this adjunct to the poultry house the fowls are likely to suffer for lack of exercise. Even when the weather is cold it is possible to let the fowls out if they can be placed somewhere so that they will not be swept by wind. One of the best protections for the poultry yard is a hedge, but a makeshift may be easily provided by the use of a few boards or even some old fence rails and cornstalks. At this season even more than earlier in the winter, do fowls need exercise—it is necessary to enable them to furnish eggs for hatching that are strong in fertility. Find a way of providing the necessary shelter, then turn the fowls out for a while each day, and while they are out, clean up the house thoroughly, especially taking care of the droppings and using insect powder freely in the nests and on the roosts.—Indianapolis News.

Simple Mouse Trap.

A strip of sheet metal, or wooden splint, three-quarters of an inch wide and six inches long, is bent into an oval loop. The ends project somewhat, and a wire is inserted to hold the bait. A bowl or small tin basin is inverted on a board and the loop



BOWL TRAP.

is inserted as shown in cut. Too many homes are infested with mice, and the winter is a good time to clean them out.—E. Hallenbeck, in Farm and Home.

Advertise Your Good Things.

Study the pedigrees and breed into popular lines as your experience in breeding and management improves, and a demand is developed for your stock by judicious advertising. Some men pay big prices for breeding stock and never advertise, says the Holstein Friesian Register. They sacrifice their stock rather than pay out money for advertising, while others with plainer bred stock and liberal advertising will get far better prices and greater demands.

Dairy Notes.

Milk of different temperatures should never be mixed.

With cows long in milk, the butter will come slowly.

A little too much churning injures the butter by destroying the grain.

Any impurities in the drinking water are readily absorbed by the milk.

In profitable buttermaking it is an important to suit your customers.

A little feed will often save a good deal of time in milking a restless cow.

The growth of the heifer is so much deducted from what should go to milk production.

A great point of value in a dairy cow is to have the milking habit firmly established.

Dairy farming, if rightly managed, may be the means of greatly improving the land.

It is useless to expect a great flow of milk from a cow that has only enough feed to live upon.

The fact that a cow gives a large mess of milk need not interfere with her bringing a good calf.

The colder butter can be churned the better, and the better it will stand after it has been churned.

A good dairy cow should always have her good qualities perpetuated by raising her heifer calves.

A stunted heifer will never make a breeder of thrifty, quick-maturing stock and will prove a failure.

The churn should never be filled more than half full, and then if the temperature is right the butter will come.

Stone or cement troughs are better than wooden ones for setting the milk cans in because they are easily kept clean.

Churning at too high a temperature or churning too long will produce greasy butter in which the grain is injured.

When cows have been long in milk, churning is difficult, because the milk has become glutinous and the fat globules will not adhere.

CHANGE OF LIFE



Some sensible advice women passing through trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 6000 letters like the following proving the value of her medicine at such times:

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. I had been so long to grow dizzy, my head began to ache, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. My friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough praise of the medicine. I recommend it to all who wish every suffering woman to give it a trial."—Bella Rosa, 3544 Clair Ave., Roslindale, Mass.—1900. [Not an original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.]

Strange Case.

A woman has sued for divorce because her husband "gives too much attention to the church." This puzzle a lot of women who heretofore thought they knew something about man.

FITS Permanently Cured.

No fits or convulsions after first day of treatment. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and see Dr. R. H. Kilmer, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia.

An Ingenious Clock.

Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced the heat of the sun.

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Chicken, Duck and Geese feathers. Address G. O. SMITH, 10th and Davis Sts., Portland.

210 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that Walter's seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is a reason for this. We own and produce over 200 acres for the production of our choice seeds. It is our policy to try them where the following unprecedented list of 210 kinds of seeds:

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- 25 sorts of clover
- 25 sorts of lucerne
- 25 sorts of sainfoin
- 25 sorts of vetch
- 25 sorts of timothy
- 25 sorts of red clover
- 25 sorts of alsike
- 25 sorts of white clover
- 25 sorts of yellow clover
- 25 sorts of blue clover
- 25 sorts of purple clover
- 25 sorts of green clover
- 25 sorts of brown clover
- 25 sorts of black clover
- 25 sorts of grey clover
- 25 sorts of white clover
- 25 sorts of yellow clover
- 25 sorts of red clover
- 25 sorts of blue clover
- 25 sorts of purple clover
- 25 sorts of green clover
- 25 sorts of brown clover
- 25 sorts of black clover
- 25 sorts of grey clover
- 25 sorts of white clover
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- 25 sorts of red clover
- 25 sorts of blue clover
- 25 sorts of purple clover
- 25 sorts of green clover
- 25 sorts of brown clover
- 25 sorts of black clover
- 25 sorts of grey clover

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

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This wonderful cure is not a new discovery, but a remedy that has been known to the people of the East for centuries. It is a simple, natural, and effective treatment for all kinds of ailments, including fever, headache, and general weakness. It is especially useful for those who are suffering from the effects of a cold or flu.

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