

Walth.

Blessed is the man who sees the royal splendor... Bid in the landscape, though the thick fogs roll...

A JUST PUNISHMENT.

In a spacious and richly furnished apartment of a large and imposing mansion, situated in a fashionable quarter of the city of London...

Lady Montford! How grand it will sound," she soiled. "I shall soon be mistress of Montford manor, and the envy of all the belles in the city...

After a pause she continued: "Although I shall be Lady Montford and caressed and flattered by my titled husband I shall not be so truly happy as I would were I the wife of Lawrence. Ah, I do not know of a diviner happiness than that! But why repent now? The time for that is past, and she bowed her regal head and sighed.

At this moment a trim little maid-servant entered the apartment. "Well, Lusette?" said her mistress, raising her head languidly. "Mr. Arbuthnot is in the hall and desires to see you," replied the girl.

For several minutes Miss Templeton beat her dainty feet on the carpet with the costly ring which signified her betrothal to Sir Guy Montford. It was a struggle between love and duty. She loved Lawrence Arbuthnot as well as her selfish and capricious nature was capable of loving, but she knew it was wrong now to encourage him as a lover, and moreover, she was certain that he was not aware of her engagement with the baronet.

"I will see him, Lusette," she proudly said. The girl immediately withdrew, but in a few moments re-entered the room, conducting a handsome young man of prepossessing appearance, who greeted the young beauty with deferential politeness. By his demeanor he still evidently considered himself a favored suitor.

Agnes returned his salutation with a bewitching smile, and her manner was particularly graceful and winning. "Please be seated," she said in a soft, musical voice, and he carelessly complied, remarking: "An absurd report is current to-day that you are soon to be wedded to Sir Guy."

He stopped abruptly, for her cheeks were flushing vividly, and the fair hand that he clasped was trembling violently. "Miss Templeton," he said, coldly, "I believed this rumor false, but your agitation does not confirm my belief."

"Seeing she did not reply he added, in a low tone: "Agnes, is it true?" "Alas, too true," she faltered. "And yet," he said, bitterly, "you did not refuse to see this evening—you, the affianced wife of another."

"Why did you allow me access to your presence this evening?" he asked, trying in vain to catch a glimpse of her bowed face. "Oh, I don't know; I cannot tell," she murmured.

"Is it possible that she loves me?" asked Lawrence Arbuthnot to himself. "Agnes Templeton," he said, "have you deliberately bartered your soul for an empty title? When you pledged your hand to Sir Guy, did your heart go with it?"

"I cannot answer your question," she returned, confusedly. "Agnes," he exclaimed, passionately, "you do not love your affianced husband! Tell me, do you love another? Is it—that one myself?"

The low, faint whispering answer was in the affirmative. "You are the promised bride of another," he resumed, with passionate vehemence. "Oh, Agnes, why did you accept the baronet's offer, when you did not love him? Ask him to release you from his iniquitous engagement at the earliest opportunity, or your peace and happiness will be ruined forever. Agnes, I beseech you, renounce this marriage."

retrace now—I cannot do as you wish

"I hope your wedded life may be happy, Miss Templeton," he said, calmly relinquishing her hand, and rising to depart. She bowed her head slightly in acknowledgement, and said: "Remember, Mr. Arbuthnot, that you will always be a welcome visitor at Montford manor."

"Thank you," he replied; "but do not be disappointed if I do not avail myself of the opportunity which your invitation allows me." "I trust you will change your decision before the season is over," she said, with a vain attempt to smile.

"Next week I shall sail for India," he observed gravely. "You will not forget me?" she said, with a sigh. "Forget you!" he exclaimed. "Think you that I too, am false? No, Agnes Templeton, I shall never forget you; but I shall strive until I have utterly subdued the deep love that I now bear you."

They quietly exchanged partings, and with a long, sad clasping of hands, and a tremulous "Good-by" on her part, a calm, sad one on his, they separated. After Mr. Arbuthnot had departed, Agnes threw herself upon a sofa, and gave vent to her long-restrained feelings in a flood of tears.

For some time she remained so, weeping silently, and bitterly regretting the irretrievable past. At length Lusette, roused her, and announced the arrival of Sir Guy Montford. Agnes hastily arose, bathed her tearful eyes, brushed out her luxuriant ringlets, and was soon ready to meet her future husband.

One month subsequently they were married with great pomp and splendor, and Lawrence Arbuthnot had sailed for India, in hopes that among new scenes the harrowing past would be forgotten.

It was a mild delightful afternoon, and the balmy air was cooling and exhilarating. In the pleasant apartments of Montford manor sat the Lady Agnes Montford, attired in a partly mourning dress. Six years have passed since her unhappy marriage, but the latter three of those years have been passed in silent widowhood.

Time has not deprived her of her beauty, and she is still the fascinating and enchanting creature she was when she captivated the heart of Lawrence Arbuthnot. "I wonder what Lawrence finds so interesting in Effie?" she murmured to herself. "For a month he has been a guest here, but nearly the whole of that time he has devoted himself entirely to my step-daughter."

"No, no, he does not love her; he has more sense than to fall in love with Effie, who is scarcely more than a child. But why is he so attentive to her?" "Lady Agnes was interrupted in her thoughts by the sudden entrance of her son, a handsome boy of some 5 summers. "Well, Guy," she said, fondly, laying her hand caressingly upon his dark brown curls, "where have you been?"

"Out upon the lawn playing with Carlo," answered the boy. "Mamma, where's Effie?" he asked, after a short interval. "She is taking a ride with Mr. Arbuthnot."

"There they are now, coming up the avenue," suddenly exclaimed the boy, glancing out the open window and beholding the two equestrians, who were slowly cantering their horses in the direction of the house. They dismounted when they reached the door, and Effie Montford immediately sought her step-mother's apartment, while Lawrence Arbuthnot retired to the chamber which had been assigned to him while he remained a guest of Lady Montford. Lady Agnes looked up with an affectionate smile at the lovely Effie entered.

"Did you enjoy the ride, my dear?" she inquired, pleasantly. "Yes, mother," replied Effie, seating herself upon an ottoman, while a vivid blush stole to her cheek. "Mother," she continued, averting her flushed face. "Mr. Arbuthnot has asked me to be his wife."

The rich color slowly receded in an icy tide from Lady Agnes' cheeks when she heard the fatal announcement which blasted her long cherished hopes, and her face became cold as marble, and a pallid hue overspread her features like that of death. With a wild cry Effie sprang forward as if to sustain her step-mother, but Lady Agnes motioned her away, and in a low but perfectly calm voice she asked: "What answer did you give him?"

"I told him that I could give him no definite answer until I had acquainted you with the proposal." "What did he then say?" inquired Lady Agnes, in the same cold, clear tone. "He asked me if I loved him."

"What was your reply?" "Mother, I told him the truth—I told him that I loved him." "Well, my daughter, since you love him, I shall not withhold my consent to your union."

Lady Agnes had now regained perfect composure, and as she uttered these words she kissed her step-daughter's fair forehead. Effie little dreamed as she felt the cold pressure of those ruby lips that in their owner's bosom there throbbled a torn and blighted heart. When Christmas came Lawrence and Effie were quietly married, and took up their abode at Levering hall, an estate which Mr. Arbuthnot had purchased, and which joined Montford manor.

Lady Montford never married, but continued to live in lonely widowhood at the manor. She knew that her punishment was just, but nevertheless she was very hard to bear. New York Weekly. Fish have died by thousands, year after year, in the Youghiogheny river, and nobody seems to know why.

Mary Jane Had Him.

"You kin read writin', I presume?" he queried, after we had talked for a while on the weather, crops, and other matters. "I hope so," I replied.

"Well, then, maybe, you'd like to read this. No pertickler interest to you, but it cost me \$600—that little scrap of paper." "It seemed to be a receipt in full of all damages and accounts from Mary J. Lapham of Blankville, county of Niagara, and State of New York."

"That's what she is, stranger. Got it this forenoon, after three months' hard work, and I'll be lam-slathered if I'm ever caught in that boat agin." "Business transaction?" "No—love. Paid her \$600 in cold cash to settle a breach of promise suit. I feel as if a ten-ton sand hill had bin taken off my shoulders."

"Then as I understand it," I remarked, "you and Mary were in love—engaged—and you broke your promise." "Perzactly. Couldn't hit it straighter. The trouble was I couldn't remember that I had ever asked her to marry me. I kinder loved to pass away the time. Jist felt spooney, and so I spooned. Struck a girl after a while whom I wanted to marry, and Mary Jane bobs up with a breach of promise—damage, \$20,000. Told her to whistle. Didn't believe she could prove anything. Couldn't remember of writing her more than three letter. She whistled. Mary did. She also employed a lawyer to whistle. He came down and showed me fifty-two of my letters, every one spouting love as a whole spouta water."

"That was queer." "I should smile! Hadn't the slightest recollection of them epistles, but they were mine just the same, and, mo'ra that, I'd signed the bulk of 'em. Yours forever and ever, with 10,000 kisses." "Then you had no defence." "Not a shadder. I was ready to swear I'd never hinted marriage, but the lawyer had marked twenty-six different paragraphs reading: 'My angel one Heaven designed you to be my wife. Set the day as soon as possible.' Mary J. had me agin. Then she had made affidavit of my huzzing and squeezing and calling her pet names, and it was no use for me to stand out. Mortgaged my land and slipped down and cried and got a settlement."

"And it is a great moral lesson to you." "You chuckle! It's a pause in my mad career as a lover. It's a setback to my loose ways of doing business. No gal on the face of this earth will ever git that sort of a bulge on me agin."

"But you have another love affair on hand." "Jist so, but what I done? Taken a copy of every letter written to me all the way back to the old days. More'n that, I've obliged the gal to give me a certificate every Saturday night that I haven't popped the question up to date. Kissed her once, but had two witnesses bid in the shed to see that it was a calm, brotherly kiss, and the only time I ever squeeze her hand I put the date right down. Oh, no, they don't. Mary Jane me agin—not for Joseph and all his relations!"

The Ingratitude of the "Prof."



She had waited patiently in the wings for an hour. Gaily undressed girls, knights in glittering armor, king, monk, and stage-carpenter hurried by her with a passing "Ah there!" and still he came not. "Won't somebody please find him and bring him to me?" she pleaded. "He's always so prompt to welcome me after the performance. I can't see where he can be; and an opal tear plowed its way down the pink bank of her cheek, and left a furrow like the dry bed of a log-worm mill-slucice.



"Can I be of any service?" hissed a voice in her ear, and turning she found a Johnnie who had bribed a scene-shifter to bring him in between two rolls of carpet. His attire was somewhat rumpled, but he was still in the ring as far as anticipatory fascination was concerned, and he leaned forward anxiously for her reply. "Do you think you could find him?" she asked. "I'll find anybody for so chawming a young lady. I'll creep on me hands and knees all over th' theatre, if you only say so. What does he look like?" "He's got the most lovely curly hair and great brown eyes and such a sweet little mouth, and—and he's so affectionate, and his name is Charley, and—"

Farm Notes.

Dr. Nisbet's Poultry Notes.

I cannot recommend turkey breeding as a paying business to those who live in cities and villages, on account of the restriction of the grounds, but the farmer, on his ample premises and extensive fields, can raise them cheaply and advantageously at the same time. Brooding and raising turkeys is not such a hard task as some people suppose. Adult turkeys are extremely hardy, and will stand almost any climate without showing signs of tenderness. The only trouble about the business is raising the young poults until they are a couple of months old. After that time there is not much danger; they will grow rapidly right along, and in the fall they will be almost as large as the old birds.

The generally accepted feed for the first week after hatching is hard-boiled eggs, sprinkled with ground black pepper and onion-tops chopped fine. After the first week add oatmeal, cooked dry, or bread crumbs. Curds, with the whey well squeezed out, nearly dry, can be given at any time in almost any quantity. Boiled potatoes may be added, and at three weeks cracked wheat and cracked corn can safely be fed. Baked cornmeal or cornmeal boiled dry, mixed with boiled potatoes, is an excellent feed every day for the first few months. A little water or milk should be given them three or four times a day, but should never be left in such vessels as to render them liable to fall into them and thus get wet.

When quite young it is imperative that they be kept out of storms and heavy morning dews. The coops must be kept high, dry and clean. They should not be allowed to roam with the hen until they are at least four weeks old, and even then only in warm dry weather. Keep your young turkeys growing right from the start and you will find that it will pay when pay day comes. After they are fully feathered and have thrown out the red on their heads they may be allowed unlimited range at all times, and from that time on as long as the supply of insects lasts they will thrive upon two meals a day.

As there is a demand for turkey feathers for making brushes and dusters, we call the attention of those who have heretofore allowed them to go to waste to the following in regard to taking care of them:

In saving the feathers of turkeys it is recommended that they be taken in bags like goose feathers, those from the body, wings and tail being left separate, and each kind packed in a box by itself. For tail and wing feathers the boxes should be a little wider than the feathers are long, and the feathers laid in the boxes straight, care being observed that the ends of the feathers do not curl up, as this spoils them for making dusters and thereby impairs the sale of them. In soiling the wing feathers, leave out the third joint, or that part commonly used as a fan, as feathers on that part of the wing are useless in the manufacture of dusters. Body feathers should be kept as straight as possible, and also packed in boxes. Keep all feathers perfectly dry, as wet feathers are unsalable; for this reason turkeys should be dry picked.

Study your market and the preferences of your customers. It is much better to study how to prevent disease than how to cure sick fowls. Poultry droppings make the best fertilizer for the flower and vegetable garden. Size and condition count for more in market than any particular shade of color in skin or shell.

"Make haste slowly." Steady, persistent improvement will "get there" sooner than a rapid "mushroom" growth. Keep thoroughbred fowls only if you wish to attain the best results. There are enough breeds, and of enough sizes, shapes and colors for any purpose. If one breed does not suit your taste or your market, try another. This applies to selling thoroughbreds for breeding as well as market fowls for consumption.

Remember that an even degree of temperature is essential to young chicks. It is of more importance than food or drink. A chill will upset a chick's digestive apparatus on short notice. Keep your fowls tame. They will do better; besides it is a great satisfaction when visitors or prospective buyers enter your yards to be able to view the fowls at short range. It will pay. Try it.

The sunshine of spring hatches vermin as well as chickens. The making of sugar from sorghum is not yet a success. The German prune and the plum are so nearly allied that they should not be grown in the same orchard or they will hybridize in fruit.

The Pomona Times inquires why the Texas electric fence might not be utilized in fencing out rabbits, and says: "A couple of small wires, strung around the young orchard, charged with electricity, would do the business, and when an old long-nosed jack tackles it, he would be knocked clear over into San Bernardino county. It would be a good thing for the trees and a surprise party every evening for John R."

"Did you ever see horses that wore bustles, just like a woman?" asked Dr. Henry Wilson, who is just back from Kentucky. "John Hughes showed a pair of horses in a buggy that he had been offered \$3,500 for, and asked \$5,000. They took the blue ribbon, and knew every gait that a horse ever made. These horses wore bustles all the time, except when on the road. When put in their stalls a wire bustle, just such as a lady wears, only smaller, was put under the tail and held there by a strap. This made the horse throw the tail from the body, and give it style in action. Many horses in Kentucky wear bustles. It is a regular trade about Lexington to buy a likely handsome horse from the country for \$300 to \$400, and educate him to all the gaits, and give him style, speed him up a little and sell him for a thousand or so."

Be sure and put sulphur in the nests and kerosene on the roosts once a week. It is much easier to keep vermin away than to get rid of them when once they gain a foothold. Attention to the quality of food often saves a fine lot of birds. Never buy an incubator unless it is perfectly self-regulating. Be careful not to feed your birds too much at this season of the year, else they will get too fat and stop laying. Learn to observe the requirements of your fowls.—Los Angeles Tribune.

HOW JOHNSON QUIT.

It Was Rather Unconventional and He Never Came Back.

Many of the Scandinavians who work in the harvest fields of the South Dakota valley spend their winters among the pineries of Wisconsin, following the logs in the spring down the river, says the New York Tribune. One of them, an Olsen, sought a job last summer in the Stillwater boom. Olsen was asked if he could handle the logs.

"Aye t'ank so," he replied. "Aye vark me blenty times on de forks ofer on Viscousin, an Aye t'ank Aye can yust vark any mans ofer de middle." The foreman accepted him at his own estimate and put him at work, but in an hour or two he reappeared. "Maaster Poss," he said, "Aye t'ank Aye haf to get nudder mans. Aye got hale pig log in de vater, an' Aye t'ank Aye no make him go."

"All right. You can have help. Do you know Johnson?" "Yah, Aye know Yohanson. Yohanson blenty gut mans." He got Johnson, but in another hour he again returned, as sluggish and bloodless as ever. "Maaster Poss, Aye t'ank Aye vants 'nudder mans," he said. "Yohanson hay quit?" "Johnson has quit?" "Yah, Aye claim Yohanson hay quit."

"What was the matter with him? Didn't he like his job?" "Vell, Aye t'ank he like yob." "Wasn't he getting enough wages?" "Vell, Aye t'ank hey got him blenty monies, but, yust same, Aye claim hay quit." "Come, now, speak up. What made Johnson quit?" "Vell, hay say noddinks."

"Did you have a quarrel?" "Vell, Aye t'ank Aye duuno." "You think you don't know?" "Vell, Aye t'ank no quarrels. Hay say noddinks, but yust quit." "Tell me how it happened, Olsen. Now, out with it!" "Vell, Maaster Poss, it vas yust like dis: Ve got hale pig log. Yohanson vant er make him go ofer by de vater. Vell, Yohanson got him crowbar bay de log, and hay got him crowbar, bay hees shoulder, und hay yust heave, und heave, und heave. Vell, den, de log hay gone ofer, und ven de log hay gone ofer by de vater, Yohanson hay lose hees legs und hay go ofer by de vater, too. Ven Yohanson hay go py de vater, de log hay go py Yohanson."

"Well, what did you do? Didn't you jump in and save him? You surely didn't let the man drown?" "Ah, vell! Aye no sporka mooch English." "You fool! You don't need to speak English to save a man from drowning! What did you do?" "Aye yust vant er make him go ofer by de log. Hay no coom back. Vell, Maaster Poss, Aye t'ank ve need 'nudder mans. Aye no sporka mooch English, but Aye claim Yohanson hay quit!"

Rival of the Virginia Natural Bridge. High up in the crest of the mountains on the Birmingham, Sheffield and Tennessee River Railroad, there is to be found one of nature's wonders. It is a natural bridge, as complete, as perfect, as symmetrical, and, in some essentials, more remarkable than the great natural bridge of Virginia.

The bridge lies between the stations of Linn and Delmar. It is about fifty-eight miles from Sheffield and twenty-nine miles from Jasper. Its length from abutment to abutment is 176 feet. Its width is 35 feet and the thickness ranges from 4 to 6 feet. It is of pure sandstone, and has no doubt stood the climate of ages. Leaning over the bridge you see in the ravine which it spans, some sixty feet below, the summer and sparkle of many springs of clear, limpid water, which bubble from the sandstone soil, and joining flow down the ravine. A singular feature is a subdivision or smaller bridge, constructed on the same pattern, perhaps even more perfect lines, which leads from one side of the bridge proper.—Tusculum North Alabamian.

Gradations of Labor. Mrs. Clancy—Pat! Pat! Are ye there? Come here; Oi want ye! Mr. Clancy—Oi can't—O'm busy! Mrs. Clancy—Busy is it? What doin'—standin'inkin. Mr. Clancy—No; sittin', talkin'—Pack. Much of the hotel clerk's knowledge comes by intuition.

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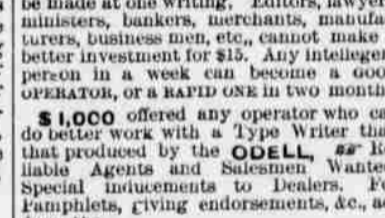
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