AS FORTUNE SMILES.

A TALE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

(CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED)

Lady Evelyne Wynter, had for nearly a month already, been engaged to be married to Mr. David Maclane, a young American gentleman, of reputed immense wealth. The young man was one of the lions of the season, and Lady Evelyne Wynter, whose twenty-six summers had warned her that it was time to look about for a husband, had taken a rather morbid pride in securing, as her prize, the sensational hero of the year. The daily papers, and the weeklies, too, for that, had described the young Westerner with a fervent eulogy and a graphic picturesqueness which would not have been out of place in telling the story of a god of mythology. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and as many hair-breadth escapes, and like all heroes, he was as gentle as he was brave and strong. In these very words, that fashionable journal, "Albert Gate," had described young Maclane, and if the writers on "Albert Gate" were not in a position to know everything of everybody, who was?

On the night previous to the commencement of this second part of our history, Lady Evelyne had been to a ball, given by one of the leaders of fashion. Congratulations had been showered upon her, and she knew that she was the object of such envy and mild hatred as, even in the highest society, is the punishment of success. She had been at her happiest, and at her brightest when suddenly the news was whispered about the room that the young Earl of Cleve had not only been discovered in America, but that he was actually in England, perhaps even in London.

I will not go so far as to say that Lady Evelyne was a flirt, but there was no doubt that she had allowed a good many suitors to hope, and that she was extremely fond of playing with her numerous admirers. She had flitted from one foamy, airy infatuation to another with the grace and seriousness of a butterfly, and she had accepted the offer of Mr. David Maclane's hand and fortune, to spite all the other girls in town, to start with, and, secondly, because Lady Gwendale, with homely, motherly assiduity, was a very Cassandra in her admonitions, that it was time for her daughter to get married.

I am inclined to doubt that such a thing as a real serious attachment was at all in the nature of Lady Evelyne Wynter. But she had been very fond; in fact, fonder than she herself imagined she could have been, of Herbert Chauncey. He was barely two years her senior, and they had known each other since childhood.

Lady Evelyne had returned home from the ball with the broad summer day, and had not been able to banish Herbert's revived memory from her mind. She babbled about him while her maid undressed her; she found the subject more interesting while the girl brushed her hair; and when the young woman was dismissed, Lady Evelyne was left by herself to dream of fancies. Herbert Chauncey's picture would persistently intrude itself upon her not unwilling mental eyes. During the first quarter of an hour or so she thought the freshly-called-up reminiscences very nice. Herbert had been a sweetheart—one of the many moths that had fluttered round her brilliant light. Now he was back, and she would see him again, and as he was an earl, and, doubtless unmarried, they would be able to speak freely together. It was then that Lady Evelyne remembered that she was engaged to Mr. David Maclane, and, for the first time, she considered that her engagement was rather a bore.

These self-communings protracted themselves through the early morning hours into the late morning hours, and gave rise to the unusual fact that 11 o'clock had struck without Lady Evelyne having rung for a cup of tea.

Lady Evelyne was lying drowsily, moving one hand about the streak of golden sunlight that broke into the room, and playing with the scintillating atoms that danced in it, when the door of the chamber opened and Lady Gwendale appeared upon the threshhold, followed by Evelyne's maid. She was a stately personage, whose iron-gray hair sat well against a kindly face.

"My child! my child!" she exclaimed. "Do you know that it is past 11 o'clock?"

"Well, ma," replied Lady Evelyne, languidly, "what of it?"

"What of it, my dear?" was Lady Gwendale's remonstrance. "What of it? How can you be so forgetful? The Duchess's garden party commences at 2, and you have arranged to sit to Delauria at 12. That portrait of yours will never be finished."

I will not go to Delauria's to-day," Lady Evelyne answered, poutingly, "and I'm not so sure that I shall go to the garden party."

The maid had in the meantime drawn the heavy curtains, and the bright sunlight, softened by the lace hangings within, streamed all over the room. Lady Evelyne closed her eyes again, while her mother held up her hands in amazement.

"Not go to the garden party!" she exclaimed, with a nonplussed air. "Not go to the garden party. Why, what has happened? You are not ill, I hope?"

Evelyne held out a pair of pleading arms, and the old lady approached her daughter, who drew her mother's face to her own and kissed it affectionately.

"No, ma, dear," she whispered. "I'm not ill, but I do not want to go out. I want to stay at home and think."

Lady Gwendale's temporary anxiety changed to amazement. That her volatile daughter should desire to think, no matter what the subject, was in itself an anomaly, but the tone in which the wish was expressed, the tender pleading of the voice for apparently so trivial a cause, told my lady—a shrewd, experienced woman of the world—that something was not altogether as it should have been with her child. A moment's reflection guided her on the right track for the solution of the problem.

"I know what troubles you, my dear," she said. "At least I think I do. Herbert has returned to England, and you have been thinking of him."

The young lady's eyes brightened; she took her mother's plump hand between her own soft fingers and stroked it caressingly. Her eyelids drooped dreamily for an instant, then she looked Lady Gwendale straight in the face, and with a smile dimpling her cheeks, nodded her head twice or thrice.

"I thought so," the old lady exclaimed, with a suppressed sigh. "Really, my dear Evelyne, you must become a little more settled in your intentions and decisions. You are now engaged to Mr. Maclane, and it can make very little difference to you whether young Cleve has returned or not."

Lady Evelyne pursed her lips.

"But, ma," she whimpered, "it does make a difference. Herbert and I were engaged to one another once, and—the young lady raised herself and threw both arms around her mother's neck—"You know he is now the Earl of Cleve.

"Herbert is certainly in a better position now than when he left England," Lady Gwendale admitted, gently disengaging herself from her daughter's embrace, "and I have no doubt that many ladies with marriageable daughters will consider him a desirable possible son-in-law. As to myself, I must decline forming an opinion on the subject till I have seen the young man.

"But you will form an opinion, wont you, ma, when you have seen him?" the young lady suggested, again drooping her eyes and stroking her mother's hand with her own, "and if that opinion is favorable"—— The little fingers wandered nervously over my lady's open palm, and the gray-blue eyes danced with a pretty glitter. "If that opinion is really favorable." Evelyne repeated, with a captivating emphasis, and the dainty fingers travelled foward and backward, while she sought in her mind an expression which did not readily present itself to her tongue, "don't you think Countess of Cleve a prettier name than Lady Evelyn Wynter?"

Lady Gwendale's reply was solemn and ceremonious:

"My child!" she exclaimed, "you can bear no better name than your own."

"I did not mean that, ma," pleaded Lady Evelyne. "I meant that if I married Mr. Maclane I should still be Lady Evelyne Wynter, but if I am married to Herbert I should be the Countess of Cleve."

"You really must not think of such a thing, my dear," Lady Gwendale remonstrated. "You are engaged to Mr. Maclane, and your father and I both consider it a desirable engagement. You are well aware we had sufficient reasons for closing our doors upon young Chauncey, and I have learned nothing which would induce me to alter my opinion or intentions on the subject. Come, now! brush the matter from your mind. Think no more about it.

It proved easier to Lady Gwendale to give that advice to her daughter than to Lady Evelyne to follow it. All through that morning and afterward Herbert Chauncey remained the absorbing object of her thoughts. The bright, handsome, boyish face, the tenderly flashing dark eyes, the youthful form full of stalwart promise, the frank and open hearty laughter—all these forced themselves upon Lady Evelyne's memory whether she desired it or nay, and compelled her to draw comparisons between her former boyish lover and her present affianced husband, which were not altogether to the latter's favor. There was something about Mr. Maclane which Lady Evelyne had never really liked. He was good-looking enough, as far as a sort of savage comeliness went, and the young lady of fashion thought his quaint Western dialect fresh and amusing; but now and then there came an expression into Mr. Maclane's face which harmonized but indifferently with his usual gentlemanly and kindly demeanor, and, which once very nearly frightened his affianced bride.

The result of the young lady's self-communings was that she dawdled about her toilet, that she took an unconscionable long time in dressing, that she hovered over her lunch, and persisted afterward in continuing an animated discussion with Lord Gwendale, who was pleased to find his daughter interested in a subject which interested him, and for which she had not shown any previous sympathy.

Lady Evelyne resorted, in fact, to a dozen little schemes, and as many of the recognized privileges of her sex, for the purpose of avoiding the duchess's garden party, where she knew she would meet Mr. Maclane. Not that she had taken a sudden dislike to the young man, or had resolved upon a breach of their engagement, but her volatile mind had discovered a novel and pleasant indecision which is the cream of excitement in the life of a young lady of fashion. It was nearly as enticing as the tasting of some forbidden fruit. Lady Evelyne knew that her duty bound her to Mr. Maclane, and that no image but his should obtrude itself on her waking thoughts. There was something spicily charming about feeling a kind of stolen affection for one man, while, in promise, bound to another, which pleased Lady Evelyne, and made her fingers tingle with nearly voluptuous sensation.

The marchioness was already waiting in the drawing-room, dressed for the garden party, when her daughter was still in the dining-room, conversing with her father about matters for which, at any other time, she would have evinced not the slightest interest, and the details and particulars of which she now seemed most anxious to acquire. Lady Gwendale was a patient lady, and well accustomed to her daughter's foibles. When she found that Lady Evelyne had made no preparations whatever for the function of the afternoon, she ordered her carriage and drove away alone.

Evelyne was happy when she found that her strategy was successful. She skipped upstairs to her own room, and threw herself into an armchair, whence she could look out upon the lawn and the green trees beyond, and lose herself in a delightful reverie, while her maid brushed and kept on brushing her luxuriant hair. It seemed entrancing to her to abandon herself to this day-dream, and a full hour or more passed before the young lady was aware of the effluxion of time. Even then it was only a message from Lord Gwendale which brought her to a sense of the everyday commonplace. My lord, being for the once particularly pleased with his daughter, sent up to know if she would accompany him in a walk through the park. It had been so long since the marquis and thus honored her that she accepted the invitation with alacrity, and the balmy summer afternoon saw the pair among the crowd of promenaders by the side of the Row.

Lord Gwendale had never been a very prominent personage, either in politics or the world of fashion. His inclinations were purely scientific, and his habits modest and retiring; therefore, he was not as well known as his rank might have warranted. Yet, many a hat was lifted in respectful ceremony, and many a courteous acknowledgement greeted my lord and his daughter as they passed along.

The shady gravel walk was not as full of its habitual aristocratic throng as it would have been had not the big garden party, and an equally attractive fancy fair, claimed the attention of many votaries of fashion. Unlike her father, Lady Evelyne boasted of a large circle of acquaintances, and, though she had hoped to find time during the walk to indulge in the musings which had proved so pleasant to her earlier in the day, her attention was now fully occupied in saluting and returning salutes. She stopped to exchange a few words with my Lady This, or to ask a question or two of my Lady That, or again to talk banalities with the young Lord So-and-So, while a continuous smile played round her pretty lips. Under the influence of this airy occupation her previous purpose vanished into thin haze, and was momentarily forgotten, when, on a sudden, at the sight of a young gentleman who was leaning against the railings, Lady Evelyne's face turned pale, and her heart went pit-a-pat in an alarum, which—whether it was painful or pleasant—the young lady knew not.

It was a handsome face, bronzed by the sun, and two or three scars gave it a peculiar charm without disfiguring it. The bright, dark eyes flashed in animated conversation with a gentleman whom Lady Evelyne did not know, while the brown nervous hand twirled a small, dark mustache with unconscious dandyism.

Lady Evelyne looked the gentleman straight in the face, but he gave no signs of recognition, and continued an apparently agreeable converse. Lady Evelyne's fingers tightened, and her breath became tardy. She nervously gripped her father's arm.

"Look there," she whispered. "Surely that is Herbert Chauncey?"

My lord put up his double eye-glasses and stared at the young man, who avoided the old nobleman's glance with well-bred ease. Lord Gwendale did not know what to make of it, for surely that was the young Earl of Cleve. It was true my lord had forbidden the young man his house, but why this absolute want of recognition?

"Really, my dear," stammered the marquis. "I—I—I do not know what to make of it. This is Herbert Chauncey. I am sure it is Herbert Chauncey. He seems purposely to avoid us; let us walk on."

Lady Evelyne, however, was not to be thus easily frustrated. She walked right up to the young gentleman, and, with her face beaming with the sweetest smile, she said:

"Surely I cannot be mistaken. You are Lord Cleve?"

"That is my name," the gentleman replied, affably, but his manner showed that he believed he was speaking to a total stranger.

"But don't you know me?" Lady Evelyne continued, in amazement.

"I have not that pleasure," Lord Cleve replied, as pleasantly as before.

Evelyne felt a ball rising to her throat.

"You don't know me!" she exclaimed, in half-suffocated wonder. "You don't know Evelyne Wynter?"

"I am very sorry," the young man answered, in an even-tempered, commonplace manner, "but I do not."

Lady Evelyne stepped back and bowed stiffly. She looked the young man up and down, with a withering glance, which seemed to produce no impression but a faint and curious astonishment.

"Thank you, my lord," she exclaimed, and rejoined her father.

Yet, she could not help turning her head.

Lord Cleve's face had assumed an expression of puzzled anxiety, and her quickened ear caught the words—barely whispered as they were, to the young man's companion:

"Evelyne Wynter! Evelyne Wynter? Ought I to know her? Do I know her?"

"Let us go home, pa, dear," she whispered, when she was again leaning on Lord Gwendale's arm. "Let us go home. I do want to cry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Cause for Alarm

Landlady—Oh, dear! oh, dear! He's killed, sure.

New boarder—Hic—never min' me. Allush come downstairsh thash way.

THE LATELY FOUND GOSPELS IN SYRIAC.

The Biblical Manuscripts Which Dr. Harris of Cambridge Discovered.

The discovery recently made by Dr. J. Rendel Harris, the distinguished Biblical scholar of Cambridge University, England, of a new version of the Gospels in Syriac while on a visit two years ago to Mount Sinai, is considered to be the most valuable made in Biblical research for several years past.

The codex of old Syriac Gospels was first found by Dr. Harris at the Convent of St. Katharine, on the top of Mount Sinai, the finding place being noteworthy of itself on account of the historic connection of the mount with early Biblical history. The Convent of St. Katharine was in the sixth century turned into a fortress by Justinian, and as the smaller neighboring convents fell into decay their documents were doubtless transferred to the fortified convent for safe keeping, which may account for the finding of the Syriac manuscripts there.

With a wealth of Biblical treasures carelessly arranged along shelves in the convent or stored away for centuries in old chests, the privilege of unearthing those which have proved of such value fell to Dr. Harris. He found by his investigation that documents of inestimable value to the world were within the ancient walls, and his report led to a visit to the convent in February, 1892, by two English women famous for their work in Bible study, Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs James Y. Gibson, who, Dr. Harris modestly says, are entitled to all the credit of the discovery.

The Gospels discovered were, it is believed, written not later than the fifth century and, as most of the translations of the Gospels into English are of Greek origin, this Syria version is expected to clear up many cloudy points.

The two women students gained the confidence of the monks and were permitted to make photographs of all the pages of manuscript, which, from their appearance and condition, had not been perused by human eyes for centuries.

A second expedition was made in 1893, when Dr. Harris, the late Dr. Bensley, Professor of Aramiac in the University of Cambridge, and Mr. F.C. Burkitt accompanied the party, for the purpose of translating the documents which Dr. Harris had originally brought to light.

Syriac, more properly called Christian Aramiac, was the first language into which the New Testament was translated. The language is thought to be the vernacular of Mesopotamia, the cradle of Abraham's family.

"There can be no doubt," says Dr. Harris, "that it was also the language of Palestine in the time of Christ—the language in which He addressed the multitude. The Aramiac Christians adopted the name of Syrians because they did not wish to be confounded with 'Armaia,' the heathen, and the country or Aram was thenceforth known as Syria.

"Probably the first specimen of literature which they possessed was a translation of the Old Testament which was read in their synagogues. Syriac literature can now show no work of original genius and is prized only for the light it casts upon the history of the New Testament."

Feeding Milk.

There is hardly any doubt that with good management a better profit can be realized in feeding the milk to thrifty growing pigs than to make into butter, take to the country stores and sell at the price usually received, at least during the greater part of the season, and at a considerable saving of time and labor. But in feeding milk to pigs to make the most of it, in nearly all cases it must be fed in connection with something else. From the time the pig is farrowed until it is ready to finish for market, milk can be made its entire food, and later on its principal food. The milk must at first be supplied by feeding the sow with good milk producing food, and as soon as the pig learns to eat it can be fed milk and if the sow is fed sloppy foods made up with milk the pig will learn to eat much earlier than if corn or grain of any kind is depended upon.

But in nearly all cases the best way of feeding milk is in connection with other foods, as it requires too large an amount of milk alone to make a pound of gain in a pig. But made into a slop with middlings and bran, oil-meal and bran, or oatmeal and bran, it not only makes a healthy, but an economical food. But even then the lowest cost of growth will not be realized unless, in addition, good pasturage is provided. Give growing pigs the run of a good pasture—clover is always best—and then feed a good milkslop night and morning, and in a majority of cases the best growth at the lowest cost can be realized. And if this is done milk can be sold at a better price, fed in this way to vigorous, thrifty pigs, than will be realized by making into butter at eight or ten cents a pound at the country store, and all of the labor of butter-making be avoided in addition. It is true that in a majority of cases the same milk and the same amount of labor spent in making poor butter will, with different management, make butter that will bring two or three times that much.

Medals for Teutonic's Life Savers.

The crew of the White Star steamship Teutonic was mustered on the saloon deck the other morning by Capt. Cameron, and six of them received from their commander medals for their gallantry in rescuing the skipper and crew of the little fishing schooner Josie Keeves, off the Long Island coast, in a hurricane, on Feb. 8. Capt Cameron made a little speech complementing the men, who are: Fourth Officer Orton, who had charge of the lifeboat; William F. Fitzpatrick, John Seed, William McLaughlin, David Jone, and Alfred Hawley. Mr. Orton received a gold medal and the others silver medals, presented by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

AGRICULTURAL.

Importance of Seed Wheat.

The familiar adage "like begets like" is the expression of a law of life, which is just as true of the plant as of the animal. Another law which is practically as far reaching is expressed by the phrase "influence of environment." In order to succeed in the production of animals of superior merit, it is necessary both to have good blood (that is, good ancestors) and a proper environment, that is, good conditions. It is equally important in the production of the wheat crop to have good seed, and supply favorable conditions for its development. While this statement is true in general, it is especially true in view of the low price of wheat. If we are to continue growing wheat, we must do it at profit. In order to realize a profit, we must scrutinize every detail of business, rigidly apply the most successful methods, and take advantage of every favoring condition. Attention is therefore called to the importance of having good seed of an approved variety free from the germs of disease.

The seed should be sound, plump, heavy, and of strong vitality. To this end, the wheat from which the seed is to be obtained should be allowed to become fully ripe, and should not be subject to prolonged dampness which will cause mold in the shock, and heating in the stack or bin. The wheat kernel is a young plantlet with a store of plant food packed closely about it to give it a start in the world. Therefore, the larger and more compact the seed, the greater the food supply, which will result in a more vigorous germination and growth.

The common practice of passing wheat for seed through the fanning mill is a good one, but it should be repeated if necessary with a strong blast to screen and blow out all small, light, and shrunken kernels, leaving only plump seed for sowing. If necessary to treat the seed wheat for "bunt" as described below, the lighter kernels may be skimmed off, which will further improve the quality of the seed.

If the crop from which the seed wheat is obtained contains any "bunt" or stinking smut, it should be treated after screening with "blue stone" or hot water to destroy the germs. We prefer the hot water treatment which tends to reinforce the germinating power of the seeds, whereas the blue stone treatment tends to retard the germination and reduce the yield of the crop. In order to treat the seed most easily with hot water, fill two open kettles with water, and heat to 130 to 135 degrees Fahrenheit. Place the seed in an open basket, lined with coarse material like gunny sack. Set the basket containing the wheat in one of the kettles, allowing it to remain one minute to become warm through. Then lift out the basket letting the water drain back into the kettle for a few moments, then place in the other kettle allowing it to remain five minutes. The wheat should be constantly stirred during the immersion to secure the thorough heating of every kernel, which is the means of destroying the smut germs. All light kernels should be skimmed off, to be used for feed. At the end of five minutes remove the wheat from the water and spread it thinly upon a floor or canvas in the open air, so as to dry it before is swells. It is then ready for sowing, but not to be sown immediately, it should be placed in a close, clean sack to prevent contact with other germs of bunt.

There is no best variety for all soils. But there is a best variety, all things considered, for almost every soil and climatic condition. I mean by this that some one variety will do better than any other in a particular locality. This should be determined by trial, and when a variety adapted to the soil and climate is secured give it generous treatment, sowing in a well prepared soil of suitable fertility, on which some other crop than wheat was last grown. Avoid contamination with smut germs, sow only prime seed of the same variety from year to year, and my word for it the wheat will not only not run out, but will maintain its yield and good qualities as long as favorable conditions are maintained.

Warmth for Lambs.

Owing to the severity of the weather lambs, unless taken great care of, will succumb to the cold, or, at any rate, they will not make that growth and progress so essential to the well-being of the young. The following practice can be thoroughly recommended both from the experience of myself and others says *Alfred Mansell*.

Give each lamb daily one, two, or three teaspoonfuls (according to size) of cod-liver oil, mixed with a little chaff, in their troughs, or, where the flock is a small one, or the lambs very young, the lambs could be drenched. As a rule, lambs in a very short time eat it greedily. The oil helps to keep up the heat of the body, and in the case of those destined to be sold as fat lambs it is an excellent food at all times. A cheap and easy method of giving warmth and shelter in the field is to place old treacle or sugar barrels with one end out, on their sides in the field where the lambs are, having previously lined the barrels with some short straw or chaff. Lambs will make great use of these shelters, and an intelligent shepherd walking round daily can easily turn the barrels so as to face the warm quarter.

In a large lambing fold where lambs are coming thickly, and artificial warmth is required for weakly lambs, it is a good plan to have two or three small barrels with hinged lids at hand. Some soft hay at the bottom of these gives great warmth, and will be the means or saving many a lamb's life. Sheep are so essentially the sheet anchor of the farmer that every effort possible should be made to secure a good lambing season.

Got Plenty Now.

Miss Logan Square—Miss Old has gone abroad for some years.

Miss Peart—Goodness gracious! you don't say so? I thought she had years enough already!