The Markdale Standard.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
In time to meet the early mails.

It contains the latest Foreign and Provincial News, Local Intelligence, County Business, Commercial Matters and an Instructive Story.

TERMS:—$1.50 in advance, $1.50 in three months, if not paid till the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid up, except at the option of the publish er. All parties refusing papers without paying for them will be held responsible for the years sub scribed for, unless until they comply with the rules.

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C. W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Drs. Sproule & Carter,
Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs &c.
OFFICE—Medical Hall; residence at Dundalk House.
Markdale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

Legal.

JOHN B. McMILLAN,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, IS NOW ready for attending to all kinds of law business. Office—at Kay's Hotel.
Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

J. MASSON,
BARRISTER, MASTER AND DEP. REG. Conveyancer, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Sydenham St., and in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week. 57-1y

Frost & Frost,
BARRISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., Owen Sound, have resumed at Markdale. Office open every Thursday, as before.
J. W. Frost, LL. B. Stanley Frost, Attorney. 1

Lane & Rowe,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, AND CONveyancers, Markdale. Office—McFarland's Block.
Money to lend, on Farm Security, at 6 per cent.
T. Lane, Q. C. J. W. Rowe.

Dentistry.

Mr. James J. White,
Assistant to Dr. Cameron, Owen Sound, WILL BE AT THE REVERE HOUSE, Markdale, on the last Wednesday in each month, when he will be prepared to perform all operations required upon the mouth in the most satisfactory manner, and upon reasonable terms. 1-y

Miscellaneous.

Wm. Brown,
REGISTER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, &c. Commissioner in B. R. &c.
Conveyancing in all its branches promptly attended to and carefully executed.
N.B.—Money to Lend on Real Estate security.
Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Alexander Brown,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Commissioner B. R. &c. Conveyancer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Farmers, Cattle, and Land Sales, Punctually attended to and charges made very moderate.
Proxville, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

R. M. Galbraith,
AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Williamsford Station. Auction sales attended in all parts of the County, on reasonable commission. Rates moderate. Sewing Machines, and Sewing Machines; also Fruit Ornamental Trees, Vines, Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds on hand.
Williamsford, Jan. 27, 1881.

J. G. Sing,
DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Draughtsman and Valuator, Markdale and Markdale. Having purchased Provincial Land Surveyor Charles Rankin's entire stock of original Field Notes, Plans, Reports, Instructions, &c., of all his Surveys for the last fifty-five years, I am prepared to make Surveys in strict accordance therewith. Profiles and Estimates for Grading Hills, Plans and Specifications for Bridges, furnished on application. Money to Loan at 8 per cent interest. Orders by letter, or left with G. J. BLYTH, Markdale, will be promptly attended to.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

T. E. DAVIS,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). Plastering and Country Jobs, promptly attended to. Stonecutting a Specialty. Estimates on all work free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Residence corner of Queen and Sproule Streets, MARKDALE.
December 31, 1880. 16-y

W. H. Steinhoff,
HOUSE, SIGN, & CARRIAGE PAINTER. Contracts taken in town or country.
Dundalk, Oct. 12, 1881. 7ly

SAVE YOUR COMBINGS.
Mrs. T. G. Morgan, begs to announce to the ladies of Markdale and vicinity that she is prepared to work up hair combings into switches, puffs and curls, terms moderate and satisfied. Residence corner of Main and Queen streets, opposite Mr. Bowes's residence.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.
Markdale, Sept. 1, 1881.

Hotels.

REVERE HOTEL,
MARKDALE.
T. SPROULE, - Proprietor.

THIS popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and is now second to none in the county. Good stabling and attentive ostler. First-class accommodation for commercial travellers. Terms $1.00 per day. 17-ly

ROYAL HOTEL.
MEAFORD, Ont.
J. & J. McGIRR, - - Proprietors.

Every accommodation for the travelling public. The bar is well stocked with the best Wines and Liquors and the best brands of Cigars.
Free bus to and from all trains.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
PRICEVILLE, Ont.

Large and commodious Sample Rooms Good Bed Rooms, &c. The Bar and larder will be supplied with the best the market affords; good stabling and attentive Hostler's in attendance.
THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor
October 31st, 1880.

Markdale Standard.

E. D. WILCOX, MARKDALE, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, Electro-Plated Ware, SPECTACLES, ETC. Engagement and Wedding Rings a Specialty.

VOL. 2.--No. 15. MARKDALE, DECEMBER 23, 1881. WHOLE No. 67

JOHN HANBURY,
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR, (stone and brick). Plastering particularly attended to in town or country.
Estimates on work free.
Dundalk, September 2nd, 1881. 1

Miscellaneous.

Wm. Lucas & Co.,
BANKERS,
Money Loaned
IN large or small amounts, at all times, on good endorsed notes, or on collateral security.

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT.
Allowed on Savings Deposits.

Drafts issued and Collections made on all points, at lowest rates.
WM. LUCAS & Co.
Markdale, Sept. 1880. Manager. 2-1y

E. HUMPHRIES,
FURNITURE
Undertaker!
AND CABINETMAKER,
Has now on hand a full stock of COFFINS of all sizes and prices. Shrouds, Gloves, Crape, and Coffin Trimmings, constantly kept on hand for sale. Also a full stock of
Household Furniture!
Picture Framing a specialty.
A STOCK OF
Watches and Clocks!
which will be sold very cheap for cash. A call is solicited.
Dundalk, Sept. 2nd, 1881. 1-4t

F. F. TEEPLE'S
CARRIAGE WORKS,
DUNDALK, ONT.
The subscriber is prepared to supply the public with
WAGGONS,
DEMOCRATS,
BUGGIES,
single or double,
SLEIGHS,
CUTTERS,
BOB-SLEIGHS,
Together with all kinds of repairs in wood or iron on short notice, at reasonable rates.
F. F. TEEPLE.
Dundalk, Sept. 2nd, 1881. 1-1y

THOS. MATHEWS,

WISHES to tender to his numerous customers his sincere thanks for their very liberal patronage during the 15 years he has been in the Harness Business in Markdale, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, feeling confident that he can give *Entire Satisfaction*. Everything usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS
HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT,
always on hand, and sold at moderate rates.
None but good workman employed and the best of materials used.
Markdale Nov. 18, 1880. 1o

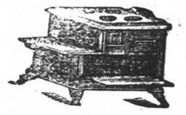
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
on
Every Working Day.
By Thomas Smith.
Except Fridays and Saturdays until noon when he will be in Flesherton.
Orders filled for Toomb Stones.
Markdale, July 21, 1881. 45-3m

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.
Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple and cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Stoves. Stoves

Cooking Stoves,
Parlor Stoves,
Box Stoves,
Hall Stoves,
Drum Stoves.
All the late improvements in style and finish.

HARDWARE!
TINWARE,
Paints, White Lead, Paint Oil, Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Lamps, &c.,
—AT—
Haskett Bros.
Markdale, Sept. 28th, 1881.

ROBT. ASKIN,
MARKDALE,
Has opened out a First-Class
Furniture!
—AND—
UNDERAKING ESTABLISHMENT,
And therefore has supplied a want long felt, especially in the Undertaking Line.
COFFINS,
CASKETS,
SHROUDS,
and all
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS,
supplied on the shortes notice.
A Splendid Hearse
for hire at moderate rates.
FURNITURE!
From the Common to the
Best and Latest Styles,
in everything in the line.
Call and see for yourselves.
ROBT. ASKIN.

CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS!
IN GREAT VARIETY.
THE CHEAPEST!
BECAUSE THEY ARE
THE BEST.
IN THE MARKET.
Any Number or Style!
Promptly supplied from stock on the shortest notice. All manufactured by skilled mechanics, with good material in the
Latest and most improved Stdle.
Special attention is also directed to the large and very superior stock of second growth
HICKORY AND WHITE OAK!
purchased from one of the best factories in Canada, sufficient to manufacture over fifty Waggons and Carriages for the coming season. Intending purchasers should not fail to make an inspection of my stock and save money.
SPECAL ATTEDTION TO REPAIRING & HORSESHOEING.
Remember the place—second door to Butler & Rae's.
D. J. SHANAHAN,
Proprietor.
Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Were you brought up in a saw-mill?
Were you ever in a house before?
Did you work about a brick kiln
In the blessed days of yore?
Did you tend about a wind-mill
Upon some rocky shore?
Or live upon a side hill
Where the wind could always roar,
And couldn't get a gorgeous fill
Of cutting to the core?
In any case my blooming pill,
If you would lose your gore,
And rifle a man who'd freely kill,
Or scrub you on the floor,
And break your heart, and bend your will,
And ashes on you pour,
And hunt up every little bill
You owe, and many more,
And stab you with a goose quill,
And parade the socks you wore—
Why, then you blooming mud-sill—
You thoughtless, brazen bore—
You breathing, shameless whiskey still—
Confound you shut the door!

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

CHAPTER XI. *Continued.*

'Only one week more, Gaston, *mon fils*,' he said to himself, exultantly, as he whirled homeward with the Talbots, 'and then let Fate do her worst—she can't oust me from Scarswood and my wife. Unless—always unless—unless Marie should take into her jealous head to come over here and hunt me up. I wonder what she said or did when she got all her letters back. I know what she thought; there could be no two opinions on that subject. Poor, passionate, proud little beauty! What an unmitigated scoundrel, I am, to be sure! The nearer the wedding day draws, the more I seem to think of her—the fonder I grow of her—all because I have given her up for ever, I suppose.'

But fondness for any human creature was not a weakness Mr. Dantree could ever allow to stand in his way to fortune. Jealous and exacting as nature had made the baronet's daughter, her accepted lover gave her no shadow of an excuse for either. He played his role of Romeo to perfection; if it bored him insufferably she never saw it; and now it was only one week, and once her husband, why all this untiring devotion might reasonably cool down a trifle, and the continual "tender nothings" of courtship give place to the calm friendliness of humdrum married life.

'She can't expect a fellow to dangle at her apron strings all her days,' Mr. Dantree thought; 'if she does she's mistaken—that's all. I'm ready to call all the gods to witness that I adore the ground she treads on, before the words are said and the nuptial knot tied, but afterward, my bonnie belle will have to take it for granted or do without. Men love most, the wiseacres say, before marriage, women most after. How will it be with me, I wonder, who don't love at all?'

It is long past midnight when the carriage of the last guest rolled away from the hospitable portals of Scarswood, and the lights were fled, the garlands dead, the banquet hall deserted.' And Katherine, trailing her brilliant silk after her, her jewells gleaming in the fitful light, eyes shining, and cheeks flushed, went up to her room. Through the oriel window at the head of the stairs the full winter midnight moon shone gloriously. The Bloody Hand, and the crest of the Dangerfields—a falcon rending a dove—shone out vividly through the painted panes. A black frost held the earth in bands of iron; the skeleton trees wayed gaunt, striped arms in the park the wild December wind whistled shrilly from the coast, and over head spread that blue, star studded moonlight sky. Katherine leaned against the glass and gazed up at that silver orb, and her thoughts drifted away from her own supreme bliss to that other Christmas so many hundred years ago, when the first anthem was sung by the angels over the blue hills of Galilee.

'Katherine!' Her father's door opened, and her fathers voice called. You will take cold to a dead certainty, standing there. I thought you had gone to your room.

'I'm going, papa,—I'm not in the least sleepy—I never am sleepy, I think, on bright moonlight nights like this. I wonder if my brain is touched like other lunatics at the full of the moon. Why are you not in bed? Papa!' with a sudden cry of alarm—a sudden spring forward, 'you are not well!'

His face was of a strange, livid hue, there was a nervous twitching of the muscles, and his eyes had a murky, bloodshot look.

'Papa, darling! what is it? Are you ill?'

'Not very well, I fear. I have not been well for days, but I feel worse to night than usual. And I think I ought to tell you—if anything should happen.' He paused, and put his hand to his forehead in a confused sort of way. 'My head feels all wrong somehow to-night. Katherine, if you're not sleepy come in—I have something of importance to say to you.'

She followed him, in some wonder and more alarm. His face had changed from its dull parlor to dark red, his voice sounded inchoerent and husky. What did it all mean? She entered his room, watching him with wide, wondering eyes.

'Sit down,' he said, impatiently shifting away from her glance. 'and don't stare in that way, child. I don't suppose its anything to alarmed about only—I think I ought to tell. You are going to be married, and you ought to know. Then the burden will be off my conscience, and you can tell him or not, as you please. That will be your affair, and if he deserts you——' He stopped again, again pressed his hand hard over his forehead, as though the thread of his ideas had broken. 'There is something queer the matter with my head,' he half muttered; 'I don't seem able to talk or think somehow to-night.'

'Then I would not try, papa,' Katherine interrupted, more and more alarmed; 'you are looking dreadfully. Let me ring for Francois to see you and send for the doctor. I am sure you are not fit to be up.'

'No, no,—don't send; at least not yet. I have made up my mind to-night, and if I don't tell you now, I may never summon courage again. You ought to know, child—you ought to know. You are not safe for an hour. It is like living over a lighted mine until that woman is dead. You ought to tell him—that fellow—Dantree, you know. If he deserts you, as I said, better to do it before the wedding day than after. I know it is the money he wants; I know he is a coward, and a humbug, and a fortune hunter, and it may be the greatest mercy for you, child, if he does leave you before the wedding day.'

Katherine started to her feet.

"Papa,' she cried, passionately, 'this is too bad; too cruel! I thought you were never going to speak against Gaston; you told me you would not; surely he has done nothing to deserve it. This day week is my wedding day and you talk of him deserting me. Papa, if such a thing happened—*could* happen; I would kill myself; I tell you I would! I would never survive such disgrace!'

He sank into a chair in a dazed helpless sort of way.

'What shall I do?' he said wearily; 'what shall I do? If I had only told years and years ago! Now it's too late.'

She stood and looked at him pale with wonder and vague alarm.

'Told me what? Is it the secret that Mrs. Vavasor holds? Why not tell me, then? Whatever it is I can bear it; I can bear any thing, only your hard words of Gaston, your talk of his deserting me. Tell me, my father; I am not a child or a coward. I can bear it, whatever it is.'

'You think so, but you don't know, you don't know! You hate that woman and you are so proud; so proud! You cannot bear poverty; you told me that; and I—what can I do? I cannot save you from—'

His incoherent words died away; his head fell back. Katherine sprang to his side with a scream of terror. Another instant and she flew to the bell ringing a peal that nearly tore it down. Oh! what was this?

His face was purple; his whole form rigid; what he had feared so long had befallen him at last. He was stricken with apopley.

The room filled with frightended servants. After the first shock, all Katherine's senses came back. She dispatched a man at once to Castleford for the family doctor. Sir John was conveyed to bed, undressed, and all there storatives they knew how to use applied. All in vain. With the dawning of the Christmas day, the stalwart old soldier lay before them, breathing stentoriously and quite senseless.

Dr. Graves and his attendant, a young man, arrived, and pronounced the fit apoplexy at once. They sent the pale girl in the festal dress, the shining pearls, and the wild wide eyes out of the room, and did their best for the master of that grand old house. But they labored in vain, the long hours wore away—and still Sir John lay rigid and senseless where they had first laid him.

White as a spirit almost as cold, almost as still, Katherine went up to her room. She made no attempt to change her dress, to revove her jewels She had loved this most indulgent father very dearly; the possibility that he could be taken from her had never occurred to her. Only yesterday morning he had ridden with her over the downs, only last night he had sat at the head of his table and entertained his guests. And now, he lay stark and lifeless.

She could not rest. She left her room, and paced up and down the long corridor. He was not dead—she could hear his loud breathing where she walked. She could not cry: tears that relieve other women, other girls of her age, rarely came to Katherine. She felt cold and wretched. How drearily still the great house was! Would those two doctors never open the door and let her into her father? —what dreadful secret was this that involved her life, which made him so miserable? He had talked of Gaston deserting her. The wedding must be postponed now, and postponed weddings were always ominious. How was it all going to end? she shivered in her low necked and short sleeved dress, but it never occurred to her to go for a wrap. She stood and looked out of the oriel window once more. Morning was breaking—Christmas morning—red and golden, and glorious in the east. The first pink rays of the sunrise glinted through the leafless trees, over terrace and glade, lawn and woodland. Outside the gate, the carol singers were blithly chanting already; new life—new joy everywhere without; and within, the lord of this stately mansion, of this majestic park, lay dying, it might be.

But it was not death. The door opened presently, and the pale, keen face of Mr. Otis, the assistant, looked out.

'Sir John has recovered consciousness, Miss Dangerfield,' he said, "and is asking for you.'

'Thank God!' Katherine's heart responded, but the dreary oppression did not lift. She went into the sick room, knelt down beside the bed in her shining robes, and softly kissed the helpless hand.

'You are better, papa?'

But Doctor Graves interrupted at once.

'You may remain with Sir John, Miss Dangerfild, but neither of you must speak a word. Danger is over for the present, but I warn you the slightest excitement now or at any future time may prove fatal.'

The eyes of the stricken man were fixed upon her with a strange, earnest wistfulness. He tried feebly to speak—his fingers closed almost convulsively over hers. She bent her ear to catch his words.

'Send for Hammarraly—I must make my will.'

'Yes, papa, darling, but not now. There's no hurry, you know—all present danger is over. You are to be very still, and go to sleep. I will stay by you and watch.'

'You will drink this, Sir John,' Doctor Graves said, authoritatively, and the sick man swallowed the opiate, and, with his hand still clasped in Katherine's fell asleep.

Dr. Graves departed. Mr. Otis remained; Katherine kept her vigil by the bedside, very pale in the sunlight of the new day. Mr. Otis watched her furtively from his remote seat. Hers was a striking face, he thought—a powerful face—a face full of character.

'That girl will be no common woman,' he thought; 'for good or for evil, she's destined to wield a powerful influence. You don't see such a face as that many times in life.'

The weary moments wore on. The Christmas morning grew brighter and brighter. The house was still very quiet. Outside the wintry sunshine sparkled, and the trees rattled in the frosty wind. The pale watcher lay back in her chair, pater with every passing moment, but never offering to stir. How white she was! how weary she looked! The young physician's heart went out to her in a great compassion.

'Miss Dangerfield, pardon me, but you are worn out. There is no danger now, and you may safely trust Sir John to my care. Pray let me prevail upon you to go and lie down.'

She opened her eyes and looked at him in some surprise, and with a faint smile.

'You are very kind,' she said, gently, 'but I promised to stay here until he awoke.'

There was nothing more to be said—Miss Dangerfield's tone admitted of no dispute. Mr. Otis went back to his seat, and listened to the ticking of the clock and the sighing of the December wind.

It was almost noon when Sir John awoke—much better, and quite conscious. His daughter had never stirred. She bent over him the minute his eyes opened.

'Papa, dear, , on are better?'

'You here still, Kathie?' he said feebly. 'Have you never been to bed at all?'

'No, Sir John,' Mr. Otis interrupted, coming forward; 'and I must beg of you to use your influence to send her there. Her long vigil has quite worn her out, but she would not leave you.'

She stooped and kissed him.

'I will go now, papa. Mr. Otis and Mrs. Harrison will stay with you. I do feel a little tired, I admit.'

Sir John's attack seemed but slight, after all. He kept his bed all next day, but on the third was able to sit up.

'And I don't see any necessity for postponing our wedding, Katherine,' Mr. Gaston Dantree said, 'since by New Year's Eve Sir John will be almost completely restored.'

'But he will not be able to drive to the church with me, Gaston,' Katherine argued. 'Dr. Graves will not permit him to leave the house for a fortnight, and besides, the excitement.'

'Katherine,' her lover interrupted decidedly, 'I will *not* have our wedding postponed—the most unlucky thing perceivable. If the governor isn't able to go to church at Castleford, and give you away, why let's have the ceremony here in the house. If the mountain can't come to Mahomet, why Mahomet can go the mountain. A wedding in the house is vast deal pleasanter to *my* mind than in public at Castleford, with all the tag-rag of the parish agape at the bride and groom, and all Castleford barracks clanking their spurred heels and steel scabbards up the aisles, putting us out of countenance.'

Katherine laughed.

'My dear bashful Gaston! the first time I ever dreamed that anything earthly could put you out of countenance! Well, I'll ask papa, and it shall be as he says.'

Miss Dangerfield did ask papa, and rather to her surprise received an almost eager assent.

'Yes, yes,' he said furtively. 'Dantree's right—a postponed marriage is the most unlucky thing on earth. We won't postpone it. Let it be in the house, as he suggests, since my driving with you to church is an impossibility. Since it must be done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly! Let the summer drawing-room be fitted up, and let the ceremony be performed there.'

Mr. Peter Dangerfield had been a daily visitor at Scarswod ever since his uncle's illness—no nephew more devoted, more anxious than he. The baronet listened to his eager inquiries after his health, his son-like anxiety, with a cynical smile.

'If I were dead there would be one the less between him and the title—you understand. I have no doubt Peter is anxious that—I should never recover.'

'Something's happened to Peter, papa,' answered Katherine thoughtfully; 'he's got quite a new way of talking and carrying himself of late. He looks as if some great good fortune had befallen him. Now, what do you suppose it can be?'

'Great good fortune,' Sir John repeated, with rather a startled face. 'I think you must be mistaken, Katherine. I wonder,' very slowly this, 'if—if he—has been in communication with Mrs. Vavasor since her departure.'

For Mrs. Vavasor's presence at Castleford was still a profound secret. She had taken lodgings in the remotest and quietest suburb in the town. She never ventured abroad by day, and had assumed an *alias*. She and Mr. Dangerfield kept tryst in the evenings, in lonely lanes and deserted places, and no one save himself dreamed of her presence.

But three days now to the wedding day, and these three flew apace. It had been arranged that, contrary to all precedent, the marriage was to be performed at Scarswood, it should also take place in the evening, to be followed, in the good old fashioned way, by a supper and ball, and the bridal party start next day for the Continent.

The hour was fixed for ten, and half the country invited.

Sir John's progress towards strength was very slow. Some secret anxiety seemed preying on his mind and keeping him back. He watched his idolized darling flying up and down stairs, dashing, bright as the sunshine itself, in and out of the room, singing like a skylark in her perfect bliss, and he shrank from the light as though it gave him positive pain.

'How can I tell her?' he thought; 'how can I tell her? And yet I ought—I ought.'

Once or twice he feebly made the attempt, but Katherine put him down immediately in her decided way.

'Not a word now, papa—I won't have it. I don't want to hear any nasty, annoying secrets before my wedding, and have my peace of mind disturbed in this way. If I've got to hear this disagreeable thing, let me wait until the honeymoon is over—Gaston will help me bear it then—you tried to tell me Christmas eve, and brought on a fit of apoplexy; and now, contrary to all medical commands, you want to begin over again and bring on another. But I'm mistress of the situation at present, and I won't listen. So set your mind at rest, and don't wear that gloomy countenance on the eve of your only daughter's marriage.'

He was too feeble to resist. He held her to him a moment, and looked into the happy young face with a weary sigh.

'I suppose few fathers look very joyous on the eve of an only daughter's marriage, and I have greater reason than you dream of to look gloomy. But let it be as you say—let us postpone the evil hour as long as we can.'

The last day came—the day before New Year's Eve. The bride-elect had been busier even than usual all day. Mr. Dantree dined and spent the evening there alone. They were both very grave, very quiet—that long, peaceful evening, the last of her youth and her happiness, never faded from the girl's memory. The picture, as she saw it then, haunted her to her dying hour—the big, lamplit, dra wing-room—her father's quiet figure lying back in his easy chair before the fire—her lover at the piano, playing soft, melancholy airs, and she herself nestling in a dormeuse, listening to the music, and his whispered words—the 'sweet nothings' of courtship. She followed him out into the grand portico entrance of the house to say goodbye for the last time. The cold, white moon sailed up the azure, the stars were numberless, the trees cast long, black shadows in the ivory light. The night air sighed faintly in the woodland; something in the still, solemn beauty of the dying night filled the girl's heart with a sense almost of pain.

'The sun will shine to-morrow,' Gaston whispered; 'and blessed is the bride that the sun shines on! Good-night, my darling, for the last time.'

The last time! And no forboding—of all that was so near at hand came to her as she stood there.

The promise of the night did not hold good. Mr. Dantree's prediction as to the sunshine was not destined to be fulfilled. New Year's Eve dawned cloudy, cold, and overcast. A long, lamentable blast soughed up from the sea, the low lying sky frowned darkly over the black, frost-bound earth.

'We're going to have a storm,' Sir John said; 'our guests must reach us through a tempest to-night.'

The storm broke at noon—rain, sleet, and roaring wind. Katherine shivered as she listened to the wild whistling of the blast. She, usually the least nervous and superstitious of human beings, felt little chills creeping over her, as she hearkened to its wintry howls.

'It sounds like the cry of a banshee,' she said, with a shudder to Edith Talbot. 'Such a wild, black, sleety, wretched winter day! And last night there was not a cloud in the sky! Edith, do you believe in omens?'

'I believe this is as disagreeable a day as it is in the nature of December days to be, and that you are a nervous goose for the first time in your life. You don't suppose Mr. Dantree is sugar or salt to melt in the rain, or a feather for the wind to blow away. Don't be so restless and fidgety, Kathie, or you'll make me as nervous as yourself.'

The short, dark, wintry afternoon dragged on.

With the fall of the night the storm seemed to increase. The roar of the winds deepened; the dull thunder of the surf on the shore reached them; the trees waved in the high gale like human things in pain; and the ceaseless sleet lashed the glass.

'An awful night for a wedding,' even the servants whispered, 'No wonder poor Miss Katherine looks like a ghost.'

She was pale beyond all the ordinary pallor of bridehood—strangely restless, strangely silent.

Darkness fell; the house was lit up; flowers bloomed everywhere as though it had been midsummer; warmth and luxury everywhere within contrasted with the travail of the dying year. Under the hands of her maid, Katherine sat passive to all changes. The supreme hour of her life had come, and in every wail of the wind, every dash of the frozen rain, she seemed to hear the warning words of her old nurse: "False as fair! False as fair!"

Eight o'clock. The rector of Castleford and his curate had arrived. Nine! The musicians had come, and the earliest of the nuptial guests; the roll of carriages could be heard through the tumult of the storm. Half past nine! And 'I wonder if Gaston has yet arrived?' Katherine said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LADY'S WISH.—"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. 'You can easily make it so,' answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observed."—*Cairo Bulletin.*

Agricultural.

CARE OF MACHINES.

After the season for using them is over it will not pay to leave the harvesting machines in the fields or by side of the highway. They can do no good in either of those places, but they will be seriously damaged if left exposed to the destructive influences of the weather.

The manufacturers say that when left constantly out of doors, the machines last only half as long as they would if they were protected from the weather when not in use.

Although not as expensive, and therefore not involving as heavy loss when neglected, plugins, harrows, horse-rakes, and all other farm implements are seriously damaged by exposure to the elements.

Not only do the implements which are left out of doors wear faster and break oftener, thus involving the necessity of frequent repairs, with the expense and loss of time inseparable therefrom, but they are much harder to use than those which are properly housed. A reaper which has stood in the field all winter, will draw much harder than one which was put under cover at the end of the harvest. Continued exposure of any machine increased power, with increased power of breakage, in its use.

It is a noticeable fact that in sections of the country where the farmers are rich and prosperous, it is seldom we find machines lying about the fields, or stock running in the roads, or weathering the cold autumn rains and sleet; but, in sections where the farmers are poor, though the land may be fertile, we invariably find farm implements left in the field, in the summer their cattle running the roads and in the late fall, when they should be in the stable, we find them shivering in the fence corner, or seeking shelter in barns or other buildings the doors of which have been blown off. In such times their only food is frozen grass, or other unnutricious substances. Care and economy must be exercised in all matters relative to agriculture, or on the most fertile land nothing but a bare existence can be had, and that only by the hardest drudgery. The same men on the same land by careful management and a study of their business could be comfortable and respected, neither of which careless farmers are.

WHAT THE FARMER SHOULD STUDY.

The farmer should study the laws of concentration. He should learn how to concentrate his crops into the best paying articles. Does he consider that butter, cheese, beef, pork and mutton represent only a certain amount of grass, hay and grain that his farm produces? That, instead of selling the raw comodities, he can, by putting them into these articles, get much better return for his products? His study should be how to transform the raw products of his farm into something that is concentrated, and that will bring him the most money. What he raises has to go to some market. By condensing it, little freight will have to be paid, and thus much will be saved. A farm should be a factory for changing the raw products into articles of general consumption that have a commercial value the world over—that are of the best quality, that keep well and sell well, and bring prices that will pay well for the skill, labor and capital employed in producing them.

OVER FEEDING WITH HAY.

Now that cows are about going into winter quarters, a hint about feeding hay may not be out of place. We often hear dairymen talk as if the height of skill in taking care of cows in the winter, was to get all the hay down that it is possible to cram into them. "I give my cows all the good hay I can get them to eat," is the boastful remark often heard from a spirited and aspiring dairyman, though in doing so he is wasting good provender without promoting the best welfare of his animals. It is a good thing to feed cows well, and to be sure that they will have food enough to sustain them fully, but it is neither wise nor economical to crowd them with a great bulk of hay of any quality. It is not wise to crowd any animal with a great bulk of corse food. A horse will do more work and do it easier, on moderate feeds of hay, than he will to crowd him with all that can be get down him. It is burdensome for him to move or exert his muscles with an over distended stomach, and the too large ration will not be digested so well as a smaller one. These objections are more empatically true with cows. It is the nature of Ruminants to hury down large meals when opportunity occurs, and lie by a long time to grind it over, a cud at a time, till it is well pulverized. If palatable food is offered them, they will take one meal after another, in such quick succession, as to give very little opportunity for remastication, and the successive meals of half ground food will be crowded out of the rumen, one after another, imperfectly digested for the want of being properly pulverized. In this course of feeding the double loss from discomfort and improper digestion is forcibly felt. Cows should have no more hay than they have time to remasticate, and if this is not enough for their necessities, they should have some easy-digesting concentrated food along with it. The quantity of hay given should never exceed what they will eat up clean, and twice a day is often enough to give time for properly ruminating.

ONE VARIETY.

As a rule, one variety of fowls is enough for almost any person to manage successfully and profitably, and this is especially true with beginners, who have to gain their experience in all the varied details of poultry management. If a breeder has been successful with one variety, has not merely made good sales, but has produced birds of such a high order of merit that the stock make a good advertisement, and a permanent one, or the breeder, it can be taken for granted that it will pay to take up one or more breeds, provided the same care is bestowed upon each variety as was formerly accorded to the single breed, and provided there are ample conveniences, room and quarters for them. It seldom pays to attempt raising pure bred poultry, of several varieties, unless there is ample room, both in yards and houses, for they must have this to ensure their health fulness and consequent profit.