

# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

## CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Rayner had entered the room so softly that we had not heard him.

"You look tired, my dearest Lola," said he, gently; "you had better go and lie down for a little while."

At the sound of her husband's voice Mrs. Rayner had shrunk back into her usual statuesque self, like a sensitive plant touched by rough fingers—so quickly too, that for a moment I almost thought, as I glanced at the placid, expressionless face, that I must have imagined the look of despair and the gesture of invitation. I timidly offered to read her to sleep, but she declined at once, almost abruptly for her, and, with some conventional thanks for my trouble, took the arm her husband held out, thanked him as he carefully wrapped round her a little shawl that she generally wore, and left the room with him.

After that, her reserve towards me was greater than ever; she seemed reluctant to accept the smallest service of common courtesy at my hands, and I refused my offers to read to her again, under the plea that it was wasting my time, as she was hardly well enough to listen with full attention. I was hurt as well as puzzled by this; and, being too young and timid to make any further advances, the distance between me and the silent, sad lady grew greater than ever.

An attempt that Mr. Rayner made two days after the above scene to draw us together only sent us further apart. He came into the school-room just as Haidee and I were finishing the day's lessons, and after a few playful questions about her studies, dismissed her into the garden.

"The child is very like her mother in face; don't you think so?" said he. "But I am afraid she will never have her mother's strength of intellect. I see you cannot help looking surprised, Miss Christie. My wife does not give herself the airs of a clever woman. But you would not have doubted it if you had known her five years ago."

He was in one of those moods of almost embarrassing frankness, during which the only thing possible was to sit and listen quietly, with such sparing comment as would content him.

"I dare say," he continued, "it will seem almost incredible to you, who have never heard her say more than is absolutely necessary, but she was one of the most brilliant talkers I have ever met, and four years ago she wrote a book which took London by storm. If I were to tell you the *nom de plume* under which she wrote, you would be afraid of her, for it became at once a sort of proverb for daring of thought and expression. People who did not know her made a bogey of her, and many people who did look with a sort of superstitious awe upon this slight, fair woman who dared to write out what she thought and believed. But they had no idea what a sensitive nature lay under the almost masculine intellect. We had a boy then—his voice seemed to tremble a little—two years older than Haidee. The two children had been left in the country—in the best of care, mind—while my wife and I spent the season in town; it was a duty she owed to society then, as one of its brightest ornaments. We heard that the boy was not well; but we had no idea that his illness was serious. I assure you, Miss Christie—and he spoke with touching earnestness—"that, if my wife had known there was the slightest danger, she would have flown to her child's side without a thought of the pleasures and excitement she was leaving. Well—I can scarcely speak of it even now—the child died, after only two days' illness, away from us. It was on her return from a ball that my wife heard of it. She sank down into a chair, dumb and shivering, without a word or a tear. When at last she succeeded in rousing her from this state, she took off her beautiful jewels—you have heard she was an heiress—and flung them from her with a shudder of disgust. She has never looked at them since."

He paused for a few minutes, and I sat waiting for him to continue, too much interested to say much.

"I hoped that the depression into which she sank would wear off; but, instead, it only grew deeper. I have told you before that by an arrangement on our marriage our settled home was in the country; after her boy's death my wife would never even visit town again. When Mona was to be born, just before we came to this place, a change came, but not the change that I had expected. I had hoped she would reawaken to interest in life, and, perhaps, if the child had been a boy to replace the one she had lost, it would have been so. Instead of that, her apathy deepened, until now, as you see, she shuts herself from all the world and raises a barrier between herself and the life around her which to strangers is often insurmountable. I have been looking for an opportunity to tell you this, Miss Christie, as I was afraid you might have been puzzled, and perhaps offended, by her strange manner the other day when you were reading to her. When I came in, I thought you looked rather frightened, and I supposed that something you had read had recalled the grief which is always slumbering at her heart, and perhaps led to one of those outbreaks which sometimes cause me the gravest, the very gravest, anxiety."

I understood what he meant; but I would not allow myself to appear alarmed by the suggestion. Mr. Rayner went on—"I fancied I caught sight of a wild look in her eyes, which is sometimes called up in them by a reference to the past, or even by a sudden vivid flash of memory. At such times only I, with the power of my long-tried affection, can calm her instantly. Do not imagine that she would ever be violent, but she might be incoherent enough to frighten you. Tell me, had she said anything that day before I came in which alarmed or puzzled you?"

"No, Mr. Rayner; she scarcely spoke while I read to her."

"Was there anything in what you were reading likely to call up memories of the dreadful time to which I have alluded?"

"I think not. No—none."

"I need not warn you, my dear Miss Christie, to avoid all reference to that subject, or anything that might suggest it, in talking to her, but of course without any appearance of constraint. And I am sure such a sensible girl as you are will not take needless fright at this unhappy disclosure, which I thought it safer to make to you,

trusting in your discretion. I still hope that in time she may recover her old health and spirits, consent to see people, and even move away from this place for a little change, which I am sure would do her good. I have begged her to do so over and over again, always unsuccessfully. I cannot bear to be harsh to her; but there is an iron strength of resistance in that woman of strong intellect and weak frame which, I confess, even I have not yet been able to overcome. If you will allow me to advise you, do not mention that subject either to her. One of my reasons for wishing for a young governess was that I might provide her in an unobtrusive manner with cheerful society and let her get accustomed to seeing a bright young face about her; but I am afraid her obstinate reserve has so far defeated my object. However, I don't despair. Now that you know something of her history, you are more likely to sympathise with her and make some allowance for her seeming coldness. Believe me, underneath all she has a warm heart still. And I am sure you will spare a little sympathy for me, condemned to see the wife I adore living a shut up life, as it were, seeming to ignore the undying affection of which she must still be conscious."

There was something so winning in his voice and manner as he said these last words that I felt for the moment even more sorry for him than for her, and I took the hand he held out as he rose to go, and looked up with all the frank sympathy I felt. He seemed touched by it, for, as if by a sudden impulse, he stooped and let his lips lightly touch my hand; then, pressing it once more in his, with a look of almost grateful kindness, he left the room.

I was a little surprised by this demonstration, which I thought rather out of place to a dependant. But he was an impulsive man, the very opposite in all things to his cold, statuesque wife, and the union between them seemed sometimes like a bond between the dead and the living.

When I thought over all that he had told me, after he had left the room, it was impossible, even setting apart my natural inclination as a woman to put the blame on the woman, not to come to the conclusion that the fault in this most uncomfortable household was chiefly on the side of Mrs. Rayner. I had never seen a more attentive, long-suffering husband, nor a more coldly irritating wife. From all I had seen, I judged that Mr. Rayner was a sociable man, particularly alive to sympathy, fond of conversation and the society of his fellow-men. To such a man the sort of exile his wife's obstinate reserve and dislike to society condemned him to must have been specially hard to bear with patience. It was true he scoffed at the society the neighborhood offered, and made no laugh by his description of a country dinner-party, where one could almost predict with certainty what each lady would wear, and where more than half the gentlemen were clerical.

"shop," and one of the ladies would play a colorless drawing room piece on the piano, and one of the gentlemen—a curate nearly always—would sing an unintelligible song, in a husky voice, and when told—by a lady—how well it suited his style, would reply modestly that Santley's songs always did.

But I fancied that, dull as it might be, Mr. Rayner would have been glad of more of even such society as the neighborhood afforded; and, from the bitterness with which he laughed at the paltry pride of small country gentlemen, I began to imagine that he must have been snubbed by some among them.

The first Sunday after my arrival was so wet that we could not go to church, so that I had been there a fortnight before I saw a general gathering of the inhabitants. But on the very day previous to this event I had an encounter with two of the ladies of the neighborhood which left a most unfavorable impression upon my mind. Haidee and I were taking our morning walk, when a big Newfoundland dog rushed through a gap in the hedge and frightened my poor little pupil so much that she began to scream. Then a young girl of about fourteen or fifteen, to whom the dog belonged, came up to the hedge, and said that she was sorry he had frightened the child, but that he would not hurt her. And she and I, having soothed Haidee, exchanged a little talk about the fields and her dog, and where the first blackberries were to be found, before we parted, my pupil and I going by the road while the girl remained in the field. We were only a few steps apart when I heard the voice of another girl addressing her rather sharply, "Who was that you were talking to, Alice?"

The answer was given in a lower voice.

"Well, the other went on, "you should not have spoken to her. Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?"

## CHAPTER III.

The shock given me by those few overheard words—"You should not have spoken to her. Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?"—was so great that I lay awake half the night, at first trying to reconcile Mr. Rayner's pathetic story with the horror of everything connected with the Alders, and then asking myself whether it would be wise to stay in a house to which it was plain that a mystery of some sort was clinging. At last, when my nerves were calmed somewhat and I began to feel sleepy, I made up my mind to set down those unlucky words as the prejudiced utterance of some narrow-minded country girl, to whom the least touch of unconventionality seemed a dreadful thing. However, I could not dismiss the utterance at once from my mind, and the remembrance of it sharpened my attention to the manner of the salutations that Mr. Rayner exchanged with his neighbors next day.

Although Goldham church was only a short distance from the Alders, Mrs. Rayner was not strong enough to walk; so she and her husband drove there in the brougham, while Haidee and I went on foot. We started before them, and Mr. Rayner was carefully helping his wife out of the carriage when we got to the gate. There was nothing noticeable in the way in which they bowed to one person, shook hands with another, exchanged a few words with a third; then we all went into the little church, which had been erected but a few years, and of which one aisle was still unbuild.

There was a square fairly pew just in front of ours, which was empty when we

took our seats; but, when I rose from my knees, I found fired upon me, with a straight-forward and not very friendly stare, the round, grey eyes of a girl two or three years older than myself, whom I recognized as the owner of the voice which had said of me, "Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?" By her side, therefore also facing me, was the younger sister with whom I had talked; she avoided meeting my eyes, and looked rather uncomfortable. As for me, I felt that I hated them both, and was glad when the gentleman who was evidently their father changed his position so that he almost hid them from my sight. Next to him sat a stout lady, who wore a black silk mantle covered with lace and beads and a white bonnet trimmed with yellow bows and unlikely clusters of roses. My heart sank curiously when I caught sight of the third person in the row, at the farther end of the pew. It was Mr. Laurence Reade, my friend of the dog-cart; and I felt as if a trusted ally had suddenly proved to be an officer in the enemy's camp. Having found myself in an uncongenial household, I had unconsciously looked forward to seeing again, at some time or other, the only person I had met since I came to Norfolk to whom no association of mystery or melancholy were attached. And now to meet him with those horrid girls! He was their brother evidently, for the elder harpooned him sharply several times for dozing during the service; but, when the sermon began and he had settled himself sideways in the corner with the plain intention of sleeping through the entire discourse, and the devout girl made a desperate lunge at him to rouse him once for all, he quietly took the weapon from her and kicked it under the seat. I rejoiced at this, and so missed the text, which was given out during the struggle. And then I missed a great deal of the sermon, for I was growing unhappy in my new home, and, as the preaching of one clergyman, especially if you are not listening particularly, sounds much like the preaching of another, it was easy to shut my eyes and fancy myself sitting with my mother in church at home in London. Presently, happening to glance around me, I caught sight of Mr. Laurence Reade in the corner of the next pew, with his arms folded, his legs crossed, and his head thrown back; and, if it had not been so very unlikely, I should have thought that he was not really asleep, but that through his half-shut eyelids he was looking at me.

When the sermon was over, and we filed out of church, I noticed that Mr. Reade exchanged a few words with Mr. Rayner rather stiffly, while the two girls deliberately turned their heads away from us. But Mr. Laurence Reade hung back behind the rest of his family, and stooped to speak to Haidee, who was holding my hand. He asked her to give him a kiss, and she refused—and I was very glad. Of course it was my duty to rebuke her for rudeness, and to tell her to accept the attention with gratitude; but, instead, I looked carefully the other way and pretended not to be aware of the little comedy.

"Oh, Haidee, you shouldn't turn away from your friends," said he, in his musical voice, with rather more of grave reproach than the occasion required—to a child. Mr. Rayner was on the churchyard path a little way in front of us, talking to the schoolmaster, the clergyman, and two or three of the gentlemen of the parish. He was trying to persuade them to start a penny bank, and was pointing out to them the encouragement it would give to habits of thrift, and offered to take the most of the trouble of starting it into his own hands.

The spirit of inactivity ruled at Goldham; there was no energetic curate to scandalize people by insisting that to doze through one sermon a week was but a negligent way of caring for their souls; the last vestry-meeting had dwindled into a spelling-bee, at which the doctor had been ruled out for putting only one "t" in "committee," and had gone home vehemently affirming that his was the right way, and that of the schoolmaster, his colleagues, and the dictionary, the wrong.

It was curious to note how they all listened coldly at first, with an aversion to the proposal strengthened by their dislike to the man who proposed it, and how, overcome by an irresistible charm in his manner of arguing as much as by the arguments themselves, they one by one from listless became interested, and not only agreed to the scheme being started, but to taking each some small share in setting it on foot. Then, parting cordially with the man they had greeted so coldly, they all dispersed; and Mr. Rayner, handsome, bright, pleased with his little triumph, turned to his wife and led her to the carriage, while Haidee and I returned as we came—on foot.

He was very severe indeed upon rustic wits and rustic governors during dinner, calling them sheep and donkeys and other things. Then he grew merry and made jokes about them, and laughed; and, finding in me an appreciative listener, his spirits rose still higher, and I thought before dinner was over that I had never heard anyone talk more amusingly. I think Mrs. Rayner made only one remark, and that was when I was furtively wiping some tears of laughter from my eyes; she asked me—"Do you care to go to church this afternoon, Miss Christie?"

I suppose I looked rather snubbed, for Mr. Rayner broke in—"Poor girl, how frightened you look at the thought! Know then, Miss Christie, that it is not one of the conditions of residence under this moist but hospitable roof that you should trudge backwards and forwards to church all Sunday, with intervals of pious meditation. We never go ourselves more than once. Our last governess was 'driven to it,' I assure you; and I don't suppose, I don't even hope, that the excellent Miss Parker's mantle has fallen on your quarter of a-century younger shoulders."

But I had quickly made up my mind that I had better go. Indeed I liked going to church; and, even if I had not acquired the taste already, the dullness of the Sunday before—which I had spent in the drawing-room with Mrs. Rayner and Haidee, hearing my pupil repeat one of the Thirty-nine Articles, which I was sure she did not understand, and which I myself did not understand well enough to explain to her; and stifling my yawns for the rest of the time behind Goulburn's *Personal Religion*—would have made me love it. So I said I should like to go, and they said that there was no after-

noon service at Goldham; but Mr. Rayner told me the way to the church at Gullinborough, the next parish, which was not far off.

It was a sultry summer afternoon, with a heavy clouded sky; but it was pleasant to be out of doors, and it was pleasant to be alone; for I found the society of little Haidee, whose shyness and reserve with me had not worn off yet, rather depressing sometimes—I had even cried a little at night over the difficulty I had in making the child fond of me. So that to be quite alone and out of the sombre atmosphere of the Alders was quite a relief. I passed the gates of a park, among the trees of which I saw a big square white house surrounded by a flower-garden; and a little further on I saw an American chair on the grass under the park trees, and a young man in a light suit, with his cravat hanging loose and his hat off, lying at full length in it. He had a cigar in his mouth and a gaudy-covered book in his hand, and on a rustic table beside him was a half-empty glass containing some liquid; and I could see that there was ice in it. Of course I only glanced that way, but I recognized the gentleman as Mr. Laurence Reade; and I could not help smiling to myself as I went on. He saw me, I think, for he started up and coughed; but I was looking the other way, and I thought it best not to hear him. As I turned the angle of the park, I glanced again at the white house, and I saw, with a little surprise, Mr. Reade running towards it.

I got to church in very good time, and, being given a seat in the chancel, I could watch the country people as they filed in; and, just as the last wheezy sound from the organ was dying away before service began, Mr. Laurence Reade, having exchanged his light suit for church-going attire, strode up the middle aisle and banged the door of his pew upon himself. And, remembering how nice theiced drink looked and how cosy the arm-chair appeared, I thought it did him great credit to come to church the second time.

The sky had grown very dark by the time service was over, and the occasional rolling of distant thunder threatened a storm. A few heavy drops fell as I stepped out of the church door, and my heart sank at the thought of the ruin a good shower would work upon my best gown, a light gray merino. It was nearly half an hour's walk to the Alders; my way lay along lanes and across fields where there was little or no shelter, and my umbrella was a small one. However there was nothing to be done but to start, hoping that the storm would not break with any violence before I got home. I had left all chance of shelter well behind me, when the rain came pouring down like sheets of water, with a sharp hissing sound which made my heart sink within me. I stopped, gathered up my skirt round me, gave a glance round to see that no one was in sight, being aware that my appearance would be neither graceful nor decorous, and then ran for my life. Before I had gone many yards, I heard some one running after me, and then Mr. Reade's voice calling, "Miss Christie!" I ran on without heeding him, ashamed of my plight; but he would not take the rebuff, and in a few more steps he had caught me up, and, taking away my small umbrella, was holding his large one over me. He opened a gate to the right that led into a field with a rough cart-track alongside the hedge.

"But this is the wrong way. I have to turn to the left, I know," said I.

"There is a shed for carts here where we shall get shelter," said he.

And in a few minutes we reached it, and I found myself sitting under a low roof on the red shaft of a cart, watching the down-pour outside, while Mr. Reade shook the rain from our umbrellas. A few days before I might have found something to enjoy in this curious encounter with my friend of the dog-cart; but the rudeness and suspicion of his sisters had made me shy with him. So I merely sat there and looked straight in front of me, while he, infected by my reserve, leant against the side of the shed and looked at me. I could see—as one sees so many things, without looking—the rain-drops falling one by one from the low roof on to his hat; but I would not tell him of it.

Things went on like this for some minutes until a bright flash of lightning dazzled me and made me cry "Oh!"

"You are frightened. Let me stand in front of you," said my companion, starting forward.

"Oh, no, thank you—I am not nervous!" I replied contemptuously, when a loud peal of thunder startled me so much that I nearly fell off my seat.

He said nothing, did not even smile at my crestfallen look; but he took up his stand in front of me, giving me a fine view of his profile against the dark sky. Every minute of this awkward silence was making it more difficult for me to think of something to say.

"I wish it would leave off," I remarked stupidly, at length.

"Are you in such a hurry to get back to the Alders? It is no drier there than it is here."

"But at least one can change one's boots."

"Have you got your feet wet? Why you have on little toy town-boots not fit to walk down a country lane in. You will be laid up with rheumatic fever, or something of the kind," said he anxiously, looking vaguely about him for dry boots.

"Oh, no, no—they are much thicker than they look!" said I. "It isn't that. But Mr. Rayner will be anxious."

"Mr. Rayner; and Mrs. Rayner, won't she be anxious too?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Worth More than His Note.

Emery Storrs, the reparteeist, tells a story of a gentleman who bought a bill of goods for \$1,500. The firm being suspicious of the customer, put \$300 on the usual prices. The customer could only raise \$1,200, which was the regular rate, the rest being in excess. He said he would give his note for the remainder, and they took it. Then he said he was in the habit of receiving a present when he made so large a bill. They gave him a necktie. He bitterly objected to such a mean little present. The proprietors then concluded to present him with his note for \$300. He took it with a look of cunning and then said: "Well, Mr. Alexanders, I think I will prefer the necktie, if it's just the same to you."

## Malaria and Medicine.

No single case of premature death, of lifelong misery, and of loss of working power has ever equalled malaria. There is some reason to think that it was from personal arrangements consequent upon it, that Descartes got his profound conviction of ill to the wisdom and capability of all hindrances. There can, at least, be hardly any been, the largest single element in the misery of mankind. Fortunately, malaria fever has almost disappeared from Great Britain, and it has hardly existed in some of our colonies, particularly the Australasian; of Northern Europe and the United States. Again, there is a drug, cinchona bark, with its products, which has a great power over the difficulty of the fever. The cultivation of the cinchona-tree is now a great industry both in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and whatever quinine or other products of the bark can do for malariousness will be, at no distant time, a benefit that may be shared by all but the very poorest and the races less accessible to civilization. Lastly, the symptoms, course, and complications of the intermittent and remittent fevers which malaria cause are known with all the precision that can be wished. What share, then, has medicine had in dealing with this destroyer of human happiness in the past, and what is the attitude of medicine toward malaria at present?

The almost total extinction of malaria at home, and its decrease abroad, have been brought about in the ordinary course of draining and cultivating the soil, and by wise attention to the planting or conservation of trees. There is a characteristic passage at the end of Kingsley's novel "Heward," in which he commemorates his hero as the first of the new English "who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the fens." The draining of the fens and all such achievements throughout the world have brought better health with them, but neither the doctors nor even the sanitarians have been the primary moving forces. Again, the medicinal uses of cinchona barks were known first to the indigenous inhabitants of the Peruvian Andes, where the trees are native and where the agar is common; and it was the Jesuits who introduced it widely into Europe (1620) and the East. The story of the reception of this remedy by the medical profession has its unpleasant side. The arch-stupidities of the Paris faculty, who still live for the amusement of the world in Moliere's comedies, opposed it with their united weight. Court physicians in other European capitals than France assailed it with abuse, and no one wrote more nonsense about it than Gideon Harvey, the physician of Charles II. The new remedy apart from its merits, fell in with the views of the Paracelsists, and disagreed with the views of the Galenists, and was recommended or condemned accordingly. Even the great Stahl, nearly a century after cinchona was first brought to Spain, would have none of it, and, in his servitude to his theories, he even went so far as to make use of Gideon Harvey's ignorant tirade against the drug by reprinting it in German. As late as 1729, an excellent physician of Breslau, Kalmold, whose writings on epidemics are still valuable for their comprehensive grasp, declared in his last illness (a "pernicious quartan") that he would sooner die than make use of a remedy which went so directly against his principles! The world, of course, gave little heed to those insane disputations; the value of cinchona was beyond the power of the faculty either to discover or to obscure. But, on behalf of the faculty, it remains to add that cinchona found powerful advocates from the first; and it will not surprise any to be told that these were generally the men whom medical history, on other grounds as well, has extolled or, at any rate, saved from oblivion. Such were Sydenham and Morton in London, Albertini in Bologna, Peyer in Schaffhausen, and Werlhoff in Hanover. The therapeutic position of cinchona was firmly established by Torti's treatise on the treatment of periodical fevers, published at Modena in 1709.

The next step in the relief of malarial sickness on the grand scale was the extraction of alkaloid quinine from the cinchona bark. The powdered bark was not only very unpalatable, but it was cumbersome to carry and dispense, and, although the principle of the remedy remained the same, it has proved of infinitely greater service in the form of quinine, and in the form of the cheap alkaloidal mixture known in England as "quinetum." The first extraction of alkaloid was in the case of morphia, from opium, in 1805; the discoverer was the apothecary of Hamelen, who was rewarded rather better than the celebrated pipemaker that town, for the French Academy of Sciences voted him 2,000 francs. Quinine was discovered in 1820 by the French chemists Pelletier and Caventou. The scientists and artists of botany and practical forestry, chemistry and practical pharmacy, are now all concerned in the production of this invaluable of remedies. The commerce of the world has taken cinchona in hand, and there are now plantations of the trees not unworthy to be named beside those of coffee and tea.—*The Quarterly Review*.

## A Hygienic Colony.

Who will project a hygienic colony in the North-West? There is a temperance colony, and certain religious bodies it appears have their colonies; why not a colony on a strictly public health basis? It would involve the selection of a salubrious site, perfect drainage of the soil, the construction of the most approved sanitary principles, perfect sewerage and scavenging for all the water. It would be necessary to conform to the individual or personal health laws. To be only good, wholesome food, and to observe temperance in all things; in dress, to regard the bath, regular exercise and fresh air as essential to health. The result fifty years hence would be looked forward to as such a project would be looked forward to with a good deal of interest by those who would be likely to live to witness it.—*Canadian Sanitary Journal*.

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