

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

So the next day, at eleven o'clock, he came into the schoolroom with Mrs. Rayner, who wore her usual air of being drawn into this against what will she had, and we all four crossed the garden to the stables, and went up through the harness room to the big room over the coach-house, which looked even more comfortable than I had expected.

For the floor was polished, and there were two beautiful rugs, a handsome tiger skin, and a still handsomer lion skin with the head attached, which Haidee crept up to, drew upon her lap, and nursed all the time we were there. At one end of the room was a partition, and behind this partition I guessed that Mr. Rayner slept. There was a bright fire burning in the tiled fire place, and there were soft easy-chairs, rather worn by constant use, but very comfortable, and there were pictures on the walls, and there was a dark carved oak cabinet full of curious and beautiful things, and a writing-table; and lastly there were the easel and a great confusion of portfolios and half finished sketches and studies. Altogether the room contrasted very favorably with the mouldy looking drawing room. Perhaps Mrs. Rayner thought so as she sat down, with one eager look round the room, as if she had never seen it before; and then, without any remark, she took out her knitting and worked silently, while I posed again as I had done on the previous day, with my head on one side, and my hands, as Mr. Rayner had placed them, clasped under my chin, while he painted and talked.

"You like those sketches I took in Spain, Miss Christie?"

"Yes—only there are too many nasty black priests prowling about in them."

"Oh, you little bigot! Those black figures are just what the hot, rather glaring Spanish scenes want, to relieve the monotony of bright colors and sunshine. You must tolerate them from a picturesque point of view."

"Very well, but from no other. They remind me of the Inquisition. They look like Jesuits."

"And where is the harm in looking like a Jesuit? I have a partiality for Jesuits myself."

"Oh, not really?"

"Really. Why not?"

"They are such sneaking, cowardly creatures, always working by indirect, underhand means, and leaving their poor tools to bear the storm they themselves have excited."

"But the poor tools are fit for nothing else. It is the daring, clever brain of the Jesuit that weaves the plot; it is on him the chief responsibility lies; and that his part of the work has its dangers is proved by the persecutions and martyrdom that many of his order have suffered. You cannot conquer everything in this world by the fists alone; every clever man who has ever made his way—'got on,' as the phrase is—is a potential Jesuit."

"Well, then, I like the poor fellows who don't get on, and who have only their fists, better," said I, decisively.

Mr. Rayner looked at me with a half smile.

"Most women begin like that," said he drily.

Of course I felt rather indignant, as every girl does, at being classed with "most women;" so I said no more, but only pursed up my lips; and I saw in the white face of Mrs. Rayner, who had been listening intently to this dialogue, a faint look of amazement at my presumption.

After two hours' work, Mr. Rayner called us to look at his sketch, which represented a very lovely girl with dark gray eyes a little larger than mine, a red-lipped mouth a little smaller, teeth a little whiter, and a complexion a little creamier in the white parts and a little rosier in the red; and the brown hair coiled on the top was just a little glossier and smoother than mine ever was. It was just a little like me, all the same; and I was rather hurt when Mrs. Rayner summoned spirit enough to say that he had flattered me, although I knew it quite well. But Mr. Rayner said gravely that it was impossible for a portrait to flatter a handsome woman, and Mrs. Rayner raised her thin shoulders in a slight shrug, and turned to leave the room. Haidee rose to follow her, but passed on the threshold to give a last fond gaze at the lion and look round for me.

"You are an excellent model, you sit so still. It is a pleasure to paint you for that and for other reasons," said he slowly and deliberately, as, without looking up, he went on putting finishing touches to the head. "What shall I give you as a reward for remaining so long without blinking or yawning as all professional models do?"

"Nothing, Mr. Rayner. I like having it done. It hatters one's vanity to sit to be painted; and flattery is always reward enough for a woman, they say," said I, laughing and following Haidee to the door.

"I shall find something more substantial than that," said Mr. Rayner, in a low voice, as if half to himself, looking up with a very kind smile as I left the room.

That afternoon Haidee had just run out of the schoolroom at the conclusion of her lessons, when Mr. Rayner came in. He held in his hand an old and shabby little case.

"The poor painter has not forgotten his promise, if he dares to call it a promise," he said, with mock humility. "Now see what you have earned by sitting still."

He drew me to the window and opened the case, keeping his eyes fixed upon my face as he did so. The case was lined with old and worn red velvet, and had evidently not been made for the ornament it contained. This was a large pendant in the form of a heart, which was a blaze of what seemed to me the most magnificent diamonds I had ever seen. The sight of them inspired me not with pleasure, but terror. I drew a long breath of surprise and admiration.

"It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," said I at last, not quite able to take in yet the fact that it was meant for me, and hoping against hope that it was not.

"You like diamonds?" said he, in a low voice.

"They are lovely—the most beautiful of jewels, I think," said I, with a break in my voice.

"Would you like to have your hair and

neck and arms covered with diamonds, like a duchess at Court?" he asked, still very quietly, but so that I did not know whether he was speaking seriously or not.

I looked up and laughed with rather an effort.

"I? Oh, no! I shouldn't care for diamonds myself; I should look absurd in them. Diamonds are for great ladies, not for governesses."

"Governesses become great ladies sometimes, don't they?" said he, returning to his usual light tone.

"I think most of them don't," said I in the same manner.

"Well, without being a great lady, a governess may wear an ornament she has fairly earned, may she not?"

"Yes, if it has been fairly earned," said I, trying to keep up a little tone of talk, though my heart was beating fast.

"And so you can accept this pretty little thing as the reward of your services to a grateful painter and a souvenir of our pleasant morning all together in the studio."

"Oh, no—oh, no—I can't indeed!" said I, earnestly, pushing from me gently the case he was trying to put into my hand. "Don't be offended—don't be angry with me, Mr. Rayner; but the very thought of possessing anything so valuable would be a burden to me night and day."

Mr. Rayner burst into a long laugh.

"Oh, you simple little creature! I did not think a London lady would be so unsophisticated as to mistake very ordinary paste for diamonds," said he, with much enjoyment. "This pendant, the enormous value of which frightens you so much, is worth about fifteen shillings. It wasn't even worth having a case made for it; see, I had to put it into an old case which once contained a brooch. No, no, my dear child, you need not be alarmed at the mere money value of the thing, which is very little. It has a value in my eyes, but for a different reason. Look here."

He turned it over, and I saw on the back a monogram, and the date 1792.

"What are the letters of the monogram?"

I read—"R. G. D."

"G. D. R.," corrected he—"Gervas D. Rayner—my own initials and those of my father and grandfather before me. That this belonged to my grandmother makes its only value. But I have plenty of relics of her; my wife has jewels enough at the bank which she never wears; so you are robbing nobody and pleasing one old friend—I may call myself an old friend already, may I not?—very much by accepting this. In full family conclave at tea, you shall hear me announce the presentation, and then you will be satisfied, won't you, you modest little girl?"

"But I can never wear such a thing as this, if it is only what you call paste," I objected.

"Wear it under your dress, and then the blaze of it will dazzle nobody," said Mr. Rayner, bending over me and laughing kindly at my reluctance.

So I took it with most ungracious feelings, which I tried to hide, and thanked him as well as I could. True to his promise Mr. Rayner said to his wife at tea-time—

"I have with the greatest difficulty prevailed upon this proud Miss Christie of ours to accept as a reward of her services as a model a twopenny-halfpenny trinket, which she almost told me was not fit to wear."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner!"

He was putting such a different color upon my reluctance, as if I had not thought it good enough. And there is a great deal of difference between fifteen shillings and twopenny-halfpenny. I saw Sarah, who was in the room, look at me very sharply, as if she thought governesses had no business to wear trinkets at all; and Mrs. Rayner did not look pleased.

Altogether the beautiful ornament that I had admired so much, but certainly not coveted, had brought me more annoyance than pleasure. It procured me one more little trial that very evening. When I got upstairs, I sat down in the arm-chair, which had its back to the door, took the case out of my pocket, and looked at the ornament. It certainly was very splendid, and I thought as I looked at it and made it flash in the setting sun that, if this were paste and worth only fifteen shillings, it was a great waste of money to buy real diamonds, which cost so much more and looked so much better. And, as I was holding it up to the light and feeling at last a thrill of pleasure in its possession, I heard a voice behind me say—

"So that's the twopenny-halfpenny trinket, is it?"

"Of course it was Sarah. She had come up to bring me some water, and I had plenty in the jug. Her ironical tone and the hard little sneering laugh with which she finished her speech were too much for my temper. I shut up the case, and said coldly—

"Of course Mr. Rayner would not give anyone a thing which really cost only twopenny-halfpenny."

"No, miss, not for such services as yours."

And she said it in such a nasty tone that, when she had left the room, I threw the case down upon the table and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XI.

When I had dried my tears and sat down in my favorite arm-chair to consider my grievances against Sarah, I wondered what had made her take such a strong dislike to me as she seemed to feel. It was true that her manners were not very pleasant or amiable to anybody; but there was a malignity in the way she looked at me, and a spiteful coldness in her tone if she only asked me if I would have any more coals, as if she thought it was a great deal more than I deserved to have a fire at all. But she had never been so rude and harsh before as she was on this night, and I began to think that the reason for all her unkindness was her annoyance at the great consideration shown to me, for I was, after all, only a new-comer, while she, who had been in the family for years, was left in her room on the upper storey and was not asked to sit for her portrait. It seemed a very silly feeling in a woman so old and sensible as Sarah was supposed to be, and who was certainly very well off for a servant, to show such a mean jealousy of a governess, who is always supposed to be a lady, even in those cases when everybody knows that she is not one. That is only fair, as her work is generally so much harder and so much more unpleasant than that of a servant. Then I thought of

the experiences of the other governesses I had known, and I came to the conclusion that Sarah must have lived in families where the governess was snubbed and neglected as some of my friends had been by their pupils' parents, and so she thought it a shame that I should be so much better treated than most of my sisterhood.

"She is only a crumpled rose-leaf after all," I thought to myself. "I am getting spoilt, and it is as well that there is some one to let me know that I am no more deserving than other people—only more fortunate. I suppose I ought to be thankful for Sarah!"

Then I thought of what Mr. Rayner had said about wearing the dazzling heart under my dress; and it was really so beautiful, and I was so grateful to him for his kindness—for it was not his fault that the gift had already brought down so much discomfiture upon me—that I should have liked to do so; but two reasons prevented me. The one was that if I had fastened it round my neck by a bit of ribbon and it had accidentally been seen by some one—Mrs. Rayner, for instance, not to mention Sarah—I should have felt rather guilty and uncomfortable, as if I had done something to be ashamed of, that wanted excuses and explanations; and that feeling is, I think, a pretty sure sign that one is doing what is not quite right. The other reason was that I already wore a souvenir round my neck under my dress, fastened to a watch-guard; it was a little case that I had made out of the back of an old purse, and it contained the bit of paper with Mr. Reade's apology which I had pulled out of the rose that evening when I had found the basket of flowers in my "nest."

Now, if I went on stringing round my neck all the letters and gifts that I received I should some day have as many trinkets round my person as a wild Indian—only I should not take the pride in displaying them that he did. So I decided to look up my pretty sparkling heart in my desk, and be content with the less showy pendant I already wore. Sarah had seen it, of course;—at least she had seen the cover, one evening when I had a cold, and she had brought me a cup of arrowroot, by Mr. Rayner's orders, while I was in bed. I had seen, by the eager way in which she had fixed her great black eyes upon it, that she was dying to know what it contained, and I was mischievously glad that she could not.

Mr. Rayner had given me the pendant on a Saturday. The next day, when service was over, and we were standing about in the churchyard as usual, before Mr. and Mrs. Rayner's departure gave Haidee and me the signal to go home, Mr. Laurence Reade left his party and stood looking at the gravestones, until the gradual moving on of the stream of people who were slowly coming out of the porch brought us past him. Then, as Mr. and Mrs. Rayner stopped to speak to some person, Mr. Reade said—

"Haidee, I'll give you a penny if you can read that epitaph"—pointing to one in worn old English characters. "Miss Christie, I believe it is as much as you can do; it is more than I can."

And we stepped on the grass, and Haidee knelt down and slowly spelt it out aloud. Mr. Reade kept his eyes fixed on the inscription as he bent over one side of the tombstone, while I looked at it from the other; but what he said was—

"It seems such a long time since Tuesday."

Tuesday was the day on which he had bought the marbles. I could not laugh over a tombstone before all those people; so I said gravely—

"It is just five days."

"Yes, but they have been such long days," said he, in a low voice.

"Not really," I answered. "The days are getting shorter now."

"Don't you know how long a day seems when you want to see a—a person, and you can't? But perhaps you see the persons you like best to see every day?"

"I like to see my mother best, and she is a long way off," said I gravely.

"Ah, yes, of course! But I wasn't thinking of one's family."

"Perhaps you were thinking of the pretty girls who were in your pew last Sunday?"

"The Finches—Ethel and Katie? Oh, no, I wasn't! I see quite enough of them. They're coming again, too, to the school-treat. Don't see why they can't be contented with their own tea-fights. No, I was thinking of somebody quite different. Can't you guess who?"

He was looking at me now, and not at the inscription at all. And in the pause which followed his words I distinctly heard Mr. Rayner's bright voice saying archly—

"Laurence seems to have a great admiration for our pretty Miss Christie; doesn't he, Mr. Reade?"

I did not hear her answer; but it was given in a displeased tone; and a minute afterwards she called her son sharply and said that they were waiting for him. But they all stayed in the churchyard for some minutes after that, and then I noticed that Mr. Rayner was still talking to Mrs. Reade, and that she seemed very much pleased and interested by what he was saying. I just heard her mention "the Bramleys" and "our branch" in her answers; so I guessed that they were what Mr. Rayner called "up the genealogical tree" together.

This was to be a busy week in the parish. The school-treat, which had been put off this year, first on account of sickness in the village and then because of the wet weather, was now fixed to take place on Saturday; and the following day was to be harvest festival. This was not a very great occasion with us, being signalized only by a special sermon, the harvest thanksgiving hymns—which would be rather inappropriate this year, as the farmers were grumbling more than usual at the damage done by the late heavy rains—and bunches of corn, which those same "thankful people" rather grudging us, in the church windows and round the pulpit. The Misses Reade had undertaken most of the decoration of the church, as the Vicar's wife had enough to do in preparing for the school-feast and accompanying sale.

The next day Haidee and I took a longer walk than usual; and, when we returned, Jane met me with a mysterious air in the hall.

"Oh, Miss Christie, young Mr. Reade called while you was out and asked to see you. He said he had a message for you. And, when I said you was out and offered to give it to you, he said he had better write it, as it was important. So he wrote a note for you; and please it wasn't my fault, but

Sarah got hold of it, and she took it to Mr. Rayner. I told her it was directed to you; but she wouldn't take no notice."

I went up stairs very much annoyed at this fresh indignity offered me by that hateful Sarah, and hurt and sorry beside, for I was longing to know what the note said. As soon as I got into the dining room, however, Mr. Rayner came up to me smiling, and put it into my hands.

"Here is a *billet doux* which has been left for you, Miss Christie. Now, whom do you expect one from?"

"From nobody, Mr. Rayner," said I blushing very much.

This was not a story, because I knew the letter could not be at all the sort of communication he implied, but would contain, probably, some formal message from Mrs. Maitland.

I opened it at once to show that I did not think it of any consequence. It only said—

"Dear Miss Christie,—My sisters find there is so much to be done for the church that they are afraid they won't be able to do it all. Would you be so very kind as to undertake part? If you would not mind, I will ride over with the work to-morrow after luncheon, about a quarter-past two."

"Yours sincerely,
"LAURENCE READE."

I think I was a little disappointed in the note; but it was all the better, as I could repeat in quite a careless way what it said; and then, just as I was wondering whether I should tear it up to show that I did not care, I saw that there was something written on the inside leaf, and I put it back into the envelope as if I did not notice what I was doing, and slipped into my pocket.

Dinner was long that day; when it was over, I went into the schoolroom and drew out my letter again. The words on the inside leaf were—

"Why were you so unkind on Sunday?"

I had no way of sending back an answer; I could only wait till next day at a quarter past two. But I think I could have sung through the lessons like the heroine of an opera that afternoon.

I had not thought it necessary to mention to Mr. Rayner the time at which Mr. Reade had said he should bring the work; at a quarter past two we were always in the drawing-room all together. But the next day, the day of all other days when the explanation that I should stay and hear the explanations about the work I had to do, Mrs. Rayner asked me, directly after dinner, if I would mind writing some letters for her, to go by that afternoon's post. I should have sat down to write them in the drawing-room but Mrs. Rayner said—

"You would like to be undisturbed, I know. Shall I send your coffee to your room or to the schoolroom?"

I said, "To my room, if you please," and went up stairs trying to swallow the lump in my throat.

It was silly of me; but I liked that half hour in the drawing-room after dinner, and reading the papers over my coffee, and Mr. Rayner's amusing comments on the news—it was such a pleasant rest.

I had got through one stupid letter—they were not at all important—when there was a knock at the door, and Jane came in, giggling and excited.

"Oh, miss, I've brought you a parcel, and I have made Sarah so wild!" and she laughed delightedly. "I answered the bell and there was Mr. Reade on his horse with this; and he said, 'Take it to the schoolroom, please; it's for Miss Christie;' and then he got off, and I showed him into the drawing-room. And I saw you wasn't in there, nor yet in the schoolroom. So, when I got into the hall, thinks I, 'I'll be beforehand with old Sally this time' when out she comes, and says, 'Give that to me. I'll give it to Miss Christie.' 'Never mind,' says I, half way up the stairs—'don't you trouble.' And she made a grab at me, but I was too quick for her, and up I ran, and here it is, miss."

And she slapped the parcel down upon the table triumphantly.

"Thank you, Jane," I said quietly. "It is only some work for the church from Miss Reade."

Jane's face fell a little; and then, as if struck by a fresh thought, she giggled again. I cut the string and opened the parcel to prove the truth of my words, and showed her the red flannel and the wheat-ears, which were to be sewn on in letters to form a text. But in the middle was another note, and a box wrapped up in paper, both directed to "Miss Christie;" and at sight of these little Jane's delight grew irrepressible again.

"I knew it!" she began, but stopped herself and said, "I beg your pardon, miss," and left the room very demurely.

But I heard another burst of merriment as she ran down stairs. Then I opened the note; it only said—

"Dear Miss Christie,—I take the liberty of sending you a few late roses from a tree in a sheltered corner where the rain cannot spoil them. I hope they won't smell of cigars; I could not find a better box. I will call to fetch the text, if you will let me know when I can see you."

"Yours sincerely,
"LAURENCE READE."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

More Luxury.

An enterprising Chinaman has recently opened a restaurant in Paris, and is now endeavoring to educate the Western palate to appreciate the subtle excellence of rotten eggs and bird's nest soup. In order to prepare the former luxuries in their full perfection fresh duck's eggs are covered with a mixture of cinchers, chalk, lye, soda, powdered liquorice root and oil, and are then left for several months, until their yolk becomes first green and finally black. The darker the yolk the greater the delicacy. The bird's nest from which the famed soup is made are built by a species of swallow that abounds on the coasts of Java, Ceylon and Borneo, and practically consist of a gelatinous substance obtained from marine plants. The nests are boiled either in chicken broth, or in milk of almonds; and the result very much resembles vermicelli soup, save that it is far more costly. The Chinese restaurateur also offers his customers smoked shark's fins, dried cuttle-fish, and salted rats; but such toothsome dainties as these to the Parisians is more than doubtful.

CHEAP LIVING.

How a Nutritious Diet Can Be Enjoyed at Trifling Cost.

A contributor to the London Times writes: Allow me to bring under the notice of your readers some experiments I have just concluded, to solve the difficulty of feeding our poor in London and elsewhere. The cry is that food is so dear the poor can scarcely live. This is true if they want to live on luxuries, but if they will live on wholesome but plain and healthy fare they can do so for very little. A little over a month ago I determined to give up all expensive articles of food and live almost as cheaply as possible. Having left off flesh foods for nearly two years, and lecturing frequently on the question of food, I knew what to select. Looking over my food accounts, I found milk, butter, eggs and cheese, with tea and coffee, were fairly expensive articles and none of them necessary, so I gave them up for a time to see results. On Oct. 19 I began my experiment; my weight was then 9 stone 8 ounces. I continued this pure vegetarian diet for a month, when my weight was 9 stone three pounds and 12 ounces, or a gain of 4½ pounds. My friends said I looked well; I felt well, and did my usual work the same as ever. I walked from ten to fifteen miles daily, seeing patients or taking exercise. Here is an account of my dietary, which cost me little more than sixpence a day, and I could easily live for less without luxuries. Breakfast consisted of a basin of porridge, made from a mixture of oatmeal and wheatmeal, which I found more palatable than either singly. This I usually eat with bread to insure thorough insalivation. Then came bread fried in refined cotton seed oil, or fried vegetable haggis. For drink I had a cup of cocoa or fruit syrup, with warm water and sugar. The cocoa used was an ordinary one with plenty of starch in it, which makes a thick drink, and no milk is thus required. Dinner consisted of a thick vegetable soup and bread, potato pie, savory pie, vegetarian pie, vegetable stew, stewed rice and tomatoes, etc. For a second course I had bread plum pudding, stewed rice and fruit, baked sugar, tapioca and apples, stewed prunes, figs, raisins and bread. Tea meal consisted of bread and jam, stewed fruit, or some green stuff, as watercress, celery, tomatoes, etc. I had only three meals a day, and frequently, when very busy, I had only two, and a cup of cocoa and a biscuit for supper. I always use the wholesome bread, as it is a laxative and contains a good deal of nitrogen, which is thrown away with the bran. The cotton seed oil is a cheap and good cooking oil, and is impossible to detect. This diet is continued for a month, and now I only take the animal products when out, not having them at my table.

Now compare this diet to one of flesh or a mixed one. The latest analysis shows flesh to contain from 70 to 74 per cent. of water, the dry residue being very rich in nitrogen, and it contains a little carbonaceous or fatty matter. Hence, to live on meat alone, as much as eight pounds a day is necessary. Then there are to be considered the diseases of animals, which are communicable to man if that flesh be not thoroughly cooked all through; and, as very few of our animals live a perfectly natural life, most of them are more or less diseased, especially the fat ones. The excess of nitrogen taken into the system in eating flesh meat has to be got rid of by the liver, kidneys, and lungs; hence these organs are overtaxed, and much disease is the consequence. In fact, were it not for the flesh food we doctors would have very little to do. Man living in towns can not afford to eat much flesh, because he does not get sufficient exercise and oxygen to burn up the excess of nitrogen. If he does eat this flesh, and if he eat much, then he must suffer from many complaints, such as indigestion, bilious attacks, congested liver, hemorrhoids, gastric catarrh, and other gastric troubles. If the habit be continued in, gall stones or urinary calculi may follow, or rheumatism and gout. Then the kidneys become diseased and more work is thrown on the heart, which becomes also diseased; the end is death by one of the lingering diseases, which shows a diseased organ somewhere. Even epilepsy and many nervous diseases are aggravated by flesh. Cancer on the increase, and from some observations I have made it may be indirectly traced to flesh. Consumption has only a remote connection with flesh, it being due chiefly to want of fresh air. Vegetable food is cheap, contains an abundant supply of nutriment at first cost, and our system are so formed as to use it with least expenditure of vitality. We use no cruelty in obtaining our food, and can easily see if it be wholesome or in a rotten state.

By means of our diet much disease is prevented, and even most chronic cases of present disease can be alleviated by it. If we want a cheap dietary we have the following foods to choose from: Wheat, oats, barley, maize, rice, sago, tapioca, semolina, hominy, peas, beans, lentils, etc., are all concentrated foods, very rich in nutriment. Potatoes, sprouts, carrots, turnips, onions, cabbage, parsnips, etc., give the variety, bulk and flavor; to these may be added the sweet herbs for making savory dishes. Apples, pears, currants, gooseberries, plums, strawberries, raspas, blackberries, and other fruits, with melons, peaches, grapes, etc., at a higher priced but wholesome fruits. The dried fruits, as dates, figs, apricorns, currants, raisins, etc., are cheap and good. To these may be added tinned goods. Then one can see the immense variety of tasteful things we have, and these to suit all purses. We can add to these milk, butter, cheese, eggs, and honey, which are got without killing animals. But if we take animal food, then fish is least injurious than beef and mutton, while veal, pork, game, etc., are very indigestible and ought to be avoided.

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The tramp prefers summer scents to winter quarters.

Stanley has discovered a river in Central Africa called *Kisemelonga*. It can not be very far from Lake Nyum-nyum.

Considerable discussion has been held of late in certain social circles as to the finest private residence in New York City. The house of William K. Vanderbilt, on Fifth Avenue, is probably the most elaborate residence in America.

Alt upon weeks tidly b now. pive the co bring carly higher early when instil health of foc ing of troub leave perio time The wool the w they y of the pects penni and g ding, half t a good Ly, but will e mixed oats, occur, the plac ewes t are tw ponded lamb An keepy they work do to State the ch that s A T dition are 30 000 po to feco a whol bacon silver gons, half a whelp 000 sh would sheep pence amount Tennessee her ch dollar Ano mates Forthe than 8 dogs, at gov purcha 200 vol I produc much into the manur be retar rent of little fa the spr superfl manufa keepa utilizi pose. It h earth u equal, way, c gathere loamy away in and sp time all bad the fertu rested. The be rem this, st ment ar wchathe watche heat is add the mar tation a mingled and its readily last this kin tive fert plied it for pota wood as ering it siderabl the add to some lost in absorb ure set addition this m Nearly pains, co go some vantage grasses a Mr. A gation. Miss Pa secretary Petersburg distingui masterin prescribe Govern