KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXXII.

Hounds met the following day at twelve o'clock, people being too drowsy and languid, after the dissipation of the previous night to turn out at an earlier hour. The meet was at a village named Stoppington, situated within a couple of miles of Foxington. Ever since the time when the Hunt Ball had grown a recognized institution of vast importance, Stoppington Covert had always been the draw on the next morning, although, owing to the close proximity of a railway line, it was not always a certain find. In fact, the interests of sport were in some measure sacrificed to the convenience and pleasure of the general public, who profited by this act of grace on the part of the Master by flocking to Stoppington in vast numbers. Thus it happened that the meet was a monster one, representing all classes and grades of society, from the regular habitues on their finished performers to the urchins with grinning faces and tattered coats bestriding long-tailed, shaggy-heeled and hairy-coated cart-horses, some of whom were minus a saddle and bridle, a bit of old sacking and a twist of rope filling their respective places. Big men on small ponies, timorous but ardent; superior tradesmen with uneasy seats and still more uneasy hands; farmers' daughters in blue habits and gold earrings; benevolent agriculturists on stout, lazy cobs; a lean newspaper reporter fancifully attired but full of pride, and a couple of huntsmen from neighboring packs, all helped to swell the list of equestrians; while laboring men, publicans, smiths, runners, shoemakers, tramps, smart nurse-maids trundling perambulators heedless of their sleeping charges, and giggling girls, still further added to the goodly multitude—a multitude whose activity, energy and keen determination to witness the slaughter of a fox not only, as minute after minute elapsed, rendered the prospect of any real sport exceedingly remote, but also drove Will Steadall to the very verge of despair. Meantime hounds were whimpering in covert with plaintive irregular notes, now rising to a hopeful chorus, anon dying away into a provoking silence, while ever and again the fox peeped distrustfully out. On one occasion, indeed, irritated by the disagreeable proximity of Gaylad, he actually endeavored to thread his way unobserved through the eager throng, but his presence was immediately detected by the foot-people, who set up such a demonical yell as quickly drove him once again to seek the comparative quiet of the covert. To make matters worse, a biting north-east wind prevailed, which chiled the marrow in the bones and set toes and fingers aching with pain. Horses, then lost patience, sought shelter in a friendly shed, or galloped briskly up and down, while others again stood still, resolutely striking their chests with, extended arms in the endeavor to restore circulation to their shivering frames, and their steeds, animated by the cold currents of air blowing over them, put down their heads, rounded their backs, and lifted their heels in a highly disconcerting fashion. Everyone was growing out of heart and out of spirits, so that the joy became general when at length the hounds succeeded in chopping the bewildered fox in covert, thus ending his suspense and anxieties for ever. The dead body was dragged forth, the delight crowd pressed round, giving vent to many naive and original observations, while Will Steadall stood in the midst of the pack and swung it on high, as his darlings leapt frantically after their prey, until at last it was thrown in their midst, and they fought and quarreled over the meal. Then and not till then, did the crowd in some small measure begin to disperse, while the slip was given to the remaining foot people by the legitimate hunt setting off at a good smart trot for Horniblow Wood, some three miles distant, from which place the Master still hoped to be able to show the host of strangers out some pretty fair sport, worth of his well-known country. The laggards had scarcely reached their destination, many of them indeed being left behind altogether, when, as if to reward the huntsman's patience that had been so long and so admirably exercised, a dog-fox broke covert immediately and went off straight as a die for Crow's Hill, between which point of refuge and Horniblow Wood lay a stretch of the finest grass-country in the whole of the Critchley Hunt. Will Steadall came galloping down the centre ride, flung open the hand-gate at its end, stood up in his stirrups, looked round, and blew his horn; then, when he had gathered the leading together, leaving his first whip to bring on the others, he dashed forward in pursuit. "Gone away! hark forrard, awa-a-y!" shouted the delighted field as they pressed after him. And now ensued such a galloping and chattering, such a pushing and shoving, bustling, urging, fussing, throwing away of half-finished cigars, and thrusting on of ill-fitting hats, as only those who have experienced the difficulty and importance of securing a good start in the crowded shires can fully realize. Fortunately, Horniblow Wood was a covert which accommodated itself to the necessities of all, being approached by no narrow bridle-gates or tortuous lanes, but surrounded on all sides by gently undulating grass-fields, whose verdant hue did the eye good to rest upon. Kate Brewser, after having spent a sleepless night, was out riding Sir Richard, but she looked a trifle paler than usual, and did not appear in her customary spirits; while Mrs. Forrester, mounted on her celebrated steeplechaser, Singing Bird, was also present, the very incarnation of business, impelled into stirring action by the watchful eye of a wealthy and intending purchaser. The hounds were now tearing across the big pastures at a terrific pace, "heads up and sterns down," noiseless but deadly, evidently meaning slaughter. A sheet would have covered them, they lay so close together while Will Steadall was doing his "level best" to keep up with the beauties.

"Come along, Miss Brewser;" cried Mrs. Forrester enthusiastically, urging Singing Bird to full speed. "We're in for a run at last I do believe, and half the field are left behind. I've known hounds run like storm before now, with just such a biting easterly wind as this; and what's more, between Maddington and Crow's Hill there is not a drain nor a patch of gorse for a fox to fall back upon. If he only keeps on as he is going now, we have a good five-mile point before us, and when Pug takes this direction he nearly always proves himself an uncommonly dashing customer. So come on. Don't lose your place on any account."

Kate, to tell the truth, had been feeling up till now a little what the sex call "out of sorts," but Mrs. Forrester's words put her on her mettle, and, giving Sir Richard his head, she let him sweep along at will. Besides, Opal's roan quarters were immediately ahead, and she did not wish to disgrace herself in the eyes of Opal's rider, however much she might affect to despise his good opinion. Giving a hasty glance backward, she perceived strings of horsemen all hurrying in the same direction as herself and Mrs. Forrester. The sweet subtle ecstasy of the chase began to glow in her veins, and dissipate sorrows, real or imaginary. Come what might, she would not lightly suffer defeat or lose her pride of place. So she answered with a smile—

"All right, Mrs. Forrester, you give me a lead and I'll do my very best to keep up."

Colonel Clinker had never spoken a word to her that morning, but perhaps, if she rode very, very well, or even if she got another bad fall, he might unbend a little and give her an opportunity—of what? Of asking his forgiveness, of telling him his love was returned, and that she was miserable at having offended him? She hardly knew; she was only conscious, as side by side she and Mrs. Forrester galloped on, of a feverish hope that something might turn up to alter the situation. The ladies never spoke to each other again, but settled down to work in real earnest; indeed the pace was so great only the most fragmentary ejaculations were at first possible. They were now in a huge hundred-acre field, with the white hounds stealing mutely in the distance. The going, in part, was very swampy and heavy, so that it became desirable to steady the horses in order to prevent their taking too much out of themselves so early in the day.

Mrs. Forrester profited by the opportunity to say in a hurried voice—

"You follow me, Miss Brewser; there's a very nasty bottom, requiring a deal of doing, running all along the end of this field, as I know to my cost, having once remained in its mud for half an hour, since which I have taken the precaution of inspecting the available spots at my leisure. The other day I was walking round this way looking at some beasts shortly to be put up for sale, when I saw a capital place, where there was a bit of a gap in the hedge on the take-off side, and a fairly sound landing. Hounds are bending a trifle to the right; but never mind, you stick to me, and depend upon it we shall gain a good bit in the long run. There will be some dirty coats soon, I'll wager anything."

So saying, Mrs. Forrester, who, thanks to her remarkable bump of locality, knew every inch of the country in which she hunted, made straight for a given point where the big, straggly, overgrown fence in front of them looked somewhat more yielding than it did on either side.

"Now," she said, "let me go first, and when I am over take your horse by the head and send him at it. It's a widish place, even here, but nothing to a free jumping animal who takes off well." She gave Singing Bird a reminder from her spurred heel, and without the smallest hesitation or any of the undecided wavering which so often proves fatal to the nervous, flew the bottom in gallant style, sitting meanwhile firm as a rock in the saddle. Kate waited till she was well in the next field, and then, having watched exactly how Mrs. Forrester had ridden Singing Bird, endeavored to follow her example as closely as possible, with the result that a moment later she found herself also on the right side.

"Well done!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester in tones of honest satisfaction, for she was too excellent a sportswoman ever to ride jealous. "You did that capitally. Ha, ha!" looking round with a chuckle, and seeing no one in their immediate wake, "we've given some of them the slip this time, and higher up there's no getting over the bottom at all; it widens out into a regular gully. Hulloa!" as a riderless horse, his forehead plastered with mud, galloped by, "there's somebody come to grief already. Captain Fuller, I do believe, for it looks like his black mare."

The hounds were now directly in front of them, having once more inclined to the left, and the two ladies found themselves riding close behind the huntsman and Colonel Clinker, while only half a dozen were with them in all.

"You see," ejaculated Mrs. Forrester triumphantly, "how right I was. We have pounded nearly the whole field. Woa! Singing Bird, old man, take it easy now," for they were toiling up a sticky furrow. The hounds had slightly relaxed their speed, the scent becoming colder on the heavy arable land. "There's no knowing how long this is going to last." So saying she caught hold of a lock of Singing Bird's mane, hoisted herself up in the stirrups, and leant far over the animal's neck, endeavoring to ease his hind-quarters up the ascent. The sterns of the rearmost hounds just quivered a second or two, but directly they got on to the grass again, down went their noses once more, and away they sped as fast as ever. It was a grand scenting day evidently. Will Steadall's sober face glowed with excitement, as every now and again he flung a word of approbation after his favorites.

"Bee-utiful, Colonel, aint it?" he remarked to that gentleman enthusiastically. "Did you ever see a pack hunt better in your life? Lord bless you, they can go, and no mistake. They'll take some of the shine and bounce out of a few of these 'ere strangers to-day. I'll lay a suver-eign."

They were now sweeping over lovely flying fences, in the very cream of the country, taking them in regular steeplechase form, without time to be too fastidious in the choice of a place, or to take much of a pull at their horses. It was glorious fun striding along over the huge grass-fields and ignoring gates with profound contempt. Horses began to lather and their coats to shine, but their blood was up, and they seemed to enjoy the chase as much as their riders. Down Scapely Hill, through Merivale Dale, past Shepstone Village, straight for Crow's Hill they flew, the company growing more and more select, with Will Steadall on his famous chestnut and Colonel Clinker on Opal cutting out the work alternately; while Mrs. Forrester and Kate lay only a few lengths behind. The countenances of this little band flushed warmly with that mingled look of elation and determination which each fresh fence safely negotiated, each fresh comrade left behind, increases. For however selfish under such circumstances, the disappearance of a neighbor is borne with surprising equanimity, scarcely indeed, in nine cases out of ten, causing any regret. Mrs. Forrester glanced hastily at her watch. They had been galloping exactly five-and-twenty minutes, at a pace that had already told on the horses, and made their riders begin to think a short check, just sufficient to enable them to recover their wind, would be desirable. Crow's Hill was straight in front, standing up tall and dark, with its naked black trees sharply outlined against the uniform light-grey sky. Surely Reynard would seek refuge here among its friendly undergrowth, and persuade some fresh fox to take his place while he stretched his wearied limbs full length, or hide himself snugly away under the ground. He made a bold bid, but alas! for his sake, just as he began to scale the grassy heights before him, a flock of huddling sheep checked his onward career. Then he gave one or two uneasy twists, trying to still dodge his pursuers, till, finding himself too hard pressed, he took a sudden fresh resolution, and set his brave face straight for Manford Hall, good three miles further on.

(To be continued.)

EUROPEAN TRIPS.

Points for the Traveller Who Would be Economical.

The apparent cheapness of cab fares in Europe will at first lead one into unnecessary extravagance, which can easily be avoided. In every large city and many smaller ones little hand-books of the tramway lines can be had, and the cars are so plainly marked that the intelligent traveller soon learns to use them. You do not really know a city or its people until you have studied both at close range in the street cars; you are too far away from them in a cab.

Museums, galleries and places are always open one day at least in each week free of charge. To arrange for a visit on this day will save quite a tidy sum in entrance fees when the expenses are counted up at last.

To sum up, $2 a day is a liberal allowance for living expenses, for they will not rise to this sum in cities where a long sojourn is made, and so the greater cost of short stands will be equalized to this one average. Almost all European countries offer special cut railway rates for a number of tours, during the summer months. Information as to this is obtainable in the bureau of information in every city railway station, where officials speaking English can always be found. These round trip tickets cover about everything to be seen in the country in question, and international routes can also be covered by their help at a cost less than that offered by the tourist agencies. Steamer travel is cheaper than rail, but the great time demanded makes the question of meals a serious one, as there is no helping yourself out with a sandwich bought at a station.

To be able to avail oneself of all these possibilities for saving money and really getting the most out of one's trip a good guide-book is absolutely necessary.

MOUSTACHE IN THE ARMY.

In these days, when army reform is so much in the air, it may be of interest to recall that it is fifty years ago since the permission was granted to all ranks to wear the moustache, which previously had been forbidden, says the Westminster Gazette. The innovation was introduced owing to its having been found beneficial among our troops in the East—it will be remembered that we were then engaged in the Crimean war—to keep the upper lip unshaven and allow the moustache to grow. The circular, however, contained some curious restrictions; it requires that:

"A clear space of two inches must be left between the corner of the mouth and the whisker, when whiskers are grown. The chin, the under lip, and at least two inches of the upper part of the throat must be clean-shaven."

By the current regulations the modern attitude to this matter is contained in the following few lines:—

"The upper-lip is not to be shaved, and the chin and under-lip are to be shaved. Whiskers, if worn, are to be of moderate length. On active service, at the discretion of the general officer commanding, beards may be worn."

But whiskers, and beards, too, have in these days almost entirely disappeared from the army.

BROUGHT CONFESSION.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the Magistrate, addressing the determined looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his Worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good thrashing," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he'd confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."

FRANKNESS.

"Do you think a doctor ought to tell a patient exactly what is the matter with him?" "Yes," answered the physician. "But he should use such terms as to prevent the possibility of the patient understanding a word of what he says."

A DIFFERENT KIND.

A Boston physician arrested for passing bad money insists it's all a mistake. Maybe so, but he can't bury it as he buries his other mistakes.

Never Failed To Cure Piles.

A TRULY REMARKABLE RECORD MADE BY

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

There is no disputing the fact that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and positive cure for piles that has ever been offered for public sale. Day after day there appear statements in the newspapers from persons who have been cured. Ask your friends and neighbors about this great ointment.

For years I suffered indescribable pain and agony from itching piles, and tried all known remedies with little or no relief and many times with increased pain. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I can truthfully say it is superior to anything I ever used, bringing quick relief without pain or offensive odor, and I can heartily recommend it as the best remedy on earth for itching piles. I write this letter with the object of helping other sufferers who have not be so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Chase's Ointment."—Mr. Thos. J. Wadell, Beaverton, Ont.

"It gives me very great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment. I was troubled with itching piles for twenty years, and tried very many medicines; all to no avail, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the fourth application the itching and lumps disappeared, as if by magic, and I can say to anyone similarly afflicted that if they will try Dr. Chase's Ointment they will be cured. There is no more certain cure and none so easily applied."—Mr. F. B. Langan, Oliver, Colchester Co., N.S.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. W. A. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The Answer is "NO"

It is not Colored or Doctored in any Form Whatever,

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea shows an amazing superiority over all Japans on a toa pot infusion. Sold in the same form as "SALADA" Black tea, in sealed packets only. 25c and 35c per lb. By all grocers.

The Farm

SELECTING SHEEP.

In starting a flock of sheep, writes E. I. Hill, I should buy good individuals of one of the leading breeds. Such sheep represent the knowledge, experience and judgment of years. They will cost less to keep, having been bred to get the best results, will produce a uniform clip of wool, and a good flock of lambs. Choose strong, large bodied ewes of milking type, long, deep bodied, strong over back, plenty of heart and lung room, covered with a close, dense fleece of good staple. The ram should be masculine and at least one year old when used.

In caring for the sheep, strive to have them thrive the year through. The ewe that is thriving at mating time and continues to thrive will rarely have any trouble in raising her lambs. In winter give them a dry, well ventilated place to run in, with a chance for exercise on pleasant days. Have salt where they can get it at any time, and plenty of good water. Be regular in your feeding and kind in your treatment. Feed intelligently and watch closely, that any that are off in any way may have a better chance by being placed in a different pen. If the flock is large, it is best to divide them as to size and strength.

For winter, feed good clover hay and a succulent feed of either roots or silage. Corn fodder is good if balanced with grain or other feeds. My own method the past winter has given me excellent results. The sheep were taken from the pasture in prime breeding condition, were fed all the silage they would eat, with a pint of grain each in the morning and clover hay at night. Two or three times a week, in place of the hay they were given bean or oat straw for a change. The grain consisted of four parts bran, four parts oats and two parts beans by measure. During lambing I add one part gluten feed to the mixture and to ewes having twins I give the same amount in an extra feed at night.

My ewes are heavy milkers and I am careful not to crowd with feed too soon after lambing. The little lambs have a place away from the ewes where they have a trough of feed. This is wheat bran, corn meal and about 10 per cent. oil meal. Sometimes I give a change of whole oats; it is surprising how soon they will learn to go to it and eat.

The weather permitting, my sheep are sheared before lambing, or as soon after as possible. I find if the pens are warm enough for the lambs, it will be too warm for the mothers with their heavy fleeces. In the past I have had some losses from docking. I now use a small twine drawn tight at base of tail, leaving it on about three hours after cutting, and not cutting the tail too close. A good thorough dipping of the sheep and lambs is necessary if they have any lice or ticks.

On turning out in the spring, do not be in too great a hurry to take away their winter rations, the few days of extra feed will do much to keep them from getting out of shape from the sudden change.

I wean the lambs at about four months, place on good feed and give a grain ration at once, whole oats I like best. Much care is now necessary that the ewe's udder does not become inflamed and injured. Put them on dry feed or short pasture for a few days, milking them out each day.

FEEDING RUTABAGAS.

Sometimes our cows are ready for winter rations by the time we finish harvesting our rutabaga crop, writes Oscar R. Widener. The tops left in piles in the field are brought in every day and fed to the cows immediately after milking at night. I have found nothing better as a milk making food. I keep very few pigs, especially in winter, and most of the skimmilk is taken from the separator to stable and fed to cows and calves. For cows I add a small allowance of grain. After the milk slop, hay is fed; as soon as this is eaten, the cows are groomed, watered and given their noon-day ration of grain and turnips. The turnips are run through a root cutter. The evening ration is skimmilk, grain and hay.

The amount of turnips fed each animal depends entirely on the supply. My aim is to have them last as near to spring pasture as possible. Only a peck a day to each animal will keep the digestive apparatus in a lax, healthy condition. If, however, I had turnips enough to feed each cow a bushel a day, I should feed less hay in the morning and follow immediately with grain and turnips, leaving out the noon-day feed entirely. Some cows might not eat an entire bushel at a feeding, others would eat more. Some will perhaps say you cannot feed a cow a bushel of turnips a day without tainting the milk. I have fed as much as that without the slightest off flavor in milk or butter.

The secret lies in feeding several hours before milking time. If fed only a small amount just before or while milking, the milk will be fit only for pig feed, or at best only a very inferior grade of butter. I left the cheese factory five years ago and began butter making. That winter I exhibited a package of "turnip" butter at the exhibition and failed to win on a score of 89½ points. The next year I made my exhibition tub before the dairymen convened, while mangels, and I was feeding again scored 89½ points.

Before making my entry, looking over the official program, I saw special prizes of $5 and $3 for butter in prints or small packages. I entered a five-pound package, selected the mark of "turnip" butter, and won first prize on a score of 93 points. My winnings on that package were $7.37. I have since scored as high as 95 at the New York State fair while feeding heavily on turnips.

A little salt is scattered over the cut turnips at night. If an excessive looseness of the bowels is noticed the salt is omitted for one or two days as the case may require.

HOW TO FEED COWS.

The good dairyman feeds his cows regularly on whole some, well balanced rations, and does not milk his cows while rough or when there is dust and bad odors afloat in the air. He sees to it that the cows have a clean dry bed and when he goes to milk he is careful to wash and wipe so as to kill deadly bacteria. Dairying is an open page to your work. Research people are to produce food, a product germs. Feed carrying man body. Wash your hands can you finger milk with wet, easy to

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

A czar in the desert is only a man. When the czar is unhappy, poets are unhappy.

Even the crown of the czar cannot cure headache.

An active czar wings makes a lazy minister's feet.

Even the hens of the czar can't lay goose eggs.

The czar's cows cannot have more than two horns.

A czar who limps can never make some long steps.

The czar knows no misery because he does not live in a cabin.

The arm of the czar is long, but it cannot reach to the sky.

The valet of the czar believes he has some right to the crown.

The ukases of the czar are nothing if God says not Amen.

The voice of the czar has an echo even when there are no mountains.

The czar can distinguish the earth, but he cannot move it from its axis.

When the czar makes you a present of an egg he expects you a pen.

When the czar squints the ministers people blind.

The horse which once neighs don't insult mounted by the czar.

That which the czar cannot accomplish by time, he accomplishes by his finger; but what everybody carries his arm in a sling.

When the czar wishes to cut some thongs the people would furnish their skins.

A drop of water in the eye of the czar costs the country a great many handkerchiefs.

LOVED THE ANTIQUE.

Mrs. Limoges is very precise in her tastes, but is ready to pay her bills. The other day the grocer called.

"Can I see Mrs. L——?" he said to the servant.

"What do you want?"

"I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month."

"Only a month old?" asked the girl in surprise.

"Ain't that old enough?"

"No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges, I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should she see a bill only a month old she would have a fit of nervous prostration."

"Well, that beats all! When shall I come, then?"

"Oh, some time in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come around with any of those vulgar new bills that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.

AS HE EXPRESSED IT.

"So you don't mind my playing, Mr. Skorcher?" said the girl next door. "Not at all," replied Skorcher; "I like it best, though, when you're coasting." "When I am coasting?" "Yes; when you keep your feet off the pedals."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Notes About Some Prominent People.

Orchids and carnations are Queen Alexandra's favorite flowers.

The Czar receives nearly five million dollars per annum. His salary is paid in monthly instalments of $400,000 each, which are sent to him by cheque on the National Bank of Russia.

Captain Clay, commodore officer of the London and North-Western Railway Company, [illegible] of steamers plying between Holyhead and Dublin, who has [illegible] the Irish Sea [illegible] of 20,000 tons, command [illegible] and [illegible] railway [illegible] 500,000 [illegible] of 1,250,000 [illegible].

Of the [illegible] of Denmark [illegible] received [illegible] prizes [illegible] which was [illegible] occasion of his [illegible] wedding by school children of Denmark. [illegible] crown is [illegible] ears and [illegible] it is intended [illegible] mitted to [illegible] God was [illegible] ny toward [illegible].

Henri Sa[illegible] ist, spent a [illegible] hunting [illegible] Warsaw. [illegible] trophies [illegible] collector [illegible]. The [illegible] study is a [illegible] ver no more priceless [illegible] amongst [illegible] jewels of [illegible].

Dr. Joseph [illegible] gifts [illegible] five years [illegible] mother [illegible] to play [illegible] wandering [illegible] where a [illegible] answer [illegible] would [illegible] it was [illegible] never [illegible] his little [illegible] sheep.

If exist[illegible] take [illegible] he would [illegible] men in the [illegible] sent [illegible] He is [illegible] in order [illegible] sparingly. [illegible] his answers [illegible] yours [illegible] the [illegible] cise [illegible] daily.

Mr. [illegible] who's [illegible] been [illegible] an [illegible] to [illegible] within [illegible] the [illegible] stretching [illegible] with a [illegible] his tooth [illegible] inspired [illegible] which [illegible] things, on [illegible] estate [illegible] will not [illegible] Lord Ad[illegible] ical quar[illegible] for instance [illegible] ing color[illegible] favorite [illegible] sticks [illegible] His over[illegible] able [illegible] sank [illegible] change [illegible] represented [illegible] dred, th[illegible] special [illegible] number [illegible] were co[illegible] "little [illegible] o'clock." As for [illegible] on peak[illegible] es of [illegible] orite hat[illegible] have $50,000 [illegible] The [illegible] Hooker, [illegible] the most f[illegible] recently cele[illegible] birthday [illegible] ly gentle [illegible] fame even [illegible] Booker, the [illegible] entered [illegible] which was [illegible] on seventy [illegible] to the Ant[illegible] Ross and the [illegible] told the be[illegible] mentable [illegible] little Lord [illegible] to unfamiliar [illegible] trated the [illegible] detected [illegible] border, and [illegible] and beaten [illegible] Rajah and [illegible] his life. He [illegible] "Origin of Species" [illegible] ing papers, and [illegible] tions from his [illegible] Utah, the Rocky [illegible] nian coast, [illegible] Morocco, [illegible] strange light [illegible] hypotheses.

WIDOWS IN [illegible]

Widows in [illegible] will soon unfor[illegible] increased number [illegible] short and [illegible] without a partner [illegible] they are prepared [illegible] fers, in which [illegible] hint of their inclination [illegible] their hair round a [illegible] pin placed horizontally [illegible] back of the head [illegible] maidens distinguish [illegible] advertise themselves [illegible] their locks high in [illegible] ing them in the form [illegible] which is something to be [illegible] a fan half open and [illegible] significant designs with [illegible] ed balls and gold or silver [illegible].