His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER I.

The walls of the pretty country town of Harbury, in Kent, were all placarded with the name of Martin Ray—Martin Ray, the Radical, the Reformer; "the Voice of the People"; as he liked best to call himself; the philanthropist, the hater of queen and aristocracy, the teacher of treason; the man who worked for, yet lived upon the people; the man who was half genius, half madman, half poet, full of great thoughts all distorted, full of grand ideas all wrong; a man whose lips had been touched by the divine fire of eloquence, who could stir the hearts of the people as the wind stirs the leaves; a man who had magnificent conceptions of what the world might be made, yet failed utterly in making them practical; a man over whom a wise government hesitated, hardly knowing whether to crush or to take him by the hand and make a friend of him. More than one prime minister had knitted his brows over the name of Martin Ray; more than one popular outburst had followed the fire of this man's words. He was earnest and sincere. He hated everything that appertained to royalty; against the queen as a woman he said never a word—against her as the head of the State he uttered thunders of wrath. The aristocracy he hated with honest hatred. He would have taken the broad acres of duke and earl and shared them among the laboring poor. He protested that the monopoly of wealth by a few was a gross injustice to the many; he swore that he would give his life to undo the wrong; at the same time, he was content to live himself upon the subscriptions of the people whom he misled and excited to sedition.

He could be tracked easily as the flaming fire that lays bare the prairie. Wherever he went he was followed by loud murmurs of popular discontent, and then came riot and imprisonment. In quiet hamlets, in sleepy villages, in peaceful towns, in factories, workshops and garrets, his words fell, and set fire to those who listened.

At Harbury there had been a trial for bribery at the elections. "There is sure to be a flaw in the armor there," thought Martin Ray; "it is the very place for a paying lecture by the 'working-man's friend.'" So the walls of the old town were placarded with the name of Martin Ray, the famous Radical, and the people thirsted to see the new champion of popular rights. Harbury had always been a quiet Conservative town, the inhabitants of which had rarely troubled themselves with politics, save at election times; but now among the poor and the artisan class a new light was spreading. They were no longer to be repressed and contented; every man was to have his due; there should be none very rich, no very poor. And the man who was to help in the accomplishment of all this was coming—"the Voice of the People," Martin Ray. No wonder that the old walls were placarded, and that every gate and door bore his name.

The largest placard of all was that opposite the house of Amos Hatton, who lived in Castle Street, Harbury, the last descendant of what had once been a wealthy and powerful family. For generations they had faded and decayed; they had no longer houses or lands, nor even position; and Amos Hatton had been compelled to apply himself to one of the professions. He was a solicitor, with a small but paying practice; and, being a staunch Conservative, the name of Martin Ray in large letters opposite to his door displeased him greatly.

When he came down to breakfast on this fine May morning, there the words were, looking him defiantly in the face, while his pretty daughter Doris was gazing at them intently. She turned when he entered.

"Papa," she asked, "what is a Radical?"

The old lawyer's face flushed hotly. "I will not answer you until I feel calmer; to say the least of it, it is most atrocious to place that name there."

The girl looked at it with softened eyes.

"Martin Ray," she said—"it is not a bad name, papa."

"It is not the name, but the man," retorted the lawyer. "The fellow is capable of anything; and unfortunately he is a fine orator, they say."

"I should like to hear him," said Doris.

"Hear him! Do you want your ears to burn, Doris, through listening to such doctrines as his? Take my word for it, the man who does not believe in and serve his queen fails to serve his Maker."

Doris made no answer, but in her heart she said that such a sweeping condemnation was unfair—that many men to whom the word "royalty," even, was an abomination tried their best to lead a pure life.

"I do not see what politics have to do with religion," said Doris dreamily.

"When a man is true in one thing, he is likely to be true in all," declared the lawyer; "and if he is false in one, he is apt to be false in all. Give me my hat, Doris; I will have that poster down."

His daughter smiled.

"You can tear down the bill, papa, but you cannot remove the man," she said.

"Unfortunately, no; if I could, I would have him locked up."

"I should like to hear him," said Doris. "I have never heard a really eloquent speaker. May I go to the lecture?"

"I shall be ashamed if you do," replied the lawyer.

But Doris laughed.

"Not quite that. Sir John Drake is going, with his wife and daughters. I should like to go also."

"Well, you can go, Doris—that is, if your cousin will accompany you. Just once will not matter, and it will prove to you what nonsense such men talk. You will certainly hear a fine orator. I have heard that Martin Ray's words fall like flame and set his hearers' hearts on fire. Go, but do not mention the man's name to me again."

Mr. Hatton finished his tea and went off to the office, where in the intricacies of "Luvson v. Gother" he forgot all about Martin Ray; nor did he dream that a tragedy had begun that day.

Harbury was a quiet town, with very few amusements, and such a thing as a great political lecture, no matter on what side, was not to be neglected.

Doris Hatton was well pleased to go. She had all her life heard her father speak of Radicals as of a class of beings quite different from other men. Here was a chance of seeing the enemy. Partly because she had nothing else to do, partly because fate or destiny led her, Doris Hatton went to the lecture.

Looking over the sea of faces, changing, brightening, or darkening under the fire or scorn of his words, Martin Ray saw one that lived in his heart for evermore—a pale, delicate, pretty face, with great earnest eyes and a tender mouth, the face of a girl who must be a hero-worshipper by nature. The expression of it was rapt and attentive; the eyes never left his; the face paled, the lips quivered, the eyes brightened, and the face flushed as he changed his theme. It was like playing on some grand harp; touch what chords he would, the response was certain. After awhile the girl's face held him captive—he found himself speaking to it, thinking of it, watching it as it changed and paled. It was no longer himself and his audience, but himself and this girl. He was explaining to her his doctrine, imbuing her mind with his ideas.

Martin Ray surpassed himself this evening; the young face inspired him; and, although among his listeners were many who dissented from him, who believed him to be almost criminally wrong, no one could help admiring the earnest discourse of "the Voice of the People." Those who disagreed with him regretted that so much talent should be abused; those who believed in him gave him an ovation, and feasted him royally in the old town of Harbury.

All night Martin Ray dreamed of one face, one pair of eyes; and when morning dawned, he felt that the common lot of humanity was his at last—he loved the fair unknown girl with a love that naught could change.

He found out who she was; she was Doris Hatton, the only daughter of the stanch old solicitor, who would be his greatest political enemy. He tried to get an introduction at the house, but failed completely. Amos Hatton would not receive him. Still Martin Ray could not tear himself from the girl; and he found means to meet her and to tell her how well he loved her.

Doris Hatton was always inclined to take a romantic view of matters, and she made of the man a perfect hero. All the ideas and theories of her life were upset. She believed this man, with his dark eyes and fervid thoughts, to be a prophet among the people. At his bidding, down went the altars of her youth; loyalty, obedience, reverence for superiors—all vanished, and before her spread the wide plain of universal equality. She loved Martin Ray with perfect love, such as he could have won from no other creature living. There was a long struggle in her heart between allegiance to her father and this swift, sweet, new-born love; but, as this new teacher told her, the old landmarks were swept away, they existed no longer—no father had a right to interfere with the marriage of his children.

Through the sweet month of May, while the hawthorn bloomed on the hedges and the clover grew, he contrived to see her every evening. He found that Harbury was a good school. He wrote to the committee of which he was the head, and said that he should remain there while he founded a society, and taught the people what were workmen's rights and wrongs. He labored honestly enough, and in the intervals of work he secretly wooed Doris—Doris, who wondered how this man, so gifted, so different from other men, came to love her—Doris, who believed in his dreams and his visions, and who foresaw a time when all men would be equal, when poverty and toil would be done away with, and universal peace, charity, harmony, and comfort reign. Martin Ray, her hero, was to bring about this. She did not know then that Martin Ray lived in luxury on the money that should have fed the children or the poor with bread. She had to learn the hardest of all lessons—the difference between precept and practice.

(To be Continued.)

KING OLAF.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

After, all, Mary Whitbread's wish was fulfilled.

Towards the end of April, when the young leaves burst through their husky sheaths and uncurled themselves in the genial sunshine and gentle dropping showers—when the grass put forth vigorous shoots, which changed the bare fields into one vast silver and gold-starred carpet—when the lambs were bleating and the birds singing, the white clouds scudding along in the azure sky, and nature itself rejoicing at the coming of spring, she and Kate Brewser were married in the grey-walled ivy-covered church of Foxington. The double wedding took place very quietly, none but the immediate friends and relations of the contracting parties being present, while Captain Fuller and Mr. McGrath acted respectively as best men. Colonel Clinker's health unfortunately still gave rise to grave anxiety. During the weeks preceding his marriage he had consulted several eminent London physicians without deriving any marked benefit from their advice, and now on his wedding-day it was sad to see him come limping painfully into the church on crutches. He showed a brave face to the world, but both Kate and Mrs. Forrester knew how deeply he fretted at his continued inability to move about with any freedom.

But directly they were married Kate assumed the reins of authority.

"Jack," she said one day to him, "it's not a bit of good going on like this. You don't improve at all. I shall take you to see Wharton Hood."

He protested a little at first, but gave in directly he perceived her heart was set upon the project. And they went. The eminent surgeon, after a careful examination, pronounced one of the smaller vertebrae of the dorsal column to be slightly dislocated, and with some severe manipulation wrenched it into its proper position again, and bade Jack get up and walk.

He laughed in his face, but nevertheless, to his astonishment, found himself able to obey. It appeared little short of a miracle.

"Now," said this apparent conjuror, "go your way. Begin by taking gentle exercise, then gradually increase it."

"And shall I be able to ride again?" asked Jack hopefully.

"Ride? Yes, of course you will. Still, if I were you, I should give myself a rest this winter; go abroad, or amuse yourself as best you can," and so saying he bowed the happy, grateful patient politely out of the room.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Kate, with the tears starting to her eyes as they hailed a hansom passing by, "I am so, so happy! I have nothing left to wish for now."

His heart was too full for speech, a great joy and relief being almost as difficult to realize in their first intensity as a great sorrow.

"Jack," she continued softly, "I've got such a splendid plan in my head—a really perfectly glorious idea!"

"What is it, little woman?" he asked, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Why," with a saucy, loving look, "will you take a bolt of it now."

"A bolt of it, Kate? I don't quite understand."

"Don't you, Jack? I'll soon explain. The doctor said you were not to hunt this winter, so we'll go to India instead."

"Oh, so that's your glorious idea, is it, little woman? Why, I thought you did not approve of India—were afraid of jungle-fever, sunstrokes, snakes, spiders, and all the rest of it."

"So I was, Jack, but I'm not now."

"And what has inspired you with so much valor, eh?"

"You, Jack," she said, nestling close up to him. "I could not bear the idea of your going so far away all by yourself, but now it is quite different."

"Oh, indeed is it?"

"Yes, altogether; I don't seem to mind it in the least now. I suppose, Jack," she added archly, "that I should not be very, very much in your way?"

"Awfully, you audacious little compliment-seeker. I've half a mind, if you say any more, to leave you behind."

But terrified as the threat sounded, it failed to produce the slightest effect. She continued her own train of thought quite serenely.

"Jack," she inquired, "how many rupees a day do you think I should be worth as maid-of-all-work—button-sewer, stocking-darner, breeches-patcher, teacup-maker, and general tease to the establishment, eh?"

"Why, just your weight in gold," he answered, putting a stop to any more such queries by a kiss, which shocked a virtuous old lady, who, walking down Bond street, was horrified at the depravity and questionable morality of the couple passing by in a hansom.

They remained in town till Ascot races were over, when, by-the-bye, now that money was no longer of paramount importance, Jack has a real good horse on Nevis. The acquaintance of Miss Polly Paton, and was surprised to find, directly she heard that this young lady had fallen back on a tall, raw-boned, red-headed young nationality, how any amiability she might have entertained towards her faded away, and she could view Miss Polly Paton's charms with complete complacency, and even banter Jack on the subject. As for Lord Nevis, he fell in love with his daughter-in-law from the first, and they remained fast allies ever after.

And on the still, fine August nights, when the purple hills, melted into a dim haze, and the air was pure and calm, Jack and Kate would stroll out after dinner on the terraced walk in front of the Castle, where, in the field beneath them, they could see Snowflake's white quarters gleaming in the moonlight as he cropped the sweet, crisp grass. Ever and anon he caught a sound of the well-known master's voice as it rose and fell then he paused, lifted up his noble, shaggy head and gave a low whinny of recognition. The brave hunter's old age is spent peacefully in comfortable and well-earned repose.

* * * * * *

The stars shine out like countless jewels, vying with each other in point of brilliancy. The big moon, in the pale, pure sky, sheds her gentle lustre on the broad ocean, silvering each tiny wavelet as the phosphorescent waters, charged with their burden of minute insect life, glide from the keel of the P. and O. Company's good ship, "Sea King." All day the thermometer has stood at eighty-two degrees, but now the subtle charm of a tropical evening is upon Jack Clinker and his wife as they pace up and down the deck together, enjoying the comparatively cool night air.

"What a jolly world it is to be sure," says Jack with a sigh of satisfaction, knocking away the ash from his half-finished cigar. And though the reflection may not be couched in terms of great originality, it exactly expresses at that moment the sentiments of husband and wife.

"Yes, Jack," Kate answered seriously, "we ought to be very grateful for all the blessings we have received."

They are fearly started now on their long-thought-of, much-contemplated cruise, and with perfect love and sympathy, hope, youth, faith, and health, seem, indeed, as if they had little left to wish for.

"Are you happy, Kate, and you came, Kate," asks Jack after a while, during which they gaze at the beautiful scene before them in silence.

"Oh, Jack! how can you ask such a foolish question? I am always happy and content with you."

The shining stars and pale moon, the soft wind and rippling waters all seem to murmur good luck, as the husband and wife stand side by side on deck at the commencement of their Indian cruise. Dangers are no longer dangers to Kate, now that she and Jack are together, and her theories about man have vanished.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round his waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

(THE END.)

CHANGE WANTED.

Mr. Flush—"Have you change for a five?"

Mr. Broke—"No; but I would like to have a five for a change."

If love is blind, how can there be love at first sight?

Control of Bronchitis

Is Undoubtedly Possessed by That Well-Known Family Medicine

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Turpentine is considered a specific for bronchitis.

The difficulty has been in the administration of turpentine so as to reach the irritated and inflamed parts and not be disagreeable to the patient.

Not only has the trouble been overcome by Dr. Chase in his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but he has also combined with turpentine two or three ingredients of almost equal power in soothing and healing the diseased parts, and overcoming bronchitis and other dangerous ailments of the bronchial tubes and lungs.

By a secret process these elements of unquestioned medicinal power have been combined in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine so as to be pleasant to the taste and suitable for children and adults alike.

The remarkable success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for bronchitis, asthma, croup and whooping cough is sufficient evidence that it is effective in ordinary coughs and colds.

MRS. RICHMOND WITHROW, Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N.S., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine with good success. My second daughter was troubled with bronchitis from the age of three weeks. Oftentimes I thought she would choke to death. The several remedies we got did not seem to be of much use, but the first dose of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brought relief and further treatment made a thorough cure. This trouble used to come back from time to time, but the cure is now permanent. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved us many doctor's bills, and I would not be without it in the house for many times its cost."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 26 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

Black or Green

both equally Pure, Uncolored, Undoctored, Unadulterated and Unmatchable.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA is "Supreme." Sealed lead packets only. Never sold in bulk. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

The Farm

DON'T PLANT TREES CLOSELY.

The average fruit grower seems to think that the root spread of a tree is just about equal to its spread of branches. In other words, if the branch area is, say, sixteen feet in diameter, the root area is supposed to be no greater. In reality this supposition is not correct, and a little careful investigation soon shows the fallacy of such reasoning. In fact, the spread of a tree's roots is usually much greater in diameter than the branch area. I have found apple roots, for instance, growing at a distance of forty feet from the tree from whence they came, indicating a root area of eighty feet across. Yet some people plant trees thirty feet apart, and then when the trees attain size, wonder why the crop is so poor. If some one hints that the trees are perhaps too crowded, the answer comes back: "Oh, no. Why, the tops barely touch."

A case in point is a ten-year-old peach orchard. The trees of each are set a rod apart, both ways. The orchard is on good, well loated soil, and the trees have always been carefully cultivated, pruned and cared for. A while ago this orchard produced splendid crops of fruit, but during the last few years the crops have been very light and poor. The reason for that decline is plain—the trees are too close together, and as soon as they attained full size, their fruiting ability was lessened by lack of feeding and breathing room.

One might mention many more instances of unproductiveness caused by overcrowding, but your can doubtless find practical illustrations of my meaning in any locality where fruit is grown. Alas, such examples are far too common.

What is the right distance? you ask. Well, that distance varies somewhat, according to the soil and to the variety of trees to be set. However, the following table is about right:—

Apple trees—40 feet apart each way.
Standard pear trees—20 feet apart each way.
Plum trees—18 feet apart each way.
Peach trees—20 feet apart each way.
Cherry trees—20 feet apart each way.

Of course there are some exceptions to the foregoing general rules. For instance Wagner apple trees can be set closer together than Baldwin trees, and English Morello cherries at a less distance apart than Tartarian or Montmorency. Each variety of tree has its own well-known habits of growth, and therefore no absolute rule can be laid down which will satisfactorily apply to all cases.

Use your judgment when planting, but if in doubt remember that: "It's much better to get the trees too far apart than too close together."

BUYING PURE BREEDS.

A farmer who buys a trio or more of thoroughbred fowls will make no mistake. If he prefers to get the eggs in the spring all will be well, but he must expect to be ridiculed by some of his neighbors for paying $1 or $2 each for fowls. Nevertheless, these same farmers and neighbors will promptly come forward with a request to "change eggs" with him when they desire to hatch chicks the next spring. If a farmer buys eggs of the pure breeds, he buys stock, the eggs being simply the embryo chicks.

A farmer who desires to improve often goes too far sometimes. Instead of depending on one breed he begins with two or more. His interest will be sufficiently strong a year or two to keep the different varieties separate, but in the course of time he will undertake to save labor by culling all the breeds out together. Then the down grade begins, and in a season or two his fowls will all be crossbred, with no uniformity or fixed characteristics.

If a farmer desires to improve let him begin with purebred males if he does not wish to purchase a trio or more, but stick to one breed. If he gets a male each year let it be of the breed he originally selected. In two or three years he will have the flocks uniform and they will grow better and better every season, and at a cost that is almost insignificant. If neighbors desire to improve, let them co-operate in buying pure breeds, and if they refuse then he should compel them to pay him for his enterprise, when they call with a setting of eggs from mongrel hens to be exchanged for something better. A dollar or two invested in pure breeds will make a difference in the quality of the stock and the number of eggs laid of more than ten times the cost of the birds purchased.

HORSES APPRECIATE LIGHT.

We think that the statement that three-fourths of our horse stables are insufficiently lighted is not exaggerated. The testimony of veterinarians, the large number of cases of ophthalmia reported, and our own observation, bear it out. It is unfortunate for the welfare of horseflesh that all stables have not a southern or eastern exposure, then there would be more probability of sunlight finding its way into them. In an effort to make stables comfortable, by preventing drafts through windows admitting, these have in too many cases been omitted altogether, and the eyesight of the horse is not only suffering for want of light, but the disinfecting power of sunlight and its health-giving, life-renewing effects are lost. Horses, and other classes of stock as well, can endure exceedingly low temperatures, provided the air is pure, the surroundings dry, and they are not deprived of sunlight. Without sufficient light the stable becomes damp, disease lurks, and the appetites of the animals fail. The sun is the source of all vegetable and animal life. It should not be excluded, so let it in, and intensify it by the liberal use of whitewash or white paint.

DAIRY NOTES.

Have the byre clean and have the cow clean or you can't get clean milk. Lime and whitewash for walls and posts are good.

After a little manipulation of the teats and udders, the milk is really to "come down." This is the time to take it and do not delay.

No definite rule can be given as to how the teats should be handled in milking, as cows differ, and hands differ so much, but be sure of one thing—please the cow if possible.

Always milk a cow in the same manner, at about the same time and speed. Any change will tend to irritate and excite her.

Always milk in the same order and at the same time of day.

When it comes a cow's turn to be milked, she knows it and expects it, and wants to be milked.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PLANT.

There is a creeping cross found in Jamaica, in Barbados and other islands of the West Indies which is called the "life tree," or properly the "life plant." Its powers of vitality are said to be beyond those of any other plant. It is absolutely indestructible by means except immersion in boiling water or application of a red-hot iron. If it may be cut up and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow and form buds. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been placed in a closed, air tight, dark box, without moisture of any sort, and still they grow.

BIGGEST ELEPHANT.

There has lately arrived in one of the German ports the bones and skeleton and tusks of the largest elephant on record. The monster is stated to have measured 13ft. 9in. in height from the ground to the shoulder, which is no less than over 3ft. more than the tallest elephant hitherto known. Up to now the record has been held by Dr. Donald Smith, the American explorer, who, during his first trip to Lake Rudolph, shot an elephant which stood 13ft. 4in. in height.

THIN PEOPLE

Food is not all that thin people need. Maybe they're sick. You can't make them eat by bringing them food. But Scott's Emulsion can make them eat. That Emulsion gives a man appetite and feeds him both. It brings back lost flesh.

No trouble about digestion. The weakest stomach can digest

Scott's Emulsion.

It tastes good too. Scott's Emulsion paves the way for other food. When wasted and weakened by long illness it gives strength and appetite that ordinary food cannot give. Not only food—medicine too—Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

LIVES IN A STEEL HOUSE

CIPRIANO CASTRO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

This House Was Built With the Idea of Protection From Earthquake.

Cipriano Castro, the South American President, lives in a steel house, resembling every other house in a State. It is said the layout of his house, and the fact that it is reinforced with highly-tempered steel, so that the occupant may be safe in an earthquake, so far as the evidence of his friends has been able to trace, has been prompted by the fear of assassination. He has lived in fear of assassination ever since he was a boy, and has escaped as a thief, and has escaped imprisonment, but he has escaped by violence, and has utilized the strength of steel, which he has put around himself is as absurd as it would be to take up breakfast food.

Not only is Castro a crime specialist, but he is an expert in each branch. A thief will rarely or never be concerned in a burglary, for fear of the thief being a burglar.

"Thieves," they say, "need to carry concealed revolvers and knives, and have to injure human beings, but only want to steal." This attitude of thief makes him a member of the criminal class in the eyes of the honest thief, as one does not like to be classed with the burglar.

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A man was arrested on a charge of burglary. He was a well-known thief, and the idea that he could be acquitted of such a crime was inadmissible. But he succeeded. "I didn't do it," he told the judge, "because I couldn't." And the idea succeeded. The question had quite a different aspect as a thief, and had escaped imprisonment, but as a burglar, very with violence, he utilized the strength of steel, which he has put around himself is as absurd as it would be to take up breakfast food.

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A "GOOD" THIEF.

"Graft" is the Name of Criminal's Business