His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

There was some little stir when Leah, with her handsome cavalier, appeared. The duchess looked up with a smile. Leah led him to her first, and her grace gave him a very kindly greeting—all women were attracted to Sir Basil the moment they saw him.

They passed on to Lady Trevan—a tall, handsome woman, somewhat passee, but evidently bent upon making the best of herself. She received him with a mixture of what she intended to be girlish diffidence and womanly frankness; both failing, the effect was lamentable.

Captain Langley was very pleased, and pretty May, looking more like a fair rosebud than anything else, laughed with delight.

"You live at Glen, Sir Basil?" she said. "I have seen a picture of Glen. There are innumerable fountains and terraces."

"I hope you will honor me by coming to see its attractions," he responded. "The general has promised me that pleasure."

He was quite at home with them in a few minutes. The colonel—who, while he abused Indian knew no pleasure out of it—began to discuss with him the probabilities of a frontier war. Captain Langley alred his grievance—which was that some one most decidedly his inferior had been promoted over his head—and revealed that he was in a state of chronic indignation about it.

In a very short space of time Lady Maud Trevar decided that Sir Basil was worth any trouble to win. He was at home with them all, and quite happy. The duchess called him to her side, and began a long conversation with him. She was delighted with him, and considered him quite an acquisition. A rich and handsome young baronet, with a fine estate, he would want a wife, and already she had begun to think of those of her acquaintance who were eligible for the post. She regretted that Lady Maud was old and passe; her thoughts never went to Leah.

Leah had called to mind not once, but a hundred times, that he was to be with them the whole day. She sat watching him with contented, happy eyes, with a light on her beautiful face, as he went from one to another, thinking there was no other like him.

During the afternoon the duchess called Leah aside.

"Leah," she said, "we must do something to entertain your young neighbor. I do not like to see his handsome face shadowed by melancholy. What can we do?"

"We will do anything that you suggest," replied Leah.

Something in her voice made the duchess look up.

"Leah, child," she said, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Leah.

"Nothing? Nonsense!" said the duchess, energetically, "I could almost believe that you had been rouging!"

"I have done nothing of the kind," replied Leah, half indignant, half amused. "Why do you say such a thing to me?"

"My dear child, I perceive a change in you. A new soul shines out of your eyes; your face is transfigured! It has struck me at times that you had a restless expression, as though the world did not quite answer to your wishes. It has gone now. You look as though your heart had awakened." She wondered still more when she saw a crimson blush cover the beautiful face. "What is it, Leah? You have always trusted me. You may say what you will, but I am quite certain that there is something which would account for the change in you. Why, what happy eyes you have! I never saw the golden gleam in them so plainly as I do this morning."

With all her keen sagacity and worldly knowledge, it was wonderful that she did not connect the coming of the stranger with the change in Leah.

"Never mind," said the duchess. "You will not tell me, Leah; but I shall find it out. I know that an offer of marriage rather annoys you than not, or I should think you had received one this morning, and it had pleased you."

"I would tell you if it were so, duchess," said Leah, "I look happy because—well, because I am happy. Have you ever seen a sky so blue, the earth so fair? Did the birds ever sing as they sing this morning? Were the flowers ever so sweet? Something—I do not know what it is—something has occurred which seems to have brought me unutterable happiness."

"It is worse even than I thought," remarked the duchess. "Come and take this chair. Let us talk prose, not poetry, and decide upon what we can do to amuse your young neighbor. I like him, Leah. I shall not rest until the melancholy has left his face, and I see the brightness that belongs to youth shining there."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The day passed, as the days always do, whether they be shortened by happiness or lengthened by sorrow, but Leah Hatton kept no account of the hours. All that was taking place was a dream to her; the only effort she could make was to prevent other people from guessing her secret. He had come—the fairy prince who was to wake her from her long sleep; but the world need not know it—must not know it. It would think her mad—this wary, keen, wise old world that laughs at the sweet follies of youth.

She had surrendered her mind to a host of beautiful but unreal fancies; they had made the brightest part of her life. To any other than herself they would have seemed absurd; yet she had firm faith in them. She believed in this ideal lover of hers, who was looking for her in the world just as she was waiting for him. She had nursed herself in the belief that she would recognize him the moment she saw him, and it seemed to her that she had done so.

Hundreds of handsome faces had passed before her eyes, but not one had touched her heart until now. When she saw Sir Basil's she recognized it; a strange, magnetic influence seemed to come over her; in the depths of her heart she said to herself: "I have met my fate." But now she must hide her secret, lest the laughing wicked world should be amused by it. She never thought of Sir Basil's part in the matter, whether he shared her feelings and fancies; she was too much engrossed with her own.

The day went on, and she spent almost every moment of it with him—a lovely day, that grew brighter and fairer with every hour that passed.

That evening she stood in her dressing-room, the pretty Parisian maid looking at her in something like wonder. Miss Hatton has most exquisite taste, and liked always to be well dressed; but on this evening it seemed as if it were impossible to please her. Dress after dress was discarded, she could not choose her jewels.

"Take those diamonds away," she said, and the superb suite of rubies and pearls were not pleasing to her. On the toilet table, intermixed with crystal and silver and richly cut Bohemian glass, were some clusters of scarlet passion-flowers. She would wear them, and not the jewels.

The Parisienne sighed. They would look very beautiful, but they would give her an immenso deal of trouble.

Leah had a fancy that she would like to be dressed after the fashion of her picture; but the black velvet looked to warm and heavy for this bright summer night. At last she chose a dress of white shining silk, soft and fine, and with it she wore nothing but passion-flowers. They crowned her dark, beautiful head, and glowed like flames against her white neck; great trailing sprays fastened the folds of her dress.

"They look far more beautiful than jewels," said the maid; "but will they live, madam?"

"They will live as long as I need them," answered Leah. It seemed to her that the flowers she wore to please him could never die.

"I think, madam," said the maid, as she arranged the tall Pyschc mirror, "if you will look now, you will be pleased."

Pleased? She flushed crimson as she saw the reflection of her own most radiant beauty. She was glad to be beautiful; she rejoiced in her own loveliness. The dark waves of rippling hair with their crown of scarlet flowers, the exquisite face with its fair bloom, the white graceful throat and white shoulders, the perfect arms and hands, the figure so replete with sweet, stately, subtle grace, gave her infinite delight. She was child enough to kiss her warm white arms, and to smile at the picture in her mirror.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if he will find me fair?"

There were still some minutes before the second bell would ring; she would not go down until the flush had departed from her cheeks and the sweet, happy expression of her eyes told less, or the duchess would soon discover her secret. She looked from her open window to the running river, and snatches of song rose to her lips. She could have fancied that even the river knew what had happened to-day; the waters laughed and flashed in the setting sun. Oh! happy day, day, to be remembered, for it stood out from her life as a bright star in the dark sky!

"The sixth of August," she said to herself; "I shall never forget the date. I have been in the world twenty-two years, but I have never lived until to-day."

Then the bell rang, and she went down into the drawing-room. More than one present drew a deep breath of silent admiration. The general thought he had never seen his niece look so well; and the duchess said to herself, "Something has come to the child; it is useless for her to deny it."

Sir Basil, too, looked at her in wonder. He had been attracted by her appearance as she stood on the terrace; but now the sense of her great loveliness came over him and struck him almost dumb. He took her down to dinner, wondering that he had not been more impressed before, and he talked more to her than he had previously.

The dinner-party was a pleasant one. Leah was a charming hostess, and a more agreeable, hospitable, entertaining host than General Hatton it would have been almost impossible to find.

When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the duchess took up a book, with some little hope of disguising the fact that she was going to sleep; Lady Maude had several secrets to talk over with pretty May Lusoa; so that Leah was alone. She tried to steady her thoughts, but she could not—they were all chaos. She tried to still the throbbing of her heart; it was impossible. The girl's every nerve was strained. The long French windows were wide open. She stood near one of them to see if the fresh evening air would drive away the thick crowding thoughts and fancies from her brain, and presently a voice near her said:

"How plainly you can see the river from here, Miss Hatton!"

She raised her dark dreamy eyes to Sir Basil's.

"I often wonder," she returned, "what I should do if I had to live where there was no river. I should miss it so much. I look at it always the first thing in the morning and the last at night. It is a friend and companion to me."

"I am of your opinion; no landscape is perfect to me without water. I have a childish love of water, from the great wild tossing ocean down to the tiniest lakglet. The sound of its falling or dripping or rushing, as the river rushes there, is the most charming music in Nature. While I was in Italy, I had a terrible fever, and for many days I was quite delirious—I may say mad; and during the whole time what do you think my fancy was?" The face raised to his was full of interest. "I thought I was lying by a beautiful waterfall, under the shadow of great trees with spreading boughs. I could hear the dripping of the water and the soft splash as it fell into the rocky basin below; but, when I stretched out my hands to touch it, it was boiling—when I bent my head over the rocky basin and tried to drink it with my hands it scalded me. Was not that a most uncomfortable delirium?"

"Yes I should imagine so; but I hardly understand what delirium is like."

"Have you ever indulged in a strong fancy," he asked—"so strong that you hardly knew the fancy from reality?"

Before she had time to answer him a flood of crimson overspread her face; and he wondered to himself why this proud young beauty blushed so deeply for nothing. Even had he known her fancies, he would not perhaps have understood them.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "I know what a very strong and vivid fancy is. It grows into a belief."

"All delirium is belief for the time," he said.

Then he made way for the duchess who roused by the entrance of a gentleman, had come toward the open window in search of fresh air.

"We shall have a beautiful moon to-night," she said, looking up at rosy sky, over which the gray shades of night were beginning to steal. "I like a full bright moon. Leah, you look like one—a poem, with all those passion-flowers. Does she not, Sir Basil?"

"Miss Hatton is a poem," he replied.

The words were earnestly spoken, although he meant nothing by them. They made the heart of the girl by his side fill with happiness.

"People have such different tastes," continued the duchess. "I do not like passion-flowers; they always seem to me mysterious—and melancholy. I like the smiling beauty of a hundred leaved rose."

"It is strange," said Sir Basil; "but I like passion-flowers better than any other flower that blooms."

Leah turned her telltale blushing face away.

The duchess laughed.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I cannot quite believe my own ears. Would you mind repeating what you have just said?"

"I like passion-flowers better than any other flower that blooms," he repeated.

"I learned to love them in Italy where they grow in wild, beautiful profusion—they look at their best when they cling round the old stone crosses and ruined shrines one sees continually. I think an old gray cross, covered with crimson passion-flowers, is one of the prettiest pictures in the world."

"Ah!" said the duchess, slowly—her mind was opening to a certain truth. "Do you remember, Leah, what we said this morning about passion-flowers?" she asked, teasingly.

But Leah would not look at the duchess, and would not answer her.

(To be Continued.)

LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

According to a well-founded rumor, the Dominion Government will during the present session be urged to impose a customs duty on grades of fence wire which are now on the free list. That such a tax would prove an unjust burden to the farmers of Canada there is no doubt. In the older parts of the Dominion the old wooden fences are being year by year replaced by wire structures, and in the Great West, which is rapidly being settled, practically all the fencing is being done with wire in one or other of its many forms of construction. Were the kinds of wire most in use for fence construction manufactured in Canada, there might be some excuse for imposing an import tax; but since there are practically no factories for making it in operation in the Dominion, whom could such a tax benefit?

That the price of fencing material would be raised to practically the extent of the duty there can be no doubt. This would mean that a duty of 25 or 30 per cent. would impose an extra tax of $150 to $175 on the fencing required for an average farm. Nor would the rural community suffer only to the extent of an increased expense to those who have to fence, but a great deal of farm improvement would be delayed for many years, which would operate strongly in keeping down the value of land. Rather than impose a tariff on Nos. 9, 12 and 13, smooth galvanized wire, as has been proposed, it would be a much saner policy to remove the present duty of 20 per cent. on Nos. 7 and 11. If this were done, the revenue would not suffer, for these grades are not extensively imported, but if they were free a stronger and more satisfactory fence could be obtained without enhancing the cost.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

Little Boy—"Did you ever catch any whales?"

Captain—"No. I never shipped on a whaler."

"Was you ever shipwrecked?"

"No."

"Never cast on a desert island?"

"No."

"Never caught by cannibals?"

"No."

"Nor bitten by serpents?"

"No.

"H'm: you might as well have stayed on land."

Drowsiness After Meals

A Persistent Symptom of Nervous Dyspepsia—Cure is Obtained by Use of

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Many a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia dates his ailment from the time he began to feel "drowsiness after meals."

The blood is weak, and there is not sufficient nerve force to carry on the work of digestion and supply the vital force required for mental and physical activity.

Headache, dizzy spells, defective memory, inability to concentrate the mind, brain fag, irritability of temper, nervousness and sleeplessness are the resulting symptoms.

Owing to defective digestion the body is not deriving proper nourishment from the food, and some other method of obtaining strength must be employed.

In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the most effective blood-building and nerve-restoring elements of nature are contained in condensed form, so as to be easily taken into the blood.

Under this treatment you soon find that the appetite is sharpened, digestion improved, and the vitality of mind and body greatly increased.

It takes time to thoroughly cure dyspepsia and its accompanying symptoms, but you can be certain that each dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of some benefit to you, and that the cure will be complete and lasting.

Mr. J. A. Gibbs, 86 Tom Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"My principal trouble was indigestion, and as a result my appetite was poor and I was quite nervous. Frequently in the morning severe dizzy spells would come over me and in many ways I felt that I was not at all well. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has changed all this and my digestion is now such that I can eat almost anything. My appetite is good, my nervous system seems to be stronger and I do not know what it is to have the spells of weakness and dizziness come over me. I can strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box.

Mother and Babe

Sick mother—sick child! That's the way it works when another is nursing her infant.

Scott's Emulsion is an ideal medicine for nursing mothers. It has a direct effect on the milk. Sometimes the mother is weak; her thin milk does not make the baby grow.

Scott's Emulsion

changes all that. The rich cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion feeds the mother and gives a flow of rich, nourishing milk for the baby.

The medicine in Scott's Emulsion not only strengthens the mother but goes naturally through the milk and strengthens the child.

Nothing to harm—all for good—Scott's Emulsion.

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

There's no plea that will sell Tea like superior "Cup Draw."

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEAS cannot infuse poorly. The quality won't allow them to. Black, Mixed or Green. Lead Packets only. By all grocers.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS 1904.

The Farm

KILLING CANADA THISTLES.

A farmer who has, or at least pretends to have, no dread of the Canada thistle, writes as follows:—

"I once bought a farm, of which a son of the seller said the natural productions were Canada thistles and ragweed, and when harvest time came a fourteen-acre field of wheat convinced me he was not far off as regarded the thistles. A team on reaper could not be driven to cut it until the horse next the standing grain had a pair of trousers put on his front legs. The Canada thistles were three feet high and so thick that a small amount of wheat was mixed in. In one summer we entirely cleaned that field, and no thistles have since troubled it.

"There are two ways to exterminate them, but to know how to do it most expeditiously we must know how the thistle grows and propagates. The thistle has two sorts of roots, the rhizomes or rootsticks, which creep all through the ground, and which live over the winter, and the true roots, which spring from the shoots that start on the opening of spring from every joint of the rhizomes. These last are what feed the plant and enable it to grow. Now in spring all the matter for the future growth of plant is stored in these rootsticks, and all growth up to the full development of full grown leaves is made at the expense of this matter. When the thistle has arrived at the blooming period, nearly all this stored up substance is exhausted, but from this time on until fall, fresh matter is carried back, new root-stocks are grown, and matter is stored for the succeeding year's growth. Anything that will keep the plant pumping out this matter without a return of new, will in time exhaust the supply, and the thistle will die. One can do this by excessive pasturing with sheep, by putting enough sheep into a field so that they will eat every green thing close to the ground. Give them plenty of water and enough grain (wheat bran the best) to keep them thriving, and one year will kill every thistle. Put fifteen or twenty sheep to each acre.

"Another way: Get the land seeded to clover, let all grow until haying time; just as the medium clover begins to show full bloom mow and make hay of clover and thistles, they make capital sheep hay. As soon as clover or thistles have got ten or twelve inches high, plow all down, being sure to turn furrows down flat and cover every thistle. Don't leave a wide black furrow unplowed, but turn over every inch of ground; from this time until fall don't let a thistle get a full leaf. Go over the plot at least every week or ten days, with a broad, sharp-toothed cultivator, and the next day go over with a sharp hoe and 'quick eye' and cut off every thistle; don't let a single one escape. Just before freezing plow deep and thoroughly, and you will have a splendid preparation for a spring crop, and, my word for it, never a thistle will show again in that two acres unless they come from the seed. I prefer the sheep cure."

FEEDING MILCH COWS.

If an excess of non-nitrogenous matter is fed to milch cows, says Prof. H. J. Wheeler, it is either wasted or transformed into fat and stored as such within the body until it is needed by the animal for the production of heat and energy. The feeding of a ration which causes an excessive laying on of fat naturally hinders milk production. The protein of the food can perform two functions, namely, it may not only serve for the building and repair of muscle, for the formation of the curd of milk, etc., but it may also be used in part for the production of heat and energy, which is the sole function of the non-nitrogenous substance (carbohydrates and fat). For the reason that the non-nitrogenous foods are so much cheaper than the rich nitrogenous ones, it is not good economy to feed more protein than is absolutely necessary for the performance of these functions for which the non-nitrogenous substances cannot be used. To obtain the best results, with all classes of farm animals the amount of protein (nitrogenous matter) should stand in a certain relation to the non-nitrogenous matter (carbohydrates and fat). This relation for milch cows usually ranges from 1 part of protein to from 5 to 6.5 parts of non-nitrogenous matter. In Germany the relation of 1 to 5.4 has been widely recommended. In Wisconsin a relation as wide as 1 to 6.5 is said to have been found to be the most economical. The colder climate of Wisconsin may account in part for these differences, though it is claimed to be due chiefly to the cheaper price of the non-nitrogenous constituents of feeds in the west. If the relation is 1 to 5 (usually written 1.5), the nutritive ration, as it is called, is a narrow one. A nutritive ratio of 1:6.5 is termed a wider ratio. Other factors than the nutritive ratio have an influence upon the results of feeding. Among these may be mentioned the palatability of the food, the amount and kinds of mineral matter (ash), the effects of various foods upon the melting point and texture of butter, and upon the general health of the animal. Individual animals even of the same breed often need to be fed differently. In fact, there is hardly any branch of farming in which watchfulness, care, general interest in the business and a high degree of intelligence applied to every detail is productive of more marked results.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Do not breed to a grade bull, no matter of what family, because you cannot secure the same results in that way. The admixture makes the product uncertain, uneven and indefinite. The calves could not be relied upon; with a thoroughbred sire, your results will always be satisfactory, always valuable, always profitable.

Good horses always command good prices, while inferior animals are offered on the market at almost any price. In making selection of sire or dam, it is well to take into consideration the constitutional vigor, intelligence, muscular power, and above all, perfect soundness of limb, body and internal organs. These matters must not be overlooked if you desire a good foal. To be successful in breeding horses you must have an intelligent conception of the subject in all its details and requirements.

In the feeding of hens for winter egg production, a mixture of wheat, oats, millet seed, buckwheat, a little cracked corn and small grain furnish the best food supply, and, in addition to this, when thrown into the litter, they induce constant exercise, as the hens must dig continually to gain enough of these small grains to satisfy their demand for feed, and the exercise itself is quite as much importance in the production of eggs as is the grain for the poultry direct. In addition to this, the hens must have animal food of some kind, either green cut bone or beef scrap, or meat of any kind. This may be best fed in warm form dry mash. Green food and grit must be plentifully supplied if we hope to get a paying egg yield during the winter months. The best of all these green foods is sprouted alfalfa hay or clover mangels or beets of any kind. This seems to be the best combination.

THE INTELLIGENT FARMER.

The man on the farm who is just able to make ends meet, so to speak, is far ahead of and more independent than the man in the city drawing a salary of $1,500 per year. He gets his whole living out of the farm. On a small farm he is able to have his fruit and vegetables all the year. He can have a flock of hens which will keep him in eggs, with plenty to sell, and with the proceeds buy his tea, coffee, sugar and the few necessities of life. A good cow will give him milk and butter. He can raise his own meat and bread, and, in fact, he is the most independent man on the face of the earth. He has no worry over paying the rent of his house or business, but surrounded by the pure sweet, healthy influence of the grand old country, he sits "lord over all."

TALE OF A RUSSIAN SHELL.

The offending battery at St. Petersburg which fired case shot at the Winter Palace by accident or design has recalled an anecdote of another Russian battery. It was at the siege of Warsaw, where a Russian marshal ordered the battery to concentrate its fire on a certain point. Nothing came of this, and the marshal rode up to the artillerymen in great wrath. "What imbecile is in command here?" he demanded. "I am," said an officer calmly. "Consider yourself under arrest. Your shells are no good." "What can you expect?" retorted the officer. "They won't explode. See for yourself." He took up a shell, lighted the match, and held it out to the marshal, who stood with his hands behind him waiting the result. If the shell had burst both men would have been blown to pieces. But the match went out, and the marshal demarked simply: "You are quite right."

RATS AS DOMESTIC PETS.

In a well furnished residence near Ascot, England, a lady lives surrounded by all kinds of curious pets. There are dozens of dogs and cats, and a room is devoted to large rats, which answer their mistress's call and eat out of her hand. In a small tin are a number of mice, who also know the lady's voice and obey her commands.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

WHERE MANY GHOSTS ARE SAID TO WALK.

Gallery to be Opened—Lady Jane Seymour and Other Spectres There.

The "Haunted Gallery" at Hampton Court Palace, which has been closed to the public for many years, is to be reopened on April 1, says the London Express.

Workmen were busy cleaning and redecorating the gallery, which for a long time has been used as a storage place for pictures and furniture.

The "Haunted Gallery" is at the top of the Queen's Staircase and adjoins the Queen's Gallery, which is the last of the state apartments seen by the visitor to the palace.

It gains its ghostly renown from Catherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VI., whose apparition is supposed to haunt it. The story is that Henry VIII. and Catherine came to Hampton Court on October 24, 1541. Next day, while the King was at his devotions in the chapel Archbishop Cranmer went to the royal pew and handed the King a paper, in which were set forth the charges of the council against the Queen's character.

QUEEN'S ADVENTURES.

After investigation, the Queen confined to her rooms, which joined the gallery, and placed a guard.

But she escaped from her chamber and fled along the gallery to the chapel where the King was.

She was seized by the guards, taken, screaming, and brought back to her room, and the Syon House and the block on Tower Hill.

Since then, so the story goes, a female form, robed in white, has been seen running along the gallery towards the entrance to the royal pew in the chapel. But she never enters the chapel. As she reaches the floor it turns and rushes back, shrieks and disordered garments passes through the door at the end of the gallery.

Ladies who have lived in apartments in the gallery part of the palace have testified to hearing the dreadful shrieks of the apparition.

SOME OTHER APPARITIONS.

Catherine Howard, however, is not the monopoly of the place, nor is the "Haunted Gallery" the only part of it where spirits revisit the glimpses of the moon.

Jane Seymour, the third Queen of Henry VII, and the mother of Edward VI, died in the palace, and lay in state in the Presence Chamber, which is close to the "Haunted Gallery."

It is asserted to this day that her spectre, taper in hand, wanders about in the neighborhood of the Silver Stick Gallery.

Another apparition of the palace is that of Mistress Sybill Penn, Prince Edward's foster-mother. She died at Hampton Court, and was buried at Hampton, but her tomb at Hampton was disturbed; and it is said that ever since the figure of a woman has been seen sitting at a spinning wheel and shrieking at intervals in the south-west wing of the palace.

A search was made, with the result that an ancient and unknown chamber was discovered, in which an antique spinning wheel and a few other articles were found.

The last time Mistress Penn's apparition was seen was in 1881, when it startled a sentry at the palace who fled affrighted to the guard room.

Another ghostly recollection of Hampton Court Palace is that of a well-known artist, who declared that while he was painting one of the tapestries in the Great Hall he distinctly saw a ghostly hand protrude from the canvas. The artist fled from the hall, and could never be persuaded to return to it.

HAPPINESS.

Be Cheerful and Do Not Be Envious of Your Neighbor.

The element that makes us most directly happy is a genial flow of good spirits, for this excellent quality is its own immediate reward.

The man who is always cheerful and merry has a good reason for being so. There is nothing like the quality which can so completely replace the loss of every other blessing. If cheerfulness knocks at the door, we should throw it wide open for it, never comes inopportunely. Instead of that we often make scruples about letting it in.

We want to be quite sure that we have every reason to be contented then, we are afraid that cheerfulness of spirits may interfere with serious reflections or weighty cares.

Cheerfulness is a direct and immediate gain—the very coin, as it were, of happiness. To secure and promote a feeling of cheerfulness should be the supreme aim of all our endeavors after happiness.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's.

We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for that which belongs to others.

The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor.

Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us if we would only make up our minds to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that go our neighbor's way.