His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sir Basil called several times at Rosewalk, and Martin Ray, who had all his life hated every one who could be called aristocratic, took a fancy to him. They did not agree in all respects. Sir Basil told him frankly that he thought some of his ideas terrible and hideous.

"You will see," said Martin: "You will live longer than I shall. What I now teach the world it will believe and practise when the stinging-nettles are growing over my grave."

"Why do you suppose that your grave will be covered with stinging-nettles?" asked Sir Basil.

Martin laughed a bitter cynical laugh.

"I do not imagine that any one living will care to plant flowers there," he replied.

They were both startled by a cry of pain.

"How can you say so, father? After giving you my life, do you think I shall forget you in death?"

Sir Basil never forgot the reproach in the sweet face that quivered with pain. The blue eyes had a strained, hunted expression.

They were all three standing within the pretty porch when this conversation took place. Hettie forgot everything, except that her heart was wounded. She went up to her father with a little cry of outraged love, and put her arm around his neck.

"Dear," she said, "I should, if I lived the longer, be as faithful to you in death as I have been in life."

"I know that, you are a good child," responded Martin.

He caressed her shining, golden hair lovingly but before him rose the brilliant face of the child he loved with his whole heart, and who had renounced him, and something of repressed impatience came into his manner. The child who had renounced him and his doctrines, his life, and the mission he had given her, was still a thousand times dearer to Martin Ray than the child who had served him with tender, faithful, devoted love.

Something in this little scene struck Sir Basil forcibly. He admired the daughter's devotion; but what did the hungry wistful despair in her father's face mean? Why was he not comforted by the sweet love of his daughter? Why had he not taken her in his arms and thanked her tenderly for her great devotion.

So the weeks spent on, and Martin Ray, in his owny-tical, selfish fashion, after a time became quite fond of Sir Basil. He looked for his coming; he was more gloomy than usual on the days when he did not make his appearance.

They were walking together one morning, while Hettie was away giving her lessons; and Sir Basil said laughingly, that it was strange they had met so often without Martin even knowing his name.

There was something impressive in the gesture with which Martin suddenly held up his hand.

"Is it a name that you have made for yourself?" he asked.

"No; it was made for me," replied Sir Basil.

"Then I do not want to know it. As a man with good intentions, I like you; you are straightforward, honest, and honorable, and, if you have one of those names with a 'handle,' probably borne by many generations of men who have lived upon their fellow-men, I do not wish to know it. The first time I saw you I thought you looked like an aristocrat. If you are one, do not tell me so; it would spoil my opinion of you."

"It shall be as you will," laughed Sir Basil. "If ever I do make my name famous, I will disclose it to you; if not——"

"I do not care for a title that has been handed from father to son. I like a name that has been fairly earned. Strange to say, my wife was prouder of her grand old name than of anything else. It was singular that she should marry a man like me."

Sir Basil bethought himself that the duke had desired him, should he ever make the acquaintance of Martin Ray, not to mention his name.

"If you call me 'Glen,'" he said, "I shall understand and that name will do as well as any other."

"I hope," said Martin, half savagely, "that you are not a young duke in disguise."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Sir Basil, laughingly. "I am neither duke nor belted earl."

"It would be hard work to hate you; but I should hate you if you were," said Martin.

From that time he always called Sir Basil "Glen;" and when Hettie spoke of him it was as "Mr. Glen."

It often happened that when he called at the cottage he found Hettie at home alone; and then they talked together by the ivy-covered wall.

"Knowing you has made such a difference in our lives," she said to him one morning. "My father seems so much better for it. You cheer him, and give him back some of the fire which had nearly died out. I am glad for his sake that you find time to visit us."

"Are you not glad for any other reason?" he asked impetuously. "Are you not pleased to see me yourself?" Then he remembered that he had no right to say such words to her. "I beg your pardon," he said, gently. "I express myself badly. What I mean is, that I receive more pleasure in being allowed to call here than I can possibly give."

It was such sudden, abrupt changes in his manner that made her think more of him, perhaps, than she otherwise would have thought. He exhibited at times a certain degree of tenderness, which would vanish like magic and give place to silence that was almost stern.

Sir Basil was very kind to the man whom every one else seemed to have forsaken. He brought him newspapers. If he heard him express a desire for a particular book, he obtained it for him. More than once, when Martin took ill and feeble, he had sent a case of choice wine. Martin took it all in good part. It was a tribute to his worth that he quite approved.

"There is the making of a fine man in Glen," he would say to his daughter.

"Is he not a fine man now?" she would ask half timidly.

And Martin would shake his head. "Not yet. He could be trained. He has genius, and he has eloquence; he would make a good orator. I like him; but my own impression is that his ideas are not yet sound, that he is studying the two great questions, hesitating between the two great parties."

"You must help him, father," Hettie would answer, blithely—"no one understands these matters so well as you do." And such demonstrations of faith in him pleased Martin Ray.

It was impossible that these long absences should pass unnoticed. Not that Leah was unreasonable, or expected Sir Basil to follow her like a shadow, but she did wonder why he never asked her to accompany him.

"Another long ramble, Basil?" she said one morning, as he passed her in the hall. "I am afraid we shall have rain."

"It looks like it," returned Sir Basil, but he did not offer to remain at home.

"I will go with you to the park gates," she said, gently.

She always looked beautiful in the old-fashioned broad-brimmed garden hat that threw a softened shade on her face. Her dress of pale amber trailing over the green glass became her admirably.

"They will be the handsomest couple in England," the duchess remarked, as she caught sight of them from the conservatory.

"You worship beauty, duchess," said the general, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"When I see it," she replied.

Leah and Sir Basil went through the grounds to the gates of the park.

"Shall you be long, Basil?" she asked, wistfully.

He noticed that she did not ask where he was going.

"No; I am going to Southwood, Leah," he replied. "The fact is, I have made the acquaintance of a famous old politician there, and his arguments interest me."

The words conveyed no meaning to her. That the old politician should be her father; Martin Ray, never occurred to her. Never were two persons so near a truth without revealing it; never did the points of two lives meet, so closely, and then diverge. If she had merely said, "What politician?" or "Who is he?" he would have answered. "Martin Ray," and who can tell how different many lives would have been? She was engrossed in her lover and in everything concerning him; but she was not curious, and was not given to questioning him. She knew that he was greatly interested in the political struggles of the day; she knew also that he hoped in time to become a statesman; and that an old politician should instruct and amuse him seemed to her quite natural. It was a strange decree of fate that the man whom she loved with all her heart should have met and have grown interested in the father she had renounced.

"Basil," she said gayly, "I shall take to politics. When you are a great statesman, chancellor of the exchequer, or prime minister, you will want a political wife. I shall give grand dinner-parties, and cajole everybody into telling me his secrets."

"You will have to be very clever to do that, Leah," he rejoined, laughing.

"I shall manage it. You will see that I shall learn all the plans of the various parties for you. I am sure that I shall make an excellent wife for a statesman." They had reached the park gates, and she continued: "If I had anything but a garden-hat on, I would accompany you, Basil. The house is dull to me when you are out of it. Make haste home again, dear."

How she loved him! How grateful he ought to have been for such love! How happy he ought to have been! Yet he sighed as he climbed the hill, and caught sight of the restless sea; and his face, when Martin Ray saw him, was not the face of a happy man.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Two more weeks passed, and by that time Martin Ray had grown warmly attached to the man whom he would call "young Glen;" Martin himself was ill—his health was fast failing; and he clung to this younger man, so full of health, strength and vitality—only a chance acquaintance, but one of the few ties that bound him to the outer world. Men had forgotten him; he said bitterly that they had not even waited until he was dead. Now that his health and strength had left him, now that his grand sonorous voice could no longer declaim its magnificent denunciations, now that the inner fire had burned out, and in the sunken eyes the light of enthusiasm shone no more, he was forgotten by the thousands whom he had led; not one cared what had become of him, and, but for the faithful love and service of his daughter he must have died. In these days much of his pride had left him, and there were times when his eyes ached for one glimpse of Leah. Then sitting moodily watching the sea, he would ask himself if had really cursed her, and if Heaven had heard his evil wish.

One day Sir Basil, coming earlier than usual in the morning, found him sitting by the ivy-covered wall, his face buried in his hands. When he raised it to greet him, the baronet saw plainly the traces of tears.

As usual, Martin was cynical, even about himself.

"I am a very rueful-looking patriot this morning," he said. "I have been ill all night, and I am alone."

Sir Basil glanced round.

"Where is Miss Ray?" he asked.

"My daughter is always busied about something or other; she has not much time to give to me. It was different once."

Sir Basil felt indignant. He knew that, no matter where Hettie might be, she was working for him and for no one else.

"I think," he said quietly, "that Miss Ray gives you all her time. I have never seen a daughter so devoted."

"She is very good," he allowed; and then he added abruptly, "I had another daughter once."

It seemed as though some irresponsible power forced him to talk of Leah. It was the first time he had spoken of her since the day she had left him, and, like pent-up waters suddenly let loose, his thoughts and feelings at once found vent. He rose from his seat and stretched his arms out toward the great heaving ocean.

"I have never pretended to be what people call tender-hearted, but my love for that girl was deeper than the sea," he cried—"deeper and wider than yonder sea!"

Sir Basil thought to himself that he looked like one of the grand heroes of old, with his tall figure and massive head, his arms outstretched in appealing despair.

"I made two idols," he continued. "The first was my wife—she died; the other was my daughter."

"Did she die also?" said Sir Basil, pityingly.

"No, she is worse than dead — a thousand times worse than dead. If I could weep over some green grave containing her, I should be happier."

"Not dead?" said Sir Basil, wonderingly.

"No; she deserted me; she cast me off, much as you would throw away your old gloves. I swore that I would never mention her name; but if I do not speak, my heart will break. I have thought of her all night, against my will—quite against my will!"

"It is only natural that you should think of her," rejoined the baronet.

"No; you do not know what she did. I had these two daughters, Hettie and—another. Hettie is a loving, gentle girl; the other was a genius, a bright, beautiful, gifted girl, who would have been a prophetess among the people. My heart was wrapped up in her. People say that a father should make no difference in the love that he bears his children. How can he help it? To me one was as a magnificent imperial eagle, the other like a gentle white dove. I loved the eagle best. I wanted to make her a heroine, to teach her to go among the people, to teach as I had taught. She was so beautiful, so full of fire and spirit, a grand soul shining in her eyes! I told her what I wanted. I asked her for her life's service. What is the service of a life when one loves a cause? On the very day that I unfolded my plans to her a stranger came among us—a man related to my wife. He was rich—bah, how I hate to speak of him!—and he wanted to adopt my children. I refused his offer; he appealed to them. Ah! Heaven, when I think of the scene! She, the daughter whom I loved best, left me, and went up to him, this stranger, and clung to him. 'Take me away,' she cried. 'I have been praying to Heaven to send me a deliverer from this furnace of fire!' She went away with him, and I cursed her."

(To be Continued.)

CHINESE COTTON WORKERS.

The working day in Chinese cotton mills lasts thirteen and a half hours, night shifts working ten hours. From an economical point of view it is said to be better to confine the hands to day work only, and but few mills work day and night throughout the year. As is not unreasonably to be expected there is a slight falling off in efficiency during the summer months. Many mills in Shanghai pay by piece-work, and the wages earned amount to about 12c per day.

NOVEL OYSTER PARTIES.

Oyster parties are the great diversion of the Spanish gentlemen who pay family visits to Vigo. The party goes out in a large flat-bottomed boat. Then the oysters are fished up opened, and eaten on the spot and a prize goes to the guest who can show most shells at the end of the day! In excuse it may be said that the Vigo oyster is small, for a prize-winner will sometimes show as many as 200 shells.

The Farm

AROUND THE FARM.

More horses are run down by overfeeding than by overwork.

On the small farm the production of butter should be the foremost, letting the beef take care of itself.

Colts suffer sometimes from teething, and at such times they may run down so much in condition that a serious setback may result.

Though feed be high you cannot afford to cut down the ration of the dairy cow. Feed her well to-day and she will pay you back with interest to-morrow.

Generally it is best to have cows go dry six or eight weeks before calving, but there are some persistent milkers that it is difficult to dry up at the proper time.

There is nothing more important than to keep feeding hogs on full feed. This, however, must not be overdone, for it is possible to injure the digestion of the hog.

Success in the dairy industry does not depend so much upon the breed selected as upon the individuality of the animal, and this fact cannot be reiterated too often.

Do not neglect to provide the cow's stall with plenty of bedding, clean and fresh. She enjoys a clean bed as much as a man, and since it adds greatly to her comfort she will produce more milk.

A man who is anxious to get a large yield of milk and butter from his cows must provide warm quarters for them during the winter. If this has not been done do not defer the matter any longer.

A leading advantage of the creamery system is that it makes a cow bring in cash every month in the year, and her owner is not obliged to "trade out" her product at the country store, where the prices received are the lowest and the prices charged in the way of trade are the highest. The creamery patron can be a cash customer for the goods he desires, and cash customers always have and always will have an advantage in making their purchases.

Milking should be done in such a way as to please the cow, by not causing her pain, and yet get the milk as quickly as possible. Get all the milk, but don't keep on stripping after you've got it.

Experiments show that a calf may be fed on skim milk after the second week, and at the end of the year have made as much gain and be in as good condition every way as if fed whole milk two months instead of two weeks.

There is no use in trying to economize in the feed of hogs during the winter. The man who only cares to get them through alive wastes all he feeds, and has only stunted pigs, instead of big thrifty ones he put up in the fall.

Wire cloth wrapped about the trunks of little fruit trees will protect them against rabbits, which destroy so many dollars' worth of stock every season! But be sure to take this off in the spring, lest moths creep in behind it and lay their eggs.

Cows want water at least twice a day, and that at a temperature that suits them, which is surely not ice water, but 20 or 30 degrees above. They should have free access to salt, or it should be given them every day—from one to two ounces a cow.

The cheapest and fastest way to get into the dairy business right is to begin grading up with a good bull of some of the dairy breeds. This is the plan for the man of moderate means and is the one that will insure him the greatest success if he is not a skilled dairyman.

The average peach orchard commences bearing a good crop about the third year. During this unproductive period the space between trees may be used as a garden or even planted to grain or cotton. This should not be done, however, without fertilizing the crops so planted.

Do not use any hogs for breeding purposes except those that show evidence in form, disposition and breed of inclination to early maturity. Hogs are raised only for their flesh, and the fewer days it takes a pig to accumulate enough to be of any marketable size the more profitable it will be for its owner.

GENERAL PURPOSE FOWLS.

The Leghorns are generally looked upon as an egg breed solely. Many people like the Leghorns, many want a general-purpose fowl and wish to keep but one breed. Will the Leghorn fill the bill? One mistake by many beginners is that of considering the Leghorns unsuitable for keeping in confinement where it is necessary to yard them closely. Without advocating close confinement for any breed, let me say that no breed will stand it better than the Leghorn. The birds of this breed are so active that they seem able to get the needed exercise in small space, and do not become over fat like some, or most of the larger breeds.

A general-purpose fowl should lay a good supply of eggs, be good as a table bird at any age, and the hens should be good sitters and mothers. As to the first of these requisites, the Leghorn's reputation is well established. As small broilers, the cockerels are unexcelled. They will make a weight of one to two pounds about as quickly as any other breed. After this, the gain is slower, but they make the size required for small roasters in good time. And a young well-grown and well-fattened Leghorn makes a dainty morsel. The people who condemn the Leghorn as being nothing but skin and bones, or no better than a crow, simply don't know how to feed poultry. When it comes to older birds, the same is true; well fattened, they are all right.

Where a very large bird is wanted, of course the Leghorn will not fill the bill. With my private trade, a larger part of the customers prefer a fowl for a fricassee about the size of the Leghorn. Most of them prefer two of this size to one larger, because there are more portions. Where several persons are to be served, this is quite an advantage.

The Leghorns are supposed to be non-sitters, hence this is apparently their weak point in the role of general-purpose birds. But with the general use of incubators and brooders, to say nothing of the many advantages of the latter, this is really in their favor. Now and then a Leghorn will hatch and raise chicks, and when she does, she makes a capital mother. Some of the best I have ever had have been Leghorns, both white and brown. For my part, I do not want the job of breaking up sitting hens all summer for the sake of a few to hatch in the spring. Besides, there is a strong probability of the breeds that are usually recognized as sitters not coming to time when they are wanted the most. On the whole, the Leghorns are very satisfactory, with me as general-purpose fowls.

DAIRY NOTES.

The young calves should be encouraged, as soon as possible, to eat their grain dry as it is thus moistened with the saliva, and is much more perfectly digested. Do not mix it with their milk or drink.

Nail up a little box about two feet above the floor within their reach and keep a constant supply of bran in it, or bran and middlings. Their sleek, plump, rangy growth will more, than repay you.

It will pay you to take extra good care of your cows for a few weeks before they begin to give new milk. How? Feed no heavy grain, keep the bowels open, don't let them get chilled, give warm water at least two days after a cow's sickness. Get started right; the rest will come along just as it should.

Do not wait for the cream to begin to rise on the top of the pail before straining milk. Take it right into the house, and strain.

Dehorning cows after they have reached maturity is a pretty serious matter. Better attend to it when they are calves. A five-cent stick of potash rubbed on their horns then will do the job for five or six calves, and the pain will be comparatively nothing.

It doesn't pay to buy poor tinware of any sort—pails, pans or cans. The tin soon wears off and away goes your money and the pails and pans, too.

Now is the time to train all the calves to lead. A cow's value is increased many times if she will lead like a horse.

A gentle cow is a pleasure; an unmanageable one a nuisance. A gentle well trained cow gives more milk.

In making a halter to lead the heifer place the headpiece back of the ears so that it will not draw across the eyes.

Put a knot under the chin so it will not draw too tightly around the nose.

TOUCHING ONLY.

Some time ago, in one of our magazines, there was an article entitled, "I Have Touched the Gold," the exclamation of a deep-sea diver who had just come up from exploring a wreck lying in the depths. The writer of the paragraph alluded to the circumstances that often thus in religious life persons touch the gold without seizing, possessing, and using it. How true this is! We frequent the sanctuary, hear and handle the Word of life, get a vision of the cross, put the sacramental bread to our lips—we "touch the gold," and still leave it unrealized from year to year. For want of a little more resolute faith, we miss the unsearchable riches" of personal fellowship with Christ.

WEALTH.

Who have content and health
Are happier, richer far
Than they of vastest wealth;
For wealth itself may mar
Such treasures, heaven-sent,
As health and real content.

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN WORKING AN INFANT, AND IN THE SUFFERING THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

NOURISHES THE WHOLE STRUCTURE, GIVES STRENGTH TO THE MOTHER, AND HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

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It's the purest tea in the world.

Sold only in lead packets. By all Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green. Highest award St. Louis, 1904.

USES OF ELECTRICITY.

CURIOUS APPLICATIONS OF THE FLUID.

Extensively Adopted in France for the Purpose of Felling Trees

Electricity, in the form of lightning, has struck down trees from time immemorial, but it has been left to the skill of the modern engineer to apply the action of the fluid successfully to such a purpose. Anyone who has ever seen a great tree felled understands the risks run by the operators. Whatever precautions may be taken there comes a stage in the proceedings when, after being almost sawn through the huge trunk stands upright by a mere filament of wood and bark, which a sudden gust of wind may fracture with results disastrous to the men within reach of the huge spreading limbs.

Quite recently the writer knew a man who was killed by just such an accident. But the use of electricity in place of a saw does away with this danger. A wire is led across or round the trunk, and through this current is passed which causes it to become red-hot, thus burning completely through the timber, which therefore falls, although there may be no men within a mile of it. This method has already been extensively adopted in France where the necessary power is conveniently available.

ELECTRICAL HAIRDRESSING is another curious application of the same form of energy. Hair is burned off by electrically-heated platinum wire stretched along a metallic comb; curling-irons are heated by means of ferro-nickel wire within them; and boiling water is provided by being passed through an electrically-charged tube of German silver encased in soapstone.

In a somewhat similar connection an electric boot-blacking machine has been invented. The "patient" seats himself before the machine and a boy turns up the bottom of the trousers. A set of electrically-driven brushes cleans the dirt from the boots, another set blacks and polishes them, and a jet of warm air breathes upon them to heighten the effect, exactly as is done by a human shoe-black.

Most boys have played with a horse-shoe magnet in lifting tiny pieces of metal, and precisely the same idea is now applied upon a gigantic scale in the most advanced engineering workshops. The Illinois Steel Company, amongst others, have exactly such magnets—of course, electrically excited—weighing up to 3 cwt., to handle masses of metal UP TO FOUR TONS.

To move which otherwise would occupy a gang of laborers numbering from six to twelve. The magnet will seize and hold fast a red-hot steel plate 11 yds. long by almost 3 yards wide and half an inch thick. When its temperature is such that men dare hardly even approach it.

One of the latest suggestions for the employment of electricity is founded upon the proposal of Sir Oliver Lodge that it might be used as a fog "sweeper." The traffic upon railways and in our great estuaries is periodically interrupted by fogs, which entail enormous expense upon the companies and corporations concerned in order to avoid accidents.

But electricity discharged into such an atmosphere tends to precipitate the particles held by it which cause the obscurity, and the new invention, already proven in practice, contemplates the application of this law to "sweep" a kind of tunnel through the thickness—say, along the line of a railway, or in front of a steamer navigating a river during fog.

BITTEN BY A LADY.

A house surgeon in one of the London hospitals was called on to dress a strange wound in a woman's arm the other night. After examining it carefully the doctor said that he would have to know what kind of an animal had bitten the woman, as the wound showed teeth marks, but did not look like one caused by a dog or any other small beast. The woman said that no animal had bitten her, but that the wound was made by "another woman."

NEARLY READY.

Mrs. Goodsoul—So, you are going to be married? Have you made all arrangements?

Dinah—No, missy; I ain't done made all de arrangements. I only got to buy de ring, get de furniture ready do flat, buy me some clothes, get mah husband some things, an' get him a jaw; but dem is only de least important.

The man who was ill had called to his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property——" The solicitor held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me." "The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."

JOHANN BAGI, THE ODD PEASANT MILLIONAIRE HAD QUEER NOTIONS.

Made Free With the Emperor, and Rated Him for Raising Taxes.

Johann Bagi, the peasant millionaire of Hungary, never dropped the old patriarchal custom of presiding at table, around which the men and women and boys of his great farm sat, ranged according to the rank held by each; the overseers next to the youngest members of the master's own family, the head servants, male and female, next, opposite to one another. Then came the laborers of the linen, the fodder, the granaries, followed by the chief coachman and the rest—ploughmen, horsemen, cattle-keepers, men-of-all-work and maids and boys.

Though Johann Bagi and his family and visitors ate off such heavy as that used in Hoffburg, he never wore a coat indoors, nor outside, weather permitting. Once, the good old absolutistic days, he was found some three hours from home tramping through his fields, when a gendarme rode up and asked for his passport.

"Need none, as I am on my own ground."

"WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"If you ride sharply you may reach the house in two hours and a half."

"And you insist that this is your property?"

"Yes, all around is mine, as far as your eyes travel."

"Of course, the gendarme thought Johann an imposter, and conducted him to the town lock-up. He was put in a dirty cell and immediately asked for a bucket of water to wash up. While thus engaged the Governor of the Province came to inspect the jail and discovered the man, whom only recently he had dined at the Emperor's table.

Soon after the revolution had established feudal landlordism in Hungary Johann's former master, Count George Karolyi, got into trouble, and the family sent for a Vienna lawyer of high repute to straighten out matters.

"I came to see if I could get hold of some service to the high-born gentleman," said Johann, introducing himself to the new administrator.

"My good man," replied the lawyer, regarding the millionaire peasant's

UNPRETENTIOUS DRESS,

"no use troubling there. We want a capitalist with about 200,000 florins cash."

"Sorry," said Bagi. "That I do not know the exact figure. I have what I had in the local bank—900 florins—but the rest can be had from Budapest in about three days. Will that do, your Honor?"

About a year ago Johann met his acquaintance with the Emperor Francis Joseph, his King. In the audience chamber hung a large painting, representing the monarch as a man of thirty. Pointing to it Francis Joseph said, "I am not good looking as I used to be, Johann."

"Pshaw!" replied the peasant. "Your Majesty's face be blowed. Anyone's stomach is all right when business doesn't count."

On a previous occasion Francis Joseph walked up to the old farmer and asked, "How do you do, dear Bagi?"

"Thanks, your Majesty. I can't complain on the score of health, and, as to business, I have all I need; but since your Majesty has pleased to burden us with taxes high as they ought to be, I think that are only well-to-do have money enough for their wants."

A new provincial Governor came to Johann with the rest of the gentlemen to

THE INAUGURATION BANQUET.

The millionaire peasant arrived a little ahead of time and in his more native dress, blue dolman and big silver buttons!

"I couldn't let you pass," said the door-keeper, "if you were the King himself. Only guests in full dress are admitted."

Bagi, who was curious to make the acquaintance of the new Governor, yielded for once, drove to a fashionable tailor and had himself fitted up in a swallow-tail suit, and for the first as the guests were sitting down to dinner. When the soup had been served Bagi rose, took the tails of his coat in hand and placed them in the bouillon.

"There," he said, "eat. As I understand, the coat was invited to dinner, not the man."

And despite the Governor's and his friends' protests, the soup-coat had "the first bite" in every one of the fourteen courses that followed.

STILL UNRUFFLED.

Uncle Rufus was one of the coolest and most equable of men. Nobody had ever seen him excited or impatient. But there came a time that tried him. The furnace in the basement of his home was worked badly. He had been experimenting with a new variety of coal, and there was a considerable proportion of "slack," and it did not seem to be burning. He threw open the door of the furnace, thrust the poker long poker deep into the smoldering mass, and stirred it up vigorously.

The result was startling. A burst of flame and smoke came not only enveloping Uncle Rufus, blowing out the flue cops in the rooms above and filling the house with soot and ashes.

In the midst of the excitement Uncle Rufus came up from the basement with his usual slow and stately step. His face was black with grime, his eyebrows and eyelashes were singed to a crisp, and what little left of his hair and beard was a sight to behold.

He went to a mirror and took a good look at himself.

"Wal," he said, slowly and deliberately, "I was needing a shave and a hair-cut, anyway."

Fashion ... Talk

SUMMER TUB GOWNS.

Trimming running in vertical lines is liked for wash frocks, and for others, and the line may run down the middle front or side of a narrow, plaited skirt, much in evidence.

The shirt-waist suit in materials, and especially in cotton, continue in favor this year, likely much longer. Materials suitable for such suits are unusually handsome.

This idea of several of the girdles accompanying frocks has felted, and often live or six of the popular and mingled in one gown, mingled in many of the of the season.

The dimities, or as expensive cotton, are ever. The fashionable colored silk dresses, thin gowns is seen again. It is a women who must have changes.

There is no end to short boleros, the garment which lends itself to fashions without distinctive character, no limited, to cotton fabrics from linen.

The handsome gingham is all its variety favor as the smoothness gaining the year, when tained great new colorings dull surface, wearing qualities.

Among the simple place of the waist suit three types guimpe dressing a new suit; the the short the

A novelty come almost coat sets dered collar cloth or other coats, finest materials expensive, later be copied and will be With plain with fancy skirts, the belts, will The belts buckles, pearl or invariable and vagency which massive belt almost two hundred ever buckle, anything lovely gown not be fast better made proper, silver Frocks or pattern design will pattern flounces, artistically dainty, the frocks all The last frock or and coat costume sive.

SOME

The coat all the new petticoats a best petticoat silk, to

The

ENGLISH

General Booth colonizing farm well may be poultry farm over 2,000 birds eggs and 1,185 2,286 chickens birds exhibited prizes, and close on $ ported in sales.