A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was as she had said, four o'clock. Hilary St. John, as he reached the gates of Vereker Court, heard the hour chimed from the clock in the old ivied tower that overlooked the gardens.

Instinctively he glanced in its direction, and from it to the open patch of ground that spread all round it. It could be distinctly seen from that part of the avenue on which he now stood, and the tall, late hollyhocks and glowing dahlias made a brilliant bit of color against the grey stonework of the ancient building. A light breeze was stirring, and the stately hollyhocks swayed to and fro, the dahlias bent their heads. There was a pretty air of life and feeling about them.

Something else was moving, too. A slender figure, dressed in white, it went languidly, as one wearied, pausing often, as though oppressed by cruel thought. He abandoned all idea of calling formally at the hall door, and went straight to the tower garden, as it was called.

He was quite close to her before she heard his step on the soft, shaven sward and when she did hear him, and looked up, he was almost sorry that he had come.

She was looking very ill, but she grew positively ghastly as her eyes met his. There was a tiny piece of black plaster on her right temple, and a nasty, discolored bruised look all around it.

She stood for a moment, and then began to tremble visibly. Her eyes fell before his, she seemed filled with a stinging shame. He could not fail to see that she would gladly have blotted him out of her sight, that she shrank from him, that his presence was in some way a horror to her, and as he watched her he told himself that she had never been really miserable until now.

"Who told you I was here?" she said, her voice sounding harsh and strained.

"No one. I saw you through the trees down there. If I had known——" He paused. "Of course I can go away again," he said.

He turned abruptly away, but she put out an imploring hand.

"Oh! not like that!" she cried. "But—I had told myself I could never see you again. I had given the servants orders to admit no one; I meant to go away—anywhere——"

"But why—why?"

"Don't do that. Don't try to ignore it," said she. "When I think—when I remember yesterday."

"But," said he again, "what have I done that you should banish me from your presence because of yesterday's cruel work? I can readily understand that all things helping you to recal it must be hateful to you; but do not, I implore you, harden your heart against me. The gross wrong you suffered at that man's hands is not to be lightly forgotten, but——"

"That! Do you believe I think of that?" interrupted she. "Oh, no—no! It seems to me that I have forgotten all about that. It is you—what I said to you——" She turned abruptly away, as if unable to endure the thought that he was looking at her.

"What maudlin folly!" exclaimed he, angrily. "What did you say. If you did, I have forgotten it."

"You have not," said she mournfully. "Nor have I. Oh! that I could!" She looked away from him and then back again, and finally burst out with deep agitation: "Believe, believe that I was mad yesterday. My head—he had hurt it here," nervously touching the wounded temple, "and I scarcely knew what I said or did. Oh! surely excuses should be made for me!"

She looked at him pitifully, and he took her hand between both his own and pressed it eagerly.

"If I could only convince you," he said, "that there was nothing, nothing at all. Why will you disquiet yourself going over it again?"

"If you will let me speak, it will be a relief, I think. I know I said to you things that—Oh! how it hurts me to remember!" She pressed the hand he was not holding to her breast. "But, indeed, I was distracted. Never was there a woman so crushed, so overwhelmed. I cannot bear to think of it all, and yet—I fancy, if I were once to say it to you, I should not endure such torture. I," here she braced herself as if for a supreme effort, "I asked you to marry me, if Francis died!"

She turned aside and covered her face.

"Well, what of it? What was there in that?" said he, trying to speak lightly. "You know it is the one desire of my life to marry you, to rescue you from all this misery that seems to have engulfed you. Otherwise you would not have said it. Come, forget it. Cast these foolish thoughts behind you."

"Alas!" she said. "What happy thoughts have I to replace them? And besides, they will not be cast aside. It is one thing more I owe him," her cheek flushing, "that he has made me lower myself in your eyes."

"That he has not! Whatever crimes are his, you cannot lay that to his charge."

"Well—there is still something," continued she, with a heavy sigh, and yet with a faint touch of comfort in her tone. "I said I wished—him—dead. That I longed for his death. Will you try to believe I did not mean that?" She shuddered. "No—no," she said, "I do not long for it."

"I know it. If I might advise you," said he, gravely, "I should beg you to go in and lie down, and rest yourself. You have not yet recovered from yesterday's unhappy excitement. If you will only——"

"Hush!" she lifted her finger and stood motionless, as if listening. Her face paled again until the bruise upon the white forehead showed almost black. Her eyes dilated. "He is coming!" she breathed quickly, painfully. It was horrible to see any one human thing so much in dread of another.

St. John lifted his head, hardly believing, so still was the air around, but presently he saw that her instinct, sharpened by that fear she could not overcome or conceal, was truer than his. Vereker turned the corner and came towards them, with the slouching, lurching gait that had grown peculiar to him.

"Fine evening," he said, addressing St. John.

"Very," said St. John. He affected to be busy with a cigar he had taken from his pocket, so as to avoid shaking hands with the contemptible brute before him. He knew his voice was unsteady, that it was with difficulty he restrained himself from catching him by the throat and shaking the very life out of him, so he confined himself to a word. Vereker, who knew very well what the strong interest in the cigar meant, and the altered tone, half closed his eyes and looked from St. John to his wife, and back again with a slow insolent smile.

"Come up to see Mrs. Vereker?" he went on.

"Yes," curtly.

"Ah! She has been hurting herself, you see," pointing deliberately to the mark on Cecil's forehead. "She must be careful, you see! I'm always warning her, but she won't take advice. I shouldn't wonder if she came by something even nastier if she refuses to listen to reason—a husband's reason."

There was something abominably malignant, something that looked like brute amusement in the eyes he fixed on her.

St. John threw up his head and looked the other full in the face. His eyes were blazing. Vereker, who had as usual been drinking, laughed coarsely. St. John made a step forward, and at the same instant so did Mrs. Vereker. She got between the two men and raised her hand as if to warn her husband back. He laughed again, louder this time—and coarsely, but with a dangerous swiftness threw her hand aside.

"Don't be frightened," he said, with an odious sneer. "I shan't hurt him. I shan't spoil the beauty. It doesn't belong to me. I only guard and cherish, and punish what is my own. Mark that well!" cried he, his hateful suavity dropped, and a savagery hardly to be described taking its place. "Get to the house, woman!"

Cecil, as if frightened, too shocked, to know what to do, stood still.

"Go!" repeated he, shaking his fist at her. "Do you dare to defy me, publicly? What! do you think your lover can protect you? Go! I say, whilst you have still a rag of character left you, in which to delude Society. Go! or I'll——"

"Leave us!" said St. John sharply, catching her arm and shaking her slightly, to waken her from the torpor into which she had fallen. Her nerves were no longer under her control. She was crushed, broken, half insensible.

St. John's voice, however, happily roused her. Its touch woke her to a fuller life, and with the painful start of one who wakes from a hideous dream, she brushed past her husband and ran towards the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the first time St. John had heard him openly brutal to her, and a sense of fear almost choked him. Vereker stood looking after his wife until she had disappeared, a curious smile upon his face. Then he turned to St. John, who had turned and was walking abruptly away without bidding the other the courtesy of a good-bye.

"What! going!" said Vereker, following him. He seemed amused. "Don't let me drive you away," he said; "you came to see Mrs. Vereker—pray follow her to the house and finish your visit. What! you won't? Really going?"

"Yes," said St. John. They had entered the shrubberies now; and were in a rather frequented part of them. St. John could barely bring himself to answer, and was conscious only of a longing that the fellow would leave him before his last remnant of self-control was gone. He was pale and rigid with the effort to subdue himself. He knew if he once let himself go nothing could come of it but scandal, in which her name would inevitably be mixed up, and that was to be avoided at all risks.

There was, too, the knowledge that a struggle between him and Vereker would be an unfair one. Strong and powerful as that big burly brute looked to the uncritical eye, St. John knew that he was so demoralized by drink that there was no real strength in him, and that if he, St. John, once had him by the throat he could shake him as a terrier might a rat, and afterwards crush the life out of him. Why the devil couldn't the fellow leave him alone instead of following and worrying here? Surely some demon was goading him onwards to his undoing.

St. John walked steadily forward, taking no notice of his companion, smoking his cigar with a fierceness that gave some slight relief to his temper.

"I must congratulate you," said Vereker with an evil smile, "on the taming of that charming shrew of mine. I did her go to the house and she practically refused—you bid her go, and heigh presto! she is off like a shot. She obeys you admirably. You should give me a wrinkle, my dear fellow. To me, her husband, she is anything but subservient; to you—pray what are you to her?"

It would be impossible to describe the insolent vileness of his manner and his meaning.

"A friend!" said St. John in a dangerously quiet tone. "As I should be to any one whom I saw ill-treated by a cur." He removed his cigar from between his lips and leisurely knocked the ash off it.

"Meaning me!" returned Vereker, with an unpleasant laugh. "Now do you know to me it seems that there are two curs in this case, both fighting for a useless bone. It is a pity we should be at cross-purposes. You can take her, my good Sir John, and welcome. I don't want her."

"You scoundrel! you villain!" cried St John violently. He felt at the moment mad with grief and rage. He caught Vereker by the throat, swaying him backwards and forwards with a mighty strength of a fierce joy, and at last flung him from him with all his force.

The man fell with a dull thud upon the grass, and lay there motionless. St. John stood a moment looking down at him with a hatred and contempt, and then turned on his heel and strode away into the now gathering twilight. He went quickly, not daring to trust himself any longer with that recumbent figure.

He walked swiftly, eagerly, and by degrees grew calmer—even a little ashamed of himself. Beyond doubt he had thirsted for the blackguard's blood, had been perilous near stamping the vile life out of him as he lay at his feet. He took off his hat as he went through the cool woods, and let the wind play upon his forehead. He felt entirely and deeply thankful that he had done no more than strike him to the earth. He hoped Cecil would hear nothing of it, and rather believed she would not, as there was no one to tell her except Vereker, and he would probably be the last to do it.

But how much more of this was there to be gone through? How often would he be moved thus to righteous wrath? Would the time ever come when his savage longing to end that villain's power to insult and harm that poor child would prove too strong for him, and he should stand out before the world as a common murderer?

He drew his breath sharply, and his brow grew damp. It was a terrible picture, and what added to its horror was the feeling that it might prove true. To-day's experience had taught him that he could not altogether trust himself.

Well—he would wait awhile. Perhaps he had given him a lesson—perhaps—why many things might happen. If the worst came to the worst, he would ask her once again to give herself to him, and if she again refused, he would go abroad—for ever.

And then he told himself, as a sharp pang shot through his heart, that he could never leave her—could never abandon her. She had called him friend; he would not desert her in her sore need. He would stay, however things turned out, and face all responsibilities for her sake.

* * *

Meantime, Vereker lay prone upon the sward, as quiet as if he was dead. He was not so much as insensible, however. His eyes were open, and he gazed oddly at the sky above him, now growing grey as the October evening began to close in. It was pleasant enough lying there, he thought, on the soft grass, with his heavy limbs at rest, and his dull, burning head close to the cool earth. He felt lazy, enervated, unwilling to stir, and perhaps that blow of St John's had taken something out of him.

Ah! well, he could revenge it on her. For this one blow of her cursed lover's she should have a score. It was really almost a luxury to lie here, staring at the calm heavens, and dreaming out delicious plans of vengeance to be lowered on the head of one fragile, powerless woman.

He stirred lightly, and laughed aloud in a soft, devilish fashion, as he thought of all this. He must take care that St. John heard of each bruise on the skin of his fair lady, otherwise his joy could not be complete. St. John was evidently very far gone, and, by a judicious treatment of him and her, there was no doubt but he could lead him on to such an assault as would place the gallant Romeo within his power. He knew how the law would look at it, how the injured husband would stand out white and blameless. Oddly enough, it never for one moment occurred to him that his wife would leave him, and gladly accept St. John's protection. Dulled as his brain was, perverted as was his nature, some instinct told him he was safe in trusting her to keep her innocence at all hazards, and that an unhappy passion for St. John was all that could be laid to her charge.

Well, he would get the better of that cool, respectable young man yet. He would sweep him out of his path. He had had many an enemy; but who had overcome him? He would baffle St. John, as he had baffled that poor devil, Black Sandy, who——

A slight noise near him. A little, little noise! A vague creeping sound! Slowly, slowly, with an awful prescience of coming evil, he turned his head, to see a dark, crouching figure steal through the laurels near him, to find a relentless swarthy face bent over his prostrate form.

(To be Continued.)

DODGING A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

Indian Official's Game of Hide and Seek With a Big Beast.

S. M. Fraser, Chief Commissioner of Coorg and resident of Mysore, met with an adventure in Coorg near the Canara border during his recent tour.

Mr. Fraser, accompanied by Mr. Harris, Assistant Commissioner; Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Haller, were riding along a narrow zigzag path through an almost impenetrable jungle when, says the London Standard, he heard an elephant moving parallel with them. Mr. McCarthy rode to the next bend to see if the coast was clear. At the moment Mr. McCarthy turned the bend a tusker came out on the path above him, and without a moment's hesitation gave the usual squeal and charged.

Shouting "Ride!" Mr. McCarthy galloped down the path, and, with this flying start, passed Mr. Fraser, who had not got up much pace, not fully realizing the danger. The rest of the party disappeared around the next bend. Mr. Fraser turned into an opening in the jungle only to find it a trap of impenetrable growth on all sides. The rogue elephant was within a few yards of the horse's tail.

Without an instant's hesitation, throwing an arm around a tree while passing, he let the horse gallop from under him, fell to the ground on all fours, flung himself to one side clear of the charging elephant's path, and then springing to his feet took refuge behind a larger tree some paces away.

No sooner did the elephant miss his man than he pulled up, turned around and proceeded slowly to hunt for him. Mr. Fraser in the meantime moved silently around the tree, keeping it between himself and the elephant. Fortunately after some minutes the elephant moved off and disappeared. Mr. Fraser emerged from his place of concealment, not damaged in any way. The whole party was unarmed.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Filthiness and uncleanliness in food tend toward disease.

A sow that does not prove a good mother should be discarded.

All the good qualities belonging to the race can not be found in any single breed.

If there is any coarseness in either side let it be with the sow rather than the boar.

A perfectly formed animal does not need a great amount of fat to make the best appearance.

With hogs one of the plainest indications that they have been crowded with feed when too young is the breaking down in the feet.

No single grain ration meets the entire wants of the young growing or fattening animal. In all cases and especially with pigs a good variety gives the best results.

Dust, cobs and other filth should not be allowed to accumulate on the feeding floors. Cleanliness in the feeding places will aid materially in maintaining health.

The Home

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Beetroot a la Creme.—Cut two boiled beets into small pieces, place in the stewpan one teacupful of milk, one ounce of butter, and the yolk of a small egg; add salt and pepper to taste, and half a teaspoonful of flour; add the beetroots, stew for ten minutes, and serve hot.

Stewed Ox-tail.—Cut the tail into joints, rub each piece with flour; heat two ounces of dripping in a stewpan. Fry the pieces brown, add enough water to nearly cover them, with an onion and carrot cut into slices. Simmer very slowly from three to four hours. Flavor and thicken some gravy, pour it over the meat, and garnish the dish with the vegetables.

Rhubarb and Lemon Pudding.—Butter a pudding basin and line it with slices of bread from which the crust has been carefully removed. Stew some pink rhubarb with some slices of lemon, sweeten to taste, and while still hot fill the basin with the stewed fruit; cover with a piece of bread, place a saucer or small plate on the top of the pudding, and press it with a heavy weight. When cold turn out and serve with a thick custard poured over.

French Lemon Cold.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in three pints of new milk, or one pint of cream and two of milk. Take off all the essence of two lemons with lump sugar, set these in a glass and pour over the strained juice. When the milk is cool pour it on to the sugar and juice, holding it as high as possible from the bowl, and it should form a honeycomb like a whip. Garnish the cream in any way preferred and serve when quite set.

Croute au pot is a very good soup and one generally served in French families where economy is studied. Take a quart of stock freed from fat, and add to it two large onions peeled and thinly sliced, a turnip peeled and cut in small squares, and the remains of cold boiled cabbage. Add a few odd crusts of stale bread and simmer very slowly till the vegetables are cooked; add salt, pepper, a little butter, and serve. If you happen to have a few scraps of boiled beef, they may be added to the soup with advantage.

Swiss veal pie is a useful way of utilizing the remains of a cold joint of veal. First cut the meat into neat slices, put a piece of bacon the same size on each slice, make a forcemeat of parsley and herbs, spread on the top, and roll the meat up. Put these rolls of meat into a pie-dish; pile them high in the centre, and arrange amongst them to the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, and a few cooked mushrooms. Scatter a few sweet herbs here and there, and pour over all a thick brown sauce flavored with tarragon vinegar. Line the edges of the dish with pastry, and cover it with short crust.

Cheese Porridge.—Throw three ounces of Patna rice into cold water and bring to the boil; cook for ten minutes and drain through a sieve. Rinse with cold water and set in a cool oven to dry. Make a sauce as follows: Melt one ounce of butter over the fire and stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Add gradually one pint of cold milk and stir till it boils up, then pass the sauce through a strainer to free it of any lumps, add three ounces of grated cheese, take off the fire and stir in a small saltspoonful of bi-carbonate of potash. Stir the rice into the sauce, make all very hot, and serve at once. More or less cheese may be added to this according to taste.

Make lemon pickle from this recipe, and you will find it delicious. Take six fresh lemons, wipe them clean, then with a sharp knife make four cuts in each lemon from the stalk downwards, cutting nearly to the middle of the lemons; then into each incision put as much salt as you can, and place the lemons in a dish in a sunny window. Turn them often and let them remain a week; then place in a jar with the juice of twelve small onions and a teaspoonful of chillies. Boil three pints of white vinegar with four ounces of whole ginger, two ounces of whole black pepper, twelve cloves, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed. Pour this pickle over the lemons when boiling, cover with a plate, and next day tie down.

FOR A SWEET TOOTH.

Taffy Kisses.—Cut taffy into kisses by turning it around each time and cutting at right angles to former cutting.

Fudges.—When making fudges put in soda the size of small pea when boiling. This will prevent them from becoming too hard.

Pure Syrup.—Extract juice of one large lemon, put in one pint of water; when it is near boiling add one pound of granulated sugar; stir and slowly boil twenty-five minutes; add one piece of lemon peel for flavoring.

Angel's Food.—When making angel's food cake plan to use the yolks of the egg and you will consider it an inexpensive cake. While the cake is baking, noodles and delicious salad can be made. Beat the yolks of five eggs, add half an eggshell of water, half teaspoonful of salt, and all the flour you can work in. Roll in thin sheets, partially dry, and cut in thin strips. To cook drop as many as needed into a large kettle of boiling salted water, boil ten minutes; serve at once in hot dish, with melted butter, covered with browned breadcrumbs.

Kisses or Meringues. — Allow one measuring cup (one half-pint) of sifted powdered sugar to the white of one egg. Beat whites to a froth only. Then begin adding sugar, about a tablespoon at a time, beating all the time. Try it, and as soon as the little dropped will remain stiff it is ready for baking. Flavor with vanilla, and add chopped nuts if desired. Scrape from a teaspoon with another teaspoon, in small drops, on to a letter paper, in flat tins, and bake light brown in moderate ovens from ten to fifteen minutes, and remove from paper.

MANY USEFUL IDEAS.

To clean corsets lay flat on washboard and scrub hard with scrub brush, using plenty of soap.

Don't neglect to unscrew your wringer when not in use; it protects the rollers.

Before you use your flatirons wash them in soap suds, dry well, and then heat them. This will prevent the starch from sticking to the iron.

If annoyed by a rocking chair creeping on a thick carpet wind a couple of inches of velvet around one rocker, and the chair will remain stationary.

Blueing clothes in hard water will make them whiter than if blued in rain water and will not require one-half the blueing, and if a little milk be added the clothes will not be streaked.

In opening sardine cans which have the little opener attached use some utensil, as a kitchen fork, and insert in the end of the little opener. This acts as a lever and opens the can easily with little force.

When late starting your supper preparations, and "John" is likely to be impatient, be sure your table is set when he gets home, and he will wait patiently for half an hour.

For a grease spot on silk lay a blotter under the spot, then lay some warmed flour on the spot. Brush off and renew until the spot disappears. This will remove an old spot as well as a fresh one.

If a cook would wear a pedometer she would be surprised to see how many miles a day she walks. It is better to have a small kitchen, so small one can stand in the centre and reach everything needed.

A dust cover for an upright piano is made of denim and tacked to the back of the piano. The cover should be wide enough to cover the piano and drown over when sweeping; when not in use the cover may hang down behind the piano.

To prevent a step ladder from slipping on a bare floor split open two short pieces of garden hose and fasten them to the lower end of the ladder, turning them up on the sides of the supports and nailing them there. This useful and simple device may prevent accidents.

In using recipes clipped from newspapers or magazines they are much easier to use if the ingredients are underscored with red ink. A glance will tell you what you want without reading the recipe through each time. Ingredients seldom are given in a separate list, except in a cook book.

When it is not convenient to take locks apart in the event of keys being lost, stolen, or missing, when you wish to fit a new key, take a lighted match or candle and smoke the new key in the flame. Introduce it carefully into the keyhole, press firmly against the opposing wards of the lock, withdraw it, and the indentations in the smoked part of the key will show you exactly where to file.

Cracker Crumbs in Pies. — When pumpkins are cheap and eggs are dear, the housewife wonders whether it is economy to waste the pumpkin or invest in high-priced eggs. But instead of following the usual rule of two eggs to a pie let her stir into the pumpkin finely-rolled cracker crumbs, one round tablespoonful to a pie. If this is done three eggs well-beaten will be sufficient for three pies, as the crackers help to thicken without making the pies heavy or soggy. The pies seem more nutritious and digestible because of them.

To make a soap shredder to prepare soap for machine or boiler, take a piece of board 5x12 inches and bore four holes an inch from lower edge and sides and five inches from top. Cut out between holes and tack common door screening over it with little strip on edges to prevent tearing hands. Take soap and rub over as on a grater and it will be in fine shreds which will dissolve instantly which it will not do if shaved with a knife, no matter how thin. Even after boiling one will find chunks in the clothes. A hole should be bored in the top to hang up by.

To wash lace cover a bottle with fine white flannel, and tack the edges of the lace upon it, being careful to fasten down every little point, and lay the lace as straight as possible. Squeeze the bottle in lukewarm soap and water till the lace is clean, and rinse in the same way. Put it in the sun to dry, cut the bottle and all in starch, then wrap clean cambric around it; and let dry in the open air. When quite dry the lace may be unlaced and will look as good as new and will need little ironing. Black lace may be washed in the same way, but without soap. A few drops of ammonia may be used instead. Black lace never should be ironed.

Pure Cistern Water.—The water at the bottom of a rain water cistern is foul and bad smelling and disagreeable to use. This annoyance and menace to health is easily overcome. The cistern should be ventilated so the air can reach the surface of the water freely, and then all impurities in the upper part of the water will be oxidized and sent to the bottom, leaving the water pure and odorless near the surface. A leaden suction pipe is used for the pump, and a two-gallon jug, tightly corked, is attached to the end of the pipe to serve as a float. In this way the water is drawn from a point a few inches below the surface whatever the depth of the water in the cistern may be. The water will be sweet and clean.

STEEL PAVEMENT IN PARIS

It is Expected to Give a Good Surface for Horses and to be Very Durable.

Paris is experimenting with the latest thing in pavement. They call it steel pavement, but it is really a concrete pavement reinforced with a steel framework. The trial section of it has been laid on the Rue Saint-Martin, in front of the Conservatoire of Arts and Industries.

The metal part of the pavement is a plate of perforated steel with strong bolts of steel running through it between the perforations. Each section has some resemblance to a steel harrow, only the prongs project equally on each side and they are square and blunt.

The plates are arranged close together on a bed of rough concrete such as is used for wood block pavement. Then a specially prepared cement is shovelled upon them in a soft condition and rammed down until it makes a solid mass, with the steel frame just levelled off evenly with the upper tips of the prongs.

The steel prongs are so close together that the shoe of every horse and every wheel of any width must rest in part on them and in part on the cement. It is expected in this way to secure a highly durable, but distinctly uneven surface, one on which horses will have sure footing in all weathers and on which they can secure the necessary purchase to pull heavy loads.

It will be superior to asphalt in ultimate economy and to wood, both in the better footing that it affords to horses and in the fact that it will not admit of dangerous ruts developing. The sample laid cost $5.40 a square metre, a little more than a square yard, but when the work is done on a large scale, it is believed the price can be cut to about $4.50. The life of such a pavement without serious repairs is estimated at ten years as a minimum.

COMPARATIVE COMFORT.

"Do you think you could be comfortable on $10,000 a year?"

"Yes, I believe I could if the people next door hadn't more than $9,000 a year and my wife knew it."

"I say, auntie, uncle said this morning that there wasn't another woman like you in the world." "Ah, the dear fellow! Did he really, Freddy?" "Yes, and he said it was a jolly good job, too."

SHOT FOR SINGING A SONG

TUNES THAT ARE INSULTING TO SOME FOLKS.

Many Instances Where Their Singing Has Led to Rioting and Murder.

A song sung by a gramophone was the cause of a man's losing his life at the little Buckinghamshire hamlet of Penn, England, at Christmas. A slate club was being shared out in the village public-house, and the instrument in question ground out, among other songs, one having for its refrain the words, "Jack, Jack, when you come back, remember those you leave behind you."

The tune, for some reason or other, aroused the ire of a man named Chaner, and he started quarrelling with a companion named Cooper. Words led to blows, a stand-up fight followed, and Cooper died forty-eight hours afterwards from the injuries he received.

During the racial riots at Atlanta a few months ago a negro started to sing the first verse of "John Brown's Body." He was instantly fired at by all the whites within hearing, and fell riddled with bullets. To us this seems a brutal and unprovoked murder. And so, in a sense, it was. But it must be remembered that that particular air is hated by all the Southerners, and rouses them to

UNCONTROLLABLE FURY.

"Marching through Georgia" is a song especially disliked by the inhabitants of the State of Georgia, of which Atlanta the capital, for one line of the refrain runs, "As we go marching through Georgia"; and many citizens can well remember the days when the Northern armies ravaged their homes with fire and sword to those very words. A song that identical tune.

For a precisely similar reason Austrian National Anthem is abhorred by the Hungarians. Lord Charles Beresford discovered this somewhat unexpectedly during a recent visit of the Mediterranean Fleet to Fiume. He sent a band ashore to play in the evening. The performance was loudly cheered until the tune in question was struck up, when the applause suddenly turned to a perfect hurricane of groans, hisses, and execrations. Next morning the chief paper of the town, the Fiume Hirlap, published a manifesto, and an apology in which it was explained that "the hissings were not meant for the band, but for the hideous and hated notes of the

ACCURSED AUSTRIAN ANTHEM,

to which no Hungarian can listen without clenching his fists and giving vent to his indignation."

Again, a man might as well play monkey-tricks with a hornet's nest as sing "The Wearing of the Green" in the Orange quarter of Belfast; while conversely, an individual desirous of getting his skull cracked could scarcely hit upon a likelier method of achieving his purpose than by striking up "Boyne-Water," an Irish Nationalist medley.

Years ago, when King Louise Philippe was living in exile in England, the band of the 14th Regiment played on the terrace at Windsor while that monarch was on a visit to Queen Victoria. As was their custom, they introduced into their programme their regimental march, a piece which was more surprised than the bandmaster when Louis showed evident signs of a grave displeasure, while certain members of his suite, forgetful even the ordinary rules of courtesy observed between the guest and host, rose as if to depart. The explanation came later, when it was discovered that the air of the march in question was identical with that of the

FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARY SONG

"Ca Ira," to the accompaniment of which, shouted by thousands of angry throats, the unhappy King had only a short while previously been driven from Paris and his throne.

Even to this day the tune is hated by the French loyalists, as is also the "Carmagnole," while many ultra-enthusiasts amongst them cannot even listen to the well-known strains of the "Marseillaise" without expressing forcible disapproval. The "Watch on the Rhine" is tabooed in Alsace and Lorraine by mutual consent because of the disturbances it invariably gives rise to between the daughters of both the French and German populations. In Warsaw, the other day, a man was shot by Terrorists for singing the Russian National Anthem.

JACK'S EXPLANATION.

With many a hitch of his trousers and pulls at his forelock in respectful salute to Justice, Jack Collins, able seaman, was navigated up to the court-room rating by a policeman on a charge of cruelty to animals.

"He had a paving-stone tied to the tail of the horse he was riding, your worship," said the officer who had arrested him.

"What was that for?" sternly asked the magistrate.

"Well, Admiral, that wasn't no cruelty to animals, as this officer says, at all," blurted out Jack. "I hired that boat's crew outside for a short cruise ashore. Soon after getting under way I found the bloomin' old packet wouldn't steer a little bit. She was all down by the head and tacked about the street when the wind was fair astern. Try as I would I couldn't get steady steerage way on her, and as she drifted to windward just as often as she did to leeward. Then I thinks I, she's too light by the stern, and her heels were constantly lifting and racing just for all the world like our propellers on the ship when she's loose on a big sea. 'She wants more weight aft,' says an old shipmate of mine that I met, and then I just got him to help me to come to anchor while I shipped a little ballast aft. That's all, your worship. All shipshape and above-board, and no reason in the world why this blue and brass-bound corvette here should have overhauled me at all."

"Dismissed," said the justice, after Jack had agreed to jettison the ballast and take the "craft" home in "tow," which meant lead the ancient steed back to the stable.

NOT PLEASED HIMSELF.

Says Jerome K. Jerome: "I admired the pluck recently of a young fellow who spoke up to his sweetheart's father. This crusty old gentleman, when the youth asked for the young girl's hand, said with a sneer:

"'You want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me tell you that you're not exactly the sort of man I would choose for a son-in-law.'

"The youth nodded.

"'Well, to be frank,' he said, 'you're not the sort of man I'd choose for a father-in-law, either. But we needn't chum up, you know, unless we want to.'"

The Farm

INTENSIVE POTATO PLANTING.

If the land to be planted contains witch grass, much the surest plan, by ploughing and frequently harrowing, to destroy weed seed and the witch grass roots by exposure to the sun and kill them, writes Mr. [illegible] this should be followed by ploughing and harrowing as soon as the land is dry enough to work and mellow the soil before planting. Ground so prepared may be planted with assurance of the best results, and otherwise and labor necessary for a good crop. If we have [illegible] the time of ploughing [illegible] much, or perhaps not enough, manure applied in the hill to make [illegible] do not make so much [illegible] of manure as is usually [illegible] to cause the crop to suffer [illegible] should enable. [illegible] of commercial fertilizer [illegible] and then to [illegible] yield 50 to 100 bushels.

If you wish to raise a large crop of potatoes, [illegible] per acre, you must [illegible] hills 40 to 42 inches apart each way. I advise rows [illegible] and seed pieces to be [illegible] inches apart in the rows. Select seed [illegible] one to two eyes to a piece, and be careful, if planting [illegible] to keep the two-eyed pieces so that the [illegible] missing. For [illegible] rows 3 feet apart [illegible] 18 to 20 inches apart [illegible] don't take quite [illegible] seed and space [illegible] the larger yields [illegible] to be done also [illegible] perhaps, you could [illegible] fertilizer.

The above methods [illegible] results noted in [illegible] results of my experiments [illegible] are correct. In [illegible] fertilizers wholly or [illegible] not usually to be [illegible] in the drill with [illegible] seed is dropped, it [illegible] in either case it should be mixed with the soil [illegible] if applied for [illegible] crop wholly, is [illegible] drilling seed only [illegible] seed any time [illegible] or it may [illegible] hoeing or hilling.

If the plants are just [illegible] fertilizer can be [illegible] covered with [illegible] will do no harm [illegible] considerably [illegible] broadcast on [illegible]

Another method of [illegible] and especially [illegible] soon, when [illegible] to fill the [illegible] drill fertilizer [illegible] possibly small [illegible] third furrow [illegible] by harrowing [illegible] plants are 5 or 6 [illegible] on with the [illegible] secured yields [illegible] the method of [illegible] with the use [illegible] fertilizer, followed [illegible] of nitrate of soda [illegible] hoeing or hilling.

The first cultivation [illegible] planted, for the [illegible] down weeds and [illegible] be given with light [illegible] made by tapping [illegible] or a lush harrow [illegible] in my own work I [illegible] one of planting [illegible] 6 inches high and [illegible] and weeder. Do [illegible] the crop as long as [illegible] between the rows [illegible] with [illegible] rows. Of course, [illegible] disturb the roots of [illegible] they had set.

[illegible] in my own work [illegible] methods here [illegible] secure yields [illegible] per acre on commercial [illegible] These of the best [illegible] cent. nitrogen and 12 [illegible] I remember on [illegible] attention to the [illegible] getting a bushel [illegible] in six pieces of [illegible] res are cotton [illegible] 500 bushels per [illegible] ture. Big the [illegible] of a coat [illegible] vious to planting.

RAISING CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.

Timothy principally [illegible] meal, says Mr. [illegible] land is clay loam [illegible] ground is very [illegible] I will sand and [illegible] is the rule; but [illegible] sow some of June grass [illegible] me if fall proves [illegible] as early as possible [illegible] ely after. I give the [illegible] with disk and [illegible] and then sow my [illegible] timothy, two pounds [illegible] of alsike, say, [illegible] and put on 200 [illegible] per acre. If grass [illegible] ately after the [illegible] covering, but if [illegible] land should be [illegible] feeder, if you have one [illegible] the brush.

Many failures come from [illegible] than from any other cause [illegible] be poor soil or poor preparation. Remember, the rule [illegible] seed should be covered four [illegible] less. Another caution, do not [illegible] sow too thick. If the ground [illegible] too much the young plants [illegible] when the oats are cut. [illegible] the most trouble with sod land, especially that which is [illegible] and fall. Plowing can be done [illegible] summer. Where it is [illegible] to plow early enough to sow buckwheat to rot the sod. To accomplish this, buckwheat shades the ground and keeps it damp. Seeding take out with buckwheat, but is killed by the cutting the grain. It is best to put the harrow on the stubble as soon as possible and then sow to timothy with one quart of clover and a small piece of alsike, just a handful. Then go over again with grass seed early in the spring, as the frost is coming out. If I wait to seed with oats in the spring I cannot get a team on the ground. One year I put the team on before the frost was all out, on March 28. Cold weather followed for two weeks, but I got a fair stand of oats and a fair seeding of grass, but it was not satisfactory.

Memory is the price one has to pay in the world for the mistakes he makes.

GIRLS RESCUE

Fire Damages La[illegible] Goods

A despatch from St. John, N. [illegible] One of the most serious fires [illegible] has had in year was discovered [illegible] minutes after the [illegible] Ames Bros. big dry [illegible] on King Street [illegible] short time thousands [illegible] of dollars was [illegible] women employed in the [illegible] on the fourth floor [illegible] ing, had their means [illegible] until the firemen [illegible] rear windows on [illegible] and carried the [illegible] safety.

The fire started in the [illegible] King Street [illegible] somebody in a [illegible] who caused it is [illegible] M. B. H. MacAuley [illegible] about 11.30 [illegible] time there was [illegible] bulk of [illegible] conflagration in the [illegible] A few minute after [illegible] showrooms were [illegible] covers, an employee [illegible] and a second later [illegible] smoke from a [illegible] John Wood was [illegible] customers and the [illegible] get all her employees [illegible] of disorder. In [illegible] smoke had filled [illegible]

LEADING MARKE

BREADSTU[illegible]

Toronto, May 21. [illegible]

Wheat—Ontario [illegible]
Wheat, Ontario [illegible]
Wheat, Manitoba [illegible]
Barley, No. 2 [illegible]
Rye, No. 2 [illegible]
Peas, No. 2 [illegible]
Oats, No. 2 [illegible]
Oats, No. 2 [illegible]
Buckwheat [illegible]
Corn [illegible]
Flour, Manitoba [illegible]
Flour, Ontario [illegible]
Bran [illegible]
Shorts [illegible]
Middlings [illegible]

COUNTRY PRO[illegible]

Butter, Dairy [illegible]
Butter, Creamery [illegible]
Eggs, New laid [illegible]
Eggs, Cold storage [illegible]
Cheese, Large [illegible]
Cheese, Twins [illegible]
Honey [illegible]
Potatoes [illegible]
Beans, per bush. [illegible]
Hay, No. 1 [illegible]
Hay, No. 2 [illegible]
Straw [illegible]

MONTREAL MARKE[illegible]

Montreal, May 21. [illegible]
Oats, No. 2 white [illegible]
Corn, No. 2 [illegible]
Peas, per bush. [illegible]
Barley, No. 1 [illegible]
Rye, No. 2 [illegible]
Flour, Manitoba [illegible]
Flour, Ontario [illegible]
Bran [illegible]
Shorts [illegible]
Middlings [illegible]
Moullie [illegible]
Hay, No. 1 [illegible]
Hay, No. 2 [illegible]
Hay, clover [illegible]
Straw [illegible]
Butter, Creamery [illegible]
Butter, Dairy [illegible]
Eggs [illegible]
Cheese [illegible]
Potatoes [illegible]
Beans [illegible]
Lard [illegible]
Pork [illegible]

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 21.—Flour—Steady