

JACK'S QUEEN; OR, Light at Last.

CHAPTER XV.

The sun setting behind the great hills crowns them with glory and fills the heather with mystic splendor of coloring. As I gaze upon the scene, I wonder mournfully what has become of my old self; the place is the same, and kind faces unaltered, so the change must be in me.

I have been a dead failure; instead of a comfort to Percy, I am an encumbrance, a thorn in the flesh: he may even regard me as his skeleton. Looking back, I find only one thing to make me happy—that I was true to Jack from the beginning to the end, from the first time his laughing eyes looked in mine until the last hour of his life; if I had to reproach myself with neglect and falsehood to him, my life would be worse than this.

For that breach between Percy and me is ever and ever widening: true it is that here he is at his best, that the influence of his native spot is not lost altogether; our conversation is no longer limited to "yes" and "no," as in London, but we talk like two acquaintances, unconsoling companions imprisoned together, and laboring hard to make the best of it. Far better had we met that Highland summer that seemed so beautiful and so glorious!

I have missed my landmark somehow, for once I know that he loved me, once all promised well, and we were very happy. Somewhere, somehow, I have made a mistake: it may be that, like the poet, I expected too much, and thought the stations of my course should rise "as a star above our enstard o'rtail." I have neglected the small things which make up the sum of life; to watch for impossible splendors, and so have missed my way. I wonder if "the same goal is still on the same track"? Shall I find either? And I wonder too if Percy also missed his landmark.

One day, opening a newspaper, I see that Captain Dallas has been favorably mentioned in the despatches—such as he deserves. In another column I read that "a marriage is arranged" between Mr. Barling and Miss Lamarche, and I have a letter from Edith telling me that this is so, as she did not give the young barrister to be unsuccessful in his first suit. I give the letter to Percy; but his only comment is that he hopes I will give his congratulations to Miss Lamarche when I write. We do not talk about Edith as once we should have done; these days are past. We are "strangers yet."

No one was more lonely than I am—no one ever craved more for love and liking. Percy works hard with his pen, shut up in the studio which I no more enter—he can escape from the workaday world when he chooses; tired of this, he can leave his vexations and grievances for that kingdom where everything is as he desires, where, unless he wills otherwise, there is no pain, no sorrow, and all things are beautiful.

As I have done often before, I steal down this silent night to look at him, where, whilst others sleep, the Angel of Imagination descends. I remember how I saw him here before, glowing and ardent, scarcely able to pen the bright thoughts that inspired him.

The door is open, and I can see him plainly; but not as I expected. His desk is closed, and there is a painful neatness in the room, instead of loose papers, open books, and disorderly shelves; he sits alone and idle, the scattered locks of his hair pushed back by a hand which seems to be thinner and whiter than of yore; his face is weary and haggard, most profoundly dejected, and the eyes are glistening with unshed tears.

No words of mine could describe the entire loneliness, the melancholy pathos of this picture.

I have never seen tears in his eyes before. Have I ever rightly understood him? There are depths in him which I have never sounded, and perhaps never shall. He has been above and beyond me; coldness and pride are his promise; it qualifies according to my enjoyment. Have I read him rightly?

Have I not believed him more wrapped up in his labour than he really is, made him blind when he clearly saw, avoided him when he would have gladly had me, though his sensitiveness and pride prevented him from asking? Have we been at cross purposes with each other's nature and character all along? He starts, and suddenly looks up, faintly flashing as our eyes meet; and I wish that he had not caught me.

"Is anything wrong?" he asks, rising hastily.

"Nothing, nothing! I only came to—look at you," I stammer; and then add in self-defence, "I have often come before, Percy."

And then it dawns upon me that to him it is the most annoying thing I could say. James Drummond did not object to be stared at half as much as does Percy, and it cannot please him to know that I am in the habit of creeping down to play the spy. I do not wait for any answer, for a repetition of his disdainful look, but go away and cry myself to sleep. Not being cruel, he makes no allusion to the circumstance after, and I do not go to the room any more; instead of that, I lie staring at the stars, and picture him sitting there alone and sorrowful, bitterly regretting his mistake.

So the stream of time goes on, until a certain morning he tells me that he intends to walk some distance, for the purpose of visiting one of his tenants, an old man who lies dying. I suppose acts such as these are the reason why Percy's people so love him. Truly they understand him better than I do! In their eyes he does no wrong. He is, so to speak, their Bonnie Prince Charlie.

He goes away, and I am left alone—time was when I might have accompanied him; now I am left to my own resources. I cannot sing, for my voice is gone; I cannot play, for my fingers tremble and make hideous discords of Beethoven and Mendelssohn; so I sit idle, staring at the hills and the great sheet of water over which the mist droops low.

"I wonder how long Sir Percy will be away?" I say to Mrs. Buchanan, the housekeeper, when the shadows begin to lengthen and there are no signs of his return.

"Not very long, my lady, I should think," she answers cheerfully; "but it would be shrewd like the laird to wanner off somewhere, dreaming of his books."

Even as she speaks, I see the plaided shepherd advancing, with a startled face, and I hear his entrance; then Macdonald,

the steward, comes in with an apology, and might he speak to Mistress Buchanan! Evidently they think I am a child.

"Something has happened to Sir Percy," I say, quite calmly. "Sooner or later I am bound to know, so you may as well tell me at once."

"My lady," he stammers, with a soiled face.

"Is he killed?" I ask; and Mrs. Buchanan gives an exclamation of horror.

My question elicits explanation. Percy has fallen from Glowering orange, at the foot of which a shepherd found him insensible; now he is being brought home, still unconscious, and some one has gone for the doctor without delay; the extent of his injuries is yet unknown; and, in conclusion, Macdonald mildly suggests that a room should be prepared for the laird.

"And now you will go away," says Mrs. Buchanan to me with authority; "this is no place, my dear young lady, for you should now. If you will stay in your room—"

"No, I can't; I must help you!" I cry.

"Intest; and you will be a hindrance," she says, with candour; "and the laird would not be pleased."

"But I want to see him," I insist.

"So you shall," she says, in a tone of one soothing an infant; "but not whilst as they bring him in. Hoist, ho; he will be not much hurt!"

And, patting my shoulder, she half leads, half forces me upstairs, and then hurries away to direct and instruct the servants.

Soon I hear the tread of heavy feet, then there is a long silence. Oh, is Percy dead? I dare not ask, I dare not move; and then comes a sharp loud ring and the quick step of Doctor Forbes, and silence again, during which I try to pray, but can only wring my hands and sob.

Mrs. Buchanan comes up to me presently with an air of encouragement, and tells me that he is a good deal bruised, that his arm is broken, and that they are going to set it, all as though we had something to rejoice about. It is possible that we have too.

She bids me remain where I am, and hurries away again; but I am not disposed to obey her. Instead of that, I creep half-way down stairs, and sit there listening and watching, my heart aching for Percy in his pain. It is very quiet; once the bell rings, and Mrs. Buchanan looks out of the room where he lies to give some whispered order; but there is no sound from within.

I am quite sure that, if I hear Percy cry out or groan, I shall rush to him; but I sit very quiet. I think that for an hour I sit there shivering and shuddering, and imagining what is being done to my husband, stoeking when the footsteps within quicken. At length the door opens, and Doctor Forbes comes out, not in the least agitated. Calm and untroubled, he looks about him as he fastens his coat; but the dark life which might have been lost is not linked with his. I rush down stairs and grasp his arm, and he greets me as though nothing had happened.

"How is Percy?" I gasp. "You have not had to amputate the arm, have you?"

"No, indeed," he says, half laughing; "he will not be able to use it for some time, certainly; but that is the worst."

"Will he have a fever?" I go on.

"I think you are more likely to have that than he. Keep him quiet and cheerful, my dear Lady Glencairn, and give him plenty of attention, and he will soon be well; and that is not much more than men want at all times, is it?"

All the Mrs. Buchans in Scotland would not keep me from Percy now. I creep into the room softly, and the finger of warning she upraises is not needed.

He is lying on the improvised couch, his arm in a sling across his breast. I think he must have fainted, for they have been wetting his hair, and it lies dabbled and confused on his forehead; he is very white, and on one temple is a slight scorch—otherwise, thank Heaven, his handsome face is unmarked, there is no disfigurement as I had dreaded! He is very exhausted, for he lies with his eyes closed, and a little line of pain between his fine dark brows.

I carry a chair very quietly to his side, and sit down there, not daring to touch him, lest I should disturb him; and Mrs. Buchanan moves softly about the room, folding and putting away things. "And does not that injured arm is the right one; think of what that means to an author!"

I remain so for a long time; Mrs. Buchanan lights a lamp and shades it, so that the room is in semi-shadow; then Percy turns his head towards me, and opens his eyes—they are very heavy and languid; but he smiles as they meet mine. Oh, Percy darling, the first real smile you have given me for so long!

I clasp him uninjured hand in both of my own, and feel my tears rising as I bend my face down until it touches his; but I have nothing better to say than—

"You must never go out alone again, Percy."

"I am evidently not to be trusted," he says, in a whisper; and then his eyes close. When he speaks again, I am striking back his hair, and he murmurs indistinctly that my hand is nice and cool; thus encouraged, I draw my arm under that dear dark head, so that it rests near me; and thus he falls asleep, and sleeps until night, when Doctor Forbes comes again. Then he wakens, with his face flushed and his eyes sparkling, and he glares at the Doctor.

"Lady Splenchan says that marriages for love never take place now!" he exclaims fiercely.

"People generally make that discovery at her ladyship's age," returns the unruffled Forbes, quietly putting Percy back on his pillows.

"Everything was given to her by Jack," he goes on excitedly; and the Doctor says that Jack probably had no use for things himself, at the same time administering a dose from a small phial.

"He is wandering a little, Lady Glencairn," he explains to me; "but there's nothing alarming in it. You see it is over now."

I remain with Percy all night; indeed, nothing will induce me to leave him until all possibility of danger is gone; Mrs. Buchanan is second cure, and a more devoted woman I have never seen. Percy makes no comment on his accident, after he has told me how it happened, nor does he say anything about my being here always. Yet I think he is not displeased; if my wishes and hopes and desires do not deceive me, he is glad when I am near him; he likes to have me soothing his aching head; he is pleased to feel my fingers holding his, so helpless; he would rather have food or anything given to him by me than even by the faithful woman who saw him in his orricle.

Soon Doctor Forbes reports that he is getting on splendidly; but we do not desert the post for all that. He is not by any means an amiable invalid; he is not one of those who, in pain and sickness, can be gentle and patient and cheerful; on the contrary, he is often very impatient and irritable, and nothing in the world is right; at such times Mrs. Buchanan ceases him and talks to him as she might to a sick child, a liberty on which I could never venture.

Poor fellow; it is hard enough for one with his restless activity of mind and body to lie here helpless!

There never were kinder people than these Highlanders, who trudge on foot from far and near to ask about the laird, and bring most extraordinary tributes of affection to the invalid and to me; Macdonald acts as my interpreter when he overcomes his shyness, and does not redder when I speak to him quite so painfully as he did at first.

And by degrees Percy recovers; one day he is able to sit up, another day to walk from that room to the next, and Mrs. Buchanan gives him a newspaper with permission to read it. When I come in, I find that, unable to manage it with one hand, he has tossed it down, and is staring gloomily at the fire; so I go to the rescue, and read for him all that he wishes.

Another day brings a letter from his publishers, and with his literary correspondence Macdonald never interferes; so it is sent up stairs, where I read it for him, and am rather surprised when he asks for his steward.

"Do you want him here?" I ask, not quite understanding.

"Certainly. That letter must be answered. Will you send him here?"

But I have Sir Percy at my mercy now, and I quietly refuse.

"No, Percy, I would rather write the letter for you myself, if you will let me."

"If you like—only it is a trouble."

But I get paper and pen and write the letter, from his dictation.

"I don't suppose that Dunbar will be finished this year," he says, "so they may postpone any announcements."

"Why can't it be finished?" I ask.

"Not from lack of inspiration," he returns gloomily; "but I never learned to write with my left hand."

"But I will write for you, Percy; I can write so quickly."

"I should soon tire you; I never was patient enough to employ an amanuensis."

"Let me try; I will soon tell you when I'm tired."

I get the key of his desk, and fly away from the room in exultation; I tremble so that I cannot unlock it at first, and have to sit down a moment. Thank Heaven, here is light at last; I have found my landmark! Oh, I did indeed expect too much, and feared too much, venturing too little! I did not understand that it was not in him to ask and plead, to make requests, and I stood waiting for him to do so when I should save some quietly, never to meet with repulse. I have been mistaken in him; but

"Ashure I turn, I'll thank God, hastening. That the same goal is still on the same track."

I get the manuscript and carry it to Percy, with the suggestion that it shall be read from the beginning to enable him to resume in the spirit of its conception, thus bridging over the interruption of his illness; he agrees with me; and then I sit down at his feet and read, until dim twilight closes upon us, and I can see no more.

"Why, what a selfish wretch I am!" he exclaims. "I have kept you reading so long. You must be quite worn out."

"No, I am not. I shall go on soon, unless you are tired."

"With listening to my own productions? That is scarcely probable; besides I like to see you."

"Banding with soul-stilled face O'er poet's page, gold-shadowed in thy hair!"

When he resolves permission from Mrs. Buchanan in the morning, he comes to this room, where I have desk and pen and paper in readiness. As I told him, I can write rapidly, and his pauses for consideration are rests for me; now I read what I have written and make the corrections and interpolations he points out, and so for many a bright and happy hour I work for him, and we are indeed "two souls softly spanned by one o'er-arching heaven" of sympathy and love. At length his arm is released from its sling; he is next able to use it, and naturally the first thing he takes in his fingers is his pen.

Never shall I forget the feeling which thrills me when I see him, restored to perfect health and strength, resume his usual place, and take the pen himself, no more dependant on the weak hand of a woman. My occupation is gone, he no longer wants me, and our happy days have passed away now.

I leave him, and go to my music, only to turn it over, aimlessly reading the titles; the old oddness will come back, I fear; no words can express that fear, or the yearning longing desire of affection that fills me.

My passive thoughts are interrupted in no romantic way, simply by Percy calling me—net lovingly, nor tenderly, nor gently, but crossly; the word is very commonplace, but it is the only one which describes his tone. And the look with which he greets me, this is another new trait; I have never seen Percy cross before. He asks me something about what he has just written, and I give my opinion meekly; but still he is not appeased.

"Why did you go away?" he says, still in that tone of injured and irritable fancie. "I suppose it was because you knew I could not get on without you." And then he stops abruptly, and his expression changes; it is tender almost to tears. "No; perhaps you do not know it; but all the same it is true. Oh, Vera, Vera, we have been groping in darkness so long time!"

I answer nothing; I only rest in my haven, and let my tears have their own way, tears of the most perfect joy and happiness; and never was my lover half so tender as my husband.

Yes, we have been in darkness a long time; but light falls upon us at last, never to fade away; and ever after this place will be to me one of the dearest and loveliest spots on earth, for here we find perfect peace and love that is everlasting.

I do not go away again; I sit near him, and we speak together of what shall be done when Dunbar shall be given to the world; or, when he goes on quietly writing, I fix my eyes upon the red star of the ruby whose splendor falls unclouded on my way.

[THE END.]

The first fault is the child of simplicity; and, with every other, the offspring of guilt.—Goldsmitb,

HOUSEHOLD.

FRUIT FOR TEA.

"Fresh fruit on the farmer's table every day in the year" is the standard at which we should aim, but even if we attain it, or very nearly so, there are a good many days when we prefer something that is naturally out of season. Then there are masculine palates that demand cooked fruit, as especially suited to a civilized tea-table. Even with a most abundant supply of fresh fruit, the cook must consider its preparation for the tea-table: while the whole care of fruit so as to secure, with a wise economy, a well filled store closet, is one of the serious undertakings of the country house-keeper. A saving of time and labour in this direction, by improved methods is always eagerly welcomed.

There seems to be a certain reaction in favor of the jams, jellies, and preserves of our grandmothers, as against the almost universally adopted canned goods, at present price, come into close competition with these of domestic manufacture, and both are to many tastes somewhat insipid and tasteless. While the serviceable glass jars are indispensable in every well-regulated household, many of us incline to fill a shelf or two with the genuine old-fashioned preserves and many a woman expert in their preparation has found it a resource for earning her bread.

During the summer and autumn there is frequently a small surplus of fruit which must be promptly disposed of or it will be lost. These small quantities, judiciously cared for in easy labor-saving ways, will have a material effect in increasing, varying, economizing the year's supply in store.

Suppose that a few berries are "left" after tea, or a little fruit of any kind, already prepared for the table. Even half a pint of berries is worth saving; if they happen to be wild strawberries or field blackcaps, or any other highly flavored small fruit, the return will amply repay the trouble of making them into jam.

Berry Jam.—As this is one of the simplest and most generally liked modes of preserving, useful also for tarts and for various desserts, it is difficult to have too much jam. A single glass made at once will help to fill up, and it is very little trouble to make it. Put your berries in a saucepan—granite ware serves an excellent purpose—with just water enough to prevent burning, and bruise them gently with a spoon; let them boil up well, and having first measured them, add a scant cupful of sugar for each cupful of berries. Stir occasionally and let them simmer gently for twenty to thirty minutes—say while you are doing up the tea dishes. When thick enough to "set" to a firm jelly they should be immediately taken up in tumblers or small jars. Experience will soon teach one to judge of the cooking by the appearance and manner of boiling; it must be remembered that a little fruit cooks much faster than a greater quantity in the same vessel and the danger of burning is not increased but lessened.

Compotes.—An excellent one for a quart or two of cherries, blackberries, pears, or peaches or almost any good table fruit, is to make a compote, excellent either for dessert or the tea table. Although not available for permanent stores, the compote will keep in good condition in a cool place for several days, and may therefore prolong the period of a favorite but perishable fruit. It probably preserves the natural flavor of the fruit more perfectly than any other mode of cooking. Make a syrup by boiling as much sugar as your fruit will require to make it agreeable to taste with a cup of water. Judgment must determine this point according to the fruit used: there should not be too much sugar, as that will smother the delicate flavor, or yet too little, for that makes the result a little "flat." Skim, if any sourness, and add the fruit. Let it simmer until the fruit is cooked through, but not so as to be all broken; ten minutes is long enough for most fruits. If the syrup seems too thin, drain out the fruit and boil, to evaporate a little more. For most fruits a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit will be enough. For the rich, old-fashioned preserves, "pound for pound" is still required.

For Baking Day.—If one adopts the habit of saving the little remainders of fruit during the week, it is often easy on baking day to add to the good things provided a dainty plate of tarts. Perhaps these are filled, half with currant and half with raspberry jam, or plums and peaches may have taken the place of the earlier fruits. Or any tart jam may be spread evenly over a square of paste, and another square laid upon it; then the whole marked off in diamonds to be cut apart after baking. Or the tartlets may be finished with a light meringue of white of an egg beaten to a froth with half a cupful of powdered sugar to each. Any of these will make a pretty and toothsome addition to the tea-table.

GOLDEN NUGGETS.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possession.—Bryson.

Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection not in books alone, but in every leaf in Spring time.—Martin Luther.

"I tell you," said a rabid free-thinker, "the idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah precisely like my dog," responded Brother Talmage; "but he doesn't go around howling about it."

Pride, ill-nature and want of sense are the three great sources of ill-manners. Without one or more of these defects no man will be happy himself or do good to others, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.—Swift.

Domestic life has peculiar trials, but so has every other condition of this our mortal probation. They who wear thin shoes and stop glugery feel the pabbes in the path. The firm tread of the stout boot presses them into the earth.—Martin Harland.

Truth does not require your painting, brother; it is itself beauty. Unfold it, and man will be captivated. Take your brush to set off the rainbow, or give a new tinge of splendor to the setting sun, but keep it away from the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.—Stowe.

SCIENCE NOTES.

It is claimed that milk charged with carbonic acid gas is one of the most healthful of drinks.

About the English sparrow nuisance, a writer in Science stated that if red pepper be sprinkled among the leaves of ivy or other vines it will soon rid them of the pests.

It is affirmed by Mons. Læwenhe that a needle puncture in the skin of a living person will close at once, and that if the puncture remains open it is a sure sign of death.

To prevent wet from penetrating boots take half a pound of tallow or mutton suet, four ounces of lard and two ounces of new bees-wax and olive oil, dissolve over the fire, mixing well and apply to the leather.

A prominent physician writing to the New York Medical Record condemns roller skating as an exercise for girls, and states that it seems to bring out any latest predisposition to disease of the kidneys or heart.

To stain pine or cherry ebony color dissolve four ounces of shellac with two ounces benzoin in half-gallon water. Boil until a perfect solution is obtained, then add half an ounce glycerine, after which add in sufficient water, soluble aniline black, and the mixture is ready for use.

To make brass appear antique dissolve one ounce sal ammoniac, three ounces cream of tartar and six ounces common salt in one pint hot water; then add two ounces nitrate of copper, dissolved in a half pint water; mix well and apply it repeatedly to the article by means of a brush.

The rock known as Monk in the vicinity of the Faroe Islands has succumbed to the elements leaving only a dangerous reef, covered at high water, to mark its former position. This rock was some seventy feet high, and from some points of view resembled a cowed figure: hence its name.

It has been discovered by a Chicago physician that suburban life is powerfully preventive of dyspepsia. Men are like animals and must eat their meals quietly and leisurely to secure a perfect flow of gastric juice. He who belches his breakfast with his mind on the time-table, and his eyes on the clock, and further outrages nature by a sharp run to catch the train, must soon or late expect to pay the penalty.

If Your Lungs are Destroyed do not expect that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will make new ones for you. It can do much, but not impossibilities. If, however, you have not yet reached the last stages of consumption, there is hope for you. But do not delay, lest you cross the fatal line where help is impossible. The Discovery has arrested the aggravating cough of thousands of consumptives, cured their night-sweats and hectic fevers, and restored them to health and happiness.

"There's very little change in man's trousers this Fall," remarked a tailor as he failed to collect a bill.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50 cents.

After much research and investigation we are convinced that the bearding-hous chickens are hatched from hard-boiled eggs.

"Close the door gently, and brace the breath; I've some of my headache— I'm sick unto death."

"Take 'Purgative Pellets.' They're pleasant and sure; I've some in my pocket I'll warrant to cure."

Dr. Pierce's "Pisavant Purgative Pellets" are both preventive and curative.

A young man, absent on a trip to Paris, writes that he has been all through the capital of France and considerable of his own.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, alcohol, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 60 cents in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luben, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

When Mrs. Cleveland caught her first fish, she exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Oh, put him back and give him another term."

A FREE FIGHT.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Electric Oil," "Electric Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at law in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the name; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Echinism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult Breathing.

"Widom am not in knowing such a powerful sight," says brother Gardner "but in keepin' shet on what you doan' know."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50c.

A. P. 298.

MEN—TANNER—and two ladies—so O'Connell's good pay. H. E. Kennedy, Toronto, Ont.

\$700 80 Acre Farm—\$600 60 Acre Farm—\$500 40 Acre Farm—\$400 20 Acre Farm—\$300 10 Acre Farm—\$200 5 Acre Farm—\$100 2 Acre Farm—\$50 1 Acre Farm—\$25 1/2 Acre Farm—\$12 1/2 1/4 Acre Farm—\$6 1/4 1/8 Acre Farm—\$3 1/8 1/16 Acre Farm—\$1 1/16 1/32 Acre Farm—\$1/2 1/64 Acre Farm—\$1/4 1/128 Acre Farm—\$1/8 1/256 Acre Farm—\$1/16 1/512 Acre Farm—\$1/32 1/1024 Acre Farm—\$1/64 1/2048 Acre Farm—\$1/128 1/4096 Acre Farm—\$1/256 1/8192 Acre Farm—\$1/512 1/16384 Acre Farm—\$1/1024 1/32768 Acre Farm—\$1/2048 1/65536 Acre Farm—\$1/4096 1/131072 Acre Farm—\$1/8192 1/262144 Acre Farm—\$1/16384 1/524288 Acre Farm—\$1/32768 1/1048576 Acre Farm—\$1/65536 1/2097152 Acre Farm—\$1/131072 1/4194304 Acre Farm—\$1/262144 1/8388608 Acre Farm—\$1/524288 1/16777216 Acre Farm—\$1/1048576 1/33554432 Acre Farm—\$1/2097152 1/67108864 Acre Farm—\$1/4194304 1/134217728 Acre Farm—\$1/8388608 1/268435456 Acre Farm—\$1/16777216 1/536870912 Acre Farm—\$1/33554432 1/1073741824 Acre Farm—\$1/67108864 1/2147483648 Acre Farm—\$1/134217728 1/4294967296 Acre Farm—\$1/268435456 1/8589934592 Acre Farm—\$1/536870912 1/17179869184 Acre Farm—\$1/1073741824 1/34359738368 Acre Farm—\$1/2147483648 1/68719476736 Acre Farm—\$1/4294967296 1/137438953472 Acre Farm—\$1/8589934592 1/274877906944 Acre Farm—\$1/17179869184 1/549755813888 Acre Farm—\$1/34359738368 1/1099511627776 Acre Farm—\$1/68719476736 1/2199023255552 Acre Farm—\$1/137438953472 1/4398046511104 Acre Farm—\$1/274877906944 1/8796093022208 Acre Farm—\$1/54