

Fighting Life's Battle;

OR, LADY BLANCHE'S BITTER
PUNISHMENT

CHAPTER III. (Con'd.)

"So glad you have made up your mind to join us," she said, and then with her head on one side she turned to one of the young ladies. "My new companion, Miss Carlisle; Lady Glenloona."

The lady whose name Floris remembered as that of one of the fashionable personages of the day—put up her eyeglasses and nodded, with a languid smile, and Floris, to avoid any further introductions, drew a little apart and sat down.

Lady Pendleton flitted away to two or three gentlemen, and Floris was wondering which was Sir Edward, when the door opened and a little man, with a worried, tired look came in, and made for Floris with outstretched hand.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, in a quiet yet bored voice. "Been kept at the committee meeting. Hope you are not tired of waiting."

Floris flushed and stood up, but at the moment Lady Pendleton flitted up to them and took her husband, for it was Sir Edward, by the arm.

"That is my new companion, Edward," she said, with a bird-like laugh. "How late you are!"

"I beg your pardon," he muttered to Floris. "Glad to see you."

Then shooting one keen glance at her, he allowed himself to be led away to make his apologies in the proper quarters. But still, though the butler hovered round the room, and the footman hung about as if ready and waiting, dinner was not announced.

"So annoying!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton. "We'd better go in!"

The gentlemen thereupon made for the ladies allotted to them, and there being one more of the fair sex than of the rough, Floris modestly drew back to follow the rest by herself.

But fate—well, say chance—had ruled that she should not go in alone. As she reached the door, there was a little confusion in the double file, and Lady Pendleton's voice was heard in good-humored complaint.

"Oh, Bruce, here you are! Really, it is too bad. Can't you keep time? Haven't you got a watch? Well, I'm glad you have come! Will you please take in the countess—and you, Mr. Parkis, if you please—"

"Oh, don't disturb yourselves, please," said a voice, deep, full, and yet strangely musical and attractive.

The sort of voice that makes hearers turn their heads to see the speaker. "The voice with a character behind it," as Swift says: and Floris saw a tall figure standing in the doorway. He waited until they had all passed but herself, then came slowly into the room.

Floris looked up and saw a tall, broad-shouldered man with the handsomest face she had ever pictured, and her imagination was not a poor one! But for the moment only one feature of the face struck her; the eyes. Calmly, masterly, they rested upon her face, as if they took in the whole of her person in an instant, measuring her, weighing her and judging her, mind, body, and soul. One forgot, while under the gaze of those eyes, that the rest of the face was handsome, that the nose was straight, or the lips as seen under the dark mustache, clearly cut, or the short hair dark or fair; all she could do was to meet those eyes and try to satisfy them.

It was not until he looked away from her that Floris noticed how strangely well the evening dress sat on the stalwart, graceful figure, or that the one ungloved hand was white and shapely as a woman's, yet strong-looking as a laborer's.

Then his gaze returned to her, and with a slight inclination of the patrician, he quickly said: "I am more fortunate than I deserve. Will you allow me?" and offered her his arm.

Floris tried to call up some commonplace remark, but failed, and in silence permitted him to take her to the dining-room. His face had been reserved for him near the hostess, but with a disregard which in another would have seemed a rudeness, he sank into the chair next Floris', and the company had to reshuffle themselves.

"For what we are going to receive," mumbled Sir Edward; the

butler, anxious about his delayed dinner, cut the rest short and the meal commenced.

There was a chatter and buzz as the soup went round, but Lord Bruce uttered not a word. He had not spoken when the fish gave place to the entrees, but he was careful to put the menu card near Floris, and once, when a footman, new to his duties, offered her champagne, said "Hock."

Floris wondered whether he meant to maintain silence during the whole of the meal; but, suddenly and yet slowly, and as if he had been talking all the time, he turned his eyes on her.

"Have you been to the concert to-day?"

"No," answered Floris; "I only arrived in London this afternoon. What concert do you mean?"

"Albani's. Don't suppose that I have been, I never go to concerts. Who is that old lady opposite?"

"I don't know," faltered Floris. "I have seen her somewhere. One never knows half the people Betty gets."

"You must include me in the half," said Floris, with a smile.

"Fairly hit!" he said.

The buzz of conversation went on for a while, then suddenly Lady Pendleton's thin, birdlike voice rose above all the others.

"Oh, Bruce!" she exclaimed, in a little flutter of excitement, "this isn't true that Lady Glenloona is telling me, is it now? She says that you are getting your yacht ready, and are you going to the Levant."

He turned to Lady Glenloona, who did not seem over pleased at being quoted so publicly.

"Lady Glenloona is always well-informed," he said. "Yes, Betty, I am going to the Levant."

"Oh, it is too ridiculous!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton, with an injured air. "Just as everything is moving too—"

"That is why I am moving."

"Oh, you know what I mean! Don't be provoking! The season is just at its height, and I want to get about! Who is to take me if you go off in that stupid yacht, pray? Can't you go sailing about when the season is over?"

"And it is wet, and cold and generally stormy! Thanks! Are you fond of the sea?"

The question was addressed to her, not so suddenly, but so unexpectedly that Floris, who had been listening to this passage of arms with curious amusement, turned her face to him a little vaguely.

"The sea! Oh, yes! I don't know much about it. I have never done much sailing, if that is what you mean. It must be very delightful to get away from London while it is hot and sunshiny, and sail about the Mediterranean."

"Yes," he assented, but not very eagerly. "At any rate one may as well do that as anything else."

By this time it would seem as if he had finished his dinner, for he put his arm on the back of his chair and regarded her with a calm, yet not obtrusive attention, and into his eyes stole the appreciative expression of a keen critic more than satisfied.

Floris, happening to look in his direction, caught his eyes fixed thus upon her, and a faint thrill ran through her, which almost made her angry.

Who was this Lord Bruce, who was treated as a favorite mortal, and allowed the privileges of a small despot, and why should he look at her as if she were a picture on approval?

And yet there was nothing disrespectful in the gaze he fixed on her; its very openness deprived it of rudeness and made it a compliment.

"Now, don't let Sir Edward talk you all asleep on politics!" said Lady Pendleton, with charming candor. "And, Bruce, mind you come into the drawing-room. I want you to do something for me."

Floris followed the rest of the ladies into the drawing-room in "fine amaze," as Spenser says. It was her first introduction to such society as that of to-night, and it amused and yet puzzled her.

Lady Pendleton carried Lady Glenloona into a corner to see some plates which she had recently purchased, and Floris seated a little apart, was left alone. She wondered whether she was expected to do anything, and was quite relieved

when Lady Pendleton, looking over her shoulder, said quite humbly: "Oh, would you mind playing something, dear, or singing; just to keep us all awake till the tea comes?"

Floris thought that it would be far kinder to sing them something to send them to sleep, and going to the piano, played a sonata.

She was not a skilled musician, and she knew it; but she had a sweet voice, and waiting until the buzz of talk, which always begins at the sound of a piano, ceased, she sang a simple little ballad.

It was a song which she used to sing to her mother, and she was half sorry that she had chosen it, for it brought the tears to her eyes, and made her voice tremulous. Perhaps on that account it affected her listeners, for when she had got through one verse she found the attention of the half-slumbering audience riveted upon her.

Then she began to feel nervous and would have stopped short, but remembering that she was fulfilling part of her duties as a lady's companion, she went bravely on.

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When she had finished she looked round, and saw that the gentleman had entered very quietly, and that Lord Bruce was standing near her, his hands folded behind him, his eyes fixed on her face with an expression that was almost sad; instantly it vanished, and gave place to the usual calm impassiveness, and he came close beside her.

"That is a very pretty song," he said, in his low, grave voice. "Will you not sing us another?"

Floris shook her head with a smile.

"You might not think the next one pretty," she said.

He bowed with a faint smile, as if struck by the answer, and walked away. In an instant Floris caught herself regretting that she had made it, and then, ashamed that she should feel any regret, resumed her former seat.

The footman brought in the tea equipage, and, still intent upon making herself useful, she got up and went to the table.

"Can I help you, Lady Pendleton?" she asked.

"Oh, will you? Thanks!" responded her ladyship, eagerly. "It is very kind of you!" and she gave up her chair with alacrity.

Floris supplied two footmen, and sent them around with the tea, and was pouring out a cup for herself, when she heard two ladies talking behind her in a suppressed whisper and knew that they were talking of Lord Bruce.

"Not going away so suddenly in the middle of the season for nothing," murmured one of them.

"I should imagine not," assented the other, with that eagerness which denotes the scandal-lover. "I wonder what it is. Quite quietly, too. Hadn't even told Lady Pendleton. Some mischief, depend upon it. One does hear such dreadful stories about him! Not that I believe them, or one-half of them! Wasn't there some talk of him being engaged to his cousin, Lady Blanche?"

"Oh, that was some time ago. It would have been a good match for him then, but now things are altered. He doesn't want to marry money. Dear me, I never did believe quite in his affection for Lady Blanche."

Floris, with a strange feeling of disappointment, turned and stopped the conversation by asking them if they would take some more tea, and receiving a cold, haughty negative, returned to the cups again.

Several guests took their departure, and Sir Edward, muttering something about "the house," stole out as if glad to get away; but Lord Bruce rose, looked across at her hesitatingly for a moment, then came and seated himself by her side.

"The social pillory," he said, nodding at the album. "Shall I tell you who is who? or, perhaps, you know them all?"

"No, I know no one here," said Floris.

"Then shut it up and let us talk," he said, and he took the heavy book from her and laid it on the table. "Do you know that my cousin—perhaps you don't know that Lady Pendleton is my cousin?"

"No," said Floris.

"She is, alas! or she says she is; I am not quite sure. A cousin fourteen times removed, I think. At any rate, she is so much of a cousin that she thinks she is at liberty to avail herself of my valuable services."

"Yes," said Floris. "You were going to tell me something—"

"Yes. Well, my cousin fourteen times removed has been exceedingly unkind to-night. I asked her to tell me who and what was the lady I had the honor to take in to dinner, and—she refused. It was ungrateful of her, but I have no appeal excepting to you."

"Oh, I am Lady Pendleton's companion," said Floris, simply.

He did not express any surprise, if he felt any, but leaned forward, his dark eyes fixed on her face.

As they sat thus, Lady Pendleton passed them on her way across the room, and paused a moment to exchange a word.

"How thoughtful you look, Bruce! I really think you must be in love."

He smiled absently, then sat up. "That was a foolish speech of my cousin's," he said. "But, like the random shaft, it struck home. She is quite right. I am in love."

Floris turned to him with a smile. "Do you wish me to commiserate your lordship?" she said.

"If you please," he answered gravely, "and for this reason, that I am in love with a young lady whom I have never seen; whose name I have only read. Think of it! To be in love with the mere imagination! Not to know the object of one's passion by sight! To pass her, perhaps, in the street, and yet be unaware that she is she. It is hard, is it not?"

"Very!" said Floris, smiling again.

"Shall I tell you how it happened?" he asked, after a pause, during which several other guests took their departure.

"If you like," said Floris.

"It is a strange experience," he began, in a low voice, with the manner of one communing with himself, as well as addressing a listener. "You must know that my family has been under a cloud for several years past, for a couple of generations back. Did you ever read the story of the Old Man of the Sea, the old person who got on Sindbad's back, and couldn't be got rid of?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, we have had an old man of the sea on our family back; his name was 'Chancery Lawsuit'—What is the matter?" for Floris, whose eyes had been wandering round the room dreamily, started slightly and looked at him.

"Nothing," she said, averting her eyes again. "Please go on."

"The suit has been running for generations, and that it has made each generation poorer than the last, so that the old man threatened to kill Sindbad right out. I, as the last of my family, was reduced to—well, perhaps I had better not tell you all that I was reduced to, in case you should not believe me; and I should not like that."

Floris listened to the leisurely musical voice with a growing wonder in her mind. How singular a coincidence! He had described the actual state of the Carlisle family!

"Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. Lo and behold, with very little warning and no great fuss to speak of, the great case comes to a close, and greatly to my astonishment I am informed that I am the victor, and learned that a great portion of the lands and moneys and houses were coming back to me. Judge of my astonishment when I was informed by my lawyer that my deadly foes were represented by two women; an old lady and her daughter—What is the matter?"

(To be continued.)

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SERVIA'S ROYAL HOODLUM.

Prince George, Nicknamed Bad Boy—Pranks, Mad and Cruel.

"The bad boy of Europe"—that is the popular nickname which Prince George of Servia has earned for himself by his extraordinary exploits. His "pranks" have been as mad and cruel as they have been many, and if his recent renunciation of his rights to the throne of Servia was received in the country with great astonishment, it was received with even greater joy.

Hurling apples and pears and a syphon at the head of his tutor, boxing the ears of the court physician, belaboring palace footmen with a hammer—such, for him, were mild exploits, comparatively speaking. On one occasion he had a passage at arms with his own father. On another he presented a sentinel with a live mouse, and ordered him to bite off its head. When the soldier refused, the Prince beat him, and threatened him with a revolver, for disobeying his military superior. More horrible than all, however, was the shooting out of a peasant's eye during a hunt, merely that he might prove the accuracy of his aim.

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"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer of a jeweler recently. "Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?" "The price is no object if I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will rouse the girl without waking the whole family." "I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

About the Farm

ARSENITE OF LIME.

From the number of letters we have received during the past few weeks from orchardists, more especially in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, it is very evident that there is much confusion respecting the preparation of arsenite of lime. As a misunderstanding in this matter might lead to a very considerable loss, through injury to the foliage, it is well that one or two of the essential points in the process should be explained and emphasized.

The first step in the process is the preparation of arsenite of soda, by the boiling together of white arsenic and washing soda (carbonate of soda, in crystals). The proportions generally recommended are: White arsenic, 1 pound; washing soda, 4 pounds; water, 1 gallon. A few minutes' boiling usually suffices to dissolve the arsenic and soda, and the result is a solution of arsenite of soda. This cannot be used as a spray, as it is strongly corrosive, and would very quickly strip the trees of their foliage. It must be converted into arsenite of lime:

The conversion of the arsenite of soda into arsenite of lime constitutes the second and very essential part of the process. It may be accomplished in one or two ways, as follows:

Thoroughly slake two pounds of good, fresh quicklime, and stir into 40 gallons of water; then pour in, with constant stirring of the limewater, one pint of the arsenite of soda solution. The spray is ready for use immediately as the formation of arsenite of lime takes place at once. This spray contains as much arsenic as one made by adding 4 ounces of Paris green to 40 gallons. The above proportions allow for a fair excess of lime, which serves the double purpose of preventing injury to foliage, and of making visible the degree of thoroughness with which the spray has been applied.

2. With Bordeaux Mixture.—This is the more common method, as it allows the employment of a fungicide and insecticide in the one spray. Bordeaux mixture, made according to the formula used so successfully for so many years, viz., 4:4:40 (four pounds lime, four pounds bluestone, and forty gallons water), contains a sufficient excess of lime to allow the addition of one pint of arsenite-of-soda solution to a barrel of 40 gallons. All that is necessary is to pour the requisite quantity of arsenite of soda (one pint) into the barrel of Bordeaux, stirring meanwhile. We have now Bordeaux mixture containing as much arsenic as the "poisoned Bordeaux mixture," in which 4 cunes of Paris green per barrel has been used.

In conclusion, may I further emphasize the necessity of clearly distinguishing between arsenite of soda and arsenate of soda. It is the former that is used in the preparation of arsenite of lime (just described), and the latter which is necessary for making the arsenate-of-lead spray. Failure to recognize that there are these two classes of compounds—arsenites and arsenates—each with its own characteristics, has frequently resulted in loss and disappointment.—Frank T. Shutt, Chemist Dominion Exp. Farms.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Teach the young colt to eat a mixture of crushed oats, wheat bran and oilmeal as soon as possible.

Work with pigeons is not hard, but it is constant, and little details must not be neglected. One's patience will be tried in many ways, and it will be necessary to make up the mind to stick like glue.

Sheep require very careful management. They need the right kind of food, just the right quantity of it, dry healthful range and pasture, and plenty of fresh air. When rightly managed they are the most profitable of farm stock—even in these depressed times—but, otherwise, they come to grief more quickly and more fatally than any other.

English farmers, who make so large a use of turnips in fattening sheep and cattle, generally estimate the feeding value of turnips at eight to fifteen shillings per gross ton, which would be \$2 to \$3.75 per ton, and fodder beets have about the same feeding value as Swede turnips. They will see by this that beets, at \$15 per ton, would be much dearer as a substitute for green feed in winter than linseed meal. One ton of the latter has as much nutriment as eight tons of beets; or one pound of cake meal, costing 2½ cents, is equal to eight pounds of beets, costing six cents.