Fighting Life's Battle;

OR, LADY BLANCHE'S BITTER **PUNISHMENT**

CHAPTER IX.-(Cont'd.)

Floris, trying not to listen, heard every word, saw the upward glance, heard the tender, pleading little sigh, and appreciated them as only a woman could.

Surely not even Lord Norman could withstand them!

He was silent a moment, during which Floris, with an aching at her heart, expected to see him put his arm round the slim waist and draw the beautiful woman to him with murmured words of endearment! But instead, he said with a half smile:

"What have you been doing, Blanche? Overdrawing your account? Laming my lord's favorite mare? Or what?"

"Ah, if it were only a little trouble like that, Bruce, I could laugh at it as easily as you do-"I wasn't laughing, Blanche."

"But-but this a greater one. Bruce, I find it hard to tell you-"Don't, then; tell mo to-morrow," he said, gravely, and almost, so Floris fancied, with an air of relief.

Lady Blanche sighed.

"No, I must tell you now, Bruce To morrow may be too late!" and she glanced up at him piteously. Bruce, Lord Hawksley called this afternoon. I was out, here, at the fair, but he came to dinner and -he came to see me!'

Her voice sank, and her hand closed nervously on his arm.

"Did he?" he remarked, carelessly. "What did the old antediluvian want?"

"Bruce!" in a low, thrilling tone. "He came to ask me to be his wife.

Lord Norman did not start, but he looked surprised and indignant.
"He did!"

Then he laughed, and at the laugh Lady Blanche's face went deathly white, as if he had struck

"Forgive me, Blanche. But and, with a sudden start, turned Hawksley! Why, great heavens, toward her. he is as old as Methusaleh! Why,

"And you laugh!" murmured And what on earth should she, Lady Blanche between her closed Floris do? She could not possibly

you help it? Hawksley! Why, he has more than one leg in the grave, and is as false as one of the models at Madam Tussaud's! His wig and teeth and enameled complexion used to be the joke when I first came to town! And he proposed to you! Of course you gave him a speedy answer, Blanche?"

She opened her fan and looked at

"No, Bruce. I-Lord Hawksley is an old friend of my father's." "He might have been of your grandfather's," retorted Lord Nor-

''And—and—

"He is the richest and best parti in London. I know all that, Blanche, but all the same, I don't suppose you said anything but

Floris could see that she was try ing him; any one but a man would have understood the trap she was setting for him, but Lord Norman was a man and altogether unconscious.

Floris heart beat fast. How would it end? Would the beautiful siren, with her piteous tale, win the day?

"No, Bruce," she faltered. "Oh don't be angry with me! You don't understand how we women are placed!"

"No, I don't," he retorted. "But I do understand that when a girl is asked by a man who is old enough to be her grandfather, to be his wife, that the sooner she sends him about his busines the better.'

Ah, it is so easy for you to say that!" she murmured. man, and your master! You can pick and choose where you will! But I am a woman, Bruce, and am not my own mistress. Bruce, my father really wishes me to marry!

"But not Lord Hawksley?" he

She glanced up at him, and opened and shut her fan again.

"He is anxious that I should marry, Bruce, and Lord Hawksley is an old friend of his! And-and -there is no one else.'

Now, thought Floris, he will take Lor in his arms and tell her that He started.

there is some one else, that there is Lord Norman!

But Lord Norman did nothing of the kind.

Blanche nonsense, "That's There are a dozen some one else! I could count up a dozen men who are head over heels, dying in love, and any one of whom would go half out of their mind with delight if you threw the handkerchief to

She crimsoned, then turned pale. "But—but Bruce! I don't care for any one of them," she murmured.

"And certainly you don't care for old Hawksley!" he said, quickly. 'So why choose him?''

"He is n.y father's choice, not mine!" she said turning her head

"Blanche here am I! Will you choose me?

Why should he not? A few months-a few weeks-ago he was quite ready; was on the verge of doing so.

Why should he not now? was supremely beautiful, of high rank-his equal-a peerless creature, fit to adorn a court!

Great heavens, what more, or higher, did he need to expect?

He asked himself the question, half angrily-impatient with himself-inwardly raging at his want of firmness, at his incapacity of forcing himself to do it.

Then, suppressing his angry air, he did turn to her and say: "Blanche-

But before you could get any further, before the glad, expectant light had scarcely time to come to her eyes, a voice-1 clear, thin voice, the unmistakable treble of Lady Betty-chimed in between

"rloris! Floris, my dear; where are you?"

As if the name "Floris" had fallen from the lips of his guardian angel, Lord Norman stopped short,

Floris saw him start, saw him he was an old man when I was a turn pale. Was he angry with Lady boy! He must be eighty—more!" Betty for interrupting them?
"And you laugh!" murmured And what on earth should she,

'I beg your pardon! But could her situation, she had borne it as come out now! Inwardly chafing at best she could, and she must bear it a little longer.

Here you are "Oh, Bruce! How do you do my dear Blanche l' The two women shook hands cold-

ly, and if a glance from one woman's eyes could kill another, then Lady Blanche's would have slain Lady Betty on the spot.

provoking!'' said Lad; ''I've lost Miss Carlisle "So provoking!" Betty. I've been looking for her every where. Of course it doesn't matter _I mean I don't suppose she has disappeared for good, but all the men she has promised dances to are bothering me about her.

"I didn't know Miss Carlisle was here," said Lord Norman, and his voice seemed suddenly lightened.

Lady Blanche leaned upon his arm, with a silent, haughtily preoccupied air, as if the absolute murder of Miss Carlisle could not affect her.

"Oh, yes, she is here; and has made quite a success!" said Lady Betty, glancing with pretty spitefulness at Lady Blanche. 'That is just it! Another girl would not be missed, but the men are plaguing my life out, and I must find her.

"She cannot be far off," he said, looking round. Floris drew still closer under her

ambush.

"Where did you see her last, Betty ?"

"She was dancing with Bertie, and I think they walked off in this direction. Good gracious! I never thought of! You know how dreadfully reckless Bertie is! Do you "You are a think he can have persuaded her to

-to go off with him anywhere ?" "Nonsense!" said Lord Bruce, almore fiercely. "Where can they

"I don't know," said Lady Betty, with characteristic vagueness. He has certainly disappeared also!''

Lord Norman's face darkened. "I think I should like to go into strikes me rather chilly, does it not?" murmured Lady Blanche, with haughty languer.

in the anterooms, Betty," he said, over his shoulder, as he led Lady Blanche away.

They had no sooner got clear away than Floris stepped from her nook so suddenly as to make Lady Betty jump.

"Good gracious, my dear! You nearly frightened me out of my life! In your white dress you look like a ghost!"

I might say like the burglar who was discovered underneath the bed by the lady; I don't see why I should frighten you, seeing that you have been looking for me so long!" said Floris, with a very quiet smile.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Now that is just like you! Instead of apologizing for all the trouble you have given me, you make me laugh!"

"I am very sorry," said Floris. "So you might be, my dear. But what are you doing here? And where is Bertie?'

"I was resting," said Floris: 'and it was so quiet and cool that I remained longer than I expect-

"And Bertie-he was with you,

wasn't he?" asked Lady Betty.
"Yes, but Lord Clifforde left me some time ago," said Floris, struggling hard to keep the color from her face.

Lady Betty looked at her rather curiously.

'Ah, well, come back now, dear, will you? The man you have promised are going about in the most wretched state of mind-

'I don't think I will dance again to-night, Lady Pendleton," said Floris, quietly. "I have rather a headache, and I would like to stay

"But, gracious me, one doesn't come to a ball to sit in a conservaexclaimed Lady Betty, remonstratingly.

"I have danced a great deal tonight. Please let me stay!" she pleaded, feeling that she would do anything rather than whirl round the garish room after all that had happened between poor Bertie and

"Oh, very well, my dear. Well, stay here for half an hour, an dthen I'll come for you. You do look pale and tired, and it has been a hard day. It is beautifully quiet here, certainly. I'll come back in half an hour.

"Thank you," said Floris, gratefully, and she went back to her secluded corner.

There she sat for some moments, wondering whether Lady Blanche had gained her victory, or whether Lord Norman had not yet said the words which would make him hers. And why, she asked herself,

angrily, should she trouble herself about Lord Norman and Lady Blanche!

next moment he put aside the fern milker.

leaves and was looking down at her. There was a look of glad surprise in his face, a flash of light in his eyes, as they rested on her, that went straight to Floris' heart, so that, instead of looking up at him with cold, haughty indifference, her eyes dropped with a strange heaviness , and flinched before him.

"At last!" he said, in a low voice. "Where have you been hiding? or rather, seeing that you are here, why have you been hiding, Miss Carlisle?

"I have not been hiding," $_{
m she}$ answered, trying to speak coldly.

I have been resting here."

"I have been looking for you all over the place," he said, the happy lightness of his voice contrasting strangely with the grimnes of a few

minutes ago. I will go back "I am sorry.

now," she said, rising.
"Oh! but is that fair?" he said, expostulatingly. "Just as I have found you, and in such a delicious little nook, you want to leave it. Please forget that though you are rested, I am not. You don't know how many miles I have walked in search of you!'

As he spoke she felt rather than saw the dark eyes traveling over her; felt rather than saw the intense admiration he bestowed upon

"There is no reason why you should not remain, Lord Norman," she said, gathering up the trail of her dress; "I can find my way back alone."

"You shall not do that!" he said, with a sigh; "if you will go. But, the room again, Bruce; this place will you not stay five—only five strikes me rather chilly, does it minutes longer? You looked quite contented, and as if you meant growing here, until I came up. 1 am afraid I disturbed you. Perhaps a healthy horse. All he needs is three sheets in the wind.

ferns fall from his hand.

Floris did not speak. "Then I may stay!" he said, and taking her silence as an affimative, he sat down on a clump of rustic work at her elbow, and looked down at her.

Floris' heart beat fast. She racked her brain for some commonplace remark to hide he confusion, and to make him think that his presence was of no consequence to her; but she could find nothingnothing-to say.

He was silent for some minutes, then he looked round.

"What a delightful retreat you have discovered," he said, slowly. 'No wonder you were reluctant to leave it! And yet you have made a 'success,' as Lady Betty would say. Do you know that your absence is causing quite a commotion among the dancing men?

Floris smiled. "They can easily be consoled, my lord," she said. But you remind me of my broken engagements; I will go and save some of them.

"Not yet," he said, curtly. "My five minutes are not up yet. But I will release you, if you give me the next dance!

"My card is full," she sail, firmly.

"Then I will take the remainder of my time," he retorted.

There was silence for a moment. then, looking down on the ground, he said:

"I am glad that I have found you here; it gives me an opportunity of saying good-by!"

Floris started and looked up at him with a sudden glance of alarm; but he was staring moodily at the floor and did not even see it.

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

COW POX

This disease is transmissable from one cow to another. The first symptoms is a very slight fever, which is very often overlooked until the disease has somewhat further developed, the first noticeable sign being tender teats.

Upon examining the teats it will be found that there is a fever in same, when at the end of the second or third day, small pale red patches appear which increase in size until they may be an inch in diameter.

From the seventh to the tenth day these eruptions form into blisters. The blister is divided in-What could it posibly matter to to several pockets and each pocket her whether Lady Blanche won or must be opened separately in orlost him! With an impatient ges- der to relieve them of the contents ture she picked up her fan, resolved which have accumulated therein. to go back into the ballroom and An animal thus afflicted gives a waltz Lord Norman out of her decreased flow of milk and is causthoughts, when suddenly she heard ed to suffer intensely owing to the nis step-she knew it so well al- fact that the scabs are cracked and ready—close beside her, and the broken open by the hands of the

To overcome this difficulty animal should be given a tonic to tone up the blood and system in general. The teats and udder should be thoroughly cleansed with an antiseptic after which a healing ointment should be applied.—Dr. David Roberts.

FAILURE TO BREED.

Failure to breed is oftentimes termed barreness in cows or heifers and is usually due to one of three causes, namely, an acid secretion of the genital organs, the germs of contagious abortion; or retention of the afterbirth.

The acid secretion of the genital organs prevents conception by destroying the semen of the male; the germs of contagious abortion sets up a catarrhal inflammation and discharge which also prevents conception; retention of the afterbirth, whether it be removed by force or permitted to slough away usually leaves the womb in a diseased and catarrahal condition, effecting a discharge.

The discharge irritates and scalds the mouth of the womb heals and it is impossible to make a cow breed without mechanical interference, such as inserting into the mouth of the womb a womb sound then following same with a womb dilator at the time that the animal is in heat.

In this way a large per cent of barren cows can be made to breed that would otherwise have to be sacrificed on the butcher's block. It is advisable to give all valuable cows an opportunity to breed.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

"Eh? Oh, yes! Certainly. Look I had better go!" and he let the good care and good feed. The good care includes, of course, regular exercise. It is just as Dad for a horse to be all the time taking

medicine as it is for a man. For young ducks place fine, clean grit into the drinking water, and they love to fish it out. Then, when mixing a large quantity of bran and cornmeal together, add about 30 per cent, of fine sharp sand, and sprinkle a liberal quantity over it, after it is made into a mash. They are fed five times a day at first.

Experience horse owners appreciate the value of handling, leading and controlling the foals from an early age, while others leave the hardling of colts to the day when breaking is commenced. A moment's consideration will show which is the better course. In the one case confidence has long been established between horse and man. The horse, while recognizing that he must submit to control, knows that the new experiences which come his way are not likely to do him any harm. In the other case, the horse knows nothing. natural tendency is to regard any measures taken for his control as so many elements of danger to he avoided as far as possible, and to be resisted strenuously.

FARM NOTES.

Those who have not observed closely may, perhaps, be unaware of of the fact that the white-faced hornet is the worst enemy of the horse fly. Also, the smaller flies that worry horses and cattle go into the diet of this friend of the farmer. Better explain this to the boys and ask them not to destroy the nests of these valuable and

peaceful colaborers. There is a good field for any intelligent man to make a good living out of some one certain branch of farming, such as poultry raising, specializing on some branch of gardening, or, perhaps, a small dairy, with the addition of some hogs. There is a good field for making money out of berries of different kinds, and the cost of production is not great. Of course, this kind of farming will require the help of several hands just at gathering time, but outside of that there will not be very much but what one man can do on a small

CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

Writer Contrasts Czar with Kaiser Wilhelm.

In an article in the London Express, a writer signing himself "A Russian Diplomat," gives a view at close range of the Czar of All the Russias. Contrasting him with

Kaiser Wilhelm, the writer says:

To the world the Kaiser's personality is familiar. There are two kinds of men who may occupy thrones and be happy. are the tactful, admirably informed, kind-hearted diplomats, of whom King Edward is the typical example. The second are the masterful, determined, able men, stubborn, tireless, with unconquerable selfconfidence. Alexander III., the Czar's father, was such a man. The Kaiser is another.

Nicholas II. is a man of another type. When he was called to his high office by the death of his father, in 1894, he was twenty-six, inexperienced and (I say it with all respect) appalled by the load thrown upon his shoulders. Great as were the difficulties then, they have become greater with every year. War, defeat, intrigue, conspiracy, revolution, a nation in the melting pot, a people rushing hither and thither in pursuit of they enow not what.

In appearance the Czar is the very antithesis of his herculean father-short, oddly like the Prince of Wales, with rather sad eyes. His face is the indext of his character. He is intellectually alert, widely sympathetic, almost phenomenally ndustrious, and for all his instinctive, shy timidity, persistent and determined.

It has been said that no man was ever less eager to be an Emperor than the present Czar of all the Russias, but, having been raised by destiny to exalted responsibility, he has never wavered in his determination to do his duty as he understands it, and, in so far as it lies with him, to work for the best interests of his country and his peo-

PAPA KNEW.

"Bridget," said the mistress of the house, "some of the bedclothing is missing. Was any of it left

on the line?"
"O mamma," cried little Willie, 'Bridget doesn't know anything about it. I know where it is. Papa's got it.'

"What do you mean, child?" "Well, manima, I heard some of the neighbors saying this morning It is a good plan never to dose that they saw papa last night with