

ELEVATOR.

Torn Off in a ... of Women.

of the Illinois ... Robbed.

Train Robbers ... Clothes.

placed in a flour sack ... of the Affair.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

of the Illinois Cen ... of the men robbed.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

CHAPTER I.

"Floy, say that you will—promise me—" "Walter, you frighten me—I dare not."

"You must, dearest. There is nothing else for me to do. Your guardian will take you abroad to-morrow; it will be a long time before we meet again, and I cannot bear this parting without making sure that you are mine before we are parted."

"But, Walter, why not hope and wait, believing me trusting me to be true, without taking such an underhanded step—"

"Because, Floy, you know that your guardian does not like me—that he has done, and will do, everything possible to prevent our union, notwithstanding my known and evident parents and mine planned, years ago, that we should marry."

"But I shall be of age in a little more than a year, Walter, when I can get my own pleasure—when I can marry whom I please—"

"I cannot wait—a year is an age, Floy. I cannot run the risk of losing you. Surely, you love me, do you not, dearest?"

"Yes, you know that I do, Walter." "You have expected to marry me, ever since you were a child?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Walter, how can you be so unjust?" "I explained Florence's reproachful laugh. 'Why,' she added, with a little laugh, 'I could never marry Stanley Seaver; he is years and years older than I. It is too bad, though, to call him tan-colored, even if he is dark; and then, besides, haven't I promised to—'"

"To marry me?" the young man eagerly supplemented, as she hesitated and flushed to the brows a lovely pink. "Yes, I know you have said that you will marry me, when you return; but there's many a slip, you know, and I shall be wretched all the time you are away, leaving some one else will win you."

"Surely, then, you have not much faith in me, replied Florence, with a little proud uprising of her bright head; and you pay my honor a very poor compliment by your doubts of my fidelity."

"Forgive me, Floy," said her lover, with assumed humility; "but why will you not grant me this one wish of my heart? Surely, it can do you no harm to give yourself to me a few months earlier than we had planned. We shall be sure of each other then—we can easily keep the matter secret; and, when you return, if his nibs is set against me, and withholds his consent, because he does not consider me an eligible party, all we will have to do will be to present our papers and assert ourselves, Floy! Floy! Don't deny me in this!"

"I don't," pleaded, reaching out his arms and clasping her convulsively to him. "I may be foolishly superstitious, but something seems to tell me that if I let you go without binding you irrevocably to me, I shall lose you entirely. Darling, you will marry me to-night?"

"Walter, I dare not!" whispered the girl, lifting a beseeching look to him. "Leave it to me; I will dare all for you; I will take all the responsibility, and I have my plans already laid."

"Don't—pray do not urge me any farther," she faltered. "Such a secret would spoil my whole trip—it would oppress me by day and haunt me by night; I should not be able to enjoy a moment of peace—I could not enjoy a single thing—to me it would be anything but a 'pleasure trip'."

"The young man's upper lip again curled upward, revealing his white teeth in a disagreeable smile. "And what about me?" he began, in an injured tone. "How about me, being left here behind, for a whole year, while you are travelling about from place to place, seeing the wonderful sights of the world? How about my days being oppressed and my nights haunted by the fear of losing you?"

"But you will not lose me—I can be just as true to you on the other side of the ocean as here."

"You think so, perhaps, but you do not know to what temptations you may be subjected."

"A girl who could not withstand any temptation and be true to the man she loved, would not be worthy of him," Florence retorted, with more of spirit than she had yet betrayed.

"That all sounds very fine as a theory," said her lover, sullenly; "but I want you to prove your love for me now, Floy, I can't let you go—I won't let you go."

"As he gave utterance to this, with almost savage vehemence, he again drew her into his arms, and bending her head down into his arms, with an expression that made her involuntarily catch her breath, and regard him with a look in which something of fear was mingled with his wistful appeal.

"Floy, you will—you must!" he whispered, passionately, with his white hand to her forehead, caressing it softly and fondly with his magnetic fingers, his eyes fastened with singular intensity upon hers.

"She hovered slightly, moment restlessly in his embrace for a moment; and then, all at once, became strangely passive.

"Do you really love me so much, Walter?" she questioned, the look of fear and anxiety vanishing and a sweet, dreamy smile wreathing her beautiful lips. "I worship you," he muttered, hoarsely. "You are my promised wife, are you not? And you belong to me, and me only?"

"You told your father when he was dying that you would marry the son of his old friend?"

"Yes, I told him that I would be your wife, if it were only to love and care for each other," the girl dreamily responded.

"And you do love me, Floy? There is no one else in the world whom you could love better than you love me?" queried his companion, his mesmerizing eyes still holding her gaze.

"No, Walter; I—I am quite sure I love no one else."

"Then you are betrothed to me—you give yourself to me more than six months ago."

"Yes, I promised to marry you when I am of age."

"That betrothal makes you mine, as secretly as any marriage vows could do—at least, as far as you and I are concerned—morally speaking, it makes you my wife; it means that to you, does it not, Floy?"

"Yes—I think so."

"Then why will you not grant me what I ask, darling? You will, Floy, you will," said her lover, bending his face closer to hers and speaking with an intensity which so thrilled her that she shivered again.

"Tell me, tell me!" he pleaded, still making passes over her forehead, his shapely hand. "I have had a license in my pocket for several days, and have all my plans arranged to consummate the marriage. 'Tis but a simple thing I ask of you, sweet, and the moment you are mine you shall go where you will, and I will not murmur."

"Walter, I tell you I dare not do it, Florence exclaimed, in astonishment, why will you urge me to it?" Florence moaned, as she suddenly released herself from her lover's embrace, and sat up, shivering with repulsion in view of his proposals.

"He regarded her a moment in silence, his face deathly white and rigid as marble. Then, leaning forward, he again laid his hand upon her forehead, and holding her head back, looked sternly into her eyes, while he whispered something almost fiercely in her ear.

"She started back, and sprang to her feet, with a low cry of horror. 'Oh, Walter, you will not!' she gasped, her own face blanching suddenly.

"I will! I have said it, and you will be my wife, Walter! No—not that!" painted the girl, with a look of added, wildly. "Yes—I will go—I will be ready at nine; it cannot matter a year earlier cannot make much difference, only it will be such a dreadful burden to have to carry all that time; still, I will bear that better than—the other!"

"The man's face lighted with selfish joy. He did not give a thought to the pain and repugnance which she had expressed in view of this clandestine union.

"He had gained his point—he had won his bride—and her 'round half million.' He laughed aloud, a low, glad laugh of triumph; then snatched her to his breast again, and kissed her, passionately, upon cheek, brow and lips.

TESTING : : DAIRY HERDS.

The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has for some time been recommending the establishment among Canadian dairy farmers, somewhat similar to those which have had such a marked effect in increasing the milking capacity and reducing the cost of production in Danish dairy herds.

With this end in view, he resolved that the two should meet as early as possible, and he returned to Australia with the intention of selling his own business, as soon as he could get away with profit to himself, when he would return to New York, and once more take up his residence in the city of his birth.

But misfortune seemed to pursue him from that moment. Upon his arrival at Sydney, he was greeted with the terrible intelligence that his wife had sickened and died very suddenly, only the week previous.

This, in itself, was a blow from which it would take him long to recover; but it was succeeded during the year by the loss of his only child, which threatened to leave him a poor man and blight the prospects of his only son, if fortune's wheel did not soon take a more favorable turn.

How the Heavy Death Hate Among Children May be Reduced. The death rate among infants and young children during the hot weather is simply appalling. For example, in the city of Montreal alone in one week the death of one hundred and six children was recorded.

Scattered here and there throughout Ontario are a few swamps, varying in size from a few acres to many thousands of acres. Originally these swamps were covered with trees such as the ash, tamarack, willow, cedar, etc., or bushes indigenous to the soil.

During the last twenty-five years a large number of these swamps have been cleared and drained. Where the vegetable matter is well decayed and not too deep, good crops, even of cereals, may be matured after the soil has been cultivated for two or three years.

In recent years so many letters complaining of the unproductiveness of these soils have been received at the Chemical Department of the Ontario Agricultural College that we have decided to investigate the matter and see if a remedy can be suggested to increase their usefulness.

When Sickness Comes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be used to bring back health. Sickness comes sooner or later in the life of everyone. Many who for years have enjoyed the best of health are suddenly seized with some of the numerous ills of life.

Crates for Fattening Chickens. Farmers who intend to try the crate fattening of chickens this season should be thinking of building their crates. Those in use at the Illustration Poultry Stations are 6 feet long, 16 inches wide, and 20 inches high, inside measurements.

Swamp Soil. (By Prof. R. Harcourt, Chemist.) Scattered here and there throughout Ontario are a few swamps, varying in size from a few acres to many thousands of acres.

The Dairy Industry. The future of the dairy industry depends to a large extent upon the efforts put forth by the individual farmer. The Department of Agriculture asked the two chief dairy instructors for a statement of the needs of the dairy business from the farmer's standpoint at the present time.

Persecuting Fat People. Except in Chicago the prejudice against fat people seems to be growing. Recently it was ordered at West Point that no fat cadets should be allowed to appear in public in the cavalry.

Cured by Freezing. Scientific investigation has discovered that that troublesome disease, dyspepsia, can be cured by short intervals of exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating.

A Loss to the Pulpit. Helen—I have been informed that our pastor is going to marry the soprano. Belle—Does she contemplate severing her connection with the choir? "Oh, no; I understand that he will withdraw from the ministry."

Love makes the world go round, but it is always bring the girl's father around. As an evidence of what may be expected from the farmer giving more attention to the care of his milk stock in spite of the fact that a yardstick has three feet.