

NOR KING NOR COUNTRY.

"Duty to country comes before all private feelings," said Cromwell. "I command you, sir, on peril of a charge of treason against yourself, to answer the question of the court. If they right hand offend thee, out it off; if thy foot cause thee to stumble out it off. The pernicious branch of the just tree shall be cloven and cast into the brush heap. You are an officer of this commonwealth, sir," asked Cromwell, again.

"By your highness' permission," he replied.

"Did your son strike you upon the face with the flat of his sword upon the night recorded in this charge against him?"

"What acts have passed between my son and myself are between my son and myself only," replied the old man readily. He did not look at his son, but presently the tears rolled down his cheeks, so that more than one of his judges who had sons of their own were themselves moved. But they took their cue from the Protector, and made no motion towards the old man's advantage. Once more Cromwell essayed to get Enderby's testimony, but, "I will not give witness against my son," was John Enderby's constant and dogged reply. At last Cromwell rose in anger.

"We will have justice in this realm of England," said he, "though it turn the father against the son and the son against the father. Though the house be divided against itself yet the Lord's word shall be done."

"Turning his blazing eyes upon John Enderby, he said:

"Troublesome and degenerate man, get gone from this country and no more set foot in it on peril of your life! We recalled you from outlawry, believing you to be a true lover of your country, but we find you malignant, audacious and dangerous!"

He turned towards the young man.

"You, sir, shall get you back to prison until other witnesses be found. Although we know your guilt, we will be formal and just."

With an impatient nod to an officer beside him, he waved his hand towards father and son.

As he was about to leave the room, John Enderby stretched out a hand to him appealingly.

"Your highness," said he, "I am an old man!"

"Will you bear witness in this cause?" asked Cromwell, his frown softening a little.

"Your highness, I have suffered unjustly; the lad is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, I cannot—"

With an angry wave of the hand Cromwell walked heavily from the room.

Some touch of shame came to the young man's cold heart, and he spoke to his father as the officers were about to lead him away.

"I have been wrong, I have misunderstood you, sir," he said, and he seemed about to hold out his hand.

But it was too late. The old man turned on him, shaking his shaggy head.

"Never, sir, while I live! The wrong to me is little. I can take my broken life into a foreign land and die dishonored and forgotten. But my other child, my one dear child who has suffered year after year with me—for the wrong you have done her, I never, never will forgive you! Not for love of you have I spoken as I did to-day, but for the honour of the Enderbys, and because you were the child of your mother!"

Two days later at Southampton the old man boarded a little packet-boat bound for Havre.

The years went by again. At last all was changed in England. The monarchy was restored, and all the land was smiling and content. One day there was a private reading in the queen's chamber. The voice of the reader moved in pleasant yet vibrant modulations.

"The king was now come to a time when his enemies wickedly began to plot against him secretly and to oppose him in his purposes, which, in his own mind, were beneficent and magnanimous. From the shire where his labors had been most unselfish came the first malignant insult to his person and the first plot to his life—pre-figuring the heinous plots and violence which drove him to his august martyrdom."

The king had entered quietly as the lady-in-waiting read this passage to the queen, and attracted by her voice, continued to listen, signifying to the queen, by a gesture, that she and her ladies were not to rise. This was in the time when Charles was yet devoted to his Princess of Portugal, and while she was yet happy and undisturbed by rumors—or assurances—of her lord's wandering affections.

"And what shire was that?" asked the king at that point where the chronicler spoke of his royal father's august martyrdom.

"The shire of Lincoln, your majesty," said the young lady, flushing, and rising from her footstool at the queen's feet, she made the king an elaborate courtesy.

Charles made a gentle and playful gesture of dissent from her extreme formality, and with a look of admiration, continued:

"My Lord Rippingdale should know somewhat of that 'first violence' of which you have read, Mistress Falkingham! He is of Lincolnshire."

"He knows all your majesty, he was present at that first violence."

It would be amusing for Rippingdale to hear these records—My Lord Clarendon's, are the records—Ab—not in the formal copy of his work? (And by order of my Lord Rippingdale's indeed! Indeed! And wherefore, my Lord Rippingdale?)

"Shall I read on, your majesty?" asked the young lady, with heightened color, and a look of adventure and purpose in her eyes. Perhaps, too, there was a look of anger in them—not against the king, for there was a sort of eagerness or appealing in the glance she cast toward his majesty.

The queen lifted her eyes to the king half doubtfully, for the question seemed to her perilous. Charles being little inclined, as a rule, to sit long in her chamber, or listen to serious reading, though he was very gay conversation, and alert for witty badinage. His majesty, however, seemed more than a little pleased, he was even boyishly eager.

The young lady had been but a short time in the household, having come over with the queen from Portugal, when she had been brought to the notice of the then princess by her great goodness and bravery in rescuing a young lady of Lisbon from grave peril, she had told the princess that she was the daughter of an exiled English gentleman, and was in the care of her aunt, one Mistress Falkingham, while her father was gone on an expedition to Italy. The princess, eager to learn English, engaged her, and she had remained in the palace till the prince left for England. A year passed, and the queen of England, who had for her and she had been brought close to the person of her majesty.

At a motion from Charles, who sat upon a couch, idly tapping the buckles on his shoes with his gilded staff, the young lady placed herself again at the queen's feet and continued reading.

"It was when the king was come to Boston town upon the business of the Fens and to confer some honors and inquire into the taxes, and for further purpose of visiting a good subject, at Louth, who knew of the secret plot of Pym and Hampden, that this shameful violence befell our pious and illustrious prince. With him was my Lord Rippingdale and—"

"Ah, ah, my Lord Rippingdale!" said Charles, half aloud, "so this is where my lord and secret history meet—my dear, dumb lord!"

"Continuing the young lady read a fair and just account of the king's meeting with John Enderby, of Enderby's refusal to accept the knighthood, and of his rescue of the king at Satterby."

"Enderby? Enderby?" said the king, "that was not one Sir Garrett Enderby, who was with the Scotch army at Dunbar?"

"No, your majesty," said the young lady, scarcely looking up from the book she held, "Sir Garrett Enderby died in Portugal, where he fled, having escaped from prison and Cromwell's vengeance."

"What Enderby did this fine thing then? My faith, my martyred father had staunch men—even in Lincolnshire!"

"The father of Sir Garrett Enderby it was, your majesty."

"How came the son by the knighthood?" death, it seems to me I have a memory of this thing somewhere, if I could but find it!"

"His gracious majesty of sacred memory gave him his knighthood."

"Let me hear the whole story, is it all there, Mistress Falkingham?" said the king, nodding towards the pages she held.

"It is not all here your majesty, but I can tell what so many an English know, and something of what no one in England knows."

The queen put out her hand as if to stay the telling, for she saw what an impression her fair reader had made upon the king. But the young lady saw no one save Charles—she did not note the entrance of the king, and one of whom looked on in surprise.

This was Sir Richard Mowbray, of Leicester. The other was Lord Rippingdale, (a lord chamberlain), who had brought Sir Richard thither at the request of the king. Sir Richard was momentarily expected on his return from a mission to Spain, and the king on the very instant of his arrival.

The king waved his hand when Lord Rippingdale would have come forward, and the young lady continued with the history of John Enderby. She found her surroundings. It seemed as if she was giving vent to the suppressed feelings, imaginations, sufferings and wrongs of years. Respectfully, but sadly, when speaking of the dead king; eloquently, tenderly, when speaking of her father; bitterly, when speaking of Oliver Cromwell, she told the story with a point, a force and a passionate intelligence which brought to the face of Charles a look of serious admiration.

He straightened himself, he sat up, and did not let his eyes wander from the young lady's face. As she spoke of Sir Garrett Enderby and his acts—his desertion when Lord Rippingdale laid siege to the house, his quarrel with his father, the trial of his son, the father's refusal to testify against him, and the second outlawing by Cromwell—the king's voice faltered, but she told the tale bravely and determinedly, for she now saw Lord Rippingdale in the chamber! Whenever she had mentioned his name in the narrative it was with a little inflection of scorn, which caused the king to smile, and when she spoke of the ruin of Enderby House, her brother's death and her father's years of exile, tears came into the queen's eyes and the king nodded his head in sympathy.

Sir Richard Mowbray, with face aflame, watched her closely. As she finished her story he drew aside to where she could not see him without turning round. But Lord Rippingdale saw with ease, and she met his eyes firmly, and one should say, were she not a woman, with some little malicious triumph.

(To be Continued.)

COTILLION ON SKATES.

In these days when all sorts of athletics and sports are the fashion and all women are eager to become skilful in all the amusements in which they can indulge, a cotillion on skates may be an item of interest even though it did take place in London at the Prince's Skating Club. Royal ladies graced the occasion with their presence, and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Cavendish and other well-known women of London society were among the dancers. As it was given in the interior of a building fund for a homeopathic hospital, and every one had to subscribe a guinea, such little attractive accessories as flowers and favors were not allowed, but the ladies brightened the scene by wearing red gowns. The skirts were of cardinal cloth, the bodies of red chiffon and tulle, and they were all made exactly alike, with a band of brown fur at the bottom, a band of brown fur on the waist and the form of a round bolero back and front. Their toes were in two shades of red velvet with fur tails and red capes for trimming. Twelve ladies in this bright costume and as many gentlemen in full evening dress must have made a very charming picture.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

HOW CREAM RAISES.

Erroneous teachings in matters relating to cream raising are more common than one would expect when it is remembered how thoroughly that subject has been discussed in the past twenty years—or since the introduction of the Swedish system. The following paragraph was copied from an agricultural journal of good standing—yet it is erroneous, and nothing but error:

"Remember that cream cannot rise quickly through a great depth of milk, therefore, if milk is desired to retain its cream for a long time it should be put into a deep and narrow vessel, but if it is desired to have it rise, pour it into a broad, flat dish."

Twenty-five years ago the round six and ten quart milk pans were in general use, and milk was, of course, set in them quite shallow—many times not over two-thirds full—this to allow it to cool more quickly, thereby preventing souring, but not to expedite the rising of the cream, for, as a rule, the milk was allowed to stand forty-eight hours.

Later, when the cold, deep setting, or Swedish, system began to be practiced, it was introduced into this country in 1877—"deep and narrow cans" were used, and all the cream was easily obtained between milking and even in four or five hours. This is entirely at variance with the theory put forth in the quoted paragraph, which is so thoroughly inconsistent as not to be worthy of any further reference.

But while the subject of cream raising it may get out of place to mention that there are even at this day a good many people who cannot realize that all the cream can even be obtained between milking, let alone getting it in four or five hours.

Now, the fact is—and one easily demonstrated—that if milk is set as soon as drawn and quickly reduced to forty-five degrees or lower, all the cream will come to the surface very soon after such reduction of temperature has taken place. Dr. T. H. Hoskins once said: "Nothing could prevent it from rising unless some fallow sat down on each individual cream globule."

This is a statement which demonstrated that there should not much time be spent discussing it. Take a glass milk jar and set it in a vessel of water kept at a temperature of 45 degrees, and let the water stand at the shoulder of the jar. Inside of an hour a distinct cream line will be seen and very nearly all the cream will be up and very not up will be up a little later.

There has been a great deal written and printed by those who have attempted to explain the Swedish system of cream raising. The correct solution is a simple one. The reduction of temperature condenses the watery portion of the milk, and thereby greatly increases its specific gravity, and thereby greatly increasing the original existing slight difference between its specific gravity and the only portion. This is the whole thing put in a nutshell.

CARE OF THE WORKING HORSE.

The working horses should have extra feed from now on, and if they have been idle all winter they should have extra exercise or some kind of work to do until the spring work begins. No matter if the horse is fat, he is in no condition to go into spring work after several months of idleness, until his muscles and shoulders are worked into shape. Get his hair oiled off if possible before work begins, and to aid in this give him a daily feed of linseed meal or a tablespoonful of flax-seed.

The growing of a new coat of hair is quite a tax on the system and the horse will get accordingly or he will lose in flesh.

The shoulders can be toughened by washing daily in vinegar and water or a decoction of white oak bark. There is a certain amount of strong cold tea to answer the purpose.

Get the harness in shape and see that it is washed and oiled before the rush and that the collar is made of soft material with a round smooth stick and filler with oil until it is soft, or get a new one. How many of the teamsters would not rather have a collar made of rush than had hung up in the cowhide boot that winter without being greased? See that the collar fits the horse and that the harness fits the collar; for if the harness does not fit, the horse will be the shape of the harness. Let each horse have his own harness and do not change.

The horse old blinders are still going, and the horse's eyes, fit them, or better still, cut them off. Remember that the horse has feeling even if he isn't smart.

Don't put the horse at work with his feet twice as long as they should be. Trim them or get some one else to.

Many people use higher hames because they can be stand any, or they are used to fit, in length, various sized collars, and never consider that the line of the hames, when shifted on the shoulder, when shifting, it is a matter of short collar, and that it might be too low on one or two high on the other. The hame tug should be coupled about two-thirds of the distance up the hame as a rule, but horses' shoulders are not all the same build, and judgment must be used. The line of draft should not be so low as to cause a swaying motion to the top of the hames at every step of the horse, or the neck will soon be sore.

The collar should fit rather snugly, with just room to insert one's hand at the bottom to prevent choking. The collar will not fit so closely after the horse has been worked in it a week, for the reason that the muscles are loose and flabby at first. Likewise a three-year-old colt usually takes as large a collar as he ever will.

SITTING HENS.

It will be a necessary part of the bargain that the hen was to go. Her opinion, generally, is not of much account, but on this subject it is, and she is as strong in her opinions as folks. It will also be necessary to see that the nests are clean. The house should be kept free from lice. This is easily done by commencing early, and with a hand of brown fur at the bottom, a hand of brown fur on the waist and the form of a round bolero back and front. Their toes were in two shades of red velvet with fur tails and red capes for trimming. Twelve ladies in this bright costume and as many gentlemen in full evening dress must have made a very charming picture.

ors have held one or two picnics on his person. To whitewash a building will be a great help. If roosts and nests are made movable, as recommended, the house can easily be whitewashed, and the roosts and nests, inside and out; after which put in clean, fine straw or hay. A little sawdust is well. The hen should have a nest in which others are not laying, and where she can have a quiet, nice time all to herself. No matter how social a hen may be, she will usually, when she has family matters on her mind, she likes to be by herself, and not have others to ask her too many questions. By allowing her to fight to lay her nest, and break them, and before matters are settled up, perhaps the prospective head of a large brood of chickens, she will be more quiet, and leaves the nest. When eggs are broken, it will be necessary to wash the remaining ones, remove the yolk, and put in new ones. As quietly as possible, persuade the hen that nothing has happened, and that her nest is better than ever. I do not object to hens having nests outside, on the ground—rather encourage it. I put eggs in a nicely made nest outside; place the hen on the nest, in the evening, and place a coop over her. The coop should be made of wire, and will soon take to the nest. I feed her in the coop for a few days, and after I think she is a fixture, I raise the edge of the coop, so she can get out and in at will; but she will need watching a few days, to see that all is running right, and no intruders disturb her. The hens are on the ground, and the hen has full range, she will wet the eggs herself, by getting her feathers wet and coming back on the nest. If in a dry place, the eggs should be thoroughly sprinkled with water or three days. While hatching, the hen will be very sensitive as to who comes round or handles her chicks, and should be let alone. Hens will hatch three weeks before hatching; ducks, turkeys and geese, four weeks. Young chickens are much more hardy than young turkeys, but the same treatment will be well for both. It will not be so necessary to keep them from the wet grass, but that is bad for even the hardy chickens.

NEW STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

He who would branch out into the cultivation of strawberries to-day will have to meet very different conditions from those of fifteen years ago. New varieties are constantly coming up, and while men are constantly striving to put the largest and earliest berries on the market, novelties will still exist. In growing strawberries, the soil in which they must be done at the right time, whether it is to irrigate, mulch or what not, to produce the best result. Great changes have come about in culture. The soil should be in the best possible condition, and be used for other cultivated crops at least three years, giving clean culture to rid the soil of all insects, blotches and molds. To prevent the blight and mildew, it is absolutely necessary to spray with bordeaux mixture once a week for about six weeks. The remedy to be used, which has been thoroughly prepared by constant cultivation, leaving a mulch of fine earth on the surface. Plants are set in the field June 1st.

REMARKABLE OPERATION.

Inside of a Man's Stomach Made Visible by the X-Ray.

With a little machine which looks like an egg beater, Dr. Fenton B. Turk of Chicago, has performed the feat of laundering the inside of a man's stomach at the post graduate medical school, and by means of the Roentgen ray he at the same time viewed the internal apartment where his little device was at work. The operation marks an era of progress in the medical world as the experiment was the first of its kind made in full view of the operator. One of the largest and most complete Roentgen ray outfits ever produced was furnished to the college for the experiment. Attached to the end of Dr. Turk's instrument, which is called a grometole or revolving sound, was a flexible cable of spiral steel wire, on the end of which was a small sponge. The cable was enclosed in a rubber tube and this with the sponge was swallowed by the patient. The latter, who was stripped to the waist, then stepped before the Roentgen light, the doctor put the fluoroscope to his eyes, and an attending nurse held the handle of the grometole. The cable revolved as fast or as slow as was desired; the sponge at the farther end proceeded to its work of scouring the inner walls of the patient's stomach, while the doctor through the fluoroscope viewed the work by locating the metallic cable by means of the X-rays.

By pushing or pulling on the cable the various portions of the inner walls of the stomach were operated on and the matter which was gathered in the sponge was removed for microscopic examination. No nausea or other discomfort was felt by the patient, though he stood before the rays for over an hour while the doctor and the nurses, the operator of the X-ray outfit and a newspaper man examined his interior. At the close of the operation he attended that no one of the party would gratify his curiosity to see the operation by temporarily taking his place as patient and swallowing the sponge and tube, despite his assertions that it had not hurt him, the ray outfit used in the operation is capable of throwing a fourteen-inch spark of great density and illuminating a very large Crookes tube. By its means it was not only possible to see the ribs and backbone of the patient, but to view the vibrations of the heart and to outline the liver and kidneys.

COSTLY TABLE SERVICE.

For the banquet that took place immediately after the coronation of the Czar and Czarina no less than 320,000 pounds weight of the finest crystal, gold and silver plate was used, 60,000 pounds of this being composed of the precious metals. The most famous set of plate are the Orloff, and others in London service, the last including among other things copies of four equestrian statues on the Anichoff Bridge in St. Petersburg, and others representing hunting scenes, and one of St. George and the dragon. Among these crystals are some wonderful vases which were just given out in relief. The Orloff service consists of 15 pieces, richly decorated, and 96 large silver center pieces for the table of exquisite workmanship. A third service, known as the Tzarina's, and which was bought in 1867, consists of tureens, dishes and center pieces.

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FOR CHURCH FAIRS.

Suggestions on What Will Take a Good Sale—All Very Useful and Easily Made.

"What can I make for our church fair?" is a question often asked. Of course you wish the article to sell readily, so they must be useful as well as pretty, and if these two essentials can be combined in articles that can be sold at moderate prices, so much the better.

A laundry bag can be made of a piece of loneybong canvas, one yard wide before it is closed, and three-fourths of a yard deep. This is faced across the top with a strip of yellow silk or satin, six inches wide. Embroider a bunch of buttercups and green leaves in the centre of the piece, using Asiatic crepe tissue paper. Sew the bag with a row of feather-stitching, done with yellow silk.

For a sofa pillow make a case of ticking half a yard square, and fill with feathers or down. Make a cover of figured China silk, just large enough to slip over the pillow, and add a frill made by doubling the silk, and gathering into the seam on the four sides. Slip the pillow in and hem the end down.—E. J. C.

Black broadcloth makes a pretty cover for a small table. Stamp a conventional design for a border and follow it with Asiatic couching silk in yellow, couched down. This work is very quickly done and very effective. The edges may be finished with a row of feathers or down. Make a cover of figured China silk, just large enough to slip over the pillow, and add a frill made by doubling the silk, and gathering into the seam on the four sides. Slip the pillow in and hem the end down.—E. J. C.

MIGRATION OF RATS.

Rodents and Rabbits Forged to a Tree Top Together.

The recent flood on the Seine, which played great havoc on the banks of this river below Paris, has provoked quite an unusual migration of rats, which forced out of their ordinary hiding places have overrun the surrounding country. At Rueil, Courbevoie and Poissy the inhabitants of houses situated near the river have had regular battles with the scared rats, who have taken possession of several of these houses from the cellars to the roof. In one house alone more than 300 rats were killed by a terrier after the cellar door had been shut. On an island near Poissy, which is ordinarily times is quite large, but from which during the flood only the trunk of a large willow was seen, it was found that five rabbits and some 20 rats were perched on that tree. It seems that fear had been stronger than hunger, and the terrified rats not even attempted to devour their companions in distress.

MEAN THING.

Cynthia—Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Maud? Maud—Well, there's one thing, dear, you'll soon know.

Has opened Horse Show in the old st made st WOOD in col A first- Hand-mad for sal Jobbing of a attended to. ALLAN M

S. G. REGISTER L. Lander, Reg. Deputy-Registrar. a. m. to 4 p. m.

Berlin has a pro er, appointed by supplies educa birds' nests