

# UNDER THE LILAC TREE.

## CHAPTER I.

Everywhere at Gracedieu was the scent of lilacs. In no other place did they grow in such luxuriant profusion. People came to see the lilacs at Gracedieu as they go to look at the beeches at Burnham and the chestnuts at Hampton Court. They were the great attraction for many weeks, and all the country round was sweet with their odor. In well laid out grounds, in cottage gardens, in the long green lanes, at every corner of the pretty streets, in every nook where there was room for a tree to grow on the path by the river, on the road to the woods, in the meadows and orchards where they had no right to be, by the brook side, nodding over the iron railing of the old churchyard, were the beautiful tall plumbed lilacs. It would be difficult to say whether they were sweeter in the evening, in the sunlight wet with dew; or blown by the wind; from the time they began to bud until the last leaf dropped from the trees, they made Gracedieu a garden of Eden, a land of delight. The children called them "The Prince of Wales' feathers." The elder folk dated from them; they would say, "Before the lilacs were out," "When the lilacs were in bloom," or "After the lilacs had faded." The weavers they were in flower were a time of pleasure to all.

This pretty town of Gracedieu, where I lived my happy young life, is in the fairest part of Devonshire—where the land is green and fertile, although it borders on the sea—where the green lanes are like gardens, and the hedges full of bloom. My father, the Reverend John Chester, was Rector of Gracedieu, for more than forty years. His church, an old Norman building, was very dear to him. He did not marry until late in life, and I was his only child. I remember but little of him. His name was held in great honor by the townspeople. My dear mother, whom I lost when I was eighteen years old, was a quiet, gentle, unobtrusive woman; she had a small life annuity. My father had not been able to leave her anything; he had insured his life for a trifling sum which was invested for my benefit, and which brought me in a modest income of twenty pounds per annum.

In these days the gold of the laboring and the buttermilk was more to me than the glitter of coin. My mother and I thought but little of money. Our expenditure was quite within our income—the true secret of content. I remember no sordid cares, no "bills," no unbusiness as quarter-day came round; I remember no unquiet extraneous.

We had many friends and acquaintances in the town. In the summer afternoons; it was a pleasant walk to our house; and though we could not afford to entertain grandly as some of our wealthy neighbors did, tea in our pretty garden with home-made cakes and fruit was pleasant enough. My mother was a lover of nature, and she taught me all she knew. I was acquainted with the name of every bird; I knew their haunts and their habits. I was familiar with the trees and the long grasses the wild flowers; the reeds by the river, the cresses in the brook; every secret of the sweet country life was known to and loved by me. Looking back, I see a simple-hearted, happy child, whose life was a poem.

As the opening of a tragedy is almost always quiet, so my life, that was to embody a tragedy, began calmly, like the opening bars of some sweet musical idyl.

From my infancy until I was seventeen I had passed a peaceful, calm, uneventful existence. My mother, when her husband died, went to live at a pretty little villa outside Gracedieu, and built just on the borders of Gracedieu woods. When I was a child I used to lie for long hours listening to the wind among the trees of the forest; and while I live no music will be so grand, or so sweet to me as that which it then made.

Our lives were well filled. I remember no vacant hours. Those which I spent in the woods and by the river were not idle to me. I was storing my heart and mind with pictures that lasted me for many years when with human eyes I could see them no longer. It was on my seventeenth birthday, and the date was the tenth of May, that a new life was opened to me.

On that morning I was one of the happiest, brightest children that ever drew breath, with no care or thought save for the birds and flowers. With a longing impatience to see the dew on the grass, I watched the sunrise; when I watched the same sun set, I had passed from childhood to womanhood. My mother's pretty little house peeped out from a mass of lilac-trees, and there was a group of the same just outside the garden gate, bordering the path that led to the wood. The townspeople had the right of using this path, but they did not often avail themselves of it.

The first thing I thought of on my birthday was the lilacs. I knew just how the trees would look, the dew lying heavy on them, and the sunshine on their bloom. I must gather plenty for the breakfast-table, for my birthday was a household fete.

I went out. On the previous night I had noticed on the top of the tallest tree a spray of lilacs that I wanted to gather. It was exactly the shape of the Prince of Wales' feathers—three nodding, beautiful, graceful plumes, surrounded by green leaves.

Once, twice, thrice, I tried to reach the branch I wanted, but failed to do so. The sun was shining in my face; the shadows of the boughs scattered the dew drops all over me. Suddenly a voice near me said:

"It is too high; you cannot reach it. Let me get it for you."

I had heard no footsteps and had seen no shadow on the grass. Turning, my eyes fell on a bright, handsome, young man, with eyes dark and lustrous, and a mouth, sweet and firm.

"Let me get it for you," repeated the stranger; and I stood aside while he gathered the beautiful plume I wanted. "I ought to apologize," to you."

"But I was on my way to the wood, I saw your trouble, and could not resist the temptation of coming to your aid."

As he spoke, he broke off the bough in doing so, the tree shook, and the great dew-drops fell on his face and on mine.

"How careless I am!" he said. "Do forgive me, Miss Chester!"

"How do you know my name?" I asked. "Do not remember having seen you before?"

"I know most of the inhabitants of Gracedieu," he replied. "You do not recognize me, but my father is often at your house."

My mind quickly reviewed the few friends, who were in the habit of visiting us, and I could think of no one likely to be the father of the handsome dark young man by my side.

"I am Dr. Upton's son," he continued. "Mark Upton, at your service. My father often talks of Mrs. and Miss Chester."

"I am much obliged to you," I said. "It is my birthday, and I had set my heart on that one particular spray of lilac. How beautiful it is!"

"They are my favorite flowers," he said. "How strange! I prefer them to any others," I remarked, glancing up at him.

"I wish you many happy returns of your birthday," he said smiling, "and I hope every wish of yours to-day may be gratified as easily as this has been touching the branch of lilac as he spoke."

And so, by that one incident, my fate was sealed on the bright May morning, when Mark Upton passed our house on his way to the woods.

It was not a very great surprise to me, when, three days afterward, on returning from my favorite haunt by the river, I found Mr. Upton talking to my mother. His dark face flushed when he saw me and he rose from his chair.

"Miss Chester," he said, "I have taken the liberty of bringing you these"—and he held out a mass of beautiful flowers, chiefly white lilacs of a rare kind with very sweet perfume. "I was at Oakton Hall, this morning," he continued, "and I thought of you as I rode through the park. The lilacs are in full bloom; these white ones are the finest I have ever seen. I could not resist bringing them to you. The park is beautiful now. Not only are the lilacs out, but the laburnums are also, and the Hawthorn trees are magnificent. You would enjoy seeing them."

I said something about the Gracedieu woods—I never remembered what he came nearer to me, and held out the white lilacs that I might inhale their fragrance. How can I describe the vague feeling of happiness, of new-born delight, of pleasure that I remember we were half afraid to look at each other; then one, stealing a glance, would meet the other's eye, and a confusion would result. I remember that I was pale as a lily; the lilacs of the river, the cresses in the brook; every secret of the sweet country life was known to and loved by me. Looking back, I see a simple-hearted, happy child, whose life was a poem.

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On that same afternoon I went for my usual stroll through the woods and down by the river. My heart and thoughts were full of him. It was hardly a surprise when I saw him crossing the little rustic bridge that spanned the river, to join me. I was sitting in a nest of violets and forget-me-nots that grew down to the edge of the water.

"Ah me, it all comes back to me—the sound of the wind in the rustle of the leaves, the sound of the water in the great tree—the odor of the lilacs, and my lover's dark handsome face bending over me, his warm strong hand clasping mine! It would have been well, I sometimes think, had I died then and there with that full sunlight of happiness upon me. For when I realized what was passing, when above the music of the birds and the wind and the rush of the river, I heard every word, Mark Upton was telling me that he loved me, and asking me to be his wife who one short week before was his child! Oh, happy time of the lilac bloom, which had brought me a lover so good and so true! I dared not look at him. I glanced at the river and the trees—anything rather than meet his dark loving eyes."

"Will you say that you are not angry, Miss Chester? 'Nellie,' your mother calls you, and it is the prettiest name in the whole world—Nellie, will you try to love me?"

I fathomed out that I had known him only one week. He cried, "What does that matter? A week is not a case like an age. There was no such thing as time in love."

"You know there is not, Nellie," he said. "I tell the simple truth when I say that at seven o'clock on the morning of the tenth of May I was heart-purest gold as the sunlight fell full upon it, your face was fresh and fair as a flower; your sleeve had fallen back, and half your beautiful arm was bare, as you tried to reach the lilac and could not. I can only say that had moments you made not way to my heart, and that you will never leave it again. You have become part of my life. Now let me look into your eyes. I can read my answer there."

He raised my face in his hands and looked into it as though he would read my very soul.

"Do you care for me, Nellie," he cried; "the love-light is in your eyes! Say you love me. What does it matter that we have known each other only one week? Why, my darling, if you had been my dearest friend for twenty years, I could not love you more! You know me as well now as you will in fifty years' time. I do not hide one thought of my heart from you."

"What could I say—I, who loved him all my life's heart, and to whom his love was as sunlight and dew, and who were true and tender as the flowers? I said something as to being very young."

"My hair is not gray, Nellie," he said, laughing. "You are seventeen, I am twenty. I know my love is but a day; yet you say 'I will love you till my hair is white.'"

Then he plighted his troth to me, taking me in his arms and kissing me as he said:

"I love you, Nellie; and while I live I shall love no other woman; and if you will be my wife I will live and die for you; if you will not, I will call no other man my wife."

Oh, foolish, trusting, loving heart! I did not remember that in the depths of the dark strong river lay shifting sands, that the wind never told the same story twice. To me my lover's dark eyes were true and tender as the stars. I forgot that the stars were not all fixed; I was very young, very loving, full of faith, but not very wise.

So, while the May sunshine shone around us, he kissed me and claimed me for his wife; and we walked back to the cottage, passing the Beasts and the "Fairy Prince" walked from the old world to a new.

(To Be Continued.)

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

The true art of memory is the art of attention.—Johnson.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

If a man be endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

You will never find time for anything. If you want time you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

It is not what he has, or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlitt.

There is a department which suits the figure and talents of each person; it is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another.—Rousseau.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

Some of the best lessons we ever learn we learn from our mistakes and failures. The errors of the past is the wisdom and success of the future.—Tryon Edwards.

## NOT TRUE TO NATURE.

Mr. Upton, reading—A prominent artist recently painted some owls on his ceiling so realistic that the servant girl was overcome with an attack of nervous prostration in trying to sweep them down.

Mrs. Upton—I don't believe there is a word of truth in that article.

Mr. Upton—Why not, dear? There are any number of artists capable of executing work like that.

Mrs. Upton—That may be true, but there never was such a servant girl.

A DOOMED DOG.

Mrs. Hicks—I'd like to know what you would have said to that disputable looking dog-slasher.

Hicks—I told him if your poozie got lost to come around and I would give him a dollar.

## PRACTICAL FARMING.

### WINTER FEEDING.

Winter feeding is now the problem, and this winter is unlike others, as it finds more young pigs of summer and fall breeding in the hands of farmers than usual, due to the cold, wet, spring, which caused a shortage of the usual crop. There are many things to consider now, says a writer, especially with the low price for hogs, and notwithstanding the low price of corn, which figures but little in growing the pig. Shorts, bran, and oilmeal have so advanced in places that it may be a question in values if they can be fed at a profit. For those that in the anticipation of higher prices for hogs, bred and raised a large number of summer and fall pigs and have not a surplus of feed, it would be far more economical to sell a part of them to feeders at present market prices, than to half starve them through the winter, and injure the next season's crop of pigs besides. Many who are in possession of good feeding stuff in abundance for feeding and growing pigs, either willfully neglect or seem to have an aversion to making themselves acquainted with the relative quantity and quality of each required for sustaining the pig's growth, or for fattening. A want of this knowledge or its application causes failure to increase growth and weight, besides impairing the health of the animal. An experience of many years at the trough teaches us that a mixed ration best suits the constitution of the growing pig, especially if it can be fed warm, cold weather. We get many inquiries about "what ails my pigs" like this: "I fed my pigs on corn, but have changed of late to barley and corn or rye," when changes of feed should always be made gradually. Or, "I have been feeding milk with little or no meal," forgetting that, however good a feed milk is, it alone is too bulky for a sole diet, it distends the digestive organs, they have to get rid of the milk surplus water, or corn or barley meal has been added to the milk, from a few ounces to a quart for the smallest pigs, up to twenty-five or thirty pounds for the growing pigs of more advanced age. Another reason for unsatisfactory results, the result would have been in feeding ground oats chiefly, knowing it to be a growing food, but forgetting that the oat hulls become a serious disturbance to the digestive tract. And the number of feeders who say that corn is good enough, is by far too great, and very often all these and other errors are persisted in for want of knowledge that is easily obtained, and generally because it is "only a hog we are feeding!" We saw farmers making some of these errors last summer, who were living in the shadow of a mill that was selling short of flour, from five dollars per ton. Those that have steamers or feed cookers and clover hay, by adding a bushel of blossoms and leaves, or fine cut clover to a barrel of grain, have a bulky feed before adding the hay, for bulky ration for brood sows and growing pigs that is much relished and very beneficial. Mangels, potatoes, beets, rutabagas, cooked or raw, make an excellent change in winter and supply place hard to fill with grain. If in feeding is also very important. If one feeds one, two, three, or four times a day let it be at the same hour, let no one think that he is a good and expert feeder, because he fills the trough plentiful, for sooner or later he will come to the conclusion that he was merely a wasteful feeder. No more than will be eaten should be given at a time, and this should be a fixed rule, nor should the feed be decreased in one end of the trough, where the stronger will get the lion's share of the solids of the ration. If milk is to be given, add it just before feeding, so the warm food will raise the temperature to blood heat. Cold, icy milk is an abominable food, because a pig or hog loves milk and will drink it in spite of the cold, only to chill him to a point that stops digestion for a time. Some feeders think it an advantage to have the feed mixed thin enough so that it is both food and drink, not thinking that the animal is thereby compelled to eat what it does not want or need, in order to get what drink it wants. Or he may want the food and not drink, and will fish out the solids and leave the rest to freeze and waste. But where there are a number of pigs, or some are compelled to eat the solid with their bellies stuck out, so that we think they have plenty of good food. If corn on the cob is fed, the observant feeder will see by the droppings, filled with undigested kernels, that grinding would more than pay the toll, not because of the direct loss of corn, but of the return for food consumed. In the absence of charcoal and ashes, of course salt should never be absent. Soda lye in the fall and kept where they will not freeze, and occasionally thrown in the pen, help to keep the internal machinery in a healthy condition. If one thinks he knows all about pig feeding this winter, he will be astonished to find how much he must learn next winter. But if in a cold, dirty, damp bed, where the air is filled with carbonic gas, or where the chilly winds freeze their backs while they are cooking, breathe fresh air, nor have healthy exercise, much of the feed will be wasted, no matter what it is.

### THE FARMER'S HEN.

The farmer's hen is very apt to be a mongrel fowl, and in truth the care which she receives would put one of finer breeding to shame. Is it not a fact that on the majority of farms the poultry are treated with less attention than any other living thing about the place? The average hen-house is a disgrace to the farm and to its occupants. It is filthy, ill-lighted and ventilated, and swarming with insect life. Is it any wonder that hens desert it in summer, and take to the trees, the farm implements, or the fences?

### A REAL MEAN MAN.

My dear, he said as he laid down the paper, you ought to read that address by Mrs. Mouser, the eminent lecturer on woman's work. She says that whenever a wife gets angry she should stop and carefully consider the matter for ten minutes before saying a word to her husband. That's a grand idea. Is it, eh?

I consider it so.

And where will you be when I begin talking?

I don't know—somewhere down-towhere I presume—but don't let that interfere with you at all.

## Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always

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## HORSE TRADING.

Some of the Cruel Tricks Resorted to in Order to Make a Trade.

That there are "tricks in all trades" there is no question, but it is a question whether there is any trade in which there are so many tricks practiced as in horse-dealing.

A certain class of men, known among veterinary surgeons as "gyppers" carry on a trade which brings into use "tricks" which are against every law forbidding cruelty to animals.

These "gyppers" set up establishments in the various fashionable localities, where they dispose of "family driving horses," "a young lady's pet mare," "children's ponies," and so on through the catalogue, at very small sums, providing also that "the horse can be given a good home."

A family is leaving for Europe; a young man whose father has recently failed, names never being disclosed by request, wants to dispose of a fine animal, but the good home is the chief object.

The veterinary surgeon, an accomplice, is called in. He testifies to the soundness of the animal and grants a certificate. A grand sale is made, and by the time the buyers have discovered their mistake the establishment has moved and all traces of the "gypper" is lost.

One of the first and most important steps is to make the teeth of an old horse resemble those of a five-year-old. The teeth of a young horse contain large cavities which grow smaller as the horse ages.

The black lining of the tooth, which must be visible is burnt in with nitrate of silver or some other chemical agent. The painfulness of this operation can be judged by every reader who has ever spent ten minutes in the dentist's chair of torture.

A young horse is naturally full in the face. Sunken eyes intimate approaching age. This is rectified by inserting a hypodermic needle just above the orbits of the eyes and blowing it up with air.

In case of distemper or influenza the discharge is temporarily stopped by plugging one nostril with a sponge. "Gyppers" is in the case of a horse blind in one eye or where a cataract lessens his value. The dealer, without any compunction whatsoever, punctures the eye, which ruptures out, and then inserts an artificial one. The operation is a most delicate one, and, needless to say, extremely painful.

If the dealer finds himself burdened with a lame horse whose condition suggests no immediate change for the better he severs the nerve that supplies the foot, an operation which is termed by surgeons neurotomy. The result is but temporary, and the suffering of the horse is supposed to be intense.

When a horse has a quarter-crack, it is quickly filled with gutta-serena or putty and painted to match the hoof.

The way to make a "high stepper" is to rub the back tendons of the legs with turpentine and cowhage, which burns like fire and makes the horse prance with pain.

Chloral hydrate and opium and the different narcotics are administered to pluggers in the ears of shy ones, and "wedging" is resorted to in cases of lameness. An iron wedge is driven underneath the shoe of the corresponding foot, causing both legs to go lame alike, which only gives the horse a different motion.

## TWO WAYS OF UNLOADING HAY.

To unload rapidly on the stack: Take a long rope, three-quarters inch thick, tie the ends to the back part of the rack, just over the sides of the bed, take it over the rack to the front end of the stack, hitch the team to the rope and pull the load out of the rack. By taking the stack in short sections you can put it up ready for topping.

To stack hay in the field with a "go-devil": Take a "go-devil," that slides on the ground, put a horse at each end on a rope or chain about seven feet long; make the inside checks on your lines long enough by putting very thin rope to them. Pull all four into the stack, then take four 12x12 planks twelve feet long and place them on the end of the stack, side by side, one end resting on the ground. Bring your load of hay on the "go-devil" to the end of the planks; then drop the inside checks and let a man take each horse and turn him around and pull out the go-devil. Now lead the horses up aside of the hay and with the back of the go-devil, push it up onto the stack. By building the stack in sections you can rapidly put up feed in the field, and it will save many a hard day's pitching of sorghum or millet. Stack can be put up as high as the horses can pull without choking—say seven feet. Then top out from wagon.

## A TOPSY-TURVEY LAND.

The Chinese surname comes first instead of last.

The Chinese begin dinner with dessert and end with soup.

The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet.

The spoken language of China is not written and the written language is not spoken.

The Chinese launch their vessels sidewise and mount their horses from the off side.

The Chinese do everything backward, they exactly reverse the usual order of civilization.

Books are read backward, and what we call footnotes are inserted at the top of the page.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals and in mourning at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids.

Note, first, that the Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north. The men carry on dresses, and the women carry burdens.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

THE VERY LATEST ASSORTED FOR EASY

interesting items About Great Britain, and All Parts of the Assorted for Easy

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