



JENNY

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER I.

"Jenny?"

"Yes, Sergeant Lynn."

His fine figure drawn to its full height, as rigidly as though the eyes of the adjutant were upon him, yet apparently straining every nerve to appear unembarrassed and at his ease, Sergeant Lynn was a man with whom any woman might be satisfied as a sweetheart. His features were good, if not refined, and the weakness of his mouth was hidden by a mustache as magnificent as that of any cavalry colonel in the service.

It was only pretty Jane Knox, the sergeant major's daughter, who seemed so impervious to his attractions and made him appear as witless and uncouth as the latest trooper who had joined the awkward squad. Hitherto, success had been so easy to the dashing sergeant. It could only be said of his over-eagerness to please that this time he bade fair to fail. She did not even dislike him, he told himself with angry surprise; it was merely indifference that she felt—indifference aggravating as it was complete.

"Jane, don't be so provoking. You know I mean—"

"That it would be best for me to marry a sergeant. Well, I dare say it would—thoughtfully—if I could only make up my mind."

"Try—only try, Jane. Love always comes after marriage," he argued, eagerly.

"Why don't you prove it by your own example?" she answered, negligently. "Marry some one you detest, and if—"

"You—no! don't detest me!"—blankly.

"Oh, no; but I don't love you, and there's no middle course in marriage, I think."

He was silenced for the time, and contented himself with watching her as she flitted about the room, arranging the bits of holly, with here and there a twig of the white berries intermingled.

Mrs. Knox, Miss Jane's mother, had been the daughter of a veterinary surgeon, and being left almost penniless at her father's death, had become a teacher in the village school. It had been a quiet, little-frequented spot, and until the age of twenty-nine she had not even the suspicion of a love affair to brighten the monotony of her existence. Then the clergyman of her village came into a small fortune, sufficient to allow him to retire from his labors and put a curate in his place.

The man chosen was a bachelor, but that might well have been considered the only point in his favor. He was plain, elderly, and half-starved, as indeed he might well be, considering the miserable stipend he received. But to Jane's mother his charm was that he was a gentleman.

His manners had seemed to her the perfection of courtly breeding, and had he asked her she would have gladly become his wife, in spite of all the petty troubles which were attendant on genteel poverty. But, either because his own heart was not sufficiently interested, or that, from mistaken selfishness, he hesitated to let her share his lot, he never did; and after three years of alternate hopes and fears on her side, another lover appeared upon the scene, and by his brisk wooing succeeded in winning her for his wife.

"A terrible match for her," people said—she, the educated woman, to bind herself to the rough if dashing hussar, who could offer her only the bare necessities, and at whose side she might have to encounter endless hardships; but equalized surely by the fact that she was faded and worn, and that he was a man in the prime of life, loving her passionately, oblivious of her vanished youth and indifference to him.

"Hold it a little higher, Jenny darling," whispered the Sergeant, audaciously, and coming close behind her, he attempted to encircle her waist.

But she wrenched herself away, and confronted him crimson with wrath and shame.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she exclaimed, and in her anger she could say no more.

But the momentary madness over, Sergeant Lynn looked as penitent and abashed as she could have wished, or any number of reproaches could have made him.

Falling back to his old position of "attention," he could only murmur shamefacedly:

"I'm very sorry, Jenny, upon my soul, I am!"

"You of all people—who you pretend to like me—to insult me so!"

"It was just because of the liking," answered the Sergeant, with a twinkle in his eye, which fortunately Jane did not detect. "Besides," he added, hastily, "I didn't kiss you."

"I should think not, indeed!" tossing her dainty head.

"And I'll never do it again—until you give me leave."

"And that will be never."

The Sergeant, noting ruefully her compressed lips and flashing eyes, decided that she was sincere in her intention, and that he had lost rather than gained by the boldness of his wooing. He looked so woe-begone that the situation became ridiculous in Jane's eyes, and she hastened to bring back the subject to a more matter-of-fact footing.

"You never told me where you got it all," she observed, nodding vaguely at the evergreens that were the innocent cause of her admirer's first offense.

"But you never asked me," was his prompt reply, only too eager to snatch at the proffered olive branch. "It was quite by chance as with some letters when up at the Colonel's arrived—from Simla, I a big hammer and I helped to open it as I think, he said—and I thought of you if I would like a bit—I thought of you direct—for he gave me as much as I

now Mrs. Knox placed herself only a little way apart from where the staff and officers of the regiment were seated. Jane was crimson with mortification, and would have given much to find herself safe back in her own home, away from those slighting sidelong glances of the women present, and the bolder, admiring gaze of men.

She had turned her back on both, and strove to appear deeply interested in the polo-pony race that was going on, when presently a gentle, drawing voice sounded in her ear.

"How do you do, Miss Knox? Have you decided which is to be the winner?" It was Colonel Prinsep, the colonel of her father's regiment, the Hussars.

"I was not thinking about the race," she confessed, blushing.

He did not press the subject but stood beside her, making a remark now and then, and listening courteously to the timidly hazarded replies. But when Mrs. Knox knitted her brows in the conversation, he found his interest flag, and after a few desultory remarks moved away toward a group of three people, among whom was a young lady, who were standing several yards away.

Her eyes were fixed upon the ponies that were being walked up and down preparatory to a race, but she saw as little of what she looked at as Jane Knox had seen some twenty minutes before. Perhaps it was because all her thoughts were with the "what might have been" that she could not see what actually was. The most casual observer might have guessed she was a woman with a story—a story in which both her companions had played a part.

Nora Dene was not yet twenty-two, but looked older on account of the gravity of her expression, which seldom relaxed into a smile. Her mouth had a little pathetic droop which seemed to compel pity in spite of the pride which would not stoop to ask it. Her eyes were sad with the sadness of those which seldom or never weep, and are the "saddest eyes of all."

Her face lightened when Colonel Prinsep joined them, and she made a movement toward him, which he forestalled by quickening his pace. They were as good friends as it was possible for man and woman to be without protestations and with no thought of anything beyond.

"You are looking tired," he began. "Won't you come over to the seats?"

"Thank you; I think we have a better view from here, and I am interested in this race," she answered, only now beginning to see the ponies as they cantered up and down.

As she spoke one of the men—her husband—came and placed a chair beside her which he had brought over from the tents.

"Why did you not say you were tired, Nora?" he reproached her gently.

"Because I did not feel so—at least, not with standing. There is always a certain amount of fatigue in watching things like this. Don't you think so?" turning to the Colonel.

"I dare say—at least—of course there is. Regimental sports are always an infliction. They are one of the sacrifices we feel obliged to make for the men, and for which we get no thanks." Then, as her husband fell back and resumed conversation with his companion, he added, in a lower voice, "Mrs. Dene, I want to interest you in some one if I can."

"Am I so difficult to interest in anything, that you take such an humble tone?" she asked, looking up at him in some amusement from the low seat of which, in spite of her denial of fatigue, she had availed herself.

"I am distrusting myself rather than you—I don't know whether I ought to ask it, in fact. She seems very quiet and refined, but I should never forgive myself if any unpleasantness came to you through granting my request."

"Are you speaking of the new quartermaster's daughter?"

"The very person—but you must be a witch to have found it out."

"Not a very wonderful discovery, considering you have been talking to her exclusively for the last half hour."

"Ten minutes, I assure you"—smiling good-humoredly.

"I dare say it seemed no longer," dryly. "She is a very pretty girl."

"Is she?" he scarcely noticed. "I was sorry to see her and her mother standing all alone, and joined them out of purest pity."

"And you want me to emulate the nobility of your conduct?"

"I should like you to be good to them if you can. There is such an awkward position. You see they cannot associate with their old friends, and gain no new ones in place of those they lose."

"Of course I will be amiable if you wish; but, honestly, don't you think it a mistake—don't you think they will only be uncomfortable out of their proper sphere?"

"It is only the 'first step' that will 'cost' them anything. Women adapt themselves so readily to altered circumstances; and Mrs. Knox is considerably above her present position, I have heard."

She shrugged her shoulders, but did not attempt a verbal contradiction.

"You are not thinking of going home just yet, are you, Gerald?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"Not unless you wish it. I am at your service."

(To be continued.)

A Fine Toboggan Slide.

The Malays have the finest toboggan slide in the world. In Perak there is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the boulder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during the hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a slide. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out, and a hand on each side for steering, and then slide straight down the sixty feet into a pool of water. This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as two hundred folk being engaged in it at a time, and sliding down so quickly one after another, or forming rows of two, four and even eight persons, that they tumble into a pool a confused mass of scrambling creatures. It seems to be a highly amusing game, and there is little danger in it.

Logwood is the marrow of a peculiar tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy, dark red wood. It is split up and moistened by water or acid for use.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BRIEF HINTS AS TO THEIR SUCCESSFUL MANAGEMENT.

A Comfortable Seat Designed to Be Attached to Agricultural Implements—Convenient Crates for Handling Fruits and Vegetables.

Crates for Fruits and Vegetables. Crates that are indispensable are each year coming more and more in demand, for either handling, storing or shipping. Barrels cause harsh treatment, and are not convenient for rapid work where a delicate touch is required, while crates present a more shallow depth and larger open surface. As they



FIG. 1. "NESTING" CRATES.

can be piled on each other, quantities of crates occupy no more space than barrels and frequently not as much. A crate is easily handled by two persons, and allows air to circulate freely between its contents (doing away with the need of bins, barrels, etc., through which air cannot readily pass), and the essential requirement of sweating is obtained. The crates may be piled one above another in the cellar or storehouse and the fruit moved from one place to another with great ease. Make crates to fit into the wagon box, and an astonishing quantity of stuff can be handled at a load. But these rectangular

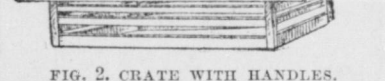


FIG. 2. CRATE WITH HANDLES.

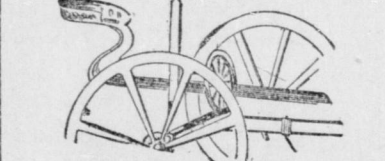
lar crates will not "nest" into each other so well as when made in the shape suggested in Fig. 1, which is a decided advantage. These can be made larger and with handles, or handles put on the usual form (Fig. 2), for quick carrying short distances. Handles may be rigged with hooks so as to be instantly removable instead of being attached to the crate.—American Agriculturist.

Bursting of Cabbage.

The bursting of growing cabbage may very easily be prevented by selecting the heads which show signs of bursting, and starting the roots by pulling or cutting off some of the root with a hoe. The pulling process is preferable. Putting both hands under the head, many of the roots are loosened and the plant is pushed over to one side. This treatment effectually stops the bursting, and not only that, but the cabbage continues to grow lustily; but I have the gratification of seeing heads thus treated grow to double the former size and weight, and all due to this starting the roots, which checked the growth enough to prevent bursting, but not enough to hinder further development. There is no excuse for allowing cabbage to burst when so effectual means are at hand to prevent it.

A Swinging Seat.

The Scientific American illustrates the seat here described. It is intended to remove the discomfort to the rider that comes from the motion of the machine and the inequalities of the ground. It may be adjusted to suit riders of different weights. The cut shows how the device is arranged. A hoop or bow spring is mounted on either the front or the rear axle, and through it passes a beam supporting the seat on a spring shank at its rear end. The forward end of the beam passes through a sleeve on the tongue or the reach. By means of a set screw or pin the sleeve is adjusted to suit the weight of the rider. The arrangement of the parts gives plenty of elasticity



A SWINGING SEAT.

on even rough ground, the seat remaining level and comparatively unaffected by the motion of the machine.

Get Rid of Wild Oats.

Wild oats are a great nuisance in many sections. To get rid of them on stubble fields, plow the land as soon as the small grains have been removed. The seed already shed will germinate, and the young plants can be killed by a second plowing, or by running over the field with a corn cultivator or disk harrow. If the oats occur on sod land, break the ground in June or July, and prevent any maturing of seed by stirring the soil. The weather so far this season has been moist, thus causing the seeds to germinate quickly, and making it possible to get rid of them soon.

A Disgusting Practice.

Any one who uses a stale egg for a nest-egg takes a very great risk compared with the advantage gained, if any advantage is known, for the reputation of a very careful person may be damaged for a slight mistake. To sacrifice a reputation for the sake of using a stale egg for the nest, instead of an artificial egg, is mistaken economy. Stale eggs have done more to keep down prices of eggs than all other causes, as they will turn up when least expected in the lot.

Lime on Grass Land.

Lime may be applied advantageously on grass land in the fall, says the Country Gentleman. If the land is already full of vegetable matter, it is probable

that the lime will do great good. Forty bushels was considered a fair dressing in former years, but now ten to twelve bushels per acre is considered the most economical application. Buy stone or unslacked lime, place it in small piles of about five bushels each at regular intervals over the field and cover slightly with earth, allowing the rain and the moisture which rises below to slack it.

Small Farms.

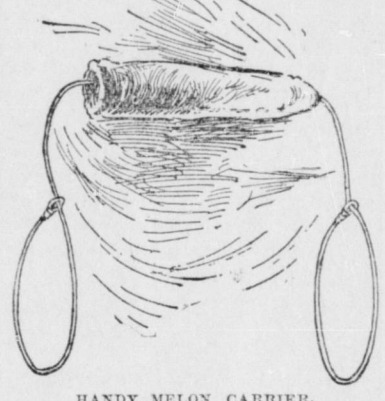
An interesting experiment in turning large farms into small holdings, which may help to solve the agricultural problem in Dorsetshire, was recently completed in Dorsetshire, according to the English Magazine. Sir Robert Edgecomb seven years ago bought a farm of three hundred and forty-three acres, spent money in building roads and wells, divided it up into twenty-five holdings of from two to thirty-three acres, and offered them for sale, payment to be made in ten equal annual instalments. Purchasers were readily found of all trades and classes, eight only being agricultural laborers; and all the instalments, with light exceptions, have been paid off. Instead of a farmer and three laborers, there are now twenty-five families of seventy-five persons on the land, which has increased in value from £170 to £313 a year.

Feeding Hens.

It is not a good plan to keep food before a flock of hens all the time. If this is done they will get fat and lazy, and not take enough exercise to keep them in laying condition. It is the best plan to have a fixed time for feeding fowls, especially at night, and not feed them at irregular intervals. If they are fed about the same time every evening they will soon know when to come for it, and will be content until that time. If feed is thrown to them at all sorts of times they will come rushing around you as soon as you make your appearance, and a good many of them will stay close to the house all day in expectation of being fed. The best way to feed hens in the summer is to feed them in the morning, and again just at night, and not give them anything to eat between times. If kept confined they will be fed at noon, of course.

A Melon Carrier.

A little device made of wire with a wooden handle, which some city dealers supply their customers for carrying home melons, is especially convenient. Country people can make one with material at hand which is equally effective and costs next to nothing. The one shown in the illustration may be taken as a model. It consists simply of a



HANDY MELON CARRIER.

piece of ordinary wire, which can be of any medium size, but is better if not very large. This is cut the desired length and run through the pith of a corn-cob, which, when the whole is completed, forms the handle. After the wire is passed through the cob turn the ends above to form loops as shown in the cut. Slip these over the melon, draw them tight and a very handy melon carrier is the result.

To Prevent Rust on Tools.

A Canadian recipe for the preservation of tools from rusting is as follows: Dissolve half-ounce of camphor in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum, and mix in as much black lead (graphite) as will give it an iron color. Smear the tools with this mixture, and after twenty-four hours, rub clean with a soft linen cloth. Another coating is made by mixing slowly six ounces of lard to ten ounces of resin, and stirring till cool. When semi-fluid, it is ready for use.

Apples that Go to Waste.

Professor Maynard says: "Many thousand bushels of apples go to waste which, if taken in time, might be dried with profit, or could be profitably fed to stock. Analysis shows a food value in apples for cows and horses of from ten to twenty cents per bushel. Aside from this food value, the fact that the insects in such fruit are destroyed in such using makes it of great importance."

Stock Gotes.

Hold fast to your mutton sheep.

A good sheep is a good friend to the farmer. Do not abuse him, even though he is not on top just now.

No farmer can afford to be without hogs, but they should be good ones. If the hog house is kept clean it is necessary to have an outside pen for the manure.

The Butchers' Journal advises 200 to 250 pound hogs, giving hams weighing ten to fifteen pounds.

New York farmers estimate leaves highly as bedding material, and the manurial value alone is placed at \$2 a ton.

A writer says that the time will most surely come when it will be impossible to sell at remunerative prices an animal having merely the name of sheep, and no quality.

One who has been looking up statistics says the exportation of horses for the fiscal year just ended was far in excess of any previous year in the history of the country.



HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Blue and White Table Linen.

Blue and white is the fashionable china for the table this season, and one of the latest ideas in table decoration is to have doilies, table mats, centerpieces and tray cloths embroidered in a shade to match the blue of the china. This is done in the old-fashioned marking cotton, which will not fade, and when combined with white wash silk, gives a very unique effect.

This blue and white craze in the table appointments decrees that the entire set of doilies, table mats, etc., must be carried out in the same design, the edges to be worked in scallops in blue, instead of being hemstitched. All the outlining in the pattern is done in blue, and inside of this it is filled in with French knots and fancy stitches of the white silk. Entire sets stamped with the same design may be purchased at any of the larger fancy stores, or, if one has any talent with the pencil, very unique and original designs may be adapted for this purpose.

Surprise Desserts.

Surprise desserts are always in demand. They give the correct finishing touch to a little dinner. Here is a recipe which, if followed, will delight one's guests and also reflect credit upon the hostess: Select six firm, good-sized bananas and remove the pulp, being careful to split open the banana so that the skin will be as perfect as possible. Beat the pulp to a cream, measure it and add half the quantity of sliced peaches, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar and one tablespoonful of sherry wine. Mix this well together and be very careful not to have the pulp too liquid. Then fill the banana skins and stand them on ice. Before serving tie each banana with ribbon.

Ammonia in the Summer Time.

Ammonia, always useful to the housekeeper, has especial advantage in the summer time by its power of removing lemon stains. A housekeeper who has learned this simple household fact by experience, suggests that a little pamphlet be prepared to instruct all housekeepers in the different methods of removing spots and stains. Many simple means are not widely known. For removing the stains of strawberries and other fruits from damask hot water is often sufficient. Deep stains may be removed by a solution of chloride of lime. White stains from hot dishes upon a polished table are removed by rubbing the spot with spirits of camphor.

Bacon and Liver Stew.

Pour boiling water over a beef or calf liver, let stand one-half hour, then cut the liver with deep gashes, insert thin slices of bacon in these cuts and fasten in with toothpicks. Have three or four slices of bacon in the pot over a hot fire frying with an onion cut fine; when fried to a crisp put the liver in, cover tightly, let cook about ten minutes, turning often, then dredge well with flour, pour boiling water over till the liver is covered, put on the top of the stove where it will cook slowly. Cook three hours; a nice brown gravy will be done with the liver.—Womankind.

Blackberry Cordial.

Blackberry cordial is an invaluable home-made drink for hot-weather disorders of the stomach. To make it, squeeze blackberries enough to make a quart of juice, add to it a pound of loaf sugar and let it dissolve, heating it slowly. Add to it one teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil all together twenty minutes. On removing from the fire add a wineglass of brandy. Put in bottles while hot and seal. Use a teaspoonful for a glass of iced water.

Stringbeans for Winter Use.

String the beans and cut them up in as thin pieces as possible. In the bottom of a stone crock put a thick layer of salt, then a layer of beans, till the crock is full, taking care that the top is covered with salt. Put the crock on, keep in a cool, dark place. I filled a three-gallon crock last fall and kept it in the cellar all winter. I used the last only a few weeks ago, and they were just as good as fresh beans.

Apple Charlotte.

Rub the bottom and sides of the pudding dish well with butter, slice stale bread thin and line the dish with it. Peel tart apples, cut in small pieces enough to nearly fill the pan, scattering bits of butter and sugar well through it. Soak slices of bread enough to cover the apples, put a plate over to keep the bread close to the apples. Bake in a quick oven.—Womankind.

Tarts.

When pies are to be made, it is a good plan to make more crust than needed for present use, and bake it up in shells for tarts. Bake in the gem pans. These shells will keep quite a while in a close tin box, and are handy for emergency to heat a moment in the oven, then fill with some nice jam or jelly. They make a pretty addition to the tea table.—Womankind.

Delicious Raised Buns.

Use one quart of milk; boil one pint of it. Add to the whole quart a piece of butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar and two eggs beaten together, one-half a cup of currants and one-half a cup of yeast. Let the mixture rise over night.—Ladies' Home Journal.

In wealth, Pennsylvania ranks next to New York, having an assessed valuation of \$1,683,459,016, owing largely to the enormous manufactures carried on within the limits of this commonwealth.