



JENNY
BY CHLOTTE M.
BRAEME

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
Of course I might have seen the ridiculousness of the whole affair at once, but my being jealous of the Colonel!—ha, ha!"
At the sound of his rough merriment she winced, and held up her hand.
"I cannot bear any more now," she exclaimed, in a shrill voice that startled herself as much as it did him.
"You are in pain?"
"Yes, I am in pain," she answered, shuddering, though just then she had thought of her broken arm.
He took her hand in his to say "good-bye." Some idea had been in his mind of a warmer farewell, but he had never seen her yet, and the pale, proud face turned toward him was no encouragement to begin. Then somewhat shamefacedly he withdrew.
The interview had not been a success. Next day, he felt. He had wounded her, and he was frightened by the brusqueness of his ways and speech, and had won in her no ratification of her former misdeeds. It struck him ruefully that he had lost the knack of wooing a girl—that his tongue had forgotten ancient cunning.
His conclusions were correct. Jane thought him more boorish than she had known him to be before, and more than ever regretted that she had not listened to her mother's warning.

CHAPTER V.
Mrs. Dene had been very constant in visits to Jane during her convalescence. Independently of her desire to satisfy the Colonel by showing his prospective daughter-in-law her power, she liked to see the girl for her own sake, and was zealous for her social success.
"You are so pretty you are sure to be for me," she told her candidly one day.
"Don't you think," hesitatingly—"that rather vulgar to be pretty?"
"No, no, no," she said, laughing. "Very likely, but that does not alter the fact. In England they say every milkmaid and fisher-girl you meet has a trim star in her eye and pretty face. Good looks are really another name for good health. Now, I suppose you are well educated?"
"You are as well educated as many of the women who move in good society, and I have very charming manners, which will find me very useful still. What else do you want?"
"I wish I could dress as well as you," praised Jane, who, like every woman, was inclined to set a high value upon the branch of feminine industry.
"I have seen you smoothing down the folds of the milner pale-blue gown, and pondering the summer dress had been said; and as Mrs. Dene, behind her in some amusement, trying to give her thoughts, she saw her hands suddenly in a tight clasp, and a blush suffused her face. Curious to know who or what could have caused this, Mrs. Dene turned her head sharply, and to her surprise saw Colonel Subtrakt standing in the veranda behind her.

The Colonel met her unconsciously with a glance that was defiant if somewhat embarrassed; but, though he hid his hand in greeting, he addressed her exclusively to Jane.
"I came to ask if you were better," he said, "and you are always so thoughtful," murmured Mrs. Dene, with malicious sweetness.
"I am quite well now, thank you," answered Jane, with a look of unassuming indifference.
"The love of which she was so self-consciously aware had been so easily discovered. As it was, she went on to say to the Colonel that she was not of her own want of self-possession, and exerted herself to join in the conversation. But in spite of every effort she felt disconnected still, and rose very politely to go.
"A little to his dismay, Mrs. Dene expressed her intention of accompanying her.

"Would it be troubling you too much to give us to my bungalow?" she asked. "I have a carriage was not ordered until five o'clock, and I remember there is a thing I must do."
"It will give me the greatest pleasure," assured her, gravely.
"I'll give you my thanks, she kissed Jane affectionately, and went out, while the Colonel followed, nervously twitching his face.
At his suspicion was not entirely unfounded the lady's opening words seemed to justify, for it is notorious that an appeal to "aunt lady" is generally the ablest of all social disagreeables.
"I have always been friends, have we not, Colonel, Prinsop?" she began, as, seated comfortably in his dog-cart, they drove quickly toward her home.
"I have always been friends, have we not, Mrs. Dene, I hope there is no very deep feud between us still."
"Of course not. But I want to take advantage of our friendship to ask you a question—the first."
"You may be sure I shall not refuse it is obliged," he said, politely.
"I don't flit with Jane Knox. It is fair. She is so young and inexperienced in society's ways, and you—I pay you compliments to your face," he finished, laughing.

"I have no thought of flitting," said she, "for girls seem to have a knack of setting their affection on the wrong man."
He looked at her. Was she speaking from her experience or another's?
"I am afraid you have set yourself well proved on one. Now, there is Val Graeco, besides the wealth which you do consider indispensable, possesses looks and a winning manner. Do you choose him?"
"I was thinking of him," replied

Mrs. Dene, thoughtfully. "Have you forgotten that Major Larron will be Lord Larromore some day, while Mr. Graeco's money was gained in trade?"
"You seem to expect great things for your friend. I should have thought the latter match a more suitable one, supposing that either cared to 'play to win.'"
He spoke savagely, for the doubt had assailed him whether perhaps she regretted the title which once she might have shared, and he invariably grew bitter when the circumstances of his marriage were recalled to him.
But his wife, who had started at his tone, guessed what was passing through his mind, and with a gesture succeeded in clearing the cloud from his brow.

CHAPTER VII.
Unaware of the schemes that had been made for her settlement in life, Jane was charmed when the invitation came for her to go to Cawnpore. Independently of a natural love of change and gaiety, she was full of nervous delight at the idea of entering society—the society of which she had so often thought and dreamed.

And her mother was no less pleased. She realized at once the advantage it would be to her daughter to make her first appearance under other auspices than her own, and where her former circumstances were not known.
"It is giving the girl a fair chance," she said, complacently, to her husband.
"And it is particularly kind of Captain and Mrs. Dene," he replied. For the quartermaster was more sensible of the condescension than was Mrs. Knox, who, flattered though she was at the attention, did not share the soldier's natural reverence for his officer. Then he added, doubtfully: "I wonder what Jacob Lynn will say?"
"What has he to do with it?" asked Mrs. Knox, sharply.
"Everything, seeing that he is to be the girl's husband."
She looked at him in utter scorn.
"Do you really think that that will ever be?"

"Why not? A promise is a promise; and I don't want Jane to be such a fine lady as to forget her first friends," he answered, doggedly.
"Is it true, John, that the sergeant has taken to drinking lately?" Mrs. Knox asked, presently.
"I heard something about it, but one does not believe everything one hears."
"He was always wild!"—shaking her head.
So it happened that Jacob Lynn heard nothing of Jane's projected visit until she had already left. Then he came to Mrs. Knox and reproached her bitterly for what he called her unfair reticence.
"You have owed me a grudge ever since Jane promised to be my wife. But she promised of her own free will, so it is unjust to use your influence against me," he said, sulkily, at the end of the tirade. "Everything is against me. Be on my side!" he pleaded.
"I have given you my advice already, and can do no more," she answered, coldly.
That same evening Mrs. Knox wrote to her daughter, telling her all home news and outside gossip, but intentionally refraining from saying a word, good or ill, of Jacob Lynn.

(To be continued.)
Subtract Foksett.
"Peter Gannett's boy Eben is real smart at his books, I hear," said Grandfather Rollins, as he and his grandson Rob were out at the barn milking the cows one night. "Ain't that so, bub?"
"Why, yes, he's a good hand at 'rithmetic and spelling,' and so on," returned Rob, without evincing much enthusiasm. "But he's awful slow at games," he added, after a moment's pause.
"Rob," said Grandfather Rollins, turning a sharp gaze on the boy, and speaking with a good deal of severity, "once or twice lately you've put me in mind of a feller that used to live over in Rickville when I was a boy. I don't rightly recall what his Christian name was, for the boys at school all called him 'Subtract Foksett,' an' that was the name he went by."

"You'd ask him about anybody, an' fust off he'd appear to be speakin' of 'em fair an' square; but before he got through there was allus somethin' to take the juice out of whatever he'd told you that was pleasant."
"He'd say, 'Alec Stevens is a real smart boy, smart as a steel trap; he's such a boy for books, though, that I don't believe he does much round the house; I guess they don't depend on him to help much.'"
"Yes, Molly Spears is a pooty gal, that's a fact. There ain't many pootier round here. I wish she didn't set quite so much by her looks, though. Folks can see that she knows jest about how pooty she is."

"Did I hev a good time down to my Cousin Frank's house? Oh, yes, splendid. Frank's a real jolly boy; he knows how to make folks laugh. If he hadn't got such an awful quick temper, there wouldn't be much better company anywhere than Frank is."
"An' so it went. It didn't make no matter what you asked him, you'd get jest that kind of an answer every time. n' there wa'n't nobody in Rickville that had a tongue folks was so sca't of as they was of Subtract Foksett's."
"You're nothin' but a yearlin', Rob, an' I hev hopes of ye, fer I don't think the habits settled over ye, yet," concluded Grandfather Rollins, as he rose stiffly from the milking stool. "If I thought it was, I sh'd be clean dickered; fer I sh'd rather any relation o' mine would be sleepin' out in the buryin'-ground than livin' t' be like Subtract Foksett!"

Great Swimming Feat.
Martin Sullivan, a white sailor on the cruiser Minneapolis, now at the Norfolk navy yard, was ironed recently for desertion. He escaped from his cell last night and while handcuffed leaped overboard and swam across the river to Berkeley, half a mile away. He hid under a raft while the cruiser swept the water with her search lights. When they were turned off he made his way to Berkeley, where some negroes fled his handcuffs off. He then exchanged his uniform for citizen's clothes and engaged to work his passage to New York on a barge. When a launch from the yard passed the barge to-day he hid in a boiler, but was subsequently captured.

HELPFUL FARM HINTS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

Some Handy Wrinkles in Loading Corn Fodder—How to Repair Broken Wall Plaster—Causeways Can Be Built of Wood—Farm Notes.

Loading Bulky Fodder.
The device shown in Fig. 1 represents the front part of the running gear of a common farm wagon to which is attached a sort of fodder or brush frame. This frame is constructed as follows: Take two 3x3-inch poles, 12

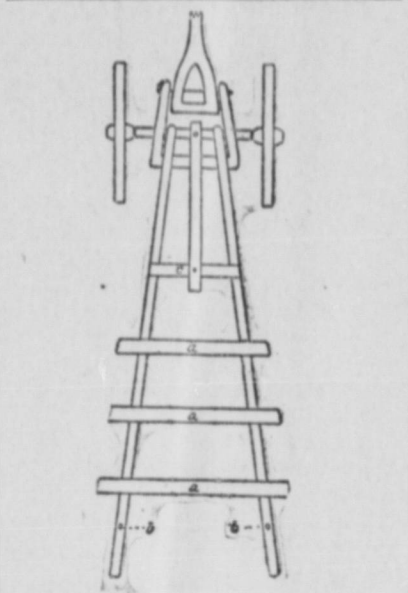


FIG. 1.

feet long, place them in position as shown at Fig. 1; a a are hardwood boards 8 inches wide. The last one is 8 feet long, with the other two to correspond. These are nailed to the poles. At b b are holes in which stakes are placed to prevent fodder or brush slipping off. The upper ends of the poles are placed on the bolster of the wagon; the lower drag on the ground. A coupling pole runs from the axle to the crosspiece, c. This attaches the fodder drag securely to the wagon and permits of turning, etc. The figure shows the drag in position as seen from above. As no iron work is necessary, any farmer can easily construct one himself. The illustration renders its building perfectly easy. The drag is not only useful for hauling fodder, but comes handy in disposing of brush or any bulky material which is difficult to load upon wagons. A variation of this device, made specially for loading corn fodder, is shown in Fig. 2. Cut a 16-foot, 2-inch board 12 inches wide into two equal lengths. Place these side by side flatwise, a a, and secure firmly by means of 2x2-inch cleats, b. Bore an auger hole near the upper end of each board, and with stay chains fasten this ladder to back end of the rack.

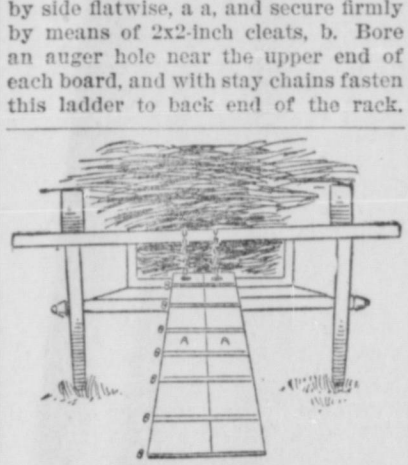


FIG. 2.

Take up an armful of fodder, walk up the ladder and deposit it on the front of the rack. Continue piling as high as desired until the load is complete.—American Agriculturist.

A Billy as a Bulldozer.
The worst bull I ever had or saw—and I have had an average of twenty bulls for the last fifteen years—was tamed by reaching over a board fence and striking his horns while he was pawing and bellowing during his efforts to reach us through or over the fence. This bull would chase a man out of a large field, and surely kill him, if reached. But he was subdued with a small, round, hardwood stick in the hands of a butcher who came to my place to buy him, which he did and took the bull away, on foot, single-handed, and drove it before him two miles without assistance.

Building Causeways of Wood.
In some regions stone suitable for building causeway walls is not at hand. In such a case a passageway for cattle may be made under a road by using wooden timbers for the sides, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The



CAUSEWAY OF WOOD.

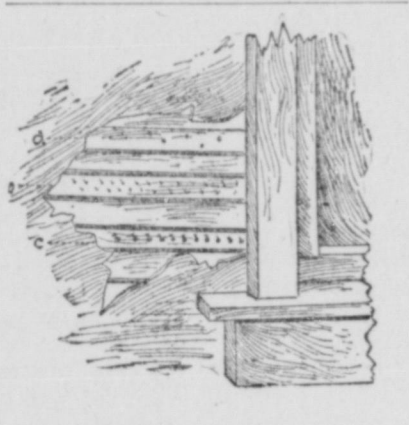
timbers are spiked or treenailed together to keep firmly in place. Cross pieces at the bottom hold the sides from pressing together, while the timbers at the top serve the same purpose. Such a wall is much more easily constructed than one made of stone.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Bleached Celery.
Celery bleached in this weather must be used at once. About a week's time, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, is required. In cold weather it takes longer. At this season many growers use boards, held the proper distance apart at the top by triangular-shaped boards, nailed to the ends of the board of one side, the other board resting up against the opposite side of it. Another

contrivance to keep the boards the proper distance apart is a strip of tin a half inch wide, straight at the top, but with two half circles, an eighth of an inch wide, cut in the bottom side, near the ends, to fit over a nail driven in the end of each board, near the top. The tin should be only long enough to keep the boards the right distance apart at the top. The boards should hold the top of the stalks fairly close, but not bind them.

Care of Young Pigs.
If the pigs scour at three or four weeks old, it is in most cases on account of an overloaded stomach. They begin to feed heartily at about three weeks old, and, if fed liberally, they will gorge themselves. The remedy is simple if taken in time. If they have been fed slop, cut down the amount. If they have been allowed a full feed of corn, limit them in this. Scorching flour of a cheap grade, fed dry, will aid in checking the trouble. It is well to remember that the sow must be put under the same treatment as the pigs. It is useless to try to check the trouble in the pigs, and continue to crowd the sow with rich rations. When the trouble commences in a litter, all the litter are apt to be affected. When once they are taken with this trouble the difficulty in getting all to going again does not lie so much in checking it as in feeding up to full rations again with recurrence of the trouble. With continued recurrence the trouble becomes chronic. When it reaches this stage, the pigs are of little value, as it is almost impossible to get them back to their former thrifty condition.—National Stockman.

Repairing Broken Wall Plaster.
Always in repairing bits of wall or ceiling remove all the adjoining portion of plaster that is loose, then industriously brush the exposed lath until not a particle of plastering remains. Now carefully wash with a hand broom. This will swell out the fiber of the lath. Let dry for one day, again brush and



REPAIRING BROKEN WALL PLASTER.

either make half-inch holes in the lath as at a, or drive in plenty of 3/4-inch wire nails to about half their length as at b, or insert small screws left projecting a little less than the thickness of the wall as at c. The object of all of these plans is to hold the plastering firmly in position.

When patching a wall it is best to put in more hair than usual and be certain to press the plaster into every crevice, using none but well-mixed mortar. Do not mix and apply the same day, but let it season or ripen as masons do. Better still, when but a bushel or so is needed, go to some place where building is going on, or to a mason who keeps it ready-made, and obtain a better article than you can possibly make and at a trifling expense.—Farm and Home.

How to Tighten Wagon Tires.
Wagon tires will become loose in dry weather, and some owners think the remedy lies in having them cut and reset. A better way is to soak in water until tight, and then soak in boiling oil. A Bucks County farmer fixing his wagon wheels one day last week had an iron pan, six inches deep, the bottom slightly rounded—that is, deeper in the middle than at the ends. This, half full of linseed-oil, was resting its ends on two stones over a fire. When the oil was at boiling heat, a wheel, raised by a jack to be just the right height, was placed over the pan so the rim would be covered by the oil, and was run through the oil until every part of the rim was saturated. This, the owner said, fastened the tire permanently, and preserved the wood of the wheel.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Time of Seeding Crimson Clover.
In experiments in New Jersey, according to the station record, it was found that where the soil was not reasonably good it was necessary, in order to secure a good stand, to delay sowing until September. On poor soils excellent crops were secured when the seed was sown even as late as October. For good lands the author recommends that seed be sown between July 15 and September 15. It was found that in New Jersey spring seeding either alone or with oats gave disappointing results.

To Keep Harness from Ripping.
To prevent splices in lines or other parts of harness from ripping, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, use carpet staples (double-pointed tacks), drive through the points of the splice and clinch on opposite side. I drive one on each side of the loop in the bit (the part that buckles into the bit), and use them in various parts of my harness and often make splices with them.

Winter Rye.
It will pay to sow more rye for winter pasture and as a green crop to turn under; one and one-half bushels of rye and six quarts of red clover seed to the acre, if sown by the 1st of September, will afford plenty of winter and spring pasture.

Pedigree Pigs.
Well-bred pigs that are kept growing are ready for the market all the time. Scrub hogs do not begin to get fat until they have got age on them.



HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

To Pickle String Beans.
Choose tender and freshly picked beans, string them and cut them slantingly, quite fine. To twenty-five pounds of beans take two pounds of common salt, and after they are cut mix the salt through them. Let them stand overnight. The next day have a little keg ready—that is, properly washed and thoroughly dried in the sun. There will be quite a good deal of brine on the beans, which must be thrown away. Pack the beans tight in the keg, and pound them with your hands. In that way enough brine will have formed to cover them. Put a clean piece of cloth over them, a small round board on top of it, and weigh it down with stones so that the brine is over the board. Put the keg in the cellar and allow it to stand one week. Then take a pail of water, wash all the foam and slime that will have gathered off the top, and wash the cloth, the board and the stones. Replace all again. If there should not be brine enough mix some salt and water. To be sure you have used salt enough, put a whole raw egg in it; if the egg floats on top, it is a sign that the liquid is sufficiently salted. The washing process must be repeated every week. A large stone jar can be used instead of a keg. It will be six weeks until they are ready to be used. Soak them over night when you desire to cook them.

Things for the House.

Get olive-green saten for a table-scarf, and border each end with a wide band of the cretonne; mantle cover to match. Curtains of cheap cottage muslin, with a straight, pleated lambrequin of the cretonne, and bands to loop back with of the same. For the floor a Kensington rug of olive green, or matting of plain red. A white coverlet and pillow shams of Swiss muslin, or the curtain material, lined with pink silesia. The woman who lives in a flat must be ingenious if she would be comfortable. Space is at a premium. A box window seat, used for two purposes and costing but \$1.50, is the latest invention. It consists of a packing box two and a half feet high and four feet long, which may be bought for 50 cents. Casters are purchased and are screwed on to the bottom of the box; then the cover is fastened to the box with hinges. This makes it possible for the box to open easily, and it will be found a most convenient place for the gowns for which there is no room in the closets. It is particularly convenient for holding children's dresses, as there is just room for the little dresses to be laid out at full length. Over the box an Italian slumber robe is thrown to give it the effect of a window seat.

The Window-Screen.

Even that most matter-of-fact article, the window screen, has finally yielded to the efforts of the decorative artist. The new window screens of wrought iron or lacquered brass are fitted with dainty curtains of silk or embroidered muslin. They serve to exclude the prying eyes of the curious passer-by just as effectually as did the hideous landscape screens of bygone years. When it is desirable to place a screen in the window which will be a barrier against thieves an elaborate pattern of wrought iron might be made as useful for the purpose as the huge grating suggestive of prison bars, now in general use. Only in the handsomest houses have artistic patterns appeared, but there is no reason why charming designs in window gratings, as well as screens, should not be general. The Orientals long ago devised the effectual fly and insect screen in their bead and rice portiers, which keep out flies more successfully than the ugliest screen of wire net ever devised by Yankee genius.

Prairie Chickens.

Pick, singe, draw and roast like partridges, covering the breasts with thin slices of fat salt pork and basting frequently. To make the sauce, chop fine a white onion, parboil, cool and press out the water; put the onion in a saucepan, with a pint of milk; heat to boiling, stir in enough stale white bread crumbs to make a thick sauce; season with red pepper and two ounces of butter; pass through a colander and serve in a boat.

Sliced Beef with Spanish Sauce.

Slice a sufficient quantity of cold boiled beef left from Tuesday's dinner and heat it in the following sauce: Take the seeds from and mince half a green pepper; slice one Spanish or two Bermuda onions and fry together with two ounces of butter, add a cupful of minced tomatoes and cook slowly with a gill of gravy or broth for half an hour; season to taste, lay in the meat until hot and serve.

Corn Fritters.

Grate the corn, and to each pint allow three eggs and a gill of milk or cream; beat the egg hard, add the corn slowly, salting to taste; stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter to a pint of corn, then the milk or cream, and just enough flour to hold the batter together. Fry like fritters in hot fat or on a lightly greased griddle like flannel cakes.

Green Grape Jelly.

Wash one gallon of green grapes. Cover with water and cook till you can mash them; pour into your jelly bag and strain. To each pint of juice add one pint of granulated sugar; boil ten minutes, very fast, and it is ready to pour into glasses.