



## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Dene was standing near the railway carriage door, chatting gayly to the three gentlemen who were with her, when at the further end of the station she saw the quartermaster coming toward them with his daughter.

"Go and meet her, Gerald," she said to her husband, and waited impatiently until they should come up.

The weather was wild and stormy, and Jane had wrapped her gray alpaca dust-cloak closely round her, and drawn the hood over her head, her lovely face looking the lovelier with battling against the wind, her eyes, brightened by excitement, shone like two stars; and Mrs. Dene, glancing furtively from one man to the other, saw how fair they thought her.

She stepped forward and kissed her, not so much in demonstration of her affection—for Mrs. Dene was not one to display her feelings—as to show she considered her a friend on an equal footing with herself.

Then followed the introductions, and Jane's eyes rested upon Major Larron with something like awe, caused partly by the knowledge that he was bearing now an honorary title, and would one day be a peer of the realm—or which naturally she from circumstances laid an exaggerated stress—and partly from a romantic admiration of his dark Byronic countenance, which might have been good-looking had it not been so grim and gloomy. She only withdrew her gaze to meet Valentine Graeme's laughing blue eyes, and to put her small gray-gloved fingers into his outstretched hand.

"You have met before?" observed Captain Dene, who had made them formally known to each other.

"We are old friends," said the young man, with easy boyish cordiality. "That is to say, we are already sufficiently intimate to have had a quarrel, and I am afraid to tell Mrs. Dene on what subject."

"Was I concerned?" asked the lady, smiling.

"It was only a question of color," answered Jane. "I told Mr. Graeme I thought your drawing-room so pretty, and he said—out of pure kindness, you know," she assured her listeners gravely—"that he liked our blue-and-white striped chintzes better."

"Better than mine of mignonne-green?" finished Mrs. Dene, in pretended wrath.

"It is my ignorance, perhaps," he pleaded, humbly. "Every one is not born esthetic."

"For which the saints be praised!" exclaimed the Hon. Barry Larron. Then meeting her glance of hurt surprise, he added quickly, with an air of elaborate gallantry, "I mean no reflection on the mignonne-green curtains, than which there is nothing I admire more. If every one possessed the exquisite taste of Mrs. Dene, there would be no need of a pretty affectation becoming a vulgar fashion."

"We had better get into the carriage," said Captain Dene, curtly.

It annoyed him always to see Major Larron in converse with his wife, for he could never for a moment forget the insult she had suffered at his hands, and he wondered suspiciously why she had asked him to join their party. Was it only on Jane Knox's account? He had never been admitted to friendly intercourse since their marriage. He had dined once with them when he was one of twenty guests, and he had called twice—the usual exigencies of society, no more.

But Mrs. Dene noticed nothing, and jumped lightly into the carriage in obedience to her husband's suggestion, as Jane turned to meet her father, who was coming toward them after seeing to her luggage.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dene? It is very kind of you to be troubled with my daughter," he said, with an awkward attempt at ease. Then addressing Jane: "Here is your ticket; take care of yourself, my girl."

"I will take care of her, Mr. Knox," said Mrs. Dene, graciously.

"We will take care of her," supplemented Val Graeme, with a smile.

"Good-by, Jenny."

"Good-by, father."

And with a hand pressure only they parted, the quarter-master not being certain whether a warmer farewell was compatible with good manners, and unwilling to compromise his daughter—she, too, a little ashamed and self-conscious. But as the train left the station she yielded to the impulse that moved her, and leaning out of the window, kissed her hand to him—once, twice, thrice.

## CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Prinsep had never felt so dull as during the week succeeding his promise to Mrs. Dene.

In a moment of impatience he resolved to take ten days' leave to get out of the place for a while, and it was only what might have been expected that he should bend his steps toward Cawnpore, which was just now the center of attraction, and to which station several of his officers had already gone.

The train arrived about seven o'clock, and he drove at once to the hotel where he intended to put up. As he alighted from the ghat, some one came hastily down the steps who, on closer inspection, turned out to be the Hon. Barry Larron.

"Why, Colonel, I did not know you intended coming here!" he ejaculated, in some surprise.

"Nor did I. It was an impulse moved me."

"And a very good impulse, too, sir," said his adjutant, Valentine Graeme, coming up to them with his long, swinging strides. "We are having an awfully good time here."

"I'm afraid you won't get a room. The hotel was full when we arrived," said Major Larron. "Did you bring a tent?"

open. It was a balmy evening with no moon, though the sky was bright with stars. Coming out of the shamiana, where it had been brilliantly lighted up, it seemed darker than it really was.

"Let us have a camp-fire," suggested Mrs. Dene to her husband, who had followed.

"You will find it very hot and stifling."

"It will be more cheerful," she persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders, but gave the order, and a few moments later a bright fire was burning.

But the result proved Captain Dene to be right. The warm wind that was blowing became unbearable now that it was charged with the heat of the huge fire and volumes of blinding smoke as well as dust.

The deputy commissioner and Colonel Grey, with Captain Dene, walked away from it at once, but Mrs. Dene, for consistency's sake, tried to put up with it a little longer, and the rest were eager to support her.

"Ladies are very seldom wrong," began Major Larron, hesitatingly.

"But one of them has spoiled her prestige," laughed Mrs. Dene. "Never mind, the exception proves the rule."

"You ought not to stand there, the heat is unbearable," went on Hon. Barry, going over to Jane's side.

Colonel Prinsep was standing near her, and, without meaning it, she looked up questioningly into his face.

"Yes, it is too hot; let us go into the cool," he said, answering the implied inquiry by moving a few steps further off.

She accompanied him, and presently at his suggestion both turned and went to get out of sight.

Val Graeme, who had also meant to join her, looked taken aback for a moment, but recovered himself directly, thinking he knew the reason of the Colonel's interference. It was most probably on account of what he had himself said while dressing in the tent. Reassured, he walked over to where the other men were seated smoking.

But Major Larron became white with rage. He made a movement to follow them, then changed his mind, and coming to a sense of what was expected from him, turned back and stood by Mrs. Dene's side.

"I am unfortunate," he observed, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"It was not her fault," she answered, gently.

"No, I dare say not; but, Mrs. Dene, do you think that I have any chance?"

He leaned toward her, his dark-brown eyes scanning her face anxiously to see if he could read his fate, but she shook her head gravely.

"I am the last person you should ask. Even if I knew her feelings, could I betray her trust?"

"I forgot. You are right. Only, if ever should be in your power, may I count upon your help?"

Had he been pleading for her own love instead of merely for the aid of her influence with another woman, he could not have been more earnest.

They could see no one; but all that had passed between them had been of vivid clearness to the rest. The scene framed in the flickering fire-light, seemed burned into Gerald Dene's brain as he gazed, unconscious of everything save that the barrier which past events had erected between his wife and the man to whom she was once engaged to be married seemed to be broken down at last.

(To be continued.)

### The Drunkard's Dog.

The New York Times reports that Policeman Logan, of that city, saw a man lying intoxicated on the pavement, and went toward him, meaning to wake him. As he drew near, however, he saw a brindle bulldog beside the sleeper, and as the policeman leaned forward to shake the man, the dog growled and showed his teeth. Logan stepped back for fear of being bitten. The drunkard's name was Collins.

"Hey, there!" said Logan. Collins woke up.

"Tell your dog to let me arrest you." Collins struggled to his feet, and said to the dog: "Come on, Bully, we're 'rested."

The dog "heeled" obediently, and the policeman took them to the Thirtieth Street Station-house. There was no reason why the pup should be locked up, but it was plain that he intended to stick to his drunken master as long as he could, and he was allowed to occupy the cell in which Collins spent the night.

The dog accompanied Collins when Logan took him down to Jefferson Market Police Court, and was close to him when Justice Hogan asked:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I suppose I really have not; but then, sir, you don't know him as we do. He is so cold, so satirical. I can imagine him killing his wife by inches—not with blows, but with chilly words and neglect. He is gloomy, too!"

"If he is all your fancy has painted him, there is not much chance of his suit prospering, I should say."

"Are we sorry?" Collins asked him. The pup whined loudly and more forcibly than before. He looked as if he would cry in another minute.

"Well, young man," said the justice. "I'll let you go this time on account of your dog. I don't think you deserve such faithfulness as he has shown. If I were a dog and had a drunken master, I would leave him. But I guess dogs are more faithful than men."

"Thank the judge, Bully," said Collins.

The dog stood up on his hind legs, gave one short, joyous yelp, and bounded out of the court-room beside his master.

### Very Hard to Please.

"Why don't I like America?" said an Englishman who was drinking a cocktail in a New York hotel. "Why, for many reasons. I haven't found anything here that I like. Take your athletic spirit, for instance. It's bogus. What is your representative sport? Baseball, is it not? Well, that simply represents the work of hired men. It isn't really sport. Besides, I can't understand your newspaper accounts of it. They are very mysterious. Walter, another cocktail! Your climate is bad, and your politicians are jingoes. I have been disappointed all around and in everything save one, and that is your cocktails. I drank six last night before going to bed. I have suffered from your climate to-day."

Meanwhile, the dinner having ended, Jane, unconscious of the interest she had excited, followed Mrs. Dene out into the

## OUR RURAL READERS.

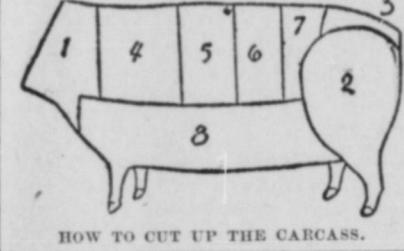
### SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

#### Proper Mode of Cutting Up the Carcass and Curing Hams and Bacon—How to Construct a Safe Farm Bridge—Fruit and Vegetable House.

##### Curing Hams and Bacon.

The hog is cut as shown in the diagram, the shoulder No. 1. The ham (No. 2) is cut through the bone a short distance from hip to joint, and this piece of bone is left in the meat. The small piece (No. 3) is kept for boiling and is salted; so is No. 7. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are roasting pieces, eaten fresh, or the ribs are taken out, and the whole, including No. 8, may be cured for bacon. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 may be salted for frying wet out of the pickle; then No. 8 makes the best breakfast bacon. Split the head down the face and remove the rest of the head with the ears and feet and trimmings of the hams and make head cheese.

The next process is the salting. Use an oblong box of suitable size or a pork barrel. The hams and bacon require a tray or box. Rub the hams and bacon with the following mixture well before putting it in pickle: Half a pound of salt-peter pulverized very fine divided equally—half for two hams and half for two sides. The salt-peter is to be well rubbed into the meat on the flesh sides. The meat is then laid on a bench, skin down, for 12 hours. Take 7 pounds of salt and 1½ pounds brown sugar, well mixed and heated, and rub while hot upon the two sides of the meat.



HOW TO CUT UP THE CARCASS.

meat is then put in the tray, and the brine begins to form. Rub and baste the meat every other day, putting the bottom pieces on top, for four weeks, when the meat is hung up to dry, and then smoked.

For the hams use 4 pounds of salt, 1½ pounds of sugar, and treat in the same way. The hams should be in the pickle five weeks. This curing is important. The meat is not smoked until quite dry and the salt crystallized upon the surface. Use for smoking damp wheat straw, corn cobs or small brush. Smoke a little every day until completely dry and produce no heat in smoking. Some smoke for two or three months, but when perfectly dry less time is sufficient. Procure from your druggist a pint of pyroglycine acid, the acid from an oak tree, and paint your meat with a shaving brush thoroughly with this acid, and hang your meat in a cool place.

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are great consumers of time unless judgment is used in selecting crops and time of labor. It is unwise to grow crops on distant fields, which require frequent trips in taking care of them. Often the most satisfactory disposal is to seed down the piece and keep it in permanent mowing, hauling manure for top dressing in fall and winter, when teams and men can best be spared for the purpose.

##### Profitable Farming.

High farming is the attempt to raise the largest product possible upon the whole farm. Good farming is to raise the produce at the best possible profit, everything considered. In some cases the two amount to the same thing. In other cases, says the Massachusetts Plough