



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XXI.  
ELMWOOD AGAIN.

Margaret had finished her breakfast, and even after Brian had left she still sat over the table, her heart filled with sweet content, and her eyes dim with the happy tears that shut her from the vision of the familiar objects about her.

For she was home. Home in dear old Elmwood.

And now, after eating what she declared to Brian to be her biggest breakfast in three months, she wanted to sit still and feast her eyes upon the smooth green lawn where the bright sun sifted itself through a luxuriant network of green branches, and the lilac and the hawthorn were bursting into a breath of fragrant flowers, and say to herself it is good to be here.

She repeated the same words to Brian when he came in at luncheon, and he, looking at her face, almost marveled at the change that had come over it.

"I don't believe I can begin to tell you, Brian, there was so much to talk about with Mrs. Davis. We have been laying our heads together and evolving some delightful plans. You will see the results after awhile; and then, this afternoon I must go to the Cedars."

"And he, no doubt, is pining for a sight of you. I suppose that will complete your happiness."

"As nearly as it can be completed. Do you remember our camp? I shall keep it—be sure of that—until the day comes that you shall bid me break it. And it will come, Margaret, as certainly as we both stand here. You will find me very patient until I have won my victory for I feel that even the price which Jacob paid for Rachel is not too dear to pay for you. Now, may I tell you what I have been doing to-day?"

"Yes; I shall like very much to hear."

"Well, I have been taking with Dr. Phillips a walk in the woods, and as you face, Margaret. It will be more encouraging than your back. There, that is better; thank you. I saw Dr. Phillips, as I said, and I told him of my wish to build up a practice here. Just as I am, and if we had some advancing years, and will be very glad of a young assistant. He is delighted to help the son of his old partner, he tells me. So you see I am particularly fortunate. I can step right into his shoes, and though I may not have him, I have the best of him."

"You will grow, put in Margaret, glad of this new turn to the conversation. And I am very much pleased," she added, more gravely.

"So, Brian, your dear heart, it does my eyes good to see you. Even though you have grown so thin and your face is as white as our own snow-balls."

"Colonel, you hurt my vanity. I shall grow wonderfully fat and well in a few weeks. You won't know me. Brian thinks I have come color already."

"Brian! Let Brian go to the devil! I beg your pardon, my dear. I see I have horrified you. I am not over-pleased with Brian, as you may guess. I don't say you are, but I am glad he has some grace left. You women can usually manage men. I was getting ready to come and shoot him, but I must acknowledge that your method has been more effective."

"He is growing tired of doing nothing," she answered, without meeting the Colonel's glance, "and he has decided to practice his profession here. I dare say he will become as highly respected as dear uncle Stephen was."

"Highly respected! Fiddlesticks! There it is again, Margaret. The outcome of prejudice, most probably. I beg your pardon a second time, and that that Brian will become all that you want to make him. If he doesn't I'll—"

"Shoot him, I suppose," put in Margaret, with laughing eyes. "That would be a fatal blow to my hopes. I beg you not to say such things. I have a great deal to tell you, but I must leave it until another time. I have brought a letter from home, and I have brought a shadow to your face; I will say no more."

"You are merely giving me a glimpse of the other side of life," she said, thoughtfully. "I find the contrast, as usual, sad and strong. I wish the world was different. I wish we lived under Bellamy's order of things."

Wilson smiled. "I fear such order is too Utopian ever to be realized," he answered.

"Perhaps, though I dare say—Are you really going?"

"Well, then, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat the assurance that Elmwood always holds a welcome for you. I thank you for your good wishes, and I wish you to remember that I appreciate more than I have power to express the happiness you have helped to give me."

"No more," said Wilson, with painful abruptness. "My service is not worth such mention."

Without another word he pressed her

and he had expressed his pleasure in Brian's changed conduct. "You knew I had something to say to you."

"Your eyes tell all your secrets, Margaret. What is that something?"

"Can you not guess? It affects Brian and you. You have always been such good friends, and I am so anxious for those old feelings to be renewed. The circumstances of your last meeting were not—very pleasant. He will remember it, too. I am going to ask you to forget what I do now, and all that you have done for me before, I feel perfectly confident that you will not refuse this favor. You understand me, I am sure?"

"Understand! Who can fail to understand such goodness as yours? When I think of that, it is all the harder to forget the suffering he has caused you. Perhaps I cannot promise, Margaret."

"Oh, yes, you can. The suffering you speak of may have been of great advantage. I may become the better and the stronger for it. Besides, Brian has struggled and suffered too. You can never know how much. Even I am trying now. For that he has the victory, and as far as my words or actions are concerned, he shall have no reminder of the past."

"Thank you," was the grateful answer. "I never liked you better or admired you more than I do now."

He smiled his response as they turned in at the gates of Elmwood. As they approached the door Margaret saw Brian waiting to meet her.

He had evidently not expected to see Brian, and Margaret noticed a slight embarrassment upon his face.

"I have Brian with me," she said, riding close to him. "He has come all the way from the Cedars to see you."

"Little hypocrite," murmured Brian under his breath. "Don't you think it wrong to tell this?"

The next second he had assisted her from her horse and turned to Brian. No word passed between them, but their hand-clasp held a language and a meaning of its own.

TO BE CONTINUED

CANDLES FROM PLANTS.

Vegetables Which Bear Wax and Tallow. Facts About Camphor.

Several very curious substances of an inflammable nature are produced by plants, said a naturalist to a Washington Star writer. Many vegetable species bear wax, which in the form of minute scales on the surface of the plum and other stone fruit makes what is called the "bloom." It exists so abundantly in the fruit of a Virginia myrtle that the latter has received the name of "candle berry."

These berries are collected in great quantities for their wax and candles made from them burn with remarkable brightness and freedom from smoke, at the same time giving out a pleasant fragrance. A wax-bearing tree exists in South Africa, the berries of which yield a substance which is made into candles by the Dutch.

There are several species of wax palms in South America. One of them has its leaves covered with scales of wax, while the trunk of another kind is covered with the wax as with a varnish.

A substance very like tallow is yielded by a tree in China, the seed vessels of which are hard, brownish husks. Each of them contains three round white kernels, about the size and shape of hazelnuts. These kernels have small stones inside them, around which the fatty matter lies. From the pit of the stone an oil for burning in lamps is pressed. Almost all the candles used in the south of China are made from this vegetable tallow. A tree abounds on the Malabar coast of India called the "pinny" which bears a pulpy fruit that yields a great quantity of solid tallow approaching wax in firmness and superior to animal fat for the manufacture of candles.

Another remarkable inflammable substance secreted by plants is camphor. It is chiefly obtained from a species of laurel native to the East Indies. In preparing it pieces of the roots are put into an iron vessel tightly covered. When the vessel is heated the camphor rises in the form of vapor and is condensed on the cover. That is the primitive method, at all events, though I believe that it is improved upon by newly invented processes. In old times the camphor is sometimes found, when the trunks are split open, in a very pure state, forming small concretions or "tears."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

The mother's suspicions were aroused, says the Detroit Free Press, and that night when the young man left the house and the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her. "Elizabeth," she said, sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Smiley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?" "No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter emphatically. "Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother. "Yes, mamma," demurely. The mother spoke triumphantly. "I know it," she said. "Did you permit him to do so?" "No, ma'am, I didn't," she said. "I told him I was taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me." "That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?" "The girl blushed, but was undaunted. "He asked me if you had ever told me that I was not to kiss a young man." The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in the chain of her instructions. "What did you tell him?" she asked nervously. "I said I didn't remember it if you could."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out urgently: "Well, go on—go on." "I guess that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

Some naval officers testing a new projectile off the Atlantic coast were so successful as to sink a schooner. The fact that the vessel was three-quarters of a mile from the line of fire says much for the efficiency of the projectile and the accuracy of the man who fired it. Hereafter when projectiles are being tested schooners should scurry for safety directly into line of fire.

The estimate of the Kansas wheat crop by the State Board of Agriculture is 60,000,000 bushels. As the wheat so far threshed is turning out an exceptionally good quality, there seems to be no reason for doubting that the State has the best crop it has ever grown.

MAY—Your last suit, Mr. Wait, seems very magnetic. Belle—Yes, I gave him both poles. May—What do you mean? Belle—A positive negative. Truth.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

To Bylo-Town.  
What's the way to Bylo-Town?  
Bylo-Town?  
What's the way to Bylo-Town?  
Baby wants to go.

Cuddled in her cradle low,  
That's the way,  
That's the way,  
Cuddled in her cradle low,  
That's the way for baby to go.  
That's the way,  
That's the way,  
Way to Bylo-Town.

Shut her sleepy little eyes,  
That's the way,  
Shut her sleepy little eyes,  
Then how fast the rocks fly.  
That's the way,  
That's the way,  
Way to Bylo-Town.

Keep the little lashes down,  
That's the way,  
Keep the little lashes down,  
That's the way for baby to wawa,  
That's the way,  
That's the way,  
Way to Bylo-Town.  
—Good Housekeeping.

Size Inconvenient.  
Little Girl—What do you do when you see anything funny in church?  
Homely Woman—Do?  
"Yes'm, I don't see how you keep from laughing!"  
"You don't?"  
"Why, no'm. Stuffin' your handkerchief in your mouf wouldn't do any good, 'cause your mouf is so big, you know."

Good as a Bell.  
City Child—What is that queer thing in that field? It looks like a man only it isn't.  
Country Child—That's a scare-crow. Father put it there, after planting the field, to frighten the crows away; but I think, from the way the crows act, they has a idea it's to let them know dinner is ready.

It Looked Easy.  
"Papa," said Willie, on his first day in the mountains, "I want a cloud."  
"You can't get a cloud, my boy."  
"Yes, you can, papa. There's one up on that mountain now, and you can go up and tie a rope to it, and lead it down; oh, awful easy!"  
—Harper's Young People.

Fooled the Dentist.  
Mother—Mercy me! The dentist has pulled the wrong tooth.  
Little Dick (gleefully)—I fooled him bully.  
"Fooled him?"  
"Yes'em. I told him that was the one. I knew if he touched 'at'chin' one it'd hurt awful!"  
—Good News.

The Boy Had a Front Seat.  
Between the shafts of a coal-cart a horse jogged along at a leisurely pace one day last week, says the Brooklyn Eagle. It appeared to have the whole day before it, and looked as though it was ruminating on the perversities of fate as manifested in the social distinction between the hauler of a heavy load of coal and the animal that wags its docked tail in front of a stylish T-cart.

It was going in the direction of Fulton street, and had just left a coal-yard situated on a thoroughfare where the aforesaid coal-yard is, very properly regarded as an eyesore. The driver was a contented-looking Irishman, to whom the comforts of a well-smoked pipe seemed to be appealing, to the exclusion of everything else in the world except the companion by his side. Social distinctions were not troubling him at all, notwithstanding the fact that his companion was manifestly at one end of the social line, while he was at the other extreme.

A boy in something suggestive of a Fauntleroy suit sat beside him, but there was nothing effeminate about the lad. He was evidently about 8 years of age—that is to say, he was exactly old enough to appreciate the precise character of the exalted privilege he was enjoying. Nothing could be more apparent than that the boy's most ardent ambition was to be a driver. The prospect of a fat salary was being gratified. As no other horses were in sight, and the danger of collision was therefore quite remote, the daintily attired young man was, for the time being, actually master of the proud situation.

The reins were in his grasp, and he was shouting "Get up! get up!" with unnecessary but most enjoyable vigor and enthusiasm. His vocal industry has no effect whatever, either upon the animal or upon its regular driver. The horse jogged along at an accelerated speed, as though it understood the situation perfectly well, and the smoker occasionally cast an approving glance at the young man. The procession attracted some attention, and pedestrians enjoyed the contrast.

About three hours later the same turn-out again made its appearance in the same thoroughfare. The boy did not seem to be quite so daintily attired. Not that his face was in reality any blacker than that of the regular driver, not at all! Both faces were just about as black as they could be, but the boy's face looked the blacker of the two, because of the contrast between its color and that of such parts of it as had escaped the thick layer of coal-dust. It was quite apparent that he had been to unload the coal, but whether he had risen to the dignity of actually using the shovel was not explained.

In front of a handsome brownstone house the young man was himself finally unloading. He did not seem to have the least misgiving. He had about him the air of one who has at last achieved the object of a perfectly legitimate and laudable ambition. His mother was looking out of the window as the coal cart materialized. She had long ago become alarmed about her son, but she did not know him until he opened the gate. Then she rushed down stairs, at once relieved and mortified.

"Oh, what a sight!" she exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been, you young scamp?"  
"It's pretty hard work, mamma, but you can bet it's lots of fun. I had a front seat all the way. You should try it."

SOME PRECIOUS RELICS.

Mementos of Our Great Men in the Museum at Washington.

The most valuable jewels in the National Museum in Washington are the relics of our great men near the entrance. These are worth tens of thousands of dollars in intrinsic value of the gold and jewels of which they are made, to say nothing of the workmanship. There are swords by the dozen set with diamonds, guns inlaid with precious stones, and canes which have heads of gold in which gems are imbedded. A guard is detailed to watch them night and day. Each case has a burglar alarm connected with it, and the least meddling would set an electric bell ringing and call the Museum army together.

The Grant collection is one. It is made up of hundreds of gold articles exquisitely engraved, and brought together from all parts of the world, of rare stones, of china more valuable than though it were of solid gold, and of other articles which, if melted down, would fully pay the President's salary for a year or more.

In one case there is a complete collection of gold and silver coins of Japan, which has a wonderful numismatic value, as it is the only complete set in existence except one in the Japanese treasury. Some of the gold coins are a quarter of an inch thick and as large around as the top of a dinner-pail. Seven of them cost \$5,000, and there are perhaps a hundred in the collection.

In another case there are half a dozen large elephant tusks which the King of Siam gave to General Grant, and there are six pieces of costly jade given him by one of the princes of China. All of the swords presented to him are there, and many of them have diamonds set in the hilts. The sword given to General Grant by the Sanitary Fair at New York has a solid gold hilt, representing the Goddess of Liberty, which has two rubies, two diamonds, and two sapphires set in it. The sword of Chattanooga has fourteen diamonds imbedded in it, and many of the gifts which he received from foreign monarchs are of gold set with diamonds.

One of the medals which are in the collection contains \$600 worth of gold, and is as large around as the bottom of a tin cup. The gold articles in this collection would fill a peck measure, and many states, too, gave General Grant a gold box containing the papers in which their freedom was presented. The box which he received at Ayr, Scotland, is as big as a cigar box and is of solid gold. The city of Glasgow gave him a still larger one, beautifully chased, and the gold box which he received from the city of London is a wonder of artistic workmanship, bearing an engraving of the Capitol on one side and the London Guildhall on the other. Enamelled on its golden surface are the union jack, the red, white, and blue, and the Goddess of Liberty shaking hands with the British Lion.

There is a beautiful cigar case of gold from the King of Siam, a model of the table on which Lee's surrender was signed, in solid gold, and a solid gold invitation card as large as a postal card and about five times as thick, which was sent to General Grant in a solid silver envelope, inviting him to a masked ball at San Francisco. There are a number of silver menus, a gold-handled knife which the miners of Idaho gave him, gold-headed canes set with diamonds, and medals and other articles of gold.

—Jewelers' Weekly.

A TROTTING DOG.

He's a Canuck and Challenges All Dogs of America.

Dogs that can trot in fast time are somewhat rare, but there is one over in Brighton, Ont., the owner of which is prepared to back it in a trotting race with any other trotting dog in America. This dog, which trots under the British flag, is named

Doc, and is owned and driven by Willie Ketchum. Doc is an old campaigner, and has trotted exhibition heats at races and agricultural fairs for several years. He pulls a tiny sulky, and on ice or a hard track can trot half a mile in 1 minute 31 seconds and a quarter in 45 seconds. Doc is rather a small setter, but his stride is said to be extraordinary. From two to four furlongs is the distance the Canadian wonder usually covers.

Anger and Love.  
Man has an unfortunate readiness in the evil hour after receiving an affront to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life, and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object in one focus, by means of the burning-glass of imagination, and letting in its sun with all its spots; but he too generally does then only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winklemann, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half-hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence at Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful and crowded assemblage of their good qualities. Indeed we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

THE WAY THINGS RUN

IN THE GREATEST OF GREAT STATES, INDIANA.

Things Which Have Lately Happened Within Its Borders—Some Pleasant and Some Sad Reading.

Minor State Items.  
The diphtheria is abating in Fort Wayne.

Northville has 21 teachers in her public schools.  
Richmond has \$86,000 worth of public improvements under way.

The Evansville Y. M. C. A. has 621 members, and continues to grow.  
The seed wheat swindler is making his annual rounds in Northern Indiana.

MICHIGAN CITY. Masons are taking steps toward building a \$50,000 temple.  
JOHN RENST of Huntington, was fatally injured by being trampled by a horse.

ALEX SPINKS, a colored resident of Hamilton County, died at the age of 105 years.

DIPHTHERIA is spreading rapidly about Newport. At Perryville there are 40 cases and the schools have closed.  
RONERT WOODS, the President of the First National Bank of Knightstown and a pioneer of Henry County, is dead.

FOURMANS held up Jacob Carroll near Arcadia, and while one held a revolver to his head the other rifled his pockets.  
GEORGE BRIVVOER, a bi-chloride patient at Vincennes, became wild, escaped, and cut his throat. He will recover.

MRS. JAMES WATSON of Crawfordsville, made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide on account of domestic affairs.

JOHN STADLER'S residence and saloon at Muncie was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss, \$3,500; insurance, \$1,400.

The public school building at Ridgeville, Jay County, was burned. Loss, \$7,000. No insurance. Supposed incendiary.

BENTON, the Huntington burglar, who was tried in the Wabash Circuit Court, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

FRANK HOLLOWAY, a Martin County farmer, is in jail at Shoals for killing Thomas Gillick, his neighbor, during a quarrel.

JOHN ROENOCK of Huntington, received a charge of shot in the neck while hunting quails, and will have to undergo amputation.

A BLIND fiddler played on Anderson street corners for a week recently, and two pennies were tossed into his box. He has moved to Muncie.

The farm dwelling of James Mordock, of the Was Plains, Tippecanoe County, was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$3,500; partially insured.

The two-horse team of Barclay Moon was struck on crossing the Panhandle tracks at Windfall, by the fast mail train and literally ground to pieces.

ROBERT DRACK, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Newark, N. J., aged 72 years, died at Martinsville. His son is a surgical instrument dealer at Indianapolis.

The State Health Board has directed the local Board of Lafayette to investigate the sanitary condition of the old Erie canal and fill it up if thought best.

BURGALERS secured and hauled away in a wagon clothing valued at \$1,000 from J. B. McLaughlin's store, at Lebanon. Three valuable horses were also missing.

Mrs. H. E. TALMAGE, an old resident of Westville, was struck by a Baltimore and Ohio engine and instantly killed. The accident occurred at a road crossing near Alida.

The Knights of the Agricultural Society, one of the most successful in the country, has determined to disband, and will sell its buildings and other property at public sale.

MISS MINERVA McGRUDER, aged 21, Greensburg, attempted suicide by shooting herself in the head and inflicting a dangerous wound. She is an orphan and was despondent.

THE PERU JURY, in the case of R. A. Vandave, of Wabash, charged with outrage on his niece, Miss Mullenix, a half-witted girl, brought in a verdict of eight years in the penitentiary.

At Elkhart while taking a near cut from school, Ida Roder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roder, was run over and killed by a train in the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern yards.

THERE was a man in jail at Fort Wayne recently who had been a cowboy, peddler, preacher, phenologist, gambler, soldier, detective, had drunk straight alcohol and written a book.

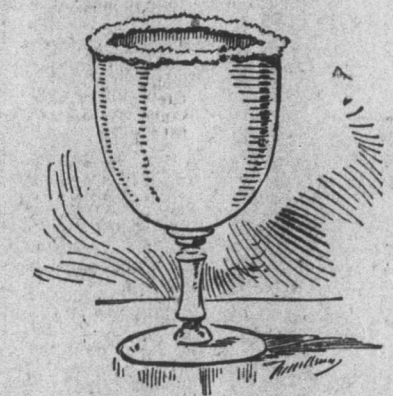
THE 10-year-old son of Frank Knapp, of Chesterton, died of hydrophobia, making the second death in the family from the same cause within a week. He was bitten by a mad dog about a month ago.

HARVEY BATTLEWHITE, President of the Martinsville First National Bank, and his brother-in-law, Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, will erect a \$20,000 sanitarium in Martinsville at an early day.

A BATTLE royal occurred at Wallace's circus winter quarters, two miles east of Peru, in which five jumbo elephants were the participants. For some time an enemy has existed between Prince and Diamond, the two greatest beasts of the herd. The annual culminating in a war of attrition during the absence of Keeper Sweeney. Diamond, with a weight of four tons, was the aggressor, but Prince was his match and succeeded in breaking his tusk and fairly crowding him through the heavy brick wall of the building, which fell upon them both. All the elephants broke loose from their chains, at once engaging in the melee, and for half an hour pandemonium prevailed. Quiet was finally restored, but not before they were badly hurt and the place presented the appearance of a slaughter-house. The noise and screams of the jungle giants could be heard for nearly a mile.

The Edinburgh Daily Call changes hands, G. A. Quick retiring and Charles F. Pruitt taking the editorial chair and publisher's desk.

MUSKIE cigar-makers are on a strike because the manufacturers refuse to agree to the new scale of wages presented last week.  
JOSEPH SHACKMAN, of the firm of Shackman & Nadel, clothing dealers, and a pioneer among the business men of Northern Indiana, died at Elkhart of gangrene, the result of cutting a toe while trimming a corn a few days ago. He was widely known among the clothing-dealers of the country.  
THE barn of Thomas Williams, five miles north of Liberty, was destroyed by fire. Five horses, including a spirited horse. When within sight of home the animal took fright at a bicycle, ridden by Walter Carpenter, a young school teacher. Mr. Carpenter dismounted, but the horse lurked, and in turning into the barnyard upon the burning house, Mr. Williams fell on his head. She was carried to her home in an unconscious condition, from which she never recovered.



A SIMPLE MIXTURE OF ANALYSIS.

perform an interesting experiment by separating the soluble salt. It is only necessary to place a little gunpowder in a glass and filled with water and allow it to stand a day or so in a warm place—such as a sunny window sill.

The saltwater will first dissolve in the water, and then creeping up the sides of the glass will crystallize around the edge, as shown in the illustration. The creeping property of certain salts is a very interesting—and sometimes a very annoying—one to the chemist. Ammoniac chloride, or sal ammoniac, possesses it in a high degree, and it may often be observed incrusting the edges of electric batteries, in which its solution is used as an exciting agent. It may be prevented by covering the edges of the vessel containing it with grease, wax or paraffin.

The residue left in the tumbler consists of sulphur and charcoal, but there is no simple method of separating them. The sulphur will dissolve in bisulphide of carbon, but we cannot recommend the use of this inflammable and offensive liquid to the amateur in chemistry.

In-Breeding.

Experiments made demonstrate that in-breeding of swine has done more to their share to spread the hog cholera, debility rendering the animals incapable of withstanding the attacks of the disease, as well as causing them to be more susceptible to it. A breeder who used boars of different breeds every season, such as Berkshire, Poland China, and Essex, found that the disease rarely appeared and the animals more quickly recovered.