



LOVED AT LAST

BY Miss M. L. BRADDOCK.

and eyes to see, and have I not seen you and Miss Clarynde together at least three times? Why, Cypryan, the infatuation on both sides is patent to the most unbiassed observer. It's a pity you've only four hundred a year. That would be rather a tight squeeze for a Clarynde. They're a notoriously extravagant set, I know, and have been in their eyes in debt for the last forty years. Yes, I have seen the lady, Cypryan, and she is very lovely. Upon my word, I'm sorry for you.

"Thanks, old fellow. I needn't ask you not to mention my name in conjunction with Miss Clarynde's. And now I suppose we'd better go back to our friends."

"I think so. By the way, what do you think of the lady we were asked to meet?"

"Mrs. Walsingham? She is very handsome. A widow, I suppose?"

"She is rather silent on that point, and I have heard it hinted that Colonel Walsingham—he was Colonel in the Spanish Contingent, I believe, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire—still walks this earth, and that the lady owes her agreeable freedom to an American court of divorce. The antecedents are altogether doubtful, and Mrs. Walsingham's set is of the order of fast and furious. Gilbert Sinclair likes that kind of thing."

"And I suppose Mrs. Walsingham likes Gilbert Sinclair?"

"Or his money. Sinclair's about the biggest fish in the matrimonial waters, and she will be a happy angler who lands him. But I really believe Mrs. Walsingham has a weakness for the man himself, independent of his money. Strange, isn't it? Sinclair's the dearest fellow in the world, and as his friend of course I do not like him; but I confess that if I were a woman I should regard him with unmitigated loathing."

"That's rather strong."

"Of course he's a most estimable creature; but such an unappealing cad, ah, there is the widow looking for us. If I were a woman, you know, Cypryan, that man would be the object of my aversion; but I'm not, and he's my client, and it is the first duty of a solicitor to love his clients. Coming, Gilbert."

The two men crossed a little bit of lawn, and went in through the open window. The room was lighted with wax candles, and a merry party was crowded round a table, at one end of which a lady was dispensing tea in quite a homelike fashion. She was a very beautiful woman of a showy type, dressed in white, with a lace collar, and a lace dress; a little too youthfully for her five-and-thirty years. There were two other ladies present, one a fashionable actress, and the other her friend and confidante, also an actress, and a young man, the first was engaged in an agreeable flirtation with a cornet of dragons, the second was listening with delight to the lively conversation of Mr. Bellingham, manager of the Phoenix Theatre, and a couple of gentlemen belonging to the stock-brokerage, and Mr. Gilbert Sinclair, the giver of the feast, made up the party.

Mr. Sinclair was a man whom many people admired, and who was in no ordinary way distinguished. He was a certain bluntness of style, which his friends accepted as evidence of a candid and open soul and a warm heart.

The chief claim which Mr. Sinclair possessed to notoriety was comprised in the fact that his wealth was announced, and he was the owner of a great estate in the north, an estate consisting of iron-works and coal-pits, the annual income from which was something stupendous, and he had shares in more railways and mines and foreign loans than his friends could calculate.

"I wish you would give me a little assistance with the tapestry, Gilbert," Mrs. Walsingham said, rather impatiently. "It is all very well to talk of the pleasantness of having the tea made in the room, but this, you one requires some help. Take that to Sir Cypryan Davenant, if you please, and bring me Sophy Morton's cup."

Mr. Sinclair obeyed, and when he came back with the empty cup Mrs. Walsingham motioned him to a vacant chair by her side and detained him there until she had finished her tea. She called him by his Christian name in the face of society, and this party of to-night was only one of many entertainments that had been given at different times for her gratification. It was a very strange, therefore, if rumor, especially among the party, the lady's friends, declared that Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Walsingham were engaged to be married. But the acquaintance between them had continued for a long time, and those who knew most of Gilbert Sinclair shook their heads significantly when the matrimonial question was mooted.

Mrs. Walsingham detained Mr. Sinclair in conversation some time after the carriages had been announced. She was very friendly and kind, and looked her best as she talked to him. It was nearly eleven o'clock when she was reminded of the lateness of the hour and the length of the drive before them by Miss Sophy Morton, who was the last to transfer her attention from the calico-covered sofa to Mr. Wyatt, much to the disgust of the youthful dragon.

"Yes, Sophy, I am going to put on my shawl. Will you fetch our wraps from the next room, please, Mr. Wyatt? Will you take the back seat in the brougham, Gilbert, and wind up with a lobster salad in Half-Moon street? It is really early, you know."

"Thanks, no. I could scarcely trust my man to drive those chestnuts; so I think I'll go back in the phaeton; and I'm due at a hop in Faxon square."

"Indeed?" asked the lady curiously, and with a rather anxious look. "You used not to care for dancing parties."

"I don't care for them now, but one has to sacrifice inclination now and then, you know."

"Do you know the people?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

Mr. Sinclair smiled as he replied: "I think not."

"Come, come over the lady's face, and when her shawl had been adjusted, she took Gilbert Sinclair's hand in silence. Nor did she speak to him on the way to the porch of the hotel, where a mail phaeton and a couple of broughams were waiting. Her adieu to the rest of the party were brief and cold, and Gilbert himself she only honored by a stately inclination of her beautiful head, with its coronal of bright chestnut hair, and coquettish little curls dotted about a broad white forehead.

Mr. Sinclair stood bareheaded under the porch as the Walsingham brougham drove away, and then turned with a frown to perform his duties in other directions. Here, however, he found there was nothing left for him to do. Miss Morton and her companion had been escorted to their carriage by Sir Cypryan Davenant and Mr. Wyatt.

"I think I know the lady," said James Wyatt, slowly. "Lord Clarynde's youngest daughter; the new one, eh, Cypryan? The Claryndes are neighbors of ours in Kent, I know."

"Of course I trust you, Jim. Yes, you've hit it. But what made you fix upon Constance Clarynde?"

"Have I not senses to understand, and were waiting to bid their host good-by."

"And a thousand thanks for our delightful day, Mr. Sinclair, which we are not likely to forget for a long time, are we, Imogen?"

Miss Imogen Harlow, who had been born Watson, a chaste and demure young woman, shook her empty little head coquettishly, and declared that the memory of that Richmond dinner would remain with her to her dying day. And on the way home the two ladies discussed Mr. Sinclair and his income, and speculated as to the chances of his ultimately marrying Mrs. Walsingham.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Convenient Combination Building for Poultry and Pigs—How Milk is Analyzed—Diversified Farming is Needed—How to Ship Poultry Long Distances.

For Eggs and Poultry.

Where one desires to make a single building serve for the accommodation of both swine and poultry, he may find some suggestions in the accompanying illustrations. This house has two pens for fowls and two for pigs, and ample hall between the

two, a set boiler for cooking food, and a grain room. If the nature of the location permits it, a cellar beneath the building could be utilized for the storing of roots, which might be made to serve as a large factor in the food of both fowls and pigs. The loft above provides room for setting hens, while one end may be used as a pigeon house, if these most interesting pets are kept for the delight of

Scientific Feeding.

One of the greatest benefits of chemical science to the farmer is in controlling the experience of practical men with various kinds of food, and explaining why each produces the results which the farmer has learned from his own experience to expect. When we know the reason of something that we have tried, we are able to experiment intelligently instead of haphazard. The truly scientific man rarely differs from the best practical feeder. The latter has learned by many and costly experiments what the scientist shows should be probable from chemical analysis. It is in the trial of new experiments in feeding that the opinion of scientists becomes most important. In such cases the scientist takes the lead, and he will then prove by experiment whether the theory can or cannot be successfully put in practice.

Half-Bred Gains Not Monogrel.

Many people fear to begin the improvement of their poultry flock, because, as they say, "those who have tried it find that the crosses, though excellent at first, soon 'run out,' and are no better, if as good, as the native stock which they first had. We do not doubt this at all. It shows what we have always maintained, that the first cross of pure-bred fowls slightly refined and improved, but if the fowls thus bred are allowed to interbreed they become mongrels, losing often the valuable characteristics of both sides. Always keep pure-bred roosters. If you do not breed the pure stock this will necessitate buying some roosters each year to cross with the half-breeds. Kill all the young roosters of the cross-bred stock, and the flock will not become mongrels.—American Cultivator.

Farm Labor.

Steady employment throughout the year is what is needed to procure and keep a trustworthy class of men to work on the farm. It is the fact that the farm only offers work for a few months, and those when it is least required for subsistence, and this drives the energetic and good hand to seek employment in the cities, where work will be continuous the year around. In the old days there was more winter manufacturing on the farm than is now possible. There are no more farmers who can hide and make the leather into boots and shoes, and harness. All these are put on the market so much cheaper and with so much better polish by the wholesale manufacturers that it is quite impossible for the home manufacturer, working on a small scale, to compete. There are still shoe-repairers who are able to earn a living in cities, but they are often not so well paid as workers in large shops, and their number tends to decrease rather than increase. We have known some farmers to grow broom corn exclusively and manufacture at least a portion of their brooms. This labor is difficult to learn, and in this way, in certain neighborhoods, employment is given to large numbers of men, but the wages are not and cannot be very high. There is too much competition to allow the manufacture of brooms to be carried on during the winter, even on the farm, if high wages are paid, but if one or two farmers in a neighborhood should grow broom corn and manufacture and sell the products during the winter near home they might be able to get something better than wholesale prices, and keep their men at work the whole year. This is a suggestion worth considering, difficult as it is becoming to procure and keep good farm help.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How Milk is Analyzed.

The chemical analysis of milk is not complicated or difficult, says a writer in the Dairy. A small dish is accurately weighed, the weight noted. Into it is now introduced a small portion of milk, and both are again weighed. By subtracting the weight of the dish from the weight of the dish with the milk is found and carefully recorded. The dish is placed over a steam jet, and the water of the milk evaporates, leaving a residue. It is this residue which passes under the name of "solids." A last weighing of the dish with the milk residue, less the weight of the dish, gives the solids, and by a single calculation the percentage is found.

The solids of milk have been found by innumerable analyses to average about 13 per cent., and while the fat varies in the milk from different cows the solids left after extracting the fat is a very constant quantity, hardly ever falling below 9 per cent. This gives the chemist a positive basis for his calculations, and enables him to state with great certainty whether or not the milk has been watered. The fat or oil in milk is determined by dissolving it, by means of ether, out of the total solids, the residue remaining after the operation being termed "solids, not fat."

The average fat or oil found in cow's milk is 3 per cent., and any amount less than this is commonly taken as showing that the milk has been skimmed. If analysis shows a decrease of fat, and solids not fat, it is said to be watered. If the fat only is low, it shows that the milk has been skimmed.

Wheat Growing in California.

The yield of California wheat last year was 31,191,400 bushels, which is the smallest for years, owing to unusual wet weather early, which prevented seeding. The State report of the State Board of Agriculture claims that wheat growing at present prices is still profitable. Land is cultivated with gang plows worked by six horses, with which one man will plow six acres per day. Eighty pounds of seed,

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

What Our Neighbors are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indians.

Minor State Items.

JOHN W. LEITZMAN, while blasting stumps with dynamite near Danyille, was blown to pieces.

JOHN GIVENS, former resident of Wabash, who mysteriously disappeared ten years ago, has returned.

SEVERAL farmers in the neighborhood of Redkey have been swindled lately by lightning rod sharpeners.

ALFRED BAKER, aged 10, while playing in the street in Towson, Md., was struck by an electric car and killed.

The planing and saw-mill belonging to Hamilton Smith of Brownstown, was burned. Loss, \$5,000; no insurance.

The Standard Oil Company has leased considerable land in Wabash County. A number of wells will be sunk in hope of striking oil.

EZRA MARKER, 14 years old, while pumping at one of the oil wells east of Montpelier, was caught by a belt on the ankle and drawn up by it, until his flesh and bones were crushed. Doctors amputated the legs, but he died immediately after the operation.

FIRE originating from the smoke stack of a neighboring sawmill destroyed the barn of John Oswalt, four miles north of Wabash, together with three horses, a quantity of grain, hay, agricultural implements, and three horses will have to be shot. Loss, \$2,000; no insurance.

A FEW days ago a man representing himself to be one of the Hirschman Bros., Birmingham, N. Y., dropped into Goshen, looking for a location. He drew a sight draft for \$5,000 on a New York bank, and the local double room for a term of years for a department store. He was liberal with printer's ink, and after raising several hundred dollars on checks, he disappeared.

SEVERAL weeks ago Charles Hazelman of Tippecanoe County, was locked up for attempting to have his parents, he being subject to spells of insanity. He was placed at the County Poor Farm, admittance to the State Asylum being refused. He died the other morning in horrible agony, having thrust an iron spoon down his throat in an effort to take his own life. All efforts to dislodge the spoon were unsuccessful. Hazelman was an only son, about twenty-two.

PROOF positive was had the other evening of the existence of a bold incendiary in Peru. An endeavor to twice fire an old machine shop was made in an hour. Sixlings saturated with oil were found in different parts of the building. All efforts to capture this "Jack the fire bug" have thus far failed, notwithstanding rewards offered and patrolling of the district. It is believed to be the work of a monomaniac. This makes the tenth incendiary fire within the past month.

SAM ROACH, assistant engineer of the Anderson Paper Company, crawled into one of the big boilers to do some repairing and the steam was accidentally turned on him. The imprisoned man was powerless to shut it off, and had to back out while the scalding steam enveloped him. His back, shoulders, arms, and legs were fearfully scalded before the mill men rescued him from the manhole. The steam was instantly rendered the man almost insensible. Dr. B. F. Fetting regards his case as practically hopeless.

THE second annual reunion of the One-hundred-and-fifty-second Volunteer Infantry, held at Fort Wayne, was one of the largest gatherings of the kind in that city. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Marshall Makemson of Warsaw; Vice President, Lieut. Austin Funk of Warsaw; Treasurer, J. W. Brouse of Kendallville; Secretary, Alvin Robinson of Warsaw. The next meeting will be at Warsaw next March. After the election Maj. H. T. McConomy, who was a member of the regiment, invited the entire regiment to a banquet at the New Avenue, where a dinner was served to ninety-five comrades. In the evening a campfire was held, at which Harry C. Hanna presided.

ABOUT a month ago the large barn of George Hupp and Lewis Huffner, near Elwood, was destroyed by fire, and a valuable stallion belonging to John Stover was supposed to have perished. A skeleton was found in the ashes after the fire. The stallion was worth about \$1,000, and owing to certain circumstances, Stover was loth to believe the horse had burned up. He began an investigation, and soon ascertained enough to warrant him in believing that another horse was substituted for the stallion, and the barn fired to cover the theft. It was stated that the horse is known to have been taken to Bartholomew County, and that it is there to-day. Mr. Stover hopes to soon have the thieves in a net.

A FEW days ago a mound was discovered on the Kentucky River into Carrollton. A party of men excavated it, and on digging down for ten feet were surprised to find three human skeletons of gigantic size. They were between two layers of ashes, with their heads exactly facing the setting sun. The bones were of monstrous size and from the manner of burial they were beyond doubt a relic of the mound builders, that ancient race who occupied this continent thousands of years ago. The arms and legs were literally covered with curious shapes and beads, several of which were exhibited by one of the party who discovered the cave. The beads seem to be constructed from the teeth of some animal, and are in perfect condition.

THE Peru City Council are making a big kick against the straw-board works at Wabash emptying the refuse into the Wabash River, from which stream the water works at Peru get its supply. An analysis of the water shows that it is poisoned by the refuse.

WILLIAM DITTRIDGE, a prominent glass blower of Alexandria, died suddenly from the effects of a morbid growth involving the duodenum. He began his day's work as usual, when, without warning, he became faint, and soon afterwards expired. The deceased was a prominent member of the K. of P. and local labor organizations.

REV. C. A. MANLY, ex-Chaplain of the State Prison, has been elected Chaplain of that institution. Rev. Manly succeeds the Rev. W. H. Shouse, who dropped dead while sitting in the office at the Prison South a few weeks ago.

JOSEPH H. BROWN, an employee of the Panhandle road, while standing on the rear end of a train and leaning out, was struck by a box car standing on the sidetrack at Elwood. He was knocked senseless, and, aside from his wrist being injured, he is believed to be internally injured and will, perhaps die. His home is at Centerville, near Richmond.

A LIVE SNAKE IN IT.

Contents of a Queen Parcel Left in an "L" Car in New York.

A train on the city hall branch of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad had just drawn out of the Chatham square station when the guard of the second car from the end rushed back to the rear car and shouted to his confere, who was juggling with the red lamp on the rear of the train, says the New York Sun.

"Seen a parcel?" was what he said as he waved a telegram which had been handed to him at Chatham square. There were only half a dozen passengers in the rear car, and a hasty look over the seats brought to light a parcel done up in a newspaper and tied up with twine.

"This must be it," said guard number two, as he held it up. What he said an instant later wouldn't look well in print, and the parcel fell to the floor and seemed very much alive. The shock tore the paper, and after a vigorous rustling the ugly head of a snake was thrust through the aperture. His snakeship wriggled into full view as the engine pulled up at the city hall. It took half a dozen trainmen several minutes to induce the reptile to enter an iron bucket, in which he was finally secured by tying a piece of gunnysack over the top.

He Fell Among Borrowers.

According to the Sheridan (Oregon) Sun there is a schoolmaster in that State who has had enough of boarding with people who treat him as "one of the family." He wishes to maintain a brotherly spirit, but says that there are certain personal effects, properly so called, which he prefers neither to borrow nor lend. Let us hope that the Sun exaggerates the story.

He was boarding around, and in the green of his peregrinations arrived at a house where there were several grown up sons and daughters. He was taken at once into intimate fellowship.

On the second morning William, one of the boys, came into the new boarder's room and borrowed his toothbrush. The schoolmaster doctored, and went so far as to enter into particulars about microbes and microbic infection; but William took the brush.

"I ain't afraid to use it after you if you ain't after me," he said.

The next evening Samuel, another son, borrowed the master's best white shirt to wear to a dance; and Maria, one of the daughters, while trying to extract some of his perfume, spilled the water part of it upon her clothes.

So matters went on, with increasing friendliness, and when the teacher took his leave, the mother was wearing a pair of his socks, the girls had begged his tooth-powder and the remainder of his perfume, the old man had worn out his ulster hunting deer, and the boys had on two of his white shirts, two pair of his socks, a vest and a hat.

One of the girls had made love to the boarder's four-dollar silk umbrella, but though the fact is not stated, we are given to understand that her suit was unsuccessful.

Hopelessly Embarrassed.

From time to time one reads of strange coincidental happenings. In an Episcopal boarding-school the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The prayers and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was worse than what had gone before; it was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance when the rector arose and began reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen. She shall no more rise. She is forsaken upon her land. There is none to raise her up." This was too much. The voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin. The scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

Do Birds Talk?

One day recently an elderly lady of charitable disposition observed a blue jay sitting in the snow near her door. Being a lover of the feathered tribe, the kind-hearted lady proceeded to furnish some food for her new-found friend. Fastening an ear of corn to a stick, she went out quietly and placed the stick in the snow where the jay could easily see it. Very soon after her return to the house the bird flew to the stick and began eating the corn. Presently another bird of the same kind flew to the stick, and was repeatedly driven away by bird No. 1, who seemed to claim possession by right of priority. After eating his fill he flew to a small cedar swamp about forty rods distance, and in less than five minutes returned, followed by seven others. Upon arriving at the corn bird No. 2 was rudely driven away, when the family of eight eagerly devoured the corn, though not without something of contention. The birds were evidently very hungry, and have frequently been fed by the friendly hand, but how did the seven that followed bird No. 1 from the swamp know there was food awaiting them?—Belfast (Me.) Republican Journal.

QUAINT old customs still survive in many parts of England. In Ely place, Holborn, a wachman cries the hours nightly with the same formula in use for centuries past: "Past one o'clock, and a cold, wet morning."

In Dutch Guiana the women carry upon their persons all the family savings in the shape of heavy bracelets, anklets, necklaces and even crowns of heavy gold and silver.

A CHRISTNUT tree said to be 2,000 years old still flourishes at the foot of Mount Etna. It is 213 feet in circumference.

GAS-PIPES of manilla paper coated with asphalt have been used successfully.