



MISS M. E. BRADDON

UNITED AT LAST

CHAPTER XXV.
READY FOR THE WORST.

June roses were opening in the flower garden at Davenant, and Gilbert Sinclair had been leaning for the last three weeks. It hung rather heavily upon him, that domestic life, for though he loved his wife after his own fashion, he was not of home joys or exclusively feminine society. But what will not a jealous man endure when once his suspicions are aroused? Patient as the spider watching his prey, he waits for the unguarded moment which shall betray the horrid secret he fears yet longs to discover.

Except to see Goblin win the Derby—a feat which that estimable animal performed with honor to himself and satisfaction to every one save the bookmen—Gilbert had not been away from Davenant since the Two Thousand. He had been told to look for treachery at home, and he was there ready to seize the traitor. No mouchard in the secret service of the Parisian police was ever a closer spy than the husband who monitors yet detects, suspects yet fondly loves.

That he had seen nothing in all this time to confirm his doubts was not enough to convince Mr. Sinclair that those doubts were baseless. He was willing to imagine profoundest hypocrisy in the wife of his bosom, a brazen front under the semblance of a pure and innocent brow. Even the devotion to her child might be a cover for a guiltier love. Her happiness, her tranquility, gave him new ground for suspicion. Was there some secret well-spring of contentment, some hidden source of delight, masked behind this fair show of maternal affection?

The e were the doubts which Gilbert Sinclair was perpetually revolving in his mind during this period of domestic bliss, and this was the aspect of affairs up to June 15. Ascot races were to begin on the 16th, and Goblin was to fulfill his third great engagement. This was an occasion before which even a husband's jealousy must give way, and Gilbert had made up his mind to carry out his idea of selling Goblin after the Derby. Jackson, the trainer, had protested vehemently against such a breach of faith with him, who had made the horse.

"That there 'is to win the Leger," said the indignant Jackson. "If he don't I'll eat him, pig-skin and all." Gilbert felt that to part with such a horse for ever, and at a price which would be to cut up the goose that laid the golden eggs.

"A horse can't go on winning great races forever, though. There must come a turn in the tide," suggested Gilbert, sagely. "He should get a pot of money for him now."

"A gentleman couldn't sell a 'oss that had just won him the blue ribbon of the turf," replied Jackson, with a burst of chivalrous feeling. "It would be to mean."

Gilbert gave way to the finer feelings of his trainer, and took no step toward cutting short his career on the turf. Things were looking livelier in the coal-pit district, he told himself, and a few thousand a year, more or less, could not hurt him. He would carry out his original idea, take a place somewhere near Newmarket, and establish his wife and—the child there.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken a house at Ascot during the race week for the accommodation of himself and a selection of choice spirits with sporting tastes, where the nights might have been enlivened by blind hooky, or poker, or some equally enlightened recreation. But on this occasion Mr. Sinclair made no such comfortable arrangement, and determined to sleep at his hotel in town on the night after the race.

He was smoking his after-dinner cigar on the evening of the 15th, and was slowly slipping down the stairs in front of the open drawing-room windows, when a servant brought him his letters.

The first opened was from his trainer, who was in high spirits about Goblin. The next two or three were business letters of no importance. The last was in a strange hand, a nigling, scrawly little hand, which, if there be any expression in penmanship, was suggestive of a mean and crafty nature in the writer.

Gilbert tore open the envelope, expecting to find some insinuating "tip" from a gentleman of the genus "tout," but the letter was not even so honest as a tip; it was that snake in the grass, an anonymous warning.

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Convenient Contrivance for Topping Haystacks—A New Fodder Plant—Slovenly Farming Is Disgusting—To Cure a Horse of Balking—Farm Notes.

Topping Haystacks

Those who are obliged to store a portion of their hay in stacks, from lack of storage room in the barns, know how difficult it is to build a stack that will remain good until it is drawn to the barn in the winter. Writes C. E. Benton in the American Agriculturist. This is because it continues to settle while the hay is going through the process of fermentation, known as "sweating."

Hence it is better to top the stacks after haying, using for the purpose swale grass when that can be obtained, not only because it is of small value for fodder, but also because the broad, tough leaves mat together and shed the rain better than upland grass.

When the stacks are of considerable size, I have found great convenience in using what is called a "ladder bracket." In the illustration, Fig. 1 shows the manner in which it is constructed. The upper pieces are of spruce or other strong wood, two inches square. Across their top is bolted a light plank six feet long, which makes a convenient platform. At A are iron pins put through each piece, which serve for hooks. By this means the bracket is

hooked on the ladder round at any height desired, making an adjustable platform on which an assistant can stand to receive the hay from the man on the load, and place it up to the man on the stack. Fig. 2 shows it placed on the ladder ready for use. By using this simple contrivance, which a farmer can make in an hour or two, it is easy to top a large stack, building it up to a good form. In order that it may be perfectly strong and secure, it is best not to use nails in its construction, but fasten it entirely with small carriage bolts.

Slovenly Farming

If there is any one thing more disgusting than another in agriculture it is slovenliness—go-as-you-please farming. And it does more to degrade the occupation in the minds of on-lookers than all the distasteful duties together, prominent among which are the cleaning and purifying of the cow stables and hog pens and the carting and distributing of the filth about the farm. It costs no more to do a piece of work neatly than it does to do it in a slopshod fashion. The thoughtful farmer, the Gleaner's mind by noting the work of gathering a field of hay which he passed in going to and from his place of labor. The men employed seemed to have had experience, but the work was wretchedly done, and more than half the value of what was in the beginning a fine five-acre mowing lot must have been lost by the slopshod manner of handling the grass. In the first place, it was left standing till well past the fully ripe stage. The preparatory clipping with the scythe had begun on the Fourth of July, the man working being started until ten days later, the few hundred pounds of clippings lying by the roadside in the meantime, getting pretty thoroughly "seasoned." One bright morning the machine was set a-going, and it laid down about one quarter of the field of handsome grass. This was not even shaken up, but just at nightfall was raked, thrown upon the wagon and taken to the barns, the machine then moving at another quarter. This on Saturday. A brisk shower found the grass where it was bleaching sun-dried being started by being touched till Monday afternoon, when it was raked and taken to the barn—a black, unpalatable mass, mixed with it was another quarter of the field, cut on Monday and loaded without other handling than that afforded by the rake. The product of the first quarter of the lot was added to the other after the same heedless treatment, and it is safe to say that the last end of that hay mow will be worse than the first—and goodness knows that the first is bad enough. Where, but for the heedless, slopshod way of doing the work, the result would have been a mow of upwards of fifteen tons of the choicest hay—a credit to the maker and a continual feast to the horses to which it was to be served.—Hartford Courant.

To Cure a Horse of Balking.

An officer of the police department said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go take the front foot by the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes and let it down and the horse will go promptly. The only way in which I can account for this effective mastery of the horse is that he can't have made up his mind to go, the theory is that the bending of the leg takes his mind from the original thought. There have been some barbarously cruel methods resorted to in making a balky horse go its way, such as filling its mouth with sand, severely beating the horse, or, as in one recent case, cutting out his tongue. The humane societies would have their hands full to care for all these cruelties to animals. If they only knew, the owners of horses

Stamps for an African Chief.

Philatelists should note that a new postage stamp that is likely to become rare is being printed at the French Government stamp-printing establishment in the Rue d'Hauteville, in Paris. The department has been commissioned to produce them for an African chief, Menelik. The stamps are of the nominal value of 5, 10, 25 and 50 centimes, and 1, 2 and 3 francs. The first category (the cheaper sorts) represent a lion surmounted by a crown, holding a banner and the others bear Menelik's effigy.—London News.

The government experimental station in Iowa has lately proven that ground grain, when fed to colts, makes them grow much more rapidly than unground, and the same amount fed them during April gave better results than in February.

The black-majors pose as drum-major in virtue's parade.

IS A MIGHTY POWER.

GROWTH OF THE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Born in Ohio Twenty-one Years Ago, the Woman's Temperance Crusade Is Now a Great Organization, Exerting an Influence in Every Civilized Land.

In a Noble Cause.

A potent force in the elevation, emancipation and education of the mothers of the race that is yet to be born is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It is a link in the chain along which humanity is feeling its way to a nobler and better life, and of the few organizations which work throughout the English-speaking world it is, perhaps, the strongest. But its influence is not confined to the world that speaks the English tongue; there are branch organizations in the Sandwich Islands, in China, India and Japan. It is almost universal in scope, recognizing no sectarianism in religion, no sectionalism in politics, and no sex in citizenship. Of an organization so powerful and so widely extended it is interesting to glance at the history.

Back in 1873 a singular crusade swept over a large section of the West. It was a crusade of prayer, women relying on that spiritual weapon to bring the saloon down. Starting in Hillsboro, Ohio, the crusade swept in the shape of seven weeks over many thousands of bar-rooms and saloons.

Such a W. C. T. U. men besieged psalms; religious enthusiasm was kindled, and thousands signed the pledge and professed conversion. Church bells pealed in steeple and the sound of jubilant thanksgiving rose from the street as the crusading ladies were asked by reformed publishers to stave in casks of liquors and empty the contents into the gutters.

But the pace was too fast and the inevitable reaction came. Other saloons sprang into existence and the traffic flourished as before. The principle of the crusade, however, lived, and in 1874 a number of ladies met in conference in Cleveland and adopted the name of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A plan of organization was adopted, an appeal made to the women of the globe and a publishing house established in Chicago.

That house now issues no fewer than 130,000,000 pages of printed matter yearly, all directed to the objects of the union. Out of the appeal made to womankind has grown the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a society which comprises, besides our own order, the British Temperance Association, the Canadian Woman's Christian Temperance Union and organizations in the Sandwich Islands, Japan, India and China. Its first president was Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, a sister of John Bright, one of England's great statesmen.

A Wonderful Growth.

In 1875 at a convention of the W. C. T. U. in New York, the question of woman suffrage was first broached and was advocated by the "Uncrowned Queen of American Democracy," Miss Frances E. Willard.

Secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union and president of the local union in Chicago. Upon the platform of equal woman's rights Miss Willard was elected president of the Woman's National W. C. T. U. in 1879—a post she has since filled with credit to herself and profit to the society.

Under her direction the work of the society was divided into preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, legal and organizing departments and thereafter the society wielded an immense power in the nation. In the reformatories and in the halls of Congress and in the dives of great cities the influence of these indefatigable workers for humanity's sake is constantly felt. All over the globe they have dispatched missionaries to educate, to preach, to purify. Now the membership is nearly half a million and is ever growing. In Chicago the national headquarters are in a building which was erected by the society at a cost of \$1,100,000.

RAILWAY BUILDING FALLING OFF

The Boom Days of Railroad Construction and Extension Seem to Be Over.

In a general way the facts pertaining to the financial standing of railways are known. Accepting railway construction as an indication of the condition of the railway industry, the period through which we are now passing shows greater depression than

STABLE AND CARRIAGE HOUSE.

Elegant Design of a House Suitable for a Rich Man's Horse.

This design was prepared by Palliser, Fallisier & Co. for erection in connection with a proposed residence at Seaside Park, Bridgeport, Conn., and is arranged to suit the requirements of individual wants as well as the peculiarities of the site. There is a cellar built under carriage house, which will be found useful for the storage of vegetables, roots, etc., and the carriage house being arranged to drive through, makes it very convenient for every-day use, as well as utilizing the room. The shed is de-

signed as a shelter for horse and carriage, so that the horse can be fed noon times without unitching. The two stalls and box stall give ample room for two or three horses, while there is room enough for three carriages. On second story is provided a man's chamber, hay-loft and feed-room—the feed bins being built into position and having chutes down to stable below.

The building is of wood, frame sheathed, and lower or first story clapboarded and shingled above, roof slated. The ventilator is connected with stable below by means of wooden vent pipes, and thoroughly ventilates the whole building. Harness-room has an open fire-place, the chimney running up through man's room on second floor. The hay-racks, mangers and stable fixtures are of iron. Water is supplied on first floor. The har-

ness-room is fitted up with the necessary hooks, pins, etc., for hanging and storing harness. The whole built in a first-class manner at a cost of \$850, and makes a neat building for the purpose.

Irrigation in "Drouthy" Kansas.

A large individual irrigation plant in Kansas is described as follows by a paper in that State:

"Among the irrigation plants in Kansas probably the most extensive is that of Mr. G. M. Munger, of Burdick, Greenwood county. He is constructing a reservoir which will cover about 160 acres with water. This is done by building a dam 2,800 feet long and 38 feet high at its greatest height. This, as described by the Irrigation Farmer, will catch the storm waters from a large area and will be used primarily for the irrigation of a 500-acre orchard now just beginning to bear. The water will be raised by two compound duplex steam pumps, the water cylinders of which are twelve by fifteen inches. Each pump has ten inch suction and eight inch discharge. These pumps will elevate the water to a height of sixty-five feet, delivering it on the highest part of Mr. Munger's farm. The estimated cost of the plant complete, including ditches for distribution of the water is \$15,000.

When to Stop.

The following answers were received by an English paper in response to a request for opinions as to when to stop advertising:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that now come to you and never heard of you stop coming to you.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the direct use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

Too much turkey to-day may result in a dinner of feathers to-morrow.

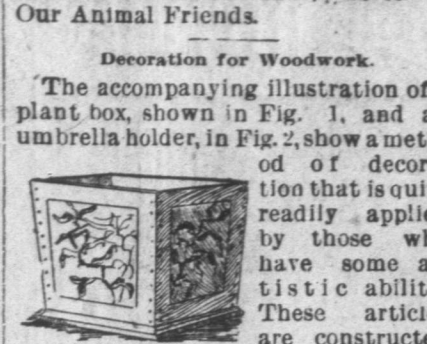


FIG. 1. LADDER BRACKET, IN POSITION.

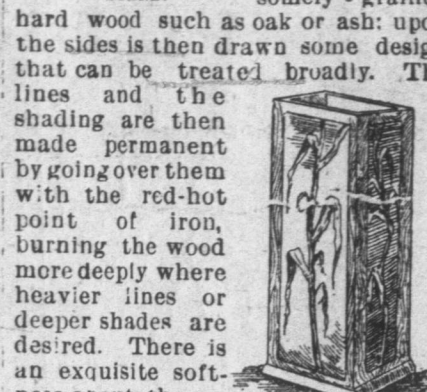
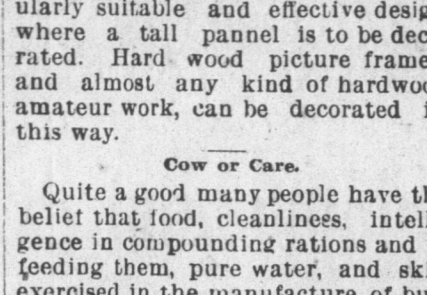


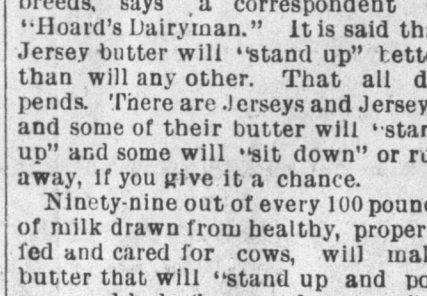
FIG. 2. LADDER BRACKET IN POSITION.

LATHYRUS SILVESTRI.

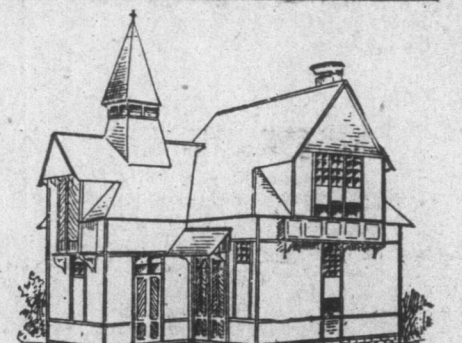


LATHYRUS SILVESTRI.

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE TEMPLE CHICAGO

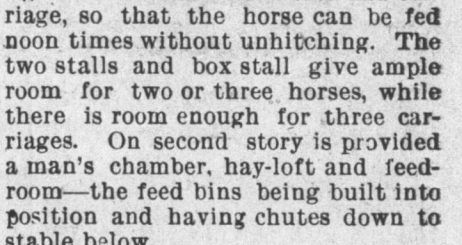


WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE TEMPLE CHICAGO

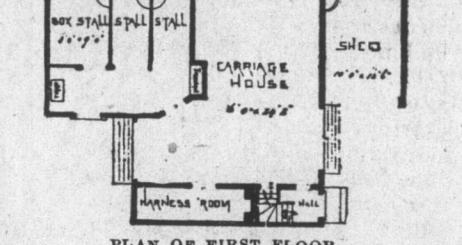


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.