

The Unknown Bridegroom.

CHAPTER I.

"Floy, say that you will—promise me!"

"Walter, you frighten me—I dare not!"

"You must, dearest. There is nothing else for me to do. Your guardian will take you abroad to-morrow; it will be a long time before we meet again, and I cannot bear that you should be without making known to me before you are separated. Tell me, darling, that you will be my wife, and then I can hope, and wait, and work for you while you are gone."

"But, Walter, why not hope and wait, believing and trusting me to be true, without taking such an unbecoming step?"

"Because, Floy, you know that your guardian does not like me—he has done, and will do, everything possible to prevent our union."

"And my father, who has planned, years ago, that we should marry?"

"I shall be of age in a little more than a year, Walter, when I can act my own part, and when I can marry whom I choose."

"I cannot wait a year in an age, Floy. I cannot run the risk of losing you. Surely, you love me, do you not, Walter?"

"Yes, you know that I do, Walter."

"You have expected to marry me, ever since you were a child?"

"Yes—I know."

"And you know that, if your father had not died, leaving you to the care of Robert Seaver, he would have redeemed his pledge to my father, and given you to me when we are arrived at years of discretion and become fond of each other. So, really, Floy, in spite of your guardian's grudge against me, and his evident determination to keep us apart, you really belong to me, and I am only carrying out my parents' wishes in urging you to settle the matter for all time, before you go away."

"The young girl did not immediately respond to the earnest entreaties and flushed cheeks, but with an anxious expression on her fair face, which betrayed that her heart was in a flutter, she said, in a pretty rustic arabic that had been erected in a cosy nook of some spacious grounds that surrounded a handsome mansion, whose towers and minarets could be discerned rising above the fine old trees—maple, elm and oak—which had been planted more than a century ago by a wealthy Englishman, Robert Seaver, the great-grandfather of Robert Seaver, the present owner of the valuable estate."

"The arbor was covered with climbing vines—roses, honeysuckle and morning-glories, and a mantle of bright—almost idealizing—pace for the clandestine meeting of a pair of lovers, on the bright summer morning on which our story opens."

"The eager wooer is a handsome fellow, of medium height, well formed, with a father massive head crowned with close-curled, dark-brown hair. His forehead is broad and full; his eyes are dark, and a trifling heavy-lidded; his nose is straight and perfectly formed, his mouth delicately curved, the upper lip wearing a beautifully-trimmed mustache that exactly matches the dark hue of his glossy hair."

"At the first glance, one would call him a handsome fellow—peculiarly attractive, indeed, in every way."

"His attitude is very graceful, his manner earnest, full of magnetism, and his eyes are bright upon his beautiful companion with a wonderful yearning which betrays his fondness for her; they have, in the same degree, a certain animation in their depths which shows that he is bound to win his way, if possible."

"And yet, as you study it, there is a suggestive pallor in the clear-cut face, which masks one suspicious of a certain nervousness, a certain tremulousness of the hands, which are toying nervously with a spray of honeysuckle, broken from the lattice near by, confirms this suspicion."

"There is also an ugly line between the sharply brows, and a sullen compression of the mobile mouth, which betrays a feeling of impatience, and indecision of the girl beside him, and a spirit of intolerance of any opposition to his wishes."

"His companion is very young—a slight, graceful creature, with an enquiring fair complexion, a lovely face, upon which innocence and purity are written, and verified in every varying expression. Her hair, of purest gold, is coiled in a massive knot at the top of her small head, and fastened with a curious pin of amber and silver, while a few faint locks curl lovingly about the milk-white forehead and neck. Her eyes are blue, but, as she lifts them to her lover, after the long pause following his last arguments, there is an expression of trouble in them that makes them seem, for the moment, almost black."

"Well," said the young man, questioningly, as he met her glance, while his upper lip curled slightly, revealing the strong, white, perfect teeth beneath, the expression being singularly suggestive of an element of cruelty and selfishness in his nature."

"Yes, Walter, I know that Mr. Seaver does not approve of you," the maiden gravely remarked, "but I know, too, that he is honest in his objections to your attentions to me—he has always been kindness itself to me, and would not willingly pain me."

"Yes, of course, he has been kind to you, was the irritable response. "But cannot you see through that? His ward, Miss Florence Richardson, is a person of great importance, since she is heiress to a round half million, which he hopes, one of these days to sweep into his own family coffers by wheeling you into a marriage with that tan-skinned hopeful of his, whom he is planning to have you meet in Germany a few months hence."

oral days," Florence exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, I grew desperate—I have been almost wild ever since, since my first trip began to be talked of. I could not rest until I had planned our marriage, even though you have put me off every time I have suggested it. All is arranged, and I am ready to go. You, with your maid—Anna, who will do anything for you—can slip out of the house about midnight; a carriage will be waiting by the gate which leads out upon the back road; we will go to Rosedale chapel, where we will be quietly married; then you can come directly home, let yourselves in with your latch-key, and no one, save ourselves and our witnesses, need ever learn our secret until we see fit to divulge it."

"Walter, I tell you I dare not do it. Oh, why will you urge me to it?" Florence moaned, as she suddenly released herself from her lover's embrace, and, springing with repulsive view of his proposals.

He regarded her a moment in silence, his face deathly white and rigid as marble.

"Then, leaning forward, he again laid his hand upon her forehead, and, holding her head back, looked sternly into her eyes, while he whispered something almost fiercely in her ear."

"She started back, and sprang to her feet, with a low cry of horror. "Oh, Walter, you will not!" she gasped, her own face blanching suddenly."

"I will! I have said it, and you will be my wife!"

"Mercy, Walter! No—not that!" cried the girl, in a piteous voice. "Then the man said wildly, 'Yes—I will go—I will be ready at nine; it cannot matter a year earlier cannot make much difference, only it will be such a dreadful burden to have to carry all that time; still, I will bear that better than the other!'"

"The man's face lighted with selfish joy. He did not give a thought to the pain and repugnance which she had expressed in view of this clandestine union."

He had gained his point—he had won his bride—and her "round half million."

He laughed aloud, a low, glad laugh of triumph; then snatched her to his breast again, and kissed her passionately, upon cheek and brow, and cried, "My own darling!" he joyously cried. "I know you would not break my heart; and, once my wife, you shall have your own way in everything. Now, just rest until evening, and I will arrange for your fitting carriage will be at the back gate at nine o'clock, and I will join you at the chapel."

"Oh, Walter, surely you will come with me yourself! I could not think of going alone to Rosedale!" Florence exclaimed, in an affrighted tone.

"I cannot come for my own sweet heart, much as I may wish, for I have an important engagement which will prevent, but I will meet you at the church at nine o'clock, and I will come with you, and you may feel perfectly confident in him," the young man explained, and so absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not observe how sensitively his betrothed shrank from the arrangement he proposed.

"Who is this friend, Walter?" she gravely questioned.

"Never mind, dearie, who he is, my lover responded, smiling at her serious, upturned eyes; "he is no one whom you have ever met, and it is better you should not know him, for, if you should ever chance to meet him hereafter, you will be on your account of his knowledge of our secret. But I assure you he is perfectly trustworthy. Surely, you cannot think that I would trust my betrothed with any one who was otherwise?"

"No," she reluctantly returned, the fair girl, but still shrinking from committing herself to an entire stranger at night."

"You will not fail me darling?" said her companion, studying her troubled face attentively.

"No, I will not fail you," she responded, with trembling lips. "I have promised."

He kissed her again, rapturously, calling her all manner of tender names. Then, telling her that he would have much to occupy him during the remainder of the day, he bade her a fond farewell, and went away, hurrying by a densely-shaded path out upon the highway."

CHAPTER II.

A Secret Marriage.

Florence Richardson had been left an orphan at the age of fifteen years. Her father, Appleton Richardson, had been a prosperous wool merchant, forming during his early life a partnership with Sherwood Leighton, the two having been close friends from boyhood, and, after their marriage, the birth of the son of the one, and the daughter of the other, they had planned to perpetuate this friendship by the union of the two children provided they could rear them to look upon the arrangement with favor."

When this partnership had first been entered into, Mr. Leighton had charge of the purchasing and shipping of the wool from Australia, going back and forth twice a year for this purpose. But, as the business increased, he found it necessary to take up his residence in Sydney, to avail himself of opportunities which he could not have as a traveler, and, being unwilling to be separated from them, he removed his family thither about eight years previous to the opening of our story. Mr. Richardson remaining in New York to conduct the business on this side of the world."

Thus the lifelong friends were parted, although their affection for each other was still as strong as ever, and they looked forward to an amassing, at no late day, a large fortune, which would enable them to retire from active business, settle as neighbors to each other, and consummate their plans to marry their children. But the sudden death of Mr. Richardson, about two years previous to the opening of our story, blasted these hopes, in a measure, leaving Mr. Leighton mourning a sincere friend, and with the heavy responsibility of settling up their large business in accordance with Mr. Richardson's dying request, because he wished his daughter's fortune to be secured to her against all risks."

This Mr. Leighton did with swerving fidelity, and the youthful

maiden was found to be heiress to a good half-million.

Her mother had died about a year previous, and Mr. Richardson, when he realized he could not live, committed her and the care of her fortune, until she should become of age, to another trusted friend, who had long conducted all law business for him—Robert Seaver by name."

Mr. Leighton was obliged to come to New York to consummate this business, and he became greatly attached to Florence during his visit; and this feeling was fully reciprocated on her part. She was a charming girl, and the man found himself looking forward with fond anticipations to the time when his son would meet and win her, and he could claim her as a dear daughter."

With this end in view, he resolved that the two should meet as early as possible, and he returned to Australia with the intention of selling out his own business, as soon as he should be able to profit to himself, when he would return to New York, and once more take up his residence in the city of his birth."

But misfortune seemed to pursue him from that moment.

Upon his arrival at Sydney, he was greeted with the terrible intelligence that his wife had sickened and died very suddenly, only the week previous."

"This, in itself, was a blow from which it would take him long to rally; but it was succeeded during the year by loss after loss, financially, which threatened to leave him a poor man and blight the prospects of his only son, if, in fact, he did not soon take a more favorable turn."

(To be continued.)

TESTING: DAIRY HERDS.

The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has for some time been recommending the establishment among Canadian dairy farmers of co-operative testing associations, somewhat similar to those which have had such a marked effect in increasing the milking capacity and reducing the cost of production in Danish dairy herds. Under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, an object lesson along that line is now being given in the district about Cowansville, Que., with the Government Cool Curing Room as the centre where the testing is done and the records kept. Arrangements have been made whereby eighty-two farmers in the vicinity undertake to keep accurate records of the daily milk yield of each cow in their herds. Samples of both morning and night's milk are taken three times a month, and tested for butter fat at the Cool Curing Room. The milk record sheets are collected monthly and these are compared with the books of the cheese factories to which the farmers send milk, so that a fairly efficient check on accuracy is provided. Some 1,450 cows are concerned in this Cowansville cow census, which shows that the large dairymen of that district are alive to the importance of weeding out the unprofitable producers. This testing association is, as yet, merely in the experimental stage, but if it works out satisfactorily, it will doubtless lead to a considerable extension of the movement.

WHEN SICKNESS COMES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be used to bring back health.

Sickness comes sooner or later in the life of everyone. Many who have enjoyed the best of health are suddenly seized with some one of the numerous ills of life. Most of the ills result from an impoverished condition of the blood; thus if the blood is enriched the trouble will disappear. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had a greater success than any other medicine in the world in curing sick and ailing people. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve in the body and in this way make people well and strong. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, a well known young farmer of St. Leon, Que., proves the truth of these statements. He says: "I was unable to rise without great difficulty a year ago my blood gradually became impoverished. I was weak, nervous, and generally run down. Then suddenly my trouble was aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder, and day by day I grew so much worse that finally I was unable to rise without great difficulty. I consulted a doctor, but any relief I obtained from my medicine was only temporary, and I began to despair of ever being well again. One day I read an article in a newspaper praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. I got six boxes and before they were all gone my condition had greatly improved. I knew I had at last found a medicine to cure me. I continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and every symptom of my trouble was gone and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I think so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am never without them in my house. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, indigestion and all other ailments due to poor blood. But you must get the genuine, bearing the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CRATES FOR FATTENING CHICKENS.

Farmers who intend to try the crate fattening of chickens this season should be thinking of building their crates. Those in use at the Illustration Poultry Stations are 6 feet long, 10 inches wide, and 20 inches high, inside measurements. Each crate is divided by two light-wooden partitions into three compartments, and each compartment holds four chickens. The frame pieces are 2 inches wide and 7-8 inch thick. This frame is covered with slats, placed lengthwise on three sides—bottom, back and top—and up-and-down in front. The slats for the bottom are 7-8 inch wide and 5-8 inch thick; the back, top and front slats are the same width, but only 3-8 inch thick. The spaces between the slats in front are two inches wide, to enable the chickens to get in from the trough. The bottom slats are put in 11-2 inches apart, and the slat nearest the back of the crate is 2-1/4 inches from the corner piece. The bottom slats are raised two inches from the bottom of the crate, to prevent the chickens from being cramped when the crate is placed on the ground. The top slats are 2 inches apart and the back slats 11-2 inches. The top slats are cut above each partition, and six strips 2 inches wide are nailed under them. The three doors so formed are hinged to the rear corner piece.

The crates are placed on stands 16 inches from the ground. The droppings from the chickens are received on sand or other absorbent material. A light trough, 2 1/2 inches wide, is placed in front of each crate, and is carried on two brackets nailed to the ends of the crate. The bottom of the trough is 4 inches above the floor, and the upper inside edge is two inches from the crate.

CHILDHOOD DANGERS.

How the Heavy Death Rate Among Children May be Reduced.

The death rate among infants and young children during the hot weather is simply appalling. For example, in the city of Montreal alone in one week the death of one hundred and six children was due to stomach and bowel troubles, which are always alarmingly prevalent during the hot weather, and most, if not all, of these precious little lives might have been saved, if the mother had had a safe and simple remedy to check the trouble at the outset. As a life saver among infants and young children, Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home. These Tablets prevent and cure diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and all forms of stomach trouble. In little ones they are especially valuable, as they prevent these troubles and keep the children healthy. The Tablets cost only 25 cents a box, and a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the home may save a little life. They are guaranteed to be free from any poison or harmful drug, and may be given with safety and advantage to a new born babe, or grown child. If your dealer does not keep the Tablets, send the price to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

SWAMP SOIL.

(By Prof. R. Harcourt, Chemist.)

Scattered here and there throughout Ontario there are many swamps, varying in size from a few acres to many thousands of acres. Originally these swamps were covered with such trees as the ash, tamarack, willow, cedar, etc.; or bushes indigenous to the soil. They were low-lying and covered with water, the greater part of the year. Consequently the fallen trees and bushes, and grass have not had free access of air to bring about their natural decomposition, and the partially decayed matter has, through long ages, accumulated until it is from a few inches to many feet deep. As the swamps are very often deep, they contain no more mineral matter than the materials from which they were formed. They are, therefore, very likely to be deficient in potash, phosphoric acid, and lime, necessary for the full development of our cultivated plants, especially those requiring these elements. In the last twenty-five years a large number of these swamps have been cleared and drained. Where the vegetable matter is well decayed and not too deep, good crops, even of cereals, may be matured after the soil has been cultivated, and in a few years the best results are obtained where the subsoil is clay and some of it has gradually become mixed with the top soil; but where the vegetable mould is deep, or the subsoil, sand or gravel, the results are usually not satisfactory. Crops, such as hay and roots, which are not maturing before harvesting, very often do well, while wheat and oats will fail to produce seed. There are still other soils which fail to produce remunerative crops of any kind. The rank growth common on swamp soils is doubtless due to the excessive amount of nitrogen which is derived from the decaying vegetable matter, and the poor seed production is probably caused by the small amount of mineral matter present. In most cases, where a drained swamp soil dries out too much in the summer, the organic matter is not sufficiently decayed to form a close silt, so many letters complaining of the unproductiveness of these soils have been received at the Chemical Department of the Ontario Agricultural College that we have decided to investigate the matter and see if a remedy can be suggested to increase their usefulness. For this purpose, nearly 1,000 circulars letters have been sent to farmers who own swamp soils. From the information contained in the answers received and the results of the analysis of a number of typical samples and from pot experiments, we hope to be able to suggest a remedy, and next year to undertake co-operative experiments to test the efficiency of these remedies.

CURED BY FREEZING.

Scientific investigation has discovered that that troublesome disease, dyspepsia, can be cured by short intervals of exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating. M. Laoni Pietet, a Swiss gentleman, was experimenting with a very low temperature. He had produced an artificial temperature in a sort of pit which caused the thermometer to sink to 140 or 150 degrees below zero. Among other experiments he exposed himself for a brief interval to this temperature by lowering himself into the pit. On emerging he found himself intensely hungry and ate freely. The process was repeated several times, and as a result he found himself cured of chronic indigestion, from which he had suffered for years.

A Loss to the Pulpit.

(Buffalo Commercial.)

Helen—I have been informed that our pastor is going to marry the soprano.

Belle—Does she contemplate severing her connection with the choir?

"Oh, no, I understand that he will withdraw from the ministry."

Love makes the world go round, but it won't always bring the girl's father around.

complained by proper care, an instance may be given of a patron in the vicinity of Peterboro, who delivered three cans of milk, representing three milkings, to a factory on Monday morning, July 11. Saturday night's and Sunday morning's milk was first class, but the Sunday night's was rejected, because sour. The two lots had received proper attention, but the Sunday night's had been neglected, the farmer thinking, no doubt, that the milk would be delivered the next morning and would not, therefore, require the attention given that which had to be kept a longer time. Even the milk which to be delivered the same morning was produced should be thoroughly aerated and cooled.

Unless the farmers are prepared to co-operate with the makers and instructors in their efforts to better the quality of the cheese produced they will be the sufferers sooner or later. An insufficient and impure water supply is often the cause of an inferior product, especially in creameries, where so much depends on its purity."

Krof, F. C. Harrison, of the Ontario Agricultural College, is securing samples of cream from a number of the creameries throughout the Province, and will make an examination of the same with a view to furnishing exact information as to the detrimental effect of impure water. Department of Agriculture, July 25, 1904.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

The future of the dairy industry depends to a large extent upon the efforts put forth by the individual farmer. The Department of Agriculture asked the two chief dairy instructors for a statement of the needs of the dairy business from the farmer's standpoint at the present time. The replies received are given below.

George H. Barr, London: "The principal defects in the milk being delivered at the cheese factories at the present time are over-ripeness, cowy flavors, gasy, and what is known as bitter milk. All these defects are caused by the same thing, improper care on the farm, such as unclean milk, not straining the milk, allowing the milk to stand overnight in places where the air is made impure by adjacent hog pens, barns, etc., and not cooling the milk to under 70 degrees immediately after milking."

"Our makers are having hard work at the present time in many of the factories in carefully selecting the milk at the receiving window there is not so much trouble in the factory, which leads one to the conclusion that the makers have the idea of the problem largely in their own hands. Where we find clean dairy factories we invariably find clean milk delivered; and where the factory and maker are dirty and untidy, the milk is generally of the same nature. Cleanliness is the one great feature necessary to put our cheese on a higher plane."

C. G. Publow, Kingston: "I would say that the great need of the present time is for people to be more careful in the manner in which the milking is done, and the place where the milk is kept, and to pay more attention to the cooling of the milk. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the latter, cooling, and especially in the districts where yeast fermentation is prevalent. To handle this fermentation with any degree of satisfaction, it is absolutely essential that the milk be well cooled at the farm immediately after milking, so as to retard its growth before it reaches the hands of the cheese maker. All cans should be covered with mosquito netting or some other such covering, to prevent flies and insects from dropping into the milk while on the stand over night, as I believe flies are a great source of infection to milk."

It will be seen from the above that the men who have covered the whole field are of one mind as to the importance of the farmer giving more attention to the care of his milk as an evidence of what may be done.

PERSECUTING FAT PEOPLE.

Except in Chicago the prejudice against fat people seems to be growing. Recently it was ordered at West Point that no cadets should be allowed to aspire to places in the cavalry, and all graduates whose weight is regarded as excessive in relation to height are assigned to the infantry, in the hope that they will walk off their fat. Other indications crop out frequently. For example, a Wilkes-Barre woman has had her husband arrested for assault, and explained that when he married her she was a slender maid of 122 pounds, and he loved her to distraction; that gradually, as her bulk increased, his love declined, and now, when she taxes the hay scales at 232 pounds, he hates, loathes and despises her. Naturally it would be expected that as an object of love increases in dimensions it would inspire more affection, but in fact this is not the case. The objection to fat is incomprehensible, but indisputable.

Except in Chicago. There fatness is regarded as an evidence of prosperity, as shown by the attempt of an anarchist to assassinate a fat man. He was charged by his society to slay multi-millionaires and assassinate the fattest man in the city. That Chicago does not share the foolish animosity against the obese also appears from the conclusion of the School Board that the fatter the teacher the more efficient she will prove. Hence the examination of applicants for teacherships. It is required that the weight shall be more, in proportion to height, than the physiological tables declare to be proper.

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A clock can run faster than a yardstick in the fact that a yardstick has three feet.

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