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ST. LOUIS, 1904.

terfere? He is clever—oh, oh, very clever, thing seems to press down upon the place like a nightmare. I am not superstitious, or I should think something was

"So," she murmured, "Master Hal has his little love affair, and the devoted sister is plotting with him. It will amuse me, at least to balk them."

e, at least to paik them. "Yes. Marie," she added, aloud, "you nust find out this mysterious affair and let me know."

Onite unconscious of the condescending interest which Lady Lucelle was taking an this affair, Hal waited the approach of six o'clock with that bitter impatience which distinguishes love in his predica

ing at his pipe, and carefully avoiding any human being; then he betook him-self to the interior of the castle, and sauntered from room to room, settling aowhere and to nothing. If he could have found Jeanne to unburden his mind to, it would have been some comfort, but Jeanne had gone out with the Lambtons

Then he ran against Vane on his way the studio, and if he had been a very little less in love than he was, he would have noticed the haggard look on his old friend's handsome face; but as it was, it passed unnoticed, and to Vane's goodmatured inquiry if he would come and smoke a cigar with him; Hal muttered some excuse and hastened on. Vand looked after him with a vague curiosity and sighed as he turned into his quie

secluded room.
"Something wrong with the boy," he debt?" At the thought, he stepped out again into the corridor and called after Hal.

Hal turned back, and Vane put his hand on his shoulder.
"Come and smoke a clear with me,
Hal," he said, in his old affectionate manner, and they turned in together. "Let me see, you like these Cubinas— here you are. Now tell us what's the

Hal looked up and colored.

said Vane, and he put his white hands on Hal's broad shoulders and looked at him wistfully. "Don't say that unless you are quite sure, Hal. Is it money any little or big debt?

No-no," said Hal. "Are you sure?" said Vane, with kind-scruting; "don't hesitate with me, ly scrutiny; "don't hesitate with me, Hal-don't let a question of money trouble you. Honestly, dear boy, there is more than I know what to do with—a great deal more. Out with it, Hal-or stay." he said, seating himself at his writing-table, "suppose I write a cheque for a thousand—a couple of thousand—

without asking any questions' nd put his hand on

are, Vane!" he said, huskily. "I'm not in debt—I don't want money—I wish I was, just for the pleasure of taking it from siders the

ered on the beloved name!—"and rs. I would give all the world, if I

had it, to make you two happy!"
"Don't I know—don't Jeanne know
it?" said Hal, gratefully. "There never
was such a kind-hearted fellow as you

Vane looked after him, and raised his hand to his forehead, with a troubled expression on his face.

"Yes, my lady," answered Marie, with alacrity. "I will. What business has that George to carry messages and inthat George to carry messages and inthat George to carry messages are discovered by the same of the

> going to happen."
> With a shake of his broad shoulders and a smile, he threw off the feeling and went to work. On the easel was an un-finished historical picture of the time of Charles the First; the lay figure was draped with a cavalier costume, and ar tistic properties of the same period were

scattered about the room. Vane took up the brush, but only to fling it down again, and absently turn over the faded velvet tunics, lace hats, rapiers and swords which lay in a heap on a chair. But nothing would interest him, and at last he went up to his room to dress, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his head drooping moodily. Just as he put his fingers on the handle of the door he heard a voice that always ran through him; it was Jeanne; she was l coming slowly up the stairs, talking to someone in a low voice. The someone replied in a still lower voice, and Vane

bit his lip.

Mechanically, unthinkingly, he looked

There stood Jean-

you," replied Clarence, his handsoms face flushed.

"Thank you—thank you!" said Jean-ne. "I feel like a conspirator."

And she held out her hand with a litle flush.

Then it was that Vane stepped back Then it was that Vone stepped back, but too late to spare himself the sight of Clarence's eager flush, and the long, passionate kiss which he impressed on the little hand. Jeanne started and turned pale, then, without a word, hurvied with the first page 1.

no doubt that he would have found some vent for his impatience and excitement by arraying his handsome person any one." in the most becoming toilet he possessed; but his personal adornment at any time received but scant attention at his hands, it was certainly not likely it would absorb him now. Dashing into his room, he fills the basin with cold water and plurges his bead into the count, then "Silence." Vane's arm, and his eyes grew suddenly the rand plunges his head into it, rubs moist. to scour off his short curls, and, after vigorous application of two brushes hard enough to scrub a floor with, considers that he has done sufficient. The just for the pleasure of taking it from you, though heaven knows you are liberal enough; semestimes I'm ashamed at the cheques when I cash them."

"Why should you be?" said Vane, quictly. "All I have its Jeanne's"—how he will be ableved name!—"and saving a headsman slowly driving his saving a herdsman slowly driving his cows to the farm on the side of the hill, and he scarcely bestows a glance on the young Englishman as he strides across

the valley.

Thinking it best to give the villa garwas such a kind-hearted fellow as you are, Vane. You deserve to be happy, for you try to make everybody else so."

"There is nothing, my dear Hal." said Vane, smiling, ut very, very wistfully; "there is nothing you can do. If I am not happy, it is my own fault; remember that. Hal," for Hal had jumped up.

"That's the 5 o'clock bell going, isn't it?" he said. "Imust go."

And with a confused excuse, he hurried out.

Thinking it best to give the villa gardens a wide berth. Hal makes a detour, and as the clock strikes six, comes upon the great cedar. It is a soft, delicious evening, which valleys alone know of; that had jumped up.

"That's the 5 o'clock bell going, isn't it?" he said. "Imust go."

And with a confused excuse, he hurried out.

stream—the stream which Hal will see while memory holds her seat. Hal is warm, for, though there was no occasion-seeing that he had all the af

ternoon before him—for walking fast, he has done his mile in a very few min-utes, and, as he throws hinself down upon the grass, for he does not know whether the companion may not be watching the grounds with a field-glass, he takes off his hat and wipes his brow, and tries to possess his soul in patience. Five, ten minutes—ten years, seemingly, pass, and he is about to groan aloud, when suddenly he hears the rustle of a dress, and springing to his feet, sees Verona close beside him.

For a accumulate is specchies; she

For a moment he is speechless; she has come, for all his expectancy, so like a vision, in her wonderful beauty, that he can do nothing size than stare, with his honest, boyish love beaming from his dark even. As he does dark eyes. As he does so, he notices unconsciously, and with a peng, that she is changed somehow; by the stream there where he had nearly sales, ever her, it was a child's face, a child's frank smile that he is the stream that the that he is the sales where he had nearly sales ever her, it was a child's face, a child's frank smile that had been upturned to him; now—was it because she was paler and her eyes seemed darker and seper that she seemed older.

seemed older?

Hal is no analyst, no philosopher, only a love-smitten boy, and didn't knew that, with his passionate kisses—the first that had ever fallen on her lips from men—he had slain the child in Verona, and had created the woman, loving, passionate, and shy.

she was shy—swee'ly shy and when she held out her hand, Hal could not have pimeed up courage to kizs it to save his life. But he holds it tightly, though it recommends faintly for freedom, and so he stands looking at her. At last she hits her system with one swift flash from their depths that goes straight into Hal's heart—and says:

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Bertram!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Did he wish to see her? Had he ever wished for anything as such since his life began— "Verona," he says, "his voice all a-quiver, as Shakespeare says, "Verona, are you angry with me because of be-cause of lest night."

"Angry?" and she lifts her long lashes and looks at him. "You have been ill, are still ill," he "You have been id, are still ill," he goes on to say. "Jeanne called to-day."
"I know," says Verona, softly, turning away her head and revealing a profile like one of those cameos one finds

in ancient jewels. "And they told her you were ill."

Veroma looks at his flushed, eager face with a gentle sadness. "I was not ill,"

"I knew it!" he rejoins, drawing a long "I knew it!" he rejoins, drawing a long breath of relief, combined with indigna-tion. "I knew it was a —not true. Prin-cess—Verona—who to!! them to tell Jeanne that, and put her off?" Verona looks down silent.

Hal groans almost audibly, and, drop o control himself. "Now you are angry with me!" she

Hal turns to her eagerly, and takes ier hand again. "How can you say that?" he says.
Don't you know that I am almost out
of my mind?"—and, indeed, he looks like it-"how would you feel if you loved like it—"how would you feel if you loved me as I love you, if I were shut up away from you, and not allowed to see you, and that in a beastly foreign place, where one doesn't know the language and the people, instead of standing up like men to fight it out, smile and look

on as if nothing was the matter?" Verona fixes her dark eyes with a frightened, pleading look upon his handme, flushed face.

"Verona," he goes on—"I may call you Verona, mayn't ? Tell me all, do tell me everything! I feel like a man tied ried up the stairs, just as Vane closed his dressing-room door, and stood, pale and stern, with an anguish on his face beyond description.

Had Hal been a Frenchman, there is the the really keeping you a prisoner in—in this beast y place?"

"Indon't know," she says, hesitatingly, and with a little quick shudder. "In-

and with a little quick shudder. "In-deed, I do not know-but I am afraid they do not like me to go out, or to see

Silence. "Ah!" and Hal draws a long breath; "so I thought! And what does he do that for, and are you going to submit to it? Think, Verona, a prisoner!' She turns pale, and her lipe quiver. "I know; but what can I do? I

only a girl-a helpless woman, and-"And the count has some right!" say Hal, fiercely; "and if he treats you like this before, what would he do after, when he has you entirely in his power?"

Verona shrinks, and the slight shudder Verona surinks, and the siight shudder runs through her again.

Hal sees it; there is not an expression of her face, her eyes, her lips, that he does not note; and his face flames.

"Where is he now?" he asks.
"Dressing to go to the castle," says erona. "Do you not know?".
"And are you not coming?" says Hal,

She shakes her head.

He takes two or three impetuous strides, and comes back to her, his face working, and his eyes alight. "Verona," he says, and he takes her and, and looks at her hungrily—there no other word for it-"listen to me. Don't turn your head away; I can't see

Verona, with a faint blush, raises her eyes, and lets them droop again.
"Verona, I am only a boy: I don't know anything about the world; I'm as ignorant as a black crow, and I'm as poor as a church mouse! But. oh. Verona, I ter; and if you do not love me, if we are to part. I would rather die than live; I feel that I never could bare to live without you!" And poor, brave Hal gives something that sounds like a "Verona, my beautiful Verona,

And, as he speaks, he draws her to ard him.

Verona's face flushes, then suddenly

rows pale; her lips open, her boson paves beneath the muslin, and, with a ttle cry, she drocps upon his broad White-hot, not red, Hal presses her

closely to him, and touches her soft brow with his lips, as reverently, al-though passionately, as if she were a

saint.

"My darling, my Verona! Are you really mine?—do you really love me?"

With an effort she raises her head, and looks up at him, her eyes moist, and beaming with that look of ineffable nea may feel, but only Italians can show.

"I love you," she whispers, her head closing softly on his arm—"I love you!"
"Wonderful!" murmurs Hal, rapturously. "How can you, who are so beautiful, so-so far above any other woman in the world—love such a fellow as I am!"

Verona lays the tips of her fingers tim-

verona lays the tips of her fingers timidly on his lips.

"Hush!" she says. "You must not say this to me and of yourself. It is not true; it is you who are so much feeter than I—a poor, miserable girl. Alri"—and as if she had suddenly remembered, she adds—"and we must neart!"

"Part!" says Hal, between his teeth, and turning white. What can he say to prevent such a calamity? "Part!" he echoes, wildly. choes, wildly.
"Yes," she sighs, and her lips twitch,

"We must part; they will not let me see you again—we've again!"
"Hush, for God's sake!" says Hal, trembling. "Dou't say that! There must be some way-there must-of -of preenting that!"

She looks up, large tears forming slowly in her dark eyes, and shakes her head.
"No," she says, "I am unfortunate. I

—I-dc not belong to myself, I wish,"
and she sobs—"I wish that we had never

Driven almost wild by the sight of tears in her eyes—eyes to which tears should have been such utter strangers, Hal still manages to control himself, and with a true Englishman's coolness faces

sake don't cry! Every tear of yours goes to my heart lige a knift—feel!" and he presses ber hand to his side. "Come, I'm oaly a boy; but I love you like a man; let me act like one! Listen to me, darling! You were about to marry

"Were!" murmurs Verana, sadly, de-

"Yea, were," says Hal, hotly. "You are not going to now! Pi kall him first, Pd —Pd rather kill you!"
"Ah!"—and she clings to him passionately—"if you would! If I could die here now," and she lays her head on his beart.

Hal gasps, breathless for a moment overwhelmned by such love, and, when he speaks again, his voice is stirred and

"Listen, my swee, angel; you were to marry the count. How long have you known him?" Verona is silent for a mo. ent.

Ever since I con remember. "What made y u-what brought it about—I mean how came he to have the impudence, confound him—to think of Verona think "
"I do not know. He is a great friend

of papa's."
"Ah, I see," say: Ha!. "Your father is indebted to him, perhays?"
Verona looks up proudly.

"Knows his secrets," says Hal.

"Pethaps."
"But that can matter," says Hal. "He can't injure the rince here in Germany!
Does the princh want you to marry the "I do not know; he has never said so,"

says Verona.
"Can't he see that the count is old enough to be your grandfather? If he doesn't want it why doesn't he stop

Verona sighs sadly. "Papa does not think of me—of any-thing but Italy," she whispers. "Confound Italy!" exclaims Hal, under his breath. "And because the count is an old friend, and had a hand in some of these conspiracies, the prince quetly hands him the greatest treasure the

itself inflict severe burns and injury. This warning is all the more needed, it seems to us, as so many toys are now made of this highly-combustible material. The festive season is associated with many things bright and pretty in which danger may easily lurk. The painted doll may be pigmented with poison, the colored candles on the Christmas tree have been known to be a source of argainst "Papa does not think. And-and in Italy girls marry when their fathers wish them, and I-I have been promised to the count ever since I could talk."

Hal groans. "This is too awful, too wicked to be believed. But it shall not be. I'll balk Mister Count of his prey. There must be

"What-what do you mean?" says Hal. She does not look up, and her voice drops so low that it is almost inaudible. issue it not with the slightest desire to "I am afraid!" she says, trembling.
"Afraid! of what?" says Hal, fiercely.
"I am afraid—" and she clings closer to him, and hides her white face, shud-"that they are going to take

me away—soon!"
(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS AND THEIR DANGERS.

Far be it from us to detract in the smallest degree from the joys and amuse-ments which are commonly indulged in ot Christmas time for the sake chiefly of the little people. But previous exper-ience has taught us unhappily that The cost of ammunition in a modern battle is much greater than is commonly imagined. With the increase in the range of modern ordnance the exience has taught us unhappily that Christmas time is prone to bring a sad chapter of accidents, much sadder than (6½ inches) calibre could not carry turusual because of their occurrence at a ther than 6,600 yards. In 1870 a range peculiarly joyous time, which with a little forethought might have been avoided. Perhaps it is in connection with domestic theatricals that the worst accidents have arisen. Children and adults alike have been dressed up, for example, and almost buried in a profusion of cotton-wool intended to represent snow, ton-wool intended to represent sno without the least regard having been paid to the ready inflammability of the material and without any presentions to keep it from coming into contact with the a celebrated round of show mier the name of the "jubilee round," which attained a range of about 20,000 yards. naked flame. Some most heart-rending The Germans imitated the English and a naked flame. Some most heart-rending scenes have resulted from this want of care, and a very sad sequel to happy moments has been the consequence. It cannot be too well known that cotton-wool burns with the fierceness of spirit, an initial velocity of 900 yards a second, can send a projectile a distance of 13 miles. A longer cannon, which is not very in service could, it is thought, send tyet in service, could, it is thought, send its shell 14½ miles with an initial speed of 1,200 yards. When this initial speed shall have been attained with the 34 calibre the range will reach 30 kilometres—just the distance from Dover to Calais



************* Breed as a Factor In Feeding Animals.

BY PROF. G. E. DAY.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.)

has his favorite breeds, and is firmly convinced that certain breeds are more profitable to feed than others. While there is little doubt that some breeds of stock are better adapted to certain conditions of climate, systems of manegement, and environment than others, it is a significant fact that when different breeds of flesh-producing animals have been fed side by side, under the same conditions, no constant difference in favor of any one breed has been discovered, so far as ability to make cconomical gains is concerned. It is only when it comes to marketing the cattle that the difference between the different classes becomes apparent, the been breeds producing much superior beef, and consequently seiling for a much higher price per pound.

Comparisons of the breeds of sheen have not been very fully worked out, but, so far as they have gone, the in-dications are that the same rule prac-tically holds true.

In swine the most extensive experi-

ment with breeds have been conducted by the Ontario Agricultural College. Six by the obtain agricultural conege. Six breeds of swine were compared as to the cost of producing 100 pounds gain live weight, and the tables which follow show the standing of the breeds with regard to economy of production.

Ontario Experiments. Breeds arranged in order of economy of production.

First Experiment—1. Berkshire: 2. Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Durod Jersey; 5, Chester White; 6, York

Second Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Chester White; 5, Yorkshire; 6, Durus Jer-

Third Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Berkshire; 3, Duroc Jersey; 4, Tam-worth; 5, Chester White; 6, Poland Fourth Experiment—I, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Yorkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland

China.

Fifth Experiment—1, Eerkahire; 2,

Yorkshire; 3, Duroe Jersey; 4, Chester
White; 5, Tamworth; 6, Poland China.

Breed is not a factor in influencing

been known to be a source of arsenical

poisoning at Christmas parties, while the sweets may not be above suspicion. We cheerfully admit, however, that there

cast a wet blanket over a promised joy-ous time, but in the sincere hope that this Christmas may not be marred by

sionally marked previous festivals, and which could have been avoided by taking

care and by the application of ordinary intelligence as to the possibilities of dan-

Cost of Ammunition,

those sad occurrence which have occ

~~+~+~+ Nearly every farmer who feeds stock the economy of production. Further, there is only one way of accounting for the variations which occurred in each experiment, and that is on the ground mals possessing good constitution and quality will make economical use of their food, no matter what breef they may belong to.

The carcasses from swine week in the

Ontario experiment were sumt to the slaughter house and critically compared by experts, and the following tables show the breeds arranged in order of their suitability for the manufacture of bacon for the English market

Breeds arranged in order of suitabil-

First Experiment-1, Yorkshire; 2, First Experiment—I, Yorkshire; Z, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jer-sey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White. Become Reperiment—I, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 2, Berkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland

White; 5, Durce Jersey; 6, Polant Chias. Third Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Taraworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Poland China; 5, Chester White; 6, Durce Jer-

Fourth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Chestus White; 5, Durse Jersey; 6, Poland

Fifth Experiment-1. Yerkshire: 2 Berkshire; 8, Chester White; 4, Tam-worth; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland

Sixth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White. A mere glance shows that there is much constancy about these tables than about the preceding one. The York-shires and Tamworths hold their place at the top of the list in each of these tables, except one, where the Tamworths were placed as low as fourth place. The were placed as low as south place. The Chester Whites, Duree Jerseys, and Poland Chinas appear at the bettom of the list in nearly every case, being essentially fat-producing breeds and suitable far the production of the type of hog poular in the United States, but entirely unsuitable for supplying the markets to which Canadian packers cater.

The former can not afford to show his

The farmer can not afford to shut his eyes to the requirements of the market, and the facts brought out in these investigations are certainly worthy of his consideration.

and that the flame is very hot and very difficult to extinguish. Great caution should also be exercised in regard to the drapery used for scenic purposes, which should consist so far as possible, if not should ensist so far as possible, if not should ensist so far as possible or of easily-ignited material. There is again a similar danger connected with celluloid fifty times. At the Essen factories they can be built for \$35,890. The price of each shot does not exceed \$500. Finornaments and toys. The celluloid ball is fiercely and easily inflammable, and if it does not ignite something else and ally, for less powerful arms the prices lead to an alarming conflagration it may fall to \$170, \$83 and \$55 for cach

Songs and Their Writers. How the popular song dies past all resurrection is emphasized by the notice of the death in Providence of Samuel N. Mitchell, who was the author of some of the most widely known in their day We suppose that not one thousand of the young people who greet with avidity the new songs of this day ever heard of Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise, and yet it had a sale in this country of more than four million some way—chance—time will give me some opportunity, and I must think—think!" and he thrusts his hands through acter as at the present, thanks, maybe, popularity in Engrand. That must have his short curls desperately.

"Chance—time!" echoes Verona, sadw. "Alas! there is no chance can help
us, and for time—" She pauses and hides her head.

"The pause and hides be forewarded is to be forearmed, this little note may not be every nook and corner of this country. be forearmed, this little note may not be wery nook and corner of this country, written in vain. We feel strongly that a Most of the copies long since went into warning of this kind is timely, and we the ash barrels and the rest are in the attics. Look at the titles of same of Mr.
Mitchell's most popular sougs: Dear
Sunny Days of the Past; Dance Me Papa, on Your Knees; Amler Tresses Tied in Blue; The Lane That Led to School; My Love Sheeps Union the Dais-ies; Speak to Me Kind'y; Little Bright Eyes at the Window; Maggie With the Soft Brown Hair; Our Commetes 'Neath the Sod; The Sunny Smile of My Darling; Sleeping in Death's Camping Ground; We Deck Their Graves Alike To-Day; When My Love Comes Home to Me, Fut My Little Shoes Away. There are persons who recall them, but for the most part their singling days are over, and rag-time is more to the taste of the younger generation. Mr. Mitchell's verses were largely of the saccharine type that was affected by the tenor sol-cist of the negro minstrel company, the choruses lending themselves effectively to the pianissimo repetition by the entire troupe, and they thrilled many and many a suseptchle heart. As poetry they were not, of course, pretentious. Their

were not, of course, pretentious. Their uthor never dreamed that they were. They did give innocent pleasure to thouserds of persons, and when they had enved their purpose they were pushed ide by the incoming of a new school.-New Bedford Standard.

Entertaining Sister's Bean. While the swain was waiting in the parlor of a Lexington avenue home for his inamorata that lady's younger sister ventured into the room to entertain

"Sister'll be down soon, Mr. Swilligin," she said. "Say, can you tell me when a door is not a door?"

et in service, could, it is thought, send its shell 14½ miles with an initial speed hall have been attained with the 34 alibre the range will reach 30 kilomeres—just the distance from Dover to ladis.

The expenses of making a cannon and of firing each shot have enormously on the shot have been attained with the ancient conundrum.

"That's a chestnut," he said. "A door is not a door is not a door?"

The young man looked surprised at the ancient conundrum.

"That's right," said the young sister gleefully. "Now, here's another: What makes more noise than a pig under"—

"Little girl." interpreted the ancient conundrum. The expenses of making a cannon and of firing each shot have enormously increased of late. There are in Germany cannon of one hundred and ten tons that the Krupp factory has turned out which cost every time they are fired, exactly \$1.700. The projectile is worth \$650, and the powder not less than \$190. But this is not all; there must be added the proper fraction of the value of the gun, which can be fired only ninety-five times.

per fraction of the value of the gan, per fraction of the value of the gan, several times, but that she was going to before it is completely out of order. keep you guessing every time you called.

The first word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of a large Canadian city. The second when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of something we all the name of something we all do. The fourthword when properly arranged spells the name of something we all do. The fourthword when properly arranged spells the name of something we all laye.

LEPES ave, and the property of the second of the second word. Now can make the second word. Now can make them out. AERNTSP

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y, send in your answer as once. We are spending thousands of deliars to advertise our business,