The Queen's Veil.

It was vacant!
She bent her head forward to listen, but a horrible silence prevailed.
The woman was as pallid as a corpse; a look of wildest fear shone in her staring eyes; her knees trembled and sunk beneath her, and moaning with terror she fell to the earth.
"What have I done?" she groaned, shudderingly.

shudderingly.

She had not realized how near to the edge of the cliff they had been standing; she had been so absorbed in her own selfish emotions that she forgot entirely that the huge rock was just upon the brink of a fearful precipice; neither had she realized how much angry force she had expended when she had thrown the girl's arm so fiercely from her.

Now she knew, all too late, to what lengths her passion could carry her; she knew that when she had cast the poe girl from her she had lost her balance and fallen over the cliff.

with an almost superhuman effort Lady Holborn dragged herself to the margin and looked over.

A giddy blindness seized her for a moment, and she could see nothing.

Then, far beneath, there gradually became outlined to her horrified vision a slender form, lying silent and motionless; the bright head was thrown back, the lovely eyes closed, the beautiful

siender form, lying silent and motionless; the bright head was thrown back,
the lovely eyes closed, the beautiful
face colorless, and the fair hand hanging limp and still by her side.

There was not mar or blemish, that
she could distinguish, upon that perfectly chiseled countenance; there was
nothing in the attitude that told of the
agony of death; she lay like some woodland nymph reposing upon a couch of
emerald, and it was hard to believe
that she could be dead.

The cliff from which she had fallen
was a sort of overhanging table or
shelf, and so the lovely face and form
had not come in contact with sharp or
jagged rocks; there had been nothing
to break her fall.

But Lady Holborn knew what dangerous crags lay just beneath those innocent looking vines; she had played about
them when a child, and she shuddered
to think that no kuman being could
fall upon them without becoming a mass

fall upon them without becoming a mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. "She is dead, and I have killed her!" she moaned, with ashen lips, and wringher jeweled hands, as she looked

ing her jeweled hands, as she looked down upon that motioness form and felt that she was a muraeress—an unintentional one, perhaps, but guilty, all the same, of the foul deed.
"Oh, I told her I would find some means of getting her out of his way, but I never dreamed of anything so horrible as this," she cried, shudderingly, her eyes still fastened, as if fascinated, upon the immovable form below, while her senses recled and an ague seized her senses reeled and an ague seized her, as she thought what the future would be with that fair, white face for-

would be with that fair, white face for-ever haunting her.

No one had seen the deed—they had been alone in that lonely place; she could go quietly away, and no one ever need know that she had been connected in any way with the tragedy; people would naturally think that the girl had strayed too near, become dizzy and fallen.

But she felt that there would be no more peace for her; she might succeed in hiding the awful truth from every eye, but all her life long, and all through eternity she must carry this dreadful burden on her soul, and it

seemed as if her punishment was greater than she could bear.

She could not get down to ascertain just where the girl had been so fatally injured, for the cliff was so steep; it was five miles around to the road below, and even then it would be impossible to get to her without difficult climbing over the rugged rocks. She climbing over the rugged rocks. She seemed chained to the spot, and yet she knew she must not remain there, or she would be discovered and implicated in the tragedy; she dare not seek help to convey the body back to Carisford, for the same reason; she would rather die herself than have her son mistrust the

must go quietly home and let events take their course, and it were far better, she thought, with a shiver, that the girl should be killed outright than to live to suffer and be a cripple, or to tell her son how far his own mother was concerned in the dread

or to tell her son how far his own mother was concerned in the dread deed.

Moaning with terror, gasping for breath, the half-crazed woman crept back to her carriage, pulled herself with difficulty into it, gathered up the lines, and drove away to her home, passing Carisford on the way, but hurrying by,

as if already it was haunted by some ghost or avenging spirit.

CHAPTER XXXIII Evening came on, and the earl, who had been feeling quite unwell all day, made his appearance at dinner time, expecting to find the family all to-

"Where is Tina?" he asked, glancing her chair, as he sat down to the table.

"Really, my lord, I have been too much engaged in other matters to interest myself in that young person's

The earl frowned. Such remarks were The earl frowned. Such remarks were getting to be altogether too common, and he had about determined to make a separate home for himself and Tina, at least until she should be married—an event which he did not dwell upon any more than he could help, as he could not bear the thought of being parted from her. He rang the bell, without deigning any reply to his daughter's remark, and told the servant who answered it to go to Mademoiselle Florienz's room and say that dinner was ready.

The man soon returned with the in-formation that the young lady was not

with a look of anxiety on his face the earl immediately left the table to institute inquiries regarding her absence.

No one knew anything about her movements during the day save Louis Arlesbury, and he, having learned of the change in Time's circumstances from change in Tina's circumstances from his mother, since his encounter with her on his way from the station, was in no way anxious to have it known that he had met her, and he accordingly kept silence on the subject.

The house and grounds were thoroughly searched for her the earl grow-

oughly searched for her, the earl growing more anxious every moment; but, of course, every effort was fruitless.

Men with lanterns were then dispatched in every direction over the estate, and down by the seashore, and a vigor-ous hunt was kept up all night long. All to no purpose, however. The missing girl was not to be found, nor any vestige of her to show them which direction she had taken on leaving the house, and the earl was nearly heart-

broken on her account.

He interviewed his daughter and He interviewed his daughter and granddaughter, sternly demanding if they knew anything, or if they had said anything unkind that would be likely to drive her to any desperate deed; but they both solemnly affirmed that they knew nothing, and had not exchanged a word with her during the entire day. The earl felt assured that she could not have mediated leaving. Confident not have meditated leaving Carlsford, for, on going to her rooms, he found her dress laid out for dinner, some fresh, dainty ruffles basted into the neck and sleeves, a pretty fichu spread out beside it, while some scarlet geraniums, evi-dently intended for her throat and hair,

stood in a glass upon her dressing table, and nothing was missing from her wardrobe. Louis Arlesbury, without saying anything to anyone, went by himself over the path through the woods where he had met her, hoping to find some trace

of her.

He walked the entire distance to Castle Demaire, but found nothing to attract his attention, save a place in the road where Lady Holborn's horses had stood, and, being somewhat uneasy at having to stand so long midway upon a hill, had disturbed the gravel consid-

But he did not suppose this had any connection with the lost girl, and he continued to keep his own counsel. For two or three days the search was kept up unremittingly, and the earl offered large rewards for even the slightest intelligence concerning her, but none came to him.

In the midst of all this excitement In the midst of all this excitement.
Lord Holborn returned, and who can describe the shock to his fond heart when
the dreadful news was broken to him?
"Can she have gone away from us of
her own free will?" the earl asked him,

her own free will?" the earl asked him, with quivering lips, as they sat together talking the matter over.

"No!" his lordship said, decidedly. "Something that she dropped before my departure made me fear that she could not stay here and bear the slights and scorn which I feared she might be subjected to, and I made her promise that she would not go away. My darling would not violate her pledge. I—am afraid—there has been some foul play."

By whom or what he suspected he did not say.

not say.
"Such as what?" the earl demanded, in a shaking voice, and with an ashen

comforting words to him about the sad affzir, and no one would have dreamed from her appearance that day and night she was haunted by that dreadful sight under the cliff, while she marveled, and her terror increased tenfold, when nothing was found there.

To satisfy herself that the body of the young girl was not lying there still, she had ordered her horses and driven there again—had crawled to the edge of the precipice, and peered over the rocks be-

"Can wild beasts have devoured her?" she asked herself, with a shudder. No; there were no wild beasts on the island—nothing more ferocious than deer or sheep, who would not harm anything. Besides, if anything of the kind had

precipice, and peered over the rocks be-low, her very soul quaking with terror all the while. But no; all trace of the girl had dis-appeared.

occurred, the clothing would have remained and been found.

It was a mystery that tortured her continually, for she believed if the girl had not been killed, if she had come to herself, her first act would have been to return immediately to Carisford, where she would have been kindly cared for by the earl.

Lady Arlesbury and her daughter expressed wonder and some anxiety at her strange disappearance, yet they were both secretly relieved to have her well out of their way.

"She has, in all probability, come to realize the impropriety of marrying a man so far above her socially, and she has doubtless run away again. It seems to be a favorite way of hers to get out

to be a favorite way of hers to get out of scrapes," her ladyship said, with an ill-concealed sneer.

[To be Continued.]

ON THE FARM.

\$ protectoral control control

FOR THE COW STABLE. Here are some rules for the cow-

stable, which although not new, are none the less important:
1. Thoroughly clean the stable every day, and sprinkle the gutters and all wet spots on the floor with land plaster (gypsum) or road dust. 2. Give each cow a liberal supply of

dry bedding at all times.
3. Use the card and brush daily on each animal. Such attention is as important for the cow as for the horse. 4. Feed, water and milk with regularity, always at the same hours and in the same order.

5. (a) Before commencing to milk brush the udder and flanks carefully, and wash the teats if necessary. (b) Never milk with wet hands, but use a few drops of clean, sweet oil if teats are dry and rough. (c) Draw the milk as rapidly as possible, but always gently. (d) Get all the milk each time and then stop. Do not "trip" with thumb and finger. 6. Weigh each mess of milk accur-

ately, and record it. 7. Never leave cows out of doors in a storm, or when it is so cold that a man out with them would be uncom-

fortable. 8. Loud or angry words cannot be tolerated, and blows are strictly forbidden. Never forget that a cow is a mother; everything which approaches unkindness—not to say brutality must be scruplously avoided.

9. Keep these commandments, not only to the letter, but in their spirit

SORGHUM AS ENSILAGE.

A writer in the Country Gentleman speaks of sorghum for ensilage as fol-lows: My corn was short, did not fill the silo; so the risk was run of ensilaging the sorghum, without full informa-tion as to what the result would be. The result was in every way satisfactory. All of it has now been eaten; there was no waste. It was cut into half-inch lengths; it settled well, heated well, was sweet, and the cows liked it. No difference whatever between it and the corn ensilage could be noticed. The milk was used for butter, and both quantity and quality were the same as with corn ensilage.

GROWING PROTEIN.

To the dairy farmer the element of protein is of the greatest importance. Protein is only another name for nitrogen, and it is needed very greatly by the dairy cow, in order that she may give milk up to her full capacity. It is for this reason that we buy protein foods, such as linseed meal, gluten meal, cotton seed meal, bran and meal. It is for this reason we find that clover is of such great value as a feed for cows. So the dairy farmer needs a constant and good supply of But there is a second and very im-

portant reason why he needs it. He must keep up his land. His profit largely depends upon the ability of his land to produce cow feed in great abundance. For this reason, red clover is greatly valued. But red clover has

business activity re-

sult from a healthy con-

dition of the body. If you

feel listless and enervated

it is because of disease.

In nine cases out of ten

become a very fickle crop, because of the severe winters and because the farmers kill it the first mowing season, by letting it form seed before it is cut. If we wish to keep up our clover meadows and prevent our own prac-

tice from killing it, we must cut each crop during the season just before the seed forms. Farmers wait too long. and the seed has already formed in half or two-thirds of the crop, when they commence to cut. If the plant is kept from seeding, nature struggles to fulfill her mission, and so sends up another growth, which in turn must be cut before it seeds. This is but simply obeying one of the laws of its plant life. Every farmer needs to know more than does about the botany of farm plants.

FOR THE HORSES. Dip the bridle-bits in water in cold weather before putting them in horses'

mouths. If you doubt the necessity, put your tongue to a frosty nail. Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle grease stiffens in cold weather-becomes dry and hard.

Uncheck while standing, and blanket cold weather. Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them. Horses get tired and nervous and

Don't make the load too heavy. Sharpen their shoes in icy weather. Give them always a lunch at noon.

hungry and thirsty. Give them good

beds to sleep on.

CANADIAN CHEESE.

Although returns to Canadian factorymen, for cheese, during the past season show an increase of \$1,862,000 over the previous season, the returns for butter show a decease of \$2,416,000. making a falling off of \$544,000 in receipts for dairy products this season, as compared with last. The make of cheese in Canada during the past year was the largest in the history of the country, sales amounting to 2,007,000 The amount received by factorymen for their product also far exceeded the returns for any previous year, being \$16,560,000.

0000000000000000 THE POETS.

0000000000000 A Dream of Good Times.

us dream of the good times-the good times to be, When the fair fruit shall bend every branch o' the tree, And the rivers in music shall sing to And the world shall be joyous forever!

Let us dream of the good times-when blithest farewells Shall be said unto Sorrow in cities and dells; With only the bird-songs-the chime o'

In a world that is joyous forever! Let us dream of the good times, when

over the wrong,
The white Right shall triumph with
bright sword and strong;
When the wide world shall echo one jubilant song
In the light of the morning forever!

-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Consti-The Return of the Canadian Troops

From South Africa.

The seal set on our nationhood, are these Strong men returning victors from the war; Up to the battle's very front they bore our country's honor, till with every

Fame sang their valor round the seven For us they braved death in the cannon's roar, For us their comrades died, and never

Will see the loved homes 'neath our maple trees.
Throw wide thy gates, O Canada, throw The portals of thy gratitude; these men Have roused the God in us. Now cast aside
All littleness of aim. With courage

And loftier purpose, to thy tasks again, And carve thine own illustrious des-tiny. -Frederick George Scott.

Life Is Too Short.

Life is too short for any vain regretting; Let dead delight bury its dead, I say, And let us go upon our way forgetting The joys and sorrows of each yester-

Between the swift sun's rising and its setting,

We have no time for useless tears or fretting.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling; Time is the best avenger if we wait,
The years speed by and on their wings
bear healing,
We have no room for anything like

hate. This solemn truth the low mounds seem That thick and fast about our feet are stealing;
Life is too short.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor— Too short for spite, but long enough And love lives on forever and forever, It links the worlds that circle on

above;
'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever,
In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never "Life is too short."

It Isn't the Thing You Do.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
That tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone

The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for
With trouble enough of your own.
These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find.
It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone.
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the etting of the sun.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

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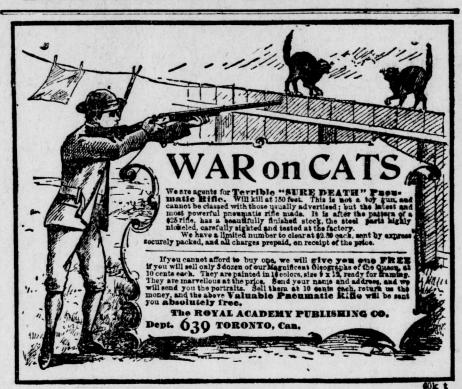
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