

The True and The False

"And be cheerful, my own dear girl! Let us have the joy of seeing our dear girl cheerful."

"Oh, you shall see that I will be so, mamma. I have not been all that I ought to have been to you and my father. I have not been bright and joyous, and a renewal of your youth, but I will henceforth, mamma."

"With the Lord's blessing, my love." "Yes, with the Lord's blessing, mamma."

In the meantime, Miss Honoria, as usual, monopolized Sir Henry Percival. That undecided young gentleman had been absent during several months past, making a tour of the South. And now, on his return, he was paying his farewell visit to Howlett Hall. His incentive in going on that journey had not been so much the desire of travelling and of seeing new scenes of the country, as the wish to cast off the yoke of Miss Honoria, break the charm of habit and of expectancy, and afterward return to Howlett Hall a free man, to transfer his attentions to Maud Hunter!

Alas for him! He had returned; but the family, who were not at all in his secret, quietly and tactfully abandoned him to the tender mercies of Miss Honoria, who calmly, and as an understood matter of course, took possession of her servant. And the last state of that man was worse than the first. It was in vain that he struggled against his self-made fate; it was like beating the air. Miss Honoria always wanted him, and she always had him. And Maud was always with her parents, busy, occupied and unobtrusive. And even had the opportunity offered, he dared not offend Miss Hunter by presenting himself with any abrupt disclosure of his preference. To often he had pictured to himself the look of indignant astonishment with which it would have been met.

And it was in vain that he tried to approach her by extremely refined and delicate degrees; for her instincts and perceptions were still more refined and delicate than his advances, and at the least dropping of his tone, as he addressed her, melting of his eyes as it sought hers, her beautiful, radiant face would freeze into a distance and hauteur that chilled him to the heart. This manner was not assumed by the young girl—it was the natural and involuntary revelation of her feelings, as unconscious as it was sincere. She could not help it.

Something of a cold disgust, wonderful and most unjust, something of a surly fear. Weighed her heart when he was near.

And this feeling and this manner had no reference to the prior claims either of Falconer on the one hand, or of Honoria on the other. If both had been out of the question, she could not have endured Sir Henry Percival's suit. And involuntarily she made him feel it.

And finally, piqued and humbled, he withdrew his love tones and love glances from the cold, ungrateful girl, and confined them where he knew they would be more welcome. His conscience also pricked him somewhat in regard to Honoria. He felt that it was not exactly the course of a man of honor to persevere, month after month, for more than a year, in attentions to one woman, while his heart and his purposes were fixed upon another. For weeks he had been useful in building up his own decayed fortunes—not that Sir Henry was a mercenary fortune-hunter, for such was really not his character or purpose, only on this occasion he committed the not unusual intervention of flinging in his interest to encourage and support his conscience in the performance of a duty.

And then, as for external prettiness, Honoria, he thought, was certainly prettier than Maud; her skin was more snowy, and her features smaller, and chiselled with a more classic regularity.

And then, again, her manner, perfected during her residence at foreign courts, was assuredly more high bred, more aristocratic than that of Maud. In short, Sir Henry, like wise fox than he really was, deprecated the arbor grapes hung high above his head, and praised the flavor of the chicken-berries in his reach.

Still he had not quite made up his mind how to act.

And in the meantime, Miss Honoria's heart, or rather her vanity, sickened with hope deferred; and well it might, poor girl. It was no joke to be daily expecting and longing for a proposal for her self, and to see her affianced bridegroom driven to make it herself!

An accident often decides the conduct of an undecided character. Such a chance precipitated the fate of Sir Henry Percival, at the very moment he imagined himself free. And this was the way of it: He had resolved to visit New England for a month or two, and he thought that during his absence, and before his departure to England, he would be able to determine upon some definite course of action. When he announced his intended journey to the family, they listened in polite indifference, wishing him a pleasant tour, and a speedy return, etc., all except Honoria. She heard in dismay, asking herself what could that man mean, and whether he would go away again without coming to an understanding with her. And in the time that intervened between the morning of his announcement and the day of his departure, she grew daily more troubled and anxious. She could have indulged herself with many a good, heavy cry, only she could not afford to redress her eyes and enlarge her nose—at least not while he stayed.

But the hour came in which he was to bid them all farewell. Daniel Hunter was to accompany him to the village.

He took leave of Mrs. Hunter and of Maud in the library, and then sought the presence of Honoria, who had purposely isolated herself in the empty drawing-room, to afford him a last opportunity of declaring himself. If he could escape that parting hour, she thought then he certainly would be lost to her hopes forever.

He did escape it, or rather he thought he did. He entered gaily, spoke to her smilingly, paid her some grateful and meaningful compliment, kissed her hand, her adieu.

"There! he was gone, sure enough, without doing her justice," he said.

And, overwhelmed with disappointed ambition, mortified vanity, and even wounded affection—for the frivolous girl rather liked the young man around whom so many hopes clustered—she threw herself down upon the sofa in a passion of tears.

Some one entered hastily.

"I wonder what I did with my gloves. Good Heavens! Miss Hunter! Honoria! Dearest Honoria! What is the matter. I beg your pardon—Honoria!"

"What is the matter?" asked Sir Henry Percival; and he was bending over her, frightened, pleased, remorseful, flattered, all at once.

Now, of course, you know what followed.

Sir Henry Percival deferred his journey, and that forenoon, when he should have been on the road to Baltimore, he was closeted alone with Daniel Hunter, and telling him that his happiness depended on the possession of Miss Honoria's fair hand. And Miss Honoria herself was in Mrs. Hunter's chamber, sitting on a sofa between Mrs. Hunter and Maud, with a hand clasped in the hand of each, and a heroine for once in her life, being wept over, and smiled over by the maiden, who kissed her and caressed her, and wished her joy over and over again.

It was the next day after breakfast that Mrs. Hunter desired the presence of Miss Honoria in her own apartment for a private interview. And then and there the lady revealed to her adopted daughter the history of her true parentage, and placed her mother's letter in her hands.

Honoria heard the story with many tears—tears of false shame, vexation, and even remorse, when she remembered the cold, haughty manner to her poor, loving, unknown mother. But soon every other feeling was swallowed up in the fear of the effect the knowledge of this would have upon her affianced, and his intentions toward her. Mrs. Hunter reassured her.

"Have you seen any change in his manner either last evening or this morning?" inquired the lady.

"No, mamma! he is very good."

"Then he at least is well informed of all that I have told you. During the

interview in the library yesterday morning Mr. Hunter put Sir Henry in possession of all the facts."

Miss Honoria was surprised and comforted, and she began to experience the conviction that there was no one she had yet met who was as selfish as herself. It was a little glimmering of light and warmth let in upon her cold and darkened spirit; it was hope that shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and that Mrs. Hunter's long-continued efforts for her regeneration have not been all in vain—that the good seed sown long ago, and lying quiet in that young heart, may germinate at last and bring forth good fruit.

Honoria retired to her own room to read her poor mother's first and last letter—that fond letter so full of yearning affection—to read it and to shed tears of repentance over it.

The next day, by the earnest advice of Mrs. Hunter, Honoria wrote to her brother, and Mr. Hunter inclosed it in a letter of explanation from himself to Falconer; and nor greater safety sent them to the State Department at Washington, to go off in the official mail bag to Rome.

One month from this time Sir Henry Percival and Miss Honoria were quietly married at the village church by the Rev. Mr. Lovel, and the same morning they set out on a journey to New York, whence they sailed to England.

And soon after their departure Mr. Hunter and his family went again to Washington city for the winter.

CHAPTER XXX.

Falconer had been many months in Rome. At first, quite absorbed in the contemplation of the wonders of the Eternal City, he did not speculate too curiously upon the singular fact that, while in the receipt of a very liberal remuneration for implied services as private secretary of the American Charge, his time was left entirely at his own disposal.

And even if in the midst of his dilettanteism he suddenly recollected that he was doing absolutely nothing in return for the handsome salary he received, he would say to himself that he supposed it must be all right; that certainly he was always at Major —'s commands, who could avail himself of his presence whenever he pleased to do so.

And therefore Falconer continued as before, haunting the old churches and palaces, and dreaming away his life amid their wonderful collections of painting and sculpture.

This interval of repose seemed really necessary for the soothing down of those turbulent and excitable emotions—the last subsiding throes of that mental storm which had so lately shaken his whole nature.

From the scene of his passionate love and bitter disappointment, of his burning hatred, fierce political war and humiliating defeat, he was now far separated by distance and time.

He was where he had so greatly longed to be—in the old city of the arts, surrounded by the awful monuments of a long-buried, glorious past. And great was the calm that slowly descended upon his spirit.

And now, free from the strife of evil passions, free to ponder over the entire past, involuntarily he began to estimate the wisdom and rectitude of his own conduct. In vain he sought to stifle or escape from these self-questionings; they recurred at unexpected times and places. And everywhere—under the shadowy arch of some ancient ruin, in the dim aisles of some gorgeous church, even in his own chamber in the watches of the night—whispered the still small voice, summoning up visions of those friends he had done his utmost to estrange and alienate forever—visions of Maud, in her angelic loveliness; of Mrs. Hunter, in her noble, matronly beauty; of Daniel Hunter, with his majestic benignity of brow—all, all so incompatible with that egotism, pride and ambition which he had so bitterly charged them, of which he now began to suspect he had so rashly and falsely charged them. Still, Maud was going to be married to Sir Henry Percival! True, he himself—Falconer—had in anger broken away from her; had cast her plightful faith back in her face; had flung himself out of the neighborhood and so had left her free to contract another engagement.

In the midst of these self-questionings, self-reproaches and self-justification, his second quarterly payment was placed in his hands; the money almost seemed to scorch his palm.

"Oh, this will never do," he said. "I do not understand this at all. I cannot continue to receive a salary for nothing." And he hastened to the presence of his employer, and told him as much.

"Well, my dear young man," said the major, laying down his newspaper, "what is to be done? We cannot help it; I am also receiving a salary for living in my idleness. My office is just at present a perfect vacuum; there is positively nothing doing at all. Legation. But shall I, upon that account, resign? Nonsense! Be easy, my young man, lest in a few days or weeks you should have to complain of too much business." And the old gentleman returned his paper, with a pleasant and relieved countenance. And from that day for many weeks he gave himself up, heart and soul, to the study of his art.

"Important news from the United States to-day," said Major —, entering the library, and throwing down a number of papers upon the table. "Mr. Hunter has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives which, if passed, will be sure to restore internal peace to our distracted country. Read, Mr. O'Leary, read." Good night, I think, Mr. — is the greatest statesman of the age, as well as the only hope of his country. Read, sir, read!" he concluded, throwing a paper to Falconer, with a triumphant air, and then settling himself down to the perusal of another one.

Falconer, in no very sweet temper, took up the paper. Daniel Hunter before the House of Representatives was a monument of his own (Falconer's) signal defeat. The paper was the organ of the then Administration. Falconer looked at the first page, and read:

"Debate in the House of Representatives. 'Hunter's Bill.'" "Mr. Hunter, though suffering from recent illness, appeared in his seat this morning," etc., etc.

Then followed the introduction of the celebrated bill, and the report upon it. Falconer's astonishment was indescribable, and found vent in exclamations:

"This is really a grand, masterly stroke of policy!"

"Yes, is it not?" exclaimed the major, enthusiastically bringing down his fist upon the table. "It is not great? Is it not godlike? That man is a Titan in State policy!"

"But I am astonished, not only at the bill, but at the man who brought it in!"

"Why?" asked the major, in perplexity.

"Why, that Daniel Hunter should have proposed such a measure."

"I am never the least surprised by anything great and noble that originates with Daniel Hunter."

"But the fact is, that I could not have believed this of Mr. Hunter without knowing it. I had expected a different and opposite course of policy from him."

"The major stared in the utmost amazement."

"Why, what do you mean? A different and opposite course of policy! What the devil! Did you expect Daniel Hunter to abjure his life-long political principles?"

"Nay, sir," said the young man, coloring, "I fear—I mean I hope that I may have been—that I may have judged rashly."

"Pray, my young friend, did you know much of Mr. Hunter's course when he was last in Congress?"

"No, sir. I was a mere lad then."

"And since then, until now, he has been abroad, where you could know nothing certainly of him. I fear, young man, that your judgment has been warped by prejudice."

"God grant that it may prove to have been so!" said Falconer.

"In the meantime, sir, read that speech in support of his bill! That will let you completely into the secret of his political principles, which is a secret, I hope, to few besides yourself," said the old gentleman, tossing him the other paper.

The young man took it and attentively perused the speech. It was an exposition so clear, an argument so powerful, so conclusive, that the reader felt some of his strangest opinions yielding, and when he had finished it, he sat for a long time buried in thought.

Soon after this came the end of the third quarter, and Falconer was, for the third time, brought face to face with the salary he had not earned. And upon this occasion he absolutely refused to touch it; and to the major's remonstrances he firmly replied that unless in the current quarter he could make himself of some service he should beg leave, at the end of it to retire from his situation. And the young man said this with a firmness of purpose that Major — could not hope to shake.

And, therefore, by the next mail the major wrote to his friend, Daniel Hunter, that his young protégé was growing unmanageably conscious upon the subject of his salary, and that he would certainly leave him at the close of the current quarter. And Major — requested permission to avert this event by making known to the young gentleman the name and the intentions of his patron. In those days, before steamships were dreamed of, the foreign mail was a much slower affair, requiring much more time and patience than now. And Major — scarcely hoped to get a reply to his letter in time to prevent the young man from throwing up his situation.

In the meantime, by the next month's mail, they received a great parcel of despatches, newspapers and letters from the United States. Major —, in his eagerness for political information, tore open the newspaper parcels first; now was he disappointed.

"Glorious news from Washington!" he exclaimed. "Daniel Hunter's bill passed both Houses of Congress! The country overjoyed! The whole nation singing psalms! Bonfires, illuminations, torch-light processions, have been on foot since the news from Maine to Louisiana, and from Florida to Oregon! Read, sir, read! Read! Read!" thrusting the paper into Falconer's hand, and getting up and walking the floor in a state of the most glorious exultation.

And Falconer did read.

And what a revelation of the truth patriot in all he read! And yet, it is impossible that a deeply-rooted prejudice should be easily displaced! Oh, how he debated with himself night and day! Oh, how he surely demon love him before it would come out of him! For he might have been unjustly prejudiced against the statesman, and Daniel Hunter might really be the best as well as the greatest man alive; but had not the father been an angel and treacherous?

(To be Continued.)

FARM AND GARDEN

"White Holland turkeys added \$1,000 a year to my income for the last three years," Mrs. E. N. Munson, of Connecticut, told a Sun reporter when asked to suggest ways by which women in the country might make money. "Being a farmer's wife and living some distance in the country, I am accustomed to work, so I don't mind putting in my spare time on poultry."

"When some seven years ago I decided that I wanted to try making money of my own, I talked the matter over with my husband, and we both agreed on turkeys. He had a preference for the bronze, because they were the largest and, he had heard, the hardest."

"I had a longing for the white Holland, because I wanted something ornamental. I hadn't any other reason, and I knew absolutely nothing about raising turkeys."

"As a beginning I bought two settings of eggs. All the eggs hatched, but so many of the young chicks died that only eighteen birds reached maturity. There were ten hens and eight cocks."

"Fortunately they were all vigorous birds. I decided to keep all the hens and one of the cocks for stock, selling off the seven others. My husband had agreed to give me the food needed for the first two years, so I invested the money received for my extra turkeys in eggs."

"When the spring came round again I knew quite a good deal more about raising turkeys than I had the previous season. As a consequence I did not lose so many chicks in comparison with the number hatched as I had lost the year before."

"The autumn of that year after selecting my young breeders I sold the balance or upward of \$2,000. That money went into the bank, and before the end of the following year by far the larger half had gone to pay for food. That year my profits amounted to over \$300."

"For the fourth year I increased my flock and my profits were more than doubled. In the fifth year I cleared \$1,000 for the first time, and feeling that my flock was as large as I could comfortably manage, I have kept the number about the same."

"Although I had no reason for selecting white Holland turkeys beyond my love of their beauty, I now know many points in their favor. The first is that I believe they suit the climate of Connecticut better than either the bronze or the ordinary domestic turkey."

"They are more domestic and require a smaller range. They are not nervous, and are so gentle that any one to whom they are accustomed can pick them up."

"Though a size smaller than the bronze turkey, they are larger than the ordinary domestic fowl, and an ideal market. When properly fattened their flesh is yellow, delicate in flavor and very juicy. Their breast is very large, which is another point in their favor for table use."

"My methods of rearing them are very simple. In the winter my flock roost in a large and very airy shed and have access to a barn, in which is kept plenty of good, clean chaff and grain litter. When the weather is unusually severe all their food is warmed and spiced with pepper. For the cold months, I use a mixture of wheat, buckwheat and corn almost exclusively."

"They are never kept indoors even in the coldest weather, except in case of rain. They go out into the snow freely, although the doors of their shed and barn are always left open to them."

"It has to be admitted that until a turkey passes its third week it is an extremely delicate bird, but by observing a few rules it may be easily pulled through this dangerous period. To be successful with the young birds you must see that they have plenty of the right sort of food, but their troughs and coops are kept clean and that they are kept from getting wet even in the dew."

"For food I begin with bread seasoned with pepper and curds, and let them gradually work into hard grain. As a rule, a turkey will begin to eat grain freely when it is about the size of a pigeon. I give wheat and buckwheat before corn. Even to grown turkeys I give corn sparingly, except during the coldest weather."

"Earthen vessels or old iron pans make the best troughs for drinking water or soup milk. I would even recommend the use of wooden vessels for such purposes, as it is next to impossible to clean them, and nothing is so sure to breed disease among fowls as a dirty drinking vessel."

"It is my rule to keep the young birds confined until they are able to fly over the two-foot high fence of their yard. After this they are allowed to run with their mother, but I am careful to keep them in wet weather and until the dew is off in the morning."

"As a rule, after the third week, if a young turkey has been properly cared for it should be able to stand almost anything. There are some years, in which even over this period should be extended one week and sometimes even three weeks longer. A clear season, when there is plenty of sunlight, is much better for young turkeys than rainy or cloudy weather."

"I have been urged to use gluten meal and gluten feed by other turkey keepers, who say that it is just as good as the whole grain and much cheaper. But it is cheaper in price I must admit, but it has never been proved to my satisfaction that it was as healthful for the fowl, or that young birds hatched from the eggs of gluten fed hens were as vigorous."

"I am fond of my turkeys, and while I make a point of killing off every chick that is not up to the mark it gives me pain to do it. When there are no puffy chicks in a brood it makes me very happy. So I am not willing to try any food that I am not sure will not increase the number of little creatures for me to put to death."

"Though I am in the business for the money and am willing to try any little economy that promises a saving, I am not willing to risk the health of my birds. Good food produces good birds, and even when the best food is generously given there is a fair profit in turkey raising."

GROWING GIRLS NEED PINK PILLS.

This Tonic is Necessary for Their Proper Development and to Insure Health and Strength.

There are throughout Canada thousands and thousands of young girls who are in a position approaching a decline. The complexion is pale or sallow. Appetite fickle. A short walk, or going upstairs, leaves them breathless and with a violently palpitating heart. Headaches and dizziness often add to their misery. Doctors call this anæmia—what in common English means poor blood. There is just one sure and certain cure for this trouble—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve and bring a glow of health to pale faces. Do not waste time and money experimenting with other medicines. Do not delay treatment until you are in a hopeless decline. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how speedily they will restore your health and strength. Here is the proof: Mrs. Joseph E. LePage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter Emma began to lose her health at the age of thirteen years. She suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. She was pale and apparently bloodless. She had no strength and could neither study nor do any work. Doctors' medicine failed to cure her, and I thought she was going into a decline. She was in this condition for several months, when a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. It was not long until an improvement was noticed, and the continued use of the pills for a month or more completely cured her, and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I feel sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor and watery blood, such as rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LAKE THAT CHANGES COLOR

At Different Times of Year It is Yellow, Green, Red and Gray.

A small lake at Seaside, Monterey county, Cal., changes its color four times every year. To all appearance this lake is just like any other small lake, and there seems to be no reason why it should be such a remarkable sheet of water. It is prettily situated, full of fish and water fowl, and when in its normal condition the water is clear and sweet. It has one peculiarity besides its variable color, however, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The water is never stagnant, despite the fact that there is no apparent outlet to the lake.

The color changes are very pronounced and are in four distinct shades—yellow, green, red and black at times. After each change the water regains its normal clear appearance. The color is in the water and is not the result of reflection from the sky. This has been proved beyond doubt by the fact that the color remains the same for days at a time, regardless of the conditions of the clouds.

The four colors mentioned are the ones always seen, and they always occur in the order named, the disturbance, if such it may be called, covering a period of from six weeks to two months in July and August of each year. Old residents of Seaside assert that the phenomenon is a regular annual event and that it is always followed by the death of a large number of fish in the lake.

No explanation of the peculiar condition has even been attempted by scientists, although several scientific men of note have studied the lake very carefully. The prevailing opinion among the inhabitants of the section surrounding the lake is that the lake is of volcanic origin and that the changes are due to subterranean disturbances which produce chemical changes in the water of the lake, the diet is supposed to have grown out of the belief that the lake is bottomless. Twenty years ago, when the Southern Pacific Railroad was being built across one end of the lake, the roadbed sank almost as fast as it was laid and thousands of tons of gravel and stone were dumped into the lake before a stable foundation could be obtained. This led to the belief that the lake is bottomless. The lake is not more than three-quarters of a mile long by less than half a mile wide.

A SAFE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN

All so-called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure the ailments of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. You have the guarantee of a Government analyst to the truth of this statement. Good for the new born babe and the well grown child. The Tablets positively cure such ailments as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. They also cure simple fever, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. Every mother who has used this medicine praises it highly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rates Too High.

A lanky countryman from the mines came into the Argus office, with the gunner's dead, and I should like a bit of poetry or something put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."

"Can't you fix something up for me?" asks the miner. "He was a right good chap."

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, "we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunders!" exclaims the mourner. "I can't stand that; my gunner was over six feet!"—From the Melbourne Argus.

An Advertisement.

Chauffeur, studied medicine and law for three years, good practice, available at all times. Has been time competitor with dog dashes, seeks a position with a first horse-power machine, etc.

This is really a

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

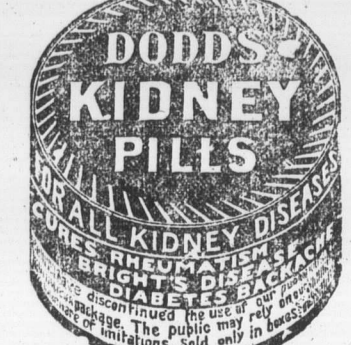
Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

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