

# An Unexpected Confession;

Or, The Story of Miss Percival's Early Life.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd)

The moment the bolt clicked into its socket the portieres that hung between the library and an adjoining reception room were suddenly parted, and Miss Dexter, her face as white as chalk, her eyes blazing with passion, swept into the room and confronted her astonished hostess.

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Mrs. Lancaster, in a tone of mingled dismay and reproach.

"Yes, I have played eavesdropper, for once in my life, and I do not care what you think of me for it," cried the enraged girl, with passionate vehemence.

"I thought you were in bed," faltered her companion.

"I know you did—I was in my room, but the door was ajar, and I heard you tell Donald you wanted a private talk with him here. I knew that the doors between the reception room and this were not quite closed, and I was determined that I would hear for myself my recreant lover's opinion of me, for I knew well enough what you wanted to say to him," Miss Dexter explained.

"It was not quite the right thing to do, Marjorie," said Mrs. Lancaster, gravely.

"I know it, and I have no excuses to offer. I simply wanted to know just how I stand with Donald. Truly, madam, your son entertains strange ideas regarding honor to allow me to believe for the last ten years that he intended to marry me, and then leave me in the lurch like this!" the beauty complained, with a sudden pout.

Mrs. Lancaster flushed hotly, and her handsome face plainly expressed the disgust she experienced in view of the rude speech that had just offended her aristocratic ears.

But she had set her heart upon sweeping the Dexter millions into the Lancaster coffers, if by any possibility she could achieve such a result.

So, curbing her irritation over the unpleasant conversation of the evening, and her displeasure at hearing her idolized son so criticized, she set herself to soothe the spoiled beauty's ruffled plume.

"Dear Marjorie, I do not wonder that you are wounded," she gently remarked, as she went to her side and fondly slipped her arm around the girl's slender waist.

"It certainly was very unfortunate that you should overhear Donald's conversation with me, but do not lay it too much to heart, for I am quite sure that he was upset over some outside matter, and I believe that he spoke impulsively."

"It was an impulse, then, which I warn you will be lasting," the girl interposed, with exceeding bitterness; "he has been hard hit by that miserable little beggar. Ha! ha! She, the peer of the creme de la creme of New York! She shine a queen among the sacred four hundred! Mrs. Lancaster, I give you joy of your future daughter-in-law with her style and her poverty!"

"Marjorie! Marjorie! don't child, drive me quite to distraction," pleaded the proud woman, quivering with mingled rage and fear at the thought of having all her dearest projects overthrown. "I will have no daughter-in-law but you, dear; you shall win him yet, and make him repent all the harsh things that he has said to-night. I believe, if we use tact, we shall be able to bring him to his senses. You will help me, will you not, Marjorie? You love him well enough, do you not, to join me in some plan to prevent him from throwing himself away upon this wretched little nobody?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Love him!" repeated Marjorie Dexter, with startling vehemence. "You cannot conceive how I love him. I would almost sell my birthright to win him—to win even one look such as he bestowed upon that girl yesterday. Heavens! it nearly drove me wild to see them together! While his rhapsodies to-night were simply maddening."

"Yes, he does seem strangely infatuated with her," said Mrs. Lancaster, looking deeply troubled.

"Well, we cannot ignore the fact that she has a very pretty face; she has a fine form, her complexion is of that rich, creamy hue that makes one think of sunshine on marble. Then those great, black, velvety eyes! Well, one couldn't much blame a man for being magnetized by them," Miss Dexter concluded, with a thoughtful air.

"Really, Marjorie, I do not know what to make of you! One moment you laugh the girl to scorn, the next you vaunt her to the skies!" exclaimed Mrs. Lancaster, in astonishment, while she regarded her companion wondering.

stow his attentions where they belong," said Mrs. Lancaster, confidently.

"Out of the way! What do you mean?" queried the belle.

"I intend that the girl shall leave New York at once," was the resolute response. "Now dear," the woman added, soothingly, "go straight to bed and worry no more over this unfortunate affair, for, believe me, I will do my utmost to make everything end well."

She led the girl to her door, opened it, then, kissing her, bade her good-night, and the spoiled beauty went away to her room.

Mrs. Lancaster shut herself again into the library and sat down to think.

It was more than an hour later when she sought her own apartment, but when she did so there was a resolute look upon her proud face and a relentless gleam in her eyes that boded no good to the object of her thoughts.

The next morning there was not a cloud, apparently upon the domestic horizon when the family gathered about the handsomely-appointed breakfast table.

Mrs. Lancaster and Marjorie—the latter looking especially lovely in a negligee of pale pink cashmere—both exerted themselves to make the hour pass as delightfully as possible, and no one would have suspected, from the tender glances that the mother bestowed upon her son, or from her fond tone when addressing him, that fatal rupture only a few hours previous, that she was secretly planning to wreck his happiness and crush the girl he loved.

They lingered over the meal, for everyone seemed unusually jolly, and when Mr. Lancaster finally arose to go to his office, he remarked, with a light laugh:

"Well, really, I'd a thousand times rather sit here in this congenial atmosphere than bury myself in my sanctum among my dusty old law books."

"Thank you, sir," retorted Marjorie, with a saucy touch of her pretty, blond head; "I'm glad to know that you appreciate your surroundings."

As she said this, with the slight emphasis upon the pronoun, she glanced out of the corner of her eye at Donald, and was just in season to catch the slight smile that, for an instant, curled his flexible lips.

The slight aroused all the demon in her.

"He even dares to mock at me!" she said to herself, in a terrible passion. "But wait! the tables will be reversed sometime, then it will be my turn to mock at him."

But she allowed no sign of her rage to become apparent; but, turning from Mrs. Lancaster to him, she sweetly observed:

"Donald, I wonder if your engagements to-day will permit you to take me to see that picture that is talked of so much?"

"I think so, Marjorie," he replied, with ready compliance. "I have an appointment for ten o'clock, but my business will be soon settled, and I will return for you at eleven. Mother"—turning pleasantly to her as he also arose from the table—"have you any commands for me this morning?"

"Thank you, Don, I would like it if you and Marjorie would step around to Arnold, Constable & Co's while you are out, and examine that Turkish rug which I looked at yesterday. Your judgment of such things is good, and might help me to decide if it is just what we want for the hall."

"Very well, I will do so with pleasure," Donald replied, and then, bidding the ladies good-morning, the young gentleman hurried away.

"Now, Aunt Ethel, you can call at any time, between eleven and one, without the fear of running against any snags," Miss Dexter remarked, with a malicious, little laugh, as the door closed after their recent companion.

"I understand, dear, and you managed the arrangement very cleverly," Mrs. Lancaster returned as she echoed her laugh.

Two hours later her elegant carriage rolled into the street where Esther lived, and stopped before Mrs. Field's lodging house.

(To be continued.)

## THE COUGHING PLANT.

We have heard of carnivorous plants, which even eat mice; there are large laughing and weeping flowers; but we have never heard of a coughing plant. Nevertheless, there is such a plant, and it grows in the tropics. Its fruit resembles the common bean. It is easily aroused to anger, and, what is yet more strange, it has a horror of all kinds of dust. As soon as a few grains fall on the leaves the stomata—or air-cells—which are the breathing organs, fill with gas, puff out, and throw off the dust, with a slight explosion like the cough of a child with a cold in his head. It is an ornamental plant. One can hardly imagine the concert given by two or three of these strange plants in a drawing-room, where the passage of ladies sprinkles them with rice-powder.

The average man is a willing worker—when he meets another man who is willing to be worked.

# The Farm

## SHEEP.

No amount of feed will keep the flock from running down if covered with ticks.

Comparatively few farmers realize the loss sustained in a flock from ticks, but attribute it many times to other causes.

Every sheep pasture should have an abundance of pure water. Watch the fences and repair the weak places. Prevent the first outbreak and the flock will be easily controlled.

Put bells on several members of the flock as a safeguard against dogs.

No more sheep should be kept than can be given good care.

Every farmer should have a small flock for economic reasons.

Every farmer could easily have a nearly perfect flock, even if small. Turn off the inferior ewes, and so keep improving the flock.

Keep the ram in a dry, clean, light pen in the barn and feed him well.

Seven or eight sheep will pasture where one cow would. From this you can tell how many sheep you can keep, if you are now keeping cows and wish to change off to sheep.

If you have any patches of land that are weedy, fence them off and give the sheep a chance at them. They will trim them up in short order.

Get around often where the sheep are; salt them, count them and make friends of them.

Do not allow the dealer to come in and sort out the largest and finest lambs and leave the culls. Sometimes farmers sell their lambs at a fixed sum per head early in the season. The dealer will call when he needs lambs and sort out the best and never come to get the smaller ones at all.

Sheep must have special feeding. They are essentially pasturing and browsing animals, living in summer on pasture and in winter on dried herbage or on the soft sprouts of forage.

We do not change the natural habits of animals by domestication to any such extent as to alter their feeding or modes of life. Sheep cannot feed on sour food; they require fresh, soft watery food even in the winter to maintain best condition. That the sheep of Great Britain have become the finest in the world is the result of the common practice of feeding roots during winter. This succulent feeding, with unrivaled pastures for the summer, shows in excellence of meat as well as of fleece.

## FARM NOTES.

Drawing out of the soil without replenishing the fertility is like drawing money out of a bank without making any deposits.

The best breed of stock for a man is generally the kind he likes best, for he will take more interest in and care of such animals.

Anyone not familiar with the use of sulphuric acid had better leave it alone, and buy fertilizer from a competent manufacturer. There is usually on the farm no means for thoroughly mixing the acid with bones, and on the thoroughness of this work success will largely depend.

Loss of valuable elements takes place in stable manure immediately after it is made and it is never so good again. This loss is small when the manure is kept under cover and spread out, but when put out of doors in a pile loss by fermentation and leaching sets in and becomes a material waste in the aggregate. Economy in time, labor and material is affected when it is handled directly to the field.

We would like to say to all farmers and those interested in poultry-raising, do not try to breed the fancy with the practical. Master the practical first; then see what you can do with the fancy. But we advise the use of thoroughbred stock for practical purposes, by all means, getting new cocks each year to add vigor to the young chicks, remembering what has been done by one man can always be done again.

Straw as it comes from the threshers is not a good absorbent of liquids. Nature made it strong resistant and practically indurated for its and seed's protection, and until the straw is crushed or cut or in some way broken, it takes up very little moisture, and as an agent for the conservation of liquid excrement it is nearly useless. But let it be run through the cutter so that it is cut and crushed, and it is no longer impervious to moisture. When so prepared half the quantity of straw will produce better results both in absorbing liquids and keeping the animals clean than can be secured when the long straw is used.

## DAIRY AND STOCK.

A filthy hog is a reproach to its owners. It prefers on the whole to be clean, but for some reason most hog owners seem to argue otherwise and act accordingly.

How would you like it of a big policeman were to give you a kick or a clout on the ear every time something startles you? And yet that would be as reasonable as it is to jerk and whip a horse when he is startled.

Certain diseases among the human kind, such as typhoid, small-pox and the like, are known as "filth diseases," and are in the main preventable. Most diseases of hogs and cows justly come under the same head.

The dairy head should include no sick animal and especially none showing signs of tuberculosis, contagious abortion or other trouble associated with parturition, or with mammary abscess or other udder disease, persistent diarrhoea, actinomycosis, fever or any ferrible disease.

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Travelling Teachers Who Form Clubs and Deliver Lectures

"In order to promote agricultural interest the kingdom of Bavaria has established agricultural schools in almost every town," says Franz J. Hofauer of Munich, Germany.

"These schools are in charge of teachers who in addition to an academic education must be versed in botany, geology, chemistry, physics, zoology and natural history. At a time when nothing is doing in the fields, from November to March, these schools are open, and the peasants for a nominal fee can attend courses on cultivation and fertilization of the soil, the proper rotation of crops on the same land, the best sources for good seeds, irrigation and the raising of stock. They are made acquainted with improvements and new inventions in agricultural implements, the adoption of which can be recommended. They are taught the rudiments of bookkeeping and other commercial knowledge essential for the up to date farmer.

"In the spring after these farmers have returned to their work in the fields it becomes the duty of the teachers who instructed them during the winter to travel from county to county and to act as advisers to the farmers. Much good results from the travels of these teachers. By practical suggestion to the farmers they induce them to make valuable improvements in the cultivation of their farms.

"The wandering teacher helps to form co-operative clubs for the joint interests of a number of farmers in one district. From time to time the teacher has to lecture in these clubs on any subject which might prove of interest to the members. These visits and lectures to the different districts are entirely free to the people, since the State assumes all expenses. There is probably no other country in the world in which so much is done by the State for its rural inhabitants as is the case in Bavaria. Other German States have these agricultural schools, but their teachers are not sent in such a practical way direct to the places where they can do the most good, as is done in Bavaria. The results of this commendable care have been very gratifying."

He is a man who has for twenty years been delving into the mysteries of the occult, making a scientific study of the various methods of reading the lives of people, seems to have reached a higher round in the ladder of fame than his predecessors. Letters are pouring into his office from all parts of the world, and the benefits derived from his advice. Many of his patrons look upon him as a man gifted with some strange, mysterious power, but he modestly asserts that what he accomplishes is due alone to an understanding of natural laws.

He is a man of kindly feeling toward humanity, and his manner and tone immediately impress one with his sincere belief in his work. A huge stack of grateful letters from people who have received readings from him adds to other convincing proof as to his ability. Even Astrologers and Palmists admit that his system surpasses anything yet introduced.

The Rev. G. H. Hasskarl, Ph.D. of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, in a letter to Professor Roxroy, writes: "You are certainly the greatest specialist and master of your art, and so outlines the life as you will marvel at the correctness of your detailed personal readings and advice. The most accurate will consult you again and again after corresponding with you once."

If you wish to take advantage of Roxroy's generous offer and obtain a free reading, send your date, month and year of birth, state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

I have heard of your power  
To read people's lives,  
And would ask what for me  
You have to advise?

Be sure to give your correct name and address as follows: ROXROY, Dept. 37, No. 177a Kensington High-street, London, W., England. If you wish, you may enclose 10 cents (Canadian stamps) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Do not enclose coins or silver in letters.

# Can This Man Read Your Life?

The rich, poor, exalted and humble seek his advice on Business, Marriage, Friends, Enemies, Changes, Speculation, Love Affairs, Journeys, and all events of Life.

MANY SAY HE REVEALS THEIR LIVES WITH AMAZING ACCURACY.

Free test Readings will be sent for short time to all our Readers.



Has the veil of mystery that has so long shrouded the ancient sciences been raised at last? Can it be that a system has been perfected that reveals with reasonable accuracy the character and disposition of an individual, and so outlines the life as to assist in avoiding errors and taking advantage of opportunities?

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## HERE AND THERE.

Little Bits of Knowledge About "Most Everything."

Switzerland has an area of 16,000 square miles.

The world's heaviest locomotive weighs 286 tons.

Wigs were worn by the Egyptians and the Syrians.

In Russia 200 people are killed every year by wolves.

Salaries of the Royal Household amount to £193,000 annually.

Deaths from consumption in London last year amounted to 6,419.

The entire space covered by the Tower of London is about thirteen acres.

At one time barbers were not permitted to talk when shaving customers.

Love-messages on postcards are forbidden by the Russian postal regulations.

In Holland the average number of deaths from railway accidents is one a year.

Tea-leaves are gathered four times a year from the tea-plant after its third year.

France has 95 submarine built and building; Great Britain 65; Russia, 35; and Germany, 8.

In Britain's mercantile marine there are 40,000 alien sailors, who receive pay to the amount of £2,000,000 a year.

Man is the only animal whose nostrils open downwards. Even in the highest apex the nostrils open to the front.

Last year 284,617 couples were married in England and Wales, or 14.9 per thousand. This is the lowest rate for twelve years.

Soft-looking and delicate cloud foretell fine weather; hard-edged clouds, wind; while a pale yellow sky weal weather.

"Mugwumps" is the nickname applied to those who vote against their party in what they believe to be the interest of their country.

German schoolboys will illustrate by the study of railway guides. They will be required to solve various travelling problems and be instructed in respect to railway travel in other countries.



Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long.—Life.