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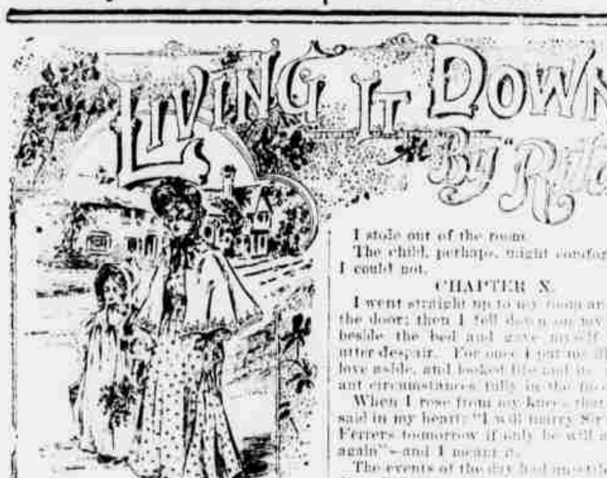

CHAPTER IX.

My jealous disposition at once took fire. At Sir Ralph's statement the old fierce, resentful anger against Yorke seized me. The letter's silence aggravated my feelings against him. I did not write to him; I could not, even if I had felt so inclined. Of what use would it have been, since he had left my last two letters unanswered and I did not even know his address?

A week later Darby and I and the nurse, with Sir Ralph as courier, started for Nice. There Sir Ralph rented a pretty villa for us, while he took up his quarters at the neighboring hotel. There we remained for weeks and months, while Darby grew well and strong again.

And all this while I did not hear a word from Yorke. One summer day Sir Ralph took us all out for a sail and while we were drifting along over the blue waters of the Mediterranean confessed his love for me and asked me whether I could not return it. His manner in making the proposal was so delicate, so gentle, I fairly began to long that I could find it in my heart to respond in the way he desired. But I could do no more than be silent, and he rightly interpreted that to mean that I had no love to give him.

"I might have known it," he said bitterly. "I never meant to tell you; only just now the feeling grew too strong for me. Do not think of it any more. Let us at least be friends."

"Yes," I said eagerly, and finding voice at the same moment as I found relief. "We can always be that. I should be so very sorry if we could not." After that Sir Ralph busied himself in the management of the boat. Suddenly a storm bore down upon us, one of those fierce, sudden squalls which spring up on the Mediterranean, and I firmly believe but for Sir Ralph's able seamanship the vessel would have foundered and we should have all been drowned. As it was we weathered the storm, though we landed in a drenched condition.

Sir Ralph hurried us to the villa, while he went to the hotel to change his dripping garments. When we had changed our clothing and I had found, to my great joy, that Darby had suffered no harm from the exposure to the storm, I went down to the parlor, where, to my surprise, I found my father, who had just arrived. He had come not only to pay us a visit, but to announce to me that Sir Ralph had taken up all his debts, and that it was Sir Ralph's money which had enabled us to go to Nice, which kept us there, which had been the means of restoring Darby's health.

"It is his money," said my father, "and I never knew it, as there is a heaven above me I never knew it, till a week ago."

I rose from my chair, pale as a culprit, frightened, trembling, heartsick.

"Father—" I said in an odd, suffocated voice, after the silence had lasted some [illegible] seconds, "perhaps you can pay back the money soon?"

He looked at me with a sort of pitying [illegible] for my ignorance.

"I never can," he said. "I should be ruined, or Moorlands would have to be sold."

I felt as if all the blood in my veins had turned to ice. Ruin! The full sense and misery of the word could only reach me in a dim and far-off way, but still the horror of it seemed about me even then as I looked on the bright scene beyond the villa windows—as I saw the luxuries and comfort of the pretty, dainty room.

Across my confused and tangled thoughts my father's voice broke again.

"There is one way—but one—by which all this trouble might be averted; one way by which Sir Ralph might become my debtor instead of my being his. He—he spoke to me of it long ago, before you came here at all. I left it to him and to you—wholly to your own good sense, Joan."

I looked at him in a sort of stupor. My heart began to beat slowly, painfully, heavily. I knew what was coming now. I waited for the next words as I might have waited for the executioner's ax.

"I suppose he has not spoken yet?" my father continued. "He is diffident, because he thinks you are so much younger than himself. But he is a man worth fifty of the young, foolish dandies of the present day. And he loves you with all his great, honest, generous heart. Look at all he has done for your sake! I—I don't want to force your inclinations, Joan, but I should like to know what you think of the subject. Give it due consideration, and then—then tell me what your answer would be if Ferrers asked you to be his wife."

"Would be?" I cried bitterly. "There is no chance of what it would be now. He has asked me. Oh, if I had only known all this yesterday—this morning—a little sooner! Now—it is too late!"

"Too late?" echoed my father, stopping his pacing backward and forward, and coming to a halt in front of me. "What do you mean? Has he asked you already?"

"Yes."

"And you—?"

"I refused him!" I answered slowly.

He turned very pale. He dropped into a chair, and, leaning his arms on the table, bent his face down on them, and groaned aloud.

There came a slight sound at the door. A little white figure stood there—a golden halo of damp and tumbled curls about her face. She came straight into the room, and, with unerring instinct, went up to him and laid her hand upon his knee.

"Papa," she said softly, "is it you, papa?"

The hands dropped from his face. The child climbed up on his knee without further word and leaned her soft cheek against his own.

I stole out of the room.

The child, perhaps, might comfort him. I could not.

CHAPTER X.

I went straight up to my room and shut the door; then I fell down on my knees beside the bed and gave myself up to utter despair. For once I put my ill-fated love aside, and looked life and its present circumstances fully in the face.

When I rose from my knees that day I said in my heart: "I will marry Sir Ralph Ferrers tomorrow if only he will ask me again"—and I meant it.

The events of the day had unsettled and disturbed me, and every time I thought of the generosity and kindness I had so ill requited I grew hot with shame and dismay. Sir Ralph was just the same as ever, to all appearances—courteous, frank, genial—so true a gentleman, so kind a friend. I said this to myself again and again as the meal went on, as I watched the looks, or heard the tones I knew so well, and had valued so little. Some stupid constraint had fallen upon me, and I was very taciturn; but Sir Ralph and father did not appear to notice it.

When dinner was over I left them, and went out into the grounds. The night was dark with shadows here in the quiet walks I paced; the stars glittered in myriads over the violet waters, and everywhere came the scents of roses and orange blossoms, steeping the air with languid, dreamy odors.

It seemed to me as if I had never been so keenly conscious of the beauty of the scene before. The very breath of the wind, the sway of the leaves and murmur of the sea, touched me in a way altogether new and strange. I felt as if they were parts of a dream, not actual reality. Presently a figure stole out from among the shadows, paused, then came toward me.

"Is the child asleep?" he said abruptly. "I wished to bid her good-bye, for I must be off early in the morning."

I turned my face to his. I saw how pale he was, and what a haunted look the kind gray eyes held in their depths.

"You are going—tomorrow?" I asked stupidly. "Why?"

"It is better I should be," he answered slowly. "Your father's affairs—I must see to them. They—they can't be so bad as he says, and he must not be allowed to sell Moorlands—he must not!"

My lips began to quiver. I looked up at him.

"Oh, Sir Ralph!" I cried, "how good you have been! How much you have done for us! Father only told me today about—about Darby."

"I did nothing—nothing," he said impatiently. "What is the use of money if one can't help a friend who is in a strait? And what's the use of my money to me? It can't buy me the [illegible]—it can't give me a [illegible]—" His voice ceased abruptly, then he went on further. "Forgive me, Joan," he said. "I did not mean to reproach you."

"But I am fond of you," I cried faintly, with sudden courage and gratitude. "Oh, you don't know how grateful I am! Your generosity shames me. I seem to have been so selfish, so exacting."

"Hush!" he said. "If I have been of any use or comfort to you, that is all I want. I am a lonely man. I wanted something to occupy my thoughts and affection. I found it. If there is a little pain behind, that is only my fault; you are not to blame, nor the child."

"The child!" I faltered. "Yes, I know, it was for her sake. And she loves you so. Don't say there is no one—"

"Did I say that?" he asked gently. "It was wrong and ungrateful, was it not? Perhaps I should have said—"

"No, do not say it," I cried eagerly. "I know what you mean. Oh, if I had only known it before!"

"Do you think I wanted to buy your love?" he said sternly. "Oh, Joan, how little you know me! You would make any sacrifice for their sakes. I am sure of it, child; but I don't want a sacrifice. Since you have learnt the truth, I must leave you; for—for my own sake, perhaps, as well as yours. I know it is hopeless to expect you to love me—even a little—and I am foolish enough to care only for your love."

"But I don't know that it is—hopeless," I cried suddenly, with a courage born of desperation. I fear, for I could not bear the idea of losing him out of my life now.

He seized my hands and drew me out of the shadows into the pale, sweet glow of moonlight, and looked down at my face with earnest, searching eyes.

"Child," he said, "if I know you at all I know you would not trifle with any man's honest love. Do you know what your words imply? It is [illegible] you, is it—anything else?"

"Yes," I said, gravely, "a great and noble gift, of which I am not worthy."

"But which you will accept, nevertheless, Joan?"

"Yes," I answered, lifting my eyes to his, and something not a little of the rapture and the joy that lit his face had swept away every [illegible] by the magic of happiness. "I value it. I have never valued anything in my life before."

"May heaven bless you for those words," he said, and bent and kissed my brow with reverent and almost tender touch. "And the love—will that come too?"

"If I were not sure of that I would never be your wife," I answered.

"I believe you," he said. "And remember, Joan," he added solemnly, "I trust you with all my heart—with all my soul."

"I will remember," I said.

And after all, like a sob, the waters seemed to echo my words, as they rose and fell in the quiet night beside the quiet shore.

A month later we were married.

CHAPTER XI.

"I never saw anything so lovely in the whole course of my life!"

"You have made that remark a good many times, my dear," said my husband's voice. "But I perfectly agree with you. This place is an earthly paradise."

I am standing, or rather leaning, [illegible] on the platform of the railway station at Salzburg. [illegible] Darby, with meek and wondering face, listening to my raptures. For Darby, who could not bear to be separated from me, had at my husband's own request, accompanied us.

Presently we were at the hotel, and I am shown into a room all white lace and dainty furniture, and with a balcony beyond the window, from which I behold a perfect panorama of loveliness. The sun is just sinking behind the highest of the mountain peaks—it is the Gaisberg, I learn afterwards. The rich, soft air seems like a breath of purer life, and as I stand and gaze, the river and valley fade into paler tints, and the trees stand black as shadows against the rose hues of the sky.

"One is glad of life at such a time," I say at last, and I draw the child closer to my side and tell her in low, hushed tones of those wonderful heights with their crowns of snow that reach far, far up to heaven, of how the clear stars leap into the soft dusk of the sky, of the waters that grow so dark as the spell of night creeps onward, and how one by one the distant lamps gleam out through trees and avenues, and shine down into the river.

"I can see it all," says the child, as I cease speaking. "How beautiful it must be, Jo! I can hear the river quite distinctly about the whole place."

"It seems the only thing that has life or motion," I answer dreamily. "There is such a sense of stillness and restfulness about the whole place."

"How accurately you have described it," says a voice close at hand—a voice that makes me start as if, indeed, the dead had found me here in this faint dusk, a voice remembered as only pain remembers, and cold, and sick, and trembling, I turn, and beside me, on the adjoining balcony, I see—Yorke Ferrers. For a moment I do not speak. No word—not even the commonest form of greeting will my lips frame. I only stand as if turned to stone, and gaze at the face before me with eyes that must surely speak the terror of my heart.

He bends a little nearer. I have some dim, confused idea that he puts out his hand, but I do not touch it. I move further and further away—a sort of [illegible]. I feel as if I [illegible] he stands there [illegible] against the cold stone [illegible] the strange meeting.

Darby's voice rouses me. [illegible] forward and [illegible]

"It is Yorke," she cries gladly. "It is Yorke, and here, too! How funny! Did you know we were here?"

"No," he says; "I did not know."

"Why don't you speak to him, Joan?" the child goes on. "Aren't you glad to see him? You were so fond of him once. Was she not, Yorke?"

"Yes," he says, in an odd, cold voice; "I think she was fond of me once. But that was a long time ago, Darby—a long time ago!"

Then something gives me strength, and I stand up calm and straight, though pain seems draining the very life blood from my heart.

"I was too surprised to speak to you," I say in a voice [illegible]. "How—how did you come here?"

"By train from Vienna," he answers. [illegible] "Why have you never answered my letters?"

"Your letters!" I gasp. "What letters?"

"Those I wrote before leaving London, and again from Boulogne," he says. "I grew sick of it at last. A one-sided correspondence has few charms at the best of times. It certainly possessed none for me."

"Your letters!" I repeat. "Why, I never had any after last July. Never, though I wrote to you again and again, though I begged and prayed for one word to say you had not forgotten."

"I never forget," he says in the same hard, strange way—"never. It is my misfortune to have a fatal memory. There is something odd about this. I can't understand it."

"But I can," I cry with a sudden passion of wrath and indignation. "You are not telling me the truth—you can't be. Why did you go away with that woman? If—if you had loved me as you said, you could never have done that—never! And as for letters, I had none. And all these months I have waited and waited in vain! Oh," I cry in sudden despair, and I wring my hands together, "what does it all mean?"

Earth, sky, the very air [illegible] about me. With a last effort at self-command I [illegible].

"Go in, child," I say [illegible] "and wait. I will be there in a moment."

I forget Sir Ralph. [illegible] I only remember [illegible] and that I will have the truth from [illegible] at any cost. Darby obeys. [illegible] that separates the two [illegible].

"Now," I say, looking at the face that is as white as my own, "tell me why you have deceived me so."

His eyes meet mine. Oh, the sweetness and the misery of that remembrance! The hands of time go back. We stand [illegible] and girl once more—lovers [illegible] betrothed. We are in the [illegible] home. My heart leaps in mad and [illegible] defiance of the present and the future, bringing once again the old rapture and the old belief.

Then I hear his voice, and grow calm as with the icy chill of death.

"I never deceived you," he says, and his face does not blanch nor his eyes sink. There is no guilt or shame in the eyes that meet my own, but they are [illegible] with sudden anger [illegible] "A woman has always [illegible] to insult a man [illegible]."

I thought [illegible] Heaven knows [illegible].

[illegible]

"Beatrice," he says [illegible]. "Don't take her name in your lips. [illegible]"

"Yes," I say sternly.

"Beatrice was only an adventuress," he goes on, a sudden streak of crimson showing itself on his cheek, "and she took a—a sort of fancy to me. It became a nuisance at last, and I left. Then she followed me to Boulogne. That is all—the plain facts as they stand. Of course you'll say I'm not blameless; a fellow never is blameless when a woman throws herself at his head; but I give you my word of honor I never encouraged her—in fact, I disliked her rather than otherwise."

"And have you—married her?" I ask abruptly.

"Married her! Great heavens—no! Do you take me for a fool, Joan?"

Then I turn sick and dizzy; I see before me shipwreck, sorrow, desolation—only these, and a few moments before life had looked so fair and full of peace. A few moments! Why, it seemed as if years had passed since I had stepped out on that balcony, and gazed with rapturous eyes on the white snows and gleaming [illegible].

"So that is—all," I say brokenly, finding voice at last. "Then she must have stopped your letters and mine. She took you from me, whether with your will or not. Absence is a hard test. I thought it too hard for you. I—oh, Yorke—Yorke, what you have cost me!"

"Do not say that!" he cries with the old passion in his voice. "Remember I, too, have suffered thinking you changed. Joan, Joan, how can I explain to you? A folly like that does not change a man's heart—nay, rather it sickens and disgusts him, and makes him turn with deeper longing to the pure love of a pure woman. And so I turned to you and prayed to you, and you gave me only silence. But now Fate has been kind—kinder than I deserve. For you look at me with remembering eyes, and I—I think I never loved you so well as now. Dear, look at me as you used to look—say you forgive me—say—"

"Oh, hush—hush!" I cry bitterly. "Is it possible you don't know—that you have not heard—"

"Heard what?" he says, and his lips grow white, [illegible] back to the [illegible] face I know so well.

"That I am—married."

He does not speak. He does not move. He simply stands there and looks at me with a look I cannot bear [illegible] from every sound and [illegible].

There comes a step on the bare, waxed floor of the inner room—a step, and a voice that rings out in frank and kindly accents.

"Why, Joan—Joan, my dear—where are you? Star-gazing still? Don't you know I'm waiting?"

My hands drop. I look up at Yorke's face. I see the lurid flash that leaps into his eyes, and a worse terror seizes me—the terror [illegible] my heart in all the [illegible] of its loveless life.

"[illegible] is my uncle!" he says, in a voice low and deep as thunder. "Curses [illegible]"

Then stars and gloom faded suddenly from my sight, and amid an awful darkness I felt myself falling—falling—falling [illegible] I neither knew nor cared.

CHAPTER XII.

When I wake up I find myself lying dressed in bed. Only my bodice has been removed and rests in a chair. It is [illegible] through the open window I can [illegible].

[illegible]

At that moment I catch sounds of [illegible] from the garden below, and [illegible] out of bed, I rush to the window. Yes, they are the voices of Sir Ralph and Yorke. They are talking in [illegible] friendly fashion; there is no token of anger or resentment in either voice, and I tremble, and draw back and ask myself, "What can it mean?" In spite of my maid's remonstrance, I order her to help me put on my bodice, and catching up a shawl, rush down into the garden.

My appearance causes my husband great alarm, but I tell him that I feel better now, although my ghastly face belies the lie. He asks me why I fainted, and I answer that I was fatigued and giddy. He then turns to Yorke and introduces [illegible] as the latter's new aunt. Yorke [illegible] the introduction, meant [illegible] not told [illegible] he had met me before. I [illegible] what his purpose may [illegible].

I can bear it no longer. I falter out [illegible] that I would like to go [illegible], and Sir Ralph turns his back on [illegible] garden, and the starlight, and the [illegible] cigar, and [illegible].

At the portal we pause for a moment. [illegible] to his nephew.

[illegible]

[illegible] Yorke laughs [illegible] "Oh, no, I am not [illegible] that. I'm going [illegible] a glorious night. I mean to [illegible] of the Gaisberg," pointing [illegible] peak with its cap of snow.

He lifts his hat with all courtesy, but, oh! the mocking smile, the look of hate and fury in the brief glance that meets my own. Then he is gone. He has not turned to take Sir Ralph's hand or mine, and we go into the hotel and up the stairs in silence.

"Yorke is very much changed," says Sir Ralph, as he moves to and fro in the [illegible] fashion. "Very much [illegible] I think he seems inclined to [illegible] with me than of old [illegible] took the news of my marriage [illegible] part."

"[illegible] good part." I echo the words [illegible]

The next morning I [illegible]

Sir Ralph [illegible] in to announce that [illegible] ready, and that [illegible] he had arranged for a trip to [illegible] wonderful inland lake in the vicinity. Yorke and a German friend of his was to be of the party. I would rather only Darby and I went with my husband, but I could offer no reasonable objection. After breakfast was over the carriage came around and we were off for our trip. On our arrival at the lake, which we reached about noon, we had luncheon, and then some of our party, I believe it was the German friend, proposed a row on the waters. We were bundled into two boats, our party being too large for one—I, Darby and Yorke in the first and larger, Sir Ralph and the German in the other. A stalwart peasant girl takes her seat in the boat, an equally stalwart peasant youth takes his seat in the [illegible].

"Are the others coming?" I cry out, [illegible]

"Yes," Yorke answers [illegible].

"Oh, I don't like it. It is horrible!" I cry, and cover my face with my hands. "Tell them to turn back! I can't bear it—it makes me ill. It is like the Styx, or whatever that awful place was. Do—do tell them to turn back."

"Unfortunately," says Yorke, with what looks like grim enjoyment of my terror, "I can't speak a word of German."

"Then call the others!" I cry frantically. "Tell your friend I want to go back! I must go back! I shall die of fear! I never saw such an awful place in my life!"

"It is as good a place as any other to die in," says Yorke, [illegible] "—as you [illegible] now—you are [illegible] to do that, for as I say I can't assist you. The other boat isn't even in sight. I fancy they can't get a rower."

I drop my hands. I look at him with a sort of horror. He faces the shore; I have my back [illegible].

"Is it true?" I [illegible]. "Are we the only people on the lake? Is [illegible] Sir Ralph behind us?"

[illegible] "We are quite alone."

[illegible]

As Yorke uttered those words I grew suddenly very calm. I looked up and met his eyes [illegible] had left me. Yorke's [illegible] flame, and I looked [illegible] unfearing. The [illegible] sunlight [illegible] across our path. The [illegible] waters shimmered under the sudden touch; the drops from the [illegible] flames across [illegible].

[illegible] You presence here is an insult to [illegible] and your [illegible] is a disgrace to both. It is unmanly [illegible] to revenge [illegible] as you have [illegible]

We [illegible] enough to keep the child in [illegible] to be out of hearing.

"If you had only waited," began Yorke—"if you had only trusted, or if I had not let my brutal temper get the better of me! Joan, why did you marry my uncle?"

"He was so good," I said faintly, [illegible] in such sore straits. He saved [illegible] life—he has [illegible] father [illegible] and he loved me."

[illegible] "Ah! [illegible] Joan, [illegible]"

"No, [illegible]; you know that."

"Well," [illegible] Yorke, "I wonder who has [illegible]. The mischief's [illegible] Joan, I wonder [illegible] forgiven you?"

"Yes," I [illegible]. "I did."

[illegible] old hate- [illegible] "Now, [illegible] vicious and good- [illegible] looks on each [illegible] all that makes life worth living. Is that to be the program? Play at friendship and [illegible] fashion [illegible] like an [illegible] a lumber room. [illegible] adequate description [illegible]

"It will do," I said [illegible] leaf.

I turned back. I [illegible] I took the child [illegible] huddled like a [illegible] water's [illegible].

"Take me [illegible]" [illegible] Ralph [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] to bear it, O Heaven!" [illegible]

(To be continued.)

ELECTRIC CARS IN THE SEWERS.

How Visitors to the French Capital May Enjoy a Novel Trip.

The main sewers of Paris are perpetually cleared by means of scrapers carried on cars or boats. These contrivances are also used for conveying visitors through the large sewers under the Rue de Rivoli and Boulevards de Sebastopol and Malesherbes. These expeditions take place [illegible] a year, in spring and autumn, [illegible] about 5,000 visitors are [illegible]. Until 1894 these cars [illegible] were drawn by men, but [illegible]

These main [illegible] very similar [illegible] in the floor is formed the [illegible] channel for the sewage, while [illegible] the roof are [illegible] the water [illegible] pressed air [illegible] telephone wires, etc.

The sewer under the Boulevard Malesherbes is the largest [illegible] feet 10 inches wide [illegible] floor to roof and the [illegible] the floor is 4 feet [illegible] 7 feet 10 inches [illegible] in the channel. [illegible] similar, the channels [illegible] only 3 feet 11 inches wide [illegible] feet 11 inches to 5 feet 7 [illegible]. In these cars [illegible] wheels of the cars running [illegible] of the channel, which [illegible] angle bars and form the [illegible] proximate weight of a train of [illegible] cars, with 100 passengers on board, is about 15,200 pounds, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] consisting as the boats are traveling, with or against the current.

The total [illegible] this way [illegible] miles, and they [illegible] lamps on the footpaths or by [illegible] on the boats.—Scientific American.

Boon to the Unsophisticated.

A safety gas burner—one that will automatically and surely close [illegible] in the event of extinguishing [illegible] light from any cause—has been invented by Ardon Mitchell. It consists of an ordinary gas burner with a [illegible] column inserted, having a [illegible] with a valve operated [illegible] metallic spring, which [illegible] of expansion by heat [illegible] by cold, opens [illegible] amount of heat evolved. It follows that [illegible] gas it [illegible] thereby [illegible] and permitting [illegible] gas through [illegible] flame, and [illegible] from any cause [illegible] heated by contact [illegible] takes up a greater [illegible] upon becoming [illegible] duces a more perfect [illegible] thereby retaining the [illegible] the ordinary burner and [illegible] brilliant illumination with [illegible].—Indianapolis World.

The estate of the late Abigail Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, is valued at $31,020.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Locating Apiaries.

There are few localities in which bees will not do well, but there are some that are better than others, and this fact should be noted in locating.

Many persons are attracted to the [illegible] of excellent bee pasture, where bees would prove extra [illegible] profitable if they would [illegible]. There are [illegible] closer [illegible] and [illegible] bees [illegible] might [illegible]

[illegible]

When the [illegible] to do the work [illegible] pruning, [illegible] the best advantage [illegible] fall, when it is possible to [illegible] the tree [illegible] making the growth [illegible] valueless. This [illegible] applied in the [illegible] and shape desired at an early age. It is not meant that any heavy pruning should be done in the fall, but [illegible] back of [illegible] growth, re- [illegible] and gradually [illegible] regulating the [illegible] those that [illegible] first time. [illegible] should [illegible] and [illegible] any lat- [illegible] tendency to [illegible] others will [illegible] vitality. [illegible] size [illegible] balanced [illegible] additional [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] on farm [illegible] advantage, [illegible] it may [illegible] fertilizers, [illegible] speak- [illegible] fertilizer. [illegible] to set [illegible] plant food [illegible]. Its value [illegible] heavy, [illegible] rich in [illegible] between [illegible] as plant [illegible] work better [illegible] applied. [illegible] acids and [illegible] the de- [illegible] large- [illegible] and [illegible] be- [illegible] porous [illegible] used [illegible] or [illegible] fertil- [illegible] rather [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] by [illegible] employed [illegible] that [illegible] through [illegible] milk [illegible] nature [illegible] the aerator. [illegible] will be [illegible] reaches [illegible] it has [illegible] to 110 [illegible] the pas- [illegible] tuber- [illegible] the can [illegible] hot and [illegible] be pro- [illegible] and it [illegible] should be [illegible] the ridges [illegible] in [illegible] when [illegible] the aer- [illegible] way [illegible] station [illegible] and [illegible] dairy [illegible] terizing [illegible].—Orange Judd Farmer.

[illegible] Dairying.

[illegible] dairying is a [illegible]. Beyond [illegible] treat- [illegible] and [illegible]. Dairy [illegible] and [illegible] plenty [illegible] clover hay and [illegible] stalks they will [illegible] from the rack, is [illegible] per [illegible] consisting [illegible] and five [illegible] ground [illegible]. The [illegible] as [illegible] and some [illegible]. With the [illegible] and [illegible] profitable, [illegible] up to [illegible]. Raise [illegible] herd, [illegible] and [illegible] "Look [illegible] where [illegible] not [illegible]. Then [illegible] profit- [illegible] Journal.

In the United States, in speaking of rivers, [illegible] the name of the [illegible] Mississippi River, Hudson River, etc., while in Europe [illegible] River Thames, River Rhine, River Seine, River Po, etc.