

THE TRANSGRESSION OF PHILIP.

By MRS. EDWARDS PAINE.

"Well," said Natalie Bridewell, as she stood before her pier-glass, putting the finishing touches to her evening toilet. "If I had had the faintest idea that Phil Marston would have acted like that, I should have never acted the time on him I have. But then," she continued, stepping away from the glass to get a fuller view of herself, "I loved Phil—at least, I thought I did."

Natalie was going to a "dinner" given by the Apollo club in honor of its new members. After the last remark her bosom heaved a sigh, which set a fluttering of butterfly-puffs and curls, threatening at the least provocation to take wings and fly away.

Natalie was charming. No observer would have had the audacity to doubt that, as with the soft clinging folds of her evening gown outlining her graceful figure, she viewed herself before the mirror. But if any one had ventured to call her beautiful, she had given no answer; for, she had a grievance sadly at variance with her idea of feminine beauty; namely, a nose strongly inclined to tilt.

"I take no for an answer," said Natalie, with a slight smile. "I don't want to have to talk to him if I don't want to!"

"It's just a year ago tonight," she continued, "that Alfred Thornhill, with other new members, was introduced to the Apollo club society. Why Phil should have gotten so furiously jealous because he was made a member while he was gone, as if that made any difference, suppose he don't live in the East End and belong to 'our set.' Does that make him any less a man? I think it horrid to admit him to the club and then snub him socially."

Natalie's fitted nose rose a degree or so in indignation.

"Then Natalie rambled on, and inwardly fretted, while she paced the floor, waiting for the carriage to come to take her to the reception.

On the night referred to, Natalie had defended her position on the subject of class prejudice which certain would-be reformers had managed to stir up in the community.

At that annual functions of the Apollo club, many sympathized with Phil Marston in his pronounced opinion on the subject, and Natalie was not slow in recognizing his influence through the attention due to Alfred Thornhill. This aroused her womanly instinct in his defense, and she manifested it by taking the initiative and bestowing upon him all the attention her position would allow.

In fact, she overdid the matter, and went so far as to provoke criticism, when one of the chaperones of the evening, in all kindness, undertook to admonish her, when Natalie "flew up" and said—

"I won't be dictated to by anybody! I am responsible for my own acts. If, as you say, 'our set' won't tolerate it, why, so be it. I don't care. Under the circumstances, it is my duty to do what I believe to be right. If the club didn't want me to treat everybody alike why did they put me on the reception committee?"

So, Natalie carried the matter through the evening with a master hand, and on her return home she felt herself as high a conqueror as any monarch who ever sat on a throne.

But when it was all over, Phil Marston, a young man of social attainments and a somewhat "well-to-do" Natalie's acknowledged lover, was to be reckoned with. He was bound to have his say. Of course, the long and short of it was, Phil was furiously jealous. No sooner were they seated in the carriage than he began—

"Bring a step toward her. 'I have tried this whole evening to have a word with you. You have purposely avoided me. Now I must know, I will know before I leave this room if there is any hope left for me!'"

Whether from anger, or the deep sincerity which rang in Phil's voice, she never knew, she was speechless, and he encouraged by her silence, continued—

"I have not forgotten the manner in which I attacked you a year ago tonight. But I am sorry for it, and have wanted to tell you ever since. But you did not give me the opportunity, you left so early in the morning. Then I wrote to you, and you returned by letter unopened. Perhaps I deserved it, Natalie, but I have suffered more than I can tell."

"How about Mr. Thornhill?" asked Natalie, with cold security in her voice.

Phil winced, but said—

"I apologized to him long ago. He is a worthy fellow. But Natalie," he continued, "is it possible you have taken the course you have with me simply because I objected to his having been made a member of the Apollo club?"

"No!" replied Natalie, "that was a small matter, compared to the disclosure I made. You insulted me with your jealousy. I made up my mind, then and there, I never marry any man to have my life perverted by his distorted imagination. Because you did not like Mr. Thornhill was that any reason why I should insult him? You placed me in a position where I had to be courteous to everybody. If your love wouldn't hold through that, I didn't consider it worthy to be called by that name."

"What you say is true, Natalie. I am not trying to defend myself. But now that I am here, I want to make an honest and open confession to you. You will be content with nothing less."

"It wasn't because Thornhill was made a member of the club. It was because I saw you awakening in his heart a feeling stronger than that of admiration. I knew all the time that he was a worthy fellow, and imagined you were comparing us and thought so, too. This aroused my jealousy. The next day I know you are long to respect. If this were not so, do you think I could make this humble confession that I do?"

Natalie was silent. Examined by this revelation, Phil continued, his voice trembling with emotion—

"Through it all, Natalie, I have loved you, and shall continue to love you as long as I live. The hope of being reunited with the confidence and love realized by the patient of my life. Natalie seems years—ages—since we quarreled. Tonight it seems as if I could live another moment without you."

"Natalie, darling, can you not forgive me?"

Gradually Natalie's assumed dignity began to subside. As Phil proceeded she bent her head low, and still lower. Her eyes seemed closed under the droop of the long lashes. Phil guessed her thoughts. He sprang to her side, she gave a quick start and her butterfly bow fluttered to the floor. Both stooped to pick it up. Natalie's hand clutched it first, then Phil's strong palm closed firmly over it.

Hurried footsteps and merry voices began ascending the stairs. The music had ceased. The reception was over. Natalie realizing the scarcity of time left her in which to reply to Phil's question, raised her blushing face, and looking her lover in the eyes, solemnly yet fervently said—

"Yes, Phil, I will."—Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

As a consequence of the famine (New York) legislators proposed a tax upon all persons weighing more than 125 pounds.

A boy who was killed in New York City recently by lightning had the likeness of a fern imprinted on his body by the shock.



er colored and oozes from the wound rather than coming in spurts. Where the bleeding is less copious, it may sometimes be stopped by applying an astringent preparation, such as powdered alum, which becomes effective through contracting the tissues, which is the effect of closing up the blood vessels. In other instances, four, cobwebs or dust have been used, and while they may prove effective in stopping the flow of blood, their presence may work injury and hinder healing. Of course, searing with a hot iron will also be effective, where the blood flow is not so copious. When the bleeding is stayed, the wound should be carefully dressed together, and if not so further treatment is required. Healing will be accomplished more quickly in the absence of applications than in their presence, although in some instances an application may be helpful if it has the effect of keeping flies away from the wound.—The Farmer.

Thinning Fruits.

There is much to be said on both sides of this question. If a man has a few trees in his garden it is an easy matter for him to thin the pines, peaches, pears and apples, thus securing larger and finer specimens. But what shall a man do who has one hundred trees, or one thousand acres devoted to one fruit? All he can do is to aim by pruning to remove any chance of overloading the trees, and by thorough cultivation and enriching the soil bring the crop as near perfection as possible. If the large orchardist expends thousands of dollars in thinning out his peach trees he may find later that those left upon the trees fall off, or something happens to them, thus all of his "to be may be wasted."

Oats and Fowls.

I consider oats one of the best feeds we have for poultry of all kinds and ages. I buy oat screenings of the oat meal mills and moisten it with milk for my small chicks, and nothing could make them grow faster or develop into better fowls. If a farmer has a heavy manure layer four or five inches wide and long enough to reach twice around the can, and a half of cord, you are ready to readily make as many seed-pots as you need. Use the paper under the can and knot, and plant all in the can. Fill three per pots with good soil and plant your tomato seeds, or any other seeds, for which such contrivances are needed. They can be set close together on a board and be kept indoors, or set on the ground in a cold frame, or anywhere for protection. Thin the plants to one (or more) and when ready to transplant have a furrow about the right depth; lift those pots with a trowel—a single answers the purpose—and set them where they are to grow. Dig the soil close around the plants, and a little on top, and there you are—no disturbance of roots, no check to growth. Treated this way, it is a smart plant that will ever know it has been transplanted. This is not patented, but it is just as good as if it were."

One of the greatest errors of a horticulturist to make is planning more work than he can reasonably perform. Aside from any other kind of proper cultivation of the soil during certain periods of the year is just as essential in a large orchard as a small one, and it should begin and continue from the time the trees are set out through their life. Before they begin to grow in the spring, all manure, trash and grass on the surface should be plowed under as deeply as they will season decay, and the land at once harrowed and smoothed down.

Keeping the surface level, well pulverized and free from weeds and grass, is what should be striven after, for shallow level cultivation forms an earth mulch of the utmost value for conserving soil moisture. To destroy weeds, and to keep the surface level, a shallow level cultivator forms an earth mulch of the utmost value for conserving soil moisture. To destroy weeds, and to keep the surface level, a shallow level cultivator forms an earth mulch of the utmost value for conserving soil moisture.

Cultivating the Orchard.

My maternal grandfather, van der Meerchard, had a little Cossack horse captured from the Russian invaders in 1814. The old gentleman was lame in one leg, but as the result of a long and long life, he was a good horseman on his trips in the country on business and came home at night he would frequently fall asleep in his commodious Cossack saddle. The horse would make a bee-line for home at an easy, but swift pace. Arriving there it would run on the front door with its foot until the watchman would open the porch and take the old gentleman to his room. My grandfather told me this happened almost every week. Horse and master understood each other. 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