

MADALINE RAY.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

MADALINE Ray is my name. And now I know you, Miss Ray—I am sure you are the same. I knew your voice and face from the first. Have you forgotten an acquaintance of one evening, and that four years ago—Sidney Mason, whom you met at Mrs. Grey's with Philip Starr?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Mason, I have not forgotten you. And right gladly she extended her hand to him again. "When you put out your hand to me just now it recalled a memory that was always very pleasant to me; but I could not make up my mind that it was the same hand."

"I am vastly changed since then, and no one would remember me who had not seen me in so long, particularly a stranger."

Sidney Mason bit his lip, but did not tell her that he was not so much a stranger to her character that he had not loved her after that one meeting all these years.

"I must be off now, Mr. Mason," she said, after chatting with him further; "but I trust I shall see you again some time. I am very grateful to you for your kindness."

"May I go this very day to see you?" he asked, looking into her face earnestly. "Or will you do as her face before, and let me see you for another four years?"

"Oh, no; I have nothing to let me away after now; and, indeed, I have not been gone four years. I have passed this door almost every day for the past two years."

"What do you do?"

"Working, Mr. Mason—earning my own living and that of Uncle Ray's lame daughter, Uncle died that same winter that I met you, and Margaret, his only child, was left alone in the world. Her property was all invested in the bank that failed near you here, two years ago, and since then she has let me care for her."

"And you are doing what?"

"Editing a juvenile magazine, and making a living."

Sidney Mason was always persistent where his heart was enlisted. He walked quite to the door of his office with her, then back in a kind of ecstatic dream. She was found again at last—his ideal woman, whom he had treasured in his heart as a beautiful memory. Now she was alone in the world, poor, and best of all, she was whole. But did he know that she was? No, but he was sure, and that very evening he would know.

"I met Philip Starr after I saw you to-day, Miss Madaline, and I told him I had seen you," said Sidney Mason, when he called that evening.

Madaline laughed to think how near she had been during those years to Mr. Starr, and yet had almost forgotten his very existence.

"What had he to say of her financial condition, Mr. Mason?"

"Do not be cruel to him now; he has been terribly punished. He married poor little Ella Rushton—you remember her, I am sure—and before they returned from their bridal tour her father was bankrupt. Starr had worked so hard to marry an heiress that the disappointment utterly crazed him for a while, but now he is in business and working like a man. His wife is a hopeless invalid, and I fear, an unhappy woman."

"I owe Mr. Starr the first hint that I had of my own poverty," she said, "and perhaps I ought to forgive him the pain he caused me that night, for I, not knowing the true state of affairs, was only plucked that he considered my fortune a trifle, and myself of no worth in consequence; whereas, in truth, he was right, and uncle was trying to keep the fact from me. When I went home that night I made him tell me all, and then I went immediately to Havana, where my parents had invested largely, and where I thought I owned a great deal of property. In the end, with confiscations, law suits, and lost time, together with the terrible depreciation of all kinds of property, I found myself indeed a beggar. Uncle died while I was away, and now Maggie and I are all alone in the world."

"And may I tell you that I, too, am alone in the world, and dreadfully in need of affection and companionship. Miss Ray, Madaline, will you be my wife?"

"It is a solemn question," she said, softly. "I cannot answer it for a long time yet, Mr. Mason. Your sympathy is aroused, and your kind heart prompts you to try to brighten my way. Is it not so?"

"I have loved you four years, child. Must I have no word of encouragement ever?"

He was agitated and suffering, and she tried to spare him pain and wait until he was more composed before trusting to further conversation on the subject.

"When did Mr. Hartly say when you sent his bill receipted?" she asked, evasively.

"That it was very unbusinesslike and strange, and he requested an explanation and the name of the person who had canceled his debt."

"What did you say to this?"

"Nothing then. I waited, hoping I could tell him—"

He stopped short and looked down into her face, waiting for a sign or a glance that he could interpret. But the bright eyes avoided his, and the smile about his mouth faded into a sad look as she made him no reply.

"What shall I tell him, Madaline?"

"I do not know," she said, confusedly, hearing him call her so.

"I do," was his firm reply, bending down to meet her gaze. "If you will let me, I will tell him next month that Madaline Mason can give him the information."

"Will the receipt hold good as it is, then?" she asked, roguishly, looking up at him.

"Indeed, indeed, it will, and be more satisfactory to me."

He took the proffered hand, but laughingly claimed more, and folding her to his heart, kissed her blushing face with loving tenderness.—New York Weekly.

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FARMERS' CORNER

Quality in Cows.

Some cows that give a very large quantity of rich milk are very poor butter animals, as the cream does not rise well and the butter globules cannot be separated from the milk by ordinary methods of churning. Churning separately is the only way of detecting this undesirable quality in a cow.

Dairy Wisdom.

Milk must be properly cooled and its temperature kept regular either by natural or artificial means.

The dairyman who knows how to feed and care for his cows knows two very important items in dairying.

Cotton seed meal gives rich milk, but is too nutritious to be used alone, and it colors butter highly.

A churn should not be filled more than two-thirds of its capacity, so as to leave room for agitating the cream.

Churning at too high a temperature or churning too long will produce greasy butter in which the grain is injured.

Never use the hands in working butter as the less hand contact butter gets the better; also be careful not to overwork it.

Sour cream makes tough butter and is lacking in that delicate aroma that attaches to butter made from cream that is ripe, but not sour, although sour cream churns quicker than sweet.

If the cream is too cold, either the butter will hardly come at all or it will come white and poor flavored.

If the milk is left at too high a temperature the milk sours and becomes rancid before all of the cream rises.

One of the very best foods for milk production is bran, old meal, corn meal and plenty of good clover hay.

A heifer calf intended for a dairy cow should be trained from birth with this view and be made gentle and tractable.

Cream should be well stirred and given plenty of time to ripen evenly before it is put into the churn.

Fancy Pigeons.

Every variety of pigeon has its lover, and everything is a matter of taste. One fancier is "dead stuck" on pouters or fantails because their proud and active appearance pleases his taste; others think a good performing tumbler is the only pigeon, while others believe the markings is the most beautiful part of a pigeon, and admires all varieties in which the composition of color strikes their taste. But, alas, the last variety of fanciers is the hardest to please. They differ so much in opinion, change it quite often, follow the leading fads, discard one kind after the other, and through this evolution of taste some varieties have been much neglected.

The most interesting as well as the most useful of all domestic pigeons, is undoubtedly the "Working Homer." The large number of entries in the homer classes at the various shows and the increase during the recent years of homing clubs and societies, which are to be found in many towns and villages, prove the popularity of this breed. Homers are capital pigeons for the novice to make a start with, for they are extremely hardy and excellent parents. In this respect they differ from some of the high class pigeons which are more or less delicate, and in some instances unable to rear their own young. The "Working Homer" can, moreover, be bought for a moderate sum. The showy homer is a much more expensive bird. It has within the last few years been bred from selected "Working Homers," and has attained such a perfection that upward of 100,000 specimens.—American Poultry Advocate.

Horse Racing and War.

Ever since the time of Henry II. the government of England has recognized the fact that the best way to raise the standard of the horse of the country is to encourage racing, and long before that it was understood that the army having the best horses would win the warfare.

With our territory and extended boundary making the rapid mobilization of troops imperative in emergencies, it is important that our standard of horse should be as high as that of any other country. Then our immense grazing lands put us in a position to produce high class horses at a cost which would enable us to compete favorably in all the markets of the world, and in large quantities. We need only to produce the high standard.

It may be suggested that this might be accomplished without racing, or, at least, without the betting and other accessories; but this has been shown to be impossible. Racing on a large scale cannot be carried on successfully without betting. While you can't prevent gambling, however, you can control it by permitting it on the race courses, under certain restrictions.

In England, the traditions of long years sustain racing as strongly as if it were entrenched behind the laws of the land, and the real object of it has never been lost sight of. In France and other European countries the importance of racing is so well understood that the governments give it their supervision, licensing the associations through their departments of war and agriculture.—Belmont Purdy in Outing.

Pavements of Milk.

A land flowing with milk is an ancient idea, but streets paved with it is a notion essentially modern. It is being seriously proposed to the municipality of Paris by a contractor of standing. He claims for a pavement of indurated milk the advantages of durability and noiselessness.

The profit to the government on penalties pays the entire expense of the milk.

Green Cut Done.

There is no doubt that green cut bone is all right for poultry feeding in the winter. But the trouble is that it is difficult to secure. In the first place, a bone cutter is expensive, and then you have to see about getting a supply of bone. Then, running a bone-cutter is no child's play; it takes a man to do it, or at least a good, stout, healthy woman.

If there was demand enough and the butchers could be persuaded to run the machine and sell to their customers, that would be an easy way out of the matter. But there are but few people in a neighborhood who use cut bone, so that the demand is not great.

On most farms the men are too busy to pay much attention to the poultry, and running a bone-cutter would not be strictly to the taste of the average farmer. Of course, if a large flock is kept, say one hundred or two hundred hens, it will pay to own and operate a bone-cutter, but for twenty-five or fifty it is doubtful.

In the summer the fowls get enough insects to supply the demand for a meat diet, but the winter season deprives them of all except what is fed to them. But these difficulties do not confront one who undertakes to supply

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