TWO LOST YEARS.

The curtain had just descended on the second act of "Sweetwater."

From the gesticulations below the great auditorium looked like a conflict of serpentine flowers. To Elizabeth Wyndham it resembled a picture of the dazzling country of the "Arabian Nights."

"That is what you call an opera nowadays, eh?" said the old man at length, leaning back and taking off his glasses. "Well, I do wish your Aunt Mary was here, Lizzie dear. Not that the music suits me, but it's all kind of mixed up."

Mary Summer longed as for poetry a piece of musical excellence, but the girl who had glowed kind smilingly on the old man's

"Pretty of young men stood beaming in the lobby, laughed and chuckled behind the

"Doesn't seem Wyndham here today," remarked one. "Doesn't he usually patronize this sort of thing?"

"There's the show-girls," returned another. "Nice girl, but rather a fool."

By the way, doesn't Lois Carmer look charming this afternoon. Wonder what old sourbellies he was with last?"

"I never guess," said the first speaker. "It's too much trouble. Hello! There's Wyndham."

Richard Wyndham, a tall, healthy-looking man, took a leisurely survey of the house.

Carmer saw no use to stay for my sister. Excuse me, I must join her."

As Richard Wyndham walked slowly down Broadway, with his sister hanging on his arm, he was unusually silent.

"Dick, what is the matter with you?" asked Miss Wyndham impatiently. "I'm afraid you think things what you think of this new dress!"

"Imagine me," said the young man. "I confess to a little uneasiness today. How should you like to visit Switzerland this spring?"

"If you are determined, certainly. But I had hoped you would have seen some new face with enough magnetism to chain you to a hungry fiancée's side."

"Dolly! I say! Have been fascinated—bewitched," he began, but at that moment Mr. Summer's carriage rolled by.

Kate's hand lay caressingly on the window, with a diamond blazing flashing on her wrist. Her sweet face, just flushed by a dazzling whole, looked out, with a smile of recognition.

Richard bowed, as the high stepping grays whirled past him, and, with a tan somewhat pale, blinked his eyes musingly. "Has I have had enough to make me dizzy."

The last spoke blossom by my bride on the velvet plane of country orchards—the bright American sky was brace and exhilar than the lassitude of all the southern climes that lie to soft, sensual summer skies.

At hand on Wyndham thought as he stepped once more on shore from the deck of the steamer which had brought him across the Atlantic.

A broken, wanderer, alone now, for Emily lay under the turf of a little churchyard where the chimes of Phelps blossomed.

He shook down recognition and was seriously annoyed when an old acquaintance caught him by both hands.

"Back safely, eh? Glad you shall dine with me tonight, and we'll talk over old times."

No refusal would satisfy Alric and Wyndham was forced to comply.

"Plenty of changes," said the former as they sat together over their dessert. "Has that's generally the fill of fare when a man returns from a two years' absence. Let me see. Jennings is dead, Summer's wife has eloped, Maynard is married, old Spencer failed and died afterward. You remember his pretty daughter, she's poor."

"And"—

"Summer failed! What has become of the family?"

"Don't know. I'm sure. You know how it is in a city like this—when a man goes under the tide closes over his head. Clairville has made a fortune in the wine business, and"—

But Wyndham heard nothing further. Not until that moment did he realize how often Kate Summer's eyes had mingled in the phantasms of waking vision and cold night dreams! To come to him like heart break.

A warm July evening to draw lightly in front of a puzzling facade of crossroads, where the Connecticut hills were traversed by a heavy little stream.

"Upon my word," he mused, "I scarcely know which way to turn. I can's very well take all four roads at once. So go ahead, Dolly."

The sun trembled above the line of far off hills and, from one for its stars of human interest, saw a solitary farmhouse, with roof covered by patches of green moss, nestling in a hollow.

Wyndham paused a moment, then rode up to the dooryard.

He strode contemptuously round to the back door, where a little garden stretched itself down the slope of the hill.

There a slender figure in a brown dress was stooping, gathering fruit. He advanced with an apologetic cough.

"I beg your pardon, but could I trouble"—

"Mr. Wyndham!"

"Miss Summer!"

Of course there were explanations and all that sort of thing, and a long time they took, too, considering there was so very obvious disinclination to be made.

"Will you, Kate deserve?" was his last question as they turned toward the house.

"You must ask Uncle Elijah. He is my only guardian now, and I keep house for him since Aunt Kate died," answered Kate demurely.

"Well," said Uncle Elijah, with his hand on Katy's brown hair, "so you've made up your mind to live in New York again. Well, I never was there but once, and I don't know as I would be much in it."

"And you supposed me to be a frivolous butterfly, basking in the sunshine of prosperity," said Katy a little later. "I'm much obliged, sir!" "No doubt," interrupted the young man earnestly, "it was a false idea and one which has cost me two years of unhappiness. It is a pity that we can only learn from experience in this world!"—New York Press.

The Greek Olympic.

The Olympic festival, the details of which by common Greek consent were in charge of the Elians, was supposed to be under the direct care of Olympian Zeus, the father of the gods, and the locality where the sacrificial rites held was called sacred. Olympia was not a city, but was rather a collection of temples and public buildings adjoining the golden set or Grove to athletic training and architecture. The most memorable work of the Greek and Roman governments (776 B.C.) had been built to be the place of the plan and conceived many lineaments of modern art. The quadrangle called the Alti was peculiarly sacred, and here stood the temple of Jupiter of Olympia with and of other temples, but remarkable because of many of the Greek artists. In its cella was the high altar of the Olympian gods and near by the colossal statue of him made of gold and ivory by Phidias, the greatest of sculptors—a work considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Athens boasted of many colossal statues, marvels of art, but Olympia, for all its cold and pride of the Greek race and innovation to number the seven wonders of the world. Olympia was the festival.—G. T. Ferris in April St. Nicholas.

HER BLIND RIVAL.

It was so intensely hot morning in June, as Dorothy Summer, hot and panting and hatless with curses, rushed into, and closed the long white blinds on the side to ease Dorothy's room. Dorothy, where the sunlight

This was Monday, the first day for the new model, and Dorothy generally found herself one of a group of sighs or one was about anything will pleasant excitement for the day. Dorothy herself had spent Saturday and Sunday on the

A quarter before 8 o'clock, the time for starting Monday, her face burning with strange excitement, turned to see who was there. As she flung the door back she saw a lady standing in the class below, and the glance surged into a prolonged cross.

A slight girl, in a soft gray dress, with brown hair in ripples, turned on the arm of a young man, whose height, gray eyes and very handsome. Very handsome, indeed! Only the night in her mother's ballroom had her cheek touched this shoulder, that arm had her round her.

Only four months—four happy months—since Ferguson Graham, the young Harvard man, had been introduced to Dorothy; only three weeks since the day she had given the answer (laughingly enough at the outset of that date)

"Dorothy, darling, what is wrong?" he said softly.

Dorothy battled hard with a rush of tears. Then the consideration of the man made the tears flow now too painfully to flint. She flung her head aside and sobbing for breath, leaned against the door-post.

Ferguson Graham placed himself before her and said.

"Don't try to go on with this sewing, Dorothy. Tell me the meaning of your sudden—I have a right to know, and what is wrong? I will know."

In vague they stood one breathless instant, then, wrenching herself free with a passionate gesture and a low breathed "I thought you loved me," Dorothy was gone. The next day Dorothy went to Lenox, refusing to see her lover, and when I have had occasion to hold her in the evening. And another night she found on her bed, waiting to be read and then she would give back letting and every so thoughtful sent an apology for leaving it again!

The next day was stormy day again. Dorothy worked with a frenzied energy, which surprised herself and her mother. The passionate eyes of the young glowed at the Pass out of the sunrise.

Half past 8 o'clock. Nine. There they were! Dorothy's heart gave a great bound, her face grew pale and she stepped back to if to view her work.

They are seated close together and in should the Dorothy looks, the girl upon her handing and gives a photograph to Ferguson.

Dorothy's heart grew cold and faint; only a few days ago he had begged for her photo, now he is treasuring another's!

Ice trembling, scissors, paste and entrees are put by and Dorothy, scarcely realizing her intention, finds herself on the walk leading to the back door.

She is close to him now and she stands transfixed, for the beautiful eyes of the girl, addressed to her companion, are utter, unmistakably eighteen. Dorothy knows all now.

Ferguson looks up and in another instant Dorothy, blue and trembling, is led to the seat and hears him saying, "You know my sister Lily, Dorothy, at last, by treasure," hears another sweet voice saying, "This is your Dorothy," feels slender fingers delicately touch her face and hears that Lily, with her sister Annie, has come to Dublin on a private visit to see Dr. Fitzgerald again—a little vain hope of Lily's own—"but Annie caught cold on Sunday to go to St. Patrick's cathedral, therefore Ferguson has brought Lily here each day for fresh air.

And then she hears Ferguson whisper very low

"And you could doubt me, Dorothy?"

"Forgive me, Ferguson."—London News.

GETTING THE WATER OUT OF BUTTER

A Machine Has Been Invented Which Drives Out the Moisture.

The cream is churned in the ordinary way, and the butter is pulled in the granular state and immediately brined. After rotting half an hour in the brine it is ladled out—still of course in the granular state—and put into tin molds that are lined with muslin. The molds are arranged around the inner periphery of a wheel that is made to revolve at a high speed. As the wheel revolves the superfluous wetness flies out of the butter in the form of spray, and the butter can be made as dry as you like. Butter in good condition should not contain more than about 12 per cent of water, and this machine easily reduces the moisture down to this percentage in about 90 seconds. The molding of the butter is simultaneously done, and within two minutes we have our pounds and half pounds of butter ready for the table or 56 to keep any reasonable time. Used at once or kept a week there is something winning and delightful about the product which is seldom if ever found in butter that has been subjected to pressure and rolling.

It is still perfectly granular, though compared the pounds and half pounds, as the case may be, and it breaks never freely under gentle pressure, and without the aid of a knife to cut a half inch pat as a starter. Its cohesive state is something like that of a slightly compressed ball of tolerably dry and fresh snow. I do not, however, mean that this granular state is the something "winning and delightful" already alluded to but rather that in the sense under the now and the flavor of the butter there is an indescribable attraction which is not otherwise found in butter. For this and other reasons I am under the impression that butter made in this way, completely without any working at all, is destined to win its way well and quickly with people who wish to eat butter in the very pick of perfection. It is to most small extent impossible—what is to say, it is still practicable, for it be easily cut or broken. In fact, however, I can see objection to this modified condition of butter, but rather in its advantage rather than a disadvantage.

I have said that the butter granules are lodged out of the churn and put into the molds, dripping with wet as they are, and it may be supposed that the molds will hold more or less than a pound or a half pound, as the case may be. Well, this depends on the dairymaid. A little practice will enable any person of average intelligence to gauge the quantities "within one little each mold—gauge it within half an ounce of accuracy in each mold. And this extra half ounce is the point to which all disciples aim for fear of weight before the butter is marketed. On breakfast, it is easy to adjust each point or half pound of butter after it comes out of the mold, if need be to do so.—J. P. Wickes in Agricultural Gazette.

Preparing Hens For Sale.

A correspondent of The Country Gentleman writes: The use of parchment paper for wrapping each article so large as to leave no edges the form in which it may be most acceptably presented as the most particular purchasers to certainly one of the main points, although it may be the main a small effort in the fashions of fancy butter packing. If each yolk is wrapped in the paper, and the yolks are slowly placed in a clean box, then a shelf supported by chars put in the right place, not to press on the yolks, but simply prevent the displacement of them, then another layer of yolks, and so on until the box is filled, the box may be turned between up or on end without any disturbance or injury to the butter. To use the paper, I cut it into squares and dip the paper in water, then I dip the paper in clean, cold water, fold it neatly around the yolk, forming over each corner, but not wrinkling the corners together, and then laying the yolk with the base on one of the paper downward, to have the paper in place. When a box of butter is packed it occurs, it greatly improve the appearance of the goods, as well as entirely exclude dust and air and prevent the butter from drying.

THE POULTRY SUMMER.

Facts Some Fresh Given Facts and Figures Concerning a Gigantic Industry.

Here are the views of Mr. Isaac Fitch, the best poultry man in this or any other country.

"Six hundred million dollars is a low estimate of the annual poultry business of the United States. You can figure it for yourself. I demonstrated not long ago that the average price of eggs in my Massachusetts home for the past eight years has been 20½ cents per dozen. But we'll put it lower than that. We'll say 20 cents. It is a conservative estimate to say that the average family consumes two dozen eggs a week, say 100 dozen a year. That means $20. It is putting it low to say that the average family consumes $20 worth of poultry each year. This gives $10 a year for each family, or for 10,000,000 families $[illegible].

"But this is not all. The encyclopedia says that in 1892 the hotels and restaurants consumed $[illegible] worth of poultry and eggs. Owing to the increase of population it cannot be less than $100,000,000 a year now. There are used in the manufacture of dye twice as far than $[illegible] worth of eggs, and there are also used vast quantities of eggs in other manufactures, such as the making of ether, etc. Taking the United States and Canada together, I have no doubt that it does double the amount of poultry amounts every year to $600,000,000.

"The reason that this is not more generally understood is because so little of this comes into the markets of the country. The producers consume their products at home. Of course this forget to what an extent eggs and poultry enter into the food supply of the people on the farm.

"In 1893 I went before the committee of agriculture of Massachusetts and introduced the subject of poultry culture. They thought my figures were exaggerated, and a week later one of the members called on me and said that he owed me an apology. He said that when I gave my statement he had set me down as the most sanguine liar of this country, but after investigation he had become convinced that I was quite within the bounds of fact.

"No farmer should have less than 100 chickens. Give them shelter and a place to rest and they will take care of themselves. A bushel of wheat will keep a hen a year, and with ordinary care she will produce ten dozen eggs a year and hatch and rear a brood of chickens. My Holstein hens in Duke of [illegible] averaged 180 eggs a year, and hatched and reared a brood."

Dairy and Creamery.

Balance up the ration for the dairy cow. Among with the roots, feeding hay and oats give to each cow two or five pounds of wheat bran per day and two pounds of linseed meal. The wheat bran and linseed meal are needed to make the proteids, which is the basis of animal tissue. Starch does not make muscular fiber. It fills in the muscular fiber after it is made. A little substance meal should be given to each cow every day or two.

Whether a farmer's blood ought to be in sympathy with the farmer's family and eat at table with them depends on the blood ones.

Either local power or wind power can be used on the dairyman's farm with advantage and economy. Wind power is the cheapest, local power is the surest for cutting feed, running the cream and separator and butter worker. In the creamery, where for any long, in the most worthwhile we have the high, the local or wind power can be utilized.

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Dorset, the death, is in reality of [illegible] The [illegible] and [illegible] offer when treated by the [illegible] Dr. Shores, always ready to [illegible] the second letter from the [illegible] and [illegible] Dr. Shores, always ready to [illegible] and [illegible] and give free medicine and cure and cure.

[illegible] Dr. Shores is in Salt Lake City, Utah, and will give free medicine and cure and cure.

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