IN THE GOLDEN CORN.

A neglect mass of wavy, gold brown hair, a rate of unctuousness blue eyes peeping from under a big sun hat—such the scene for view.

Under the hedge, his coat hat half covering his face, a tall, slim youth of 16 or thereabout is quietly slumbering.

The wavy blue eyes cause us to get minutes sight of him. She creeps with the stealth of a red Indian to the boy's side, and with a piece of leather grass tickles the exposed cheek to keep forever hot. A hand goes quickly up to brush away the offending fly, but as it still persists the object has to be pushed back with a restless impatience, then as he catches sight of the old sexpenkler the dark face grows tender.

"Molly, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaims delightedly.

"Yes, Molly, and no war cake!" says the young person sulkily. The sun seemed determined to hurt comfortably against the broad curved shoulder.

"You see, I didn't feel like bacon, and it was jolly lucky for you, too, as we'd just gone New Brunswick the ship," she finishes gleefully.

"You darling! Did you really come to see me?"

"Why, of course I did! You silly boy, aren't you going away for two years, and haven't we always been chums?"

"When I come back in two years, Molly, will you marry me?"

The girl goes as limp for a moment in mock surprise, and then, recovering herself sweetly of a bombshell—goes off into just after peal of merry, ringing laughter, but no she sees the look of injured surprise on her companion. She also remembers that she promised giddy.

"Oh, Phil, I'm so sorry!" she gasps at last. "I'm did come to Pamela. Marry you! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Then a sudden thought strikes her:

"Have you been sulking him to me all this afternoon?" she accuses him indignantly.

"Rather," he answers, then irrelevantly, "What a funny you are, Molly!"

"Your cheek!" she remarks indignantly. "Do that's making fun. Will—mollie—I rather like it, and"—the bright head nestling against the broad shoulder—"you are quite a dear."

Which is then ten a still whistle and Bob Heatherleigh's starved appearance through the hedge put a summary end to their tete-a-tete.

Five years later Phil returned and found Molly engaged to Lord Hartley.

"Hello, Wentworth! I thought you were in India!"

"Just home on leave. How's'ye on, Hartley?"

And the two men, with all young England's horror of anything approaching a display of feeling, exchange polite greetings. Though they have seen constantly the blind one another and one's heart, at all events, is bitter with love and jealousy.

"I suppose nearly every one has left town?" curates Phil tangentially.

"No, there are a good many left, rather, you know"—vaguely. "Your old friends, the Heatherleigh, are here."

"Ah!" says Phil quietly. "I believe I am to congratulate you?"

Hartley glances at him curiously. Perhaps the expressed tone in the deep voice strikes him. He makes a little, nothing bow, then says:

"You are right at Carston House?"

"Probably I may as well be there as the club," is the unfeigned reply, although under the quiet exterior the man's heart is beating wildly at the thought of meeting his little love again.

* * * *

Philip is reading one the days when the Heatherleigh are expected. Mrs. Heatherleigh's tall, steady figure comes first, and then—can this be Molly, the little, little, the maiden by the side, in short skirt and flattered sun hat, the uniform buttoned tuffen in closely white dresses, who is snuffing over her shoulder at Lord Hartley? And then Phil's momentary doubts being quickly dispelled, he turns sadly and bitterly away.

Later in the evening Mrs. Heatherleigh sends him to search of Mollie.

He finds her sitting under a big yellow flowering blossoms in the prodigious compliments of Lord Hartley.

They meet—coldly, strangely, most—and exchange the polite nothings of society. Philip is wildly angry that the girl wears such an apparently unworthy demeanor.

As they turn to leave the conservatory one of his big Japanese lanterns suddenly catches fire, with the blazing flagstones fall on the girl's flaky dress. Instantly she is in flames.

Philip, quick as thought, has torn down one of the heavy silver hangings, hung it round the slight form and has crushed out the flames with the hands. Then, as Lord Hartleigh rushes forward, he gives the girl into her arms and hurries from the house.

* * * *

It is a week later, and Philip Wentworth is again on the eve of leaving England. The Heatherleigh left town the day after the accident. Philip and pleaded his appointment to India on account of relatives in this clime. He dared not trust his self control if he were thrown in daily contact with Mollie.

But Bob, inspired with admiration of Hamlet's generous, conceived a wonderful idea, so elastic that made Phil dive into "Brooks," rub his eyes, take much cheer after an already morning train and dispatch some two hours afterward at the ring marriage within three miles from Heatherleigh court.

Two sentences in Bob's letter ring in his ears, "Hartley has gone to the Bahamas," and "Mollie was awfully cut up and wouldn't come down. She hasn't got over her fright yet, I suppose; does nothing but worry about in the conceits by the week, then to be alone, she says."

The sun is flooding an earlier poppies and golden corn, the orphic of the woody landscape are soft and green, and, over, not the pretty white clad figure, sitting, side on hand, in passive attitude, is changed from the merry child of two years ago.

"Mollie," he says softly. The girl starts, the big eyes widen, then, as she rises to meet the object of her thoughts so close that he might nearly touch her from side to issue, she flushes long.

"You are calm, Mollie, glad to see me?"

"Yes, I think I am glad to see anybody else, then" (an girl questions a glass of the cool sunny light in her blue eyes).

"I took the announcement of your engagement in the papers," he says slowly.

"And not be surprised?" Mollie asks surprisingly.—London Answers.

Testing Cord With the Hot Iron.

The hot iron test, which is used by all shopkeepers to determine the genuineness of cords, is made by touching a lump of cord, from which the wiry has been removed as much as possible by pressing in the hand, to a piece of iron heated to redhot intensity. Under certain conditions cord will adhere to this iron and when pulled away will be drawn out in fine threads. The length of these threads is supposed to be proportional to the wiry of the cord, and is taken as a measure of that. Indeed, cords are said to have one-fourth of an inch of wool, according to the threads are one-fourth of an inch long. A large number of tests of wiry in comparison with not iron tests have shown that no definite relation exists between threads, although it may be, that, long threads are usually associated with hot iron. It may be clearly shown that the length of the string is not alone depending upon the amount of wool present by adding a little borax, glycerine of soda, or even bicarbonate of soda, all of which have an alkaline reaction, in several cards, which do not adhere to the hot iron, when they will be found to string as perfectly as if wool was developed. Moreover, cards precipitated by the natural development of lactic acid in milk do not always string. It appears from this that the hot iron test indicates not the degree of acidity, but a condition of the curd which may be brought about in a variety of ways. Our observations show that any reagent, whether acid or alkaline, which has a slight solvent action upon casein, will cause curd to string upon a hot iron. The effect of such a reagent is to convert the curd into a more or less plastic condition in which the particles adhere readily to each other. Such curds when piled will flatten and assume the wavy texture desired in the cheddar process before they are put to press. The cheese will also close up well and show few mechanical holes. There are present in most milks a variety of organisms capable of converting curd into this condition. Usually the lactic forms predominate, but often others which have a promoting or digestive action on the casein have considerable influence. It is evident from this that the determination of acid can never replace the hot iron test in practical cheesemaking, or it often fails to show that condition of curd essential to a fine texture cheese.—Dr. B. M. Babcock.

The Goat's Hoofs.

The goat's hoofs consists of a small more for picking the skin. This instrument is so hard in a delicate sheath and beneath it there is a grasping apparatus for holding the skin, the blood of the victim. The goat is so small that the cut properties of the blood would be too large for its system, and it takes only the serum.

Consumption

OFFICOR LIFE and Health with Hypophosphites, Lime and Soda, the most nourishing food known, is the only remedy. Where consumption has not gone too far it will cure. Where it has not gone too far it will prolong life in the early stages. Where consumption has gone too far it will prolong life and make life more comfortable than any other remedy. Insist on SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and you will be cured of the disease whether you take it or not. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Anchorite Mining Company. Location of principal place of business in Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the board of directors of the Anchorite Mining Co., held at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 20th day of October, 1896, an assessment of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to the undersigned, at the office of the company, in the Dooly block, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of November, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 12th day of December, 1896, at the hour of 2 p. m., at the office of the company. By order of the board of directors.

FRANK T. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, October 21, 1896.

Ministers Should Use Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

THOSE IN THE PROFESSION, whose duties necessarily act as a severe strain on the heart, so many of the ailments, disorders and serious conditions of the heart are known to be caused by nervous exhaustion, such as palpitation, shortness of breath, weak spells, pain in the side, shoulder blade and arm, smothering, dizziness, fainting, dropsy, nervous prostration.

Rev. J. F. Gates, R. D., Pastor C. R. Church, Kansas City, Kan., writes a physician, under Feb. 15, 1895: "Heart affection and nervous prostration had become so serious that I could not walk a little over a block without stopping to rest. I was so short of breath that I could not walk across the room without stopping to rest. I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I was so weak that I could not walk a mile. I was so nervous that I could not write a sermon. I was so nervous that I could not preach. I was so nervous that I could not pray. I was so nervous that I could not sing. I was so nervous that I could not do anything. I was so nervous that I could not think. I was so nervous that I could not live. I was so nervous that I could not die