STORY OF A MAN'S HEART.

Written by Alexandre Dumas. English Adaptation by Emile Dufais.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

A few weeks sufficed for Lucien to put his affairs in order, to take the daughter's place and walk beside Monsieur Duclos as the old father, bowed in sorrow and despair, followed his wife's remains to their last resting place, for Madame Duclos had never raised her head after Madeleine's flight, and to execute his last and testament, for Lucien realized to its fullest extent the risk he would take when he entered the land of the stiletto, bent upon executing a vengeance that must betray itself in every motion, in every glance. It would be very possible that Angelo should know quite as well how to guard his plunder as he did to remove it from under the very eyes of the lover. And yet how would he ever know that Lucien Barthelemy was standing in front of him about to raise an avenging arm to strike him down with the force of a thunderbolt?

His own mother would have had difficulty to see in this pale, smooth-faced, white-haired man the specimen of glorious manhood she had left behind her. So long as Madeleine did not hear his voice, she, too, would never dream that this was the man she had so deeply wronged, so lightly abandoned. She had only known the bearded face; she had no knowledge of the countenance that lay beneath the beard. His plan was, therefore, to follow boldly after the fugitives without meditating any further disguise than that which nature had provided for him.

But it proved to be no easy task to come upon a trace of them. Upon returning to Italy, Livorino had traveled under an assumed name, and a month elapsed before Lucien was enabled to discover his whereabouts, but his zeal and intelligence triumphed at last. Angelo and Madeleine were traced from Venice to Florence, from Florence to Rome, and from Rome to Naples. Here they disappeared so completely that Lucien was quite persuaded that they had left the city by water — probably taken passage for America. By this time the new scenes and new faces, the glory of Italian skies and the melody of the Italian tongue, had begun to work a change in Lucien. Strange fate that had led him into a land which was serving to aggravate rather than cure his malady; for at times, with a desire that knew no bounds, he yearned for the dark-eyed child who had been snatched away from him, and who now in his pilgrimage through the highland would fit so delightfully in his poet's and scholar's heart.

While wandering about the streets one evening, peering into every face, measuring every form that passed him, he strolled into a wine shop and sat down at one of the tables, when suddenly a smothered cry of rage escaped his lips. Angelo Livorino had entered the place in company with several friends, and taken seats at another table. The hour was late. Angelo and his companions, although already inflamed with liquor, summoned the keeper of the wine shop, and noisily demanded to be served at once. The man, apparently afraid lest the good name of his place would suffer from the outbreak of a midnight brawl, vainly endeavored to quiet them, and con ented at last to furnish them with wine.

"Sing! Sing! Angelo," cried the others, and in compliance with the demand Livorino let out his glorious voice to its fullest diapason. It was made more tender and sympathetic by the glow into which the wine had set his soul, and as Lucien listened his heart for an instant softened against this hated rival, and he comprehended what a world of difference there was between the monotonous melody of the spoken voice and the delicious sweetness of song with its mysterious power to touch the souls of mortals, and he saw how poorly equipped he had gone into love's arena as compared with Angelo.

Still listening, his head sank upon his breast, and a disappointment so deep and so tragical filled his heart that it seemed as if he must sit there and die, and that as his soul winged its way heavenward Angelo's voice would be poured upon it like a celestial balm, and all the hurt from the lost love would be healed.

In spite of the entreaties of the proprietor, the revelers now went from bad to worse, and it seemed as if their wrangling must soon bring about a descent of the police agents. One, Pietro, with inflamed visage and wild tongue, summoned Angelo to sing a lewd ballad. Angelo refused, whereupon Pietro fell foul of him like a fiend. In an instant the polished blade of Angelo's stiletto flashed in the light. The combat was deafening. The roar of angry voices and the shuffling and stamping of feet mingled with the crash and rattle of overturned furniture. The tallest and sturdiest of the group, one Stephano, now threw himself upon Angelo and, after a brief struggle, succeeded in wrenching the stiletto from his hand.

PIETRO HAD FLUNG HIMSELF LIKE A MADMAN UPON STEPHANO.

Fearing that blood was about to be shed and being unwilling to be called as a witness in a midnight brawl, Lucien hastily retreated to a side door with intent to make his escape, but a new outburst of violence from the brawlers caused him to look back. Pietro had flung himself like a madman upon Stephano, who, to save himself from a blow of a heavy cane, struck out with his stiletto and Pietro staggered back with a groan. The next instant the police agents burst into the place and made prisoners of the brawlers.

While glancing listlessly over the columns of a morning journal the next day a suppressed cry of amazement escaped from Lucien's lips as his eyes fell upon the heading: "A Midnight Brawl Ends Disastrously. Angelo Livorino Slays One of His Companions." Like a flash of lightning the truth burst upon Lucien: Pietro had been killed by Angelo's dagger and the singer's companions had charged the killing upon him to save Stephano.

For a moment or so Barthelemy was as if suddenly stricken blind and speechless, but as the light came back to him again, and he found that he could use his faculties, he started up and whispered to himself: "Great God! Madeleine is mine again!" but as he uttered these words he felt the hot blood rush into his face, so hot that it seemed as if it must burn its way out. It was the blush of shame. For how could Madeleine be his again unless he stood by and allowed an innocent man to be convicted of another's crime and to be thrust into a felon's cell on perjured evidence?

No; he had been dazed, bewildered for a moment by a vision as lovely as that which Mephisto had conjured up for Faust, but it had faded the very next instant and in its stead he saw the figure of a young woman in mean attire, bowed in grief, abandoned by the whole world, crushed by misfortune as dire as it was undeserved—the wife of a felon, turning in the end to self-destruction rather than appeal to her father for help. No, Angelo must be saved, if not for his own sake at least for Madeleine's. Lucien was not long in reaching this conclusion, and that very day he visited the criminal court and ascertained when Angelo would be brought to trial.

At the end of the week the singer, more dead than alive, in dread of the terrible fate hanging over him, was called upon to prove his innocence of the crime of slaying Pietro. As Lucien entered the court-room his eyes fell upon Madeleine seated on one of the benches, and he shuddered at the sight—so pale, so ill clad, so utterly wretched and forlorn she looked, sitting there alone with the gaze of the idle crowd fixed upon her.

The hearing was brief, for the public prosecutor, with the perjured evidence of Angelo's companions, had little difficulty in making out his case. Even the proprietor of the wine-shop was quite positive that Angelo had dealt the fatal blow. The man was willing to swear that he had seen Angelo draw the stiletto from his breast and raise it in the air to strike Pietro.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd of idlers and beggars which filled the wooden benches. A tall, well-dressed man with his thick white hair thrown back from his broad brow and his clean-shaven face wearing the pallor of a sedulous scholar, approached the railing and conferred in a whisper with the attorney of the accused.

"One moment, your Honor," cried the lawyer, turning hastily about, "we have another witness for the accused." A deathlike stillness came upon the room.

"A gentleman, your Honor," continued the lawyer, "who happened to be present in the wine-shop when the alleged killing took place, will now give his evidence."

"Your name?" asked the attorney, as the stranger was conducted into the witness-box.

"Lucien Barthelemy."

At these words a pallor as ashen as death's hue came over Angelo's face, and Madeleine, stark and speechless with mingled wonder and shame, sat with a stare almost of mania in her eyes.

"Let the witness be sworn upon the Holy Gospels," said the magistrate, calmly; but Lucien pushed the book gently aside and shook his head. "Do you wish to make oath before God simply with uplifted hand?" inquired the magistrate.

"I am unwilling to make oath either before God or man," replied Lucien; "but I solemnly affirm that I will speak the truth."

"Proceed," said the magistrate; "the jury may accept or reject the testimony, as they see fit."

In a few words Lucien described the brawl and explained how Angelo's dagger had been wrenched from his hand by Stephano, and by him turned against Pietro, but the public prosecutor cautioned the jury that they should be careful how they allowed the testimony of an infidel to outweigh the overwhelming evidence already adduced, to say nothing of the previous ill repute of the accused, who had on another occasion wounded a friend in a quarrel over some trivial subject. It required but a few moments for the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, upon hearing which Madeleine uttered a piercing cry of horror, and throwing herself upon her knees, stretched out her hands toward the magistrate.

"Mercy! Oh, mercy for him!" she pleaded in tones that brought tears to the men's eyes and caused the women to break out into convulsive sobbing.

"Ten years penal servitude is the lowest penalty the law permits," said the magistrate solemnly, "but the prisoner may by good behavior reduce this to six years and a half."

Calling the prisoner's attorney to him, Lucien handed him a sum of money, and having requested him to look after Madeleine, who had been borne lifeless from the court-room, he turned and walked away. Ten times he halted and asked himself why he should not go to Madeleine, why he should not act as her friend, her protector, her comforter. But suppose that beautiful child of the southland now more beautiful than ever in her grief and loneliness, should throw her fair form into his arms, ask him to forgive, forget and take her back, would he be able to withstand the terrible temptation? True, Angelo was as good as dead to her, and a strange fate with an almost playful ferocity had again brought the beautiful creature within his grasp. Why should he not reach out for her? But no; had Angelo been a convicted criminal it might have been different. As it was, he had been wrongfully convicted, and it was Lucien's duty to look after his rights as a man and brother.

As Monsieur Duclos announced his willingness to receive his daughter back under his roof again, Lucien dispatched his servant to conduct her thither, and then, with a sigh that came from the depth of his noble soul, he turned his face toward the home of his childhood, in the faraway village of Varengeville, near Dieppe, a delightful spot hallowed by the memory of his mother, with whose love fate seemed firmly resolved that Lucien must content himself. Here, possibly, he might be happy. But Lucien shook his head at this thought.

"Human happiness," he murmured, "is like the scant supply of loaves and fishes. Nothing short of a miracle can make it go around and reach every hungry heart."

CHAPTER III.

Varengeville, with its tiled and thatched roofs, its quaint sixteenth century air, its outlying farms, with their stretches of green, their fruit trees, flowering hedges, and here and there a private residence embowered in roses, was just the place for a man disappointed in life to take refuge in. Here he would scarcely be in the world which had so cruelly, so brutally refused to enroll him among its contented souls.

In this curious old village stood the ruins of a castle once inhabited by Angot, the millionaire pirate, who used to loan money to Francis I.—a name, by the way, well known to the lovers of comic opera. For who does not remember the tuneful melodies of the "Daughter of Madame Angot," so popular a few years ago? Just outside of the village the parish church of quaint Romanesque architecture met the eye, crowning as it did the high ground to the west, and right below it, perched boldly on a bluff and overlooking a deep ravine, stood a square white house with a front for each point of the compass. It was quite curtained with honeysuckle, jasmine, and other twining shrubs and climbers, while the branches of two rows of Virginia poplars had been trained to arch the road leading up to the front steps. On all sides clumps of fruit trees and flowering shrubs were artistically grouped with an eye to the picturesque. Roads and paths were well kept and bordered with strawberry beds yielding fruit up to the end of September. Within everything was plain, but comfortable and inviting. In the dining-room the tables, chairs, and sideboards were of mahogany, while the parlor was hung with Persian tapestry and contained upholstered furniture.

Here it was that Lucien came to get away from the fickle and shallow-hearted throng which laughs at love's wounds as the player shrugs his shoulder at a bad run of luck.

"Everyone loves Monsieur Barthelemy," was always the stereotyped answer of the villagers. "He is kind to us all, teaching us how to till our farms, doctoring our sick ones without charge and feeding and clothing many of us who are unable to work."

More than two years had gone by and no word, no sign of life, had come from the outer world to disturb this sweet serenity. Lucien felt that he had been forgotten and rejoiced that it was so.

"Was it not all a mere carousal of the soul," he asked himself. "Am I not slowly recovering my strength after a mad and senseless dissipation?"

Most of Lucien's visitors came to the back door; rare indeed was it that any hand was bold enough to lift the great knocker at the front and disturb the stillness of this house. Hence was it that the figure of a woman carrying a child in her arms and approaching the front steps startled him one morning. She was closely veiled. Upon reaching the steps she hesitated, turned away and took the path leading around the house to the back door. Lucien, who had been watching her, gave a sigh of relief. But the next instant the servant threw open the door of the dining-room, and the woman stood face to face with the master bountiful of Varengeville.

"Well, madam, what may I do for you?"

For her only answer the woman lifted her veil.

"My God! Madeleine, is it you?"

"My dear master, it is I!" cried the woman, throwing herself on her knees and reaching up for his hand, while the little cherub, whom she had set on the floor, following his mother's example, laid hold of Lucien's other hand and looking up with a sweet smile, enough to stay the evening star, lisped out:

"WHAT MAY I DO FOR YOU?"

"My name is Jeanne, and I'm mamma's little girl."

"Lucien, oh Lucien," pleaded Madeleine, "father is dead. I'm all but beggared. My friends have closed their doors against me. Where should I go but to you?"

"But Angelo?" stammered Lucien.

"Is worse than dead to me," was the reply. "In a few months the truth of the murder became known and he was pardoned and returned to me only to confess that he had another wife living; but I did not repulse him until the little fortune left me by my father was almost gone, thrown away by him in wild debauchery. Then I left him and now I come to you, dear master."

"Yes, yes," whispered Lucien, as he retreated a step or two and sank into a chair, "you did well, Madeleine. I'll care for you and your child—protect you—"

"No, no," exclaimed Madeleine, who, with little Jeanne, had followed Lucien up. "That will not be enough, that will not keep me alive. I must have more than that!" And then, as the master bountiful felt those beautiful arms once more entwined around his neck, and that fair form pressing against him, his brain reeled for a moment and it seemed as if joy must kill him.

When he came fully to himself that sweet, erring child of the southland lay upon his breast, and the little cherub, her attendant sprite, had clambered upon his knee. Their victory was complete. That autumn, when the air was sweet with the perfume of ripening fruit, Lucien and Madeleine were declared man and wife in front of the altar in the quaint old church across whose portal he had not passed since his mother's death; and hundreds of hearts beat in joyful accord with theirs, and at last he felt the tide turning and saw the bread which he had cast upon the waters coming back to him again. As the choir took up the glorious chant "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," a voice of strange power and sweetness rang out above all the others, so much so that gradually the other singers were hushed by the wonderful tones which filled the whole church, soft, clear and tender, touching every heart with their sad but exquisite melody:

Come, thou, of comforters the best,
Come, thou, the soul's delicious guest.

Madeleine turned pale as she looked up to Lucien's face, but the smile that met her there chased every fear away

IT SEEMED AS IF JOY MUST KILL HIM.

and her great dark eyes filled with tears as she listened:

Grant us in life t' obey Thy grace,
Grant us in death to see Thy face.

And then the singer's voice trembled and died away, and he sank down gently into his chair. He was dead. Nor did the villagers think strange of it when Lucien and Madeleine made it a custom to visit his grave on the anniversaries of their wedding day and lay flowers upon it.

[THE END.]

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Progress Since the First Exposition.

During the four decades that have elapsed since the date of the first universal exposition such marvels have been wrought in the ways of industrial, mechanical and commercial enterprise as have placed the world as many old-time centuries forward in the path of progress. In 1851 there were in the United States but a few thousand miles of railroad and telegraph line. There are now 170,000 miles of the former and more than that mileage of the latter. Apart from telegraphy, the uses of electricity were almost unknown. It is now applied to locomotion, to the lighting of streets and buildings, and to other purposes for which but a few years ago its application would have been deemed impossible. Of still more recent origin are such marvels of inventive ingenuity as the telephone and phonograph. Meanwhile improvements in mechanical appliances have more than doubled our volume of agricultural and manufactured production, giving us the means of supplying all Europe with food staples and all the world with manufactured wares. The decades of the past, however, have not proved more prolific of beneficial results for the race than will the decades of the future. Following each one of these throngings of humanity, wherein all men and nations are brought nearer to one another, into closer commercial, political and social relationship, is a general awakening of intellect, and a further polish given to the surface of human affairs.—"The Book of the Fair," by Hubert E. Bancroft.

The Milk Diet.

Tempting, choice viands are not within the reach of every purse, but good, simple, wholesome food is. The poorest man can afford to drink milk, and milk contains every essential needful for the sustenance of vitality and the restoration of lost powers. There are so many ways of preparing milk, either alone or in combination with eggs, fresh vegetables, as in soups, etc., that one cannot exclaim at the monotony. First of all, try boiled milk, bearing in mind that milk may be contaminated, and that boiling effectually ends the possibility of danger from it. If cold milk is more grateful than hot, drink it cold, taking care to have no ice in direct contact with it. Put the milk in bottles or kettles, and let them be in contact with the ice. Cultivate the habit of drinking eight or ten glasses of milk every day. If this is done, it will be safe enough to omit meals occasionally. Milk does not seem to agree with some few persons, and for them three or four ounces daily of cream will prove a most excellent food. Hot milk is more effective in relieving nervousness and fatigue than any alcoholic preparation, and is far less expensive. Many "incurable" maladies may be put to flight by living on a milk diet. In ten days one will be improved, and in a few months will find health fully restored.—Philadelphia Record.

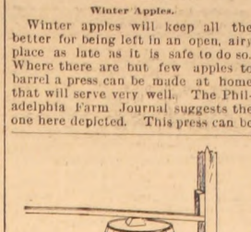
OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Points That Must Be Observed in Order to Secure Profit—Plan of a Coop for Chicks—A Serviceable Wheelbarrow—Keeping Winter Apples.

Winter Apples.

Winter apples will keep all the better for being left in an open, airy place as late as it is safe to do so. Where there are but few apples to barrel a press can be made at home that will serve very well. The Philadelphia Farm Journal suggests the one here depicted. This press can be

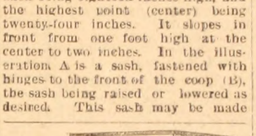


PRESS FOR BARRELING APPLES.

quickly rigged by using a plank or scantling with one end under a stud reaching to the shed plate and temporarily nailed in place. The barrel to be headed forms the fulcrum. Be careful not to press the apples too hard. A reader of the journal quoted says that the best apples of the season in Bucks County were brought out of a milk vault Feb. 7, 1892. They were Fallawaters, of a rich yellow color, with characteristic shading. They were remarkable for size, but more remarkable for their perfect preservation. Compared with apples kept in the cellar of the same house they were in far better order. The inference is that the deeper milk vault maintained a more uniform temperature. The vault had a small ventilator direct to the open air. The temperature as near as could be ascertained was about 55 degrees.

A Double-Board Coop.

A correspondent of Farm and Fireside sends a plan of a double-board coop, for two broods of chicks. The coop is four feet square, the back being eighteen inches high, and the highest point (center) being twenty-four inches. It slopes in front from one foot high at the center to two inches. In the illustration A is a sash, fastened with hinges to the front of the coop (B), the sash being raised or lowered as desired. This sash may be made



THE DOUBLE-BOARD COOP.

of wire cloth of about seven-eighths-inch mesh, to allow warmth, air, and light to enter, and also to allow of arranging a center board between the two broods. The frame of the coop is fastened to the floor with hinges at the back part, so as to allow of raising it at the back also, if desired. No glass should be used in the sash. If the weather is severe, cover the sash with boards or tarred paper. C and D show the upper and lower sides of the coop, and E the two-inch board in front. The coop protects against rats, cats, hawks, etc.

Profit in Agriculture.

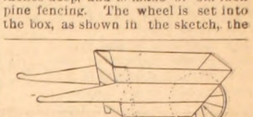
In order to secure profit from the crops produced upon the farm, there are several points that must be observed, and these are in the line of direction of reducing the cost of production, says the Germantown Telegraph. When a crop of any kind is worth no more than the cost of production, nothing has been gained. But the cost of production may be reduced in different ways: first, in the proper plowing of the land, or rather, in the preparation of the soil for the seed. Entire pulverization is an important element in successful culture; without this, there may be a loss in lack of germination of seed, and there certainly will be required more labor in the subsequent cultivation and with imperfect seed no the crops will be reduced. This, then, should be avoided, as it may be, by the exercise of proper care and the use of suitable implements in preparing the soil. With a well pulverized soil seeds come in contact with it and the moisture it contains and germination is complete. But this brings us to a second consideration, and that, the quantity of seed; if a soil is capable of carrying to maturity a full crop of any kind, if the seed is so poor or immature as that only two-thirds or one-half will germinate, then there is a loss, and for that reason only the very best seed should be used so that the chances of full germination may be of the best. A third means of increasing a crop and hence the profits, is by using an abundance of fertility and of a character to insure success. It cannot pay to plant crops in a poor soil for the reason that the yield will be light while the labor will remain about the same as for a heavy crop. Another consideration is an application of fertilizers in a manner and at a time best adapted to the wants of the crop being grown. The requirements of different crops vary in this direction and a course that would be advantageous to one crop would avail nothing when applied to some other. Still another point to be observed is reducing the cost of production to a minimum by the use of labor-saving implements and machinery in the planting, cultivation, and harvesting of crops. Common sense must be employed. The exercise of good judgment usually insures success, while the exercise of bad judgment brings failure.

Drought and Corn.

Corn is never injured by drought early in the season if the ground has been properly prepared. But there is a critical time when it is silking during which too much or too little rain often proves very destructive. If a rainy spell occurs just then the pollen from the tassels is washed off and the silk is not fertilized. That means a deficiency of kernels and late ripening. It is a curious fact that corn ears not fertilized do not harden, and the grain on them is usually soft when ears that have a full set of kernels are fully ripened and glazed. The other extreme of injury by drought more often results in the tips of the ears being defective. This shows that dry weather has spoiled either the latest silk at the end of the ear or the pollen from the tassel. A plentiful supply of suckers with tassels that blossom later will often make the corn on the main stalk fully rounded to the end with kernels. Thus the suckers may add materially to the crop while not themselves producing any ears.

Serviceable Farm Wheelbarrow.

A strong wheelbarrow is shown in the illustration from the American Agriculturist. It can be made of any size. The one sketched has a large box, four feet long on top, two feet six inches wide and eighteen inches deep, and is made of six-inch pine fencing. The wheel is set into the box, as shown in the sketch, the



HOMEMADE WHEELBARROW.

axle being stapled directly to the lower front edge of the box. A hood, made of boards with sheet iron top, is placed over the wheel inside the box. The wheel is two feet high. The legs are ten inches long below the box, and form the frame of the box. The handles are two feet long, and the same boards may be made to project forward far enough to hold the axle of the wheel, if one does not want the wheel to set into the box. This barrow is light and strong, and will carry heavy loads of farm materials when it is not convenient to use a horse.

Starting a Nursery.

There are many opportunities of making a profitable business in the growth of fruit and ornamental trees in all rural localities. To be able to procure trees near by is an object for every planter, as the trees may be had the day they are planted, and the risk of injury and mistakes in the varieties are escaped. The method to be followed is first to select a piece of good land, and sow seeds of the trees, or procure cuttings of those grown that way. The young trees are then grafted, and cultivated as a crop of corn is, until they are old enough for sale, which is when two or three years old. If the best kinds for the locality are selected, and the trees are grown with care, they may be sold with excellent profit at half the prices charged by the peddler. The most profitable kinds of trees are evergreens, which are so bulky as to cost too much for transportation to sell well unless they can be procured close to home. A plantation of young pines, spruces, and other evergreens has made more than $1,000 an acre to the nurseryman.—New York Times.

Water for Hogs.

Hogs are more often sufferers from lack of good water than any other stock. The milk they eat curdles in their stomach, and then its caseine does not look so much like drink as like food. The dishwater mixed with bran for middlings is more or less salty, and this makes more intense thirst than before it was drank. It can do no harm at least to offer the hogs, especially those in pens, all the water once a day that they will drink. More will drink than the owner is apt to suppose.

Poultry Notes.

JUST think of it, chicken costs less than pork, and is much better.

SORT your eggs as to color, if you want them to look and sell well.

THOROUGHLY whitewash the inside of your poultry house.

OYSTER shells crushed will supply the necessary lime needed for eggshells.

DO NOT complain that it is too hard work, but be thankful that you are able to do it.

FURNISH sitting hens with good, fresh, clean nests in a darkened place, and put them on in the evening.

DUCKS lay at night or early in the morning. Don't let them out until after 9 or 10 o'clock. They seldom use a nest.

A LITTLE charcoal mixed with soft feed will aid digestion and prevent disease. It is a good purifier of the blood and system.

LITTLE chicks will do better in the garden than any other place if you can confine the hens to prevent their making trouble.

THE indestructible stoneware drinking fountains are as good as any kind we have seen, and have the advantage of being cheap.

COMMON every day dust is the best exterminator for chicken lice. Give them plenty and place it where they can reach it.