

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"Ah! that is good of you indeed, if you knew the load that you have taken off my mind! To-morrow I will put down in writing what I wish done about her; she will not be peniless and you will look after all that for her, will you not? And besides, as I told you, it is highly probable that such a contingency as her being left will never arrive, and that I shall live for years to look after her myself; indeed, I believe that the peace of mind your promise has given me will prolong my life to its natural limits."

Brian looked round the room once more; were the flowers and the feminine trifles which adorned it the evidence of Miss Laybourne's taste, he wondered. "Your daughter, is she in the next room? May I not be introduced to her?" "Oh, she has gone to bed ages ago," replied the naturalist, an answer which fully confirmed Brian in his conviction that the young lady in question was ten years old.

"Janie will take her," he thought to himself. "She is a good, motherly creature; we can have her educated with little Lorrie; one governess will do for the two, and I dearest by and by Janie will find her a husband, and I shall not have much trouble about the child."

CHAPTER III.
"Do you belong, may I ask, to the genus ape, bird or piglet?" said Brian Desmond, as he stood looking up into the branches of the cherry tree. It was 7 o'clock in the morning, a creditable hour for him to be abroad, perambulating the garden. The birds were shouting their morning peans together, in a glorious chorus of confused sweetness. The dew lay fresh and heavy upon the grass under his feet, the flowers opened wide their scarlet cups to greet their lord the sun, and Brian Desmond stared up into the cherry tree, where, among the crimson droops of ruddy fruit, was perched a small, elf-like creature, with yellow hair, white garments of indistinct formation, and preternaturally large blue eyes that gazed down gravely into his.

"Neither," answered the creature seriously. "Genus man—sex feminine. I am a woman."

"Indeed?" doffing his hat with mock politeness. "I am glad to have been informed of so important a fact; had you not told me, I should never have divined it. Why did you not say a 'baby'?" "Because I am a woman," she repeated seriously.

Brian laughed. This, of course, must be Miss Laybourne, his future charge, aged 10.

Indeed, seen from this lower level, crumpled up over his head, into a small twisted form between the arms of two branches of the tree, she might certainly have passed for 10 years old.

"What is your name, you odd little girl?" "Upon my tombstone I shall be described as Catherine Elizabeth Laybourne. As I am not yet placed beneath it I have been hitherto called Kitten."

"You are a very amusing kitten, at any rate," he said laughing. "Come down and talk to me."

"Why should I? You get up her and talk to me."

"Good gracious! Do you know my age?" "Thirty-eight," replied Kitten promptly, being well informed upon this particular point.

"Why, you seem to know everything," answered Desmond, in surprise. "Things are not what they seem, then. There is something I don't know yet. If you come up here I will tell you."

The nearest approach to a laugh that Kitten ever indulged in fluttered softly from her rosy lips. In less time than it takes to describe she had swung herself lightly on to the dewy grass, and stood looking up at him with grave blue eyes in which there lurked now a suspicion of demure roguery.

"Can I assist you?" she said, gravely. Brian laughed. "What an elf you are. I fear my descent will neither be so swift nor so graceful as yours, Miss Laybourne; nevertheless he accomplished it, although in a blundering fashion.

They wandered along the garden paths together. The dew brushed against their garments, the flower dust from the golden hearts of the marigolds, and the nasturtiums was shaken by their passing footsteps. The flickering sunlight came shaft-like down through the over-arching boughs above their heads.

The professor standing between the muslin draperies of the open breakfast room window, watched them as they came slowly along. Desmond's tall head stooped toward his companion, his handsome red bronze face burnt by the sun of foreign lands, was bent with friendly kindness toward the upturned flower-like face by his side; his eyes that were somewhat gray with the shadow of a past grief, and somewhat tender, too, with the reflex of a kindly nature, were fixed with a pleased admiration upon the girl's youth and beauty.

Kitten tripped lightly by his side, shyness was not in her; she chattered freely about the cows, and the dogs, and her pet starling in his cage, saying anything that came into her head; sometimes with the playful foolishness of a child, sometimes with that gleam of world-wise shrewdness which crossed her more frivolous moods with strange unexpected suddenness.

The naturalist looked at them both as they came nearer. His child was fair and sweet and lovely. Brian was still young, he was a good fellow, a brave man and a gentleman. Through the old man's mind there darted a sudden thought.

"Why not?" And then he added to himself, "That would be better for her," and a smile softened his eyes as the thought grew and grew upon him more and more.

"Are you coming in to breakfast, Miss Laybourne?" inquired Desmond, as they drew near the house.

"Breakfast! I have breakfasted already!" "On what, Queen of the Fairies?" "Dewdrops, I imagine."

"No, upon cherries and milk; it was my breakfast hour you broke in upon when you interrupted me just now. You startled me so that I had not time to finish."

"I am very sorry, but you see I have no acquaintance with the habits of tree elves; no doubt you dislike me extremely for my blunder."

"No, I don't dislike you," she answered musingly; "in fact, I like you; yes, I think I like you better than I do Roy Grantley."

breakfast and lunch. Kitten was told by her father that she might "run away." She pouted a little bit, and resented for the first time being treated like a child. After a long time she heard the study door open and a step across the flagged hall outside.

"Kitten! Kitten! Where are you?" called a voice outside. A curious sense of happy shyness kept her silent. She crouched closer under the shelter of the old faded morone curtains and was still, though her heart was beating strangely. She heard him go out into the porch, then come in again and go to the kitchen door, Kesziah would surely tell him where she was. The step came back quickly, the handle of the door turned.

"Kitten, are you here?" She stooped her yellow head low over her book, there was a reason why she did not want to look up or to answer. But he saw her in her corner, a little mite all in white, with a bent, sunny head against a framework of faded red.

"Little witch! where have you hidden yourself? Why did you not answer? Why, Kitten, Kitten, what is the matter? Why, you are crying!" She tried to turn away her tear-laden eyes and to force her lips into a smile, but the heavy drops tumbled over on to her small hands, and the rosy lips could only tremble.

"It is your last day," she said pitiously; "and—and—it is half gone already."

He sat down beside her on the ground and took the small frail hands in his own. It went through his mind to ask himself who, for many a long year, had shed tears for him, because he was going away; it was not love, it was nothing like love even, it was only such a pity as might fill the heart of a strong man toward a child who is hurt. He wanted to be kind to her, to console her, to do her good, to wipe away those tears which sorrow for him had conjured up, to coax those trembling rosebud lips into a smile.

"Poor little child," he said to himself; "what can I say or do to comfort her? Kitten, would you like to live with me always?" he asked of her suddenly, "to be never parted from me?"

She looked up at him swiftly, a great gush of joy flashed over her face, a smile of heaven-born happiness parted her lips.

"To live with you?" she repeated wonderingly. Then her face dropped into her hands, a crimson flush rushed suddenly over her whole face and throat and the small white fingers flew up to hide the child eyes where the woman's love had been quickened into sudden life.

He saw then what he had done and what she fancied he had meant. He rose quickly and looked out of the window.

"It would be nice, wouldn't it, little woman? You and I would become great friends, but, of course, it is nonsense, for you have your father; he could not tell her how that father was likely to die and leave her to his care, which was what had been in his mind when he had talked of her living with him."

A silence—then as he still turned away his face, she said gently: "Nonsense, of course! as you say, I have my Daddy."

He was relieved; her voice was so still and quiet, there was no harm done then, he turned round and looked at her. She had risen to her feet and stood facing him with her fingers slipped into the page of her book. There were no tears now in her grave, sweet eyes, nor any burning blushes on her cheeks, she was much as usual, only, perhaps, a little paler. Already the child was learning the woman's lesson, to hide the wounds of her heart from the eyes of the man who makes her suffer.

"But I am coming back again to see you very soon, Kitten; we shall have many more good hours together in the garden and the fields."

"Yes, that will be nice."

"Now run and get your hat; see, the rain is nearly over and the sun is coming out behind that bank of cloud; by the time you have wrapped yourself up well we shall be able to get out and have a walk yet before lunch."



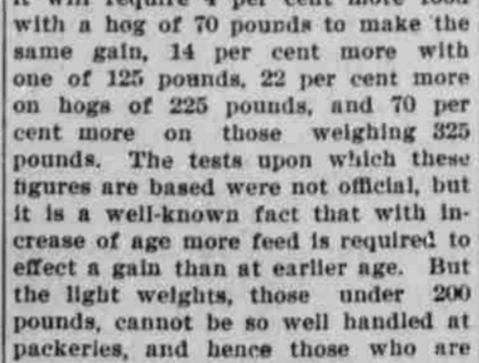
New Apron for Milking.
The average man on the farm does all sorts of work, hence his clothing is generally full of odors which, as they would be absorbed by the milk, makes it desirable that he be dressed especially for the work while milking. A new idea for a milking apron is here given with exact dimensions for the man of average build. This apron is fifty-two inches down the center of the front; one-half of top in front, seven



APRON FOR MILKING.
Inches; one-half of hip measure, twenty-five inches; length of extension at back, thirteen inches; suspender, thirty inches. Leg at lower edge 14 inches wide. To make the apron cut it from blue denim or heavy unbleached muslin, with center of front on fold of goods and piece out the extra width on sides. Slit the center of front to within twelve inches of the waistline, being careful not to get this slit too high or it will not protect the front of the trousers. Bind the edges neatly all around with cotton braid or a bias strip of the goods. Make two straps to hold the apron snugly around the trousers leg, making the straps of ample size to slip over the foot and leg or else arrange so that it can be buttoned at one side. Button the back edges to hold apron around hips and fasten suspenders at front and back. For a large man two full lengths of goods, each one and one-half yards long by thirty-six inches wide will be required. In the illustration the side view shows exactly one-half of the apron and from the illustration any housewife can cut and make this apron.—Indianapolis News.

Feeding Hogs.
A hog fed at fair profit until it reaches 200 pounds will give less profit with each additional pound, and a point can be reached at which further feeding can be done only at a loss. A reliable authority says that a certain amount of food being required to make a gain on a hog of 35 pounds, it will require 4 per cent more food with a hog of 70 pounds to make the same gain, 14 per cent more with one of 125 pounds, 22 per cent more on hogs of 225 pounds, and 70 per cent more on those weighing 325 pounds. The tests upon which these figures are based were not official, but it is a well-known fact that with increase of age more feed is required to effect a gain than at earlier age. But the light weights, those under 200 pounds, cannot be so well handled at packeries, and hence those who are feeding for market should bring them to that weight smooth and well finished. At less weight or in bad condition, it will be found that the discrimination against them is strong, so that it will always be best economy to bring them to the most rigid requirements of the market.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Serviceable Horse Evers.
Here is a sketch of a three-horse evers which I use on wagon and disk harrow. A hole is made in the tongue 6 inches back of the regular one and a hammer strap with two holes in it (to match the two holes in the tongue) is put on. Strap iron is used to connect the 2-foot and 3-foot evers. Will say that if a man has



THREE-HORSE EVERS.
four horses it is best to use them all on the disk harrow.—F. Ames, in Farm Progress.

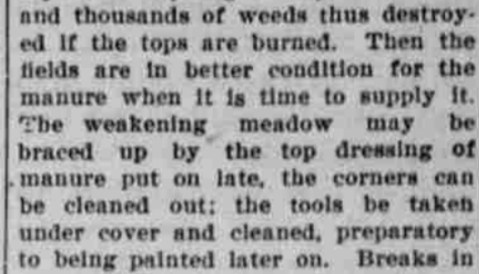
Fitting the Collar.
The horse collar is made over a form while wet and suits the taste of the maker. Then why not make the collar fit the form of the neck that it is to wear it? To do this, select a collar that will fit as nearly as possible the horse it is intended for. On an evening thoroughly wet cloths enough to wrap it up, leaving the collar in that condition all night. It need not be a new one, an old one may be treated the same way. In the morning, and while wet and soft, put the collar on the horse, adjust it properly; also the hames and hame tugs, and work the horse moderately during the day, when the collar will dry and adjust exactly to the form of the neck of the horse whose collar it must be right along. If by getting fatter

or leaner the shape of the neck is changed, a reshaping of the collar is advisable, which can be done as in the first place.

Treating Winter Wheat for Seed.
In each of six years, experiments have been conducted at the Ontario Experiment farms in treating winter wheat in different ways to kill the stinking smut, and the results have been very satisfactory. Untreated seed produced an average of 3.6 per cent of smut in the crop of last year and 0.3 per cent of smut in the crop of this season. Seed wheat which was immersed for twenty minutes in a solution made by adding one pint of formaldehyde (formalin) to forty-two gallons of water produced an average yield of grain per acre of fifty bushels in 1904 and 50.8 bushels in 1905, and that which was untreated produced only 46.6 bushels, and forty-three bushels per acre for the corresponding two years, thus making an average saving of nearly six bushels per acre. The treatment here mentioned was easily performed, comparatively cheap, effectual in killing the smut spores, and instrumental in furnishing the largest average yield of wheat per acre of all the treatments used.

Cleaning Up for Winter.
Gather the crops clean. Such as are gathered for sale can be properly stored away and then go over the field again, gathering up the odds and ends which often make more than one wagon load and representing several good feeds for some of the stock. If one can turn swine or sheep into the field to clean up it can generally be done with profit. Any plants with tops like asparagus may be mowed and thousands of weeds thus destroyed if the tops are burned. Then the fields are in better condition for the manure when it is time to supply it. The weakening meadow may be braced up by the top dressing of manure put on late, the corners can be cleaned out; the tools be taken under cover and cleaned, preparatory to being painted later on. Breaks in fences and leaks in roofs can be repaired. There are plenty of things to look after and the doing of them means money saved or earned in every case. Try it.

Trough for Fowls.
Almost anyone who has tried feeding cornmeal to chickens has had difficulty in doing it satisfactorily. The latest idea seems to be to feed it dry. The trough shown herewith is designed for feeding dry meals, either



FOR FEEDING DRY MEAL.
Indoors or out, and for chickens as well as hens. The flat edge pieces, shown clearly in the cross-section prevent the meal from being thrown out of the trough, while the roof prevents rain wetting the meal or fowls getting into the trough.

Pruning Raspberries.
After the fruiting season is over is a good time to cut out the old wood and leave nothing but this year's growth of canes. The canes that bear fruit this year will not bear fruit another year, consequently they should be removed, and the sooner this is done after the fruit has been picked the better. If they are cut out at that time, the plant food taken up by the roots, all goes into the young wood, thereby inducing more vigorous growth. This method is not to be recommended, however, for sections where there is much danger of winter-killing.

Straining the Milk.
Milk should always be strained and cooled by dipping, stirring and surrounding by cold water immediately after milking. It should always be aired where the air is pure, at least fifty feet (or more if possible) from any swill barrel, hogpen, hog yard, feed trough, barnyard, milking yard or dusty road. Two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth make a good strainer. Cloth strainers should always be thoroughly washed, then boiled and hung in a pure atmosphere to dry.

Home-Grown Ration.
In a test made at the New Jersey station a home-grown ration made up of thirty-six pounds of cowpea silage and ten pounds of crimson clover hay, with six pounds of corn and cob meal, costing 16.57 cents per cow per day, produced as much milk and butter as a ration in which two-thirds of the protein was supplied by dried brewers' grains and cottonseed meal costing 17.15 cents.

Poultry Pickings.
Disinfectants are cheaper than disease. Keep pure, fresh water always within reach. To avoid disease, it is better to breed away from it. Fowls in confinement, to do well, need a variety of food. When chickens have bred disease, look out for large lice. The falling off of the rooster's comb shows him to be in bad health. In selecting a location for a poultry yard, choose a light, sandy soil. Manure piles are good for the production of gapes in chickens. Do not condemn a breed simply because a few fowls do not come up to your expectations. The guinea-fowl is a greater forager and destroys many insects that other fowls will not touch.



Robert H. McCurdy, who has been before the insurance investigating committee in New York, that in 1893 until the time he received hundreds of thousands of dollars in commissions, is the general manager of the Mutual Life and also a trustee of the institution. His father, Mr. McCurdy, began his insurance career in 1872 after his graduation from Harvard the Metropolitan agency of the Mutual Life, and five years later he made superintendent of the department. In 1903 he was elected general manager. Mr. McCurdy is a director of the Astor National Bank, of the Windsor Trust Company and of the Casualty Company of America, and also is connected with other financial and business organizations.

Waldo Story, the Boston sculptor, who is to execute a statue of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt for the House of Commons, is an American to be thus honored.

Francis Kossuth, under whose leadership the coalition parties in Hungary are said to be desirous of effecting a reorganization in opposition to Austrian control, is a son of the celebrated revolutionist, Louis Kossuth. For years he has been an influential leader of the Hungarian independent party and the champion of popular rights. Formerly he was a civil engineer, but abandoned profession to enter politics, and long time has been a thorn in the side of the government. On several occasions it has been reported that Kossuth would be made premier of Hungary in 1849 the elder Kossuth, who declared its independence, but he was compelled to flee from his native country and lived in exile many years.

Gen. G. W. Mindil, United States praiser of diamonds that come from New York, declares that they have advanced 50 per cent in value in ten years and that the increase will continue.

William Cary Ely, who has been elected president of the reorganized American Street and International Law Association, is a citizen of Buffalo and is known as a business lawyer. He served in the New York Army from 1882 to 1886, and was a Democrat in line for U. S. In 1891 he was honored with the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. Victor Nilsson of Milwaukee has been chosen to edit the new national journal of the American Swedish Singers.

Charles Evans Hughes, who has been nominated for Mayor of New York by the Republican party, is a lawyer whose achievements for years have kept him in the public eye. Just now he is attorney for the Armstrong commission of the New York State Legislature, which is investigating the methods of the big life insurance companies, and it was under his direction that the state has been able to bring so much evidence of how the money is juggled for the benefit of the officers and their friends. Hughes was born at Glen Head, N. Y., April 11, 1862.

The late Hermann Nodding, famous surgeon, wrote an interesting book in which he endorses the fact that the moment of death is a most cases absolutely painless, and that the patient's own death evidently confirms this.

Rev. G. W. McPherson, the best known evangelist of New York City, plans the building of a geologic hall seating 3,000 people, having in connection with it a school for evangelists.

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