

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
Every time that Brian was out by himself Kitten suffered tortures of apprehension; so great, indeed, became her suffering on this score that one day she summoned up all her courage and spoke once again to him of the subject which she knew he wished her to consider a forbidden one.

"Brian, will you be very angry with me?" she said to him, timidly.

She was standing ready dressed for her drive, and her husband had promised to go with her to return some visits; he was looking at her fondly and very admiringly. Never had Kitten looked prettier. A white dress deeply trimmed with soft lace, and a tiny white lace bonnet perched upon her yellow hair, set off the childlike delicacy of her beauty and heightened the effect of that pale, transparent appearance, which a painter would have delighted in, although a doctor might have trembled at it. Brian, becoming accustomed to it, looked at it with the eyes of a painter and was charmed with it. He smiled at her trembling question and drew her fondly to his side.

"What dreadful sin are you meditating, Kitten?"

"May I ask you one question, Brian, and I will never speak of it again? It is about that—that other woman."

In a moment his brow was black and angry, and he had put her from him. The tears gushed into her eyes.

"Brian, don't—don't look so at me! I cannot bear it, but I suffer so horribly. I fancy when you go out that you go to see her."

"In London, no! I do not know even if she is alive; she may be dead. She has not been in England for years, there! Now never mention this subject again."

He spoke with a great effort. It was terrible to him even to allude to that other to this girl whom he had made his wife. Had she never been inquisitive and curious, she need never have known anything about her. It was her fault, he told himself savagely, if she suffered from her own foolish imaginings she had no one to blame but herself. As for Kitten, she drew a great gasping breath of infinite relief.

She was not in London—not in England—she might even be dead! And what is a dead rival to a woman who lives and breathes and loves?

CHAPTER XIV.
One evening early in May the land at Waterloo station a small party of four persons, accompanied by a vast and incongruous cargo of luggage.

The party consisted of a lady and her child, and two servants, one of whom was an Indian ayah, picturesquely swathed about the head in white muslin drapery with gorgeous red and yellow Birmingham printed, cotton skirts and rough heavy silver anklets inclosing her bare brown legs and feet. To this personage clung the child, a white-faced, big-eyed boy of about five, who whimpered miserably and clutched his attendant convulsively round the neck. The other servant was an elderly English lady's maid of dowdy appearance, who, however, bestirred herself to the best of her ability to rescue some few odds and ends of luggage from the immense pile of boxes and packages which began to be disgorged from the train, and to be amassed upon the crowded platform.

The lady stood a little apart, with a hopeless sense of helplessness and incompetence; she looked very tired. It was the express train from Southampton, and the P. and O. steamer having arrived the same day, the train was crowded with passengers from India. Ladies who were worn out and thin, sickly looking groups of children, men who wore strange light coats and hats, and were wrinkled and yellowed into premature old age, all hustled about together in search of their belongings.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mrs. Earle?" said a voice at her elbow. One of her late fellow passengers, a tall, soldier-like looking man, with iron grey hair and mustache, and a skin as yellow as parchment stood beside her. "Have you any friends to meet you?"

"No, I have no one," she answered rather sadly. "I almost wish now, Colonel Trefusis, that I had taken your advice and remained at the Southampton hotel until to-morrow; this confusion is dreadful, is it not? How is one ever to get one's luggage? and I am so tired!"

"I will get your luggage for you."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you; you have your own to look after."

"My own is not much; but you must not stand here. You look fit to drop carrying that heavy dressing bag, too; your maid will go with me and point out your things. Here, porter! take this lady's bag and cloaks, and put her into a cab."

Colonel Trefusis signed to the ayah to follow her mistress, and marched himself off to the scene of action, accompanied by the lady's maid.

Rosamond sat in the cab and waited. It was getting quite dark, the lamps were all lighted in the streets; it had been raining, and the pavements were wet and slippery, reflecting their pale radiance irregularly in the puddles. There was a crowd outside the station, a confusion of cab and vans. The child inside her own vehicle wept continuously, and the Indian nurse soothed him in guttural endearments in Hondoostanee. She leaned her head against the dingy cushion of the cab and sighed.

What a home coming! How dull and cheerless with never a voice to greet her, or a smile to bid her welcome back again.

"But, of course, it is my own fault," she said to herself; "if I had written last mail to his club, and told him I was coming home by the Eastern Queen he would have watched for my arrival and would have been here at the station to meet me. I thought having waited so long, I would wait a little longer, so that nothing might spoil the joy of our meeting. Of course, it is my own stupidity, and I ought not to feel so cheerless and desolate. After all, am I not at home again, and am I not free? What greater delight can I desire?"

had brought to her, who had always borne herself as a good and faithful wife should bear herself! Oh, if the world knew in what light she herself regarded her bereavement!

"Yes," she said slowly and lingeringly, though consenting to his words.

"I know that it is soon—cruelly soon even—and yet your utter friendlessness and desolation force me to speak to you. I want you to know and to feel that you have in me one to whom you can turn at any moment. I can offer you, at least, whenever you choose to take it, earnest devotion, a home, which I will strive to render a happy one to you and your child, and a heart which until I knew you had never yet been touched."

"Oh, Col. Trefusis!"

"Nay," he said quickly, perceiving perhaps the unspoken words in her regretful eyes, "nay, give me no answer now. I do not press it. I do not even wish it. I know that I am speaking far too soon to a heart that cannot have recovered yet from its wounds, and I know also that I can never expect anything like the first and deepest love of your life which has been already spent."

She shivered and shrank away, covering her face with her hands.

"Ah, now I have hurt you, my dear, dearest Mrs. Earle," he cried in distress. "I am a brute to touch upon your recent sorrow, am I not? I only want you to know and feel that you are dear to be, and that I would fain devote my whole life to the task of giving you back, if not happiness, at least something of your lost peace, and I will expect so little in return if you will only trust me with your life. Do not answer me, only say that in six months or in a year you will let me come to you again with my petition, and meanwhile that you will let me be your friend and your protector, and that you will rely upon me in everything."

"Oh! Col. Trefusis! I am so sorry—for you are so good to me, so very good. No, no; do not let me deceive you with false hopes."

"I have spoken too soon, but I will be silent now. By and by I will speak again."

"No, it would do no good. What you ask is impossible—now or ever."

Then he rose from her side and took her hand in both his.

"Nothing impossible, dear friend," he said, very earnestly, "and time softens all sorrow. I shall never despair, and I shall never give you up, never, at least," he added, with a smile, "unless what is indeed unlikely, that you are to love again, and to love another man."

And then, not knowing how his words pierced her through and through, he left her and went away.

And all day long Rosamond Earle sat indoors and waited for the lover of her youth, all day long in vain, for it was nearly 7 o'clock before Brian Desmond turned leisurely in at the door of his club.

(To be continued.)

EXCAVATIONS IN CAVES.

Object Is to Find Traces of Prehistoric Man in Them.

Ethnologists of the country are almost continually making excavations in caves in various parts of the United States in the hope of discovering tangible evidences of a race of men that is supposed to have inhabited North America in prehistoric times, according to the Washington Star. One of the most recent investigations made in this country with that hope in view has just been completed by Dr. Charles Peabody, of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. A large cave at Cavetown, Md., near Hagerstown, was the scene of the explorations, and in that place Dr. Peabody, together with Warren K. Moorehead, also of Andover, with a force of ten men, was digging for more than a month in search for traces of the early human inhabitants of the country.

At the invitation of Dr. Peabody, Dr. W. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and J. D. McGuire, of this city, also spent several days at Cavetown assisting in the investigation.

No fossil bones were found by Dr. Peabody's party in the cave in which excavations were made, but in a quarry located about 300 feet from the mouth of the cave fossil bones of animals were unearthed. Some of the fossil bones were of the early cave bear and of the elk, but, so far as known now, no bones of man were found. All the bones unearthed by the exploring party will be carefully studied and their identification will be made later.

The cave in which the excavations were made at Cavetown is about 100 feet wide by 100 feet long. Mr. McGuire made explorations in this cave two years ago when he was collecting specimens for the Carnegie Institution. The upper strata of the cave floor consists largely of camp ashes, etc., and excavations in this strata by Mr. McGuire revealed large quantities of broken pottery, arrow heads, bone and stone tools, which had been left by the early Indians, who evidently had made the cave their habitation. Underlying the strata of camp ashes there is a layer of stalagmite varying from six inches to several feet in thickness, and underneath this strata is found the red cave earth similar to the formation found in the caves of Europe in which fossil bones of animals and of ancient men have been found.

Although the search for evidences of prehistoric man in North America have been conducted for many years without success, yet the scientists are confident that their efforts will some day be rewarded with success. It is expected that if remains of ancient man are found they will be likely to be found in caves, and for that reason the caves of the country are usually the scenes of the excavations.

The fossils found in the quarry at Cavetown by Dr. Peabody's party are considered interesting as denoting the class of animals that inhabited the continent during the later geological periods.



Comfort in the Hog House.

In repairing our hog houses we found that a roll of building paper and one of tarred paper were the best investments we had made in some time; the one was used on the walls and the other on the roof so that much more expensive repairs were saved. Then we found it was policy to arrange the sleeping corner in such a way that it was impossible for it to get any of the filth or the wet which the swine gathered during the day. It was placed so that none of the slop got into it and about the only way it got soiled was when the swine trampled through it with their muddy feet. Even then by taking it out into the sun each day it made a good bed for a number of nights. A hog is a strange animal, stubborn, of course, but it will not long muss its bed if the latter is clean and comfortable. Much of the nastiness of hogs is due to the neglect of their owners. We also arrange the sleeping corner so that it is out of the draft, although the house is properly ventilated; as a result there are few if any cases of chills and colds among our swine. All this extra good care means healthy swine. It is not well to work on the plan that if the hogs escape cholera they are doing well.—Ex change.

Wintering Fall Calves.

If the calf is worth carrying through the winter it is certainly worth caring for properly and by properly is meant good food and water and proper care.

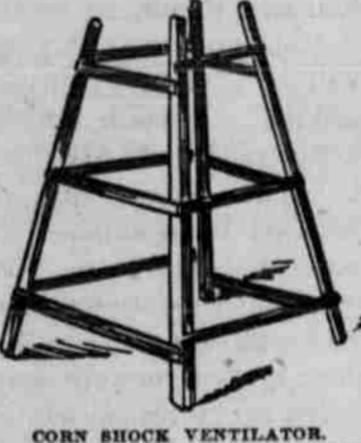
If the calf is strong and healthy it ought to pay well for the best attention that can be given it; first of all it needs a dry, clean place, not warmed by artificial heat, but as warm as lack of draughts in a comfortable stable will make it. The early days of the calf, just after weaning, are of great importance to it and too much care

cannot be taken to see that the milk given it is absolutely fresh and pure and fed in proper quantities.

As a rule, the calf will properly take care of eight pounds of milk per day, which amount can be gradually increased until at a month old it is consuming twelve pounds daily. About this time it ought also to become interested in hay and after a while will begin chewing its cud. A calf built up in this manner during the winter will be in excellent shape to turn out to pasture in the spring and get most of its living until fall, when you will have a splendid animal, one you will be proud to add to your herd.

Harvesting the Bean Crop.

Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cutter, shown here, is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades, so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just



CORN SHOCK VENTILATOR.

other set near the top, the latter pieces each being eighteen inches long. The illustration shows the construction of this rack clearly.

Losses by Insects.

Dr. L. O. Howard, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, "has just made public some startling statements of the property losses caused by insects. He believes they aggregate over \$300,000,000 a year. The Rocky Mountain locust, or Western grasshopper, in 1874 ate up \$100,000,000 worth of growing crops. The chinchbug alone has eaten \$30,000,000 worth of corn and wheat in the Western States since 1850.

As for the mosquito, apart from the losses believed to be due to its pernicious activity in the spread of yellow fever and malaria, it is an immense depredator of real estate values. A New Jersey newspaper recently estimating that its extermination in that state alone would add to its real estate valuation not less than \$100,000. It certainly would pay to wage a continuous war of extermination against all these insects."

Feeding Floor for Hogs.

When one has a number of hogs to feed the trough is not always the best thing to use for the purpose, for the swine are apt to break it down or else are unable to get the food fast enough to suit them, and so get to quarreling. One of the best methods of feeding is a large pan or floor made of cement and rough logs; this may be of any dimensions desired, although it is best made just wide enough so that the animals can feed from both sides, which will accomplish much in the way of keeping them out of it with their feet. Make the frame of rough lumber or of logs cut in half and some six or eight inches high.

Fasten this frame securely at the corners and also fasten securely to the floor so that the swine will not root it up. Then make a door inside of cement, not making it very thick, but of about the same grain as would be used for a stable floor. If desired the

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