

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

To save Kitten, or indeed to benefit her even in the smallest degree, there was nothing upon the face of the earth which Roy was not prepared to do, or dare, or endure. But the question was not what he would do, but whether Felicia would feel disposed to sacrifice herself to save the reputation of a woman, whom she knew but slightly, and to whom she owed nothing whatever.

By degrees, as he thought it over, as he pondered upon Margaret's suggestion, turning it over and over in his mind, an entirely new and original idea flashed into his brain.

Why should he not pretend to be engaged? And what good reason could Felicia bring forward to refuse her consent to a merely nominal engagement which should last a couple of months at the longest? There really seemed nothing impracticable to him in the idea. Felicia and he had always understood each other perfectly and were quite capable of keeping a secret between them.

The more Roy thought about it the more simple and easy did the whole thing seem, and the less it entered his mind to imagine that his cousin could refuse to co-operate with him.

Felicia Grantley went about all one summer's day with a cloud upon her brow, a burden of horrible uncertainty in her heart, and a most singular letter from Roy in her pocket.

Mr. Raikes had sat for half an hour in her drawing room, balancing his stick between his knees, and staring gloomily at the carpet.

"What do you think," he asked her for the twentieth time; "shall I go abroad with Brian, or not?"

"You must be the best judge of that, Mr. Raikes," Felicia had answered coldly—very coldly.

The measured tones struck ice into his soul. How could he possibly guess that her heart was in a tumult, and that she had a difficulty in keeping back her tears?

Edgar Raikes looked at her gloomily and miserably. She did not care then, he supposed, whether he stayed or went. It made no difference to her; and how, indeed, could he expect it, or now dare to frame in words the miserable thoughts that were surging in his heart; he who was a pauper, to this girl, whose money and whose fears of being sought for her fortune, seemed to stand like a forbidding angel between him and his chief desire.

"I suppose then, I had better go," he said miserably, with an inflection that was almost a question in his voice, and something wistful in his eyes which it was a pity that Felicia was so engrossed with her red and yellow silks as not to see.

"That is for you to decide," she said coldly.

Her very coldness should, perhaps, have shown him that she did care, but he did not understand that. Few men know women well enough not always to take what they say for what they really mean. Edgar Raikes merely supposed that his case was hopeless. He shook hands with her in silence, and left her, and when the front door had been slammed upon his departing footsteps, Felicia flung her silks and her plush on to the ground, laid her head upon the table in front of her and burst into tears.

All this took place in the morning. And then came Roy's letter, and Felicia went about her daily business, her shoppings and her visitings, with a load of anxiety on her mind. In the evening she was to give Roy his answer.

They were to meet at some private theatricals, and it was there that he would ask her for her decision, to surely the strangest proposal which a man ever made to a woman.

When dinner time came Felicia was still undecided. For a wonder she was dining at home with her father. They took their places in silence opposite each other. And Mr. Grantley began his usual comments.

be the pot calling the kettle black. Good by, Brian, I may call you so just for once, mayn't I? You and I were always good friends, though you haven't paid me one compliment or admired my new dress; but then I know 'Fair Rosamond' is all in all to you now!" And, with this parting shot she kissed her fingers lightly to him, and vanished round the corner of the street.

As to Brian, he turned slowly and dully away. He could not go down to the club, nor walk along Bond street and St. James street now, to run the gauntlet of his friends' pitying or inquiring glances. He turned back and went slowly homeward. His miserable secret was known, and his wife's name was coupled with that of another man. He met his cousin coming out of his own house.

"We will start at once—this very night," he said to him. "I cannot bear the shame of this," and then he repeated to him what Mrs. Talbot had said concerning his wife.

"Do not believe her," said Edgar Raikes, stoutly. "To have repeated such a thing to you, she must be what I have always taken her to be, a bad-hearted woman. Stay at home like a man, Brian, find your wife and vindicate her name by bringing her back in the face of the world."

"No, no, let us go, if not to-day, let it be to-morrow," he answered gloomily, for there was that other trouble, concerning Rosamond Earle, of which he could speak to no one, weighing upon his heart. That, too, was, it seems, known and spoken about, and to save Rosamond's name it seemed to him that he had no alternative, save to get himself away out of England. There was no refuge for him save in flight. As to Kitten, she had been foolish, but her very simplicity and foolishness would save her. With Rosamond it was different. If Kitten's flight were once to be attributed to its true cause, then the voice of slander would not spare the woman of whom his wife was jealous.

He had made up his mind to go. By noon the next day a wonderful thing had taken place. In every club, in every house where Mr. and Mrs. Desmond's name and story had been known, there went about a strange and astonishing piece of news. Everybody was talking about it. Sir Roy Grantley was engaged to his cousin, the heiress.

"And, of course," said the fickle voice of the multitude, "it is evidently impossible that there could have been any truth in that other story of his unfortunate attachment to Mrs. Desmond." Kitten's name was saved.

And Edgar Raikes, going in for a moment to his club to get his letters, heard the story, too. Then he went back to Lowndes Square, and he said:

"Let us go at once."

They started from Charing Cross that very night.

CHAPTER XXII.

It is six months later. From July to January. A great many things in the world's history may take place in six months.

Some such thought was in the mind of a woman who sat very still in the twilight of a winter's afternoon, staring dreamily into the red coals of the fire in front of her.

The world outside was white with snow. Snow upon the cottage eaves, upon garden paths, and upon the stone pillars of the garden gate, snow in thick masses upon the laurel hedge, and a white pall upon the winding lane that vanished speedily away into misty darkness, and snow again upon the distant shoulders of round-backed hills which loomed weirdly against the gloomy sky.

And the woman herself sat still and motionless by the fireside, with the red light flowing full upon her. Her dress is of black velvet, plain as any nun's, yet with a certain richness in its harmonious folds. There are white lace frills at her throat and wrists, and the gleam of diamonds upon the hand upon which she rests her oval cheek.

Rosamond Earle is doing what she has seldom allowed herself to do of late; she is dissecting her own heart.

Inensibly she had grown to have but one interest in her existence, one solitary pleasure to which she looked forward—the periodical visits of her landlord, John Trefusis. She led a life of absolute seclusion at Dunsterton. The red brick cottage upon the outskirts of the village green, with its tiny lawn and its miniature flower garden, and with the glimpse of the Keppington hills away through the gate, had suited her purpose admirably. Here she had battled through the worst of her sorrow, and had come forth scarred and wounded indeed from the fight, but a conqueror in the end.

"How right I was to go away at once and to leave no trace of my destination," she said to herself often.

But she had no idea that Brian was abroad, or that Brian's wife was not living with him. In this far-away village no records of the doings and sayings of the world had reached her ears, and she certainly flattered herself that her own retreat was absolutely unknown to all save to her one friend, Colonel Trefusis.

And gradually and inensibly this one friend became more and more to her. His unflinching devotion, his unwearied kindness, could not fail in the end to have some effect upon her. He never spoke to her of love, but the atmosphere of his love surrounded her. She did not love him, but she learned to depend upon him. It is often said that a heart can be caught at a rebound.

his spare moments in making love to her, had entered Mrs. Earle's service upon her first arrival at Dunsterton, under the more dignified name of Mary.

Some six weeks ago Mrs. Earle had been very kind to Mary's brother, whose chest was delicate. She had undertaken to support him for the winter in the south of France, and by the help and assistance of Colonel Trefusis, young Whaffle had been sent out to an invalid establishment managed by an English sisterhood at Montone. It was of this brother that Mary came to speak.

"I have had a letter to-day from my brother, ma'am."

"Indeed, and how is he, Mary?"

"Oh, so much better already, ma'am, and so grateful to you and the colonel for all your goodness to him." And then Mary proceeded to enter into a detailed account of her brother's condition and of his surroundings at Montone, which were all of great interest to his benefactress.

After which Mary said, rather blushing, "And only think, ma'am, he met a friend there one day, such a kind gentleman whom we all used to know at home, Mr. Raikes, who lived up at the Hall."

"At Keppington, do you mean?"

"Yes, ma'am, he was Mr. Desmond's cousin, and he used to live there, he was there two years, I daresay, and he was a great friend of mine," she added, with a little conscious smiler.

Mrs. Earle fell to musing. Raikes, Raikes, who was he? Ah, yes! she fancied she remembered a family of that name; many sons and many daughters, whose mother was a needy widow, and of whom mention used often to be made at Keppington in years gone by. No doubt this young man was one of this family.

"He has been very kind indeed to young George," continued Polly, "and inquired so much after me; and then he gave him three sovereigns for himself, so that George is quite rich now."

"That was very kind of him," answered her mistress absently. And then Mary left her, and she thought no more of it; nor did it occur to her to imagine that through the instrumentality of George Whaffle it would be possible for Brian Desmond to learn where it was she was living. Edgar Raikes might be his cousin, and he might also be at Montone, but that Brian should have been a bystander at the interview between the two certainly never entered for a moment into her calculations.

Eleven o'clock struck. The last note of the clock had scarcely rung before she caught a sound outside at the garden gate; the click of the iron latch, then the slow swing of the hinge followed by the clang of the gate as it fell back again. Her dog put up his nose, and uttered a low growl. Rosamond shut up her book suddenly, and stood up. The door bell rang.

She stood for a moment half uncertain. Should she summon the servants from their beds, or should she go to the door herself?

At last, however, she opened the door. There stood outside, upon the doorstep, a man, wrapped in a long, loose traveling cloak, with a heavy cape to it.

"When he saw her he made a half step back, as though he would have turned away."

"Who are you and what do you want at this hour of the night?" said Rosamond, summoning up her courage, although she was secretly somewhat uneasy. And then he spoke, and she recognized his voice.

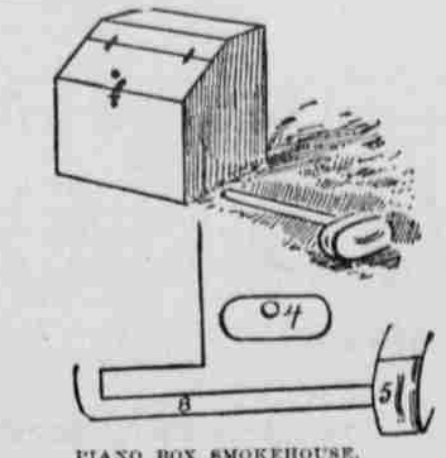
"Forgive me for coming at such an hour. The train broke down; I have walked five miles through the snow. May I come in?"

She backed slowly from him into the hall; a great chill struck her soul, a sick sense of miserable helplessness.



Good Smokehouse.

The thrifty farmer prepares his own pork for home consumption, and if he is short of cash with which to build an up-to-date smokehouse he will appreciate the following plan, which will enable him to carry out his ideas at small cost. Buy an old but good upright piano box, and after making it smoke tight with paper, set it in the desired place and dig a trench so that the piping will enter at one end of the box through the bottom. Then take an old wash boiler with a good copper bottom and have a tinsmith make a hole in one side near the bottom, and in this fasten a piece of tin water pipe



PIANO BOX SMOKEHOUSE.

or four-inch stovepipe. Then buy additional lengths of pipe and make the connections yourself, having an elbow to go into the box.

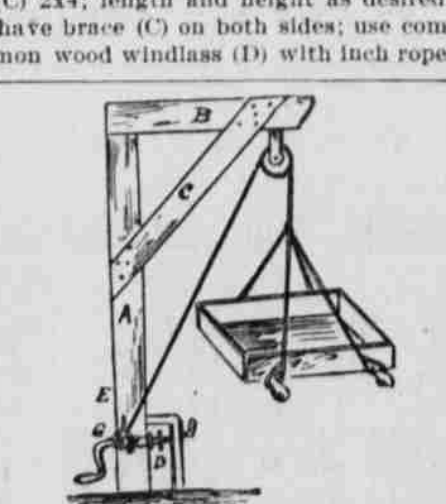
Make the smoke fire in the boiler, the smoke will pass into the box, and, on a small scale, one will have a first-class smokehouse. At little heat is required to keep up the fire sufficient to give the desired amount of smoke, there is no danger of the wash boiler being too frail for the purpose. The illustration shows the plan perfectly, the details of the piping being shown in the lower part of the cut.—Indianapolis News.

Amount of Corn Required.

It is well enough to lay down the rule that ten pounds of corn will make one pound of pork, but rules may not give the results expected unless applied under certain conditions. Some breeds of hogs will produce more pork on the same food than others, and even with a selected breed there will be some individual animals that will increase more rapidly than others. In the winter season, if the hogs are exposed, twenty or thirty pounds of corn may be required to make a pound of pork. Care and management are important, as well as breed and food.

Hoist for Wagon Box.

For main post (A) use scantling 4x4; top piece (B) use 2x4; for brace (C) 2x4; length and height as desired; have brace (C) on both sides; use common wood windlass (D) with inch rope.



FOR HOISTING THE WAGON BOX.

Loop ends of rope to slip over poles under bed. When raised sufficiently, secure by placing a bar across hooks F and E. Pulley can be attached to rafters if preferred.

Abuses of Cold Storage.

Cold storage has apparently been overworked. At first the principle of cold storage was used to carry perishable foodstuffs over the period of plenty and distribute them through the following months of famine. But according to investigations of Boards of Health in some of the larger cities, cold storage plants contain food that has lain there from six months to two years because market conditions have not suited the speculators, and they are holding for greater profits. The result is that consumers are likely to eat some very old stuff that may not be conducive to good health, and that farmers and other producers are likely to suffer unfair competition when offering new wholesome products.

Pickled Posts.

Preservation of wood is becoming more general every year, says the Kansas City Journal. They are even extending this pickling business to fence posts and telegraph and telephone poles. It works out well in both of these. In the pickling of ties, the railroads are using a great many of the softer woods, those which ordinarily wouldn't last more than two or three years. By the treatment of chemicals, though, their life is extended to at least ten years. The movement first had its origin about 1880, when attention was called by the government that there was becoming a scarcity of timber in various sections of the country.

Seed Distribution.

The annual protest of seed men against free distribution of seed by the Department of Agriculture has been sent to the President. It is signed by twenty-nine seedsmen, embracing the whole territory between the Rocky Mountains and the New England coast. The protest states that the original intention of the law was to obtain seeds unknown in the United States that might prove valuable, and in this way increase our agricultural productions, but that this statesmanlike proposition has been grievously distorted, with the result that in the main the most common kinds of garden seeds have been distributed.

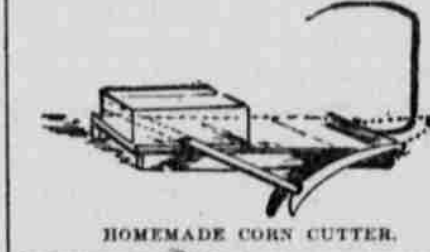
No doubt a great abuse has crept into this matter of free seed patronage. It has been used by a great many unscrupulous politicians to make themselves solid with certain voters. Like all other public questions, there are two sides. The distribution of sugar beet seed grown on the Pacific coast for experiment all over the country is a good feature that will offset some of the undesirable ones. Not all the seeds distributed are common garden truck.—Field and Fireside.

Feeding Cottonseed Meal.

Many mistakes are made in the feeding of cottonseed meal, feeders forgetting for the moment that it is an extremely concentrated food and needs a pretty strong stomach to handle it; hence it should be fed sparingly to young stock. As a food by itself it will not do for any considerable period, but as one of a mixture it has great value even at a price as high as \$35 a ton, provided the other grains used are not too high in price. A fine mixture is corn meal, the grinding of the corn and the cob together and the cottonseed-meal. Or, bran may be used when the corn is ground without the cob but in the latter case the ratio should be two parts of the cottonseed meal to one part each of the corn meal and the wheat bran.

Home-Made Corn Cutter.

A New England paper gives this as an idea coming from Australia. The device is not exactly new, as it has been in use and described in America here and there. The implement is



HOMEMADE CORN CUTTER.

made by bolting the blade of a strong heavy scythe to a sledge or sled, as here shown. One of these machines is claimed to cut about two and a half acres per day. Americans will make some improvements on it, especially in the manner of gathering the stalks when being cut.

Cost of Putting Up Silage.

The question is often discussed as to the cost of putting up silage, says Michigan Farmer. From a large number of records kept among Illinois farmers it was found to cost about 56 cents per ton. In some cases the cost was as much as 76 cents per ton, while in others as low as 35. In filling a Michigan silo this season where the horn was heavy and had to be hauled about 100 rods to the silo it cost 37 cents per ton. The cost should vary with the distance the silage is to be hauled. If silage is to be put up economically an ensilage cutter should be used that will take the corn and handle it rapidly.

Production of Mutton.

An excellent authority on sheep growing says: "The environment that conduces to the production of the most rapid-growing mutton is not the one to produce fine wool, and the greatest perfection can be attained in either wool or mutton, as in anything else, only by the single eye. Not one with the best types of male and female in both wool and mutton breeds have any misgiving with regard to where he is going to stand. Crossing is a transitional state that must evolve into a fitting survival of types of distinct attributes and special qualities to suit particular circumstances and environment."

Don't Forget the Squash Bug.

As the squash bug winters in the adult state under rubbish, etc., cleanliness becomes advantageous in avoiding injury the following season. Where the pest has been troublesome, collecting the cucurbit vines after the crop is taken and destroying them will be the means of killing or starving many of the immature bugs.

Germany Good Customer.

Germany is a good customer of agricultural America, especially her crops and products of the South. Last year she bought raw cotton to the value of \$100,000,000; oil cake and cottonseed meal, \$4,100,000; lard and oleomargarine, \$17,000,000; raw tobacco, \$5,000,000; corn, \$7,200,000; wheat, \$6,000,000.

Farm Problems.

What do you do for thumps in pigs? When is the best time to water a horse?

What does it cost to produce a pound of beef? How much grain and hay should a work horse be fed?

THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



- 1555—John Phillipot, Archdeacon of Westminster, convicted of heresy and burned.
- 1582—The Gregorian calendar adopted at Paris, omitting 10 days.
- 1642—New Zealand discovered by James Cook.
- 1644—Christina assumed governance of Sweden.
- 1648—Oliver Cromwell ordered all plays stopped in England.
- 1653—Oliver Cromwell declared protector of England.
- 1683—Isaac Walton, author of "Complete Angler," died.
- 1745—Dresden surrendered to Frederick II. of Prussia.
- 1754—Mahomet V. of Turkey died.
- 1704—T. H. Perkins, owner of the railroad in the United States, born.
- 1770—Beethoven, the great musician, born.
- 1774—North Carolina adopted a constitution.
- 1775—American Congress first met in Independence Hall.
- 1775—General Howe ordered the burning of houses in Boston and used for fire wood.
- 1776—Congress adjourned from Philadelphia to Lancaster.
- 1782—The British troops evacuated Charleston, S. C.
- 1787—New Jersey and Pennsylvania ratified the Constitution of the United States.
- 1790—General Anthony Wayne defeated the Indians at the Battle of Fallen Timbers.
- 1790—General George Washington became the first President of the United States.
- 1804—British Consul in Hong Kong bid mahogany to be exported to America, which Spain closed war against Great Britain.
- 1809—Divorce of Empress Josephine from Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 1810—Lucien Bonaparte and his place themselves under protest of England.
- 1816—First savings bank in the United States opened in Boston.
- 1829—Outbreak of Civil War in Cuba.
- 1832—Treaty of navigation and commerce concluded between the United States and Russia.
- 1836—Patent office and post office established in Washington, D. C., burned.
- 1838—Chartists meetings declared illegal in England.
- 1840—Remains of Bonaparte, Napoleon, returned from Cherbouh to Paris.
- 1848—Postal convention concluded between Great Britain and the United States. Destruction of the Theatre, New York City.
- 1850—Many killed and injured in explosion of the steamboat Norman at New Orleans.
- 1854—St. Lawrence River opened to American vessels. Lives lost in sinking of the Westmoreland in Lake Michigan.
- 1861—Prince Albert, husband of Victoria, died.
- 1862—Fredericksburg, Va., captured by Union forces.
- 1864—Fort McAllister captured by Union forces.
- 1865—Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution proclaimed.
- 1871—Alabama arbitration commission meets at Geneva. William Tweed, the Tammany Boss, arrested.
- 1874—Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage for his retirement after the assassination of President Lincoln.
- 1884—World's Fair opened in London. Attempt made to blow up the London Bridge with dynamite.
- 1891—Violent earthquake in Sicily. United States concludes arrangements for reciprocity with Cuba.
- 1894—Great loss of life in a volcanic eruption in the New Hebrides. Eugene V. Debs sentenced to prison for contempt of court.
- 1895—Samuel Gompers elected president of the American Federation of Labor.
- 1897—Attorney-General McKean appointed United States minister to the republic of Panama.
- 1901—Philippine tariff bill passed by the House of Representatives. Marconi signalled across the Atlantic by means of wireless telegraphy.
- 1903—The Cuban reciprocity bill comes a law. W. J. Borah appointed United States senator to the republic of Panama.
- 1904—Three killed in explosion on the States battleship Maine at Havana. Ex-Mayor Ames of New Orleans, charged with election fraud in office, set free after agreement of the jury at his trial.

This and That.

This being in love takes up more time than an aching tooth. When a man is with a crowd of girls, he will do a lot of foolish things. "Old age," said an old man, "is the worst joke ever played on a man. Man learns from every experience except an experience with a woman. Are you as active in paying your dues as you are in collecting them?"