

# A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

## CHAPTER IV.

Margaret Grantley sat in the oak-paneled morning room at Friery Hall, measuring out yards of unbleached calico. The sunlight came glinting through the diamond-paned oriel window and fell upon her spare, upright figure cased in solid black silk, upon her pale, smooth hair, where never a tress had been known to wander forth from its appointed place, and upon the regular, passionless features that told of an upright and thoroughly well-regulated disposition.

"And they do say, ma'am," said Hannah Dawson, who stood with yard measure and huge scissors in front of her mistress, ready to begin operations upon the creamy fabric; "they do say that poor misguided girl was running wild over the fields with this fine city gentleman, for three whole days and the best part of three nights, when they were seen in the moonlight by half the men and boys out of the village."

"Poor girl, it is very sad; we must remember that she has no mother, and that her father is worse than nothing," said Miss Grantley.

"Far worse, ma'am, with his poor cracked head always a running upon them horrible beetles and flies! As to the mother, poor thing, she was nothing to regret—a village girl, so to speak, not a lady, by any means."

"A doctor's daughter, was she not, Hannah?"

"Yes, ma'am, but what's a village doctor? You can't expect much from that poor child."

"No; we must remember to be charitable, Hannah," said her mistress gravely.

"All I hope is," interrupted Hannah, "that Mr. Roy may not get tangled up there. I'm sure master would break his heart, and it ain't in no way a suitable thing for a young gentleman like him."

A slight frown contracted Margaret Grantley's smooth brow.

"There, that will do, Hannah," she said quickly; "fifty-six yards, did you say? How many shirts will that cut into? I think you may take it all away and measure it out for me; I have some letters I ought to write now."

She dismissed the old servant whose tongue was, perhaps, too free at times. The pale yellow heap at her feet was carried away, and the oak-paneled room was a shade more somber after it had vanished.

But when she was left alone Miss Grantley did not betake herself to her writing table; she sat quite still with her cheek upon her hand and with a cloud upon her brow.

Margaret Grantley had been the mistress of her father's house ever since he had been left a widower, many years ago. She was the eldest of a once large family whom death had mown down one after the other, until only two were left—the eldest and the youngest. Margaret was 34 and Roy was 20. The difference of age between them did but increase the adoration, which was more that of a mother than a sister, with which she regarded her young brother. The boy was her idol—her whole heart was fixed upon him, every hope and ambition of her life was entered in him.

It was impossible for her idolized boy, the heir to old Friery Hall and its impoverished revenues, and to his father's old name, which somehow must be raised from poverty and not dragged further down by an imprudent match; impossible that he could be allowed to marry a half-trained, half-educated child who had no name but the reflex of her father's talent, and no fortune save the very problematical savings of his life of hard brain labor. Roy must marry for wealth and for position; he could not and should not marry Kitten Laybourne.

Whilst she was pondering over these things, a shadow darkened the window, and Roy came in from the garden without. His face looked gloomy, he flung himself down irritably into an armchair, and his pleasant, boyish face looked cross and disappointed.

"Where have you been, Roy?" queried Margaret, gently.

"On a wild goose chase," he answered, fiercely.

"You have been to see Miss Laybourne?"

"I have."

"And you have not seen her?"

"I have not."

The answers seemed to be wrung from him, they were so savagely growled forth. The ghost of a smile played about Miss Grantley's thin lips, she forbore to raise her eyes from some trifling object she had taken from the table at her elbow.

"The young lady, my poor boy, has found other friends since you have been away."

"Other friends? What friends—?" he started forward excitedly, with a flushed face and angry eyes; "she has no friend but me."

"You poor, silly Roy! Young ladies are never constant. Your village beauty has been seen about all day in the woods for days with a stranger—a handsome man, I am told. The poor child knows no better, of course."

"Who dares say so!" thundered the boy furiously. "It is not like you, Margaret, to repeat a wicked slander against a fellow woman; I would not have believed it of you, that you could be so cruel, so uncharitable!"

And Margaret, in her stiff prim silk gown, covered and trembled before him like a shriveled leaf; to hear such words uttered by the voice one loves best on earth is almost worse than a deathblow to a woman.

"I have not deserved this from you,"

she gasped, shaken, all at once out of the quiet decorum of years. She covered her face with her hands. Oh, that such cruel words should have been said to her by her boy, for whose good she had spoken!

And then Roy's heart, which was as warm as his temper, went out to the sister who had been as a mother to him. In a moment he was down at her feet with his arms cast round her waist.

"Oh, Margaret, I did not mean to hurt you, but what you said was cruel; you do not know Kitten, and you cannot know me, or you would not have said such a thing."

Poor, misguided Margaret! It was not in her to take her boy to her heart, to nestle his fair, curly head in her arms and to kiss away the anger out of his honest gray eyes.

"I must not give way," she said to herself; "if I let him think me weak he will never respect me, or look up to me again; I should lose my influence with him." So all she said was: "Young people are always unjust, Roy, but if you are sorry for your wild words, I will say no more. All I meant was that it will be better for you to think less of Miss Laybourne, who is in no way suitable to be your wife."

"I cannot think less of her—because she is all the world to me."

"Neither your father nor I will ever hear of it. It is your cousin Felicia whom you must marry, she is an heiress and a woman of talent and education. Your uncle is ready to give her to you, so that the money and the baronetcy may be united. Your father desires it earnestly; as to me, it is the wish of my heart. Felicia is young and handsome and clever; she unites all that can be wished for in herself—it is to her that you must look for a wife."

"As long as I live and as Kitten Laybourne lives," cried the young man passionately and wildly, "I will have no other wife but her."

## CHAPTER V.

All the flowers were dashed and dragged. Three days of wind and rain storms had beaten the hearts out of the roses, their petals lay scattered, dank and ragged upon the sodden earth. The birds had forgotten to sing, the very sunshine, as it crept out timidly from behind the rain clouds, looked pale and sickly.

"And a week ago I was happy!" cried Kitten aloud, as she leant out of her casement window. "A week ago the world was all golden, a good place to live in, the days were so full and so short, and now they are empty and, oh, so long!"

"Kitten, Kitten," cried a voice in the garden below her, "why will you persist in shutting yourself upstairs? Come down to me, Kitten, I want to see you so much."

Roy Grantley stood beneath her on the wet grass, his fair curls wet with the rain, his face ruddy with the wind, his blue eyes shining with delight because they had caught sight of her at last.

"It is raining," said Kitten without moving.

"No, it has left off; besides you can, at least, come into the verandah and talk to me. Oh, Kitten, it is more than three weeks since I have seen you!"

"Is it? It seems like three days." She left her window and came down to him in the verandah, as he had said. Old Keziah was a stickler for propriety, and would not allow young Mr. Grantley admittance into the house while her master was away.

"Why did you shut yourself up all these days that I have tried to see you? What were you doing? Who were you writing to?"

"To nobody. I was turning the 'Essay on Man' into prose."

"I don't believe that; may I see it?"

"I have torn it up. Besides, you would not understand it. Boys don't care about that kind of thing."

"I wish you would not always call me a boy, Kitten," he said rather sadly. "I am twenty—one is no longer a child at my age; I shall soon be twenty-one, then I shall be a man, and I shall come and tell your father that I love you."

"What would be the good of that?" said Kitten, calmly pulling a Cape jasmine flower ruthlessly to pieces with her tiny finger tips.

"You know I do love you," he persisted, bending down to look into her face.

"I have heard it very often," she answered, with cold indifference.

"You are but a child, dear," he replied, very softly and tenderly. "You do not understand yet what love means, but as you grow older you will know and feel it; and then, Kitten, that cold little face of yours will light up when it meets mine, your heart will glow with joy when it hears my footsteps, will ache when it listens in vain for it, and all the world will seem desolate to you when I am not there; that is what you will feel by and by, Kitten, when you are older."

She laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Is that what love is like, Roy?" she asked him eagerly. "That craving for some one who is not there, that sick longing for the sound of one voice, the sight of one face, without which all the sunshine seems gone out of the heavens?"

"Oh, you know it, you know it!" he cried, clasping her hand in both his.

"Dear Kitten, yes, that is love, and that is how you felt for me when I was away?"

"For you—are you mad, Roy?" She wrenched away her hand angrily; "I feel that for you! I long for you?"

She had no pity, she did not even

guess that she made him suffer. He looked at her blankly.

"But how, then, do you know it? Why should you have described these things if you have not felt them? Surely, surely you said that because that is what you thought when I was away?"

"Ah, can nobody be away but you?" she cried angrily, and then because she was but a child after all, the tears rushed in a torrent from her eyes and she turned away hastily from him to hide them.

Then Roy began to understand. There was some one else! He remembered his sister's words; he had scoffed at them and disbelieved in them at the time, but now they came back to his memory. He turned very white and stood quite still for a few moments, while the first storm of the hideous agony called jealousy swept across his young heart. Then, presently, he followed her; she stood at the other end of the flower-blossoming verandah, stripping the tiny green leaves off a long spray of Banksia roses.

"Kitten, I have been very dense," he said with forced calmness. "I was certainly told of a stranger who had been staying here while I have been away—a friend of your father, who walked about the garden and the lanes with you for a few days; but it never struck me till now that this chance acquaintance could be more to you—more than I—who have known you and loved you—all your life!"

His voice broke a little over the words, Kitten turned away her face and was silent.

"It seems that I am mistaken," he said wistfully, framing the words that should have been an assertion unconsciously into a question.

No answer. Oh, how he longed to hear her refute with the indignant denial of affection the charge which he made against her! Why did she not turn round eagerly and cry: "Oh, Roy, Roy, you are first and dearest always!" But she said nothing, only stood with averted eyes, stripping the little green branch she held in her fingers; the tiny pointed leaves dropped to the ground one by one, just like Roy's own hopes and longings, lying there prone, ready to die and wither at her feet.

"No one will ever love you as I do," he said at last, very bitterly; "if he has told you so—"

She turned away from him and went back into the house through the half-open window that stood behind them. Roy went away slowly and sorrowfully; he was unhappy, but he was young, and consolations come easily to the mind of a man who has his life before him.

Meanwhile, Margaret was not a woman to let the grass grow under her feet. When her young brother had made that passionate speech to her three days ago it had seemed to Miss Grantley that the time had come when something must be done to put a check upon the headstrong passion of a boy who was ready to rush upon self-destruction.

When Roy had left she went straight into her father's sitting room. Sir Hugh Grantley was an old man, and a very selfish old man. When his daughter knocked at his library door, he was asleep—dozing in his great armchair by the side of the fire, which even in June he caused to be lit upon a damp or sunless day.

He looked up irritably as she entered. "Dear me, Margaret, how you startled me; what do you want?" Her presence usually betokened some business of an annoying nature.

"You were asleep, father? I am sorry. But I came to speak to you about a serious matter—about Roy. He has expressed to me a very decided opinion about that little girl of Mr. Laybourne's at the White Cottage. He says he will marry her."

"Bother these children; what a nuisance their love affairs are! What is the good of you, Margaret, if you can't stop it! Women ought to manage these matters."

"So I can stop it, if you will let me. Let me ask Uncle Gregory and Felicia down here."

The old man frowned. "Your uncle would not enjoy himself. Mrs. Knox can't cook for him. He had a French cook once, his name was Hyacinth. Great heavens! what a cook that man was! His soups were poems, his entrees a dream! His sauces were incomparable! Gregory is used to all that, he's a rich man. I'm a poor one. How can I ask him down here to be poisoned by Mother Knox and her heavy-handed experiments?"

"But Felicia, father! Has not Uncle Gregory said that he would consent to her marrying Roy? Think what a famous thing it would be for him. She will have so much money, and Roy will have none. She is handsome and lively, he likes her already. If she were to stay in the house she could soon put this village girl out of his head. He can't marry her, can he?"

"Marry a village girl? What fools you women are! Oh! send for Gregory's girl if you like, but you had better send too for somebody from town to cook for your uncle, if he comes. I do wish, Margaret, that you would not worry me in this way," he added whiningly.

"Father, surely when it is a matter of Roy's prospects in life you ought to take some interest," said Margaret reproachfully, almost contemptuously. The feeble old man and his selfishness called forth no chord of sympathy in her cold heart.

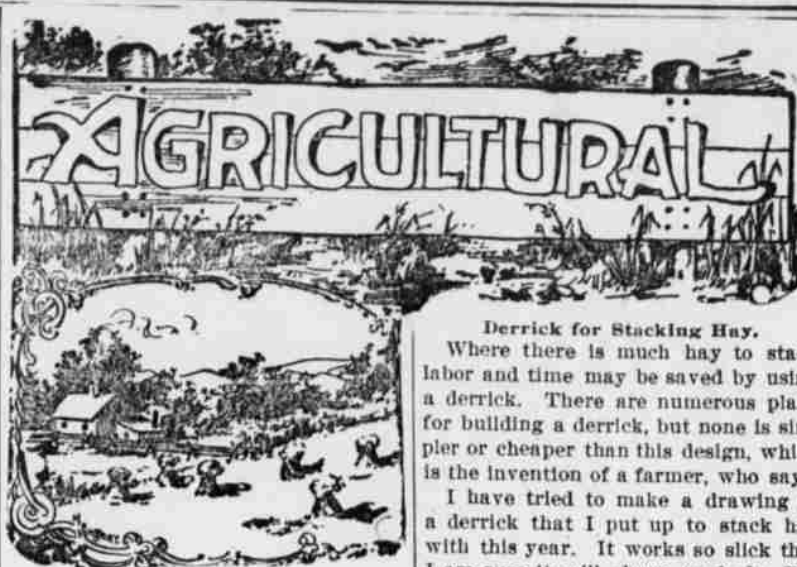
When Roy came back three days later, heart-sore and wounded from his interview with Kitten, Margaret met him smiling on the door step, and said to him: "Go change your wet clothes, Roy, and come into the drawing room. Uncle Gregory and Felicia are here!"

(To be continued.)

Harsh Critic.

"Does that man speak in his official capacity?"

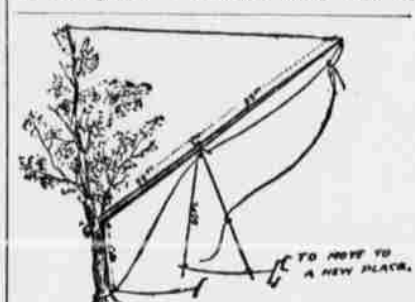
"Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum. "He invariably speaks in his official incapacity."—Washington Star.



Derrick for Stacking Hay.

Where there is much hay to stack labor and time may be saved by using a derrick. There are numerous plans for building a derrick, but none is simpler or cheaper than this design, which is the invention of a farmer, who says:

I have tried to make a drawing of a derrick that I put up to stack hay with this year. It works so slick that I am sure it will please anybody. The pole is 10 inches at the butt, 5 at top and 47 feet long. I made a mortise at the butt through which to put a chain to fasten it to the tree. Twenty-two feet from that I bored an inch hole, through which to put a pin to keep legs from slipping. I used crotches for legs, and wired them fast to the pole. I twisted four No. 12



HAY DERRICK.

wires together for cable with which to stiffen pole by guying to tree as shown in cut. I can take a fair-sized load at four forkfuls with this rig. When we get a stack done we rope the two legs together, hitch a team of horses to them, as illustrated, and haul it over to a new place; it works like a boom on a mast. If I had not had the tree handy I should have set a 50-foot pole in the ground 4 or 5 feet, staying it with a couple of guy cables. I should fasten butt of pole the same as a boom; then I could build stacks three-quarters of the way round the center pole. We build our stacks 22 feet square and 25 to 28 feet high. By having a pulley at the legs, as shown, the hay will not rub against the stack, but swing clear and drop right in the middle of the stack, thereby keeping the center of the stack solid, thus making it sure to keep good.

## Reform in Milking.

Additional knowledge and the necessity for looking after every detail in order that the dairy may be profitable, has resulted in wonderful improvements in the care of cows and of the milk afterward. Stringent health laws of the several cities have forced the shiftless man to wake up or else get out of business. There are still many opportunities for improvement, particularly along the line of cleanliness of the cows and of the stables and milking along more scientific lines. If the dairyman was half as clean as the milkman there would be little to complain of. The milkman must, of course, keep his milk on ice, but use an abundance of scalding water in the washing of bottles and utensils of tin, and further purify them in the sun. I go further and wash the little crates of wood in which bottles of milk are carried, using hot water and scouring soap and give these, too, a sun bath. See that ice boxes are scrubbed with hot water daily, that the milkhouse floor is also scrubbed, and then thoroughly dried.

## Spraying with Bordeaux.

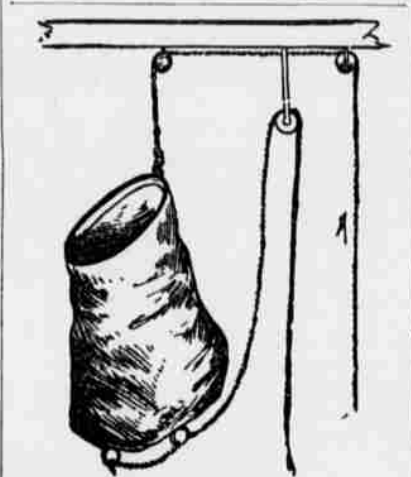
I have been spraying with the liquid bordeaux, arsenate of soda, and arsenate of soda and arsenate of lead combined for several years with good results. I give one good spraying just before the bloom, a second just as soon as most of the bloom has fallen, a third a week or two later, a fourth about a month later and made a fifth application last year still a month later, or the last of July or the first of August. For the last two applications the bordeaux was not used at full strength but the lime was increased rather than diminished and the arsenates about the same. With a strong mixture all the season, the foliage is sometimes injured, especially in wet weather, and when the leaves drop the fruit quits growing and does not take on the most beautiful color nor have the best flavor.—Ohio Cor. American Agriculturist.

## The Clean Barnyard.

A clean, well-drained barnyard is an essential factor in the production of sanitary milk, for where cows are obliged to wade in mire and filth it is easy to foretell what the quality of the milk will be. In order to secure a good barnyard the slope should be away from the stable, or at least not toward the stable; and it should be covered with gravel or cinder. If the manure is not taken directly from the stables to the fields, it should be placed where the cows cannot have access to it.

## A Labor-Saving Bag.

It is not an easy task for the man who must do all of the work around the farm most of the year to handle some things alone, so that if he is at all ingenious he welcomes the devices which will enable him to do his work more easily. Here is a plan for one man to handle grains or any other thing which may be placed in a bag which is stored in the upper part of the barn and must go to the main floor. Take a bag of strong material, a seed bag is the best, and have it reserved so that it will be a trifle smaller at the top than in any other part; a light iron or strong wire hoop is then sewn around the top, so that the bag is kept open and yet the contents are not easily spilled out. Two rings are placed in the bottom of the bag several inches apart and a ring is slipped over the wire or iron hoop before it is sewed to the bag. Place a strip of lumber properly braced over the top of the door and to it fasten three pulleys, the center one fastened so that it will come down some four inches lower than the others. Now fasten one rope to the ring in the hoop, run it through the first and the third pulleys and you have the raising and lowering rope. Then fasten a second rope in the ring at the bottom of the bag, the one farthest away, run it through the second ring and then up through the middle pulley and you have the contrivance by which the bag may be



LABOR-SAVING BAG.

easily dumped. A glance at the illustration will show how useful this appliance is and how readily it will work in practice.

## Use the Whitewash.

A writer in a prominent poultry journal says that the houses should be whitewashed and cleaned twice a year. By cleaning it is assumed he means everything removed and thoroughly renovated. The poultryman who works on this plan can not keep the house free from vermin and disease no matter how freely he may use insect powder, and how thoroughly the whitewashing is done twice a year. Twenty years of experience in raising poultry has taught the writer that no house ought to go longer than two months without being thoroughly whitewashed in every nook and crevice. In certain seasons the work is done more frequently. All our houses are built with scratching sheds so it is easy to do the whitewashing while the hens are in the shed and then by shutting them in the house whitewash the scratching sheds. Insect powder is, of course, a necessity, but less of it will be necessary if the houses are kept clean by lime and disinfectant.

## Hay Tea for Calf Feeding.

Hay tea is made by boiling sound hay for half an hour, the hay being best cut into half-inch chaff before boiling it. For a young calf under a month old, give two gallons of this hay tea, with four ounces of linseed and pollard per day.

## Silo Advantages.

I have no silo, but have been watching my neighbors who have silos and shall build one, writes a Pennsylvania farmer in Rural New Yorker. I have investigated my neighbors' who have been using them for two and three years, and am satisfied that it is a good and cheap way of feeding cattle and sheep, even where brewers' malt may be had with short haul. My judgment on the matter of feed is that with alfalfa and a well-filled silo we can produce milk, mutton and beef at small cost.