



CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilight garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, making into the room and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-bye to him forever!"

"What did he say? Was he very much upset with burning interest?"

"He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griselda, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetting of Griselda's grief, and of the grief of her own.

"For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great."

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from his first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.

"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dyrart, in the library." This is an expression of malignant amusement in the woman's eyes as she says this.

Vera and Griselda enter the library with a pale face, but it was with one pale still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion on every feature not to be subdued.

"So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that rings with threat.

which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but terrible voice.

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dyrart, shortly, offering you an apology, says she, icily. "You hear?" says Seaton, turning to you. "You are satisfied now?"

"On that point, yes. I suppose I should offer you an apology, says she, icily. "But, with a swift glance at his father, "how can I be satisfied when—"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracized."

"Compromised," you said.

"Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more of such petty scandal. You forget," sternly, "that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son."

"The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly.

"You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that she—"

"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is sure to arise out of her imprudence."

"Go, Vera; leave the room," says Seaton, with great emotion.

"Why should she go? It seems to me you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dyrart, looking from one to the other with a satirically friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with you your views on this matter."

"It's nothing. I'm not a scrap uncomfortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark—a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand-joy, and," with a tender, earnest glance, "far jollier, because I can now see you."

"But how long is it to last?" says she, nervously. "It can't go on like this forever, and Seaton comes down here sometimes, and he knows you."

"I dare say I shall manage to avoid him. Though I have often thought lately that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence."

"Oh, no, no, indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would be up with us."

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's a very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and she scarcely knows what she might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morrow if you can."

They have barely time to separate before the faint figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.

To-day is wet; a soaking, steady down-pour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length and breadth. These rooms are well known to her, and presently wearying of them she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, blue-covered door that leads to a garden.

She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward.

It is not an apartment, after all. A long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare, passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might.

Children's Corner



A Freak of the Fairies.

Oh! come and see the fairies' work! They surely came last night. And while we slept a carpet spread Of pure and spotless white— A covering for the bare, brown earth, To shield it from the storm, And pinned the edges down secure To keep the daisies warm. Then hung their sparkling jewels rare On every rock and ledge,



And heaped their pearly treasures high On fences, trees and hedge. With cunning, skillful touch they've traced O'er all the window panes Quiet scenes from their bright fairy land Of mountains, hills and plains.



And here are dainty pictures, too, Of birds and trees and flowers, And gleams with silvery rivulet, And ivy-grown old towers. Now out beneath the hemlock boughs The fancies, in high glee, Are hiding, I am very sure, Come, let us go and see.

Good Investment.

A boy of 17, living not far from Montreal, in a private letter to a friend of the editors of the Woman's Journal, gives a graphic description of how a whale strayed into the river. He says: My Dear Aunt Belle: \* \* \* There has been quite an excitement up here for the last week. A forty-foot whale managed to make his way up the St. Lawrence River as far as here, and had been careering around for a few days. All the sportsmen went out to hunt him with rifles, shot guns, and all kinds of weapons, without any apparent damage to him; but two or three fellows got bullets in different parts of his bodies. One fellow went out with a muzzle-loading shot gun, rammed it with powder, put in a lot of bullets, and pulled the trigger; and when he woke he found himself on a cot in the hospital, with his face all done up in cotton. The doctor informed him that he would be able to take the bandages off in a month, but his face would be powder-marked all his life. Another got a shy in his leg, and another a bullet in his arm. Then the police interfered.

All went well with the whale until Thursday, when a poor man found him floating belly up in shallow water, full of holes. He towed him to land and made the fact known that he had captured the whale. People flocked to see it; but in the meantime the man had two offers—one was a certified check for \$800 and the other \$400 cash, and knowing nothing about checks, he sold for the cash, whereupon the man with the \$400 who had bought the whale quickly sold it to the other for \$600. Now there is a tent over the whale's body, and tickets are sold at 10 cents a peep. He made \$27 Friday and \$100 Saturday, and people are mad to see him, so that it is expected that the owner will make a fair profit.

Appearances Sometimes Deceive.

The old saying that "all is not gold that glitters" does not apply to the precious metal alone. A good many things are not what they seem to be. And although in their present form they may be straight, honest goods through and through, without any deception whatsoever, you cannot tell from their appearance what they were in some previous stage of existence. Take tissue paper for instance. There are few things finer and softer and more delicate than that, yet what do you suppose it is made of? The ends of old ropes, if any boy upon reading this article resolves to straightway go

into the business of collecting rope ends for a paper factory, let him not discriminate against any piece because of its soiled condition. The dirtier and blacker it is, the better the quality of paper it will produce. Indeed, if you can get any old scraps that have been used in coal pits or yards until they are saturated with coal dust and grimy particles and sticky with tar—the more tar the better—you will be fortunate, for it is from such material that the very finest grade of tissue paper is made. So sheer and fleecy is this quality of tissue that a ream of 144 sheets will tip the scales at only two and one-half pounds, and this weight includes the wrapping and string in which it is inclosed for shipment. This tarred-rope paper is very tenacious, numerous tests having demonstrated that a sheet of it, twisted round, would easily sustain a weight of 100 pounds. It is used principally in potteries, being superior to any other substance for transferring the patterns of earthenware.

Torse Mountain Legend.

There is a Washington legend connected with Torse Mountain in Ramapo County, New Jersey, says the New York Tribune. Half way up the mountain there is a deep cleft in the rocks, at the bottom of which is a spring. From some hidden point water falls into the spring with a steady dropping not unlike the ticking of a watch.

"Listen and you will hear George Washington's watch," say the old folks. "He dropped it into the spring when he came up the mountain to watch the British leave New York." "Tick—tick—tick—tick" is the sound which comes out of the rocks. "It is going yet," says the guide. "Must have been a good watch, don't you think so?"

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street Car Manners in the South.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the South, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction.

It is a fact that men are rapidly failing in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social relations between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political, and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and traditions, and that is the reason they talk about street-car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes; but in the year 1935, just thirty-three years or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such manners.

The greater the number of women at work in proportion to the men, the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street-car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners, there will always remain the Christian grace of charity; so, in the time to come, able-bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women, and to others who may be sick or disabled.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Brilliant Advocate.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood, one of the most brilliant advocates of the English bar, was famed alike for his wit and his professional acuteness. An instance of his ready wit which the Manchester Gardian gives, came to hand during one of his autumnal visits to Scotland.

It is a custom with Scottish territorial magnates to be known by the names of their estates. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, of Lochiel, the immediate predecessors of Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood at a social function, were announced as Lochiel and Mrs. Cameron.

The wily Yorkshireman promptly gave in his own name and his wife's, as 28 Lennox Garden and Mrs. Lockwood.

"Touching a remark as to the extraordinary dullness of certain men who have occupied the judicial bench, Sir Frank Lockwood related in the following words an instance within his own experience: A man had stolen a spade, and was tried before a stupid but well-meaning and thoroughly conscientious magistrate. He carefully looked up "Archibald's Criminal Law," to find a precedent on which he could convict and punish the man.

"I can't find anything under the word 'spade,'" said he, "although I see that a man was convicted and severely punished for stealing a shovel." Then looking at the culprit severely over his spectacles, he added, "You have had a very narrow escape, but you may go now."

Quick Winks.

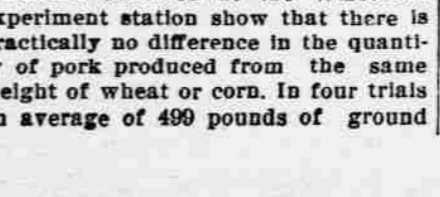
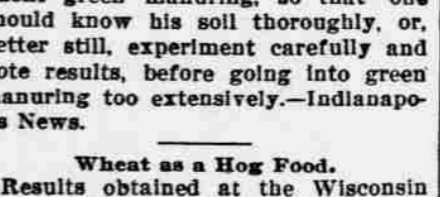
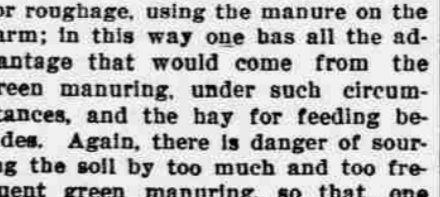
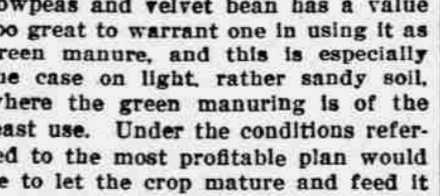
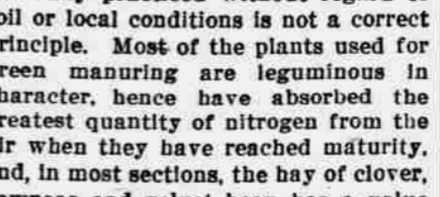
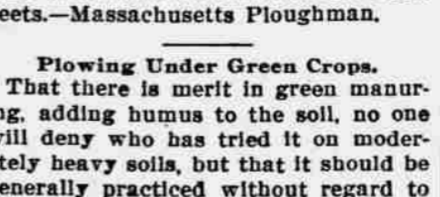
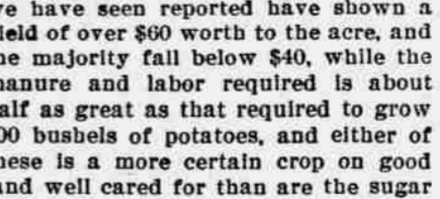
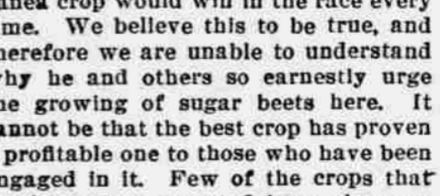
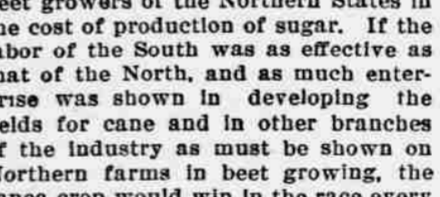
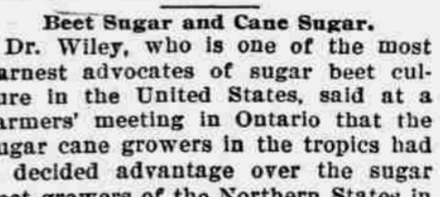
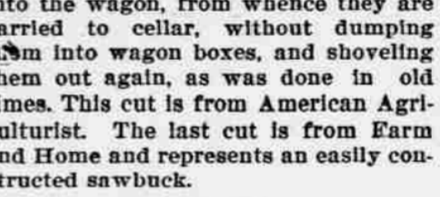
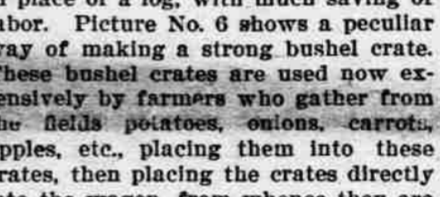
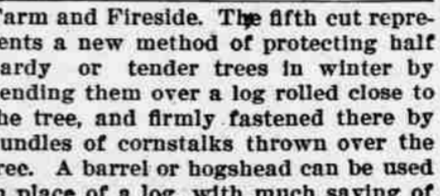
Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it winks opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second. From the landlord's point of view the man with a large family of small children is a flat failure.



FARM AND GARDEN

Illustrated Suggestions.

The first illustration is a Georgia peach carrier, holding six small baskets of peaches, which we re-engage from a cut in Country Gentleman. The next, No. 2, is a bushel box from the New York Tribune. Notice that the end pieces of this box are notched at the bottom and pointed at the top, so that a lot of crates may be stacked one over the other for storing apples, potatoes, etc., in the cellar or for carrying to market. The third illustration is a wagonload of bushel crates, illustrations copied from American Agriculturist. Notice the lower tier of crates, then the retaining board, which holds in position the second tier of crates placed over the first. The fourth illustration represents an opening in the fence through which people on foot can readily pass, but which cows and horses cannot get through, copied from



wheat were required to produce 100 pounds of gain in live weight. In two trials with cornmeal 498 pounds were required to produce 100 pounds of gain. When a mixture of equal parts of wheat and corn was fed, better results were obtained than when either wheat or corn was fed alone. It required 485 pounds of mixed wheat and corn, half and half, by weight to produce 100 pounds of gain in live weight.

Chicks Need Grit.

The chicks will be benefited by having some kind of gritty material mixed with their first feed. Coarse sand or egg shells dried and run through the coffee mill is probably as good as anything for this purpose. The supply houses keep in stock what is known as "chick grit," but we do not believe that it is any better than what has been above suggested. Next to the ravages of lice, bowel troubles lead to the heaviest loss of chicks, and the grit tends in a great degree to prevent such troubles. If a chick is killed at the end of the first day that it has run with the hen its crop will be found to contain a considerable quantity of sand and fine gravel, and if the weather is such that the hen can be turned loose the day following that on which the brood is taken from the nest, and be allowed to select the food, the owner will generally be safe in relieving himself of any concern regarding their health. The hen sees to it that the chicks get something which is not usually thought of by the owner, and that is grit.—Drovers' Journal.

Clover in the Rotation Crops.

It is now generally understood that the rotation of crops is practiced so that the plant foods in the soil may be drawn upon about in equal quantities instead of using heavily of one and little of the others, as is the case when one crop is grown several years in succession. There is another point about the rotation of crops that is not so well understood by farmers, and that is the value of using clover or some plant of a similar character as part of the rotation crops, and simply because it returns more plant food to the soil than it takes out of it. Thus is one reason why authorities on legumes have urged so persistently that farmers use them more freely and have shown where cowpeas, Canada field peas and the velvet bean can be used to advantage on farms where it does not seem possible to get a good stand of clover.—Indianapolis News.

Growing the Best Apples.

Nurserymen report an unusual demand for the older and best-known varieties of apple trees, such as Rhode Island Greening, King, etc., and those who have fruited these old favorites are encouraging the demand for them. Growers have paid much attention to the later introductions and lost sight of the good things at hand. The writer remembers buying several barrels of King apples some twenty years ago in New England which were superb in quality and size, far superior to the majority of the varieties of recent introduction, and where this variety can be grown it may be safely said that it has no rival. At this season of the year the good old varieties like King, Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenberg and Northern Spy bring more money than the newer sorts.—Exchange.

A Correct Cellar.

A cellar can be kept as pure and dry as any other part of the house if it has the proper amount of attention. Unless the ground be low, so as to make water collect in the cellar, it is not necessary, although desirable, to cement the walls and floor. Bricks set on edge and laid with tight joints form a clean and satisfactory floor. Slope the floor so that a drain will carry off any water that may collect. This gives opportunity to fully wash the cellar, for cleanliness is as necessary here as in the other rooms. Light, cleanliness and pure air make the perfect cellar, as they do the perfect living room.

Stick to One Breed.

If farmers would take one good breed of fowls and carefully study their characteristics, they would make more profit than if they keep trying to originate some new breed. It sounds well to hear yourself spoken of as the originator of some new and valuable breed, but very few ever succeed in starting a variety of fowls that ever amounts to anything.

Dairy and Creamery Notes.

Do not allow any person or dogs to worry the milk cows. The neglected cow neither fills the pail nor the farmer's pocketbook. Never stop nor let the work be interrupted when milk is "coming."

Milk dry! Milking dry develops the udder and consequently the power of giving milk. If there is any one thing that needs a dairymen's personal attention more than any other, it is milking.

If there is a little milk left in the udder each time it will cause any cow to decrease in her milk flow and finally cease giving milk at all. Knowing how means much in butter making. This is why one person's butter is quoted at 20 cents a pound, while another's from just as good milk, will bring only 8 cents.

A cow should be milked three or four times a day if she is suffering from any disease of the udder. There should be no loud, boisterous language permitted while doing the milking, for the cow is a nervous creature, and any uncalmed for excitement affects her quantity and quality of milk unfavorably.

It is the little attentions that go to make up the successful management of dairying, and he who does not study the needs of the common cow and her environment need expect no success with her blooded sister.

Wheat as a Hog Feed. Results obtained at the Wisconsin experiment station show that there is practically no difference in the quantity of pork produced from the same weight of wheat or corn. In four trials an average of 490 pounds of ground