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The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XV.

It was night. Helen Montauban had entered her apartment, and securing the door, gave way to the passionate feelings born of a dire suspicion, which had been rankling in her breast for hours. The interview between her father and Rose in the morning, the hint at a confession, the thousand slight yet convincing tokens of feeling witnessed that afternoon and evening in her close yet silent and stealthy watch over actions and words, something peculiar in the manner of the marquis, and the occasional gay yet mysterious jests of the Count de Clairville—all combined to awaken within her the bitterest and most tormenting distrust and suspicion.

"I will know! I will know!" she said to herself. A little while she waited, till she was able to assume a manner of perfect composure, and then, lifting an alabaster lamp from the toilet, she crossed the gallery and entered the apartment opposite.

Rose had dismissed her maid and was brushing out her hair, whose rich folds, falling around her light shape, almost concealed it with their shining veil. She turned from the mirror as Mademoiselle Montauban entered, and a lovely smile brightened over her sweet face.

"Ah, I am so glad you have come, Helen!" she said, running to her and throwing those fair, snowy arms about her in an innocent, loving and happy embrace.

And Helen Montauban, bending her beautiful head, calmly and with seeming kindness and affection, kissed Rose on her forehead. The girl shuddered.

"How could you be, Helen! Are you ill? Your lips are like ice!"

"No, I am not ill, dear child, and I think it must be you who are not warm, so excited, so happy, that you imagine me to be cold. I have come to sit with you a little while before I retire."

"You were kind to come. I wanted to see you; I was waiting for you." She sat down by the side of Mademoiselle Montauban and put her arms about her again.

"Well, you wished to see me—is that all?" asked Helen, attempting something like playfulness in her manner.

"I wished—to tell you something, and now I have not the courage." Rose hid her face on her companion's breast again. "Helen, it was about—Louis."

These sweet eyes were hidden; it was well; they could not see the stony fierceness of that wild, white face above, that grew wilder and whiter as the girl's timid confession was made.

Helen Montauban, crushing with calm and terrible force the thousand mad emotions in her breast, that struggled to have way, compelled herself to utter, softly:

"Go on, Rose; I am interested—I am listening; go on!"

And Rose told her all—of, from beginning to end, with her fair head lying on that stormy heart, whose gathering fires her innocent, whispered, bashful words fed with a fearful sustenance. Helen Montauban listened. She heard all this—every word, every syllable of this confession, and each word, each syllable struck her with a deadly blow. The deliberate stab of the midnight murderer tells with no deeper power. Yet she listened, and stirred not; she spoke sometimes, made some remark or comment, and then listened again. There was a kind of savage agony within, that dwelt upon that simple love story in its every detail, and comprehended it with sharp and greedy eagerness; but at the close, all memory of those details departed. All that was left of that story, gathered into three words—three single words, that Rose, with bashful joy, whispered as she finished: "He loves another!"

And Helen Montauban said to herself, "He loves another; he does not love me!" The words were branded into her heart; they were written there in characters of fire; they were ineffaceable.

"You are not going yet? do not go yet, dear Helen!" murmured Rose. "Stay with me a little longer."

Her soft eyes, raised so tenderly, so pleadingly, to that face, shone with a divine beauty. The gold-tinted tresses, flowing about her graceful head, were like the glory that surrounds the brow of a saint. This seemed this young girl, as she stood before the door, that Helen, whose proud face was calm and quiet, whose splendid eyes shot forth no shaft of the smothered fire within.

But Helen Montauban uttered some gentle words and turned away. She bade Rose a pleasant good night before she went out, and then, taking her hand, bent down once more and kissed her. With that kiss she swore hatred—undying, eternal; revenge, speed and sure, to the one who had robbed her of his love. And Rose sought her pillow to dream such dreams as youth and joy may bring, even while hate and revenge, with sleepless eyes, watched over her.

Helen Montauban secured herself in the privacy and stillness of her chamber, and putting her lamp on her own dressing table, threw herself upon the couch, not to sleep. The spirit of rest fled from those eyes, that gloomed upon vacancy. There was no peace for the heart, beating with hard, fierce, heavy throbs beneath its silken vesture. Still those words burned upon it their scorching characters—"he loves another!"

She had sworn revenge. The dream of her whole life had been broken now. It was as if a single tear of shining silver had run its glittering line through her life-work, and those slender fingers, so lately pressed upon her own, had ruthlessly snapped it asunder. Rose might be innocent of intention to wrong her—nay, she knew her to be so. And yet she hated her—hated the beautiful face, the sweet voice, that had won him to love them. She shuddered as she seemed to feel once again the pressure of that young head upon her bosom. It oppressed—suffocated her; she could not breathe. The very air of the room was stifling. She flung open a casement with trembling hands and leaned far out to drink the cool and dewy air of the dark midnight.

The tears quietly escaped from the young girl's downcast eyes.

"It is true, monsieur. I wished to see him. I could not forget him in my happiness—my poor father!"

"And it was very natural, dear Rose, that you should not. Neither did I forget him; but I hardly knew where he could be found."

"I knew that, monsieur," she rejoined, "and it was partly on that account that I have been silent all this while."

And the good marquis could easily comprehend the restraint that had also been instrumental in preventing her from giving utterance to the wish she had so long and sorrowfully cherished. Much as she loved them all, she had shrunk from reminding them, in their seeming forgetfulness, that while her future was occupying them continually, that her father, poor and homeless and forgotten, might be glad to see his only child once more in his arms and breathe a father's blessing over her.

They had not quite forgotten it, however; and now that her desire was made known, the marquis and Louis were equally anxious to seek for him. Though nothing absolute was known concerning his whereabouts, there was some reason for believing that he had gone to Lyons, and a faint hope of finding him there. Accordingly, the matter was taken into consideration.

It was about this time that the Count and Countess de Clairville, with Lord Egerton, had arranged to continue their route to Paris, and as they had been endeavoring to persuade their hosts and his family to accompany them and spend the time with them until their return, before the union of Rose and Louis, it was decided to adopt the proposed plan and remain some days at Lyons on the way, in order, if possible, to hear something concerning Hugh Lamotte.

This course having been fixed upon, preparations were immediately commenced for the journey. The Countess de Clairville could not suppress her joy at this arrangement. Rose began to recover the gentle vivacity and animation natural to her; and Louis, charmed at observing the change, was the happiest of men.

Nor was Lord Egerton the one least satisfied of the party. He had looked forward to his departure from Helen's presence with feelings of the utmost pain. He had been restless—disquieted. Nothing but the anticipation of his return thither had relieved his dissatisfaction. His pleasure, then, in the prospect of the approaching journey was as intense as his discontent had formerly been.

And how was it with Helen Montauban? It was well known that she was pleased with this arrangement. She had expressed her satisfaction more than once in alluding to it, and took an active part in the preparations making for the occasion. But there was no one in all that party—not even Rose Lamotte herself, seeking tidings of her father—who took so deep an interest in the thoughts of this journey. For Helen Montauban had a purpose—the bare skeleton of a plan as yet—over which she had been brooding in secrecy and silence through many a day past. Her desire, her thirst for revenge, was fierce and unquenchable. Long had she been meditating upon the mode of its fulfillment; but her hands had been in a measure bound; the necessary facilities for action were difficult to be attained. Now, however, means of forwarding her wretched scheme were at hand; the approaching journey opened to her ways and means that she only too eagerly snatched at. With calm and unimpassioned deliberation which but assured a more terrible consummation of her hateful design, she meditated upon the new assistance afforded her now; she looked forward to the method to be adopted, and carefully made her calculations—carefully and coolly. She had no fear—no hesitation. Hers were strong passions—strong and fiery, and deep and deadly as well. Love and hate had equal violence when housed in her breast; the love was forgotten now; the hate was uppermost; it was meat and drink to her; it had turned her heart to steel. Compassion, tenderness, pity—all were banished. The fiends themselves could plot no more mercilessly than this woman, when vengeance had once become her object.

A smoldering fire lay in those proud, dark eyes, as she left the old chateau on the morning of the departure for Lyons. She leaned forward from the carriage window as they would slowly along the road leading northward, and looked upon the dark pile that rose against the blue, serene air of the declining autumn.

"See," said Louis, gaily, "Helen is taking a sentimental farewell of home."

"So, cousin, I was thinking of our return," answered she.

"Then why be thinking already," said the marquis, "of our return? Indeed, I am half inclined to believe that you really regret leaving the chateau."

"So soon?—why, that scarcely augurs favorably for the enjoyment of your trip to the gay capital, Helen! I had an impression that you anticipated a great deal of pleasure during our sojourn there."

"So she does—so she does, I am sure!" rejoined Rose, as she took the hand of Mademoiselle Montauban affectionately in hers. "We shall both enjoy ourselves—shall we not, dear Helen?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "how can it be otherwise?" and she smiled.

"Monsieur," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, "this journey is, of all things in the world, one of those which I most desire."

She leaned back in the carriage and said no more. Gradually they entered upon the road skirting the forest, and then the chateau and its neighborhood was lost to view.

(To be continued.)

A Tabloid Proposal.

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

No Use for Anything That Works.

Tattered Tomkins—What made you turn down that jug of cider wot dat lady offered you?

Languid Lawrence—Ain't you got sense enough to know dat cider works?

Good Night.

Mrs. Sleepyze—Henry, the alarm clock just went off.

Mrs. Sleepyze—Thank goodness! I hope th' thing'll never come back.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

The Dancing Egg.

To execute this little experiment you need a hard-boiled egg and a smooth china plate. To be sure that the experiment is going to be successful, keep the egg in a perpendicular position while it is being boiled.

Place the plate upside down on the table, allowing it to stand out a little over the edge of the table, to be able



to catch it quickly with your hand. Place the egg in the center of the plate, and putting the thumb of the left hand and the index finger of the right hand on both ends of the egg, give it a sudden twist, causing it to turn around in quick motion. The egg will gradually stand on one end; then you will grab the plate, and all you

seven, and I of six. The result would be the same.

I asked her once what the number that I had thought of was, and was surprised that she did not know; but I learned when I was older that the remainder was always half of the number added.—Youth's Companion.

A Spider's Expedient.

Last summer a large spider had its web in the top of a decaying peach tree with so few leaves that it was in plain view. I caught sight of her first while watching some birds with my glass. She seemed to be climbing from the top of the tree on nothing to a telephone wire some fifteen feet away and somewhat higher than her web. When she reached the wire she went around it and then back. In studying the situation I found that the web was so located that it required a cable to hold it up, and the spider had in some way got one over the wire so far away.

This cable was, of course, a slender silken thread which evidently she had thrown out, and on account of its lightness it had floated to the right place and became attached there by its glutinous properties. It seems remarkable that it should have adhered to the wire firmly enough to allow so large an insect to climb over it, which she did every day.

The Cat Lived Through.

A little bright-eyed boy of eight years ran away from home a short time after luncheon. At nightfall he was found under a hedge asleep and brought home by a neighbor. The family, consisting of the father and

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

His plain but speaking countenance is one I often see,
And many a timely warning its expression gives to me;
In fact, I think it's due to him that I'm so seldom late.
His face says, "Start for school, my dear, you see it's
And cook, too, has to mind him, for dinner is begun
Just as his cheerful countenance says very clearly,
And when papa comes home from town, and I undo the door,
The jolly fellow seems to know, and in his way says,
He's very pleasant through the day, but when it's growing night
His face is less agreeable, though he is still polite.
I hate to see him look like this for then mama will call,
"Put all the books and toys away—the clock says 'bedtime,' Paul!"
—Youth's Companion.

have to do is to keep the egg in motion, which is not difficult.

The Knitting Lesson.

Grandmother knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.
"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and off it goes!"

Grandmother's mouth gives a little twitch,
Watching so slyly the eager witch,
Ready to help at the smallest hitch.
"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and there's the stitch!"

Grandmother sees in a misty dream,
Her eyes still fixed on the needles' gleam,
Pastured flocks and a gurgling stream—
"Grandma! oh, we forgot the seam!"
"Bring the thread forward,
The needle this side,
Then over—off—and we've made the seam."

Grandmother knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.
—St. Nicholas.

A Puzzling Game.

My mother amused all her children with this puzzle. It was a never-failing mystery; but if she had told us the secret it would have lost its charm.

"Think of a number."

"Perhaps I would think 'Four.'"

"Double it."

I thought, but did not say, "Eight."

"Perhaps she would say, 'Add six to it.'"

"Fourteen."

"Divide it by two."

"Seven."

"Take away the first number you thought of and the remainder will be three."

Sure enough, four from seven does leave three; but I was very much puzzled to know how she knew, for the whole process had been silent on my part. I nearly always said:

"Let's try it again, mama."

"Now double it," she would say, as before.

"Two thousand," I would say, quickly, and "Add ten to it," would be the next command.

"Two thousand and ten." That was not hard.

"Divide by two."

"Two thousand and five!" I would cry, glad that I had chosen an easy number.

"Take away the first number you thought of and the remainder will be five."

One might think of ten, another of



trampling grain by means of a beam. The woman seated on the ground takes a bundle of grain and puts it under one end of the beam. When the grain is in place the woman leaning on the pole for support takes a step backward which has the effect of raising the broad, flat end of the beam, and making the other end fall in a hole made for that purpose. Then a quick step forward, with some little pressure, brings the thick end of the beam down on the wheat and flattens it out so effectually as to separate the grain from the husks.

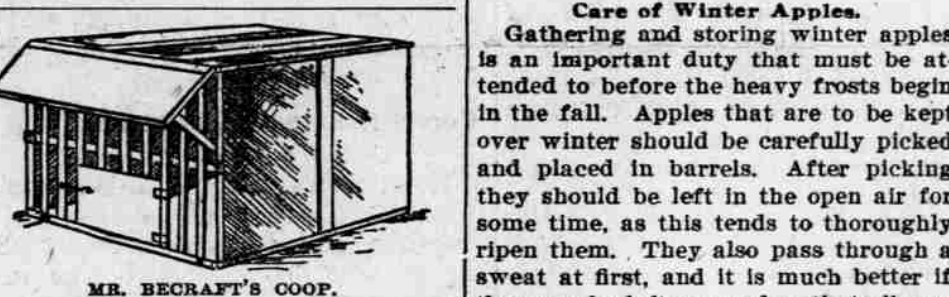
To Sugar Cure Pork.

Hogs of 200 to 250 pounds weight are best for family use. In dressing a hog it should be so hung that it can be split down the back, and the sides allowed to separate, the head being cut off. The leaf and some other surplus fat should be removed at once. This allows the meat to cool thoroughly, and it is in good shape to handle. The meat barrel should be kept in a cool place without freezing. A good way to keep the hams and shoulders after being cured is to slice and fry and pack in jars, covering with hot lard. Fresh pork may be kept this way in hot weather, but it must be thoroughly cooked. While the cured meat requires much less cooking to preserve it.

Allow the hog to thoroughly cool before cutting, carefully trim hams and shoulders and split the sides in two lengthwise. Sprinkle bottom of barrel with fine salt, and rub each piece of meat with salt. Pack in barrel with hams on the bottom, shoulders next and sides on top. After three days cover the meat with brine made as follows: Water, 8 gallons; salt, 12 pounds; sugar, 3 pounds; saltpeter, 3 ounces; concentrated lye, 3 teaspoons. Boil all together and skim. After cooling, pour over the meat. Leave in brine from four to six weeks, then smoke as desired. The brine should be strong enough to bear up an egg.—Philadelphia Record.

Rain and Sun Proof Coop.

I have a chicken coop which I think suits me better than any other I have tried before. This coop is made out of cheap lumber. The bottom is hinged



at the back to the upper part. At the front I drive two staples to fasten the coop down so as it can be moved about. The upper part comes down over the floor all the way so that you can put a nail through the staple. The shade in the front is to keep the sun and rain out. These coops are very easy to clean.—J. C. Becraft in Poultry Keeper.

The Farm and the Man.

How any farm should be cropped depends upon where the farm is, its character and location. Some farms are by nature pasture farms, because they are not adapted to cultivation; other farms invite tillage. Size, too, is a controlling factor. A crop rotation and schedule of farm work that is admirable for fifty acres may be wholly impracticable for five hundred or a thousand. The ambition to own and cultivate broad acres is an American disease. This disease is not so much a desire to add to worldly possessions as it is for a gratification of the ownership of dominion; when analyzed it will be found to be a feature of man's kinship with nature.

Another and the most important factor of all is the man himself. The man makes the farm good or bad, as he makes everything else that comes under his control. The experience of one farmer is invaluable to another, but each farm is nevertheless a separate and local problem which the farmer must think out and work out himself.

Farming for Profit.

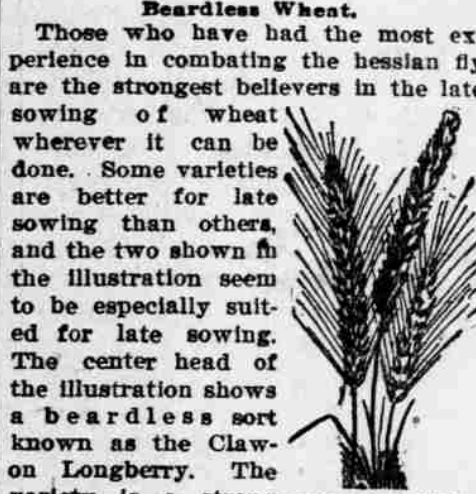
In farming for profit in this country it behooves one to listen to the teachings of experience gained by farmers in Great Britain. Robert H. Rew, chief of the statistical branch of the British Board of Agriculture, has brought out the fact that during the last thirty years there has been almost a steady decrease in the area devoted to grain culture, and a relatively steady increase in the acreage devoted to pasture and meadow-lands. The number of cows and heifers in milk or in calf indicates that the dairy industry has held its own in the face of foreign competition much better than has the growing of grain.

A Ration of Pumpkins.

Pumpkins are a most excellent food for milk cows, but owing to their bulky nature and their tendency to freeze and decay, they are chiefly valuable as a late fall food, when they answer a splendid purpose, to be fed for a couple of weeks while the cows are chafing from grass to dried or preserved fodder. In some instances, when fed in very large quantities, the seed has a very stimulating effect on the urinary system, which may be prevented by removing the seed part.

A Primitive Threshing Machine.

A common sight in the agricultural districts of Hungary is two women



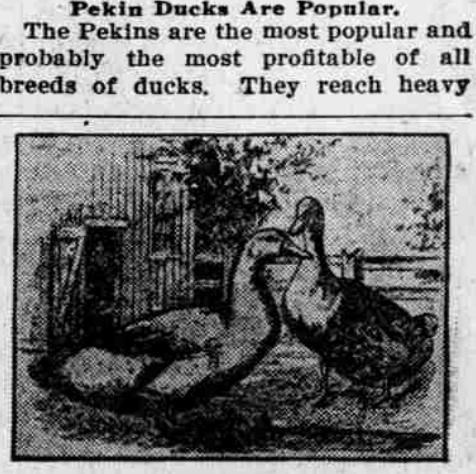
Beardless Wheat.

Those who have had the most experience in combating the hessian fly are the strongest believers in the late sowing of wheat wherever it can be done. Some varieties are better for late sowing than others, and the two shown in the illustration seem to be especially suited for late sowing. The center head of the illustration shows a beardless sort known as the Claw-on Longberry. The variety is a strong BEARLESS WHEAT, grower and stools prolifically, the straw being strong and wiry. The heads are full and long and wide. The chaff, which is brown, is free from beards.

The grain, which is of true Longberry type, is dark amber in color, large and long and of the finest quality. The other heads shown are of the bearded sort. Sheaf Longberry Red, and claimed to be the most perfect Longberry read wheat grown. It is one of the hardiest varieties, a strong, healthy grower, and especially desirable for late sowing. The straw is strong, though only medium tall. The chaff is thin and of a pearly white. The grain is dark and flinty, and nearly as large as rye kernels. This variety is much prized as a fancy milling sort.—Indianaapolis News.

Care of Winter Apples.

Gathering and storing winter apples is an important duty that must be attended to before the heavy frosts begin in the fall. Apples that are to be kept over winter should be carefully picked and placed in barrels. After picking they should be left in the open air for some time, as this tends to thoroughly ripen them. They also pass through a sweat at first, and it is much better if they can be left exposed so that all surface moisture is evaporated. Fruit should be placed in a cool, dark cellar. In some instances where there are a few barrels of specially good apples the practice is adopted of wrapping the apples in paper. This prevents them from coming in contact with one another and will insure their keeping. It usually pays to pick over apples two or three times during the winter, so that those showing signs of decay may be discarded. Windfalls should never be placed among apples that are hand-picked. A plentiful supply of apples to be used in the family during the winter will contribute much to the general healthfulness of every member of the family.—Iowa Homestead.



PAIR OF PEKING DUCKS.

weights at an early age, lay a large number of eggs which hatch well, and produce strong, hardy ducklings. They are pure white in color with yellow bill and legs. As a farmyard fowl they are somewhat noisier than some other breeds.—Farm and Home.

Farm Notes.

The cow that gets fat is never the best one for the dairyman. The good dairy cow has a good appetite and eats heavily, but her feed goes to milk rich in butter fat instead of to the making of flesh.

A great deal of hay is sent to market that is full of weeds. Such hay brings the lowest price, and also indicates that the farmers who ship it are not only careless, but also ignorant of the true methods of farming.

The Kiefer pear is one of the best varieties for canning, and is also hardy and a strong grower, but the supposition that it is free from attacks of blight is not corroborated by growers. There is no blight-proof pear.

When it is known that the olfactory of a cow are ten times more acute than those of a man it would be seen at once the necessity for keeping the troughs clean and sweet. A little feed left in a trough will become as distasteful to a cow as it would be for a man to continue for a week eating from the same plate without cleansing.