

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Very well," said David. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Without talking of those coupons for the present, what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? Do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."

"I suppose," said Daniel, trying to preserve a calm exterior, but trembling down to the tips of his fingers—"I suppose, David, that the man who has the box has communicated with you because he thinks you are my enemy?"

"You may suppose so, uncle, if you like."

"Papers stolen from me—papers the unlawful possession of which would insure him a long imprisonment?"

"Just as you like, uncle. Only—don't you see—at the first mention of the word 'imprisonment' all these papers would be dropped into the fire."

"Show me—prove to me—that you know something about the box."

"I am going to prove it to you," David left the door and came back to the table, standing over his uncle. "What will you give me, I ask you, gain, for only one paper out of the box, just to prove that the other papers exist?"

"You shall see one of the papers that are worth nothing. I have actually got it in this packet, and you shall have it if you give me ten pounds for it; not a penny less—ten pounds. If you refuse, and I have to take it back, ten pounds worth of the coupons shall be torn up and burned. To-morrow I shall come back and make the same proposal, and the next day the same, and every day that you refuse you shall have ten pounds' worth of those coupons burned. When they are all gone you will be sorry."

"Oh! I don't know what this man means!" the old man cried in distress.

"Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"Well, I don't mind doing that. If you tear it up I shall want the ten pounds just the same. It doesn't matter to me if you tear up all the papers. Now"—he unfolded the brown paper packet—"what do you think of this?"

"The last will and testament of Daniel Leighan."

He placed it in his uncle's hands.

"This is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a valuable document. Why, man, I've made another will since."

"I don't care how many wills you have made. I don't care whether it is valuable to you or not. To me it is ten pounds. Tear it up or burn it, just as you like. But ten pounds."

"You are a demon, David. You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a demon."

"Why made me, then? You. Come, don't let us talk any more. There is your paper. Give me my ten pounds and I will go. To-morrow or next day, just as I please, I shall come back."

Daniel Leighan's hands trembled and he hesitated. But he did not doubt his nephew's words. He knew that the box had been somehow recovered, and that the papers were within David's reach, if not in his power.

He opened his desk and took out of it one of those little round boxes which are made for bottles of marking ink. A sovereign just fits into those boxes. He kept one in his desk filled with sovereigns. Mary went over to Moreton once a month to get the money for him. He held this box tightly in his left hand, and began very slowly to count out ten pounds.

"Here, David," he said, with a heavy sigh; "here is the money. If you had read this will you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well, so far I forgive you. But don't tempt me too much, or you may find my real last will and testament a very different thing. You are my nephew, David—my only nephew—and I've got a good deal to leave."

"As for my inheritance, uncle, I am going to take it out of you bit by bit—a little to-day and a little to-morrow. I shall enjoy it better that way. I think that's all. Oh, no! You may be thinking to charge me with unlawful possession of your property. If you do, the whole of the papers will go into the fire. Remember that! And now, uncle, I think I've done a good morning's work. Take care not to talk about this little matter to any one, or it will be the worse for you—mind, not to Mary or to George or to anybody. If you breathe a word, all the papers go into the fire."

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mary came in about one o'clock to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears. Daniel's papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head into his pillows, as Abah turned his into the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "whatever is the matter?"

"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and byed, and that it was all over! I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this."

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a cup of tea?"

"No, I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"

"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I never really lost them all they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by

word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of—a of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more, don't tell any one what I have said. I must have told some one, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think. Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. He made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it, and you cry over it as if it was a new thing. Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday."

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a judgment."

"All what, uncle?"

"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis; he says it is a judgment for my taking his land. Do you think that it is a judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without least him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. If it is a judgment, Mary—" He paused for a word of comfort.

"Well, uncle," she said, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm, and I bought it! I can't believe that. Why don't other people get judgments, then?"

"Hence, uncle. Think—whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangling before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a woman understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech, and in his ways, but he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"

"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied, hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"

"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world. There is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no; because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"

"No—no; I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"

"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch the villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcot, as you drove David out of Berry."

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"

"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George, and let him advise you."

"George, advise me! Mary, my dear, when I beg to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you. There is another way," he said.

"But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it, if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. Now," his voice sunk to a whisper, "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of a man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheel the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another judgment."

He groaned, a good deal shaken and agitated. Then he dropped asleep. But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgeted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me! Oh! villain! I know you now! I will remember—I will remember—I will remember!" Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream

the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise. His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats.

"What do you want?" he cried, sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating."

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan, if you call that idle prating."

"Tell it, then, and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime, I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain—that would please me."

"Then I began, with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money. Go on, go on—I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials D. L. on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you, too, are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of his conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

"I produced it and gave it to him. 'Yes, it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands.'"

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamill Down, hidden beside the Gray Wether Stone."

"Very likely," he tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Gray Wether Stone, where I found it by accident, and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket and laid them on the table in a little pile. His long lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan; I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcot, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please—as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned."

(To be continued.)

Call Him "Rubber Horse."

"The rubber horse" is the sobriquet given by the members of No. 1 truck company, Harrison street, between Fayette and Baltimore streets, to Dumbarton, the great gray gelding that helps to pull their apparatus to fires, says the Baltimore News.

"The rubber horse" has the peculiar faculty of being able to stretch himself exactly as a cat sometimes does in front of a fire. When he is a little tired or feels that his muscles need relaxing, Dumbarton stretches his front legs directly in front of him, bending down on them until they are almost flat on the ground and extended in front of him, while his back legs and hind-quarters appear from his position to be lifted upward.

The first time that Dumbarton performed this contortion was on the street while he and his wagon mate were waiting for their friends to extinguish a blaze. The position was so unusual for a horse to take that the firemen around the truck wagon thought that the animal had a fit of some kind and rushed forward to raise him up. But Dumbarton, with a twinkle in his eye, seemed to say, "I was only doing a little contortionist stunt for you," and slowly regained his feet. Sometimes Dumbarton performs his contortionist act in his stall, but he generally does it while he is standing on the street, and when he elects to perform a crowd always gathers around the "rubber horse" to see him stretch like a cat.

Only One.

The Bachelor—Say what you please, but I don't believe there was ever a man that could size a woman up.

The Benedict—My brother can.

The Bachelor—Ha! How do you know?

The Benedict—Because he is a ladies' tailor.

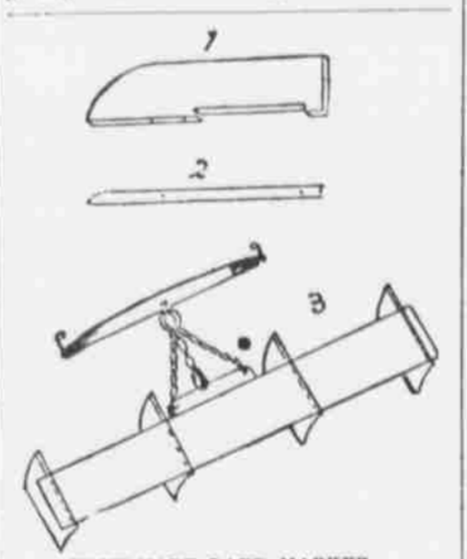


Home-Made Marker.

The marker shown is a handy tool on any farm and while it is especially useful in the garden, it may be operated for larger areas. The marker is shown complete at figure three in the cut. Cut a plank twelve inches wide by two inches thick, the desired length. The runners are cut from plank in the form shown at figure one.

By cutting a groove as shown in the runner just wide enough to let in the plank greater strength is secured than would be possible if the runners were simply nailed to the plank. As the horse pulls forward the notch offers considerable resistance which prevents the runners from being knocked off should the marker strike some obstruction.

At figure two is shown a piece of hoop iron which is designed to nail over the top of the runner and plank thus giving additional strength. A marker



HOME-MADE LAND MARKER.

made as directed will last for years and do excellent work. It is so simple in construction that any man who can handle tools can make it.—Indianapolis News.

The Effect of Nitro-Culture.

Erroneous statements which have recently been appearing in the public press regarding the free and unlimited distribution of inoculating material for leguminous crops is likely to cause those who apply for these cultures to be disappointed. A circular of the department of agriculture now announces that the results obtained with pure cultures in inoculating leguminous plants has resulted in such a demand for this material that the facilities of the department have been taxed to their utmost, and for some time it has been impossible to meet the demand.

The patent which the department holds upon the method of growing and distributing these organisms was taken out in such a way that no one can maintain a monopoly of the manufacture of such cultures and so as to permit of its being taken up and handled commercially. The commercial product is being handled quite generally by seedsmen. Upon application the department has furnished all necessary information to the bacteriologists representing properly equipped concerns, but it cannot assume to make any statement which could in any way be regarded as a guarantee of the commercial product, nor is it prepared to indorse each and all of the somewhat extravagant claims occasionally made for this discovery. The latest of the department's authorized statements may be found in farmers' bulletin 214.

Well Houses and Pulleys.

A tourist in the West has published the accompanying illustrations of



METHODS OF HOUSING WELLS.

houses and pulleys on wells which he saw in Colorado.

Of course, these are familiar objects to almost all country people; but nevertheless there are many wells that go uncovered. It is not a great matter, it is true, but still it is worth the cost and trouble to put a neat roof, closed in, over the well, for the protection of the rope, if one is used and also for keeping dirt from falling into the water, not to speak of preventing danger to life.

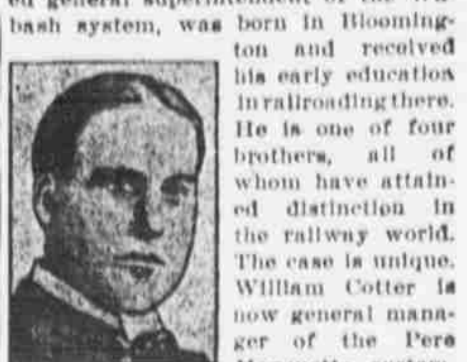
The old-fashioned open well is no longer used to any great extent, but when it is, using a bucket and pulley or windlass to draw the water has the advantages of economy and simplicity, not to speak of picturesqueness, but the water is not made any better by the well being open.

Feeding of Injured Horses.

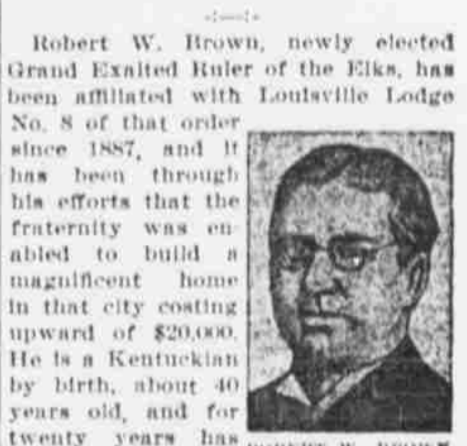
Feeding plays a more prominent part in the healing of wounds in farm animals than is commonly supposed. This applies in particular in the case of horses. It is a well-established fact that liberal feeding with grain is very injudicious when animals are suffering from severe wounds. Such feeding is found to "inflame" the system, and



Stephen E. Cotter, recently appointed general superintendent of the Wash system, was born in Bloomington and received his early education in railroad engineering. He is one of four brothers, all of whom have attained distinction in the railway world. The case is unique. William Cotter is now general manager of the Pere Marquette system. He is the eldest of the four. John, next in age, is superintendent of the Southern, with headquarters at Birmingham, Ala. George is general superintendent of the Colorado Southern, with headquarters at Fort Worth, Tex. Stephen was born in 1870 and his brother George, the youngest, in 1873. They are believed to be the youngest general superintendents in the United States.



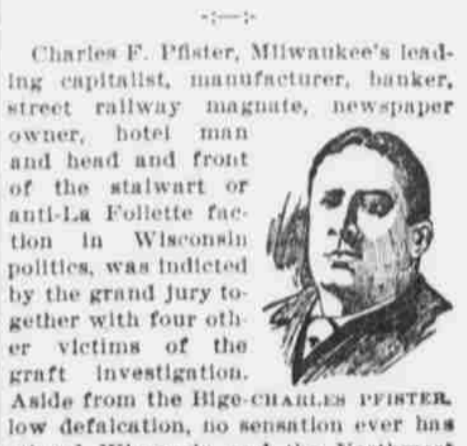
Robert W. Brown, newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, has been affiliated with Louisville Lodge No. 8 of that order since 1887, and it has been through his efforts that the fraternity was enabled to build a magnificent home in that city costing upward of \$20,000. He is a Kentuckian by birth, about 40 years old, and for twenty years has been a newspaper man. The only public office Mr. Brown has ever held was that of private secretary to the Mayor in the administration of Charles P. Weaver. He is managing editor of the Louisville Times.



Kogoro Takahira, who conducted the peace preliminaries at Washington, has been minister of the mikado at the national capital since 1900. He began his diplomatic career in this country, first coming here in 1876 as attaché. In 1881 he was appointed secretary of legation, and after two years' service returned to Tokio to become secretary of the foreign office. He was charge d'affaires in Korea in 1885, consul general at New York in 1891, and subsequently minister to Holland, Italy and Austria, and in 1896 was vice minister for foreign affairs. He is of middle age, tactful, dignified and diplomatic, and is said to understand the Russian people thoroughly. Mr. Takahira does not belong to the titled class in Japan. Through efficient work he has risen from the ranks.



Charles F. Pfister, Milwaukee's leading capitalist, manufacturer, banker, street railway magnate, newspaper owner, hotel man and head and front of the stalwart of anti-La Follette faction in Wisconsin politics, was indicted by the grand jury together with four other victims of the graft investigation. Aside from the Big-CHARLES PFISTER, long defalcation, no sensation ever has stirred Wisconsin and the Northwest as did the news that flew over the country that the wealthiest citizen of Wisconsin and one of the foremost business men of the West—the man who saved the First National Bank when its president stole millions—had been caught in District Attorney Francis E. McGovern's dragnet.



Miss Anna Hoch, daughter of Governor Hoch, of Kansas, who christened the new battleship Kansas, is looked upon by the politicians of that State as one of the strongest gubernatorial influences. Although she is only just past her majority she is close to her father in all of his administrative duties, and it is said that he consults her almost daily. The political leaders in Kansas have not been slow in making the discovery that Governor Hoch is a great respecter of his daughter's opinion and many of them are wont to carry their woe to her first and beg her to intercede for them with the Governor.



Frederick W. Smith, a grandson of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith and son of the present head of the Latter Day Saints, has started a propaganda to convert the Mormons of Utah to the former principles of the church as expounded by the prophet.

Hilton Perry, the sculptor of the bronze fountain of the library of Congress, is modeling an equestrian statue of Gen. G. S. Green for the Gettysburg battlefield.