

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Nobody ever believed that you were robbed, Mr. Leighan," I went on. "But the finding of the money seems to show that you really were robbed while you were insolvent. Perhaps we shall find the papers, too, some day."
"Perhaps we shall," he said. "If they are in the hands of rogues and villains, I shall be much the better for it. Enough said about my robbery. It is strange, too; both on the same day—I knew not then what he meant. Both on the same day—and after six long years. What can this mean? Will," he said, eagerly, "tell me—I never did any harm to you; you've never had any land to mortgage—tell me, do you know nothing of the papers? When you found this bag did you hear nothing about the papers?"
"I know nothing. How should I?"
"Well, it matters little; I am not concerned with the robber, but with the man who has them now. I must deal with him; and, there, you cannot help me, unless—no—I cannot ask it; you would not help me."
"Anyhow, Mr. Leighan, you've got twenty pounds back again. That is something. Confess that you are pleased."
"Young man, if you torture a man all over with rheumatic pains, do you think he is pleased to find that they have left his little finger, while they are still red-hot irons all over the rest of his body? That is my case."
"I am sorry to hear it. At the same time, twenty pounds, as I said before, is something."
"It's been lying idle for six years. Twenty pounds at compound interest—I don't spend my interest, I promise you—would now be six-and-twenty pounds. I've lost six pounds."
I laughed. A man who knows not the value of interest laughs easily. I expect, therefore, to go on laughing all the days of my life.
"As for the papers, there's a dead loss of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Think of that! All these years I've waited and hoped—yes, I've prayed—actually prayed—that I might get my papers back again. Three thousand pounds there are, among these papers, besides the certificates and things that I could replace. Nearly all Mary's fortune lost."
"No," I said. "Don't flatter yourself that you lost any of Mary's money. It was your own money. You are trustee for Mary's fortune, remember, and you will have to pay it over in full."
He winced and groaned.
"Three thousand pounds! With the interest it would now be worth nearly four thousand pounds at five per cent. And now all as good as lost!"
"Well, Mr. Leighan, I am sorry for you, very sorry, particularly as you will have to find that fortune of Mary's very soon."
"Shall I, Master Will Nethercote? I shall give Mary her fortune when I please; not at all, unless I please. Mary has got to be obedient and submissive to me, else she won't get anything. When I give my consent to her marriage, and not till then—not till then—I shall have to deliver up her fortune. Good-night to you, Will Nethercote."

CHAPTER XIX.

During these days David led the life of a solitary. He sometimes went to the inn; he went to the village shop on the green to buy what he wanted, and he kept wholly to himself. Except for that daily visit to Gratnor, he talked to no one.

From time to time I met him leaning over the field gates, loitering along the lanes, or sitting idly under the shade of one of our high hedges. I suppose that his loafing and wandering life had made work of any kind distasteful to him. His face was not a pleasant one to gaze upon, and for a stranger would have been terrifying. At this time we knew from Mary that he went nearly every day to Gratnor, but we had no suspicion of what was said or done there. My own thoughts, indeed, were wholly occupied with the fortunes of George Sidcote, and I gave small heed to this sulky hermit.
"David," I asked him, meeting him one day face to face so that he could not slip out of my way, "why do you never come over to Sidcote? Have we offended you in any way?"
"No," he replied, slowly, as if he was thinking what he ought to reply—"no; I don't know exactly that you have offended me."
"Come over this evening and tell us what you think about doing."
"No. I don't think I can go over this evening."
"Choose your own time, but come before I go back to London."
"George will be turned out of his place before the end of the year. The old man told me so. Then he'll go, too. Mary says she will go with George. Then I shall be left alone with Uncle Dan." He laughed quietly. "I think I shall go and live at Gratnor, and take care of him. We shall have happy times together, when you are all gone and I am left alone with him."
"Why, David, you wouldn't harm the poor old man now, would you?"
"Not harm him? Not harm him? Did you ask him six years ago if he was going to harm me? Will he harm George Sidcote now?"
"You cannot force a man to be sociable, nor can you force him to entertain thoughts of charity, forgiveness and long suffering. I made no more attempts to lead the man back to better ways and old habits."
And all the time, every day David was carrying on, slowly and ruthlessly, the most systematic revenge, with the most exquisite tortures. Every day he went to Gratnor and dangled before his victim some of his property, and made him buy it back bit by bit, haggling over the bargain; letting his uncle have it one day cheap, so as to raise his spirits, and the next at nearly its full value, so as to crush him again; and even at times, after an hour's bargain over a single cou-

pon, he would put it in the fire and destroy it.
When David went away, the poor old man would fall to weeping; this hard, dry old man, whom nothing ever moved before, would shed tears of impotent and bitter rage. But he refused to tell Mary what was troubling him.
"I can't tell you what it is," he said. "You don't know what the consequences might be if I told you. Oh, Mary, I am a miserable old man! I wish I was dead and buried and that it was all over—I wish it was all over!"
"It is something," said Mary, "to do with David. I will go and speak to him about it."
"No, Mary, no," he cried, eagerly. "Mind your own business, child. Don't attempt to interfere. Oh! you don't know what might happen if you interfere."
"It is David, then. Very well, uncle, I shall not ask him what it is."
"I can't tell anybody. Mary; I must bear it in patience. If I resist I shall only lose the more. Mary, we've got to be very careful in the housekeeping now—very careful."
"I am always careful, uncle."
"There was a pudding again to-day. I can't afford any more pudding for a long while—not till Christmas. And I'm sure there's waste and riot in the kitchen."
"Nonsense, uncle! You not afford a pudding? Now, remember, you are not to be starved, and there's no waste or riot."
CHAPTER XX.

I terminated my holiday with a meddler and a muddler. Of course, I was actuated by the best intentions. Every meddler and muddler is, otherwise he might be forgiven.
I made my attempt with no success—on my last evening at Challacombe, when the old man had taken his tea, and might reasonably be expected to be milder than during the press of business in the morning.
I had not seen him for three weeks. I was struck with the change that had come over him during this short period. It was that subtle change which we mean when we say that a man has "aged." In Mr. Leighan's case, his hands trembled, he looked feeble, and there was a loss of vitality in his eyes.
"What do you want?" he asked, impatiently. "You are come for Mary? Well, she isn't here. You ought to know that she always goes out after tea. You will find her somewhere about—on the Ridge or down the lane, somewhere."
He turned his head and took up his pen again. I observed that he was poring over a paper of figures.
"No, Mr. Leighan, I came to see you. I have come to see you about George and Mary."
"Go on, then. Say what you want to say. When a man is tied to his chair he is at the mercy of every one who comes to waste his time."
I spoke to him as eloquently as I could. I told him he ought to consider how Mary had been his housekeeper and his nurse for six long years, during which he had been helplessly confined to his chair. If he refused his consent to her marriage she would go away, not only from his house, but from the parish; he would be left in the hands of strangers, who would waste and spoil his substance.
"Young man," he said, "I never asked for or expected any other service than what is paid for. Mary's services have been paid for. If she goes I shall find another person, who will be paid for her services. Mary has had her board and her bed, and she's done her work to earn her board and her bed; I don't see any call for gratitude there; as for good feeling, that's my business. Now, young man, George Sidcote's land is mortgaged. As he says he can no longer pay the interest, I have sent up the case to London and have got the usual order; he has six months in which to pay principal and interest. At the end of that time, because he can't and won't pay, his land will be mine. As for what is done afterward, I promise nothing."
"You will lose Mary for one thing."
"I have told you that I, in that case, shall hire another person."
"Very well. You will have to pay Mary's fortune to her cousin David, because she will marry without your consent."
"Have the goodness, Mr. Will Nethercote, to leave me to my own affairs."
"This affair is mine as well as yours. Do you prefer David to Mary? You must choose between them, you know. I have read the will. You think," I said, "that David does not know of his aunt's will. You hope that he will go away presently without finding out." He started and changed color, and in his eyes I read the truth. He thought that David would never find out. "So, Mr. Leighan," I went on, "that is in your mind. He lives alone, and speaks to no one; his aunt died after he went away; it is very possible that he does not know anything about it. Good heavens! Mr. Leighan, were you actually thinking to hide the thing from him, and so to rob him? Yes; to rob Mary first and David afterward of all this money?"
"What business is it of yours?" he asked.
"Very good; I shall tell David."
"Oh! if I were thirty instead of seventy, I would—he began, his eyes flashing again with all his ancient fire.
"I shall go to David, Mr. Leighan. If, as I believe, he knows nothing about it, you will see how he will receive the news. Yes; you shall be between David and Mary."
Yes; I had stumbled on the exact truth as accidentally as I had stumbled on the canvas bag. David did not know, nor had his uncle chosen to inform him, though he was certain from his talk that he did not know—of his aunt's will, deeply as it affected him. And I am now quite certain that the old man thought that David would not find out the truth

before he went away again, and so he would keep the money to himself.
"Don't tell him, Will," said the old man, changing his tone. "Don't interfere between David and me; it is dangerous. You don't know what mischief you may be doing. As for George and Mary, I will arrange something. They shall go on at Sidcote as tenants on easy terms—on very easy terms. But don't tell David. He is a very dangerous man. Don't tell him."
"I will not tell him anything, if you will give Mary your consent."
"David will not stay here long. When he has gone—oh, dear!—when he has got some more money he will go away. Don't tell him."
"You have to give that money either to Mary or to David. Choose!" I repeated.

"Who are you, I should like to know," he asked, with a feeble show of anger, "that you should come and interfere in family matters? What business is it of yours? Go away to London. Manage your own affairs—if you've got any. You are not my nephew."
"Choose between Mary and David."
"I must have Sidcote," he said, with a kind of moan. He clutched at the arms of his chair, his face twitched convulsively, and he spoke feebly. "I have lost so much lately—I have suffered so horribly—you don't know how, young man, or you would pity me. I have been punished, perhaps, because I was too prosperous—you don't know how, and you can't guess. If I lose Sidcote, too, I shall die. You don't know what it is to suffer as I have suffered."
"Then I shall go at once to David and tell him."
"I must have Sidcote. Do your worst," he cried, with some appearance of his old fire and energy. "Do your worst. Tell David what you please, and leave me to deal with David. I will—!" He shook his head and pointed to the door.

I told David that very evening. He was sitting at his table, a large open book before him, over which he was poring intently. He looked up when he heard my step outside, and shut the book hurriedly.
"What do you want here?" he asked, roughly. "Why do you come prying after me?"
"Upon my word, David," I said, "one would think we were old enemies instead of old friends."
"Speak up, then," he replied, his eyes suspicious and watchful, as if I was trying to get into his cottage and steal something. "Speak up; let a man know your business. If you had no business you would not come here, I take it."
"It is business that may concern you very deeply," I said. And then I told him.

"Well," he said, slowly. "I suppose you mean honest, else why should you tell me? Perhaps you've got a score against the old man, too. This wants thinking of, this does. So the old woman had six thousand, had she? And Mary is to have it if she marries with her uncle's consent—and if she doesn't, I'm to have it."
"Mary will marry George with or without her uncle's consent; I can tell you that beforehand. She will marry him within a very few weeks."
"Nay," he said, "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the blacksmith."
At this point I came away, for fear he might try even to get beyond that possibility; and the mess I had almost made of the whole business proves, as I said before, that there is no excuse whatever for the best intentions.
(To be continued.)

SHE CAN INTEREST CHILDREN

So This Woman with a Single Gift Is Able to Earn Her Living.
One woman who looks forward to a long and idle summer without apprehension has gone to Europe to travel. She has a letter of credit ample for her purposes, and will be able to remain abroad until November.
All this good fortune is the result of making a specialty for herself when she started out to earn a living several years ago. She had a very small capital. She could imitate children wonderfully, and her quaint little face was not unlike a child's. She had, moreover, the faculty of interesting children greatly.

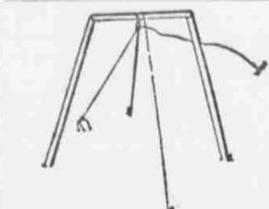
"I remember," she says, when her unusual work is referred to, "the story of the fox and the cat who met in the forest when the King was hunting."
"Well, I only know how to do one thing," said the cat, modestly. "It's my only trick."
"You don't say so?" replied the fox, patronizingly. "Why, I can do no end of tricks."
"The cat stared at the fox enviously and was suddenly aroused by hearing the horns of the King's hunters and the barking of the dogs. The cat ran up the tree, and, sitting on a branch, watched the approach of the cavalcade with serenity."
"I thought you could do only one thing," cried out the distracted fox as he ran away.
"I can," the cat answered. "But this happens to be my trick."
"Then the cat had the satisfaction to see the dogs, after barking about the foot of the tree, run after the fox."
"Now, like the cat," the woman says in conclusion, "I could do one thing. It was amuse children."
She devoted herself to acquiring interesting stories for children. She even sang and danced for them, and dressed herself up like a child.
The result was such delight on their part that their mothers were always anxious to engage her for parties. She had all she could do, and has doubled her fee for next year.
As there are always more children growing up, and the mothers all have a high opinion of her, her employment is not likely to be exhausted soon.—Washington Post.

Personal.
Catharine—Poor Percy! He seemed worried while he was reading the paper.
Myrtilla—Poor fellow! He found out that the lobster trust is a reality.



Good, Simple Hay Stackers.

An Iowa farmer writes that in his part of the country, where a large amount of hay is raised, but few farmers have barn room enough to hold it, so are compelled to stack it. In stacking hay out of doors some loss is unavoidable, but an effort should be made to reduce this loss to the minimum. One of the greatest mistakes is making the stack too small. The smaller the stack is, the larger the proportion of hay is spoiled by being on the top, bottom or sides. In making a large stack, a stacker of some kind is a necessity, and the one illustrated here seems to be the best all-around device for the purpose. The device stands straddle of the stack and is held in place by braces



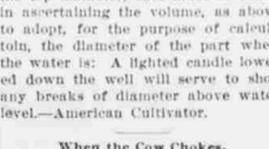
SIMPLE HAY STACKER.

ropes. The hay rope runs through a pulley in the cross-piece. Drive the load of hay up to one end of the stack to unload. After you have tried this method, says the farmer correspondent, you will never stack another load of hay by hand.

Capacity of Wells.
A ready rule for arriving approximately at the number of gallons per foot of water: From the square of the bottom diameter of the well, in inches, cut off one figure and divide by three. Thus: If the well is sixty inches in diameter, 60x60 equals 3,600; cut off one figure it leaves 360; 360, divided by three gives 120, which is the number of gallons for each foot of depth. If, therefore, the depth of water were found to be ten feet, the available supply in the well would be 1,200 gallons. As the bottom diameter of a well is sometimes less than the top diameter, care must be taken, in ascertaining the volume, as above, to adopt, for the purpose of calculation, the diameter of the part where the water is: A lighted candle lowered down the well will serve to show any breaks of diameter above water-level.—American Cultivator.

When the Cow Chokes.
A neighbor turned his cows into his orchard with fallen apples. One cow became badly choked with an apple. We took a piece of rubber hose three feet long, rather stiff; we greased this with lard, held the cow's head up and shoved the hose down her throat, pushing the apple down in the stomach. A piece of rubber about 1 1/2 inches in diameter is the proper size. Cow all right. Another plan I have tried with good success. Soon as the cow is choked lose no time in getting her into the stanchion, draw the head up with a rope and fasten. Melt one pint lard, put in a long-necked bottle; while warm pour down throat. She will struggle to throw lard out; the throat being well greased will cause the apple or potato to slip out easily.—Exchange.

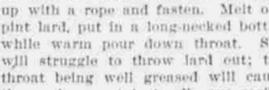
Plan of Grain Barn.
The cut shows the plan of a barn, which combines capacity with cheapness. The upright supports may be either 4x6 posts, or round poles, and where large flat stones are not available may be set in holes with concrete in the bottom and leveled at top, so as to shed the water. The barn is 42 feet wide by any desired length, the side posts to be set 8 feet apart. On account of the double angle of the roof purline posts are not required. As there are no timbers in the center there is plenty of room for hay.



Plan of Grain Barn.

cost of the food depends upon its adaptability for conversion into the ingredients entering into the composition of milk.

One Man Crosscut Saw.
Most crosscut saws are made with two handles and are intended to be used by two men, but it is frequently desirable on the farm to have the saw available for use by a single man. Logs to be sawed may be too large for the bucksaw, and a sharp one man crosscut will saw almost if not fully as fast as a bucksaw and without the back breaking effect. In any



ONE-MAN CROSSCUT SAW.

event, whether a saw is to be used by one or two men, it is an advantage, says an Ohio Farmer writer, to have one end of it furnished with a two-handled handle. Some small crosscuts are made with such a handle at one end (Fig. 1), but, if not, the ordinary handle can be removed from any broad bladed saw and a homemade handle inserted (Fig. 2). In use, the sawyer will, of course, hold the main stem with his left hand while with his right he will grasp the lower and forked part of the handle. He will be surprised at his increased command over the working of the implement.

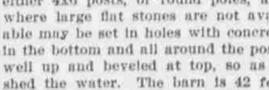


TWO-HANDED HANDLE ON CROSSCUT SAW.

Lice on Cattle or Hogs.
Prof. Thomas Shaw, of St. Paul, recommends the following preparation for disposing of lice on cattle or hogs: Take one-half pound of soft soap, or common soap if the soft cannot be obtained, put this in one gallon of water and boil slowly until the soap is dissolved; then remove from the stove and add two gallons of coal oil, then heat until the soapy water and oil are thoroughly mixed, stirring it gently in the meanwhile.

When you wish to apply it, take what is necessary from this stock and add from eight to ten times its bulk of water and apply with a cloth or brush. Make a second application when the nits hatch out, usually about ten days after, to destroy this second crop.

Handles for Large Baskets.
To make handles for bushel baskets, save the hand pieces of all the worn-out water buckets, or else make others like them, and passing a wire through, bend it down at right angles to the hand piece. Clipping the wire off at



HANDLES FOR BASKETS.

a proper length which is about 6 or 7 inches, bend the ends up into hoops. Taking two of these handles hoop them in between the splits, under the rim of the basket, on opposite sides, and quickly have two good handles for carrying a basket filled with potatoes, or any heavy article. The handles can remain on the basket, or be removed at will.

The Barnyard.
There is nothing so repulsive as a wet and filthy barnyard, in which the animals are compelled to walk knee deep in filth. Such a condition is not necessary, and can be prevented if the barnyard is kept well supplied with absorbent material. Throwing whole cornstalks into the barnyard is the old method, but cornstalks do not absorb until they are trampled to pieces, and in the meantime much of the liquids are carried off by the rains. It will pay to shred the cornstalks or cut the straw for bedding, while leaves and dry earth may also be used in the barnyard with advantage.

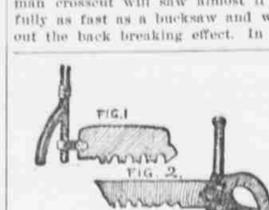
A New Fruit.
The belle of the ball just now (horticulturally speaking) is the peach tomato! This lovely fruit-vegetable is of a glowing deep watermelon-red color. It is exhibited by a fruiter in the shape of one fine cluster. On this cluster are eight fine examples, all clustered thickly together and beautifully by means of laurel leaves. One of the clusters is yet a deep red. They are said to be of an exquisite flavor and to contain few seeds.

Feeding Hens.
Hens like a variety of food, and they should be given as much in that line as possible. On the off mornings give a feed of equal parts corn and oatmeal, wet with milk, or boiled turnips or potatoes mixed with a little wheat bran. All scraps from the table and refuse from the kitchen should be mixed with the morning feed. A daily allowance of a small quantity of meat, ground bone and oyster shells should not be overlooked.

Our old and often recommended preventive of lice in nests is a big handful of dry slaked lime in the bottom of nest boxes. A little carbolic acid is put on the lime before it is slaked. Every time the hen steps in that nest she stirs up the carbolated lime dust.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

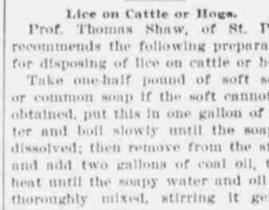
Dr. Doyen, the noted French physician, whose much-heralded cure for cancer has been pronounced a failure by a committee from the Paris Academy of Medicine, has been the recipient of much criticism and some laudation during the past six months. He came to the notice of the American public in November last, when George Crocker, of New



DR. DOYEN.

York brought suit against him for the return of a medical fee of \$20,000, alleged to have been paid him on a guarantee of a cure of Mrs. Crocker, a victim of cancer. Mrs. Crocker died, and her husband brought suit and made some sensational charges, which were so grave that the French academy, of which the doctor was a member, appointed a committee to investigate his alleged cure. That committee has now reported that it has been unable to find a case which Dr. Doyen has even revealed.

Brigadier General William Harding Carter, who has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Lakes, is a distinguished soldier whose



GENERAL CARTER.

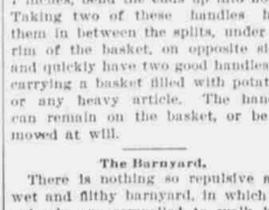
book, "Horses, Saddle and Bridles," is the text-book for mounted officers in the army. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., and was graduated from the military academy in 1873, in time to take part in the expedition against the Sioux. Later for sixteen years he saw arduous service in Arizona, and for bravery in the battle against Apaches at Chien Creek, Aug. 30, 1881, he received a medal of honor. During the Spanish war General Carter rendered efficient service in the War Department.

Will Cumbuck, well known as an author, politician and lecturer, died recently at his home in Greensburg, Ind. He was born in Indiana in 1820 and practiced law in Greensburg the greater part of his life. He was elected to Congress in 1854, defeating W. S. Holman, his first race. He headed the Indiana electoral ticket in 1860, was a paymaster in the United States Army during the war, declined the position of Minister to Portugal under President Grant, came within two votes of being elected United States Senator in 1869, served in the State Senate and was formerly Lieutenant Governor of Indiana.



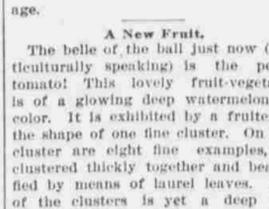
WILL CUMBUCK.

One of the speakers at the commemorative exercises held at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in honor of the semi-centennial of the opening of the Soo Canal was Peter White, who is known as the "father of the Lake Superior country." He is the president of the Semi-centennial Association and was the prime mover in the project to hold a celebration. He was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1830, and located in Green Bay, Wis., with his father in 1839. He has been in the lake country ever since, removing to Marquette, Mich., soon after the town's founding. He has been successful as a merchant and a lawyer and has also been connected with mining and railway interests.



PETER WHITE.

Judge William R. Curran, who has been sued by the Santa Fe Railroad Company for 5 cents, storage charges for one day on a safe door shipped from Chicago, is one of the most conspicuous attorneys in Tazewell county, Ill. For thirty years he has been a resident of Pekin, and has enjoyed a lucrative legal practice. He is a leader in the councils of the Republican party, and for four years was judge of the County Court.



JUDGE CURRAN.

Rufus Chorate once tried to get a Boston witness to define absentmindedness, with the following result: "I should say that a man who thought that he'd left his watch to him and took it out'n to see if he had time to go home and get it was a little absent minded."

Reginald Ward, American millionaire, society man, friend of King Edward, and once a Boston broker, has abandoned the title of "count," conferred on him by Pope Leo XIII., on account of adverse criticism.