

# A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The next week passed away slowly, each day seemed to be double its own length. Kitten neither ate, nor slept, nor spoke. She lived in a sort of dull dream, and did what she was told. Brian Desmond went and came, backward and forward, from town to cottage. The funeral was to be in London, the great naturalist was to be buried in Westminster Abbey. The nation wished it to be so, and Kitten, when she was asked, made no objection.

She never even expressed a wish to go up to London to gaze once again upon the dead face of her father. Brian marvelled at this, for to most women "last looks," "last days," a "last farewell" are things which have a morbid fascination; but Kitten was above and beyond all this. Her father's face as she had last seen it in life, full of eager thought and bright with the intellect of his great mind, was a sufficient memory to her. She did not wish to efface that pleasant image in her mind by any more painful vision of him.

"If I could get him back," she said to Brian, "I would walk barefoot from here all the way up to London to see him; but what is the good of my going to see what would not be my Daddy at all, but only a sad shadow of what I have lost?"

So she stayed at home by herself all day, in the cottage with its white drawn blinds, while the choristers were singing solemn requiems in Westminster Abbey over the dead man whose funeral hundreds of great men came from miles away to attend.

Outside, the July sun came hotly down in the cottage garden, the bees murmured drowsily as they buried themselves in the brown bosoms of the sunflowers. The dog lay stretched asleep in the sun on the stone steps, the cat, curled up on the kitchen window sill, purred contentedly to herself; there were gossamer threads spun across the lawn and the flutter of winged creatures through the bushes and among the trees. Kitten peeped out from behind the blinds, the deathlike stillness of the house oppressed her; presently she stole out in her new craps into the garden, breathing more freely and naturally when she was under heaven's own blue once more. Her heavy, sable skirts brushed behind her across the grass as she walked—she had nothing on her head, the sunshine came down upon her yellow hair and lit up the small, childish face that looked all the younger and wistful for the deep black of her garments. Kestrel saw her go with a groan. "She might have waited for an hour," said the old woman to herself, with indignation, "then the ceremony would have been over and I could have drawn up the blinds all over the house. It's hardly decent for her to go out now, and there she goes with her new craps sweeping all across the grass and gravel, with never a thought in her to pick it up out of the dust! But she always was an extravagant lass, with no thought to take care of her things."

## CHAPTER IX.

Desmond was beginning to be considerably exercised in his mind. The problem concerning the fate of his ward seemed more insoluble than ever. It was now nearly a fortnight since Professor Laybourne's funeral, and he had been able to come to no conclusion whatever, as yet, about his daughter. He had gone down a great many times to the White Cottage, staying there, generally, not longer than twenty-four hours and then returning to London to look after her temporal interest. Everything was now fairly in order. Kitten was not left a pauper; when all came to be settled it was found that her fortune amounted to about nine thousand pounds, which was left in trust to herself until she was twenty-one, or until she married, when it reverted entirely to herself.

In these days, when he came down to the cottage, he was very pre-occupied and very silent. There was a hush in the empty rooms, a perpetual gloom in the unlit chamber where so lately the naturalist's books and papers and instruments were strewn about. And Kitten herself was silent. She moved about the house like a little white wraith, with dark circles about her blue eyes and a piteous droop of the rosy, childish mouth. But, little by little, as the days wore on, her youth began to reassert itself.

It was on the occasion of one of his brief, although frequent visits, that soon after his arrival at the White Cottage a letter was brought to him. He opened it and with some surprise read these words:

"Dear Sir—As an old friend of the late Mr. Laybourne's, I venture to write to you to ask you to come and call upon me, in order that we may consult a little concerning the future of his daughter. In whom I take a sincere interest. As a woman of a certain age and of some experience in life, I trust you will not think I am presumptuous in this offering to give you my counsel—the poor child's condition seems to me at present to be somewhat melancholy. Perhaps if we were to talk it over together we might be able to arrive at some conclusion concerning her. Will you come and see me at Friery Hall at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning? Perhaps it would be as well not to mention to your ward that I have written to you. Yours faithfully, MARGARET GRANTLEY."

A man who is driven to his wit's end by perplexity will, like a drowning one, catch at any straw that is likely to aid him in his need. Brian wrote briefly back by the messenger that he would wait upon Miss Grantley at the appointed hour.

Friery Hall, as he approached it in the morning sunshine, looked bright enough to please any man's taste—the venerable red-brick building slept warmly in the golden light, a belt of thick wood formed a dark, dreamy background to its pointed gables and quaint-towered chimneys.

"You will not send her to school, then?" Miss Grantley asked, her face a little bent forward and her quiet hands

crossed upon her handsome brocaded gown. There is a kindly smile upon her lips. Brian thinks she is a sweet, motherly woman, moved by a real interest for Kitten's welfare.

"No; I do not think I can do that, Miss Grantley. I do not think my poor friend, her father, would have wished it; besides, Kitten is both too old and too young for a fashionable boarding school. She would be unhappy, and it would spoil her; she is so young and fresh, and original."

"What can they see in that ignorant, ill-brought up child?" thought Margaret impatiently, but aloud she murmured: "No doubt—no doubt! But then, since you say the relative you wrote to is unable to give her a home, what do you propose to do?"

"I have no plans. I am going abroad. I suppose I shall take her with me."

"Alone! My dear Mr. Desmond, forgive me for saying it, but it is impossible that you can travel abroad with Miss Laybourne—not by herself."

"Would she want a maid, do you mean?"

"A maid—that would go for nothing, a staid middle-aged governess or companion, perhaps."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Brian, "what a terrible suggestion! You could not expect me to travel with a governess, Miss Grantley."

"You cannot travel with that girl alone, Mr. Desmond," persisted Margaret firmly; "she is too young and too pretty."

"I never thought of that," he leaned back in his chair and looked both perplexed and annoyed.

Margaret looked down at her lap and smoothed out the folds of her brocade with thin white fingers, a little smile stole into her quiet, even-colored face.

"There is one idea, but perhaps I had not occurred to you; perhaps I ought not to mention it."

"Nay, pray do; I shall be thankful indeed for any suggestion."

For half a minute or so she was silent, still looking down at the silk she was smoothing out; her fingers shook a little too and her heart beat. Margaret Grantley was actually nervous.

"Why don't you marry Kitten Laybourne?"

He was silent for very amazement. He could only sit still and stare at her for a few moments; he was absolutely speechless. Then he got up and slowly paced once up and down the room.

"I hope you are not angry with me, Mr. Desmond?" said Miss Grantley softly.

"Angry! my dear Miss Grantley—oh, no, certainly not—but—but I confess such an idea has never occurred to me before—and—and it has taken my breath away," and he laughed a little.

"There would be nothing wonderful in it, you know," she continued, encouraged because he did not seem to be annoyed; "she is very young, but then you would have the pleasure of forming and training her, and she is pretty, and the daughter of your old friend, and she has a little money, and altogether—oh, no, it would not be unsuitable at all."

"I think," said Desmond, slowly, "that if you will forgive me, I will go away now. I think I should like to think it over a little by myself. You have been very kind and very straightforward with me, Miss Grantley, and I am deeply grateful to you." And then he took his leave of her.

"He will do it," said Margaret to herself, as she watched his tall figure walk quickly away down the lime-tree avenue. "He had never thought of it before, but now he will do it, and I shall get rid of that danger for Roy!"

As to Brian, he was walking away toward the White Cottage with a very storm of confusion at his heart.

"Why not? why not?" he said over and over again to himself, and he recalled the golden summer week of his first visit to the Cottage, where he had wandered loverlike with her through the fields, when he had told himself that if he choose he could wake the love-light in the grave child eyes. "I could make her love me!" he said to himself now, with a certain exultation.

And then across the waste of years that lay between, there came back the faint echo of words which long ago he himself had spoken. "I will never marry," he had said once, and once more there came back to him the glow of answering joy in those dark passionate eyes that he had once loved so well.

He dashed away the memory with a frown. "All that is over, why should I condemn myself to eternal solitude for the sake of a past that has faded? And all these years—six whole years—and never a line! Heaven only knows if she is even alive. One can love but once like that in a lifetime, but why should I not make the best of what is left to me? Oh, my Rosamond!—never mine!" he sighed, but the sigh ended in a smile, for he caught sight of Kitten looking out for him by the garden gate.

## CHAPTER X.

The days slipped away, and still Desmond said nothing to his ward. Perhaps he dreaded and deferred the moment which was to commit him forever to a course of action from which his heart recoiled. Perhaps he only waited with the faint and forlorn hope that something would happen to decide his fate for him. And then one day, Kitten herself, with her own unconscious words, cast the die of her own future.

He found her in her favorite seat, between the gnarled arms of the cherry tree. The small black-robed figure sat curled up just above the level of his head. Her hat had fallen to the ground, her favorite poet was upon her knee, her gold-crowned head was drooped, her small white hands clasped upon the edge of the open page she studied. She was intensely still—a sort of warm silence, the soundless calm of an August afternoon surrounded her. An insect hummed swiftly by, a leaf stirred upon the tree above her, or a distant bird uttered a faint and tremulous note, but Kitten herself was as absolutely motion-

less as though she had no life in her. He came up quite close to her and spoke her name.

"Kitten!" he was certain that she had been quite unaware of his near presence, and yet she did not start nor move. Only her eyes flashed up suddenly from her book, and fixed themselves gravely upon his face. "Strange self-contained child!" he said to himself, "who could fathom her nature, or understand the hidden workings of her mind?" "Kitten, your eyes remind me of those of the Holy Child in Raphael's picture at Dresden," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud; "they are inscrutable, full of strange dreams and forebodings. What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about Happiness," she answered gravely.

"Happiness! Happiness!" he repeated, "who can tell what it consists in? Your dear poet could not tell," he said, tapping the edge of her book lightly with his finger.

"No," she said reflectively. "He did not know, neither did Solomon, nor any other wise man or old. I have heard my Daddy say that not one of the sages or philosophers could define it."

"And yet Kitten Laybourne thinks she will try and solve the mystery," he said lightly.

"I don't think you really care to know," she said reproachfully, turning her face a little away from him.

"Do I not? Try me then—I promise not to laugh at you, and what is more, if your notions of happiness are to be gratified by mortal man, I will endeavor to supply the coveted article."

"Will you? Will you really?" she cried eagerly, and a bright color leaped up all over her fair, small face. "Ah! and you can—you only can—now that my dear Daddy is gone it is only you who can prevent me from being unhappy."

"My dear little girl, what is it that I can do for you? Why did you not tell me before? You know that it is my duty as well as my pleasure to make you happy."

He was touched by her simple eagerness—touched and remorseful, too, in that in some way he must have failed already in his trust toward her.

"Why do you go away then?" she answered him quickly, lifting her eyes, grave eyes up to his. "Are you not my guardian, as if you were my father? Am I not your ward—your child? Does a father leave his child? And you go away so often, so often; and when you are gone it is like death! Stay with me always, always; let me be with you, and then I shall have happiness. I know of no other to wish for."

A moment or two of intense silence. He looks away from her face over the lush green of the garden—a bee, heavily laden, boomed noisily by; the faint cry of a child far away in the village broke the stillness. Years afterward he could hear these sounds again, and the wild storm that raged at his own heart. And then a spoke, a little unsteadily and uncertainly:

"Come down from that tree, Kitten; how can I talk to you up there? Here, put your little foot into my hand, so, and give me that hateful book and jump down."

She obeyed him, springing lightly to the ground as he told her, and as she did so, the passion of the man's nature flashed into life within him—he caught the light figure in his arms; the soft gold of her hair lay upon his arm; his sweet face rested against his breast, and he held her close upon his heart. The sweet rapture of her presence filled him with a mad sense of joy and delight; he bent his face to press his lips upon hers, but with a sudden effort put her away from him again—in very manliness he could not again her sweet innocence and childish purity.

"Child," he said, "there is but one way in which you can be always with me. The world is cold and hard and cruel, and in no other manner will it agree to leave us in peace together—my Kitten, my fairy, sweet, child-woman, you must be my own—my wife. Do you understand me, Kitten?"

(To be continued.)

## Square.

"Do you remember that five I borrowed last year, old man?"

"I certainly do. Going to pay it?"

"No, I want you to give me a receipt to show that we're square."

"But we're not square."

"Beg pardon, old man, but we must be. Didn't you tell Smith that it was worth that much to find out the kind of a man I am?"—Detroit Tribune.

## Natural Thought.

"This milk is warm, mamma," said the city boy, tasting milk in the country for the first time.

"Yes, my son," replied the parent; "I suppose it is just fresh from the cow."

"O, I thought they'd made a mistake and put hot water instead of cold in it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Those Russian Names.

"They have changed one of those very prominent Russian army corps commanders again."

"What's the new man's name?"

"Go 'long—I haven't mastered the name of his predecessor yet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## At the Seashore.

"Being from the West, Mrs. Bries, you have never before heard the booming of the breakers, I suppose?"

"No, but being from the West, I have heard the breaking of the boomers—many a time and oft!"—Cleveland Leader.

## Experience Uncovered.

"Do you know the sensation of being kicked by a mule?"

"No I don't—and please don't try to show me what it is."—Cleveland Leader.

## No Room for Doubt.

White—Why do you think Smith looks upon marriage as a failure?"

Gray—I heard him say not long ago that he would never go to the penitentiary for bigamy.

## His Last Hope.

Knutcher—So Henpeck is going to sue for breach of promise?"

Bocker—Yes; Mrs. H. once promised not to marry him.—New York Sun.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Winter Homes for Turkeys.

While the idea of the turkey is to roost high, this privilege cannot always be accorded if a structure is to be provided for the birds in which to roost. If they are to roost in the trees, then they may choose their own limb. It is a good plan to make the turkey house low, but placing the roosts as high as possible without humping the birds up against the roof. The ventilation in such a house must largely be provided from the bottom, and this is done by having a row of windows



## Winter Turkey House.

not over eighteen inches high at the bottom, so arranged that they may be lifted up to permit a current of air to enter.

These windows will also light the floor of the house, and a larger window may be placed on the opposite side, but higher up, in order properly to light the house. The turkeys will be anxious to get out of the house early in the morning to roam, so after they have gone to roost sprinkle a little grain in the chaff on the floor to keep them busy in the morning until they are let out. Turkeys on the range must be well fed during the period they are under cover, particularly at this time of year when the feeding on the range is poor, and when it is essential to keep them in good shape and able to fatten readily a little later.—Indianapolis News.

**Fertilizing the Garden.**  
There is no better way to fertilize the garden than to haul fresh manure from the stables and spread over the surface during the winter. Contrary to the common belief, there is never a time when manure is so rich in plant food as the day it is made, and the sooner after that it can be got to the place where it is to be used, the more value it will add to the soil. It is almost impossible to put too much manure on a garden. We would not hesitate to put it a foot thick on the surface, for it will reach only so much more plant-food into the soil, and by plowing time next spring will be settled down until it can easily be plowed under to furnish humus for the betterment of the physical condition of the soil. Wood ashes makes an excellent fertilizer for the garden, but it should be saved and applied on top of the soil after it is plowed in the spring, as potash is one of the plant-foods that may be washed too deeply into the soil to be reached by the roots of garden plants, many of which are shallow-rooted.

**Fattening Steers.**  
The old method of cramming corn into a steer regardless of whether or not he digests it, depending on hogs to pick up the undigested corn, is a poor as well as an old method. To put on good flesh and to put it on fast a steer should digest thoroughly all the food that he takes into his stomach. The food should be prepared carefully in order that perfect digestion should take place. Less corn and more ensilage foods should be used in finishing a steer for the market, for the old idea that corn is the only food that will finish a steer properly is demonstrated to be a mistaken one by experiment stations conducted by responsible men selected by the government.

**Exhibiting Fruits at Fairs.**  
One of the handsomest and most attractive exhibits of fruit we have ever seen was that shown by Lucas County at the Ohio State fair. The fruits, which comprised practically the whole list of those available at that season, were neatly arranged on a large table about twenty feet square and in such a manner that the combination of varieties and colors at once attracted attention and prompted comment on the beauty of the products. Too frequently color on exhibition tables is overlooked.—Exchange.

**Land that Should Be Drained.**  
It is estimated that there are about one hundred million acres now unproductive which can be reclaimed through dikes and drains. This land would have a productive capacity equal to four times that of the State of Illinois and would considerably exceed the productive area which can be reclaimed by irrigation.

**Cost of Filling Silos.**  
The cost of filling silos was estimated by the Illinois Station from records obtained from nineteen farms in various parts of the State and the figures showed a range of forty to seventy-six cents per ton, the average being fifty-six cents.

**World's Milk Production.**  
It is estimated that the total weight of cows' milk produced in the world is 26,400,000 hundredweight, distributed as follows: United States, 6,100,000 hundredweight, Russia, 3,500,000, Germany, 3,000,000, France, 2,000,000, England, 2,000,000, Austria, 1,700,000, Italy, 1,450,000, Canada, 1,300,000, Holland, 1,200,000, Sweden, and Norway, 800,000, Switzerland, 700,000, Denmark, 600,000, Belgium, 600,000, Australia, 550,000, Spain, 500,000, and Portugal, 500,000. The production of milk in Europe is 18,450,000 hundredweight from 45,000,000 cows. The number of milk cows in the world is 63,800,000—15,940,000 in the United States and 10,000,000 in Russia. There are only six head of horned cattle in Spain to each 2½ acres of cultivated land, while in France there are thirty-four and in England fifty-six. This shows the poor condition of cattle breeding in Spain, and explains the constant increase in the price of butcher's meat for public consumption.

**Hurdle for Driving Hogs.**  
posts if required at any time. They make handles to make it convenient in manipulating it. One should be on the center upright near the top and one on either side of the upright in about the middle. These handles are made by fashioning a strip of wood large enough to get hold of, and then nailing it on to a block and through the hurdle material. Made light, in the manner described, one can drive a number of hogs with ease and also ward off the quarrelsome boar if a member of the herd. In the illustration the small cut at the left shows the completed handle and the one at the right the manner of fashioning the bolt through the block of wood, and the end of the nail or screw going through the slat.



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# PULSE of the PRESS

Our Audubon societies have now succeeded in getting every sort of bird pretty well protected except the stork.—New York Evening Mail.

Notice a list of deeds John D. Rockefeller has done in a year. A list of individuals would be more to the point.—New York Evening Telegram.

The only returning Russian general who has had a triumph at St. Petersburg unfortunately achieved it by getting killed.—New York Evening Mail.

A California paper says bad whisky kills as many people as bad whisky. Maybe it does, but we don't have to buy it at 75 cents a pint.—Ronceverte (W. Va.) News.

Senator Depew says it is not wise for corporations to contribute funds to political campaigns; indeed, it's quite otherwise if it gets found out.—Houston Chronicle.

If Mr. Rockefeller can convince the coal barons that there are things better than "mere money getting" he will have done the country a real service.—Chicago News.

It begins to look as if Secretary Taft didn't sit upon that Chinese boycott long enough while in Hongkong to accomplish its complete collapse.—Detroit Journal.

Some men are born infamous, some gradually lose their reputations and some have their reputations taken away from them by committees of investigation.—Houston Chronicle.

If it is true that W. T. Stead says it is every husband's duty to whip his wife once in a while, evidently another term in jail for W. T. Stead might be wholesome.—Buffalo Courier.

Hereafter the Beef Trust is to pay for the inspection tags which have been costing the government \$70,000 a year. Rather, the beef consumers are to pay for them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Miguel Gomez insists that Uncle Sam ought to take a hand in the Cuban situation. It looks as if Uncle Sam would get tired filling the job of wet nurse after a while.—Birmingham News.

China's determination to get her railroads out of the hands of the foreigners may be due to Wu Ting-fang's observations of the part our railroads play in the government.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Three burglars in New York claim to have robbed 400 homes. It's a great record, but it looks dim beside the record of three insurance companies, who have touched about 4,000,000 homes.—Montreal Star.

The denial from Secretary Taft that he is on the outs with Chairman Shonts is welcome news. Another change in that official family is the one thing the government cannot afford at this time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pat Crowe now admits that he intended to kidnap John D. Rockefeller and hold him for a \$2,000,000 ransom. Pat Crowe talks like a man who does not know the Rockefellers.—New York Evening Telegraph.

When one observes how Stoessel, alive, is disgraced by his government, and Ko: tsdranko, dead, is honored, one may be excused for surmising that good Russians must be like good Indians.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Always learning something, Mr. McCurdy now informs us that a mutual insurance company is an eke-out of an institution, which fact is inferentially set forth in its circulars.—New York Evening Telegram.

The Pennsylvanians who used odious libel laws to gag the newspapers have awakened the people of Philadelphia so wide awake that it is plain they will never again sleep without one eye open.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the life insurance presidents who was authorized to fix his own salary drew the one at \$400 a day, Sundays included. This moderation is tempered with the idea of a frequent raise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has gravely decided that a pool table is a billiard table. This is one of the most notable decisions since George