

# A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

## CHAPTER XVI.

Felicia, when she drove away from Mrs. Talbot's door, had been quite certain that, in spite of her warning, Roy would yield to the temptation of going to call upon Mrs. Desmond.

Felicia had learned a good many lessons of life since the month of September, when she and Mrs. Talbot had killed time and pursued health together at the Yorkshire seaside village. She had gone through her experiences and they had not been pleasant ones to undergo, but, at the same time, they had been beneficial to her, in that she had by now completely got over her fancy for the "wicked man" with whom she had imagined herself to be deeply in love.

Lord Augustus Wray had not come well out of his love affair with Miss Grantley. After an infinite amount of trouble, Felicia had persuaded her father to give a reluctant consent to her engagement with this penniless scion of a needy aristocratic house. He had consented provisionally, that is to say, if the young people would wait two years, and were in the same mind at the end of that period of probation, then, Mr. Gregory Grantley agreed that he would give them his blessing, with something substantial added thereto. Felicia was overjoyed; this concession upon her father's part seemed to her to surpass her part.

Two years to a young and enthusiastic girl who loves seems but a small thing to secure the whole happiness of her future life. She embraced her father joyfully, and was overwhelmed with gratitude at his goodness.

Not so Lord Gus. The state of his finances was such that he could in no way afford to wait two years for the realization of his dreams. His debts pressed upon him daily; duns pestered and pursued him from morning till night; he had raised the last shilling he could realize; he was, to use his own words, "stone broke." To request such a one to wait for two years for the fortune which was to come to him with the lady of his affections was like asking a starving man to do without food for another month, and promising him a good dinner at the end of it.

Lord Gus kissed his intended very affectionately, wrung his future father-in-law's hand, and professed himself deeply impressed with his kindness. Then, having gone in the good city of Bath a second spring to his bow, he put himself into a train and betook himself to that ancient town.

"I should have preferred Felicia, of course," said Lord Gus, to himself. "She is young and she suits me; but I can't wait two years, not two months in fact, for any woman; and there is always Mrs. Cogger—I don't much like the idea—but two years! Oh, no, I couldn't do it at any price—not good enough!"

So, a week later, Felicia received a letter from her lover, with the Bath postmark upon it. He was afraid she would think him a great brute, he wrote, but then, he had never been good enough for her; she was sure to meet with some one far more worthy. As for himself he had thought it wisest and best to offer his hand to a lady whom he had known for many years, and who was good enough to take him as he was in all his unworthiness. Mrs. Cogger had consented to become his wife, and they were to be united early in the following month. He ended by piously praying that heaven would watch over his dearest Felicia, and make up to her for all the sorrow he felt constrained to bring upon her.

That was Felicia's lesson. She suffered very keenly at first, but she got over it, being chiefly assisted by the facts concerning her rival that came to her ears. Mrs. Cogger was 50; in stature she was short and inelegant; in feature, plain and uninteresting; her manners were said to be vulgar, and her temper violent and excessively jealous. Mrs. Cogger, however, was undoubtedly rich; she was the widow of a Bristol merchant who had left to her an income of six thousand a year. Having purchased Lord Gus, she proceeded to pay her money down for the doubtful acquisition in a truly liberal fashion. She paid his debts, and she made handsome settlements upon him, so that he derived some substantial consolations from his marriage in exchange for the lack of those personal charms that a man is apt to think desirable in the wife of his bosom.

Perhaps the one soft spot in her heart was the feeling that she had for Roy—Roy, who had never wished to marry her, and whose heart was still constant to the love of his boyhood. She felt that she would do a good deal to save him from pain, and yet she feared that a certain amount of suffering must inevitably be in store for him.

"Perhaps it will be better that he should see her and realize that she has forgotten him and is happy in her new life; it may be the best cure for him in the end," she said to herself, and at this moment her brougham drew up at the door of her father's club in Pall Mall. As it did so a gentleman was coming slowly down the steps of the club. He glanced at the lady in the brougham, once quite idly, and then again more attentively. Felicia, too, looked keenly at him. Where had she seen that face with the pleasant gray eyes and the refined, regular features? Suddenly there came back to her mind the breezy hill slopes above Keppington Hall, the flickering sunshine through the branches of the beech trees, the blue distance in the valley below, and the great stone house sleeping in its solitude near by; and then the stranger who came strolling up the hill to address them, and whose persistent attentions to Gertrude had somewhat mortified and annoyed her.

She half put out her hand and smiled. The gentleman stopped at once and took off his hat.

"Sincerely I can't be mistaken; it is Mr. Raikes, is it not?"

Edgar Raikes looked down at her oddly a moment; he drew himself a little from the brougham door. She asked whether he had been at Keppington.

"Yes, I am always there," and

then he looked away for a minute, and added rather quickly, "I am a 'poor relation' of Brian Desmond's, Miss Grantley, an out-at-elbows younger son of a cousin of his mother's, whom he has taken pity on. I am his bailiff or agent, or whatever you choose to call it, at Keppington. I am only in town now to see him on business. I suppose I ought to have told you that before—but, one has a sort of false shame."

"I don't see anything in it to be ashamed of," said Felicia heartily. "A man need never mind working for his living if it is in an honest way," and she felt she liked him all the better for his little confession.

"I don't know much about work," he answered, with a smile. "I am afraid I am rather lazy up there—there isn't much to do, you know. It's a very idle life, I fear."

"Still, whatever there is to be done, I am quite sure that you do it, Mr. Raikes. Ah! here is my father. Papa, this is Mr. Raikes, a gentleman I met in Yorkshire last summer."

"Oh! Ah! Well, my dear, you had better ask Mr. Raikes to dinner. If you are doing nothing to-night we shall be delighted to see you at 8 o'clock sharp."

Edgar Raikes was upon the point of pleading another engagement, but a certain wistful glance into Felicia's dark eyes made him change his mind, and he murmured his acceptance and thanks. Mr. Grantley stepped into his daughter's brougham.

"This man, at all events, is honest," Felicia said to herself, and then she remembered that she had liked him when they had met him at Keppington, and afterward, too, when he had called upon them at the hotel, only that his attention seemed to have been absorbed by Mrs. Talbot. She recollected how foolishly plighted and annoyed she had been that this had been the case, and how angry with herself she had felt afterward, because she, Felicia, whose heart was at that time presumably in the possession of Lord Augustus Wray, should have been so lost to self-respect as to have felt jealous—yes, commonly jealous, because a good-looking young man, who was a perfect stranger to her, should have taken no notice of her, and should have seemed to find pleasure in the society of her friend.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"I have brought a friend of mine to pay his respects to you, Mrs. Desmond," said Mrs. Talbot that afternoon, as she entered Kitten's pretty drawing room in London Square.

Kitten herself had just come in from her solitary drive. She stood in the center of the room pulling off her long gloves; she looked just a little bit sad and weary, but her whole face brightened when, glancing past Gertrude, her eyes lighted upon the young man who entered the room in her wake.

"Roy!" she cried joyfully, running forward with outstretched hands to meet him.

"Kitten!"

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! Do you know, that I thought you had forgotten me, and that you were never coming to see me!"

"So you two are great friends already!" said Mrs. Talbot, in a voice of disappointment. "And I thought that I was going to introduce you to a new beauty, Sir Roy!"

"Mrs. Desmond and I have known each other since we were children," explained Roy, and then he thought no more about her, but sat down on the sofa by Kitten's side. How glad she seemed to see him again; how glad she seemed to snub him and laugh at him, and turn her back upon him in the old days; how delightful it was to be welcomed like this by her.

"You are very much changed," he said, almost involuntarily.

"Yes! I suppose I am. A woman does change, no doubt, after her marriage, and I have been to so many places, and have seen so many new things and so many people abroad. I think I was a very ignorant little person, Roy, when my dear old daddy was alive. You see, I was always a child to him, and now I am a woman. I seem to have jumped from one to the other, to have had no girlhood!" and she half sighed.

He bent down and looked anxiously at her. "Kitten, are you happy?"

"As happy as a woman can be who has married a man she loves with her whole heart," she answered proudly and a little defiantly.

When he came back an hour later to her house to dine with her, as she had asked him to do, he found her standing dressed in her ball dress under the light of a swinging lamp upon the landing outside the drawing room door. As he came up the staircase she seemed to him a surpassingly fair vision of youth and beauty in her soft, clouded raiment of white lace, with the glitter of diamonds upon her neck and arms.

"Punctual to a minute," she cried gayly, as she preceded him into the drawing room. "Ah, how I do love people who come punctually to dinner! How do you like my dress, Roy?"

"It is perfect," he said gravely, looking not at her dress, but at her.

"I dare say I shall not dance much," she went on in a sort of hurried manner that puzzled him, "only with you and with Brian." Then, after a little pause, she added in rather a strained voice: "By the way, after all, you will have to put up with only me for dinner, Roy; I have had a note from my husband, in which he states he will be unable to get back to dinner, being detained by business. I hope you will not find it dull alone with me. Shall we go down?"

He offered his arm in grave silence and they went downstairs to dinner.

"How did it seem to be sitting down to dinner alone with you like this?" she cried, with a brave effort to seem gay and happy. "Do you remember our luncheons by the river and the sandwiches and cherry pies I used to coax old Keelish into making, so that I might bring them out to you in the corner of

the meadow under the willow trees?"

How nice it was! the softened lamp light, the fruit and the flowers, the dim background of pictures and old oak in the empty room—for the servants had left them—and Kitten, in her white dress, with the light shining upon her corn-gold hair, sitting opposite to him while they capped each other's reminiscences of those happy days long ago in which Brian Desmond had had no existence!

"Brian will be here very soon now," she said, glancing at the clock. "How I wish he would come back; let us go upstairs and wait for him in the drawing room."

There was a sound of wheels at the door, and the bell rang. For one moment Kitten's face was radiant; if it had not been for very shame she would have flown downstairs to greet her returning prodigal, but the consciousness of her matronly honors prevented her from doing anything so very undignified.

There seemed to be a little delay downstairs; no manly feet, conscious of outrageous lateness, came tearing up the stairs two at a time—instead, there was a measured tread of heavy steps followed quickly by the swish of a woman's silken skirts against the banisters; the footman threw open the door, and there entered—Gertrude Talbot in amber satin and black lace, with a huge bouquet in her hand.

"Ah, my dear little woman!" she said, affectionately and gushingly, "here I am again, you see how too—too lovely and delicious you look in that perfect dress! How well it suits you. I have just come from Felicia's dinner party—I thought I would drive round by your door, and carry you off with me to Lady Hunter's; your brougham, I see, is waiting for you, dear, so I can dismiss mine and we can go together, and you must follow us in a hansom, Sir Roy."

"But—you are very kind, Mrs. Talbot; but I cannot go with you; my husband will be coming back," stammered Kitten, confusedly.

Gertrude smiled more than ever, showing all her gleaming teeth, and flinging up her black gloved hands with an expressive gesture.

"Oh, my dear child, how deliciously young and fresh you are! Don't you see that—that naughty husband of yours had no more notion of going to Lady Hunter's to-night than your footman had?"

"What can you mean—have you seen him?" faltered Kitten.

"Ah, I understand me better than you do, child; they are all alike, every one of them—dear creatures, and we can't do without them, the more's the pity, but unreliable all of them! Seen him, my dear, of course I have; I passed him a few minutes ago, walking with a very good-looking woman—it was his sister, no doubt," she added, looking a little away from her victim.

"Yes, it was his sister," answered Kitten, very calmly, half turning to Roy; "it was stupid of me to forget it, but of course, I remember now. Brian told me that he was dining with her to-night."

"Then had we not better go on to the ball?" said Gertrude, considerably taken aback; Brian Desmond had no sister, and she knew it, but the young wife's coolness and courage struck her dumb.

"Yes; we will go together to the ball," assented Kitten, and she went.

"Do you want to break her heart?" whispered Roy, angrily to Mrs. Talbot as they went downstairs.

"Oh, dear, no! only to open her eyes," she answered, with a careless shrug of her beautiful white shoulders.

(To be continued.)

## Scientific Farming.

A clerk in the Department of Agriculture said:

"So you think that scientific farming is a bluff? You demand some illustrations of the good that is accomplished by the scientific method? Very well."

"When clover was first introduced into Australia it grew there beautifully, but it never seeded. The soil was all right. The climate was all right. What, then, was the trouble?"

"A scientist studied the matter, and this is what he found:

"He found that the native Australian bees had tongues too short to reach the clover's pollen forming organs. These organs in red clover are hidden deeply in the heart of the tube like petals and they can only be fertilized by the long-tongued bumblebee. If red clover is not visited by bumblebees, who bear the golden pollen grains from one blossom to another, it never seeds—it cannot be grown. The scientist, aware of the fact, soon put his finger on the barren Australian clover's trouble. He imported a lot of long-tongued bumblebees. These bees flourished, and immediately Australian clover, which had promised to be a failure, became one of the country's richest and finest crops."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Where It Is Useful.

Patient—What do you think of this faith-cure business, doctor?

Doctor—Oh, it's all right in some cases.

Patient—For example?

Doctor—Well, say when a person imagines something ails him and then imagines he is cured of it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## As Others See Us.

Green—Do you believe there is really such a person as the fool-killer?

Brown—Er—by the way, how old are you?

Green—Forty-five.

Brown—Well, if there is, he must have retired from business.

## Professional Advice.

The new doctor had been called in to see a lady with a swollen jaw.

"Does it hurt you to talk?" asked the pill dispenser.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then don't," said the M. D. "Two dollars, please."

## Mean Disposition.

"He's got a mean disposition."

"What makes you think so?"

"I told him I wanted to learn how to run an auto and he didn't offer to loan me his."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Barn Lantern.

Lanterns are undoubtedly the safest things to use in the barn, and if they are hung properly and protected as indicated here there will be little or no danger from fire. Take a piece of inch board and from it cut a circle twelve inches in diameter; then buy a piece of galvanized wire netting fifteen inches wide and four feet long, then a piece of bright new tin eighteen inches square, a hook with a flat end, so it can be screwed to the wall. Then build a shelf fifteen inches wide and twenty inches long. Nail the shelf in a convenient location in the barn, then on the wall back of the shelf nail the piece of tin which acts as a reflector as well as protects the wall.

Fasten the hook on the wall above the tin. Then make a cylinder by nailing the wire to the edge of the circular



GOOD BARN LANTERN.

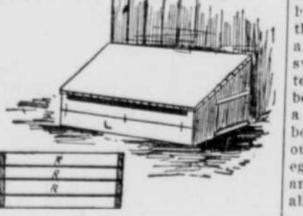
piece of board, lacing the ends of the wire together with stout twine. Set this on the shelf and slip the lantern inside of it, hanging the bale of the lantern on the hook. The wire cylinder protects the lantern yet does not shut off much light, and by having the hook curved there will be little danger of the lantern falling, even under quite a hard blow. The illustration shows all of the details for constructing this arrangement.—Indianapolis News.

## Buying Mixed Feeds.

Why any feeder of farm stock should buy mixed grains is more than one can understand, unless he is too lazy to do the mixing himself. Time was when screenings were just what was claimed for them, the smaller grains which dropped through the sieves when screening was done for the first grade of grains. Now screenings are quite likely to be the sweepings from the mill floors and contain anything from nails to tobacco quids. Any of the grains used for feeding stock of any kind can be bought without mixture and one can tell by examination if they are reasonably pure. They cost more than the mixed feeds, to be sure, but they are cheaper in the end, for less has to be fed. Of all the bad mixed feeds the ground feeds are the worst, for it is practically impossible to know what is in the mixture, that is, for the ordinary observer to ascertain. In feeding poultry it has been demonstrated time and again that it pays to pay 25 per cent more for the grains by themselves than to feed the mixtures bought in that form.

## Finishing Off Coops.

One of the economies in the poultry business is to have coops which may be used for any desired purpose without making it necessary to in any way subdivide the main poultry house. Coops for sick fowls, coops for the roosters, coops for the broody hen and coops to finish off the birds which are to go to market later. One of the best designs for the latter purpose can be built on the sunny side of the barn or



A COOP ANNEX.

the poultry house proper, thus saving the expense for lumber. This coop is three feet in width, and any length desired, but figured so that the lumber will not cut to waste.

Make the frame of rough lumber, using any odds and ends one may have around the place; cover roof and sides and ends with tarred paper. For ventilation, a six-inch space is left the entire length of the house at the lower end and this is covered with wire netting. For further ventilation holes are bored in one end at the high side near the top. At the lower part of the house under the ventilating space the boards are arranged so that the one nearest the ground is hinged to the one above it for ease in cleaning the coop. The door in one end is made of any size desired, although the smaller the better, twenty inches square being a good size.—Exchange.

## Poultry Notes.

It is pretty hard to feed the hen too much if the food is of the right sort. Improper feeding does more harm than excessive feeding.

Have you tried the dry feeding system, now practiced by most of the well known poultrymen of the country?

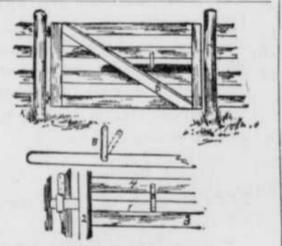
Eggs are the basis of the poultry industry. Egg farming is the most profitable branch of poultry culture. But in order to get eggs we have to keep hens as a sort of necessary incubance.

## For Barb Wire Cuts.

When a horse has been injured on wire the first thing to do is stop the flow of blood; this may be a rule by done by bandaging it up tight. It may also frequently be best to apply powdered alum or common saleratus, both of which will generally be found effective. In a few hours, considerable swelling will set in; this should be reduced either by applying cold water frequently, or what is really better, applying pure kerosene oil, not only to the wound, but also to the swollen parts. No bandage should be kept on where kerosene is used, as it will then cause the hair to fall off temporarily, and as soon as it is safe to do so, the sore should be carefully washed with soft water and castile soap. This ought to be repeated daily until the sore heals. One of the best healing medicines for horseflesh that I have ever used can be put up at any drug store, as follows: One-half pint of alcohol; one-half pint of spirits of turpentine; 1 ounce of pure glycerine; mix all together in a large bottle and shake well before using. Apply only with a feather at morning and night. The sore should never be bandaged. By daily washing it will in this way heal up very rapidly. I can personally testify to the effectiveness of this simple remedy, as we have made use of it in numerous cases, with the best results, where every other remedy we tried failed to heal up the sore on the horse.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## Practical Gate Fastener.

A swing gate is somewhat of a nuisance, unless it is arranged with a fastener that will act as desired. The idea illustrated is a simple one, as will be seen. Take a strip of one by four material and cut it of convenient length, as shown at figure 1. It must, however, be long enough to extend beyond the cross bar D and the upright piece at Figure 2, both of which pieces are double—that is, one on either side of the gate. Two iron pieces (b) are bolted to the boards 1 and 4, as shown. The fastener works in this manner: To unfasten, pull the board 1 to the left, which raises the end opposite 1 on account of the placing of b, and when



SWING GATE FASTENER.

released drops toward 1 and finally rests on the board marked 3. A close study of the illustration will show how simple the plan is, and how readily it may be put in operation on any swing-gate, provided always the gate is properly hung and works smoothly.—Indianapolis News.

## Cat Bone and Animal Food.

Just the day the fowls are brought into the house and confined to the run of a small yard they begin to pine for animal food which they had in abundance on the range. It is this lack that is at the bottom of the egg falling off rather than any other cause, as will be discovered, if one will take the trouble to look into the matter. It must be understood, however, that animal food does not mean anything in the shape of meat one can get. There are plenty of meat scrapes on the market that are good enough for fertilizer, but decidedly not of value for feeding poultry. If one can arrange with the local butcher to supply what meat is wanted for the fowls he will have no trouble provided he buys meat that is not tainted and does not lay in a supply too large. Green bone answers the same purpose to some extent, but it is hard to grind and must be ground fresh to be of value. With a small supply of animal food, green bone and green food of some kind one ought to have a good production of eggs throughout the winter, following any plan of feeding that has a reasonable amount of variety.

## Seed Potatoes.

Every one knows that when seed potatoes are allowed to sprout and the sprouts are broken off, as they often are when the potatoes are kept in a dark cellar, the tuber is perceptibly weakened, the yield lessened and the ripening retarded. The best way to keep seed potatoes is in cold storage. It is important that the temperature should never fall below 35 degrees, nor should it rise much above 40 degrees. In a press circular sent out by the Ohio station it is advised that the seed potatoes should be shoveled over frequently, as this prevents sprouting to a certain extent where cold storage is not available. Planters are reminded, however, that under certain conditions this sprouting process may be used to advance the early ripening of the crop. If the tubers are placed stem end down in single layers in shallow trays in a slight and moderately warm room, they will send out short, stubby green sprouts, which will remain in that condition for weeks, and if the potatoes are then planted without breaking the sprouts, they will start immediately.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 602—Mauritius Tiberius, Emperor Rome, died.
- 1213—Possessions of Knights Templar in England appropriated by crown.
- 1415—Henry V. entered London at victory at Agincourt.
- 1490—Perkin Warbeck, pretender English crown, executed.
- 1542—English defeated Scotch at battle of Solway Moss.
- 1547—Henry II. of France forbid printing any book relating to Holy Scriptures.
- 1572—John Knox died.
- 1586—Sentence of death pronounced Mary Queen of Scots.
- 1615—Marriage of Louis XIII. of France with Anne of Austria.
- 1618—Charter granted for the colony of Virginia.
- 1630—Great earthquake in Peru.
- 1638—The site of New Haven, Conn., bought from the Indians for 60 cents and some trinkets.
- 1652—Province of Maine taken under protection of Massachusetts and made a county called York.
- 1700—Philip V. proclaimed King of Spain.
- 1739—Porto Bello taken by Admiral Vernon.
- 1747—Robert Livingston born.
- 1748—Isaac Watts died.
- 1750—Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, Pa., evacuated by the French.
- 1774—Robert Clive, ex-Governor of India, committed suicide.
- 1783—British troops evacuated New York City.
- 1780—Paper money first issued in France.
- 1792—The Scheldt opened to all nations.
- 1795—King Stanislaus of Poland deposed by Catherine of Russia.
- 1804—Franklin Pierce born. This boy was thousands perished in inundation of the River Nile.
- 1809—Fanny Kemble, celebrated actress, born.
- 1814—Treaty signed at Ghent ending War of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain.
- 1815—General George B. Slocum, U.S. Army, killed at battle of Gettysburg.
- 1816—Philadelphia theater lighted with gas, first in this country.
- 1820—Treaty signed between Great Britain and Brazil for suppression of the slave trade.
- 1820—Camden, S. C., nearly destroyed by fire. New England built custom of celebrating Thanksgiving.
- 1837—Sieg of Herat begun by British.
- 1841—Faraday's discovery of the electric current presented to the Royal Society.
- 1852—Countess of Lovelace, daughter of the poet Byron, died.
- 1855—Robert Bunsen, last male descendant of the author of "Grim's Progress," died at Montevideo.
- 1857—Garrison of Lucknow rescued by Sir Colin Campbell.
- 1861—Mission and Sillid imprisoned Fort Warren, Boston.
- 1863—Battle of Lookout Mountain. Missionary Ridge.
- 1870—Bavaria enters the North German Confederation.
- 1874—G. S. Bangs first proposed and hour trains between New York and Chicago.
- 1882—Thurlow Weed died.
- 1884—Grand Opera House at St. Louis burned.
- 1891—E. Bulwer Lytton, British writer to France, died.
- 1894—Five villages in Sicily destroyed by earthquake. Public institutions abolished in Spain.
- 1898—Steamer Portland sunk off Hawaii coast, 115 lives lost. Hawaiian commission held meeting in Washington.
- 1899—Thomas H. Ismay, founder of White Star Line, died. "Bill" Anthony, hero of the explosion, died in poverty. Colorado, ex-Governor of Colorado, died.
- 1901—United States landed in Panama to preserve order.
- 1902—Frederick Alfred Krupp, German gun manufacturer, died.
- 1903—Germany officially recognized Republic of Panama. Agreement announced of the Chicago railroad strike.

## Humorous News Notes.

The Russians are better strikers than we are.

Everybody in Russia seems to be longing for freedom except the Czar.

At last Sweden and Norway agreed to a complete divorce with money.

The average Russian begins his manifesto and ukases with "I, the Emperor."

The Tammany Tiger just managed to get its body through, but caught in the door.