

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Felicia sat alone in the inn sitting on at Smackton. Mrs Grantley and Gertrude had taken a fly after breakfast and gone out for a drive together. They had been rather mysterious over the news.

There was a knock at the door, and an old waiter popped in his rough white apron sideway.

"Yes, sir," he said, half turning back to see who it was, "the lady is in, gentlemen, ma'am, to see you."

He threw wide open the door, and mebody, tall and slight, clad in a long eocrot, came out from the gloom of a passage without into the gathering light of the sitting room. For a moment she peered at him, not seeing who was; then suddenly she recognized him, and her heart beat wildly.

"Mr. Raikes. Is it you?"

He took her proffered hand and shook warmly, murmuring some half-remembered words of greeting.

"How on earth did you come here? hat brings you to Smackton? And how do you learn that I was here?"

"I was traveling north. I heard accidentally from a fellow passenger in a same carriage that you were staying here."

"I am very glad to see you," she answered, heartily, and with perfect self-possession, for women act these scenes so better than men do, and she would not have betrayed her agitation for an air.

"How well she looks," thought Edgar, as he gazed on her; it is easy to see that she is perfectly content. Aloud he said: "So you know my fellow traveler had to do?"

"I cannot imagine," she replied.

"Mrs. Talbot's husband. He is downstairs in the coffee room. They told me his wife was out; he has come here to look after her."

Felicia laughed. The situation was illy delightful.

"What a piece of good luck," she cried. "I never heard of his turning up so conveniently in his life before. If only I will take her away, for she is a thorn in my side."

"How well you look! I need not ask how you are. And your husband, he quite well, I hope?"

Felicia started. "My husband?" she said, in a strange voice of wonder and bewilderment. "What on earth do you mean?"

He looked at her with a surprise and riled face. "I—I mean Sir Roy," he stammered.

"Sir Roy is my cousin, Mr. Raikes; my husband!"

"But you were engaged to him, were you not, when I left England? I was of it—it was for that that I went away, and you yourself would not tell me; and when I heard it I thought it was a mistake."

"It was no mistake. I was engaged to Roy for one month. Perhaps, had he not gone away—however, our engagement was broken off."

"I never heard of it," he said breathlessly. "I believed that you were married. But tell me why—why was it broken off?"

"I never meant to marry him. Some, perhaps, if you care to hear the explanation all to go; it is a long story. To be with, I did not love him, she stammered slowly, with downcast eyes. There was a pause. "Is not that enough?"

"Felicia," he said, below his breath, "will you ever marry anybody?"

"Perhaps—if I ever love anybody."

"Will you then ever learn to love anybody?"

"If anybody cares to inquire, well, perhaps I will tell him."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Brian Desmond went home alone. He was glad that his cousin had left him, for he drew nearer to the end of his life, he felt that he would never be able to endure his presence.

As they drove up the last hill through a park it was almost dark, and out the wet, with fog, the long facade of the manor house loomed out upon him with a suddenness that was almost terrible.

There was a wonderful stillness as the car drew up. He noticed one light at the front brightly and keenly out of a room. It was the octagon chamber; he could see no other sign of light, he glanced upward toward the bedroom windows, but all seemed dark above.

Softly the front door opened, and in a warm radiance of the crimson porch curtains, he saw, with a certain surprise, that Roy Grantley stood there to welcome him. There was no time for words. Glancing at him as he entered, Brian noticed that he was very thin and out, with great hollow circles under his eyes and an almost famished look of haggardness and despair in his aspect. "Come quickly," he whispered, and round and led the way across a hall.

Roy stopped at a door at the end of a passage. It was the octagon room where he had seen the bright light in the window.

"Am I too late?" murmured Brian, under his breath.

"I fear so," said Roy, and turned the key of the door.

Within was the silence of the grave. A strong pungent odor of ether, lamp upon a low table, a warm flicker on the wood logs on the fire, a doctor standing by with bent head and crossed hands in an attitude of religious reverence; and in the center of the room a woman kneeling by the side of a chair, with all her long, dark tresses spread across the floor, supporting with both arms a form so white, so still, so pale, that it might have been only the face of a sleeping child.

The pale yellow locks fluttered loosely, sweeping against the dark head at bent over them; the lips were half open, a smile hovering upon their still outline, but the strange, wonderful expression, with their tale of unspeakable woe

CHAPTER XXX.

To Roy a sense of sad peace came slower than to any one else. Kitten had been the dream, the very religion of his life. In losing her he seemed for a time to be uprooted out of his ordinary existence, to such a degree that he could not believe that he would ever be able to resume his life. For many months he knew no rest, wandering about in foreign countries, carrying with him everywhere his load of wretchedness and despair. And yet, even to him, there came in time the conviction that Kitten's death might, perchance, bring to him more peace of mind than ever her life could have done. He refused to entertain an obstinacy which was almost a offense, to be present at Felicia's wedding, which took place on the first of June that followed after Kitten's death.

The wedding was an exceptionally quiet one. A few intimate friends, her father, and her cousin Margaret, only formed the little group which gathered at an unusually early hour in the dull-looking church, in which she selected to be married to Edgar. And besides these there was one elegant and disconsolate woman who, in a many costume of white lace and pale gold silken draperies, knelt dissolved in tears throughout the ceremony. They were tears drawn from the very bottom of her miserable heart!

And there was a tall personage, with a red beard, at her elbow, who grinned unfeelingly over these heart-broken wailings.

"Talks as if I was going to murder her, don't she, Mrs. Raikes?" said this monster.

And so the friends parted. Felicia took up a new life of perfect promise and happiness with the man she loved, and Gertrude Talbot to go, as she had termed it, "into exile." And assuredly no punishment for her many failings could have been awarded to her more severe or more bitter than to be wrenched away by her legitimate lord and master and carried off from the world of life and fashion which she loved so devotedly, and which had been so long as the very breath of her nostrils to her.

"I am sick of paying through the nose

and sadness were closed forever more. Kitten Desmond had looked her last upon this troublesome world, and the "poor play" of her life was at an end.

In Keppington churchyard was a tall, gleaming white cross, fresh from the sculptor's hands; white marble lilies curled about its base, and the gilded letters of Kitten's name flashed and glittered in the April sunshine upon its outstretched arms. At the foot of the grave a man stood, bare-headed, with hands clasped together, gazing earnestly at the cross.

"Catherine Elizabeth Desmond," he murmured, half aloud. Could that indeed be Kitten? The very name sounded strange and unreal in his ears; he remembered how, long ago, she had told him that was how her name would be written upon her tombstone.

Now, as he stood motionless, there came soft steps behind him across the daisy-spangled grass, a hand was passed through his arm, and, turning with a start, he found that Rosamond was by his side.

"You, Brian?" she said gently. "I am glad to have met you here, for I am going away. She laid a wreath of exquisite white hothouse flowers upon the grave at her feet.

For some moments they stood motionless together, with hands clasped together. Then Brian spoke a little brokenly. "Rosamond, since I have suffered so much, I have perhaps learned a little, too. Life is to be indeed over for you and for me? We cannot undo the past, but at least we could, perhaps, be happy in the future; is there no hope that you can give me?"

Then there rose a delicate bloom like the tint of a pale, wild rose in her cheeks. She dropped her hand, and with a swift gesture pointed away across the low churchyard wall into the lane beyond. A carriage stood waiting for her under the tender green of the overarching trees. There was luggage on the top of it, and leaning over the wall, not looking at them, but away toward the blue valley below, which he contemplated with a pleased dreaminess, was the slight figure of a man with an iron-grey mustache; a man whose face he seemed to recognize, like a vision out of an evil dream.

"Brian," said Rosamond, gently, "that is my husband. I was married this morning to Col. Trefusis. We are on our way to the station, and we have driven around by Keppington because I wanted to leave these flowers here. I could not bear not to say good-bye to her grave on my wedding day."

"All is over, then, for me in this world," he said at last gloomily and wearily.

"Yes, if love were all," she answered quickly, "but it is not. You said just now that the past cannot be undone and you were right. Brian, life is not a toy that we can play with, to fling aside its puppets and pick them up again just as we fancy. That which we have done in the past, that we cannot alter; the actions that we have taken upon ourselves, those we are forced to accept as our portion forever, and neither repentance nor regret, nor yet oceans of bitter tears, can ever wash away those things, which by our own doing we have rendered irrevocable. One thing, and one only, can ever sweeten and sanctify a life that such errors have darkened—the life, that by our own free will we have married, we must abide by for good or for evil; but we can at least devote it not to ourselves, but to others. The last, sad lesson which sorrow has the power to teach us is unselfishness."

He raised her hand to his lips, and they parted this time forever.

So these three, who had loved, and sinned, and sorrowed, were parted, but the happiest of the three was surely Kitten, lying still and cold beneath the shadow of her marble cross.

for a lot of things I never get any pleasure out of," her husband had said to her. "I've kept you in your little box in Mayfair quite long enough, Gerty, and you've had your fun and your flirtations, and your frocks and your jewelry, till I am sure you must be getting tired of it all. You are no longer so young as you were," continued her spouse, with that unpleasant outspokenness which only a husband dare use to a woman who is still handsome and attractive; "and it's time, I think, that you should consider my comfort and settle down a bit; and I can't live where it's all dress and show and keeping up of appearances. Give me a free life in a fine, open country and plenty of sport; that's what I want. And that is why I have bought the nicest little property in South Carolina for a mere song, snug house and all included; and I'm going to take you there, right away; so pack up your traps and in to no more fuss about it."

So, amidst torrents of angry but totally unavailing tears, Gertrude did "pack up her traps." The tall footman was sent away, the smart lady's maid handed on to another situation, and the little bignon-house in Mayfair let as it stood, furniture and all, to an enterprising young widow in search of a suitable number two. And the very day after Felicia's wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot set sail from the shores of England; and her bold, handsome face and free tongue and mischief-loving eyes were seen no more in her familiar haunts.

But Sir Roy Grantley never married. As the years went on he stayed more and more at the White Cottage with his sister, going over to Friery daily, superintending the shooting, looking after the keepers and keeping his hunters up at the big house. He is on the best of terms with his tenants, and a very strong and solid friendship has grown up between himself and his cousin's husband. But he will never marry; he is still faithful to the love of his youth, and when he dies the name and property will pass away to a distant cousin, who is a stranger to him.

The lesson of his young wife's death was not entirely thrown away upon Brian Desmond; love for him was over, but he schooled himself to believe that there was something in life still left for him to do. He never saw Rosamond Trefusis again; their lives ran far apart. Nevertheless her parting words were often in his mind, and her parting injunction in time bore its fruit in his life.

To live for others, and to learn unselfishness, that had been Rosamond's lesson; and Brian did not forget it.

He went into Parliament, where he soon made for himself an honorable name for the deep interest he took in all schemes of philanthropy. He was an ardent champion of the wrongs of seamen, an advocate of the improved dwellings of the poor. A zealous reformer of all abuses that weigh heavily upon the weak and friendless. His whole soul after a time, became absorbed in these matters, so that new interests, new occupations, a new life arose out of them from the ruins of his past and a nobler, better existence opened out by degrees to him. But love never touched him again. In Kitten's grave, in the last sad touch of Rosamond's hand, and the last glance of her compassionate eyes, lay all the withered romance of Brian Desmond's Dead Past.

THE CAPITOL AS A WHOLE.

Why It Fails to Conform with Essentials of Really Great Architecture.

It is not the contention even of enthusiasts that the Capitol is, or ever will be, a complete and perfect whole. There is little hope that it will ever be entirely finished, and still less that it may attain perfection. Apropos of the dome, for instance, it may be recalled that the rhetorical and fastidious Ruskin does not admit of iron as a constructive material, and on those grounds inveighed disdainfully against the spire of Rouen Cathedral. Purity and pettishness aside, there are other reasons why the building fails to conform with the essentials of really great architecture. As far as the interior is concerned, the situation is anything but sublime, and it is hence a pleasure to know that Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol building and grounds, has under advisement a proposition for the rehabilitation of the Rotunda. Yet the faults of the Capitol appear in a measure inevitable to those who know and treasure its history. Looked at broadly, they are not faults, but merely venerable shortcomings incidental to growth and development. Considering the importance of the prospective alterations and extensions, the evolution of the building seems to have entered upon an approximately final stage, and it is gratifying to know that Congress, the superintendent and the consulting architects realize the dignity and seriousness of the task in hand. Something of the old simplicity should guide and chasten each effort. To this simplicity should also be added a reverence for those traditional ideals and aspirations which are, happily, a country's or an individual's most cherished heritage.

The panorama, once its several features are supplied, will present a majestic and inspiring spectacle. Grouped about the spacious court will be five superb structures—the Capitol on the west, the Senate and House office buildings to the north and south, and the Congressional Library and its companion on the east. To the average eye the Capitol will offer little change; there will merely be a grateful gain in repose and proportion. It will, as before, continue the focal point, the key-note of the composition. Despite its immensity, there appears to be nothing that is pompous or pretentious in the scheme as at present outlined.

It is but the logical fulfillment of plans, long since formulated, which are the fitting symbol of a subsequent national and territorial expansion.—Century.

Beer is spoken of by Xenophon in his history of the retreat of the 10,000. It was well known to the Romans as the beverage of northern Europe.

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For Shelled Corn.

Where considerable corn has to be shelled for the animals on the farm it is often wasted by falling on the barn floor and through the cracks between the boards. The device here suggested is easily made, and if correctly made will certainly save the corn to the last grain. Make a box three feet long, eighteen inches wide and ten or twelve inches deep. Cover over one end of this, at the top, on which to fasten the corn sheller. Make an inclined bottom to within eight inches of the end, which remains open. Put legs under this box and set it high enough so that a pall or bag can be set under the open end bottom to catch the grains of corn as they come from the sheller. If a bag is used, hooks will have to

Device for Shelled Corn.

be put in the sides of the bottom of the box on which to hang the bag. A high box or a pall would be preferable to the bag. The cost of making this device is very small, any one with a few tools can do it, and it will certainly save both corn and labor. The illustration shows the plan so clearly that no further explanation is necessary.—Indianapolis News.

Use Experiment Stations.

There is not a State experiment station in the country whose staff of experts will not welcome knotty problems from the farmers of the State. This would be the case especially this winter, when they are not rushed with work. Go over the operations of the last season and jot down, in considerable detail, each operation which gave you trouble and unload these troubles on the experiment station of your State. The staff may be "book farmers," as you think, but all of them are trained men and sincerely anxious to help you. If asking about any particular crop describe your soil in detail, your method of culture, and give any other information which will enable the station people to give you an intelligent answer.

Attention to Early Chicks.

Every one who raises poultry for egg production realizes the value of the early hatched chick. Unfortunately, many of the early hatched chicks die, from various causes, but it is worth considerable trouble to take all the precautions possible to raise all the chicks that are born healthy. One of the best methods of doing this is to provide a special house for the hens and their broods. Such a house should be low, not expensive, and built so that the greatest possible amount of sunlight can enter it. If this sunlight is admitted through glass placed close to the floor care must be taken to cover this glass at night.

All Round Good Fertilizer.

If pure unbleached wood ashes could be obtained plentifully and at a moderate cost, they would give far more satisfactory results than any other cheap, natural combination fertilizer known to agricultural science, as the ashes are rich in potash and contain lime in its best form, also serving well against many kinds of insects. Ashes can be used without liability of injury on all kinds of crops if broadcasted over the soil, as much as 150 bushels per acre not being considered excessive on certain soils, and they make a better fertilizer for clover than barnyard manure. For fruit trees ashes cannot be exceeded.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1400—King Richard II. of England died.
 - 1526—Treaty of Madrid concluded between Emperor Charles V. of Spain and Francis I. of France.
 - 1543—English Parliament passed a bill to forbid women and apprentices to read the New Testament in English.
 - 1546—Martin Luther preached his well known sermon at Wittenberg.
 - 1549—Liturgy of English church revised by Parliament.
 - 1601—Treaty of peace between France and Savoy.
 - 1644—Swedish invasion of Denmark.
 - 1686—Louis XIV. of France declared war against England.
 - 1706—Benjamin Franklin born.
 - 1706—Articles of union between England and Scotland ratified by Scotch Parliament.
 - 1730—Gov. Montgomerie granted a charter to New York City.
 - 1730—Pope issued edict against members of Free Masons under penalty of excommunication.
 - 1777—Vermont declared itself a free independent State.
 - 1778—Sandwich Islands discovered by Capt. Cook.
 - 1778—Independence of United States recognized by France.
 - 1784—American Congress ratified a definite treaty of peace with England.
 - 1804—Military post at Natchez transferred to United States by Spain.
 - 1807—Dr. Jenner first declared vaccination would prevent smallpox.
 - 1812—King of Sicily abdicated throne.
 - 1814—Point Petre, Ga., surrendered to the British.
 - 1815—United States frigate *USS Constitution* captured by the British.
 - 1816—Spain issued edict against Freemasonry... National fast day observed in United States.
 - 1840—Forty lives lost in burning of steamer Lexington, Long Island Sound, between New York and Newington.
 - 1854—Two railroad bridges at Erie, Pa., destroyed by a mob of women.
 - 1858—Attempted assassination of Napoleon III. by Orsini.
 - 1862—Burnside's expedition arrested at Hatteras Inlet, N. C.
 - 1865—United States Senate voted to avert a war of reciprocity treaty with the Federated States of America.
 - 1867—Capital of Canadian confederation moved from Ottawa to Quebec.
 - 1868—United States Senate refused to approve suspension of *Seneca*, a slave ship.
 - 1874—Communist riot, Tompkins Square, New York.
 - 1884—New State capitol building in Iowa dedicated at Des Moines after 1880—One thousand cigar-makers on strike in New York.
 - 1887—Freedom of city of London conferred upon Henry M. Stanley.
 - 1891—Irish National League met in London with Parnell presiding.
 - 1893—Rutherford B. Hayes, 23rd President of the United States, died.
 - 1895—Felix Faure elected President of France.
 - 1907—National monetary conference at Indianapolis, Ind.
 - 1909—Capt. Richard O'Leary appointed military governor of Guam.
 - 1900—Alex. Majors, originator of the pony express overland mail route, died. Congressman Nelson G. Prentiss of Maine died.
 - 1904—Asa L. Bushnell, former Governor of Ohio, died, aged 69.
 - 1905—Japanese entered Port Arthur.
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- George T. Goodale of the Detroit Press recently completed his 90th year of continuous service on a job.
- J. Lathrop Allen, who made the band instruments in the United States, is still living in New York at the age of 90.
- There are four Governors that died during the Civil War still living: William Sprague, whose home is near Ragansett Pier, R. I.; Frederick Crook of Brattleboro, Vt.; Samuel Crawford of Kansas and John J. Pettit of Mississippi.
- Dr. William Rolfe, the English Shakespearean scholar, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday at Bridge, Mass.
- John Bartlett of "Familiar Quotations" fame, one of the most reliable habits and valuable in service of literature of Boston, died recently at the age of 80.
- William Thompson, who died the day after at Shelbyville, Ind., was known as the man who sold gold at \$2.75 during the Civil War. The premium was within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.

OLD TIMERS