

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER I.

"I will now," said the German, "read your statement over, and you can sign it if you like. Remember, however, what your signature may mean. As for what I shall do with it afterward depends on many things."

"Do what you like with it," replied the Englishman, slowly and huskily. "Send it to the police in London, if you like. I don't care what becomes of it, or of myself either. For I am tired of it; I give in. No one knows what it is like until you actually come to fight with it."

He did not explain what "it" was; but the other seemed to understand what he meant, and nodded his head gravely, though coldly.

The two men were a most curious couple to look upon, set among most remarkable surroundings. The scene was, if possible, more interesting than the couple in the foreground. For in front there stretched the seashore, the little waves lapping softly and creeping slowly over the level white coral sand; beyond the smooth water lay the coral reef with its breakers; at the back of the sandy shores was a gentle rise of land, covered with groves of cocoa palms and bananas; among them were clearings planted with fields of sweet potatoes and two or three trees of visibleness beneath the trees. Again, beyond the level belt rose a great green mountain, five or six thousand feet high. The time was about an hour before sunset; the air was warm and soft; the sloping sunshine lay on grove and clearing, seashore and mountain side, forest and green field, making everything glow with a splendid richness and prodigality of color.

As one saw the place this evening one might see it every evening, for in New Ireland there is neither summer nor winter, but always all the year round the promise of spring, the heat of summer and the fruition of autumn; with no winter at all, except the winter of death when the branches cease to put forth leaves and stretch out white arms, spectral and threatening, among their living companions in the forest.

One of the men—the German—was of colossal proportions, certainly six feet in height. He was still quite young—well under thirty. His hair was light brown, short and curly; an immense brown beard covered his face and fell over his chest. His eyes were blue and prominent, and he wore spectacles. His dress was modeled on the dress of the inhabitants of these islands. His only robe was a great piece of Feejee tapa cloth, white, decorated with black lozenges and a brown edging; it was rolled once round his waist, descending to his knees, and was then thrown over his left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. The sun had painted this limb a rich warm brown. He wore a cap something like that invented, and patented for the use of solitaires, by Robinson Crusoe; it was conical in shape, and made of feathers brightly colored. He had sandals of thin bark tied to his feet by leather thongs, and he wore a kind of leather scarf, from which depended a revolver case, a field glass, a case of instruments and a large waterproof bag. These constituted his whole possessions, except a thick cotton umbrella. This he constantly carried open.

The other was an Englishman. The rough flannel shirt, which had lost all its buttons and one of its sleeves; the coarse canvas trousers; the old boots broken down at heel—all spoke of the soil. His gait and carriage sung aloud of plowed fields; his broad and ruddy cheeks, his reddish-brown hair and beard, spoke of the south or west of England. His age might be about six or eight-and-twenty. His hair hung in masses over his shoulders, and his beard was thicker than his companion's, though not so long. His face, which had been once a square full face, was drawn and haggard; his eyes, which were meant to be frank, were troubled; and his carriage, which should have been upright and brave, was heavy and dejected. He seemed, as he stood before the other man, at once ashamed and remorseful.

"Listen: I will read it carefully and slowly," said the German. "Sit down while I read it. If there is a single word that is not true you can alter that word before you sign."

The man sat down obediently—there was a curious slowness about his movements as well as his speech—while the German read the document, which was written very closely on two pages of a notebook.

"Listen," he said again, "and correct me when I am wrong."

This was the paper which he read on the shore of the Pacific ocean and on the island of New Ireland one evening in the year 1884:

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of Challacombe, Devonshire, being now on an island in the Pacific ocean, where I expect to be shortly killed and eaten by the cannibals, declare that the following is the whole truth concerning the death of my uncle, Daniel Leighan.

"He jockeyed me out of my property; he kept on lending me money in large sums and small sums, and making me sign papers in return, and never let me know how much I owed him; he encouraged me to drink, and to neglect my farm. At last, when I was head over ears in debt, he suddenly brought down the law upon me, foreclosed and took my land. I stayed about the place till my money was nearly all gone. Then I must either starve, or I must become a laborer where I had been a master, or I must go away and find work somewhere else. I had but thirty pounds left in the world, and I made up my mind to go away. It was a day in October of the year 1880. I went to see my uncle and begged him to lend me thirty pounds more to start me in Canada. Said my uncle—'I shall not forget his words—'Nephew David,' he said, grinning, 'you've been a fool and lost your money. I've been a wise man and kept mine. Do you think I am going to give you more money to fool away? I wonder I

did not kill him then and there. He sat in his room at Graton, his account books before him, and he looked up and laughed at me while he said it, juggling the money that was in his pocket. And I was his nephew, and by his arts and practices he'd jockeyed me out of a farm of three hundred acres, most of it good land, with the brook running through it and a mill upon it."

"I remember very well what I said to him—never mind what it was—but I warrant he laughed no longer, though he kept up his bullying to the end, and told me to go to destruction my own way, and the further from my native parish the better."

"So I left him and walked away through Watcours to John Eron's Inn, where I sat all that day drinking. I told nobody what had happened, but I guessed very well that I'd had a quarrel with my uncle, and all the world knew by that time how he'd got my land into his own possession."

"About 6 o'clock in the evening Harry Rabjahn, the blacksmith, came to the inn, and Grandfather Derges with him, and they had a mug of cider apiece. And then I began to talk to them about my own affairs. I said I should go away that very evening. I should walk to Bovey Tracey, I said; I should take the train to Newton-Abbot, and so to Bristol, where I should find a ship bound for foreign parts. That was what I said, and perhaps it was lucky I said so much. But I don't know, because the verdict of the jury I never heard."

"We shook hands and I came away. 'Twas then about eight, and there was a half-moon. As I crossed the green the thought came into my head that I was a fool to go to Bristol when Plymouth and Falmouth were nearer and would suit my purpose better. I could walk to Plymouth easy, and so save the railway money. Therefore I resolved to change my plan, and instead of turning to the left I turned to the right and walked across the church yard, and took the road which goes to Wildcombe."

"It was only a chance, mark you, that I took that road. I did not know, and I did not suspect, that my uncle had ridden over to Ashburton after I left him. All a chance it was. I never thought to meet him; and he might have been living till now if it hadn't been for that chance."

The man who was listening groaned aloud at this point. "The first two miles of the road is a narrow lane between high hedges. Presently I passed through Heytes Gate, and so out where the road runs over the open down, and here I began to think—what I would do if I had my uncle before me; and the blood came into my eyes, and I clutched the cudgel hard. Who do you think put that thought into my head? The evil one. Why did he put that thought into my head? Because the very man was riding along the road on his way home, and because I was going to meet him in about ten minutes."

CHAPTER II.

"I heard the footstep of his pony a long way off. I was in the middle of the open road when I saw him coming along in the moonlight. I stood still and waited for him. 'Murder him! Murder him!' whispered a voice in my ear. Whose voice was that? The evil one's voice."

"My stick was a thick, heavy cudgel with a knob. I grasped it by the end and waited. He did not see me. He was looking straight before him, thinking, I suppose, how he had done well to get the nephew out of the way—he had robbed and ruined. So, as he came up to me I lifted my arm and struck him on the head once, saying, 'Give me back my land, villain!' But I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan."

"He fell, I say, from his pony clean on to the ground, his feet slipping away from the stirrups. His face was white. I stood beside him, waiting to see if he would recover. I hoped he would, because it is a dreadful thing to think that you have murdered a man, even when you are still hot with rage. If he would only recover a little, and sit up, I thought I should be a happy man. But he did not. He lay quite still and cold."

"Then I began to think that if I were caught I should be hanged. Would they suspect me? Fortunately, no one had seen me take that road. I must go away as quickly as I could, and leave no trace or sign that would make them suspect me."

"Then I thought that if I were to rob him, people would be less inclined to think of me because, though I might murder the man who had ruined me, they would never believe that I would rob him."

"I felt in his pockets. There was his watch; no, I would not touch his watch. There was some loose silver, which I left. There was a bag containing money. I know not how much, but it was a light bag. This I took. Also he had under his arm a good-sized tin box in a blue bag, such as lawyers carry. The box I knew would contain his papers, and his papers were his money. So I thought I would do as much mischief to his property as I could, and I took that box. Then I went away, leaving him there, with his white cheeks and gray hair, and his eyes wide open. I felt sick when I looked at those eyes, because they reproached me. I reeled and staggered as I left him."

"I was not going to walk along the road. That would have been a fool's road. I turned straight off and struck for the open moor, intending to make for Plymouth. And I remembered a place where the box could be hidden away, a safe place, where no one would ever think of looking for it, so that everybody should go on believing that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered. This place was right over the down, and on the other side."

"I climbed the hill. On the way I passed the Gray Wether Stone, and I thought I would hide the bag of money

in a hole I knew of at the foot of it. Nobody would look for it there. Not twenty people in a year ever go near the Gray Wether. Then I walked down the hill on the other side and got to Grima-pound, where I meant to hide the other bag with the box in it."

"Tell them, if you ever get away from this awful place, that the box lies on the side nearest Hamill, where three stones piled one above the other make a sort of little cave. The stones are in the corner, and are the first you come to on your way down. There I put the box. I went on walking all the way without stopping—except to sit down a bit—to Plymouth. There I got a newspaper, but I could read nothing of the murder. Then I took the train to Falmouth, and waited there for three days, and bought a newspaper every day, which would surely think that a murder in a quiet country place would be reported—but I could not find a single word about my murder."

"Then I was able to take passage on board a German ship bound for New York. I got to New York and I stayed there till my money was all gone, which did not take long. There I made the acquaintance of some men, who told me to go with them, for they were going to the West. They were all, I found, men who had done something, and the police were anxious to take them. I never told them what I had done, but they knew it was something, and when they found out that I knew nothing about robbery and burglary and couldn't cheat at gambling and the like, they set it down that it must be murder. But they cared nothing, and I went along with them."

"Your confession, my friend," said the German, stopping at this point, "of what followed—the horse stealing adventure, your own escape, and the untimely end of your companions; your honesty in California, and its interruption; and your experience of a Californian prison—is all interesting, but I cannot waste paper upon it. I return, therefore, to the material part of the confession. And with this I conclude."

"I desire to state that from the first night that I arrived in New York till now I have every night been visited by the ghost of the man I killed. My uncle stands beside the bed, whether it is in a bed in a crowded room, or on the ground in the open, or in a cabin at sea, or on the deck, he always comes every night. His face is white, and the wound in his forehead is bleeding. 'Come back to England,' he says, 'and confess the crime.'"

"I must go back and give myself up to justice. I will make no more struggles against my fate. But because I am uncertain whether I shall live to get back, and because I know not how to escape from this island, I wish to have my confession written and signed, so that if I die the truth may be told."

"Thus ended the paper. 'So,' said the big German, 'you acknowledge this to be your full and true confession?'"

"I do."

"Sign it, then." He produced from his bag a pencil and gave it to the man, who signed, in a trembling hand, "David Leighan." Under the signature the German wrote, "Witnessed by me, Baron Sergius von Holstein." This done, he replaced the note book in his wallet.

"The reason why I wanted you to sign the paper to-night," he said, "is that there seems as if there might be a chance of your getting away from the island."

"How?"

"Look out to sea."

"They were almost at the extreme south point of the island—the maps call it St. George. In the west the shores of New Britain could be seen, because the sun was just sinking behind them; to the south and the east there was open sea."

"I can see nothing."

"Look through my glass, then."

"I can see a ship—a two-masted sailing ship."

"She is in quest of blackbirds. She will probably send a boat ashore. Fortunately for you, the people are all gone off to fight. You will, therefore, if she does send a boat here, have a chance of getting away. If she sails north, and sends a boat ashore fifty miles or so further up the coast, that boat's crew will be spared. Now, my friend, the sun is about to set. In ten minutes it will be dark, and we have neither candles nor matches. Go to your bed and await the further commands of the Herr Ghost, your respectable uncle. On the eve of your departure, if you are to go to-morrow, he will probably be more peremptory and more terrifying than usual. Go to bed, David, and await the Herr Ghost."

(To be continued.)

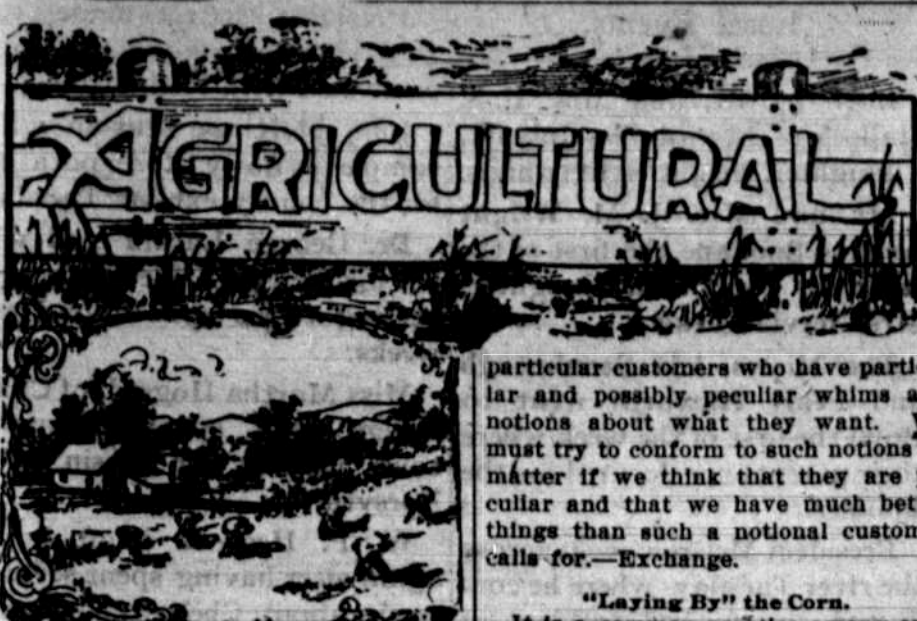
Tale of Orange Blossom.

The wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following popular legend from Spain: An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant and a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but she lacked the dowry which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossom, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the dowry, provided she gave him a branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not relate, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossom has been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

A man is rich in proportion to the thing he can afford to let alone.—The reed.



Practical Cow Stall.

The great principle that makes this stall a practical success is the fencing of the cow back to the ditch, says E. C. Eckert, in Pacific Homestead. The fence A A A is put on either side of the post to suit the length of the cow, or for a short cow can be moved to ward the cow's head several inches by nailing on a four by four stud on the post next to the cow, then putting on the bars A A. The feed box is eighteen inches wide and the flange board in front of the cow seven inches high, which, on to the three by three studding underneath, makes the top edge ten inches high from platform. The



PLAN OF COW STALL.

latter is six feet six inches from the ditch to the front end of five foot posts.

The slanting manger is three feet from the floor of the feed alley and leaves an opening at the top of eight inches, where all the feed is placed in the feed trough, there being sufficient room at A (say six inches) for grain, ensilage or cut fodder to pass down, but hay, whole fodder or straw will not pass down, but will remain so that the cow can eat them through the bars (A).

The partitions between the cows are three feet six inches apart, four feet high and three feet six inches long. There are no partitions in front of the bars (A) except twelve inches above the bottom of the feed box, so that the cut feed and grain rations remain in its own cow's manger. But the whole length of the hay manger is clear from end to end, and, if wanted, any long fodder can be distributed in it in good shape. The platform should drop from manger to ditch not less than two inches.

Valuable for Dairymen.

Much more space is necessary properly and understandingly to describe the necessary combinations of food to make a properly balanced ration, than the average paper can give to the subject. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued some very good bulletins and some very poor ones. Decidedly one of the best is farmers' bulletin No. 22, which covers the subject of feeding farm animals quite exhaustively. It not only gives tables of balanced rations, but the analyses of different combinations and their digestibility. Write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a copy of this bulletin. It will save you money if you will follow its teachings. Better send for it now so as to try and raise some of the crops which will furnish the valuable protein so necessary in a balanced ration.

Type of Silver Laced Wyandotte. Although standing in a rather unnatural position, this Silver Laced Wyandotte is as good a bird as one often meets. He has the large open lacing so much desired in the breast and body feathers, but is rather light in neck and saddle for a high scoring show bird. This fowl, bred and owned by



SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE.

John C. Jodrey, of Massachusetts, was a prize winner at the last Boston show. This is a popular breed among Western poultry fanciers, who, however, do not fully endorse the type followed by Eastern breeders.

Whims of the Market.

It is well enough to know a good vegetable when you see it, and to try to have the best of everything. It is well to have high ideals. But they do not always pay. What the market gardener wants is cash for his products, and to get that he must furnish what the customer wants and is willing to pay for. Almost each market has its particular whims and vagaries. Or at times we meet with

particular customers who have particular and possibly peculiar whims and notions about what they want. We must try to conform to such notions no matter if we think that they are peculiar and that we have much better things than such a notional customer calls for.—Exchange.

"Laying By" the Corn.

It is a common practice among corn growers to "lay corn by." When the season is an exceptionally good one and when the soil is free from weeds seed corn may be laid by with no evil results. In a dry season or a wet season or where weeds and vines grow rapidly and in untold numbers, laying corn by is entirely out of the question. To lay corn by too often means to let the weeds alone, or it may mean to let the surface crust cake, crack open and through the maturing season allow the much needed moisture to leave through surface evaporation. If possible get the cornfield free of weeds and vines, and after the hard rains of June and early July are over and the summer drought sets in run through the corn once or twice with a shallow working tool. It leaves the surface level, prevents surface washing and conserves the moisture. Weeds require moisture. When they grow in corn they feed upon the same plant food, take the same moisture that the corn plant feeds upon. Should there be a shortage of either plant food or moisture, the weed gets its part and lets the corn plant go hungry and thirsty.

This is a very critical period in the life of the corn plant. If it is tended well, if it is to make its largest yields the work must be done at once. Delay means loss. Be ready for the rush when the rains cease.—W. B. Anderson, in Indianapolis News.

Straw Hats for Horses.

Those who are familiar with city life have noticed the straw hats with which horses doing heavy work are adorned during the summer. These hats are arranged so a sponge kept moist with water will lay on top of the head of the horse, held in place by the crown of the hat. If farmers would buy these hats and put them on to the horses the animals would be much more comfortable during the summer.

If it is not possible to buy one of these hats, the old-style straw hats may be readily fashioned to fit the horse. As the crowns are shaped somewhat different from the bought hats, a sponge would not stay in position, but in its place a number of large leaves—leaves from a grapevine would do—moistened with water, would assist in keeping the head of the horse cool. This appliance could be readily attached to the bridle with tapes. The illustration shows how an ordinary straw hat may be fashioned for the horse.

Care of Poultry Yard.

Where fowls are confined in rather close quarters during the summer it is a good plan to arrange so that the poultry yard can be cleaned or else divided in two or more sections so that one can be renovated while the other is being used. If the yard is of the ordinary garden soil it should be spaded under to the depth of the spade after first cleaning out the worst of the filth. Then sow this space to oats or rye and allow it to grow for two weeks; then turn the poultry into this yard and treat the other yard in the same manner.

Calves in Groups.

It is desirable to have calves come in groups where a large number of cattle are being kept and the calves are to be raised for beef. It is only in this way that uniformity in size, weight and finish can be obtained for the car loads of cattle that are to be sent to market. If there are but few cattle it is better to have only two groups of calves, one in the spring and one in the fall. It will be easier to care for them if they are in groups of about the same size than if they come at all months of the year.—Farmers' Review.

Garden Hints.

Keep the soil well stirred. Sow winter beets and rutabaga turnips. Keep the weeds out of the strawberry patch. Hoe the lima beans and train them on the poles if necessary. Layer the squash vines, covering the joints with fresh earth to prevent the borers killing them out. For early ripening of the tomatoes keep the side branches trimmed off, and to prevent rot support the plant by tying to a stake or trellis.

Be on the lookout for bugs on the melon plants. Keep the ground well stirred and sift tobacco dust on the vines or cover them with mosquito netting.

It is of no use to think that continuous crops can be produced without continuous effort. When one crop is taken off the soil must be dug as deeply as in the first instance and fertilizer used as for the first crop.



Lloyd C. Griscom, United States minister to Japan, who has been mentioned as a likely successor to Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, despite his youth has had a distinguished career in the diplomatic service. He first entered it in 1893 as private secretary to the late Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador to the court of

St. James. He held that place, however, only until 1894. Later he was a war correspondent in Colombia and afterward was in the district attorney's office in New York city. He served as staff captain in the United States volunteer army in 1898, but resigned from the army to re-enter the diplomatic service. President McKinley in 1899 appointed Mr. Griscom secretary of legation to Constantinople, where he also for a time acted as charge d'affaires and was largely instrumental in inducing the ports to pay claims for damages done to American schools in the Sultan's dominions. Mr. Griscom was made minister to Persia in 1901, and in 1902 was transferred to the more important post at Tokio. During his service there he added to his reputation as a diplomat by protecting American interests in the Mikado's empire. When the Japanese decided on government monopolies of tobacco, salt and other commodities Mr. Griscom demanded that the large American interests receive proper reimbursement for the loss of their business. Minister Griscom was born in New Jersey in 1872 and is the son of Clement A. Griscom, former president of the International Mercantile Marine Company. He was married in London in 1901 to Miss Elizabeth Duer Bronson, of New York. His home is Haverford, Pa.

LOYD C. GRISCOM.

Professor Nathan C. Schaeffer, who was elected president of the National Educational Association, has been prominent in the Atlantic States for many years as an educator, clergyman, journalist and author. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1849, received his early education at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa., studied at the theological seminary of the German Reformed Church and took post-graduate courses at the universities of Berlin, Tuebingen and Leipzig. His earliest work was as a teacher at Franklin and Marshall College. In 1877 he became principal of the Keystone State Normal School, where he remained until 1893, when he was elected to the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He has held many offices in educational associations and is editor of two educational publications.

CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE.

Charles Richard Van Hise, who at the commencement exercises of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, scored "talented money," has been president of the University since 1902. He is noted as an educator and is one of the most distinguished of living geologists. Dr. Van Hise was born at Fulton, Wis., in 1857, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in the same class with Governor La Follette. Then he became a member of the teaching staff and later was appointed to the chair of geology. He is connected with several scientific societies, and is the author of many monographs that have won attention at home and abroad.

Rev. Dr. Carl A. Bjork, who has been re-elected president of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Mission Convent of America, is a noted churchman and missionary worker. He organized the first convent in 1885, with 400 members; now it has over 20,000 members and 180 churches, with missions in Alaska and China, besides the North Park College and the Convent Hospital. Dr. Bjork was born in Linders, Smaland, Sweden, in 1837.

JAMES E. HYDE.

James E. Hyde, city treasurer of Lincoln, Neb., is probably the oldest active municipal officer in the country. He is 92, yet he is at his post every day at the opening hour and works continuously until 6 o'clock.

LOUIS CASTRO.

Louis Castro, right fielder of the Kansas City baseball team, is a native of Venezuela and a relative of the president of that scrappy republic. He was educated at Manhattan college, New York, where he learned to play baseball.

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