

# His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

## CHAPTER XIV.

On the next day, Monday, a very singular and inexplicable thing happened—may, two singular things—the full meaning of which I did not comprehend until accident put the solution into my hands. I left Sidcote at eight, before the morning freshness was quite gone from the air, and followed the road which leads to Widdicombe. After Haytes, the road runs for the best part of a mile over the open down where Mr. Leighan met his accident.

I soon had the whole of the great flat ridge to myself as I left King's Tor and walked briskly southward. Half way along this upland plain there stands an upright stone of gray granite, six feet high. Beside it lies a small flat stone; it is called the Gray Wether. Who put it up, and why it was put up, not the oldest inhabitant can tell.

What happened was this. Between the upright stone and the flat stone the edges of the latter being irregular, there is, at a certain place, an aperture or recess. I carried with me a stick, on which I was leaning. Now, by this kind of chance which we call accident, in changing my position I stuck the point of the stick into the aperture—a thing of which one would have been hardly conscious but for an unmistakable clicking which followed, as of coins. The opening, I found, was too small for a man's hand. The flat stone was immovable. Perhaps with the stick I could at least feel the coins? Yes, I made them rattle.

Now, when I took out the stick again a bit of yellow leather showed for a moment, just hooked up by the ferule as far as the light penetrated. The sight of the leather inspired me with a faint hope. I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers and hauled it out.

The thong tied up the mouth of a small brown canvas bag. The bag was a modern bank bag, and its treasure was a collection of twenty coins.

Twenty sovereigns in a bag, a modern brown canvas bag. Who could have climbed up Hamill Down in order to hide twenty pounds in a little hole like this? I put the gold into the bag, tied it up again, and put it into my own pocket. Then I walked on, meditating.

While I was thinking, a figure, which I began dimly to perceive through the nebulous veil of thought, was working his way slowly down the hillside opposite by nearly the same way as I had myself picked among the bowlders. He came plodding along with the heavy step and rolling shoulders of one who walks much over ploughed fields and heavy land.

He stopped finally. Then he looked around him quickly, as if to assure himself that no one was present to observe him; I wonder he did not see me. Then he stooped down, reached within some cavity and drew out something.

It was in a big blue bag. I could plainly see that the blue bag, like my canvas bag, was weather-stained. He laid the bag upon a stone, and proceeded to draw out its contents, consisting of a single box. It was a box about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches deep. It was a tin box. What had David got in his box, for the man was David. I might have walked down the hill and asked him that question, but one was naturally somewhat ashamed to confess to looking on at what was intended for a profound secret.

David was so anxious to keep the secret that he actually took off his jacket, wrapped it round the bag, and tied it securely with string. Then, without looking about him any more, he turned and walked back slowly and deliberately as he had come, carrying the treasure under his arm. As soon as his figure had surmounted the brow of the hill and had disappeared, I got up and sought the hiding place. It really was a place into which nobody would think of looking for anything. The top stone sloped downward over the mouth, so as almost to hide it. In this cluster of four great stones no one would have dreamed of finding or of looking for anything. David's hiding place was well chosen.

Then I followed, walking slowly, so that I might not catch him up on his way home with his tin box full of queer things from the Southern Seas. I supposed.

In the evening I told George all that had happened, and produced the brown canvas bag. George took the bag, looked at it, opened it, poured out the gold, counted it, held it in his hand and weighed it; looked at it again, put it into the bag, and laid the bag on the table.

"It is weather-stained, old man," he said, "and smells of the mold. I should think it had been there some time." He took it up again and turned it round. "Look!" he said, "here are initials; they are nearly faded, but they are certainly initials. I make out an A—no, a B; or is it a D?—and an L. Certainly an L; B. L. or D. L., which is it?"

"Looks to me," I said, turning the bag about in the light, "looks like B. A.; but it may be D. L."

"Will," he cried, "I believe you have really found something important. Six years ago, when Daniel Leighan fell off his pony, he always declared that he lost twenty pounds in gold. It was tied up, he always says, in a canvas bag. This must be his bag and these must be his initials. I am quite sure of it." "Very odd, if it is so. Why should a man steal a bag of money only to put it away and leave it?"

"Well, I take it that the thief put the bag there meaning to return for it, but forgot where he put it."

"You can't forget the Gray Wether Stone, George. There is only one Gray Wether Stone on Hamill Down, and who in the world would go all up Hamill on purpose to hide a bag of money when there are hiding places in every stone wall about the fields?"

"Take it to Daniel to-morrow and show it to him, Will. He always declares that he was robbed of this money as well as of his bonds and securities. Nobody has ever believed him, because it seems unreasonable that a robber should take twenty pounds and leave fifty. But if it is proved that he is right about the money, he may also be right about the bonds."

"Strange that neither of us thought of connecting David's box with his uncle's bonds. But then I did not know that the bonds were in a box; one thinks of bonds as a roll of paper."

"As for David's box," said George, "I agree with you, Will, that it is best to say nothing about it. Let him keep his secret. If it is valuable, so much the better. We will keep the thing to ourselves. But as for the canvas bag, you must certainly take it to Grator to-morrow, and give Daniel the chance of claiming it."

## CHAPTER XV.

Had I taken that canvas bag to Grator early in the morning instead of the evening, many things might have turned out differently; among other things, David's extraordinary scheme of revenge might never have been possible. If I had told Daniel Leighan the strange thing I had witnessed from Hooknor Tor, he must certainly have connected the box taken from Grimspond with the box of his own papers.

The scheme was almost worthy of David's American pals—the gentlemen who had all "done something." The box, when David had carried it home, proved to be quite full of papers. His own knowledge of their value was slight, but he knew very well that signed papers had been his own destruction, and that the possession of signed papers made his uncle rich.

David called upon his uncle about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. He was received with the cordiality generally extended to all needy relations. Mr. Leighan shuffled his papers as a sign that he was busy and wished the call to be short, nodded his head with scant courtesy, and asked his nephew what he came for.

"I've come, uncle," David began very slowly, spreading himself upon a chair and producing a small brown paper packet. "I've come, uncle—"

"Don't be longer than you can help, David. Get to the subject at once, if you can. Say what you came to say, and then go away and leave me with my own business. It's high time you were looking after your own. Will George Sidcote give you a job? I hear you borrowed a bed yesterday, and a chair and a table, and that you have settled in the cottage—my cottage. Very good. I don't mind if you have it rent free till you get into work, when you'll have to pay your rent like your neighbors. If you begin any more nonsense about robbing you of your land you go out at once."

David, at the risk of seeming monotonous, uttered a forceful wish for the destruction of his uncle's cottage.

"If that is all you came to say, nephew, the sooner you go the better. And the sooner you clear out of my cottage and leave the parish, the better, or I'll make the place too hot for you."

"I didn't come to call at you, uncle," said David, more meekly, "but you wouldn't keep on—there, I've done; now hold your tongue and listen. I've got something very serious to say, and it's about your business, too!"

"Then make haste about it." "Six years ago, they tell me, you were robbed, that night when you fell off your pony, after I'd gone away."

"It was the evening of that very day."

"Ah!"—David's eyes smiled, though his lips did not—"we little thought when I used those words with which we parted how quick they'd come true. When you lay there on the broad of your back, now, your face white and your eyes open, but never seeing so much as the moon in the sky, did you think of your nephew, whose farm you'd robbed, and did you say, 'David, this is a judgment?'"

"No, I didn't, David."

"You felt it all the more, then. Very well. While you lay there, as they tell me, some one comes along and robs you. What did you lose, uncle? Was it your watch and chain and all your money?"

"No; my watch and chain were not taken, and only a little of the money."

"Uncle, are you sure you were robbed? Do you think that robbers ever leave money behind them? Was the money taken in notes, or was it in gold?"

"It was all in gold. Fifty pounds in one bag, twenty pounds in the other, and both bags in one pocket. The small bag was taken and the big bag left. But what does it matter to you?"

"You shall see presently. I am going to surprise you, uncle. What else did you lose besides the little bag?"

"I lost a box of papers—but what does it matter to you? Did you come here to inquire about my robbery? I suppose you are glad to hear of it."

"Never mind, uncle. You go on answering my questions; I've got my reasons. I am going to surprise you. Wait a bit."

"Well, then; but what can you know? It was a tin box secured by a lock and tied round with a leather strap; I carried it in a blue bag—a lawyer's bag—hanging around my neck for safety."

"What was in that box, did you say?" "David!" the old man changed color, and became perfectly white, and clutched at the arms of his chair and pulled himself upright, moved by the thought, "David! have you heard anything? Have you found anything?"

"Wait a bit; all in good time. What was in that box, did you say, again?" "Papers. I lost with that box papers to the tune of three thousand pounds—all in coupons!"

"It was a judgment! Why, my mortgages were not so very much more. Three thousand pounds! Come, even you would feel that, wouldn't you? Were there actually three thousand pounds in that box?"

"The man who stole that box might

have presented these coupons one by one, and got them paid as they fell due, without questions asked—that is, he could until I stopped them. Oh! I could stop them, and I did; but I could never get them paid until I presented them through my own bankers. David, if you are revengeful, you may laugh; for it is a blow from which I have never recovered. They say that the paralysis in my legs was caused by falling from the pony, whereby I got, it seems, concussion of the brain. But I know better, David. A man like me does not get paralyzed in the legs by falling on his head. 'Twas the loss of all the money that caused the paralysis. And now I sit here all day long—I who used to ride about on my own land all day long—and I try to think, all day and all night, if I could have left that box anywhere, or given to any one that bag of twenty sovereigns. David, tell me—I will reward you if you tell me anything to my advantage—have you heard something?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

David nodded his head slowly.

"Three thousand pounds," he repeated. "It was three thousand pounds."

"I'm not a rich man, David, though you think I am. As for taking your farm if I hadn't taken it, somebody else would; for you were a ruined man. And now, even if I leave it to you in my will, it would be little use, because my money must come out of it. Oh! it was a hard blow—a cruel, hard blow."

"Yes," said David, "as a judgment. It was a—well, a—winner. I never heard of a nobler judgment. Three thousand pounds!—and a fall off your pony!—and a paralysis!—all for robbing me of my land. Did you ever offer any reward?"

"No. What was the good?"

"Would you give any reward?"

"I would give—I would give—yes—I would give ten pounds to get that box back again."

"Ten pounds for three thousand. That's a generous offer, isn't it?"

"I'd give fifty pounds—I'd give a hundred—two hundred—four hundred, David." He multiplied his offer by two every time that David shook his head.

"You'd have to come down more handsomely than four hundred to get back three thousand pounds. Well, he rose as if to go. "That's all I've got to say this morning. That will do for to-day. Much more handsome you would have to come down."

"David!" cried his uncle, eagerly, "what do you mean by being more handsome? Tell me, David—do you know anything?"

"Why," said David, "I may know, or I may not know. What did I tell you? Didn't I say that I might have something to sell? Well—that's enough for this morning!" He moved toward the door.

"David, David, come back! What have you got to sell?"

"That is my secret"—he stood with his hand on the door handle—"if you tell a secret, what is the good of it?"

"David, stop—stop! Do you know where that box was taken? Oh! David, put away your hard thoughts. Remember, you were ruined already. I didn't ruin you; my heart bled to see your father's son ruining himself."

"Look here, uncle; perhaps the box exists, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps I have learned where it is and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I've got a paper out of the box in my pocket at this minute, and perhaps—well, what would you give me for a paper out of the box, taken out this very morning, none of the other papers having been so much as touched? What would you give for that, just to show that the others can be laid hold of?"

"Oh! give it to me, David," the old man stretched out both hands with yearning eyes; "let me look at it. Can it be that the box is found after all, and safe?"

"If it is found, depend upon it that it is safe, uncle. Take your oath of that. The man who got that box won't let it go in a hurry, particularly when he knows what's inside it. Three thousand pounds! and, perhaps, if he knew it, his own, for the trouble of presenting them at the right place."

"They've been stopped," Daniel explained for the second time. "You don't know what that means, perhaps; it means that any one who presents those papers for payment will find the money stopped, and himself taken up for unlawful possession of the coupons, David—which is seven years, I believe!"

## (To be continued.)

## The President Smiled.

"Rough, tough, we're the stuff! We want to fight and we can't get enough Whoop-e-e-e!"

President Roosevelt stood with a cup of coffee in his hand and tipped out that battle cry as lustily as the khaki-clad rough riders who were gathered around him. Indeed, the presidential voice put a high C crescendo on that "Whoop-e-e-e!" that drowned everything except the bass of Maj. Liewellyn, says the San Antonio correspondent of the New York World.

The president took the lid off when he foregathered with his rough riders at the fair grounds in the afternoon. Until that time he had been president. Then, with his high hat pushed back displaying every tooth, he was a rough rider himself. The only drawback, his comrades said, was that he did not wear his uniform. Their fond hopes that in some way he would get a chance to put on his khaki suit were dashed early in the day. There was no bundle under the seat in the carriage. Mr. Roosevelt kept to the presidential attire, but he entered into the affair so heartily that his collar was white when he started home and his face streaked with dust.

The rough riders were mobilized on the fair grounds, about three miles from San Antonio, in May, 1898. The president had not been in San Antonio since, but he had not forgotten that he started here the career that made him president of the United States. He spoke about it to the crowd.

"When I was last here," he added, "nobody in the world dreamed I would return as president."

The rough riders disagreed. "H—!" they said. "We knew it all the time."

Then the president waved a deprecating hand, but he smiled.

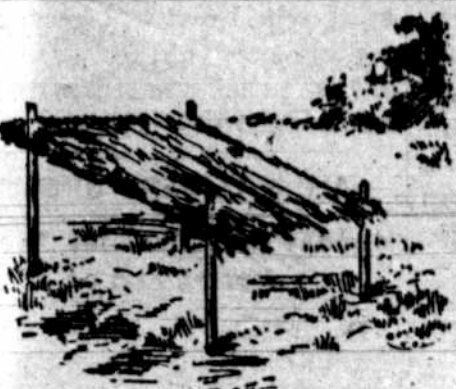
The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovva.



## Shade for Small Stock.

Most farmers make some attempt to provide shade in the pasture for their horses and cows, but let the swine, sheep and poultry go without it, which is certainly a mistake, for all animals and birds like shade in summer. It is an easy matter to erect a number of small shade places on the pasture, and at small expense, if one is willing to invest the small amount of labor necessary. If there is a wood lot on the farm what is easier than to cut a number of poles to use for posts, and then a number of lighter branches to use as the foundation for the roof. Set the poles firmly in the ground, making four posts for the corners, then, with the branches and a lot of waste hay or straw, a thatched roof is easily constructed.

Spend enough time on the work to make it strong enough so that the wind will not blow it over. When you finish



you will have a shade house something like that shown in the cut, and the stock will enjoy it and be all the better for it. They would thank you for it if they could, so spend a little time building some, even two or three, by way of experiment.—Indianapolis News.

## Feeding Too Many Fowls.

When the hatching season is over there is no necessity for retaining the roosters, as the hens will lay without their presence, and their room is valuable, while they cost more for food than they are worth, says Farm and Fireside. It is well to retain the best of the early pullets, but all pullets that do not show evidence of thrift or of reaching maturity before winter should be disposed of. The young cockerels should be disposed of just as soon as they are large enough for market or the table. It is better to give the growing stock plenty of room than to crowd them. The poultry house is usually a warm place in summer when well filled with birds, due to the animal heat of the bodies, and the flock should consequently be reduced to the lowest number consistent with the facilities.

## Borrowed Troubles.

There are people who have genuine troubles, but the woe of genuine trouble is nothing compared to troubles which are expected and which never come. Too many farmers borrow trouble when it rains, because of the fear that the rain will continue too long—the downfall will be too great. When it discontinues for a few days the fear and the prediction is that a drought is in prospect that will destroy the crops. All this borrowed trouble is wholly unnecessary, and if it affects the general result at all, it affects it for the worst. It is better to be cheerful and make the most of conditions as they arise and take chances for the future without worry.—Journal of Agriculture.

## Shropshire Ram.



## THE CHAMPION SHROPSHIRE.

This champion Shropshire ram is owned by George Allen, of Vermillion County, Illinois.

## Potato Quality.

The quality of potatoes is the subject of interesting tests by the New York Experiment Station. There is reason to believe that good quality is developed in a soil temperature of 65 degrees to 75 degrees, and the tubers growing from one and two to five inches below the surface are subject to these conditions. Great fluctuation in the soil temperature is detrimental to the best development of potatoes, and tubers growing too near the surface are subject to this fluctuation. A too-low temperature also injures the development of ripening and the soil texture probably has something to do with ripening and flavor. Hence, if potatoes are planted shallower than three inches or deeper than six inches the conditions are unfavorable.

## Treatment for Fence Posts.

A cheap and effectual method of preventing the rotting of fence posts is said to be practiced by French farmers. The posts are piled in a tank and the whole thickly covered with a quicklime, which is gradually slacked with water. Another plan, used in this country, is to char the posts to the depth of half an inch, and then dip

them in coal tar but the coal tar should be so used as to extend above the surface of the ground, when the posts are in place. While this may not prevent decay, yet it will prolong the period of durability of the posts.

## Working in the Wheatfield.

Most people are probably familiar in a general way with the principles and methods used in wheat shocking. Yet there are details the conformation to or neglect of which makes all the difference between a first-class job and a poor one. I wish to show here some of the details which make for convenience and excellence in the work, says a Rural New Yorker writer.

I find the following plan of setting up a shock most satisfactory: Set down four bundles in a row and follow with one in the middle on each side. Now place a bundle in each of the four vacant places and put on two caps. For caps select bundles with long straw above the bands. They will cover the shock better and will not fall off so easily. Place the heads of the caps in the direction from which the strongest winds blow. If the heads face the wind the caps will not blow off so readily as they will if the butts face it.

Here are a few general suggestions: If the shock has been set up as here directed it will contain twelve bundles. Experience teaches that this is very nearly the right number. Some little variation, of course, is allowable. But if a shock is much smaller it lacks stability, and the same is true if the shock is much larger, especially if the wheat is dead ripe. When the wheat is dead ripe the heads stand out, and, especially in a large shock, the bundles are liable to fall down. If the heads stand out it is a good plan to hug the shock tightly before capping. In a large shock slightly green wheat is apt to mold. When starting a shock if convenient start it in the middle of the bunch of bundles. This will save the time and labor involved in carrying bundles around the shock.

## A New Apple Picker.

A Washington State fruit grower has invented an apple picker which attracts considerable attention among fruit growers in that section. It seems to be a telescopic device which can be instantly adjusted to reach the fruit on any level of the tree. At the upper part is a ring with the cutting edge operated by a trigger. The ring cuts off the fruit which drops from the horn, or telescope, to the canvas bag attached to the shoulders of the operator. It is claimed fruit can be picked without bruising and in about half the time required by the common method.

## Low-Down Rack for Corn.

Whoever raises sorghum for any purpose but grazing and cuts corn stalks whole will need a low-down rack for this sort of work. No job on



## LOW-DOWN RACK.

the ordinary farm is more laborious than cutting and handling this kind of forage and anything that facilitates the lifting and loading is a good thing to have. It saves both time and muscle, for both corn stalks and sorghum, and especially the latter, are very heavy to lift and load on a high rack. In the absence of a "low-down" wagon, a rack like the accompanying illustration will be found to be a great help.

## English Lime Sulphur Dip.

In England, an experiment was made in dipping sheep with a lime-sulphur dip containing 25 pounds of sulphur per 12 1/2 pounds of lime. A quantity of water was used sufficient to give a dark red color, and before using the liquid was diluted to 100 gallons. The dip proved effective for sheep scab and did not materially injure the wool.

## Wheat Screenings.

Wheat screenings, either ground or unground, are very satisfactory for sheep feed. At the Minnesota station it required 18 per cent more wheat screenings than wheat to produce a given grain. As the screenings are a production of the northwestern wheat fields, their value as a feed may easily be seen.

## Selecting Seed Potatoes.

Varieties of potatoes may be prevented from running out and even improved by selection. To select potatoes, dig by hand-picking which will separate and select the seed from the best hills. In a few years by this process the yield of merchantable potatoes can be easily improved.

## Farm Notes.

Poor food for the cow and poor treatment effect the milk supply.

Cows in the stable can be protected from flies; nets and screens are both used.

Sponge off the horse thoroughly and dry him well before putting him in his stall.

New York City consumes on an average about 25,000 sheep and lambs weekly.

Do not use any preservative to prevent milk from souring; keep it cool and clean.

Keep a wet sponge, straw hat or cabbage leaf on the horse's head on warm days.

Pick tomatoes as soon as they begin to turn color and spread them out under glass. This will help them to ripen quickly.

Pull up onions as soon as the bulbs are well formed and leave them on the ground until cured. Then spread them thinly under cover until wanted.



It is naturally presumed that the dear lady in Chicago who wants to put a ban on Mother Geese reads Homer to her little lap dog.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When the Kaiser has completed his task of looking after other people's business he might go home and spend a few months building his own fence.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The popular contempt of warfare against the mosquito proves the capacity of the American public for straining at a gnat and swallowing an epidemic.—New York Mail.

A man is largely determined by his environments. Christopher Columbus might have been a New York policeman for twenty years without discovering even a poolroom.—Puck.

If old man Sherman had only waited around long enough to see the peace envoys start for Portsmouth he might not have emitted such a cantankerous opinion about war.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Turkey has ordered in France a torpedo boat destroyer, three gunboats, two transports and artillery fittings, and it is rumored that as soon as these are delivered the Sultan intends to put out his tongue at the Caar.—London Punch.

The "lingo" of the yellow fever reports might be applied to the daily news from the Agricultural Department at Washington. New "foci" and "sub-foci" are constantly appearing under Secretary Wilson's nose.—Springfield Republican.

Portland, Me., is scouring the country for subscriptions to its Thomas B. Reed memorial fund. They want \$50,000 and have on hand about \$15,000. Tom wouldn't have approved this dunning his friends for such a purpose.—Boston Herald.

A woman swearing offends no more against morals than a man swearing, but she offends more against manners, and is about as much as we are the more shocked at her swearing than at his, by so much do we hold manners above morals.—Life.

Our old friend, Wu Ting Fang, is said to have been commissioned by the Pekin court for the task of forcing this country to a fair course of treatment of Chinese subjects. The childlike Mr. Wu knows us well, and how to pinch where it will hurt us the worst.—Buffalo Courier.

The Russian government, according to a St. Petersburg dispatch, has decided to issue a second internal loan. The amount is said to be \$100,000,000. The Russian internal loan of \$100,000,000 last March came like pulling teeth; this one, it is fair to presume, will be like killing the nerve.—Hartford Courant.

The dirt at Panama isn't lying, and the government has at last decided that it won't fly until sanitary conditions are so improved that a sufficient number of workmen can be attracted to the Isthmus. The original idea that the only thing needed to insure the canal was the money has been substantially modified.—Buffalo Courier.

So many subjects of his majesty Edward VII. fear that America's future is threatened by China and Japan, the yellow peril, that there comes an irresistible temptation to remind them that the United States has managed to increase some 70,000,000 in population in the last century without an oriental market. We can probably play along.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$10,000; but still holds on to his seat as a Senator from Oregon. The salary, mileage and perquisites of Senator Mitchell for a year will about pay his fine, but this is a new way to use the office of United States Senator, and will probably be very unpopular.—Louisville Post.

The suggestion that there be a national celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday next January was to be expected about this time. The day will surely be observed in various places, and one of them should be Boston, which Franklin ran away from at an early age. A truly national celebration, however, might be difficult to manage.—Springfield Republican.

It would be interesting to know how much money has been spent, first and last, on the search for the north pole. When the imposing total has been ascertained, the question may be asked whether more profitable results would not have been obtained if the money had been spent in some other way. The backers of an arctic explorer have a right to spend their money on him if they please, but they would benefit humanity more if they put their dollars into model tenement houses or consumption hospitals.—Chicago Tribune.

Another plot has been discovered in Constantinople the purpose of which was the removal of the Sultan. The Sultan's time is all filled dodging bombs when he is not dodging bills.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Short Personals.  
Tolstol spends much of his time in roaming through the woods.  
Gen. Booth, commander of the Salvation army, is said to be a slave to work.  
O. B. Rustard of Duluth, Minn., is a direct descendant of the old royal family of Norway.