

The Great Tontine

by HAWLEY SMART
Author of "Broken Bonds," "Bound to Win," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Hemmingby, upon his return to town, duly apprised Lord Lakington that he had executed his commission. Forty-eight hours after he received the manager's note came another from Mr. Pogram, requesting to know when it would be convenient for him to wait upon his lordship upon a matter of business; to which the Viscount replied, he should be at home the next day at twelve.

Punctual to the moment came Mr. Pogram's knock at the door, and in another moment he was ushered into the Viscount's study. Lord Lakington looked at his visitor sharply over as he motioned him to a chair. A little wizened old man, with spiky hair of iron grey, and small, keen, restless eyes. "A more uncompromising person to do business with," thought his lordship, "I think I have seldom come across."

"I have ventured to request you to see me on a matter of business, Lord Lakington, in consequence of some conversation I had with our mutual friend, Mr. Hemmingby, last week. We are both, it seems, concerned in the impending decision of this great lottery. In all human probability, the eight thousand per annum it represents must fall to either you or I in the course of the next year or two. It is a very big property, my lord, and would bear dividing. Many people, for instance, would think it more judicious to make a certainty of half than, by seeing their luck out, lose all. I do not know whether I am right, but I rather understood Mr. Hemmingby that you were somewhat of this way of thinking."

"I have gambled, Mr. Pogram, as high as most men of my time, but I have done with all that now, and I honestly own I should be quite content to make a certainty of four thousand a year."

"And yet it seems a pity not to leave such a fine property intact. I am a great advocate for the law of primogeniture. I have always been thankful that I have but one child myself—a son, my lord."

"You know best, perhaps, Mr. Pogram," replied Lord Lakington, with a languid smile; "but do you really think that your family affairs have any bearing upon the matter in hand?"

"I think they have," replied the lawyer dryly. "Suppose I could show you a scheme by which this four thousand a year should be insured to you for life, while the other half of the 'Tontine' would at once become the income of your daughter, the whole right thousand per annum becoming her property at your death. I told you, my lord, that I had one son; you, I understand, have also an only daughter. If you will consent to their making a match of it, I will settle my half of the 'Tontine' on your daughter at her marriage. Your half would, of course, remain as it is, with the sole condition that it went to your daughter at your death."

Lord Lakington rose slowly from his chair with a set look upon his face that even the old lawyer could see boded danger. "Do you know, sir," said the Viscount, in low, measured tones, "that if you were a few years younger I should probably throw you out of the window?"

"I beg pardon, my lord," said the lawyer in the most deprecatory tones, "but it is so obviously the way to keep the property together. Of course I know Bob is no match for the Honorable Miss Phillimore, but I thought that, under the circumstances, I might venture to suggest it to your lordship; and again, I had not time to mention it before, but I shall have something pretty comfortable to leave behind me when my time comes, and that of course would go to my son."

"I tell you once for all, Mr. Pogram, that your proposition is ridiculous. I may say impertinent. I was in hopes you had some reasonable compromise to offer me. When you have, I shall be happy to see you again. In the meanwhile I have the honor to wish you good morning," and as he finished, Lord Lakington laid his hand on the bell.

"Good morning, my lord, good morning. If you could only be brought to see it in a business point of view, it is the most perfect arrangement that could possibly be made. Bob will be sorely disappointed when he hears your lordship will not consent."

Lord Lakington paced up and down his little room in a perfect storm of indignation for a good half hour after Mr. Pogram left him, but gradually he found himself reverting to the old lawyer's idea. What a confounded pity, he thought, the fellow is not a gentleman! Every point that the old lawyer had so artfully instilled into his mind recalled itself. At the end of the week a note reached Mr. Pogram to the effect that, considering what a large sum of money was involved, Lord Lakington thought it would be advisable to see Mr. Pogram again, to discuss if the compromise of the "Tontine" was possible between them.

Some four or five days had elapsed since Robert Pogram had made his first appearance in Victoria road, and still Lord Lakington had not broken the intention of his being there to his daughter. It was not that the Viscount faltered the least in his purpose. He had reasoned himself quite comfortably into the idea that he was promoting his daughter's happiness by furthering this marriage, and still more clearly did he see that such an arrangement would ensure his own comfort for his lifetime; but yet, with all this, he felt a lurking suspicion that this marriage would be highly distasteful to Beatrice.

"Beatrice," said the Viscount one day, "it has become necessary that I should make you clearly understand the very painful situation in which I am placed. Fifteen, or even ten, years ago I was that most abject thing on earth—a peasant, shrinking from my fellows be-

cause I had not the wherewithal to associate with them. Nobody expected dinners from the ruined Lord Lakington, but they did expect that he should be decently gloved, and wear a hat that cast no shame upon those to whom it was lifted. I have known, Beatrice, what it was to scheme for my gloves, to reflect that trinkets were not a necessity, and might be profitably converted into boots or umbrellas; to walk, because I could not afford cabs, and was ashamed to be seen getting in or out of an omnibus. I declare I would sooner die than go through that grinding poverty again; and it rests with you to save me."

"With me, papa?" faltered the girl, and her cheeks blanched as the words fell from her lips.

"Yes, Trixie. You and your grandmother think my improved circumstances of late are owing to my estates having what is termed come round; to mortgages having been paid off; to creditors having been appeased, etc. It is not so. I am as hopelessly ruined as I was when Thormanby won the derby seventeen years ago and your grandfather failed for over a million. What has kept me going has been simply the large interest I now derive from a lottery called the 'Great Tontine.' My dividend in that amounts at present to something like three thousand a year; and hereupon the Viscount proceeded to explain to his daughter the history of that quaint coquetry with fortune in which he had embarked in 1800. It took Beatrice some time before she understood the whole thing; but, as it gradually became clear to her, she positively sickened on recognizing how her father's future income depended upon her saying 'Yes' to Robert Pogram's suit. And he too was seeking her hand, not because he loved and admired her, but as a mere matter of expediency; because he would be, like her father, made certain of a moiety of this income during the Viscount's life, and would come into the whole of the property at his death."

"Let me think, papa, let me think!" she exclaimed, as she pushed back the dusky masses of hair from her temples. "I must of course be a true daughter to you—anything rather than you should go through such humiliations again as you have told me of. My cheeks tingle even now at the bare recital of them; but oh, father dearest, I had dreamed of something so very different if ever I left you."

CHAPTER XII.

Jack Phillimore, speeding homeward, has ample leisure to reflect upon the heavy clouds that have gathered over his love affair. Naturally one of the gayest and lightest hearted officers in Her Majesty's fleet, two or three acquaintances he had on board could not at all understand him in his present somber mood. But Jack was terribly earnest in his love for his cousin. That Beatrice had thrown him over for mere wealth he could not and would not believe, and Mrs. Lyme Wregis's letter supported him in his incredulity. However, one thing was quite clear—the first thing he had to do on establishing himself in London was to go straight to the Victoria road.

"Lord Lakington is not at home, but the ladies are in the drawing room," said the man servant in response to his knock. "Glad to see you back, Mr. Phillimore," continued Jackson, as he preceded the visitor up the stairs, for the young naval officer was very popular with all the domestics.

Mrs. Lyme Wregis was ensconced in her favorite seat in the window. She had seen the arrival of the mail steamer in the morning papers, and had been expecting Jack for the last hour. She welcomed him cordially, of course said nothing about Beatrice's abrupt disappearance, and, upon second thoughts, came to the conclusion that perhaps it was for the best. It would give her a few minutes in which to tell her story, while the girl might well require a little time to prepare herself for a meeting with her old lover.

Jack Phillimore was soon in possession of all that Mrs. Lyme Wregis had to tell him, which, after all, was very little more than she had already made him acquainted with by letter. He certainly learned that not only was the marriage most definitely settled, but that the very day for it was fixed. He was further informed that his successful rival was a Mr. Robert Pogram, the son of a gentleman of considerable property in Wales; that the young couple were to commence life upon an income of four thousand a year; that Lord Lakington and Beatrice were both most lavish regarding the trousseau; and lastly, that she, Mrs. Lyme Wregis, felt perfectly sure—and in spite of what her granddaughter might say to the contrary—that Beatrice was going to the altar under some sort of compulsion, and that her feeling for her betrothed was rather that of repugnance than mere indifference.

Having told her story which, as Jack Phillimore remarked, contained not the slightest allusion to the Viscount's wealthy prospects, Jack came to the conclusion that as yet he was a very long way from unraveling the tangled skein of his love.

"But where is Trixie? Surely she will see me? She must feel bound to; if it is only," he concluded, with a somewhat bitter smile, "to receive my congratulations on her wedding."

"Of course she will see you," replied the old lady. "Ring the bell, and I will send for her. Jackson," continued the old lady, as that servant made his appearance in answer to the summons, "tell one of the maids to let Miss Beatrice know that Mr. Phillimore is here, and anxious to see her."

A few minutes' delay, and then a smart lady's maid entered the room.

"Miss Beatrice's love, sir, and she is very glad that you are back again; but she is so much engaged just now that it is impossible for her to come down."

"It is useless, you see," said Jack Phillimore, as the girl left the room; "she won't even see me."

He had hardly got down the stairs, the sound of his feet had scarce died away in the hall, when the drawing room door was dashed open, and in rushed Beatrice, flushed and almost breathless with excitement.

"What did he say, grandmamma? He must look upon me as the meanest and most despicable girl he not only ever met, but ever heard of. It was unkind of you, grandmamma, to bring him home till all was over. But what did he say?"

"Like other people, he wants an explanation of your mysterious engagement,

and declares he will see you before the wedding day."

"That he shall never do," replied the girl; and even as she spoke the door of the drawing room quietly opened, and her cousin stood before her.

Jack Phillimore owed his noiseless appearance to a little bit of romance on the part of a woman. I have before said that the sympathies of the domestics of the house were all in Jack Phillimore's favor, and they were as indignant in their way as Mrs. Lyme Wregis at Beatrice's breach of faith. So sympathetic was the lady's maid that she volunteered to let Jack Phillimore out, and having done so stood at the open door watching him as he walked slowly away, when putting his hands in his pockets for his gloves, Phillimore discovered that they were missing. He was quite sure he had them when he called, so it was evident he must have left them in Mrs. Lyme Wregis's drawing room. He turned and went back for them, and as the girl was still standing at the open door, there was of course no necessity for knocking, so his re-entrance was noiseless.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed.

Her eyes flashed, and an angry flush crossed her face as she exclaimed: "If this is a little comedy of yours and grandmamma's, allow me to observe that I consider it in very bad taste. To persist on seeing me against my will is ungenerous, unmanly."

Jack Phillimore was, in the main, by no means a hot-tempered fellow, but this was rather more than he could stand. He conceived, as I think most men in his situation would have done, that an explanation, under the circumstances, was most certainly due to him, and that he certainly did not merit being overwhelmed with reproaches for what was the very least accident.

"I have simply come back for this pair of gloves on the table," he rejoined in a hard, constrained voice, "and had no intention of forcing an interview upon you. I most certainly hold that you owe me some explanation of the sudden change in your feelings. When you throw over the man that you were virtually engaged to three months ago, I think you should, at all events, explain to him why you do it. The most heartless flirts let their adorers down easier than you. We are not a family noted for any great virtues, but a Phillimore's word has been generally thought to be relied on."

"I never pledged myself to you," she replied faintly.

"Not actually in words, I grant you; but you know very well that we both looked upon ourselves as betrothed. There are promises of implication just as binding as promises of words."

"Spare me, Jack, spare me," she murmured faintly; "indeed, I can not help myself."

"I will relieve you of my presence, and with congratulations upon your approaching marriage, bid you good-by."

The softer mood was all out of her now, her eyes flashed through her tears, and her cheeks flamed with anger, as she made two or three rapid steps towards him.

"Coward!" she hissed between her teeth. "How dare you insult me thus?" and she swept from the room in right regal fashion.

(To be continued.)

LONG COACHING TRIP.

How M. E. Howlett Expects to Cross the Continent in Ninety Days.

Morris E. Howlett, the professional four-in-hand whip, it was said the other day, will about the middle of June probably make the attempt to drive the road coach Magnet from San Francisco to New York, a hitherto unattempted feat in road coach driving. The present intention is to start from the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, and finish at the Holland House, Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street, New York City.

The Magnet will be sent to San Francisco by rail. Mr. Howlett's plan is to follow the old overland route used by the forty-niners through the Pacific Coast and the Missouri River and then proceed through Iowa and Illinois into Chicago and from Chicago follow the lines of the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads into Albany, from which city an attempt will be made to drive to the Holland House, in New York, in one day.

The distance by road will be nearly 4,000 miles, which is about 700 miles greater than the shortest railroad distance between New York and San Francisco. From San Francisco to Albany only green horses hired en route will be used, and the calculation is that about 1,500 animals will be required. Mr. Howlett will drive his own horses from Albany.

Ninety days is the time limit in which Mr. Howlett hopes to make the journey. It will be by nearly 2,000 miles the longest coach trip ever made, the longest smaller American journey being from the Missouri River to San Francisco.

Easy for Sherlock.

The modern Sherlock climbed through the kitchen window.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sherlock, surveying the surroundings. "I find that his wife is away."

"And how long has she been away?" asked his assistant.

"Thirty days, exactly."

"How in the world can you tell?"

"By the unwashed dishes and saucers. There are ninety of each in all, which shows that he has used three each day for thirty days and left them for her to wash when she comes home. I guess I know something about married men keeping bachelor's hall."

Tommy Was Cute.

"Tommy," asked the visitor, "what are you going to be when you grow up to be a man?"

"I'm going to be an arctic explorer," responded the bright little boy, "and now will you give me a quarter?"

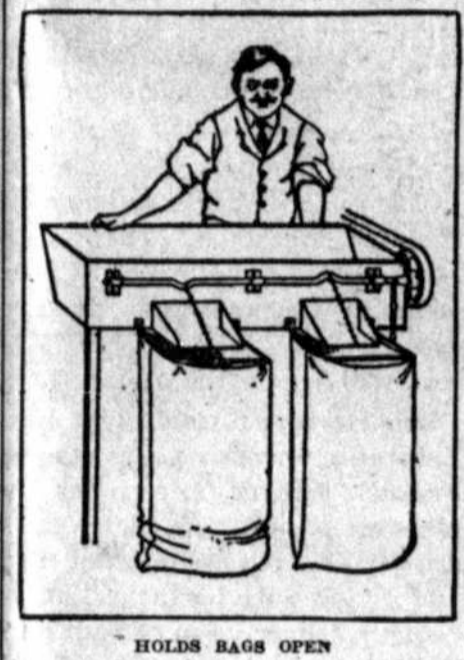
"Gracious, Tommy. What do you want with a quarter?"

"I want to get five icecream sodas and find out how much cold I can stand."



For Filling Sacks.

In filling sacks with grain, flour, cement, etc., it has been found impossible for one man to do the work. A second laborer is required to hold open the mouth of the bag while the other does the filling. The necessity of the extra laborer is eliminated in the sack-filling apparatus shown here, the invention of a Washington man. This apparatus was designed primarily to provide a device by which bags could be quickly and economically filled by one man. A hopper is provided, to which a pulley is attached at one end. At the front are the frames for supporting the bags after the latter have been fastened in position. The grain or other article to be placed in the



HOLDS BAGS OPEN

sacks is shoveled into the hopper, from which it drops by gravity into the bags. As the grain descends the bags are shaken at regular intervals by an arrangement attached to the pulley. The bags are in this way automatically lifted off the ground a trifle at each turn of the pulley, allowing the grain to settle, filling the bags to their utmost capacity. This does away with the ordinary laborious method formerly employed by hand. It is claimed that the bags can be filled in one-fourth the time heretofore required and by one man.

Causes of Roup.

When fowls crow at night, which is the fact when the number quartered is greater than the capacity of the house, they sweat. This sweating causes the feathers to rot at the base, giving them the very appearance of molting. This explains why so many flocks look ragged in early summer.

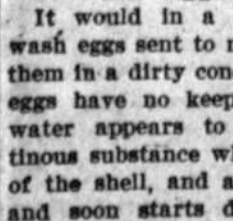
It is a noted fact that the majority of cases where roup has become epidemic among fowls the latter were crowded in tightly-built houses when the weather is very cold and allowing the houses to remain closed all the next day. This creates a moisture which generates dampness, and the whole house feels very much like a vault. At night the house is more or less filled with dampness emanating from the fowls' breath, but if, on the following morning, the windows are opened wide, this dampness will be dispelled. This is a great point in favor of the scratching shed plan of house.

Hog Cholera.

The Kansas experiment station has carried out an extensive series of experiments along the line of hog cholera and its prevention. The method of rendering hogs immune to the disease was by vaccination. A virus was introduced into the system which rested upon possible contagion, thus protecting the animal against the disease for a period of several months. The experiment showed that through this process the successfully vaccinated hog is immunized and can be kept with no risk of infection for a period long enough to fatten and prepare for market.

Popular Breed of Poultry.

Leghorns if compelled to roost in cold houses and pick a living from the slush of a barnyard will not lay. But when warmly housed and properly fed they are the best of winter layers. The best bred leghorns are practically non-shedders and should not be counted on to rear their young. For those who are so situated that they can hatch and rear their pullets artificially or with hens of other breeds, and who give their hens suitable care in winter, the leghorn will prove a very profitable breed for the farm.



THE LEGHORN.

Wash Eggs for Market.

It would in a sense be better to wash eggs sent to market than to send them in a dirty condition. But washed eggs have no keeping qualities. The water appears to dissolve the gelatinous substance which seals the pores of the shell, and air is thus admitted and soon starts decomposition. The better way to treat dirty eggs is to take a woolsen rag only slightly moistened with water and gently rub off the dirt.

Transplanting.
As the time approaches for removing young plants from the flats in the house or from the hotbed outside, an extra amount of airing must be given to harden them. Plants which have started indoors or under glass are more or less tender and will not be able to thrive under the rigor of early spring planting without treatment. They must become hardened, or acclimated, to the new conditions.

At least a week before transplanting remove the sash entirely from the hotbed during the day and allow abundance of ventilation at night, except when heavy frost threatens. This will give the plants practically an outside temperature for the greater part of the day and they will grow stronger and harder thereby. At this time also less watering should be given to check growth and make the plants more resistant to the cold. All plants can endure a lower degree of temperature under dry than under moist conditions.

Most seedlings are transplanted direct from the flat or hotbed to the open garden when they have attained a height of from four to six inches or more. When facilities are at hand a better way is to first transplant them to a cold frame, which is the same as a hotbed without the heat. In the cold frames they become accustomed to lower temperature and are still protected from frost of nights and on cold days. A still better way is to transplant the young plants at the appearance of their second or third set of true leaves to two inch flower pots.

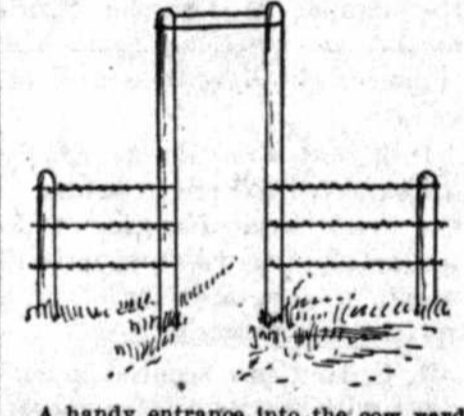
Disking Alfalfa.

The work of disking alfalfa requires a little bit of skill. The disk must be set just so it will cut the ground sufficiently and do as little damage as possible. A little experience will enable any intelligent man to do the very best work in the field. There are times and conditions when the spring tooth harrow may do all right, but generally nothing but a good sharp disk with enough big horses in front and a competent man on the seat can do the work. I use only the smoothing harrow in the early spring, but after each mowing I use a disk or spring tooth, whichever I think best, always finishing with a spike tooth, so as to leave the field in the very best possible condition for the growing crop. It is a real pleasure to see the alfalfa start out anew and grow about one inch a day on an average.—Denver Field and Farm.

Foundered Horses.

A. S. Alexander, veterinary surgeon, explodes the old idea that a horse can become "chest-foundered." He says that such cases are those suffering from chronic founder (laminitis), which affects the feet and not the chest. In old-standing cases of foot lameness the chest muscles may waste away in sympathy, and that fact has led to the "chest founder" idea. Such a horse should be shod with wide-webbed, flat bar shoes, put on over dressing of tar and oakum, and a thick leather sole. Then clip off the hair and blister the hoofs with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours, then apply lard daily. Blisters every three or four weeks.

A Cow Yard Gateway.



A handy entrance into the cow yard is made by cutting the wires between posts and putting in two tall posts. Wire them together at top, put on fence wires and you can get through, but the cows cannot.

Electro-Chemical Fertilizers.

By the aid of electro-chemical production of manures containing atmospheric nitrogen, Germany expects soon to largely decrease its importations of saltpetre from Chile.

Helpful Hints.

Oil up the work harness. The neglected colt or calf will prove profitless. Cattle will never do well in the same pasture as sheep. Wood charcoal should always be kept in the hog pen. How are the farm implements? Any of them need repairs? To improve live stock, requires intelligence and thought. It is a good plan to have the horses and cows clean up their mangers after each feed. There is such a thing as overfeeding. Feed stock all the food they will assimilate, but not more. Don't have a lot of manure lying in the yards all summer. It will lose just about half of its value by fall. It is better to feed the cows fodder and hay after milking, as it keeps the dust down. Feed the grain before milking. Don't plant poor, weak seed corn next spring. It is time and money thrown away. There is plenty of good, strong seed to be had.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1600—Henry Hudson sailed from Holland in search of the Northwest passage.
 - 1774—The bill for closing the port of Boston received the royal assent.
 - 1775—New York Colonial Legislature held its last session.
 - 1789—The New York Legislature passed a law for the gradual abolition of slavery in that State.
 - 1804—A French cruiser blockaded the port of Charleston, S. C. All the territory ceded to the United States by the State of Georgia, north of the Mississippi territory and south of Tennessee, annexed to Mississippi by act of Congress.
 - 1812—Congress passed an embargo law for ninety days. Badajos, an important barrier fortress in southwestern Spain, surrendered to the French under Marshal Soult.
 - 1829—A large section of Augusta, Ga., destroyed by fire.
 - 1830—Survey made for laying out the city of Chicago.
 - 1841—The foundations of the Mormon temple were laid at Nauvoo, Ill.
 - 1850—More than 400 persons perished in the wreck of the steamer Royal Adelaide off Margate, England.
 - 1852—Tremont Temple, Boston, destroyed by fire.
 - 1854—First treaty between the United States and Japan signed. A combined force of Americans and English attacked and routed a Chinese imperial army of 10,000 at Shanghai.
 - 1855—Bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Andrew Jackson unveiled in New Orleans. Gbre expedition left St. Louis to explore the headwaters of the Powder River in Montana. The State prison at Nashville, Tenn., destroyed by fire. The electric telegraph between London and Balacava completed.
 - 1861—South Carolina convention ratified the Confederate constitution.
 - 1864—House of Representatives adopted resolutions declaring that France would not be allowed to form a monarchy in Mexico.
 - 1868—Michigan voted against negro suffrage.
 - 1870—A bill re-admitting Texas to representation in Congress was approved.
 - 1872—Earthquake at Antioch, resulting in the loss of 1,600 lives.
 - 1873—Nearly 500 lives lost in the wreck of the steamship Atlantic off the coast of Nova Scotia.
 - 1875—Riots of striking coal miners in Pennsylvania.
 - 1881—Decennial census of the Dominion of Canada showed the population to be 4,324,810.
 - 1882—Steamer Golden Gate burned near Memphis, with loss of twenty lives. Jesse James, noted desperado, killed by the Ford brothers, at St. Joseph, Mo.
 - 1883—Ship of war Hawk burned at Port Discovery, Washington.
 - 1884—House of Representatives passed a bill for the redemption of the silver trade dollar. Rioters attacked and burned the court house in Cincinnati.
 - 1888—Four thousand persons killed by earthquake at Yunnan, China.
 - 1892—Mormon temple at Salt Lake City completed.
 - 1894—President Cleveland vetoed the Bland silver bill.
 - 1895—The Iowa Supreme Court sustained the construction of the mule tax of 1894.
 - 1900—Queen Victoria visited Ireland, landing at Queenstown. The Kentucky court of appeals declared Beckham Governor.
 - 1903—Statue to William E. Gladstone erected in Westminster Abbey.
 - 1904—Chicago voted for municipal ownership of street railways.
 - 1906—The Czar dissolved the Finnish diet for expressed sympathy with the Terrorists. The Fifth Avenue Hotel of New York closed its doors. General suspension of bituminous coal mining occurred pending settlement of new scale.
- PRAIRIE DOGS TO BE POISONED.**
Coated Wheat Is to Be Fed to Enemy of Farmers in the West.
Poisoned wheat is to be used as bait to kill off the prairie dogs, the stockman's enemy, that now infest Arizona and New Mexico and have become a menace to the forest ranges there. On ranch lands prairie dogs have been destructive to wheat, grain, potatoes and sugar beets; while on grazing lands they destroy so much grass that the grazing capacity of the land is reduced to 75 per cent. Last spring a successful campaign was waged against the prairie dog and this year it will be conducted on a larger scale. The poison is prepared by coating the wheat with a preparation of strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil and molasses.
- Births in America Decreasing.**
According to figures compiled by the Census Bureau, the birth rate in this country has fallen off, decidedly. In 1900 the average family in this country consisted of 5.8 persons, and in 1900 it was only 4.9 persons. The ratio of children to women since 1790 has been cut in half, the number being in 1900 one child to each woman over 16 years old, the same as the ratio in Great Britain at that time. In France it was .8, and in Germany 1.1.