

# A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Every time that Brian was out by himself Kitten suffered tortures of apprehension; so great, indeed, became her suffering on this score that one day she summoned up all her courage and spoke once again to him of the subject which she knew he wished her to consider a forbidden one.

"Brian, will you be very angry with me?" she said to him, timidly.

She was standing rigidly dressed for her drive, and her husband had promised to go with her to return some visits; he was looking at her fondly and very admiringly. Never had Kitten looked prettier. A white dress deeply trimmed with soft lace, and a tiny white lace bonnet perched upon her yellow hair set off the childlike delicacy of her beauty and heightened the effect of that pale transparent appearance, which a painter would have delighted in, although a doctor might have trembled at Brian, being accustomed to it, looked at it with the eyes of a painter, and was charmed with it. He smiled at her trembling question and drew her fondly to his side.

"What dreadful sin are you meditating, Kitten?"

"May I ask you one question, Brian, and I will never speak of it again? Is it about that—that—other woman?"

In a moment his brow was black and angry, and he had put her from him. The tears gushed into her eyes.

"Brian, don't—don't look so at me! I cannot bear it, but I suffer so horribly. I fancy when you go out that you go to see her."

"In London, no! I do not know even if she is alive; she may be dead. She has not been in England for years, there! Now never mention this subject again."

He spoke with a great effort. It was terrible to him even to allude to that other to this girl whom he had made his wife. Had she never been inquisitive and curious, she need never have known anything about her. It was her fault, he told himself savagely, if she suffered from her own foolish imaginings she had no one to blame but herself. As for Kitten, she drew a great gasping breath of infinite relief.

She was not in London—not in England—she might even be dead! And what is a dead rival to a woman who lives and breathes and loves?

## CHAPTER XIV.

One evening early in May three ladies at Waterloo station a small party of four persons, accompanied by a vast and inconspicuous cargo of luggage.

The party consisted of a lady and her child, and two servants, one of whom was an Indian ayah, picturesquely swathed about the head in white muslin drapery with gorgeous red and yellow Birmingham printed, cotton skirts and rough heavy silver anklets inclosing her bare brown legs and feet. To this personage clung the child, a white-faced, big-eyed boy of about five, who whimpered miserably and clutched his attendant convulsively round the neck. The other servant was an elderly English lady's maid of dowdy appearance, who, however, bestirred herself to the best of her ability to rescue some few odds and ends of boxes and packages which began to be disgorged from the train, and to be amassed upon the crowded platform.

The lady stood a little apart, with a hopeless sense of helplessness and incompetence, she looked very tired. It was the express train from Southampton, and the P. and O. steamer having arrived the same day, the train was crowded with passengers from India. Ladies who were worn out and thin, sickly looking groups of children, men who wore strange light coats and hats, and were wrinkled and yellowed into premature old age, all bustled about together in search of any assistance to you.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mrs. Earle?" said a voice at her elbow.

One of her late fellow passengers, a tall, soldier-like looking man, with iron grey hair and mustache, and a skin as yellow as parchment stood beside her. "Have you any friends to meet you?"

"No, I have no one," she answered rather sadly. "I almost wish now, Colonel Trefusis, that I had taken your advice and remained at the Southampton hotel until to-morrow; this confusion is dreadful, is it not? How is one ever to get one's luggage? and I am so tired!"

"I will get your luggage for you."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you; you have your own to look after."

"My own is not much; but you must stand here. You look fit to drop carrying that heavy dressing bag, too; your maid will go with me and point out your things. Here, porter! take this lady's bag and cloaks, and put her into a cab."

Colonel Trefusis signed to the ayah to follow her mistress, and marched himself off to the scene of action, accompanied by the lady's maid.

Rosamond sat in the cab and waited. It was getting quite dark, the lamps were all lighted in the streets; it had been raining, and the pavements were wet and slippery, reflecting their pale radiance irregularly in the puddles. There was a crowd outside the station, a confusion of cabs and vans. The child inside her own vehicle wept continuously, and the Indian nurse soothed him in general endearments in Hindostanee. She leaned her head against the dingy cushion of the cab and sighed.

What a home coming! How dull and cheerless with never a voice to greet her, or a smile to bid her welcome back again.

"But, of course, it is my own fault," she said to herself; "if I had written last mail to his club, and told him I was coming home by the Eastern Queen he would have been here at the station and would have watched for my arrival and would have taken me to my room to meet me. I thought having waited so long, I would wait a little longer, so that nothing might spoil the joy of our meeting. Of course, it is my own stupidity, and I ought not to feel so cheerless and desolate. After all, am I not at home again, and am I not free? What greater delight can I desire?"

Col. Trefusis put his face in at the cab window. "We have got all the luggage, and I have put your maid into another cab. All the lighter things are with you, and the heavy cases will be sent up by van to-morrow. Now, where are you going? Where shall I tell the cabman to drive?"

She looked helplessly at him. "I—I don't know. It is so long—ten years—since I was in England, and then I was never much in London. Where had I better go?"

"Poor soul!" muttered the colonel below his breath; her desolate condition struck him painfully. He had seen her the queen of Anglo-Indian society in a station where her husband had been a great and influential man. Rosamond had held a little court of her own; she had been flattered, admired, adored, even had an enthusiastic circle of worshippers; by an enthusiastic circle of worshippers; she had been as a queen, a cold, proud queen, it is true, dispensing her smiles and her favors discreetly, and with unflinching dignity, but always a queen. And now she was at home, and in all London she did not seem to have a friend, or to know of a roof to shelter her.

"Where had I better go?" she repeated helplessly.

He recommended the Langham hotel, and told her that he would call and see her in the morning.

In the morning she was up betime and busy at her writing case, and when the waiter brought in her breakfast tray she gave him a note.

"You have a messenger, I suppose, who can take this letter for me? It is to the Carlton Club; is that far from here?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, he could walk there in twenty minutes."

"I would rather he drove. I want it delivered quickly. How long will it take?"

"Not five minutes."

Five minutes! In five minutes then he would get her letter, see her handwriting once more—know that she was at home and near him. Her heart beat wildly at the thought.

"He will get it at his breakfast," she said to herself. Then she called her maid and gave her a long list of commissions to go out and do, and told her to take out the ayah and the child, too; she had a feverish desire to be alone. The servant left her. She ate her breakfast hurriedly and sent away the things almost untouched. Then she got up and walked about the room impatiently; she allowed herself half an hour, and then she began to fret. Presently the waiter came in and told her that her messenger had returned. He had given her note to the hall porter at the club and the gentleman had not yet come into the club.

The answer inspired her with fresh patience. He might be late, but, of course, he would be there in the course of the morning; all men go to their clubs to get their letters. Rosamond remembered enough of London life to know this. So she waited patiently enough. Two hours went by, she was beginning to feel nervous and sick with suspense, when all at once she heard footsteps outside and there was a rap at the door.

The waiter swung open the door and she felt rather than saw that there was a gentleman behind him. She half rose from the table, trembling in every limb; there was a giddiness before her eyes; instinctively she pressed one hand upon her heart, steadying herself against the edge of the table with the other.

"Colonel Trefusis," announced the servant.

She had forgotten his very existence!

"Well, and how are you this morning, Mrs. Earle—better, I hope, and rested? It was a terribly trying end to a long, tiring journey, wasn't it? But, my dear Mrs. Earle, surely there is something amiss; are you ill, are you faint?" For he had perceived all at once that she was deadly pale and that she had sunk back into her chair, half covering her face with her hand.

Rosamond roused herself and sat upright, looking up at him with a smile.

"I am only a little faint; there is nothing the matter. The train did not look so anxious, and sit down, won't you? I suppose I am over tired, but I am very glad to see you."

Col. Trefusis looked away out of the window, drumming his fingers up and down on the table by his side. He was thoughtful for a few moments. Then suddenly he drew up his chair nearer to hers.

"My dear Mrs. Earle, I have known you for a long time; will you not treat me as a friend?"

"Certainly; are you not a friend—one of the best I ever had?" she answered heartily.

"Then forgive me for asking you. What are you going to do in England—what are your plans?"

"I don't know," she answered, looking down and speaking with evident reluctance. "I have no plans as yet. I have no home, no friends, no relatives."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the colonel, in evident emotion.

Then he got up and took a couple of turns across the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of her, regarding her earnestly and fixedly with his keen, blue eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Earle, I am going to say something that I had not meant to say to you, not for a long while, and possibly I had better not say at all, and yet what you tell me about yourself compels me to say it to you now."

She looked up at him utterly bewildered and perplexed.

"I am a plain man, Mrs. Earle—a man of actions and not of words. I have been a soldier all my life, as you know; and when I say a thing I mean it. What I am going to say now has been my fixed intention for many months past. I will try and make my meaning clear to you. I know well that it is not yet a whole year since the great trouble of widowhood befell you—the greatest grief that can possibly overwhelm a good and loving woman."

She lowered her eyes, while a faint flush stole into her clear, pale cheeks. If he only knew—if he only guessed—she thought, with a swift pang of self-reproach, what this trouble of widowhood

had brought to her, who had always borne herself as a good and faithful wife should bear herself! Oh, if the world knew in what light she herself regarded her bereavement!

"Yes," she said slowly and lingeringly, though consenting to his words.

"I know that it is soon—cruelly soon even—and yet your utter friendlessness and desolation force me to speak to you. I want you to know and to feel that you have in me one to whom you can turn at any moment. I can offer you, at least, whenever you choose to take it earnest devotion, a home, which I will strive to render a happy one to you and your child, and a heart which until I knew you had never yet been touched."

"Oh, Col. Trefusis!"

"Nay," he said quickly, perceiving perhaps the unspoken words in her regretful eyes, "nay, give me no answer now. I do not press it. I do not even wish it. I know that I am speaking far too soon to a heart that cannot have recovered yet from its wounds, and I know also that I can never expect anything like the first and deepest love of your life which has been already spent."

She shivered and shrank away, covering her face with her hands.

"Ah, now I have hurt you, my dear, dearest Mrs. Earle," he cried in distress. "I am a brute to touch upon your recent sorrow, am I not? I only want you to know and feel that you are dear to me, and that I would fain devote my whole life to the task of giving you back, if not happiness, at least something of your lost peace, and I will expect so little in return if you will only trust me with your life. Do not answer me, only say that in six months or in a year you will let me come to you again with my petition, and meanwhile that you will let me be your friend and your protector, and that you will rely upon me in everything."

"Oh! Col. Trefusis! I am so sorry—for you are so good to me, so very good. No, no; do not let me deceive you with false hopes."

"I have spoken too soon, but I will be silent now. By and by I will speak again."

"No, it would do no good. What you ask is impossible—now or ever."

Then he rose from her side and took her hand in both his.

"Nothing impossible, dear friend," he said, very earnestly, "and time softens all sorrow. I shall never despair, and I shall never give you up, never, at least," he added, with a smile, "unless what is indeed unlikely, that you are to love again, and to love another man."

And then, not knowing how his words pierced her through and through, he left her and went away.

And all day long Rosamond Earle sat indoors and waited for the lover of her youth, all day long in vain, for it was nearly 7 o'clock before Brian Desmond turned leisurely in at the door of his club.

## (To be continued.)

## EXCAVATIONS IN CAVES.

Object is to Find Traces of Prehistoric Man in Them.

Ethnologists of the country are almost continually making excavations in caves in various parts of the United States in the hope of discovering tangible evidences of a race of men that is supposed to have inhabited North America in prehistoric times, according to the Washington Star.

One of the most recent investigations made in this country with that hope in view has just been completed by Dr. Charles Peabody, of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

A large cave at Cavetown, Md., near Hagerstown, was the scene of the explorations, and in that place Dr. Peabody, together with Warren K. Moorehead, also of Andover, with a force of ten men, was digging for more than a month in search for traces of the early human inhabitants of the country.

At the invitation of Dr. Peabody, Dr. W. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and J. D. McGuire, of this city, also spent several days at Cavetown assisting in the investigation.

No fossil bones were found by Dr. Peabody's party in the cave in which excavations were made, but in a quarry located about 300 feet from the mouth of the cave fossil bones of animals were unearthed. Some of the fossil bones were of the early cave bear and of the elk, but, so far as known now, no bones of man were found. All the bones unearthed by the exploring party will be carefully studied and their identification will be made later.

The cave in which the excavations were made at Cavetown is about 100 feet wide by 100 feet long. Mr. McGuire made explorations in this cave two years ago when he was collecting specimens for the Carnegie Institution. The upper strata of the cave floor consists largely of camp ashes, etc., and excavations in this strata by Mr. McGuire revealed large quantities of broken pottery, arrow heads, bone and stone tools, which had been left by the early Indians, who evidently had made the cave their habitation. Underlying the strata of camp ashes there is a layer of stalagmite varying from six inches to several feet in thickness, and underneath this strata is found the red cave earth similar to the formation found in the caves of Europe in which fossil bones of animals and of ancient men have been found.

Although the search for evidences of prehistoric man in North America have been conducted for many years without success, yet the scientists are confident that their efforts will some day be rewarded with success. It is expected that if remains of ancient man are found they will be likely to be found in caves, and for that reason the caves of the country are usually the scenes of the excavations.

The fossils found in the quarry at Cavetown by Dr. Peabody's party are considered interesting as denoting the class of animals that inhabited the continent during the later geological periods.



## Ventilating Corn Shocks.

Sometimes a streak of foggy or rainy weather will cause the stacks of corn in the field to mould badly, which may be overcome if a ventilator is used. The ventilator racks are made of rough lumber or, if one has access to the woods, poles could be cut which would answer the purpose quite as well.

This rack is not of necessity used in the field, but can be used near the barn after the stacks have been garnered and in this way a considerable quantity can be stored. It consists of four upright pieces each ten feet long, which are used as corner posts; cross pieces are fastened on all sides six or eight inches from the bottom, these pieces being three feet long; a set of shorter cross pieces is provided for placing at about the middle of the rack and another set near the top, the latter pieces each being eighteen inches long. The illustration shows the construction of this rack clearly.



CORN SHOCK VENTILATOR.

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## Losses by Insects.

Dr. L. O. Howard, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, "has just made public some startling statements of the property losses caused by insects. He believes they aggregate over \$300,000,000 a year. The Rocky Mountain locust, or Western grasshopper, in 1874 ate up \$100,000,000 worth of growing crops. The chinchbug alone has eaten \$330,000,000 worth of corn and wheat in the Western States since 1850. As for the mosquito, apart from the losses believed to be due to its pernicious activity in the spread of yellow fever and malaria, it is an immense deprecator of real estate values. A New Jersey newspaper recently estimating that its extermination in that one State alone would add to its real estate valuation not less than \$100,000. It certainly would pay to wage a continuous war of extermination against all these insects."

## Feeding Floor for Hogs.

When one has a number of hogs to feed the trough is not always the best thing to use for the purpose, for the swine are apt to break it down or else are unable to get the food fast enough to suit them, and so get to quarrelling. One of the best methods of feeding is a large pan or floor made of cement and rough logs; this may be of any dimensions desired, although it is best made just wide enough so that the animals can feed from both sides, which will accomplish much in the way of keeping them out of it with their feet. Make the frame of rough lumber or of logs cut in half and some six or eight inches high.

Fasten this frame securely at the corners and also fasten securely to the floor so that the swine will not root it up. Then make a floor inside of cement, not making it very thick, but of about the same grain as would be used for a stable floor. If desired the



FEEDING FLOOR.

frame may include a board floor over which the cement floor is laid. The edge will prevent the corn from being pushed aside and trampled upon. It is not intended to use this feeding floor for slop or for soft food of any kind, but only for grain, roots and roughage. The illustration shows the plan clearly and any one can easily build such a floor, which, if carefully made, will last for years.

## Value of Good Roads.

After careful inquiry it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his product to market or to the nearest shipping station is twelve miles, and the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents a ton per mile, or \$3 a ton for a twelve-mile haul, says Portland Oregonian. An estimate places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 a year. On the estimate of \$3 a ton for twelve miles this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than \$900,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads this statement surely may.

## Comfort in the Hog House.

In repairing our hog houses we found that a roll of building paper and one of tarred paper were the best investments we had made in some time; the one was used on the walls and the other on the roof so that much more expensive repairs were saved. Then we found it was policy to arrange the sleeping corner in such a way that it was impossible for it to get any of the filth or the wet which the swine gathered during the day. It was placed so that none of the slop got into it and about the only way it got soiled was when the swine trampled through it with their muddy feet. Even then by taking it out into the sun each day it made a good bed for a number of nights. A hog is a strange animal, stubborn, of course, but it will not long miss its bed if the latter is clean and comfortable. Much of the nastiness of hogs is due to the neglect of their owners. We also arrange the sleeping corner so that it is out of the draft, although the house is properly ventilated; as a result there are few if any cases of chills and colds among our swine. All this extra good care means healthy swine. It is not well to work on the plan that if the hogs escape cholera they are doing well.—Exchange.

## Wintering Fall Calves.

If the calf is worth carrying through the winter it is certainly worth caring for properly and by properly is meant good food and water and proper care. If the calf is strong and healthy it ought to pay well for the best attention that can be given it; first of all it needs a dry, clean place, not warmed by artificial heat, but as warm as lack of draughts in a comfortable stable will make it. The early days of the calf, just after weaning, are of great importance to it and too much care cannot be taken to see that the milk given it is absolutely fresh and pure and fed in proper quantities.

As a rule, the calf will properly take care of eight pounds of milk per day, which amount can be gradually increased until at a month old it is consuming twelve pounds daily. About this time it ought also to become interested in hay and after a while will begin chewing its cud. A calf built up in this manner during the winter will be in excellent shape to turn out to pasture in the spring and get most of its living until fall, when you will have a splendid animal, one you will be proud to add to your herd.

## Harvesting the Bean Crop.

Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cutter, shown here, is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades, so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just



BEAN HARVESTER.

at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up. The blades are set obliquely, sloping backward toward one another.

## Proper Storage of Apples.

To decide properly to which kind of storage the grower or buyer shall send his fruit requires the best of judgment, for many factors must be considered in making the choice and upon their just balancing will depend, to quite an extent, the profit or loss in handling the crop. Growers, generally, are more interested in storage this year, probably than usual. To all growers, to those who usually hold more or less of their fruit for winter sale or home use, and to the buyers who must plan for the best keeping of the purchased fruit, the bulletins of the agricultural experiment stations will be of interest and value. One of these discusses critically the factors which influence the keeping quality of apples, as ascertained through many years' experience at the station or by correspondence and interviews with the leading apple handlers of the country. It also gives detailed results of the storage of 165 varieties of apples, in the ordinary temperature room of the station fruit storage house, or in a cold storage building, with notes upon most of the varieties as handled by practical storage men.

## Poultry, Truck, Fruit Farming.

Likely there is not another combination which may be taken up by the farmer, which promises better returns on the amount of capital invested, for those who are situated right for it, than poultry raising, gardening and fruit culture. In order that the very best prices may be realized for the product of such a farm, and therefore the greatest possible profit, it is necessary that this be located at or near a thriving city of perhaps not less than 15,000 or 20,000 population. To be sure, a profitable business of this kind can be conducted near a much smaller city than this if there are not too many there that are also engaged in the same business.

Poultry is one of the best paying branches on the farm and is kept fully in keeping with its importance by delegating the work attached thereto to competent help and plenty of it.



The Mutual Life should be renamed "The McCurdy Living."—Atlanta Journal.

All friends of free government should unite to advise and assist the people of Russia.—Dallas News.

Making Billy Loeb official purveyor of all government news is rather a late adoption of the Russian method.—Pittsburg Post.

Our Audubon societies have now succeeded in getting every sort of bird pretty well protected except the stork.—New York Mail.

President McCall says that there are two sides to the insurance business, but he seems to hate awfully to show the inside.—Atlanta Journal.

Now that "Fat" Crowe is safe in jail, there hardly seems to be any reason for retaining the Omaha police force.—Kansas City Times.

The Czar is handing out pardons as freely as a candidate gives away election signs. And his object is the same—to win popular favor.—Kansas City Journal.

As we understand it, the public would have been willing to forgive Pat Crowe if only he had kidnapped Mr. John A. McCall or Mr. Richard A. McCurdy.—Atlanta Journal.

Also it should be borne in mind that if irritated too much McCull, McCurdy et al, may decide next time just to let the blamed old country go to the how-ows.—Indianapolis News.

Robert A. McCurdy says a life insurance company is an eleemosynary institution. This intimates that the policy holder will get his dividends in heaven.—Des Moines News.

Arizona preachers want a clause in the State constitution making prohibition perpetual. At that rate the balance of Arizona probably won't wait statehood.—Atlanta Journal.

Goldwin Smith, to encourage matrimony, believes that two votes should be given to every married man. Now what has the woman suffragist to say to that?—Houston Chronicle.

Minneapolis is a well-advertised town, but the recurrence of Doc Ames is not one of the advertisements to which the thoughtful citizens point with pride.—Duluth News Tribune.

It is no doubt interesting to Mr. Bryan to learn that had he been elected in 1896 or 1900 it would have been a great joke on the companies in which he was insured.—Kansas City Star.

The cotton growers have shown the Wall streeters that they can do something despite the money they have up there. The South is getting to be fine on "showing."—Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.

It is announced that the cashier of the Enterprise Bank at Pittsburg left a confession, and the depositors will at once proceed to feel glad that something is left.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

A Kansas man who invested \$7,500 in a farm cleared up a net profit of \$5,000 in two years. Almost, but not quite, as good as being president of a life insurance company.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

It is important not to forget that the grafter is a grafter, first, last and always, and that he calls himself a Democrat or a Republican merely as a matter of convenience.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An exchange remarks that in all his 80 years of successful life Uncle Russell Sage has never been accused of handing out tainted money to churches and charitable organizations.—Duluth News and Tribune.

Joseph H. Choate tells us that we are working too hard and too fast and doing too much. He would probably be jogging along at the same clip as the rest of us if he needed the money as badly.—Buffalo Times.

Cabinet officers have been instructed by the President not to talk to reporters. And there are four Presidential aspirants in the Cabinet fairly bursting to tell the public the things they are doing. Cruelty could not go to greater length.—Milwaukee News.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York, says that one is not authorized to assume that there are any "female angels," while the fact is that every man has known one female angel, and many men have known dozens, while no man has ever come across a male angel.—Louisville Post.

Paul Morton contends that publicity is the only certain cure for corruption evils. In a few years the newspapers will be printing certificates like this from prominent trust magnates: "The doctors could do nothing for me. I was run down and nearly all in, when chance put me next to a bottle of your celebrated keep-it-before-people-remedy. I do not hesitate to say that it saved my constitution and by-laws."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Friends of President McCall of the New York Life say he is a poor man and in debt. If that be true, Mr. McCall ought to ask those friends to kick him. He was simply a fool to waste all the money he got.—Birmingham Ledger.

The story that Cole Younger, the ex-bandit, had reformed was premature, and now, alas! is not likely ever to come true. He has secured a street railway franchise and started out to bond and otherwise exploit it.—Portland Oregonian.