

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Succurden came flying back into the octagon room. Mrs. Earle was kneeling upon the floor, supporting the fair head upon her shoulder; the fragments of glass lay in small heaps of crystal-powder about the prostrate figure. Mrs. Succurden flung up her hands in absolute despair.

"The crystal goblet! She has broken it! Oh, whatever shall I do! the careless, good-for-nothing girl! Oh, Miss Rosamond, I've heard my late master say that that goblet was worth more than everything else in the whole house put together; it was as old as Oliver Cromwell, and some say as how it actually belonged to him! Oh, whatever shall I say to Mr. Brian? She shall go this very day!"

"Hush, Mrs. Succurden. Go and send for a doctor; do you not see that the girl is very ill? She has fainted, and see, there is blood upon her lips."

"She has cut herself with the glass and scree her right," cried the housekeeper savagely.

"I don't think it is a cut," said Rosamond quietly. "Col. Trefusis," half turning round as he entered the room, "go and find a doctor in the village; bring him back in my carriage as quick as you can. This poor girl is very ill; she has fainted, and I think she has broken a blood vessel."

He hastened away to fulfill her orders. Mrs. Succurden gumbled audibly. She didn't want no invalids, she muttered, taking up other people's time, and who, she should like to know, was to pay for doctors and medicines; and then there was that crystal goblet, and she didn't know how ever she was to account for that.

At this moment Mrs. Earle's carriage drove up with the colonel inside it, but no doctor. The village practitioner was out, and not likely to be home before night.

One moment of hesitation and doubt, and then Rosamond made up her mind. She slipped her long sable cloak from her own shoulders and wrapped it tenderly around the girl. Then she made a sign to the colonel, who picked up the slight feather-weight in his arms and carried her out to the carriage. "I am going to take her to Dunsterton, Mrs. Succurden," she said, "and my own doctor shall look after her till she is well enough to come back."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Rosamond, you are the most impulsive person I ever met in my life," said Col. Trefusis to her hostess on the morning after their visit to Keppington, with its strange ending.

"Is there any harm in being impulsive?" she answered, smiling at him across the breakfast table, as she poured out his tea; "have not half the great and good actions of this world's history been achieved by impulse?"

"Rosamond, was it upon impulse, and if so, upon an impulse of what nature was it, that you married Samuel Earle?"

She looked up quickly and met his eyes; he was in earnest, terribly in earnest, she could see that. She looked away from him quickly, leaning her elbow on the table and playing silently with her teaspoon. He was beginning to understand her.

"Heaven only knows," she answered sadly, after a pause, "unless it was one of utter despair and hopelessness."

"And see what came of it, years of repentance and regret! If you had not taken that rash and ill-considered step—"

"Then I should never have known you," she interrupted him quickly, fashing her lovely eyes up into his with a smile that set all his pulses tingling.

Was ever so sweet a hope given to a man, who had loved and waited, as that look and that smile? But John Trefusis was not a man to snatch at so great a prize with undue haste. Her heart, if he ever won it, must be his of its own free will and by every claim.

"I will never," he answered her gravely. "I will never consent to your taking any other great step in your life upon the impulse of a generous moment."

She bent her head, a deep color suffused her face from brow to neck. She understood him, and she was grateful to him. The strength of his self-control affected her more than a torrent of passionate words.

"Now, see what you have done now; saddled yourself with a consumptive servant maid, and turned your house into a hospital. Here is the doctor's gig at the gate once more!"

"Poor girl, she had a dreadful night. I fear she is very ill; she did not seem to be conscious when I last saw her."

"What made you bring her home in that rash and impulsive fashion?"

"It is a silly reason, I know; you will say so, of course, because you are sensible, but I—I am foolish! I think it was because Mrs. Succurden told me that the poor girl was a protégée of Mrs. Desmond's."

Two days went by. The doctor went and came. The sick girl upstairs was reported better, though still unable to leave her bed. Rosamond was happy, happier than she had been for many years. John Trefusis made himself the companion of her daily walks. Together they trudged through the fast-melting snow, laden with baskets of provisions for the poor at the cottages, whom Rosamond was accustomed to visit almost daily. During these walks they talked often and earnestly about the fate of Brian's wife, which weighed like a loadstone upon Rosamond's heart, and lately there grew up a sort of unspoken understanding between them. Rosamond would take no new joy of life for herself until she had restored happiness to the woman who was in sorrow through her own instrumentality. Col. Trefusis came to understand this, and they spoke of Mrs. Desmond frequently.

"Did you ever see her?" he inquired of her one day, when they were returning from their walk. "Do you know what she is like?"

"No, I never saw her; but I have heard that she is small and fair."

Col. Trefusis was thoughtful; and possibly their minds touched upon the same thing simultaneously, for Rosamond said, as she shook the snow and mud off her boots in the porch:

"I wonder how my patient is! She would not see me this morning; she said she wanted to go to sleep. I must go up and have a look at her. Do you know, I can't help thinking that girl is above the station she is supposed to belong to."

"I have thought the same thing," he answered quietly.

Rosamond opened the house door and entered the tiny hall. As she did so her maid came flying down the staircase to meet her, with a face of consternation.

"Oh, ma'am, such a dreadful thing has happened—that poor girl has gone! I left her more than an hour ago to go to sleep, she said, and this very minute I have come from her room and it is empty. She has dressed herself and is gone."

Rosamond looked at Col. Trefusis in dismay.

"I will go and order the carriage at once," he said, hastily. "We must follow her." And then, in a lower voice he said to her: "I think we have both suspected it. It must be she."

Rosamond trembled from head to foot. CHAPTER XXVI.

When Kitten's eyes had first awoke to consciousness of anything save utter weakness and stagnation of thought, they rested somewhat wonderingly upon the strange and unfamiliar place in which she found herself. The chamber was small and low, much smaller than the one she occupied at Keppington. Yet a bright fire burnt in the fireplace, imparting an air of comfort and coziness, to which of late she had been unaccustomed, and the narrow white bed upon which she lay was soft and warm, so that she felt no inclination to stir.

Some one rose from the further side of the fire, some one with a kind face, but who was a stranger to her, who came and stood by the bed, and asked her if she felt better. Then came other faces, strange, but sympathetic, and a doctor who stood by her side and gave directions in a whisper. Oh, no! this was not home; there was not, alas! even a ghost of the past to beckon her back to those happy delusions of her returning senses! By and by she dozed off again, then dropped into a calm, dreamless slumber. When she awoke again it was night. The room was dimly lit, a shaded lamp threw a pale radiance over the face of a maid servant who sat by the table near the fire, sewing at some white work. Kitten watched her dreamily, with no particular interest in her, nor any desire to understand who she was, or why she was sitting there. Presently there came the soft rustle of a long skirt across the floor, some one came and stood by her bed, and bent down over her.

Kitten opened her eyes wide. She saw a tall form clad in black, great lustrous eyes that fixed themselves full of a divine pity upon her, the slender outlines of a cheek that was no longer full and round, and sweet, drooping lips that seemed as if they must ever be given rather sympathy than to laughter. Then came the touch of a cool long-fingered hand upon her brow; for one moment of delicious peace and rest the sick girl's eyelids closed. Then, when she looked again the vision was gone.

The second day passed very much as the first had done. She was better, but still too weak to reason and to think; the little cough that had become a second nature to her hardly seemed to distress her, or to concern those who waited upon her. She took more food, slept better, and as the day wore away, entered distinctly into an improved condition.

Again there came the vision of that tall, beautiful woman, bending over her with the piteous Madonna-like face, and this time there was a murmured question: "My poor child, you are better to-night?"

Then Kitten looked at her some minutes gravely and solemnly, in silence. At last her lips moved; she gave no answer to the question, only she said slowly and laboriously, because of the physical effort which it gave her to speak, but still perfectly distinctly.

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Her visitor drew back, she looked surprised, even startled, but she said nothing more, and Kitten saw her glide away behind the sheltering screen at the foot of her bed.

The next morning, which was the third day, Kitten was alive once more to the realities of life going on about her. She sat up in bed to eat her breakfast, she was full of curiosity; she questioned the maid who waited upon her eagerly and impatiently.

"Where am I?" she asked her.

"You are at Dunsterton."

"How far is that from Keppington?"

"Little over three miles, my dear."

"But how did I get here? Have I been ill?"

"My mistress brought you in her own carriage, and it's her own doctor that has waited on you. Yes, poor thing, you're been very ill; you was in a dead faint when you was brought here, but you are much better now."

"And whose house, then, is this?"

"It is my mistress' house."

"And her name?"

"Her name is Mrs. Earle."

Something between a sigh and an exclamation escaped from her lips, her head fell back upon her pillows. A faint flush stole up into her face, and she closed her eyes.

"Do you want anything else, my dear?" inquired her attendant kindly.

"Yes," said Kitten, looking at her eagerly, "I want to be left quite alone—by myself. If your mistress asks to see me, say I don't want to be disturbed. I—I want to go to sleep. I shall not want anything."

When she was left quite alone, Kitten crept out of her bed like a guilty thing. She found her poor shabby clothes neatly folded on a chair together, and with infinite pains and difficulty she managed to dress herself, then she crept to the window,

"It chokes me to stop here," she murmured; "in her house, living upon her charity, with her beautiful, tender face bending over me every day. Oh, I can understand why he loves her so. Could anyone in half a century cease to love such a woman as that? But I—I cannot stay here. He might come and find me here, and it would trouble him; and I will never trouble him again—never."

She looked about for some wrap or shawl to cover her shoulders, but there was nothing of the kind among her humble belongings. The sash cloak, in which she had been wrapped when she came, had been taken away at once to Mrs. Earle's room.

So she turned up the skirt of her gown over her head, crept swiftly and silently down the staircase, out at the front door, across the strip of garden, and in three minutes' time was out of sight down the road that led away from Dunsterton toward Keppington. No one had seen her or noticed her departure; she hurried on and was soon safe from pursuit. She had no difficulty in finding her way; there were sign posts at every corner, and by and by she began to know the landmarks of the country. But she was very weak and ill, her clothes and her boots were thick with the heavy dust of mud and snow which encumbered the roads soon soaked through them and saturated her to the skin. Still she plodded on, stumbling, staggering often and often, but picking up her scraps again, and struggling onward bravely through it all.

"I must get back—back to my husband's house; if I am to die, it will be better to die there than in any other place," she said to herself. "What would my Daddy say if he saw me now?" she said aloud once.

Oh, poor, foolish Kitten! half child, half woman still, with all the wisdom of her wise father blended strangely together with all the folly of her foolish mother, in that curious dual nature which had made the great naturalist tremble when he thought of his child's unguarded future.

Behind her, far behind her up the lane, a man was bounding onward, too, through the snow and mud, toward the great stone house that now loomed in sight above the bare woods on the shoulder of the hill in front. And further still behind a wagonette came quickly onward also, in the same direction.

Rosamond was white as death. Col. Trefusis spoke to her. Only now and then a few words passed between them as each kept an eager lookout upon the road in front of them.

"Do you think then, really, that she can be Brian's wife?" she asked.

"It came upon me with a sort of conviction. I cannot tell how or wherefore. When you said that Mrs. Desmond was small and fair, I cannot conceive why it did not strike me sooner that the girl was a lady and not a servant."

"I will tell you now what happened last night," said Rosamond thoughtfully. "I did not speak of it before, because to tell you the truth, it rather startled me, and I thought you would think me foolish to be frightened. I went into her room and stood by her bed. I saw that she was conscious, so I asked her softly whether she felt better. For some minutes she made no answer, only she stared at me with the most wonderful blue eyes I think I ever saw, the fixity, almost the awfulness of their gaze gave me a curious sensation. It was as though I was face to face not with mere eyes, but with a human soul, which was looking straight into my own. It made me shudder. And then she spoke, and what she said was stranger still than what she had looked. It was this:

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." I suppose she meant me. It sounds like poetry, does it not? What can it be?"

"It is a line from Pope's 'Homer's Iliad,'" answered Col. Trefusis, after a moment's reflection, "and a very apt one as connected with you," he added, with a smile.

But Rosamond hardly heard the compliment.

"Then I am certain that it is Brian's wife," she cried, with excitement, "for he told me himself that she had a perfect mania for the poet Pope. Look! what is that before us on the road?"

"It is a man."

"But is there not a woman or a child further on? Yes, look how she stumbles and totters! Oh, it must be her. Quick, drive quicker!" she cried to the coachman. "Oh, John, it will kill her, this terrible walk through these roads, and she just out of her bed, poor child! Look, she has fallen!"

The pedestrian hurried forward. Behind him the horses were lashed on to their utmost pace and tore on over the heavy road. Rosamond's carriage arrived upon the scene to find Kitten lying white and unconscious upon the wet road, while a young man, who was a stranger to her, was bending over her with a face of absolute agony, and gathering the frail, helpless burden tenderly up in his arms.

(To be continued.)

Men and Women.

He—I think every woman is entitled to be considered man's equal.

She—Well, if she is willing to bring herself down to his level I don't see why she shouldn't be allowed to pose as his equal.—Illustrated Bits.

All for Ancestors.

The Mother-in-Law—Are you reading the count's family history?

The Father-in-Law—Yes. I think I ought to get posted about those ancestors of his—they've cost me such a stack of money!—Brooklyn Life.

A Twisted Saw.

"Johnny, who was Peter and who was Paul?"

"Them was the guys wat robbed each other to pay each other without lettin' their left hands get wise."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Possible Explanation.

"Why?" asked the tourist who was doing Yellowstone Park. "Is this called the 'political geysers'?"

"Don't know," answered the guide, "unless it's because it throws nothing but mud."

Only Too Glad.

Canvasser—I am organizing a piano club in this neighborhood. Would you care to join?

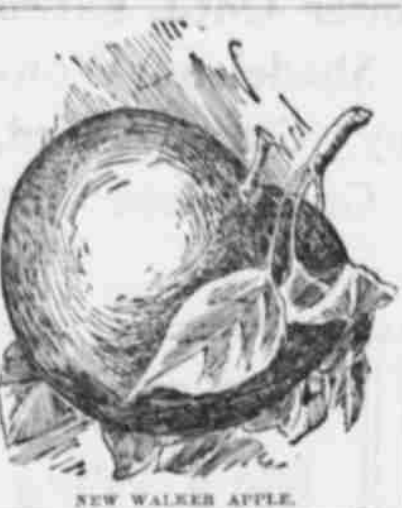
Flatfeigh—I'll be only too glad if you will promise to use the club on the pianist next door.



FARM AND GARDEN

The Walker Apple.

First shown in any quantity at the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, the Walker apple has since been tried in various sections and found all that was claimed for it. Its exceedingly attractive appearance makes it valuable as a market sort, and it has the added merit of being of fair quality, although not by any means a first-class apple in this respect. In size it is a little above the medium, and in color is particularly attractive, being striped with brilliant red. Under test it proves to be only a fair bearer, but



NEW WALKER APPLE.

this may be improved as the trees grow older. Mention of the variety is made simply because it is a promising one and seems worthy of general test.—Indianapolis News.

The Corner of the Pen.

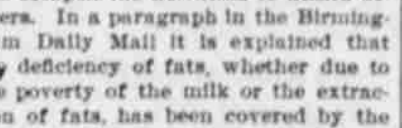
There is no doubt but what the more fresh air the swine get even during the winter the better they feel, so instead of confining them to the house, arrange one corner or end of the yard so that they may still be out of doors and yet be protected from storm. An excellent way of doing this is to select a space as large as necessary, facing the south, and build it up with gravel, so that it is several inches higher than the surrounding soil; then there will be little danger of its getting damp. With old boards build a rough low structure, covering roof and cracks with corn stalks. Not a fancy house, costing considerable, but simply a crude, rough structure which will be practically waterproof and comfortable. Let the swine have a portion of the corn on the ear fed in this retreat, and they will be happy and quite willing to stay out of doors most of each day unless the weather is unusually cold; as a result one will have a cleaner main house, which is worth considerable.

Adulterated Milk.

The ordinary methods of milk adulterations are easily detected by expert examiners. It is reported that a French chemist, Dr. Queneville, has made some experiments that point to the probability that for some time there has been practiced a form of deception in milk adulteration which has escaped the attention of health officers. In a paragraph in the Birmingham Daily Mail it is explained that the poverty of fats, whether due to the poverty of the milk or the extraction of fats, has been covered by the addition of foreign greasy matter. Dr. Queneville found that "benzine would dissolve foreign fats without affecting the natural fats in milk," and thus by examining the samples which have passed the ordinary test he discovered such substances as pork dripping and coconut butter.

Snowdrift Gate Hinge.

This is a gate hinge of my invention. It can be used on any kind of gate. The rod should be made of 1-inch iron. The four eyes of 3/4-inch iron. The eyes in the top of gate should be 16 or 18 inches apart. This



GATE HINGE FOR DRIFTS.

gate can be raised and opened over snowdrifts. The collar with thumb screw will hold the gate as wanted. The hangings can be made by any blacksmith.—W. G. Freed.

Angora Mutton.

G. I. Thompson of the Bureau of Animal Industry says a considerable number, but not many thousands, of cross bred Angoras find their way to stock centers, such as Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Buffalo and New York, and are sold there to the packing houses, if in good condition. They are purchased at a price slightly under that paid for sheep, and are disposed of in the carcass, and sometimes in canned form, as sheep mutton. These goats are usually some that have served a good purpose in clearing up brushwood, and becoming fat on it, are worth more as slaughter animals than to sell to some other person for brush clearing.

Cover for Sheep.

Old experienced sheep raisers realize the importance of providing cover for animals on the range or in the yards so arranged that the sheep can get under cover quickly in the event of sudden storms which are likely at this season of the year. A structure of this kind should be more than a roof—it should be deep so that the sheep can get far enough under that the storm can not possibly reach them. It should also be a hooded shed, that is, some provision should be made for a low front which will break the storm. If this is not feasible a good way is to build up a straw stack or a stack of corn stalks in the open in front of the open part of the shed, but several feet away so that the sheep will not feel they are penned in yet can readily get in by going around the stack on either side. The floor of this shed should be dry at all times and it is an excellent plan to have more or less roughage in it which the sheep may munch over to keep them happy and contented. It is not intended that this shed be more than a place for cover in the event of storm. The barn or stable should be the regular home and arranged for comfort. The shed, as described, will save many pounds of mutton, for nothing will pull a sheep down more quickly than exposure to a storm.

Farmer and Commercial Methods.

If the man whose life is spent on the farm would use his brains as well as his hands, he would find results much more profitable than at present. It is all well enough to understand what is necessary in farm operations, but of what avail is it if plans are not carefully laid and as carefully executed? There is a city business man who was brought up on a farm and is now spending some of his city-earned money at the old occupation. Largely, as a matter of sentiment, he bought the old homestead, and after a time used it for a summer home, leasing the land on the share plan. One summer, being at the farm considerable, he noticed the rather slipshod methods of operation, and the next year took charge of the farm himself, engaging the necessary help to do the work. Then he looked carefully over the place and planned just what he would do with it. He had no trouble after his help discovered that his knowledge was not wholly theoretical. The farm is making some money, solely as a farm, and will make more in the years to come. It is run as a business proposition, and every detail of its handling carefully considered. The commercial rules applied to farming will bring success.

An Outdoor Crane.

The illustration shows a crane for an outdoor fireplace. For upright post a, use scantling 3x4 inches, 3 1/2 feet long. For beam b use scantling 3x4 inches, 3 feet long. For brace c, use scantling 2 1/2 x 3 inches, 20 inches long. For post d, to swing crane to, can use any ordinary post 7x7 inches, 8 feet long. Set post three feet in ground, bore hole through post six inches from top end for upper hinge, 3 1/4 feet lower



OUTDOOR CRANE.

bore another hole for lower hinge, and the post is ready to swing crane to.—Exchange.

Warm Foods for Cows.

The average dairy cow does not require warm mash of any kind, and it is generally considered best to let the animal do her own grinding of grain and in its usual state, although there can be no objection to the occasional mash nor to any mixed grain moistened and fed quite warm, but simply as an appetizer and a change from the regular rations. Warm bran mash is used to advantage with cows just after calving, particularly if oil meal or some other laxative is used in connection with it. It is often advantageous to moisten the roughage given the stock, and we have had them eat corn stover, which they would not touch dry, by steaming it for a few hours and feeding it while quite warm. We believe thoroughly in an occasional change which will furnish variety, even though there may be no appreciable or direct benefit.

Topdressing Rye and Clover.

To an inquiry how to fertilize a field of rye sowed last fall, intended to be seeded also with clover in the early spring, Dr. C. W. Woods recommended at a recent meeting the application of four hundred pounds of muriate of potash. This application was intended to encourage the clover that was to be sown rather than the rye. If it was preferred to grow a larger crop of rye rather than the clover, he would recommend a dressing of nitrate of soda.

Seed Farming.

There are at the present time more than six hundred seed farms in the United States—farms, that is to say, devoted to the production of vegetable, field crop and flower seeds to be sold to farmers and gardeners. Some of these plantations are very extensive, comprising as much as one thousand acres.

Dairy Notes.

Milk from unsuspected herds should not be sold to the public.

As an extra and yet prudent precaution, pasteurization of all cream should be obligatory.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1005—St. Peter's church, Westminster, dedicated by Edward the Confessor.

1170—Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, assassinated in the cathedral.

1278—Injunction issued by Primate of England against public prayer by little girls on Christmas day.

1377—Wickliff divulged his opinion on the Pope's mandate.

1525—Society of Jesuits founded by Ignatius Loyola.

1522—Catherine Von Bora, wife of Martin Luther, died.

1501—Pope Innocent X. died.

1504—Expulsion of the Jesuits from Paris.

1601—Kinaste, Ireland, surrendered to the English.

1652—First newspaper sanctioned in Russia.

1661—Earl of Argyll imprisoned for high treason.

1664—Mary, Queen of England, died of smallpox.

1706—Empress Elizabeth of Russia born. Died on this date in 1761.

1714—George Whitefield born.

1737—Singular rising and sinking of land noticed at Scarborough, England.

1705—James Francis Edward, the Pretender, son of James II. of England, died.

1773—Meeting at Philadelphia declared that the Polly, with a cargo of tea, should not land.

1806—Russians entered Bucharest.

1809—William E. Gladstone born.

1812—American warship Constitution captured British ship Java.

1813—Fire in Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed 100 houses.

1814—Schooner Carolina blown up in Mississippi by the British.

1818—Emperor Alexander of Russia granted right to peasants to engage in manufacturing.

1828—Procession of free negroes in Philadelphia escorting an African prince returning to Liberia. . . . Rowland Stephenson, British banker and member of Parliament, embosomed \$1,000,000.

1831—Hereditary peerage abolished in France.

1834—First reformed British Parliament dissolved.

1835—Battle of Tampa Bay.

1837—Imperial palace at St. Petersburg burned.

1845—Texas admitted to the Union.

1846—Constitutional charter of New Zealand granted.

1854—Thomas W. Dorr, leader of Dorr's Rebellion, died.

1857—Bombardment and capture of Canton, China, by English and French forces.

1859—Lord Macaulay died, aged 59.

1870—Marshal Prim executed at Madrid.

1874—Alfonso XII., father of the present ruler, proclaimed King of Spain.

1876—Great railroad accident at Ashtabula, Ohio.

1884—Severe earthquake felt in Austria and Spain.

1894—Ex-Senator James G. Fair died. . . . Several killed in the burning of the Delavan house, Albany, N. Y.

1896—Extradition treaty between United States and Brazil ratified. . . . E. V. Smalley, celebrated journalist, died.

1900—Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon (Ruth Ashmore), author, died. . . . Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont died, aged 89.

WONDERFUL OKLAHOMA CROPS.

In One County Alone They Will Exceed in Value \$10,000,000.

It is only a few years since the world was looking on at the rush of settlers into the newly opened lands of Oklahoma. No one then dreamed that one county alone of the new territory would produce in 1905 crops in value to exceed \$10,000,000. This is the record of Greer county, the southwest county of Oklahoma, for this year.

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