

# A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Felicia sat alone in the inn sitting room at Snackton. Miss Grantley and Gertrude had taken a drive together. They had been rather mysterious over the business.

There was a knock at the door, and the old waiter popped in his rough white head sideways.

"Yes, sir," he said, half turning back to somebody behind him, "the lady is in. A gentleman, ma'am, to see you."

He threw wide open the door, and somebody, tall and slight, clad in a long overcoat, came out from the gloom of the passage without into the gathering twilight of the sitting room. For a moment she peered at him, not seeing who it was; then suddenly she recognized him, and her heart beat wildly.

"Mr. Raikes. Is it you?"

He took her proffered hand and shook it warmly, murmuring some half confused words of greeting.

"How on earth did you come here? What brings you to Snackton? And how did you learn that I was here?"

"I was traveling north. I heard accidentally from a fellow passenger in the same carriage that you were staying here."

"I am very glad to see you," she answered, heartily, and with perfect composure, for women act these scenes much better than men do, and she would not have betrayed her agitation for an empire.

"How well she looks!" thought Edgar, "and how becoming! It is easy to see that she is perfectly content." Aloud he said: "Do you know why my fellow traveler turned out to be?"

"I cannot imagine," she replied.

"Mrs. Talbot's husband. He is downstairs in the coffee room. They told him his wife was out; he has come here to look after her."

Felicia laughed. The situation was really delightful.

"What a piece of good luck," she cried gaily. "I never heard of his turning up appropriately in his life before. If only he will take her away for she is a thorn in my side."

"How well you look! I need not ask you how you are. And your husband, he is quite well, I hope?"

Felicia started. "My husband!" she repeated, in a strange voice of wondering bewilderment. "What on earth do you mean?"

He looked at her with a surprised and startled face. "I mean Sir Roy," he said stammeringly.

"Sir Roy is my cousin, Mr. Raikes; not my husband!"

"But you were engaged to him, were you not, when I left England? I was told of it—it was for that that I went away, and you yourself would not bid me stay; and when I heard it I thought that I understood your meaning. Surely, surely I could not have made so terrible a mistake?"

"It was no mistake. I was engaged to Roy for one month. Perhaps, had you not gone away—however, our engagement was broken off."

"I never heard of it," he said breathlessly. "I believed that you were married. But tell me why—why was it broken off?"

"I never meant to marry him. Some day, perhaps, if you care to hear the elucidation of the mystery, I will explain it all to you; it is a long story. To begin with, I did not love him. She stammered slowly, with downcast eyes. Then there was a pause. "Is not that enough?"

"Felicia," he said, below his breath. "Will you ever marry anybody?"

"Perhaps—if I ever love anybody."

"Will you then ever learn to love anybody?"

"If anybody cares to inquire, well then, perhaps I will tell him."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Brian Desmond went home alone. He was glad that his cousin had left him. As he drew nearer to the end of his journey, he felt that he would never have been able to endure his presence.

As they drove up the last hill through the park it was almost dark, and out of the wet, with fog, the long facade with its many windows loomed out upon him with a suddenness that was almost startling.

There was a wonderful stillness as the dog cart drew up. He noticed one light that burnt brightly and keenly out of a lower room. It was the octagon chamber; he could see no other sign of life. He glanced upward toward the bedroom windows, but all seemed dark above.

Softly the front door opened, and in the warm radiance of the crimson portiere curtains he saw, with a certain surprise, that Roy Grantley stood there to welcome him. There was no time for words. Glancing at him as he entered, Brian noticed that he was very thin and gaunt, with great hollow circles under his eyes and an almost famished look of haggardness and despair in his aspect.

"Come quickly," he whispered, and turned round and led the way across the hall.

Roy stopped at a door at the end of the passage. It was the octagon room where he had seen the bright light in the window.

"Am I too late?" murmured Brian, shudderingly.

"I fear so," said Roy, and turned the handle of the door.

Within was the silence of the grave itself. A strong pungent odor of ether. A lamp upon a low table, a warm flicker from the wood logs on the fire, a doctor was standing by with bent head and crossed hands in an attitude of religious reverence; and in the center of the room a woman kneeling by the side of a chair, with all her long, dark draperies spread across the floor, supporting with both her arms a form so white, so still, so small, that it might have been only the figure of a sleeping child.

The pale yellow locks fluttered loosely back, sweeping against the dark head that bent over them; the lips were half open, a smile hovering upon their still rosy outline, but the strange, wonderful eyes, with their tale of unspeakable woe

and sadness were closed forever more. Kitten Desmond had looked her last upon this troublesome world, and the "poor play" of her life was at an end.

In Keppington churchyard was a tall, gleaming white cross, fresh from the sculptor's hands; white marble lilies curled about its base, and the gilded letters of Kitten's name flashed and glittered in the April sunshine upon its outstretched arms. At the foot of the grave a man stood, bare-headed, with hands clasped together, gazing earnestly at the cross.

"Catherine Elizabeth Desmond," he murmured, half aloud. Could that indeed be Kitten? The very name sounded strange and unreal in his ears; he remembered how, long ago, she had told him that was how her name would be written upon her tombstone.

Now, as he stood motionless, there came soft steps behind him across the daisy spangled grass, a hand was passed through his arm, and, turning with a start, he found that Rosamond was by his side.

"You, Brian?" she said gently. "I am glad to have met you here, for I am going away. She laid a wreath of exquisite white hothouse flowers upon the grave at her feet.

For some moments they stood motionless together, with hands clasped together. Then Brian spoke a little brokenly.

"Rosamond, since I have suffered so much, I have perhaps learned a little, too. Is life to be indeed over for you and for me? We cannot undo the past, but at least we could, perhaps, be happy in the future; is there no hope that you can give me?"

Then there rose a delicate bloom like the tint of a pale, wild rose in her cheeks. She dropped her hands, and with a swift gesture pointed away across the low churchyard wall into the lane beyond. A carriage stood waiting for her under the tender green of the overhanging trees. There was luggage on the top of it, and leaning over the wall, not looking at them, but away toward the blue valley below, which he contemplated with a pleased dreaminess, was the slight figure of a man with an iron-gray mustache; a man whose face he seemed to recognize, like a vision out of an evil dream.

"Brian," said Rosamond, gently, "that is my husband. I was married this morning to Col. Trefus. We are on our way to the station, and we have driven around by Keppington because I wanted to leave these flowers here. I could not bear not to say good-by to her grave on my wedding day."

"All is over, then, for me in this world," he said at last gloomily and wearily.

"Yes, if love were all," she answered quickly, "but it is not. You said just now that the past cannot be undone and you were right. Brian, life is not a toy that we can play with, to fling aside its puppets and pick them up again just as we fancy. That which we have done in the past, that we cannot alter; the actions that we have taken upon ourselves, those we are forced to accept as our portion forever, and neither repentance nor regret, nor yet oceans of bitter tears can ever wash away those things, which by our own doing we have rendered irrevocable. One thing, and one only, can ever sweeten and sanctify a life that such errors have darkened—the life, that by our own free will we have marred, we must abide by for good or for evil; but we can at least devote it not to ourselves, but to others. The last, sad lesson which sorrow has the power to teach us is unflinchingness."

He raised her hand to his lips, and they parted this time forever.

So these three, who had loved, and sinned, and sorrowed, were parted, but the happiest of the three was surely Kitten, lying still and cold beneath the shadow of her marble cross.

## CHAPTER XXX.

To Roy a sense of sad peace came slower than to any one else. Kitten had been the dream, the very religion of his life. In losing her he seemed for a time to be uprooted out of his ordinary existence, to such a degree that he could not believe that he would ever be able to resume his life. For many months he knew no rest, wandering about in foreign countries, carrying with him everywhere his load of wretchedness and despair. And yet, even to him, there came in time the conviction that Kitten's death might, perchance, bring to him more peace of mind than ever her life could have done. He refused with an obstinacy which was almost an offense, to be present at Felicia's wedding, which took place on the first of June that followed after Kitten's death.

The wedding was an exceptionally quiet one. A few intimate friends, her father, and her cousin Margaret, only formed the little group which gathered at an unusually early hour in the dull-looking church, in which she selected to be married to Edgar. And besides these there was one elegant and disconsolate woman who, in a many costume of white lace and pale gold silken draperies, knelt dissolved in tears throughout the ceremony. They were tears drawn from the very bottom of her miserable heart!

And there was a tall personage, with a red beard, at her elbow, who grinned unfeelingly over these heart-broken wailings.

"Talks as if I was going to murder her, don't she, Mrs. Raikes?" said this monster.

And so the friends parted. Felicia to take up a new life of perfect promise and happiness with the man she loved, and Gertrude Talbot to go, as she had termed it, "into exile." And assuredly no punishment for her many failings could have been awarded to her more severe or more bitter than to be wrenched away by her legitimate lord and master and carried off from the world of life and fashion which she loved so devotedly, and which had been so long as the very breath of her nostrils to her.

"I am sick of paying through the nose

for a lot of things I never get any pleasure out of," her husband had said to her. "I've kept you in your little box in Mayfair quite long enough, Gertrude, and you've had your fun and your flirtations, and your frocks and your jewelry, till I am sure you must be getting tired of it all. You are no longer so young as you were," continued her spouse, with that unpleasant unsuspiciousness which only a husband dare use to a woman who is still handsome and attractive; "and it's time, I think, that you should consider my comfort and settle down a bit; and I can't live where it's all dress and show and keeping up of appearances. Give me a free life in a fine open country and plenty of sport; that's what I want. And that is why I have bought the nicest little property in South Carolina for a mere song, and house and all included; and I'm going to take you there, right away; so pack up your traps and in to me no more fuss about it."

So, amidst torrents of angry but totally unavailing tears, Gertrude did "pack up her traps." The tall footman was sent away, the smart lady's maid handed on to another situation, and the little bijou-house in Mayfair let as it stood, furniture and all, to an enterprising young widow in search of a suitable number two. And the very day after Felicia's wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot set sail from the shores of England; and her bold, handsome face and free tongue and mischievous eyes were seen no more in her familiar haunts.

But Sir Roy Grantley never married. As the years went on he stayed more and more at the White Cottage with his sister, going over to Friarly daily, superintending the shooting, looking after the keepers and keeping his hunters up at the big house. He is on the best of terms with his tenants, and a very strong and solid friendship has grown up between himself and his cousin's husband. But he will never marry; he is still faithful to the love of his youth, and when he dies the name and property will pass away to a distant cousin, who is a stranger to him.

The lesson of his young wife's death was not entirely thrown away upon Brian Desmond; love for him was over, but he schooled himself to believe that there was something in life still left for him to do. He never saw Rosamond Trefus again; their lives ran far apart. Nevertheless her parting words were often in his mind, and her parting injunction in time bore its fruit in his life.

To live for others, and to learn unselfishness, that had been Rosamond's lesson; and Brian did not forget it.

He went into Parliament, where he soon made for himself an honorable name for the deep interest he took in all schemes of philanthropy. He was an ardent champion of the wrongs of seamen, an advocate for the improved dwellings of the poor, a zealous reformer of all abuses that weigh heavily upon the weak and friendless. His whole soul after a time, became absorbed in these matters, so that new interests, new occupations, a new life arose out of them from the ruins of his past and a nobler, better existence opened out by degrees to him. But love never touched him again. In Kitten's grave, in the last sad touch of Rosamond's hand, and the last glance of her compassionate eyes, lay all the withered romance of Brian Desmond's Dead Past.

(The end.)

## THE CAPITOL AS A WHOLE.

Why It Fails to Conform with Essentials of Really Great Architecture.

It is not the contention even of enthusiasts that the Capitol is, or ever will be, a complete and perfect whole. There is little hope that it will ever be entirely finished, and still less that it may attain perfection. Apropos of the dome, for instance, it may be recalled that the rhetorical and fastidious Ruskin does not admit of iron as a constructive material, and on those grounds inveighed disdainfully against the spire of Rouen Cathedral. Purity and pettishness aside, there are other reasons why the building fails to conform with the essentials of really great architecture. As far as the interior is concerned, the situation is anything but sublime, and it is hence a pleasure to know that Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol building and grounds, has under advisement a proposition for the rehabilitation of the Rotunda. Yet the faults of the Capitol appear in a measure inevitable to those who know and treasure its history. Looked at broadly, they are not faults, but merely venerable shortcomings incidental to growth and development. Considering the importance of the prospective alterations and extensions, the evolution of the building seems to have entered upon an approximately final stage, and it is gratifying to know that Congress, the superintendent and the consulting architects realize the dignity and seriousness of the task in hand. Something of the old simplicity should guide and chasten each effort. To this simplicity should also be added a reverence for those traditional ideals and aspirations which are, happily, a country's or an individual's most cherished heritage.

The panorama, once its several features are supplied, will present a majestic and inspiring spectacle. Grouped about the spacious court will be five superb structures—the Capitol on the west, the Senate and House office buildings to the north and south, and the Congressional Library and its companion on the east. To the average eye the Capitol will offer little change; there will merely be a grateful gain in repose and proportion. It will, as before, continue the focal point, the keynote of the composition. Despite its immensity, there appears to be nothing that is pompous or pretentious in the scheme as at present outlined.

It is but the logical fulfillment of plans, long since formulated, which are the fitting symbol of a subsequent national and territorial expansion.—Century.

Beer is spoken of by Xenophon in his history of the retreat of the 10,000. It was well known to the Romans as the beverage of northern Europe.



## For Shelled Corn.

Where considerable corn has to be shelled for the animals on the farm it is often wasted by falling on the barn floor and through the cracks between the boards. The device here suggested is easily made, and if correctly made will certainly save the corn to the last grain. Make a box three feet long, eighteen inches wide and ten or twelve inches deep. Cover over one end of this, at the top, on which to fasten the corn sheller. Make an inclined bottom to within eight inches of the end, which remains open. Put legs under this box and set it high enough so that a pall or a bag can be set under the open end bottom to catch the grains of corn as they come from the sheller. If a bag is used, hooks will have to



DEVICE FOR SHELLED CORN.

be put in the sides of the bottom of the box on which to hang the bag. A high box or a pall would be preferable to the bag. The cost of making this device is very small, any one with a few tools can do it, and it will certainly save both corn and labor. The illustration shows the plan so clearly that no further explanation is necessary.—Indianapolis News.

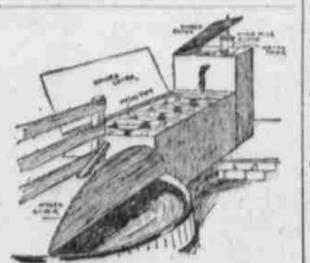
## Use Experiment Stations.

There is not a State experiment station in the country whose staff of experts will not welcome knotty problems from the farmers of the State. This would be the case especially this winter, when they are not rushed with work. Go over the operations of the last season and jot down, in considerable detail, each operation which gave you trouble and unload these troubles on the experiment station of your State. The staff may be "book farmers," as you think, but all of them are trained men and sincerely anxious to help you. If asking about any particular crop describe your soil in detail, your method of culture, and give any other information which will enable the station people to give you an intelligent answer.

If any particular crop was unusually short and you can not account for it on natural reasons, describe your method of culture, of fertilizing, the seed, etc., and the changes if any, in which the treatment differed from that given in any previous year when the same crop was satisfactory. Do not be bashful about asking for help from the stations, for you help support them, and they are in existence to assist you, which they will do if you will give them any sort of an opportunity.—Exchange.

## Farm Water Works.

The illustration explains itself. The plan is intended to meet the needs of the ordinary dairy or stock farm where there is a windmill for pumping the water. A two-inch tube conveys the water into the galvanized iron house tank, which is enclosed in a tight wooden box. Water is dipped from this tank for household purposes both summer and winter. The overflow is near the top, hence does not freeze as it is never filled with standing water. The overflow is



THE FARM WATER WORKS.

conveyed from this tank to a galvanized iron milk tank, which is also enclosed in a wooden box, and has an overflow pipe from it to the horse and cattle watering tank, which may be situated at some distance away.

## Some Ills of Poultry.

Clean, varied, easily digested food is itself a medicine.

Aliments can be classed as colds, indigestion, vices and accidents.

The causes of malignant colds are filth, dampness, drafts, neglect and improper food.

A cold, accompanied by rattling, is called bronchitis; by gasping, pneumonia.

An ordinary cold, if taken at once, can be arrested by a one-grain pill of quinine forced down each sick bird. Give some bread crumbs in connection, to cause quick digestion. Use granite or earthen water-dishes, not tin, for medical use.

## The Stall-Fed Cow.

Somehow many dairymen have reached the wrong conclusions when reading of dairy farms where the cows are stall-fed the year round. It by no means is intended that the cows shall have no outdoor exercise, on the contrary, except for cows that are on pasture entirely during the summer, few cows are more intelligently exercised and properly ventilated furnished them than stall-fed animals properly brought up. At regular hours the animals are turned into commodious bariyards for air and exercise. During the winter this outdoor exercise is as carefully looked after as during the summer, and, in the majority of cases, the cows occupy only sleeping hours and milking hours in their separate stalls, the balance of the time being spent in large sheds.

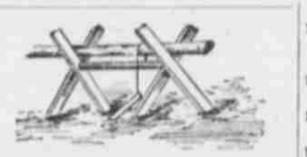
Don't be afraid of the fresh air for your animals during the winter; see that they have all the outdoor exercise the weather will permit, but more than all, see that the stables are properly ventilated and aired. There are a number of devices for this purpose, and one of the best of them is the window frame covered with muslin. Remember that close confinement and foul air predispose the cow to tuberculosis, and that fresh air and plenty of it will enable her to do her share, not only as a milk producer but as a mother.

## Agricultural Fairs.

The fair season has been exceptionally gratifying. Upon the whole, the agricultural exhibitions throughout the country have been better than usual. Fakes have been discouraged and legitimate exhibits have benefited. The issue of complete catalogues, using plain numbers conspicuously over each animal or other exhibit and referring to them in the catalogue, has attracted favorable attention wherever it has been adopted. Individual exhibitors have assisted the management materially by having placards printed, bearing their name and the name of the exhibit and other information for the benefit of those attending. The value of an exhibit is lost unless the visitor can learn quickly something definite in regard to it.—Exchange.

## To Hold Wood While Sawing.

Read a piece of iron, put a piece of wood on long end as shown in illustration.



SAWHORSE ATTACHMENT.

Illustration, put this between the legs of saw-horse. Stand erect with left foot on stick.

## Caring for Early Chicks.

Every one who raises poultry for egg production realizes the value of the early hatched chick. Unfortunately, many of the early hatched chicks die, from various causes, but it is worth considerable trouble to take all the precautions possible to raise all the chicks that are born healthy. One of the best methods of doing this is to provide a special house for the hens and their broods. Such a house should be low, not expensive, and built so that the greatest possible amount of sunlight can enter it. If this sunlight is admitted through glass placed close to the floor care must be taken to cover this glass at night.

The space for each hen and her brood need not be large, four feet square would be ample, just enough to provide plenty of room for exercise on the part of the chicks. If this room for exercise is given the chicks will not huddle so closely about the mother in cold weather, but will run around, bask in the sun and pick up small grain if it is placed where they can get it, in the chaff on the floor. All this is trouble, of course, but it makes strong, healthy chicks and reduces the number of deaths among early hatched chicks to a minimum.

## All Round Good Fertilizer.

If pure unbleached wood ashes could be obtained plentifully and at a moderate cost, they would give far more satisfactory results than any other cheap, natural combination fertilizer known to agricultural science, as the ashes are rich in potash and contain lime in its best form, also serving well against many kinds of insects. Ashes can be used without liability of injury on all kinds of crops if broadcasted over the soil, as much as 150 bushels per acre not being considered excessive on certain soils, and they make a better fertilizer for clover than barnyard manure. For fruit trees ashes cannot be excelled.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1400—King Richard II. of England murdered.

1526—Treaty of Madrid concluded between Emperor Charles V. of Spain and Francis I. of France.

1543—English Parliament passed measure to forbid women and apprentices to read the New Testament in English.

1540—Martin Luther preached his farewell sermon at Wittenberg.

1549—Liturgy of English church established by Parliament.

1601—Treaty of peace between France and Savoy.

1644—Swedish invasion of Denmark.

1689—Louis XIV. of France declared war against England.

1706—Benjamin Franklin born.... Articles of union between England and Scotland ratified by Scotch Parliament.

1730—Gov. Montgomerie granted a charter to New York City.

1739—Pope issued edict against meeting of Free Masons under penalty of the rack.

1777—Vermont declared itself a free and independent State.

1778—Sandwich Islands discovered by Capt. Cook.

1778—Independence of United States of America recognized by France.

1784—American Congress ratified the definite treaty of peace with England.

1804—Military post at Natchez turned over to United States by Spain.... Dr. Jenner first declared vaccination would prevent smallpox.

1812—King of Sicily abdicated the throne.

1814—Point Pelee, Ga., surrendered to the British.

1815—United States frigate President captured by the British.... King Spain issued edict against Free Masonry.... National fast day observed in United States.

1840—Forty lives lost in burning of steamer Lexington, Long Island sound, between New York and Stonington.

1854—Two railroad bridges at Erie, Pa., destroyed by a mob of women.

1828—Attempted assassination of Napoleon III. by Orsini.

1862—Burnside's expedition arrived at Hatteras inlet, N. C.

1865—United States Senate voted to abrogate reciprocity treaty with Canada.

1867—Capital of Canadian confederation moved from Ottawa to Quebec.

1868—United States Senate refused to approve suspension of Secretary Stanton.

1874—Communist riot, Tompkins square, New York.

1884—New State capitol building of Iowa dedicated at Des Moines.

1886—One thousand cigarmakers went on strike in New York.

1887—Freedom of city of London conferred upon Henry M. Stanley.

1891—Irish National League met at Dublin with Parnell presiding.

1893—Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, died.

1895—Felix Faure elected President of France.

1897—National monetary conference met at Indianapolis, Ind.

1899—Capt. Richard O'Leary appointed military governor of Guam.

1900—Alex. Majors, originator of the pony express overland mail service, died.... Congressman Nelson Dingley of Maine died.

1904—Ass L. Bushnell, former Governor of Ohio, died, aged 69.

1905—Japanese entered Port Arthur.



George T. Goodale of the Detroit Free Press recently completed his fortieth year of continuous service on one paper. J. Lathrop Allen, who made the first bond instruments in the United States, is still living in New York at the age of 99.

There are four Governors that served during the Civil War still living. William Sprague, whose home is near Narragansett Pier, R. I.; Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vt.; Samuel J. Crawford of Kansas and John J. Pettus of Mississippi.

Dr. William Rolfe, the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday at Cambridge, Mass.

John Bartlett of "Familiar Quotations" fame, one of the most retiring in habits and valuable in service of the literates of Boston, died recently at the age of 86.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as the man who sold his gold at \$2.75 during the Civil War. "His premium was within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.