

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

But putting aside the mental trouble into which this melancholy affair plunged me, it gave me much cause for reflection. Making all allowance for the natural disappointment and distress of a woman who was, I suppose, warmly attached to me at the time, I could not help seeing that her conduct threw a new and altogether unsuspected light upon Fanny's character. It showed me that, so far from understanding her completely, as I had vainly supposed to be the case, I really knew little or nothing about her. There were depths in her mind that I had not fathomed, and in all probability never should fathom. I had taken her for an open-hearted woman of great intellectual capacity that removed her far above the every-day level of her sex, and directed her ambitions almost entirely toward the goal of mental triumph. Now I saw that the diagnosis must be modified. In all her outburst there had not been one single word of pity for my heavy misfortunes, or one word of sympathy with the self-sacrifice which she must have known involved a dreadful struggle between my inclinations and my conscience. She had looked at the matter from her own point of view, and the standpoint of her own interest solely. Her emotion had for a few moments drawn the curtain from her inner self, and the new personality that was thus revealed did not altogether edify me. Still, I felt that there was great excuse for her, and so put by the matter.

After this unfortunate occurrence, I made up my mind that Fanny would take some opportunity to throw up her work and go away and leave us; but she did not take this course. Either because she was too fond of my poor boy John, who, as he grew older, became more and more attached to her, or because she saw no better opening—not being possessed of independent means—she evidently made up her mind to stop on in the house and continue to devote herself to the search for the great Secret of Life. I think myself that it was mainly on account of the boy, who loved her with an entirety that at times almost alarmed me, and to whom she was undoubtedly devoted.

But from that time a change came over Fanny's mental attitude towards me, which was as palpable as it was indefinite. Outwardly there was no change, but in reality a veil fell between us, through which I could not see. It fell and covered up her nature; nor could I guess what went on behind it. Only I knew that she developed a strange habit of brooding silently about matters not connected with our work, and that, of all this brooding, nothing ever seemed to come. Now I know that she was building up far-reaching plans for the future, which had for their object her escape from what she had come to consider as a hateful and unprofitable condition of servitude.

Meanwhile our work advanced but slowly. I could take anybody who is curious to the big fire-proof chest in the corner of this very room, and show him two hundred-weight or more paper covered with abortive calculations worked by Fanny, and equally abortive letter-press written by myself during those years of incessant labor. In vain we toiled; Nature would not give up her secret to us! We had indeed found the lock, and fashioned key after key to turn it. But, do what we would, and file as we would, they would none of them fit, or even if they fitted, they would not turn. And then we would begin again; again, after months of labor, to fall miserably.

During these dark years I worked with the energy of despair, and Fanny followed, doggedly, patiently, and uncomplainingly in my steps. Her work was splendid in its enduring hopelessness. To begin with, so far as I was concerned, though my disease made but little visible progress, I feared that my sand was running out, and that none would be able to take up the broken threads. Therefore I worked as those work whose time is short and who have much to do. Then, too, I was haunted by the dread of ultimate failure. Had I, after all, given up my life to a dream?

At last, however, a ray of light came, as it always—yes, always—will to those who are strong and patient, and watch the sky long enough.

I was sitting in my arm-chair, smoking, one night after Fanny had gone to bed, and fell into a sort of doze, to wake up with a start and an inspiration. I saw it all now; we had been working at the wrong end, searching for the roots among the topmost twigs of the great trees! I think that I was really inspired that night; an angel had breathed on me in my sleep. At any rate, I sat here, at this same table at which I am writing now, till the dawn crept in through the shutters, and covered sheet after sheet with the ideas that rose one after another in my brain, in the most perfect order and continuity. When at last my hand refused to hold the pen any longer, I stumbled off to bed, leaving behind me a sketch of the letter-press of all the essential problems finally dealt with in the work known as "The Secret of Life."

Next day we began again upon these new lines, though I did not tell Fanny of the great hopes that rose in my heart. I had assured her that we were on the right track so many times, that I did not like to say anything more about it. But when I explained the course I meant to adopt, she instantly seized upon the salient mathematical points, and showed me what lines she meant to follow in her Sisyphus-like

search after the inscrutable factor, which, when found, would, if properly applied, make clear to us whence we came and whither we go—that "open sesame" before whose magic sound the womb of unfathomed time would give up its secrets, and the mystery of the grave be made clear to the wondering eyes of all mankind.

CHAPTER V.

BETWEEN two or three months after we had started on this new course, I received a letter from a lady, a distant cousin of my own, whom I had known slightly many years before, asking me to do her a service. Notwithstanding what they considered my insane deviation from the beaten paths that lead or may lead to wealth and social success, my relatives still occasionally wrote to me when they thought I could be of any use to them. In this case the lady, whose name was Mrs. Hide-Thompson, had an only son aged twenty-eight, who was already in possession of very large estates and a considerable fortune in personality. His name was, or rather is, Joseph; and as he was an only child, in the event of whose death all the landed property would pass to some distant Thompson without the Hide, his existence was more valuable in the eyes of a discerning world than that of most Josephs.

Joseph, it appeared from his mother's letter, had fallen into a very bad state of health. He had, it seemed, been a "little wild," and she was therefore very anxious about him. The local doctor, for Joseph lived in the provinces when he was not living in town, in the stronger sense of the word, stated that he would do well to put himself under regular medical care for a month or so. Would I take him in? The expense would of course be met. She knew that I kept up a warm interest in my relations, and was so very clever, although unfortunately I had abandoned active practice. Then followed a couple of sides of note-paper full of the symptoms of the young man's disorders, which did not seem to me to be of a grave nature. I threw this letter across the table to Fanny without making any remark, and she read it attentively through.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do?"

"Do," I answered, peevishly; "see the people further first! I have got other things to attend to."

"I think you are wrong," she answered, in an indifferent voice; "this young man is your relation, and very rich. I know that he has at least eight thousand a year, and one should always do a good turn to people with so much money. Also, what he would pay would be very useful to us. I assure you, that I hardly know how to make both ends meet, and there is twenty-seven pounds to pay the Frenchman who collected those returns for you in the Paris hospitals; he has written twice for the money."

I reflected. What she said about the twenty-seven pounds was quite true—I certainly did not know where to look for it. There was a spare room in the house, and probably the young gentleman was inoffensive. If he was not, he could go.

"Very well," I said, "he can come if he likes; but I warn you, you will have to amuse him! I shall attend to his treatment, and there will be an end of it."

She looked up quickly. "It is not much in my line, unless he cares for mathematics," she answered. "I have seen five men under fifty here, during the last five years—exactly one a year. However, I will try."

A week after this conversation, Mr. Joseph Hide-Thompson arrived, carefully swaddled in costly furs. He was a miserable little specimen of humanity—thin, freckled, weak-eyed, and with straight, sandy hair. But I soon found out that he was sharp—sharp as a ferret. On his arrival, just before dinner, I had some talk with him about his ailments. As I had expected, he had nothing serious the matter with him, and was only suffering from indulgence in a mode of life to which his feeble constitution was not adapted.

"There is no need for you to come to stay here, you know," I said. "All you want is to lead a quiet life, and avoid wine and late hours. If you do that, you will soon get well."

"And if I don't, Godden, what then?" he answered, in his thin, high-pitched voice. "Hang it all! You talk as though it were nothing; but it is no joke to a fellow to have to give up pleasures at my age."

"If you don't you will die sooner or later—that's all."

His face fell considerably at this statement.

"Die!" he said. "Die! How brutally you talk! And yet you just said that there was nothing much the matter with me; though I tell you, I do feel ill, dreadfully ill! Sometimes I am so bad, especially in the mornings, that I could almost cry. What shall I do to cure myself?"

"I will tell you. Get married, drink nothing but claret, and get to bed every night at ten."

"Get married!" he gasped. "Oh! But it's an awful thing to do, it is a fellow-up so! Besides, I don't know who to marry."

At this moment our conversation was broken off by Fanny's entrance. She was dressed in an evening gown, with a red flower in her dark, shining hair, and looked what she was, a most striking and imposing woman. Her beauty is of the imperial order, and lies more in her presence, and if I may use the word about a woman, her atmosphere, than her features, and I saw with a smile that it quite became her little

patient, who stammered and stuttered, and held out his wrong hand when I introduced him. It turned out afterward that he had been under the impression that Miss Denelly was an elderly housekeeper. At dinner, however, he recovered his equilibrium and began to chatter away about all sorts of things, with a sort of low cleverness which was rather amusing, though I could not keep pace with it. Fanny, however, entered into his talk in a manner which astonished me. I had no idea that her mind was so versatile, or that she knew anything about billiards and horse-racing, or even French novels.

At ten o'clock I told Mr. Joseph he had better begin his cure by going to bed, and this he did reluctantly enough. When he had gone, I asked Fanny what she thought of him!

"Think of him!" she answered, looking up, for she was plunged in one of her reveries. "Oh! I think that he is a mixture between a fox and a fool, and the ugliest little man I ever saw!"

I laughed at this complimentary summary, and we set to work.

After the first evening I neither saw nor heard much of Mr. Joseph, except at meals. Fanny looked after him, and when she was at work he amused himself by sitting in an arm-chair and reading French novels in a translation, for preference. Once he asked permission to come in and see us work, and after about half an hour of it he went, saying it was awfully clever, but "all rot, you know," and that he had much better devote our talents to making books on the Derby.

"Idiot!" remarked Fanny, in a tone of withering contempt, when the door had closed on him; and that was the only opinion I heard her express with reference to him till the catastrophe came.

One morning, when Joseph had been with us about a fortnight, having been at work very late on the previous night, and feeling tired and not too well, I did not come down to breakfast till ten o'clock. Usually, we breakfasted at half-past eight. To my surprise, I found that the tea was not made, and that Fanny had apparently not yet had her breakfast. This was a most unusual occurrence, and while I was still wondering what it could mean, she came into the room with her bonnet and cloak on.

"Why, my dear Fanny!" I said, "where on earth have you been?"

"To church," she answered, coolly, with a dark little smile.

"What have you been doing there?" I asked again.

"Getting married," was the reply.

I gasped for breath, and the room seemed to swim round me.

"Surely, you are joking," I said, faintly.

"Oh! not at all. Here is my wedding ring," and she held up her hand; "I am Mrs. Hide-Thompson!"

"What!" I almost shrieked. "Do you mean to tell me that you have married that little wretch? Why, he has only been in the house ten days."

"Sixteen days," she corrected, "and I have been engaged to him for ten, and weary work it has been. I can tell you, Geoffrey!"

"Then I suppose you are going away?" I jerked out. "And how about our work, and—John?"

I saw a spasm of pain pass over her face at the mention of the boy's name; for I believe that she loved the poor cripple child, if she ever did really love anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ladies of Constantinople.

It was amusing to see negresses with the thickest of lips veiled. All the pretty faces were more or less painted and the eyelids and eyebrows penciled. The quality of the paint showed the quality of the lady. Poor women daub themselves with horrid pigments. No Turkish gentleman goes out to walk with his wife; to do so would be counted in the highest degree absurd. At most she is followed by a slave. But wrapped up in the ugly black silk ferridge, she can go where she pleases and alone. No man would dream of looking at a veiled lady in a ferridge. Were a Glacour to scan her face he would run a risk of being massacred. Shopping is a feminine pastime, and is holding receptions, which, of course, only ladies attend. Munching sweetmeats renders Constantinople belies grossly fat, while still young, and rather spoils their teeth. All over the east teeth are even, white, and of medium size, and mouths well shaped. They are mouths made for laughter, gourmandizing and sensual love. Eastern women are far better looking in youth than western. Those of Stamboul are the least graceful. They are seldom neat above the ankles. Their stockings are not well drawn up, their shoes are a world too big and their gait is heavy and shuffling.—London Truth.

Great Mental Feats.

Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer and orator, had a memory of extraordinary scope and tenacity. After composing a speech or oration he could repeat it, word for word, exactly as he had prepared it. On one occasion he went to an auction, where the business was carried on during an entire day, and at evening, for a wager, he wrote down a list of the articles that had been sold and the prices, together with the names of the purchasers, in the order in which the purchases had been made.

Almost a Hint.

Snags—A bill cannot be by any possibility be called a compliment, can it, Spiffins. Spiffins—I don't know that I follow you, Snags. Snags—Well, I heard that you paid Miss Northside a compliment yesterday, and I was in hopes you might regard in the same light the bill I sent you three months ago.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Stick to the Farm.

FRRIEND of ours owned a good farm a few years ago, about two miles from a thriving city, writes T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer. He and his sons lived on it and had a fine home and were prospering slowly. But they got it in their heads that they could live easier and do better by moving to town and going into some business. And they went, renting the farm. They borrowed money on it, and put that with what they had and started a grocery store. He is a man of more than average ability. They all worked early and late for success. Last year, however, was too much for them. They had to trust out too much, and the laboring people had so little money, and there was so much competition among the dealers to get that, that the weakest had to go down. The sheriff has sold the farm, and everything else is gone. They have nothing. As they are particular friends of ours, we feel doubly sorry for them. Now, my good friends, don't you often think that farming is a poor business, and wish you were out of it and at something else? And don't you know that the usual result would be about as described above? You cannot sell your farm and put your money into any business today that is honorable and legitimate and safe that will pay you as well. Let us look this matter squarely in the face, and take courage and go ahead and make the best of our business. There is no chance to do any better, as a rule, nor as well, all things considered, with the capital invested. I was talking the other day with a shrewd old gentleman, who has considerable property. He remarked: "I keep enough money in farm land to support myself and family well if everything else went to the dogs. I risk the rest in business." There is nothing safer than good farm land. We have got enough, too, to support us well, no matter what comes. People must eat, and farmers can always live, on the average. A family out of debt, owning a good farm, reasonably improved, are well fixed in this world's goods.

When to Water Plants.

Should plants be watered during sunshine? Why not, if they need it? The watering of the plant should be governed by its condition and surroundings. The whole thing, in a nutshell, is, water a plant when it does require it, says a writer in American Gardening. From my own experience I have never had any bad results from watering flowers during sunshine, any more than in dull weather. During sunshine and bright weather the evaporation from most plants is more excessive than in dull weather; consequently plants call for more nourishment in the form of water, and if the plants are growing fast, and the pots are full of roots, I often find it necessary to water them three or four times a day. Air, sun and light are important factors in building up the plant, and one is not much use without the other. Water containing soluble matter is absorbed by the roots and travels through the plant as crude sap, passing upwards to the leaves; there it forms a combination with carbonic acid gas, derived from the air, then by the action of sun and light is refined and digested. As the sun plays such an important part in the disintegration (as it were) of the food of the plant, I cannot see how it would have any injurious effect to water plants during sunshine; but would look at it as a thing essential if the plants needed it. I always aim to have watering done early in the morning or about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, for the simple reason that it facilitates the work, as well as economizes the water; but as I said before, I would not scruple to water a batch of plants during sunshine if they needed it, and would consider I was helping nature by doing so.

Currants and Gooseberries.

Take cuttings of currants in September after the new wood has ripened, as may be seen by having turned brown, says Vick's Magazine. Make them about six inches in length, from the new wood, removing the leaves. Plant them so that only one bud is left above the surface and they will take root in the fall and be ready to make growth promptly in the spring. Some leaves or litter should be laid around them when cold weather comes on, to prevent them from heaving when the frost comes out of the ground. Cuttings of the gooseberry are more difficult to root, but treated in the same way a portion of those made from our American varieties will root, but the better way to raise gooseberries is by layering. This can be done as early as the latter part of July. Draw the soil up about a bush and lay the branches partly down upon it and keep the soil up over them, spading it down well with the back of the spade to make it lie close to the wood. The leaves should be removed from the portions of the stems which are covered. Leave the plants earthed up in this way all winter and in spring level off the soil and cut away the rooted branches and plant them out to make a set of strong roots before final transplanting for fruiting. From the plant thus employed (tried a stool plant), another set of shoots will grow, and at

the proper time in summer it can be earthed up, and thus an annual crop of plants be produced.

Quick Curing Cheese.

The following observations anent the procuring of a quick-curing cheese are made in a bulletin issued by the Ontario agricultural college. The bulletin, it may be explained, was issued for the benefit of factory authorities.

1. Accept nothing but pure, sweet milk.
2. Heat to 86 degrees and then make a rennet test.
3. Set the milk when the rennet test is about 18 seconds, or at sufficient ripeness so that the curd will "dip" in about two and a half hours.
4. Use sufficient rennet to coagulate the milk in about twenty minutes. This will require from three to four ounces of standard rennet. (Be sure that your rennet is all right.)
5. Do not cut more than three times unless the milk is over ripe. Retain plenty of moisture in spring curds for an early market. Our spring cheeses are usually too dry and harsh.
6. Heat slowly to 96 degrees—not above this temperature, as it is desirable to retain moisture.
7. Dip at the first appearance of the acid. If the acid does not show on the hot iron, use the alkali test. Do not leave the curd in the whey more than three hours, even if the hot iron indicates "no acid." If you test with the alkali you will find plenty of acid at the end of three hours, provided the temperature is kept up to 98 degrees. The hot iron is not always reliable at this point.
8. Mill early—as soon as the curd becomes meaty and shows about one inch on the hot iron.
9. Hand-stir sufficiently to improve flavor, but not enough to lose all the moisture.
10. Salt at the rate of about two pounds to 1,000 pounds of milk, and before the grease runs too freely. Allow the curds to stand longer in the salt. You will thus save butter fat, and will not be troubled with "greasy" curds. Many are sacrificing a good deal of butter fat for the sake of getting a "close" cheese.
11. Keep the temperature of the curing room at about 70 degrees, and thus hasten the curing.
12. Do not allow a cheese to go into the curing room which is not nicely finished, nor one to leave it until it is at least two weeks old. Not a few are ruining their reputation by shipping curd to their customers. The writer heard of a case this spring where cheese was made on Saturday and shipped the following Tuesday. Such a practice cannot be too strongly condemned.
13. To sum up: In order to obtain fat, meaty, quick-curing cheese which will be fit to eat in about a month after making, use plenty of good rennet; leave sufficient moisture in the curd; salt lightly; keep the temperature of the curing room up to 70 degrees, night and day; and keep the cheese in the curing room for at least two weeks.

The Farmer's Creed.

Prof. Irby of North Carolina State College, furnishes the following to the Progressive farmer:

We believe in small well-tilled farms; that the soil must be fed as well as the owner, so that the crops shall make the farm and the farmer rich.

We believe in thorough drainage, in deep plowing, and in labor saving implements.

We believe in good fences, barns conveniently arranged, good orchards and gardens, and plenty of home raised hog and hominy.

We believe in raising pure bred stock or in grading up the best to be gotten; they equal the thoroughbreds.

We believe in growing the best varieties of farm crops and saving the choicest for seed.

We believe in fertilizing the brain with phosphorus as well as applying it to the soil.

We believe in the proper care and application of barn-yard manure.

We believe that the best fertilizers are of little value unless accompanied by industry, enterprise and intelligence.

We believe in rotation, diversification and thorough cultivation of crops.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer and that every good farmer will eventually own a good farm.

Winter Protection.

I have not had a great deal of success in the cultivation of flowers and roses, but I have a very simple plan of protecting them: I lay down the rose and cover it with leaves, and when I uncover it in the spring I find that it is quite fresh. In some instances the buds have begun to shape before the leaves are taken off. One season a keen frost came and they were set back, and we had no roses that year. I now adopt the plan of driving a stick down alongside the bush. I then gather the branches together, tie them with a string, and put a hoop around the bottom. I put ordinary rye straw around the inside of that hoop and then put on another hoop around the top, and I find that there is sufficient protection to enable them to come out all right. My grapevines I cover with earth. Three years ago I took them up; they started very early; there was a late frost and I had no fruit that year. The next year I covered them with evergreens, and I had not much more success. Last year I allowed them to stay up on the trellises and take their chances, and I had a better crop before the frost came than I had had for the last three years. If you have a wet, warm season and protect them too much you ruin them.—Farmer.

Keep clean fresh water always before your poultry. Clean water and a airy, dry and clean poultry house are the best preventives of disease known.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, AUGUST 22, TRUE CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Golden Text: "And Now Abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, These Three; but the Greatest of These is Charity"—I Cor. 13: 13.

WE have for our lesson today verses 1 to 13, inclusive, chapter 13, First Book of Corinthians.

Time and place, the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was written about Easter, A. D. 57, from Ephesus to Comp. Acts 19 and 20 with I Cor. 16, 5. Lesson Preview.—The Church at Corinth was rent with parties and vexed with ambitious members, each eager for influence and coveting the most important positions. To such a degree did the strife of different elements rise that the graces of Christian character were in danger of being forgotten. There were those who coveted the gift of tongues, or the miraculous power of speaking unknown languages. Others regarded prophecy, or the power to speak by inspiration, as the most valuable; still others prized and prided themselves upon miracle working and healing. The apostle shows in chapter 12 that all gifts come from the same source, that it is useless to extol one at the expense of another; and then, kindling with his theme, he speaks in praise of the grace which lies at the foundation of all spiritual endowment—Christian love; that spirit which brings us into fellowship with God and makes us share in the divine character. Without seeming to censure the Corinthians he shows the glory of Christian love in contrast with their own self-seeking conduct. The whole section of which this lesson forms a part should be studied. It embraces chapters 12 to 14.

Lesson Hymn—
Our God is love; and all his saints His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired, with love to man will glow.
Teach us to love each other, Lord, as we are loved by thee;
None who have truly born of God can live in enmity.
Heirs of the same immortal bliss, our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite, with mutual love inflame.
—Cotterill.

Hints to the Teacher.
I. Christian Love. An ocean steamer pressing in the face of wind and wave is an inspiring sight. Where is the power that impels it? We find it far below the decks, in the throbbing engine. So a Christian has his impelling power within. In Christian love. Love is the secret of Christianity, the inspiration of character, the motive that leads to the sacrifices, the trials, and the triumphs of the Gospel.

II. The Comparison of Love. Verses 1-3. Paul puts love in the balance with other traits and endowments manifest in the Christian Church. Some of these are: 1. Patience. 2. Gentleness. 3. Contentment. 4. Humility. 5. Courtesy. 6. Unselfishness. 7. Self-control. 8. Charity. 9. Kindness. 10. Trustfulness. 11. Hopefulness. Let the teacher briefly show how love in a heart will inspire all these characteristics.

III. The Results of Love. Verses 4-13. It is the enduring grace; other gifts may pass away, as some of these have passed from the Church, but love abides. 2. It is the consummate grace; it belongs to the highest type of Christian experience. Our knowledge is limited and our insight into truth is incomplete; but love may be entire. 3. It is the divine grace, belonging to heaven as well as to earth. Other gifts may cease when we put off the body, but love shall not be superseded even in heaven.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Tea, coffee and spices should be kept in tightly closed tin or glass jars if the flavor is to be properly retained.
A good hair tonic is made by mixing one pint of bay rum, one dram of quinine and one ounce of glycerine.
A crib, with hair mattress and hair pillow, are far better for a baby than a cradle with feather bed and pillow.
Bread may be made in French style by shaping it in long, slender loaves and baking until there is a thick crust.
It is said that if horseradish is applied to the temples when one is suffering with a neuralgia headache it will give relief.
All water that is to be used for drinking purposes should be boiled and cooled by being placed beside the ice, instead of putting ice into the water.
Try soaking your lamp wicks in vinegar for a few hours before they are put into the lamp; they will give a better and clearer light. The wick must be thoroughly dried after it has been soaked.
When planting your sweet pea seeds, do not forget to make a trench for them. Then, as the vine grows, the earth may be thrown up around it, giving it more strength and support.—New York Sun.
A small dish of fine charcoal kept upon a shelf of a dark closet or tin will absorb all odors and help to keep things fresh and sweet.
In French cooking the "bouquet of sweet herbs," which is so often given in recipes, is composed of a few sprigs of parsley, a piece of thyme, a clove of garlic, a bay leaf, a couple of cloves and some peppercorns. Wrap the parsley around the other herbs and tie a thread around them. Put into soup or stews in this shape it is then more easily removed.