

# WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The crowd of guests streaming in kept the Earl well occupied. He stood at the head of the salon, the slight form in satin and diamonds beside him.

To all and each Alice gave her sweet smile and gentle word; no trace of fear or awkwardness was in her demeanor.

Everyone was amazed. They had come filled with a wild curiosity to see the farm girl who had so audaciously and strangely become a countess, and instead of beholding a series of terrible social blunders performed by a starchy dairymaid, they saw nothing but a lovely patrician girl, whose charms and wondrous beauty eclipsed even Miss Valerie Ross, long considered the goddess of all loveliness by the folk around the castle.

From her chair, Lady Darrell noticed their astonishment; and felt that she sympathized with it. Her heart woke from the bitter disappointment that had lived in it ever since the day she learnt of her son's marriage, to admire most genuinely the fair young wife.

"Where does she get your manner?" she mused to herself. "She is patrician from head to foot. Roy has no need of shame to-night, his wife has achieved a success."

Then she sighed a little as her eyes wandered to a tall stately form, on whose red, brown hair the rubies and diamonds quivered like jeweled dewdrops.

"Poor Valerie!" she said to herself. "If it only could have been I am sure she loves Roy now whatever her feelings were before Eustace died. She, too, would have made a proud countess-to-night. Yet this girl holds her own."

At last the guests were assembled, the testimonial was handed to the Earl, and dinner was announced.

Alice found herself led in by Sir Robert Carlyle, and smiled once or twice to herself as she read the admiration and amazement on his face.

The dinner proved long and tedious to her, though not to the majority, for they ate heartily.

Alice had more pleasure in looking at all the wonderful gold and silver ornaments, cups, goblets, dishes, and vases, that stood on the table.

It was a glimpse of fairyland to her, and the Earl, glancing from his seat at the bright look of admiration, and felt again that new sensation which was growing stronger and stronger in his heart.

Dinner over, the ladies withdrew, and Alice found her time occupied in chatting with all the great dames, whose faces she recollected from seeing them in their carriages dashing along to Nestley town.

Valerie had said little all evening, but she was thinking the more. Her hate for Alice had grown to-night to a passion; the truth that Roy was gradually becoming interested in her, attracted by his wife, lashed her to madness. It was indeed woman against woman.

Lady Darrell was right, Valerie loved Roy now with all the power of her heart; not as she had worshipped Eustace Rivers, but with a great passion of genuine affection and tenderness; she had been living in a dream these two days past.

She felt secure in Roy's love, and thought of Alice only as a cloud on the horizon of her happiness; but now she realized she was indeed living in dreamland.

Roy's eyes all this night had rested on his wife; a dawn of something new and such as had never come for her, appeared on his face, and Valerie saw that once again her happiness would be wrecked.

She had as yet no plan; she knew not what or how she meant to do it; but she swore to herself that before many days the Earl should be effectually separated from his wife, my Lady Alice, and turned to her.

The man coming in from the smoking-room disturbed her thoughts. Lord Radine hurried up to Alice.

"Countess," he exclaimed, "how beautiful you look to-night! I could not approach you before dinner, you were so surrounded. The pale cheeks produced by the ghost have quite disappeared."

"Ghost?" repeated Count Jura, who had strolled up to Alice also; "have you been frightened to-day, Countess?"

"Yes," Lord Radine went on; "we rode over to the abbey ruins, you know, this morning; and as we were about to mount the remains of the tower, Lady Darrell turned deathly white, uttered a slight exclamation, and fled back to the air. When I taxed her with seeing a ghost, she declared such to be the case."

Alice had grown pale during this speech. She had looked up and met the gaze of Valerie's eyes burning with their passion of hate, and there was such a semblance at that instant to the sinister face of Paul Ross, that she felt again the dread that had attacked her in the rains.

Count Jura watched her cheeks blanch; his brows were knit.

"Why, Lady Darrell," he exclaimed, "you surely don't mean to tell me you are afraid of spirits?"

"Not spirits," Alice answered with an imperceptible shiver; as Lord Radine turned to a lady close by; "but of men, Count Jura, I am afraid."

"She has seen Paul," was Count Jura's swift thought.

"Then you think this was a man?" he continued easily.

"I am sure of it."

The Count elevated his brows.

"Shall we go for a stroll into the hall and conservatory?" he said in his most graceful fashion.

Alice hesitated.

married me thinking to save my life."

"I do remember it," answered his mother gently, "and for the future she shall be welcome to me as my daughter; my pride has been against her all this time, but to-night she stands revealed a lady in every sense of the word, and you have no need to blush for your wife."

"I shall seek or send to the Browns to make every inquiry about her birth. I am certain she has proud blood in her veins, mother, and does not belong to them."

Valerie was just behind him as he exclaimed this.

"Discussing my Lady Alice," she observed, with an effort to keep her sneering temper down. "She has really astonished me. What a born aristocrat she is!"

"At once," repeated the Earl, vexed beyond measure at the words; "it is not acting, Valerie; it is nature."

Valerie bit her lip, her worst fears were confirmed. She altered her mood.

"I congratulate you," she said softly, just glancing at him with her lustrous eyes; "it has been a severe test, and no one among your friends is more pleased at the success than I am, Roy."

To a safe softened.

"Thank you, Valerie; it is like you to be so kind. I am anxious that you should be friends with my wife—the Countess. You are so clever, you can help her."

My Lady Alice does not need my aid, Roy; but since you wish it I will be her friend, first for your sake and then for hers."

The words were spoken bravely.

None knew what an agony of pain was living beneath that smiling exterior.

Lady Darrell overheard her son's request and her face was puzzled.

"Roy is like all men—clumsy," she said to herself. "Valerie will never be a friend to his wife."

Alice, meanwhile, walked away with Count Jura. She scarcely heard what he was saying. All the evening her memory had gone back with a thrill to her husband and his request. Tomorrow they were to meet and walk together.

It was like a beautiful dream to her, and unconsciously brought her happiness.

Count Jura led the way to a marble anteroom.

Status gleamed white amid the foliage of rare tropical plants, dim lamps were hung about, and a fountain played in the center.

"Let us sit here awhile," he said as he led her towards a velvet couch, placed close to the fountain; "we have had no time for a chat, Lady Darrell."

"Nor shall I have any now," said Alice hurriedly, forcing herself to smile. "You forget, Count, I have my guests to attend to."

"And am I not one?" he asked quietly.

Alice opened her fan and moved it to and fro, but did not answer.

"So you were frightened in the rains to-day?" went on the Count, drinking in the fair loveliness of her face with passionate avidity.

"Yes, but it was very stupid of me. Please do not think me a coward, Count."

"And if you are afraid in broad daylight, how can you have the courage to sleep in a room with all these glorious jewels?"

He touched a glittering bracelet as he spoke.

"I am not frightened in my own apartment," Alice said, "wondering just a little at the way in which he always discussed the diamonds."

The Count noticed her surprise; he adroitly changed the conversation.

"Ah, you should see the wonderful caves and weird nooks I have beheld in my travels. Ghosts and spirits dwell in them, indeed."

"I should be glad to travel and see other lands."

Alice spoke dreamily.

"You would?" broke in the Count. "Ah, how would you like to leave this cold desolate place, and see nothing but blue sky, sunshine, and flowers? Fancy a garden, with orange groves scenting the air, with terraces leading down to a bay as blue as blue as your starlike eyes! One can be happy in a home like that!"

"Do you know of such a place?" the girl asked eager to continue this conversation.

"Yes, I know of such a paradise. It is mine—all mine. Now it stands empty and deserted; it only waits for a mistress—a mistress fair, lovely as the sun, with gentle grace and maddening eyes—such as yours. Yes, you are—"

every limb she put out her hands wildly; pride had lent her strength, but now when she was alone, her strength went quickly, and scarce knowing where she was, she sank onto the couch, white and almost insensible.

Her eyes were closed; she did not see a man's figure enter the doorway and approach. She dimly heard a sudden exclamation, and knew no more till she felt herself gently lifted and clasped in a pair of arms.

Then she opened her eyes, and her glance fell on the fair handsome face of Roy Darrell.

"You are ill," he said hastily. "What is it? What has happened?"

She drew her hands across her eyes, then with a shudder remembered all; her lips opened to speak of the Count's perfidy and insult, but she suddenly recollected that he was the Earl's guest, and checked herself.

"I am tired," she murmured; "the ride was long, and the evening has tried me."

"Yes, yes, you are quite fatigued; why not retire to your room? My mother will relieve you of the rest of your duties."

Roy was gazing at her unconscious of the glow of tenderness that shone in his face.

Alice felt it, and it thrilled her strangely; she stood upright and put aside his hands.

"No, no," she said hurriedly; "I must remain; it will not last much longer. Thank you for your kindness. Had we not better go to the salon again?"

"Yes, if you wish it," the Earl answered gently. "But where is the Count? He came out with you?"

"He left me a few minutes ago," Roy noticed the sudden flush on the fair face, and again that pang of jealousy came.

"How like the Count?" he asked abruptly.

Alice hesitated a moment, then looked at him full as she replied: "No; I dislike him."

Roy felt his heart rise.

"He will not remain much longer. Let me lead you back; we may be missed."

Alice put her hand on his arm, and together they moved towards the doorway. As they reached it Roy stopped.

"Remember you have promised to come with me to see the flowers tomorrow," he said, hurriedly.

"Yes, I remember," faltered Alice, her eyes sinking beneath his gaze.

They went on to the salon, both their hearts filled with a strange and beautiful dream, which they knew not was love.

As they passed out, Valerie Ross stole from behind a statue; her face was bloodless, her lips compressed; she glared after the girlish form with a tempest of rage and hatred in her face, unconscious that she herself was being watched.

"Valerie hates her," pondered Count Jura from a dark corner. "I must enlist her sympathies; she will rejoice to be rid of her rival, and I shall get the girl into my hands. I will speak now, there is no time to be lost."

He approached Valerie, softly whispering her name. She turned after a few words, the expression of her face changed to fear and surprise; then, as he went on to hatred and lusty as he finished, to a glow of unrestrained joy and triumph.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

### A Remarkable Career.

A remarkable autobiography goes with a damage suit for \$5,000 filed at Washington. The complaint is against a Washington street railway. The complainant is Henry Johnson, who says he was badly cut and bruised by the car starting while he was getting off. Attached to the complaint is the affidavit of Johnson that he was born in Georgetown on Christmas day in the year 1800; was hired out to Gen. Walter Smith, who commanded the militia at the battle of Bladensburg; was captured by Capt. Patrick and was present and saw them burn the Capitol, and when he was 17 years old he went with Commodore Porter as a cabin boy on a four years' cruise. In 1824 he went as a footman with his old mistress to meet Gen. Lafayette, and escorted him to Gen. Smith's in Georgetown; was with Gen. Macon in Florida during the four years' war with the Indians; had waited on Gens. Scott, Gaines, and Jesup; lived with Gen. Totten, and waited on Daniel Webster, Clay, and Calhoun when living with Mr. Nicholson at Georgetown Heights. Was with Capt. Herndon on the George Law, that was burned, and when the women and children and crew were off he stood close to Capt. Herndon at the wheelhouse, and he said to him: "You go and shift for yourself," and he begged the Captain to come with him, when he replied: "No; I must stand by my ship." Then, strapping himself to a doer, he was thrown into the sea and saved and saw the ship go down with the Captain.

### Knew The Road.

An old Missourian tells this story: "We had about twenty-five miles to go by stage-coach in Missouri, and it was early spring, and the roads were very bad. The stage started about half an hour before daylight, and there were five men of us and two women. These last had the back seat, and talked only to each other. We were not over two miles out when the stage got stuck, and down every man had to get and lift and pull and push. Three miles further on we were stuck again, and it was the same performance over again. In going about fourteen miles we were stuck five times, and in going the twenty-five we lifted that old stage out of the ruts and holes and ditches almost a dozen times. The five of us were wet, splashed, muddy, and hungry, when we finally drove up to the terminus, and you can imagine our feelings when those two women got down, removed their shawls and bonnets, and stood revealed as two hearty and robust men. We were looking at them with open mouths, when one of them remarked— "Thanks for your labor, gentlemen. We knew the road and prepared for it. Will you imbibes?" But we were too indignant to accept.

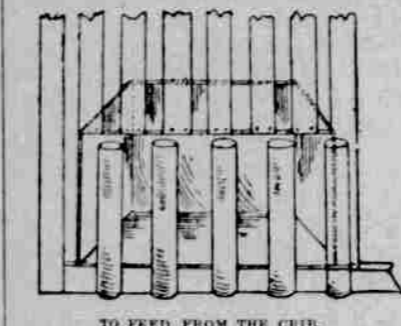
## AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

### A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Value of Institutes and Farmers' Meetings—Device for Feeding from the Corn Crib—Blessed Lot of the Farmer—How to Sort Beans and Peas.

#### Feeding from the Corn Crib.

Stock feeders are often troubled in removing corn from the crib, because of the corn sliding out on the ground or the aperture through which the corn is taken being too small to be taken out rapidly. The illustration



shows a practical plan to overcome both the objectionable points. Place a box within the crib with the top and front side removed. Place it tight against the side from which the corn is to be removed. I remove the slats of the corn crib in front of the box and substitute from three to five posts. The side of the box need not be over a foot high. Corn by this means can be easily and rapidly removed, as the corn will drop into the box only as fast as removed.

#### The Blessed Farm.

A great many business institutions are passing into the hands of receivers. But the farm, that solid and enduring American industry, knows no receiverships and assignees. It does not go into bankrupt courts. It keeps right on taking care of itself and its owner, supporting his family, schooling his children and turning out first-class material for American citizenship and contributing fresh blood to the other industries. Blessed is the farmer whose path in life, though well worn with daily toil, leads to health, longevity, stability of character, in nesty of purpose and an abiding prosperity. Banks may fail, factories close, stores pass into the hands of the Sheriff, professional men struggle for a bare existence and the common laborer hunt vainly for a job, but the farmer has enough to eat and the wherewithal to be clothed and daily he views his treasures of field, orchard, granary and forest without fear of financial panics. Daily he finds companionship not only with his human kind but with his flocks and herds, in administering to whose natural wants he himself receives a benediction worth far more than the price of station or the vain allurements of society life in the cities.

Blessed is the lot of the farmer and never is its beneficence more strikingly portrayed than in times like the present when other industries are paralyzed and unhappy men in other vocations pass sleepless nights because of the darkening prospects of the coming day.—Burlington Hawkeye.

#### Green Food for Pigs.

Prof. S. B. Thompson of the Nebraska Agricultural College, has been testing the relative value of green food for pigs, and gives it as his opinion that green food makes thriffter and larger hogs. Farmers who raise many pigs and feed them exclusively on Indian corn, know that some of the shoats will cease to grow at an early age, begin to lay on fat and never reach the size of good merchantable hogs. This tendency to fatten prematurely at the expense of bone growth is not seen to any extent in grass-fed hogs. A pig fed on bulky green food will develop a larger stomach than one fed on concentrated food like corn; and when you come to fatten it this enlarged capacity will enable the animal to eat and digest more corn and thus lay on flesh more quickly than the other and be a more profitable hog to grow for market. Grass-fed hogs are healthier than those grain fed. Every intelligent breeder knows the advantage of feeding green food to sows about to farrow. They have less difficulty with their pigs, are less liable to destroy them, will give more milk and nurse them better. Grass-fed hogs are less liable to disease. The dreadful hog cholera is not much to be feared where hogs have the run of a good clover pasture. Undoubtedly, if exposed to contagion they would take the disease, but they are not likely to develop it.

#### Attend the Institute.

It would be difficult to estimate the great good which has been done throughout the country by the practice of holding institutes and farmers' meetings. With the beginning of these was taken the step which moved farming toward a higher position among the businesses of the world. It served to take it from the "hayseed" level and to put it rather in the light of a profession, which is as it should be. With the increase of knowledge in this field of labor comes the need for workers in it to be men of education and foresight. The time is long past when the farm was reserved for the boy of the family who had not brains enough to be a lawyer, doctor, minister, or merchant. Men know now that one's business choice does not so much show a difference in brains as in taste. It takes as much brain to make a man a successful farmer as to make him a doctor, but it does not require the same kind. Hence, he who might have been a first-class farmer sometimes becomes a poor

doctor, and vice versa. Scarcely any man would make a failure in life if he followed his natural leanings rather than those of his parents or other directors.

#### Raise Sunflower Seed.

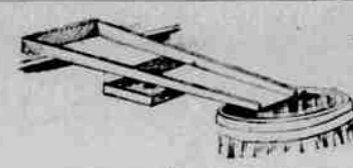
Why do not some of our farmers who find no money in their present style of crops try raising sunflower seed? The North Carolina Station found in experimenting with sunflowers as a farm crop that they paid well. Though a new thing in this country it is not altogether new, for Russia has raised this crop for years. At the North Carolina Station the average yield per acre was sixty-five bushels. There is really no waste to the plants. Oil is expressed from the seeds and hulls or shells used for fuel. The stalks and seedcups are fed to sheep. Chemical analysis of sunflower seed contain more protein, fats and crude fiber and less nitrogen free extract than cottonseed hulls, which are just half the seed. This indicates that they are at least equal, if not superior, to cottonseed hulls as a cattle food. Whole cottonseed weighs thirty pounds to the bushel, yielding nearly 2 percent or 4.5 pounds of oil. Thus sunflower seed kernels contain the most oil, and the other nutrients show that, after the oil is expressed, the sunflower cake is rather more nutritious than the cottonseed cake, which is now largely used in the South.—Ploughman.

#### How Long to Milk Cows.

Ten months is not too long to keep cows in the dairy, and in certain cases even longer. The cow that gives milk five or six months in the year, and then goes dry until her next calving, is an unprofitable animal, and the sooner she is disposed of the better. In training young heifers with first calves, it would be well to milk them the first year nine months steadily; milk them if they only give one pint of milk at a time during the latter end of this period. The next year it will be found an easy matter to keep up a far better yield of milk to the end of the nine months. The third year the habit is thoroughly fixed and you have a persistent milker. The cow is largely a creature of habit and her usefulness and profitability in the dairy depends largely upon her careful training from her entrance into milk giving.

#### For Sorting Beans and Peas.

It is often no slight task to prepare for market the crop of beans that is raised upon the farm. From the nature of things a large amount of dirt will be found among beans and peas, even after passing through the fanning mill, and this must be removed if the beans or peas are to be sold as first-class. A device is



shown in the illustration from the American Agriculturist, which will aid both in sorting and in cleaning these crops. Where hand picking is practiced a tray may be provided, broad at the upper end and gradually narrowing as it approaches the other end. There is an opening in the bottom near the middle, over which is a mesh just fine enough to keep the perfect beans or peas from dropping through. Under this opening is a tray to catch dirt, small beans and peas, and other undesirable material. The beans or peas are poured into the upper part, gradually worked down the sloping tray as they are sorted, and lodged finally in the barrel.

#### Horse Talk.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron wheels and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put my blind bridle so that it irritates my eye or so leave my forehead that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing; I feel the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go into the light my eyes are injured; especially if snow is on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must be down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a trestle bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it half a minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at a word. It may check me if the lines break and save a runaway and smashup.

Don't trot me up a hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself sometime. Run up a big hill with a big load.

## PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

Where They Come From, and What They Earn—Their Ways.

The professional beggar says the North American Review, is not a modern innovation, by any means. Leaders of the S. ectator will recall "Scarecrow," the famous London beggar who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Timbs, the "Rufflers," to whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventh century, were troops of idle vagrants who infested Lincoln's Inn Fields. They assumed the characters of maimed soldiers who had suffered in the great rebellion, and found a ready prey in the people of fashion and quality who drove by. Indeed, it is made clear by contemporary allusion in comedies that this was the regular haunt of mendicants, which they carried on in the most barefaced and even intimidating manner.

It is related that George IV., when Prince of Wales, once attended a beggars' carnival in London, in connection with the fair, and there long when the chairman, addressing the company and pointing to the Prince, said, "I call upon that ere gentleman with a shirt for a song." The Prince, as well as he could, got exasperated at a friend, who accompanied him, promising to sing instead, which the latter did amid great applause. The health of the Prince and his friend having been drunk, and duly responded to, they departed in order to find the company an opportunity to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business; for at that time the professional beggars of London used to have a general meeting several times during the year, at which they were divided into companies, each company having its particular walk. In those days their earnings varied much some getting as much as five shillings a day. Most of the professional beggars in London to-day—and their name is legion—emanate from two or three common lodging-houses.

The most populous of these, which is known as "The Dispensary," supports an individual known as a "scraper," who earns a living by manufacturing the pathetic sign-boards which the sham cripples and the bogus blind men carry around their necks. In Paris, as is well known, the professional beggars hold regular weekly meetings, at which the routes to be followed by the members of the guild are mapped out by a standing committee. They have an organ of their own, called the Journal des Mendicants, which appears twice a week. From a recent issue the following curious advertisement is taken: "Wanted—To engage a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small de out re urged." This queer announcement is explained by the fact that the proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses at fashionable French watering places assume that visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars, to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts.

### The Danger of Prophesying.

A Gramme dynamo which had been imported from France was shown in operation at the Centennial, and the current derived from it was used to drive a motor which operated a small pump, thus furnishing a complete illustration of the transmission of power by electricity. The Engineering Journal records the fact that a certain well-known journal, which is not always quite so scientific in fact as it is in name, made the following comment upon this exhibit, which may be taken, perhaps, to fairly represent the attitude of the average practical man at that date: "As in this double conversion of power into electricity and electricity into power less power is obtained than is expended, the machine is apparently of no practical value, but is nevertheless interesting, as showing the relation existing between power and electricity." Only twelve years after the above was printed the writer stood beside a massive multi-ohar electric motor of 20 horse power, which was smoothly and noiselessly driving the machinery of an extensive woolen manufactory at Derendingen, Switzerland, receiving its unseen power from a distant Alpine torrent through five copper wires each about the thickness of a common lead pencil, and it was then and there that he was forcibly reminded of a certain dictum of Hosea Biglow: "Don't never prophesy unless ye know."

### The Hot-Water Remedy.

Are you a busy, worried woman, who comes home at night with temples throbbing and every muscle aching from fatigue? If so, you often say to yourself: "I am dead tired, and I haven't the ambition to dress or even comb my hair for the evening." Then you lounge about and go to bed about nine o'clock with your head still aching and your limbs just as tired as when you came in. The next time you feel that way just slip off the waist of your gown, brush your hair up on the top of your head, and bathe the back of your neck with hot water. When the pain is a little relieved wash your face with the same water, and by the time that is done you will feel like brushing your hair and fixing up a bit, or we are very much mistaken. The hot-water cure is quite as efficacious taken externally.—Philadelphia Times.

A MAN never means anything he says to a woman.