

# OUR STORY TELLER



## FOR ANOTHER'S SIN



MR. MORTIMER Barbican was an old man, one of the old types of English aristocrats, fiery, impetuous and inordinately proud of the integrity of his name and ancestry.

At the time I went into his employ, years ago now, he was living alone with his only daughter at his family seat in Gloucestershire.

A strange-looking tall lady was Miss Linda Barbican, with large, black eyes and pale, hard-set features, bearing the traces of some inward sorrow.

Sir Mortimer, I learned, had had a son, whom he had disinherited and disowned owing to some act which had brought dishonor on the name of Barbican, and he forbade all mention of the seepage of his family.

One evening, some few months after I had been there, I was summoned to the door by the ominous clanging of the front door bell.

A young man, shabbily dressed, with a rufous, albeit handsome, face, stood on the doorstep and scanned me nervously. I looked questioningly at him.

"Who is Sir Mortimer Barbican?" he asked, huskily.

"I am," I answered. "Will you please come in?"

"Where are you in the library?"

"I am here."

"Then show me in and tell your master I must see him."

"Very well, sir! What name shall I give?"

"Oh, never mind the name! He'll know me fast enough," he added, bitterly.

Sir Mortimer looked up in a surprised way when I communicated to him that a visitor had arrived and wished to see him.

He opened the door and strode inside the room.

"Father!" That was all. One short, despairing cry, and father and son stood face to face once more.

A gray, drawn look stole over my master's face, as for a brief moment he stood eyeing the prodigal who had so mysteriously reappeared. Then he found his tongue.

"So it is you, you bounder?" he said, his features working strangely, while there was a tone of suppressed rage in his voice. "It is you, is it? Have you forgotten how we parted? Have you forgotten—his voice rising ominously—"how I cast you off and forbade you ever to step in my house again? Be off before I forget myself and whip you out, as you deserve."

"I will speak," cried the younger man. "As there is a God in heaven, I am innocent! But since you will not hear me, I will not try to save you. May it be on your head, and may you reap as you have sown! But you will have the comforting assurance of knowing that you have sent me to the devil, and I curse you," and striding from the room, the younger man passed out into the hall.

I hastened to open the door for him. As he was passing out into the night he turned.

"You are a stranger to me," he said, after a brief space, "but your face looks an honest one. If you can contrive it, meet me to-morrow, about this time, at the drive gate. It is a matter of life and death."

The next morning, after breakfast, Sir Mortimer turned to me and said, in his crisp, curt voice:

"If you value your situation here, Parkin, you will bear in mind: Not a word of what you saw and heard last night, and never mention my son's name to me again under pain of instant dismissal. That is all."

It was with some feeling of trepidation that I repaired to the trying place that same evening to await the arrival of the disinherited son. Having inquired my name, he began:

"You must first know how I came to be in this plight. Some years ago now a forged check in my father's name was discovered. Suspicion at once fell on me and, though innocent, I was at once branded as guilty by my father.

"He did not wish to have the family name dragged into court, so he took the easier course of disinheriting me and casting me off entirely.

"My enemy, whoever he was, and heaven knows I thought I had none worth speaking of, had done his work well. I became a frequenter of the turf, a gambler, and nearly—but, thank heaven, not quite—a thief.

"I was tempted some few days ago to join a band of burglars who contemplated robbing my father's house. But

had glanced off slang the collar-bone, making a long, jagged wound. But still he was seriously ill, brain fever setting in afterwards, and for some time he lay hovering between life and death.

I fully explained to the baronet the scheme his son had formed for thwarting the burglars—who, by the way were captured some weeks after the attempted burglary—and Sir Mortimer's feelings of remorse and sorrow at the way in which he had wronged Mr. Geoffrey were terribly poignant.

As for Miss Linda, her story can be briefly summed up by the following:

Years ago she had apparently had a worthless lover with whom she was utterly infatuated. Gambling and other forms of excess had left him in low water, and his sweetheart had forged the check to give him the money he had needed so sorely, laying the blame on and weaving her subtle net of accusation round her innocent brother. What ultimately became of her I never knew.

If I had only kept my presence of mind and carried out my instructions, the baronet's hand might have been stayed and Sir Geoffrey would not have been shot. But then, perhaps Miss Linda would not have confessed and thank heaven, there are not many women like her in the world.

# OUR RURAL READERS.

## SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

**An Apple that Commands a High Price in Home and Foreign Markets—Well-Arranged Smokehouse—Low Price of Horses.**

**The Newtown Pippin.**  
The apple that commands the highest price in both home and foreign markets is the Newtown pippin, says the Orange Judd Farmer. When Baldwin and other choice varieties sell at \$3 per barrel at Liverpool, the Newtown pippin sells at \$9, and the same proportion holds true in our domestic market. The fruit often retails as high as \$12 or \$15 per barrel. Downing, the authority on fruits, says as follows of this variety: "It stands at the head of all apples, and is, when in perfection, acknowledged to be unrivalled in all the qualities which constitute a high-flavored dessert apple, to which it combines the quality of long-keeping without the least shriveling, retaining its high flavor to the last."

**Horses Dirt Cheap in the West.**  
Good horses are cheaper in some parts of the West now than dogs are in the East, for there are few dogs not owned by some one while the horses cannot be given away. All over the West horse have been astonishingly cheap for some time, and \$2 or \$3 has been a good price for a good animal. A hundred head of ranch horses—sturdy, unbroken bronchos from Wyoming—were sold in Denver for \$300 and the freight recently. It is reported that a big stock firm in Idaho has turned more than 250 ponies adrift to shift for themselves during the winter, as it was cheaper to do this than provide food for them. The firm could not get even a dollar apiece for them.

**A Well-Arranged Smokehouse.**  
To make a smokehouse fireproof as far as the stove ashes are concerned is not necessarily an expensive job. All that is required is to lay up a row of brick across one end, also two or three feet back upon each side, connecting the sides with a row across the building, making it at least two feet high. As those who have a smokehouse use it nearly every year, that part can also be made safe from fire by the little arch built at the point shown in the illustration. The whole is laid up in a mortar, and to add strength to the structure an iron rod or bar may be placed across the center

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**Yellow Italians Are Vicious.**  
There seems to be a sort of impression among the farmers in our own vicinity that extra yellow bees must be extra pure Italians. Judging by the way the Italians have run for the yellow stock the impression must be general, but every practical queen-breeder knows that it is a mistake. The five-banded are simply sports, selected for color from Italian stock, that is all; and by the way some of them sting it would almost seem as if they had "spoiled" a little from Cyprian stock. We have quite a large number of colonies of extra yellow bees in our yard, and our apiary has never had crosser bees or bees more inclined to rob than this year. They bred like Cyprians and then stopped long before the ordinary Italians. We shall get them all out of our yard another season unless their temper and robbing propensities improve.—Ohio Farmer.

**Improving the Saw.**  
Most saws are like pattern, Fig. 1. The rakes at the ends of the saw being double, much labor is lost by the inner

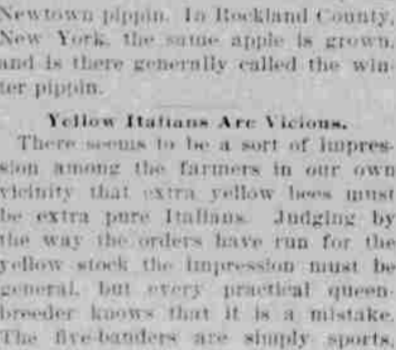


FIG. 1. OLD STYLE. NO. 2. IMPROVED.

Oh, to mount again where erst I haunted, Where the old red hills are bird-enanted, And the low green meadows Bright with sword; And when evening dies, the million tinted, And the night has come, and planets glinted, Lo, the valley hollow Lamp-bearer!

Oh, to dream, oh, to wake and wander There, and with delight to take and render, Through the trance of silence, Quiet breath! Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses, Only the mightier movement sounds and passes; Only winds and rivers, Life and death.

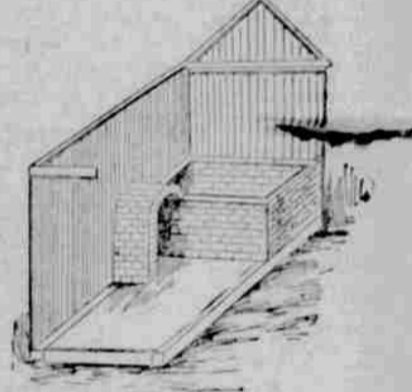
**This Captain Had Nerve.**  
Capt. Edward Smith of the steamer Yesso, which ran out of Baltimore up to last year, once saved 200 lives in a collision similar to that of the Elbe and Crathie. At the time he was master of the steamer Karo, when she ran her bow into the side of a Russian passenger steamer. A mats on the bridge of the Karo had his hand on the signal and was about to ring full speed astern and back away from the Russian, when Capt. Smith stopped him. Instead, he kept the engines of the Karo going half speed ahead and her bow fast in the gap she had cut in the side of the other steamer. Over 200 people passed from the deck of the Russian steamer to the deck of the Karo and were saved.—Baltimore American.

is apparent. Old farmers have often told us that if plaster was not sown on clover until after spring rains, it did little good the first year, but was beneficial after another winter and spring had passed, and had settled the plaster into the soil. There is, perhaps, a slight benefit from sowing plaster on clover when in full leaf, but it should be additional to an application made early in the spring, when it will do most good.

**Planting Turnips.**  
If farmers have patience to do some peddling, they can find a market for either white or yellow turnips in almost every city or village family. It is best in selling turnips to have some of each, the white or purple striped for early use and the yellow varieties for later in the winter. A large wagon load is easily disposed of at 30 cents per bushel, and if each family takes only a bushel of each variety it does not require a long drive to dispose of the whole. The profit of an acre of turnips sold thus is much more than farmers get for most crops, and the work of marketing is fairly well paid, considering that it is mostly done when men and teams would otherwise be idle.

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FIREPROOF SMOKEHOUSE.

of the bin and firmly imbedded in the mortar two or three rows of brick from the top. Of course the rear of the arch is also bricked up. In most cases less than 250 brick will be all that is required.—American Agriculturist.

**Cultivated Dandelions.**  
How many of those who in spring go to the fields and slowly dig out among grass and stones a mass of dandelion greens know that this crop is more satisfactorily grown in the garden? The imported cultivated dandelion is much larger, is more easily cleaned and free from insects than that gathered in the fields. It is safe to say that whoever procures and sows a package of the imported dandelion seed in his garden will never be willing thereafter to depend upon the uncultivated supply that can be got from the pasture lots.

**A Russian Cherry.**  
Prof. Hansen, of Iowa, who has been traveling in Russia, writes that he finds on the Moscow markets great quantities of the Vladimir cherries. The trees may be called large bushes as grown there. Often they are grown with several stems like a bush. These bush-cherry orchards are a source of great profit.

**Agricultural Notes.**  
Seed cannot germinate between clods; light must be excluded, and the soil must be close about the seed from the beginning.

Raising peanuts, says a Texas correspondent, is a source of small revenue for any one who loves garden work. They are as easy to raise as corn or potatoes, and will bring from \$1 to \$1.50 per bushel.

Farmers should not depend on seedmen for producing new varieties but should experiment themselves. Some of the best varieties of fruit were originated by farmers.

The proper mode of keeping rabbits from trees is to wrap a piece of screen wire around each tree. This will cost but a small sum per tree and will save a great deal of vexation and annoyance.

There is better health among roving fowls because they get the food which is best for digestion, and get the necessary grit to help the gizzard do its work. We should make this a study and profit by it.

Agricultural subjects are lectured upon in some of the English schools, and the result has been very satisfactory. Children are taught to read and learn of many matters connected with farming that are different from the practical teachings on the farm.