



LORD & LADY

BY *Anna Maynard*

CHAPTER XIX.

The fat has gone forth. Gladys, at twenty years of age, with the means of procuring every luxury and pleasure which money or the world can afford her, is condemned to give up everything and to lie on her back until such time as the medical men shall give her leave to rise.

Lord Mountcarron does not disguise the truth. Sir Francis Cardwell humanely withheld it from so young a creature, thinking it would be hard enough to bear when the repetition of disappointed hope and realized fear had made it patent to her.

But the Earl had no such weak scruples. Before the physician had gone an hour he has blurted out in his clumsy way, with the unnecessary addition, that now she has made a fool of herself, he hopes she is satisfied. Lady Mountcarron hears the news in utter silence. She is too unhappy just then to care what happens to her. If she is sorry at all, it is because she is not going to die at once. A lingering illness, she thinks, will keep Mountcarron away. He is not likely to trouble a sick-room with his presence. And Gladys lays her weary young head down on her pillows, and thinks that there is balm in Gilead. Of course, her people have to be written to. The Earl feels it is impossible to conceal the fact of his wife's illness from them any longer, but Gladys pleads to be allowed to send the news herself, and he leaves the task to her. She makes very light of it indeed. She has strained a muscle in her back from over-exertion, and the doctor has ordered her to keep to her sofa for a few weeks.

Her sister Winnifred has a newly-born little daughter and cannot leave home, and her darling dad is suffering from a slight attack of gout. She, therefore, begs her mother not to dream of leaving the two invalids for her sake, and it is finally settled that when General Fuller is able to travel, her parents shall spend a few weeks with her at Carrony.

So the girl lies on her sofa, white as the snow that is falling outside her windows, and with a constant headache that nothing will allay. Each day her maid brings her a bouquet of flowers that has been left for her at the door. Sometimes it is a cluster of early snowdrops—sometimes a bunch of rich, fragrant violets, or a few sprays of rose-tinted cyclamens—but it is always accompanied by the same message: "Mr. Brooke's love, my lady, and would like to know how your ladyship feels to-day." And the answer that goes back is always the same: "My kind regards, Parsons, and I am just the same."

But Parsons sees and understands the vivid blush that mounts to her mistress's pale cheeks as she takes the blossoms, though she never witnesses the hot tears which Gladys sheds over them, nor hears the rebellious cry that goes up from her heart. "Oh, my darling, my own, own darling, the only thing I valued in this world. Why have you ceased to love me?"

Lady Renton comes to see her frequently, but she visits generally leaving Gladys worse instead of better. She means well, but she holds the old-fashioned notion that the best way to expurgate an unkind heart is to stamp upon it, never mind if the heart that cherishes it breaks in the process. She pities Gladys and Jemmie from the bottom of her soul—pities them for the sorrow as well as the sin—and she thinks the kindest thing she can do is to cure them both, as soon as she can, of their unfortunate attachment. So she will not give Lady Mountcarron the poor satisfaction of thinking that her lover shares her regret, but mentions Jemmie always in a jaunty and off-hand manner, as if he were perfectly free from care. Among other things she tells her that her brother ought to get married and that Miss Temple was coming home with her father next month.

One day, about a week after the doctor's orders have been issued, the bouquet of flowers—Christmas roses this time, with their pure white waxen petals and hearts of gold—is accompanied by a different message. "Mr. Brooke's love, my lady, and if you feel well enough he would be glad to see you for a few minutes this afternoon."

Gladys's answer is a purely feminine one. "Oh, Parsons!" she exclaims, "how does my hair look?"

"Beautiful, my lady. It couldn't look nicer. Here, let me put this white wrap over your feet, and give you a clean handkerchief. There, now, I'm sure you are a perfect picture. And, is Mr. Brooke to be shown up, my lady?"

"Oh, yes, if he wishes it. And, it's about time for your tea, isn't it, Parsons?"

"Yes, my lady; and with your leave I'll take it while Mr. Brooke is here," replies the maid discreetly. In another minute she ushers Jemmie into the room, and they are together again. Gladys does not raise her eyes from the contemplation of her Christmas roses. She knows he is standing beside her sofa, but she dare not look at him. It is not till he has drawn a chair toward her, and sat down, and taken her hand, and said in a low voice "Gladys," that two tears stealing down her pale cheeks, betoken that she is aware of his presence. It is the first time they have met since the interview in the library.

"Well, you see what I've come to, Jemmie," she answers, trying to speak lightly. "Condemned to be here for the rest of my natural existence. A pleasant prospect, isn't it, to know that everything in life is over at twenty years of age?"

know better. Mountcarron told me exactly what the doctor said—that there is decided mischief in my spine, and though I have youth in my favor, it is a very serious case. I know what that means, Jemmie. A life spent on this sofa until death releases me. Oh! how I wish it could come to-day!" she exclaims, sobbing.

"Gladys, Gladys, do you know how you are distressing me?"

"It won't be for long. You will soon get over it. Elinor said the other day that you must marry; that you owed it to your family to do so—and I say so, too. For you will be the Earl of Mountcarron some day, Jemmie! there is no doubt of that, and your children after you."

He does not answer—he is too distressed to speak—and she goes on rapidly: "I am glad you came up this afternoon. I want to tell you that I see now that what you said the last time we met is quite right. It was madness! It is a very good thing it was prevented. Fancy, if I had been on your hands at this moment, how you would have hated me!"

"I could never hate you under any circumstances, Gladys."

He is fighting with himself as the gladiators of old fought for their lives in the Roman arena, and at each word he utters his life-blood seems to ooze from him drop by drop. He wants to say so much; but he dares not give the rein to his desires. He cannot tell where they will carry him, of what folly he may not be suffering, urged on by the sight of this pale, suffering girl, whom he loves better than his life. And so his words sound cold to her, and because he has not denied the possibility of his marrying, and begetting heirs for the earldom, she thinks he acquiesces in what she says about it.

"What was Mountcarron thinking of to tell you Sir Francis's opinion?" he goes on presently. "You must know, Gladys, that these doctors always make the very worst of a case in order that they may gain the greater credit for curing it. It is part of their trade."

"Did you imagine that Mountcarron was likely to spare my feelings, whether the report were true or false, Jemmie? Has he ever done so? I think he took a spiteful pleasure in blurring out the news to me. He had the politeness at the same time to call me a fool, and to say it was all my own fault."

"Gladys, you must not worry yourself about what he said. It is not true. Thank God your illness has been taken in time, and in a few months we shall have you running about again. I heard Sir Francis say so."

"Did you see him?" demands Gladys curiously.

"I have seen him."

"When he came down here?"

"No; I saw him in London."

"And did you go up on purpose?"

"What if I did, Gladys? Do you think I have not sufficient interest in you for that?"

"It was very good of you, Jemmie," she answers simply, but she still thinks his manner very cool to what it used to be. Mr. Brooke feels the difference that has crept into their intercourse as well as she does. He wants sorely to make her understand that he is still her friend and lover, though he dares not show it as of old; but he cannot devise a plan for doing so until Gladys herself paves the way for him.

CHAPTER XX.

"Elinor tells me," says Gladys, "that Miss Temple is coming home from India next month with her father."

"I believe so," he answers; "the Governor-General's time has expired, and Colonel Temple returns with the rest of the staff."

"And that you are going up to meet her," continues Gladys, jealously.

"Did Nell say that? She must have dreamed it, for I never told her so."

"But you will spend the season in London."

"Yes; part of it, at all events. I missed the whole of last season, you may remember," he adds, with a sigh.

greatly, I could overhear her husband reproaching her for her tears, and telling her she wearies him."

"But a woman who is always crying would weary any man, Jemmie. It would weary you, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps so," he answers sighing. "I do not profess to be better or more heroic than other men, still it made me angry. The next thing that occurred was that the English ladies in the hotel were rude to my friend's wife, and she refused to appear at the public table."

"But what had she done to make them rude to her. She didn't cry at the dinner-table, did she?"

"Ah, Gladys! there are some circumstances under which women will be rude to one another, and the offended person can do nothing but submit. Cannot you guess the end of my story?"

"Indeed I cannot, unless—as I said before—she had committed some crime."

"She had committed the greatest crime of which a woman can be guilty in this world. Had she been a murderer—as you suggested—doubtless many would have been found ready to declare she was innocent or penitent, and had she been hung, she would have gone to the gallows with prayers holding her hands and reading prayers over her to the last. But for the offense she had committed no one will ever read prayers. The world says it is past praying for. They will send a red-hot murderer to heaven with a text on his lips, but for a woman who loves too much there is no mercy."

Gladys understands now, and reddens to the roots of her hair.

"Wasn't she married?" she whispers. Jemmie shakes his head.

"Her husband—I always looked upon him as her husband—told me the whole story. He had run away with her. She was a married woman—the wife of an influential county magistrate and landowner—and she had been miserable ever since. All his love couldn't make her happy. She had been accustomed to the esteem and respect of society, and the loss of it had broken her heart. I don't believe myself that the poor woman will live long. She was wasted to a shadow when I last saw her."

He waits for Gladys to say something, but her lips are fast closed, and she will not speak. Presently he continues: "Oh, Gladys! when I used to see her frightened, hunted look, and listen to her tears—I am not a religious man, you know that—but I used to thank heaven from the bottom of my heart, she was not you. It would have killed me to see you in such a position. I should have blown out your brains and my own."

Still she makes no remark upon what he says.

"Is it not a sad story, Gladys? Cannot you picture her tears, her misery, her despair? Speak, dear! You would have felt for her as I did, would you not?"

"Perhaps! She had not run away with you."

The logic of love. How weak, and yet how strong! It completely shuts her out here up. He feels that he has nothing more to say.

"Was the man miserable, as well as the woman?" demands Gladys presently.

Jemmie does not at once perceive the drift of the inquiry.

"Very miserable," he replies eagerly. "I think the sight of her tears must have driven him half wild, for he was scarcely ever at home. He used to wander about the town all day, and played at cards, or billiards, in the evening. I scarcely ever saw them together after we landed, except at meals. I suppose the thought of what he had done tortured him, and her presence was a continual reproach."

"Just like a man," remarks Gladys, sententially. "Doubtless, he was already sick and tired of her. They usually are after a month."

"It is the curse that follows an unlawful attachment," says Jemmie, softly. "Nonsense. It is the nature of men. They get just as tired of their wives as they do of their mistresses. For my part I wish to heaven I had never seen one of them."

"Does that mean you wish me to go?" asks Mr. Brooke, rising.

concludes, and turning from her, rushes out of the door and down the staircase. "How she trips me," he thinks, as he wipes the drops from his brow. "When shall I ever be brave enough to stand in her presence and not remember what she might have been to me?"

While Lady Mountcarron is sobbing on her pillow and saying: "Oh! he doesn't love me any longer. He has forgotten me. I can see it so plainly. He said his duty to others forbade his kissing me. Oh, heavens! what others, unless it is that odious Miss Temple. I understand it all now! Elinor was right. He is going to marry her, and I—Oh, how I wish I could die, and forget him and everything for evermore."

(To be continued.)

Literary Agriculture.

A literary woman who has a farm in New England, and who has derived much more revenue from her humorous accounts in print of her attempts at agriculture than she has from the soil, was recently visited by a practical farmer. She took him out to see her garden.

He was somewhat astonished to see the whole tract heavily overgrown with weeds.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I don't see how you can tell the vegetables from the weeds!"

"Easiest thing in the world," said the literary farmer. "I have a method of my own, and I think it is destined to work a revolution in gardening methods. Come around here, please."

She led the visitor out into the vegetable beds and there showed him a lot of struggling and pallid plants, each one of which was tied about with a little strip of white cotton cloth.

"There," she said, "instead of taking the trouble to weed these beds continually, I just tie the white strips of cloth around the vegetables. They distinguish the vegetables from the weeds every time, and save a great deal of labor."

This lady had a Holstein calf given her by a neighbor. She was very fond and proud of it. One day she heard that the State cattle inspector was at the farm below, examining cattle for symptoms of tuberculosis. The possibility of the test being applied to her pet calf was something she could not endure the thought of, so she put a halter on the little animal and led it off into the depths of the woods.

There she sat all day with the calf, almost devoured by mosquitoes, but happy in the confidence that the inspector could never find her precious pet there. Nor did she emerge until she was sure that the inspector was out of the neighborhood.

Author and President.

All the testimony in regard to Hawthorne is that he was not only shy, but very reserved. Frank Preston Stearns says that on the occasion of Hawthorne's last visit to the Isles of Shoals, in company with his friend, ex-President Pierce, there was also a party of New Hampshire business men who tried to make his acquaintance, but without much success. Their after comments were very amusing.

"Nathaniel Hawthorne is a very reserved man," said one. "There's Franklin Pierce, he's been President of the United States, yet any one could go up and speak to him. We found Hawthorne very different."

This conversation was repeated to Hawthorne's acquaintances at the Shoals, and the poet Whittier was among those who laughed heartily.

"Reserved is no word for it," said Mrs. Thaxter, and Whittier added, in words which not only seemed to describe the case, but were in themselves epigrammatic:

"Hawthorne was a strange puzzle. I never felt quite sure whether I knew him or not. He never seemed to be doing anything, and yet he never liked to be disturbed at it."

A Give-Away.

Wife (at breakfast)—Oh, John! I'll bet I know whom you gave your seat to coming home in the car last night.

John (who had been out all night baying a quiet little game with the boys)—Oh, don't be so foolish. How could you ever guess? Are you a mind reader? I don't believe I gave my seat up at all.

A VEGETABLE GARDEN

BEST LOCATION IS ON HIGH LAND FACING THE SOUTH.

Directions as to the Proper Fertilizers to Use—It is Best to Grind the Corn for Stock—The Farmer's Tool Chest.

Mellow Soil is Necessary.

The ground for the garden should face the south or southwest, and should be high and dry land. If the ground is low and flat, it should be drained. The best garden soil is a sandy loam for the early vegetables, and a clay loam for the mid-summer and late fall vegetables. Sandy lands are easy to work, have fewer weeds, and are quickly warmed up; but they quickly lose fertility and suffer badly from drought. Such lands can be greatly improved by spreading a thin coat of clay over the ground in the fall, and by keeping the soil covered with a crop of rye, to be plowed down early in the spring. By following this system for a few years, the ground can be deepened every fall about half an inch, and the rye will furnish a good part of the vegetable matter that will be needed in growing the crops. After such crops are filled with vegetable matter, the fertility of the soil can be maintained by a yearly application of 500 pounds of dissolved bone and 400 pounds of kainit spread to the acre. The bone should be used in the drill, and the kainit spread broadcast in November.

Clay loams are particularly suited to growing late peas, cabbage, tomatoes, pole beans, and all the root crops. Ground that has never been in garden should first have an inch coat of long manure spread over the soil. The early fall is best. If the work is delayed until spring, have the manure well rotted. The manure should be plowed down with a strong team of horses, plowing the land at least six inches in depth. Let the ground be well harrowed both ways, and after each harrowing give the land a good rolling. The secret of profitable vegetable culture is in having a deep, rich, mellow soil, planting the crops that suit that soil, and climate, putting the seed in at the right time, with the proper quantity of manure, and giving frequent and thorough culture.

Grind the Corn for Stock.

Grind corn is more easily, and much better, digested than whole corn. Where the corn is grown on the place, and most of it is to be fed out at the barn, it will pay to buy a good horse-power mill. The steel sweep mills that can be had for \$50 will grind two thousand bushels of ear corn with one set of plates. With two heavy horses fourteen bushels of ear corn can be ground per hour. If the corn is sent to the mill, half the day is lost going and coming, and the grinding has to be paid for in addition. The same time spent in going to and from the mill would do the grinding. Where twenty cows and young stock are wintered, and corn commands \$1.40 per barrel, it will pay to grind the corn and mix it with bran. Better feeding results can be had, and the full value of the corn and bran will be utilized by whatever stock to which it may be fed, and a far richer manure made from the stock so fed.

Some of the small dairymen slice their ear corn, and then boil it for several hours; it is then mixed with mill-feed and cut hay and thrown into a heap to ferment for a few hours before feeding. The grain and cob is made quite soft, and is very palatable to the stock. The corn and the water that it is boiled in being mixed with the hay and mill-feed is easy of digestion, and there is scarcely any waste. Those farmers far from a mill, and having a mill of their own, will find this method of preparing their ear corn a very safe one.

Farmer's Tool Chest.

No good farmer, especially among the younger ones, should do without a suitable work bench, furnished with the common kind of tools most wanted for use. Have a place for these where work can readily be done as wanted. Have a supply of hardwood sawed in different dimensions for whittiness, eveners or many other things that will be wanted in the way of repairs or otherwise. Have also receptacles for nails of different sizes, as well as for screws and bolts. These are all cheap, are often wanted on the instant, and, if at hand, will save vexation and expense. A supply of copper wire, rivets, clout nails or tacks should be kept constantly on hand, and will be found of great convenience. A combined anvil and vise, weighing forty pounds, can—or could once—be bought for \$5, and will be found one of the handiest appliances in the shop. Thus equipped at little cost, the farmer will be able to do many small jobs that will effect a considerable saving in time, travel and money that would, necessarily, otherwise be incurred. Besides this, the moral and educational effect upon the boys on the farm will be of a beneficial kind and should never be lost sight of.

Well Off.

She—Are a majority of cyclists people of means?

He—I don't know if they all are, but I saw a woman and man sitting in the road at the bottom of a hill and a tandem bicycle lying broken some yards away, and I think any one would have been right in saying they were well off.

Fit for Fat.

"They say your father used to drive a mule."

"Who told you so?"

"One of my ancestors."

"Just what I expected. I always told father that mule was smart enough to talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Farmers'.

Office Boy—I would like to go to my grandmother's funeral this afternoon.

Employer—If Bussie were going to pitch I'd go myself.—Town Topics.

wilted, then rake, leaving it in the windrow a couple of days, when it will be ready to shock and use. If not wanted until late in the winter or spring it may be stacked after it has stood in the shock for six or eight weeks.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Tamworth Hog.

This British breed has been coming forward rapidly the past two years. The agricultural papers cry that scrubs must go, and they ought to, but what breed of swine will be put in their place? The majority of farmers want a breed which will develop rapidly, and will raise with little care more pork in a brief time, with less feed, than the present standard breeds. I believe that comes between the fancy breeds and the scrubs lies a large field, which is claimed for the Tamworth hogs. They are red in color, have long, straight bodies, well sprung ribs, full neck, full jaw, are wide between the eyes, have good backs, good hams, good bone and stand straight on their feet. With ordinary care they are quick growth, can be fattened at any age, and reach large size, if kept to maturity, at nine or ten months. They are very vigorous, always ship well, and will rough it better in any kind of weather than any other known breeds.—Agriculturist.

An Electric Farm.

A farmer in Germany does all his work by electric power. A small brook furnishes all of the power needed to run the dynamo, which, in turn, drive all of his farm machinery, pump his water, and light his house and out-buildings. Every operation for which steam or horse-power was formerly used is now performed as well, or better, by this electric plant, which has also the advantage of being always ready for any call upon it. The brook is dammed, and, with a six-foot fall, drives an eighteen-horse-power turbine, the prime mover in the circuit of machinery.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Black Walnuts for Fowls.

Take a hammer and mash up a bucketful of black walnuts, throw them in the poultry yard and you will see the fowls leave any other food to get at the walnuts. A bushel of these walnuts—in the hull—is worth as much as, or more than, a bushel of oats for poultry food, yet the farmer will allow twenty-five bushels of them to wash away down the hollows and at harvest will "skin around" among the briars and bushes to get the last head of his oats crop.—Portland Transcript.

Kaffir Corn.

Indian corn has a foreign cousin that is coming to the front rapidly in the West—Kaffir corn. Over a hundred thousand acres will be garnered this year in Kansas—twice the average of last year. It grows where the old variety will not, and is sure to make a crop if it has half a chance. It makes fine feed, and the cattle are fattened on it as easily as on the Indian maize. It bids fair to help revolutionize the farming of the semi-arid region. And it strengthens the power of the principal ruler—strength-giving, prosperity-bringing King Corn.

Shelter for Pigs.

The Kansas experiment station has been experimenting with hogs sheltered and without shelter. The sheltered hogs made a gain of one pound of flesh for every five pounds of corn fed, but the unsheltered hogs made no gain at all. The station also refers to the necessity of having shelter in summer, as the animals suffer as well from too much heat as from too much cold.—Agriculturist.

Odds and Ends.

Sprinkle corn liberally with salt, as it is put into the stove or furnace; it will burn more evenly, last longer, and there will be fewer clinkers.

To clean a sewing machine, cover all the bearings with kerosene, run the machine rapidly a few minutes, then with a soft cloth remove all the kerosene and apply machine oil.

Use a candle in a sickroom in place of the kerosene lamp, which emits a disagreeable odor when turned low. A small, steady light may be secured by placing finely powdered salt on the wick until the charred part is reached.

Table cloths that show signs of "wearing through" near the center can be prepared for longer service by cutting several inches from one end, re-hemming and using the pieces cut off to put under any thing plates. These plates should then be darned with the ravelings saved when darning threads for open work or hemming.

To remove iron rust spots in the absence of sunshine, soap them well, place a wet cloth on a very hot iron; when the steam rises lay the spots on the cloth and immediately rub with a crystal of oxalic acid or a damp cloth dipped in powdered crystals. When the spots have disappeared, wash at once in several waters. Guard the acid well, as it is a deadly poison.

Where there is no bathroom and the bath must be taken in the bedroom a bathing rug will prove a great convenience. It should be about a yard and a half square. The upper side is made of Turkish toweling and the underside of heavy colored cotton flannel. The two are tied together here and there, the ties coming on the underside with colored linen floss. The edge can be simply bound with braid or worked around in buttonhole stitch with yarn, or a scallop can be crocheted.

Table linen of course should be hemmed by hand. A very satisfactory way is to fold as for ordinary hemming, then fold once more in such a manner that the edge of the hem comes against the body of the cloth, and then hem as if sewing an over-and-over seam. In this way the thread used in hemming lies the same way as those woven in the cloth, and hardly shows at all. A letter in old English or script can be worked in the corner of each napkin. It should be about an inch long and done with linen floss.