

WIFE OF A STORM

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Presently Marvel moved away to get through square dance with the duke, and half longing to join the gay dancing circle without; and Mrs. Verulam, finding herself alone, turned instantly, intent on giving her sister-in-law a good scolding for leaving Mrs. Scarlett.

Marvel, after dancing with other and younger people than the duke, had stopped short near a conservatory door to collect her breath and her thoughts. She was amazed at her own sensations. Only that morning she had looked with horror on the thought of being dragged from her dear seclusion to the warm light of society; yet now she was—yes, she could not deny it—enjoying herself intensely.

She had let herself go, as it were, and with all the ardor of youth was entering into her dances with a nerve, a delight, that lighted her lovely eyes and made her eyes smile more charming than when she entered the room an hour before.

She moved backward into the conservatory seat, and listened with an appreciative ear to the suggestion of her partner that he should go and get her an ice. He moved swiftly on his errand, and Marvel stepped a little further in to find some one whom to rest herself. A soft and downy couch attracted her eye. She went quickly toward it, but half way there she saw something that attracted her even more. This was a tall, dark young man with eager eyes who was leaning against a wall.

She saw him she started slightly but perceptibly. Where had she last seen him? What past picture did his presence conjure up?

Surely it was he who had been in the railway carriage with her on that eventful day when she had parted from her husband, and who, during the short time he had traveled with her, had been so courtaneously desirous of saving her from every small discomfort. An impulsive desire to speak to him was strong within her, but she controlled it—why, she hardly knew—and with a rather nervous bearing she seated herself upon the lounge chair that had first looked at her. As she did so her feet fell from her fingers and rattled upon the stone flooring. The young man came forward swiftly yet leisurely, picked it up, and with a low bow presented it to her. As she took it their eyes met, and there was so much humble entreaty, mingled with so flattering a deference in his whole air that Marvel gave room to the natural graciousness within her, and determined at all risks to give him a gentle word.

"Thank you; it is not the first service you have done me, I think," she said, very shyly and sweetly.

His whole manner changed at once, and the dark beauty of his face brightened with a smile.

"How good of you," he exclaimed, softly, yet eagerly, "to remember—to acknowledge me! It is more than I dared hope for. I have dreamed of such a moment as this in all the past measureless years; but how seldom dreams so bright are realized!"

"I wonder you remembered me," she said, smiling at him, though still somewhat shy in look and tone. "They tell me this last year has greatly changed me."

"They tell you true, yet I should have known you anywhere. You are changed in so far that—"

"He hesitated, as if finding a difficulty in going on with those large, limpid eyes fixed on his; a florid compliment to the owner of those clear orbs would be almost a cruelty. "You are staying here?" he asked, with some abruptness.

"Yes—for a time, at least. Mrs. Verulam is my cousin"—by marriage she did not say; she never thought of her in that way.

"And my very good friend. We have known each other for years, as my home is only two miles from this. If you ask her about me"—smiling—"she will vouch for me."

"Not if I do not give her your name. You see"—with a swift glance—"I can't give it to her, because I don't yet know it."

"A thousand pardons," said he. "My name is Savage."

"Mr. Savage?"

"Yes; I've a father still somewhere," he said, carelessly.

She was a little shocked by his tone, which contained a sneer, and she wondered vaguely if he wished his father dead because of the title he would evidently inherit, or if he and his father were on such bad terms that no love was to be felt or expressed between them. Oh, if only she had had a father! Instinctively she raised her hand and felt for the battered locket she always wore hidden in her bosom, and wondered in a vague, and manner if such a tender name could be given by her to the handsome one within it. Lost in this waking dream, she half forgot the man beside her until a direct question from him recalled her to the present.

"I can recollect how sorry you were to leave your friend that day," he was saying, with deliberate intent to learn. "He was a friend?"

"Lord Wriothley is my husband," replied she, with a certain gentle dignity, though her face grew white.

Savage dashed at her, fearful of all questions. Her husband? She was married—this innocent-eyed child! Good heavens, what a blank ending to as real a romance as was ever conceived! A sense of general loss oppressed him for some deadly moment, and then he knew he would have to remain himself, and take things as they were, not as they would have been if he had had the regulating of circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

It was very late that night—or rather early in the morning when Mrs. Verulam passed down the door of Marvel's room, and, with a soft little cough, entered it.

"Not in bed yet, I hope? No? Then I am in luck. I have so much to think about that I really cannot do it all by myself, and so I have come to you. I was afraid I should find you in the middle of your beauty sleep—not that you want it; you should make over such necessary things to those who really require them—a sort of national benefactor. I tried my best to come sooner, sparing neither hints nor yawns. Why, you are not undressed!" said Mrs. Verulam, suddenly. "What have you been thinking about? Now that I look at you, I can see that you have been at your dreams again. I wish you wouldn't. I know he isn't worth it."

"I haven't been thinking so much of Fulke," said Marvel, mournfully, "as of Mrs. Scarlett. Cissy," she said, "Mrs. Scarlett hates me!" Cissy laughed.

"Well, what did you expect?" she said. "You should have been prepared for that." "But why? What have I done to her? Do you know—it is foolish perhaps—but I can't bear people to dislike me; and no one has ever hated me before—at least I—I hope—I think not."

"You have committed the unpardonable sin—you have outshone her. That for one thing; and for another—" She checked herself. "You see, Mrs. Scarlett has been for too long the acknowledged beauty of our world to look with loving eyes upon a rival. Years do not always bring sense; and you have supplanted her; and once there was a flirtation between her and Wriothley."

"Once! How long ago?"

"Oh, quite a long while now!"

"I beseech you to tell me no lies!" cried Marvel, rising to her feet, and pushing back her chair. "I can bear it whatever it is. I am no child, no fool, and to be trifled with is not to be endured. Tell me all. By 'once' you mean that—that is how that woman who he married me?"

She looked so pale, so determined, that Mrs. Verulam gave in.

"That is the truth," she said, in a low tone.

"Not a word—not just yet," breathed Marvel, raising her hand as if to enjoin silence. She moved to the window, and, flinging it wide, as one might who was suffocating, she leaned out into the velvet darkness beyond.

She leaned against the window, and, tightening one hand upon the other, strove to restrain the wild rebellion against her fate which was oppressing her.

"So it was he he loved," she said at last, turning back to Mrs. Verulam, who still sat in a stricken attitude upon the rug. "I knew—I guessed there was some one; but that it should be that one woman of all others!"

She began to walk rapidly up and down the room. She was dry-eyed, and she held her head high. There was a world of angry contempt upon her lips. She had taken it so altogether differently from what Mrs. Verulam had expected, who had anticipated tears and sobs and gentle misery of that sort, that the latter still sat on the white rug, not knowing exactly what to say or do.

"Still your story is not complete," said Marvel, turning to her sharply. "Where is that old man you spoke of? She is as yet only Mrs. Scarlett."

"He died. If, as I said before, revenge would comfort such as you, there it is ready to your hand. But you will extract nothing from it—I know you. Yes, on the very eve of the consummation of her proudest hopes death stepped in and shattered them. The old man was gathered to the fathers who had had simple time to forget him, and madame's chance of becoming a duchess was knocked on the head."

Marvel was scarcely listening. Her quaint habit of giving herself up to the moment and letting it carry her whither-soever it would had taken her now back to the yacht. Once more she stood in the saloon, and had caught up the paper on which he had lain prone some days before, heart-broken. Again she eagerly scanned its contents and saw the paragraph with the heading in huge letters: "Sudden death of the Duke of Dawtry." She knew all about it now quite well—no explanation could make it clearer. The old man was dead, and she was free; but he, Fulke, was tied and bound to one whom—

She raised both her hands and pushed back her hair from her forehead. Once again that terrible sense of suffocation was bearing down upon her. She would not endure it. She turned quickly to Cissy.

"Now no more!" said Marvel, with a strained smile. "We will forget it all, for a while at least; and whenever I am very unhappy about it, as you think I am now, I shall come to you for comfort."

Then she kissed Mrs. Verulam, and led her to the door, and stood there with a light held high above her head, smiling at that dainty matron as she sped swiftly and noiselessly up the corridor to her own room. She gained a corner, turned to wave her hand to Marvel, looking so pale and slim and ethereal in her shimmering robes, with the diamonds flashing here and there, and her eyes like stars, and then was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

There were a good many people certainly, but very few of them to be seen. Large white umbrellas of a prodigious growth hid most of them. The thermometer was at ninety in the shade, and all Mrs. Verulam's guests had given way beneath the abnormal heat, and were sitting or lying about in any available spot where a breeze might be expected.

Lady Wriothley stood in the entrance to the tent, clad in a severely simple gown of white linen, with a heavy gold band clasping the Mechlin frilling at her throat. The opening of the tent seemed to frame her in and make the picture, if possible, more perfect.

Mrs. Scarlett entered and said a gracious word or two to Marvel, and, as she moved toward her, her skirts rustled and she thought to roam once more among the

back, with its too earnest fidelity, all the sweet, dead past, with its hopes and beliefs, born only to be ruthlessly destroyed.

"And yet I should have thought that the Towers would have won the day in your esteem," said Mrs. Scarlett, in her soft voice. "It was there, was it not, that you were wooed and won?"

"It was there I was married," said Marvel, in the stony way she had acquired to hide her pain. Her color faded. She knew, with an agony disproportionate to the occasion, indeed, yet not to be repressed, that the elder woman was looking at her, and marking and exulting over the sorrowful confusion that was overpowering her. She would have given worlds to escape, but knew not how. She sat there silent, wretched, until a voice broke on her ears that was as music to her in the present distress.

"Lady Wriothley! What—buried alive in this stifling tent? Come forth, I pray you, and seek with me the sylvan shades and groves!"

What a kind voice it was! Had he guessed her extremely, and come to her aid? She raised her eyes, and returned the smile that Savage gave her with a little, and one of her own. She rose and went to him.

(To be continued.)



Cage for Dehorning. The National Stockman and Farmer describes and illustrates a cage for dehorning cattle as follows: Dimensions—Six feet long, 6 feet high, 3 1/2 feet wide at top in front and 4 1/2 feet wide at top at back end; bottom or footboard 1 foot wide, with 7 cleats 1 1/2 inches thick, 1 foot long, nailed across it to keep cattle from slipping; footboard 2 inches thick and rests on three 2x4-inch crosspieces 4 feet long. To these are bolted upright pieces 7 feet long and 2x4 inches for nallers for sides of cage. Across the top of cage are used two strips 1x4 inches for each set of uprights, bolted one on each side of upright. The inside of this frame is boarded up with lath pluck of convenient widths. The lower 2 1/2 feet should be close enough to prevent animals putting their feet through the cracks.

On left side, 3 1/2 feet from bottom.



DEHORNING CAGE.

should be used a board a foot wide and a foot longer than the cage. In this bore two inch holes four inches from sides of board. Through these put a piece of rope and tie on outside. This loop is put over the animal's nose and drawn tight by the use of a handspike. An upright lever is used to catch back of the head and draw it to the left side of cage. This upright should be a strong 2x4-inch, 9 feet long, bolted to bottom crosspiece near the right side, the upper end slipping back and forth between the crosspieces that hold the tops of the two front uprights in place. This lever is thrown to the right when open for the animal to enter. As soon as the head passes it is pushed to the left side and fastened as tight as required by a small iron pin slipped through the crosspieces at top back of it.

As soon as the head is fastened a handspike is slipped through the cage back of the animal and another over the neck to hold the head down.

Posses with Cloth Run. The distinctive feature of this henhouse is the portion built entirely of oilcloth. The frames are made so that they can be easily taken apart. They are merely tied together and tightly nailed to strong corner posts. This cloth run is excellent for chicks in



HENHOUSE WITH CLOTH RUN.

early spring. When they are a few weeks old a hole is made under the frame to let them out. Don't make the hole large enough for the older fowls or for cats. The main henhouse is 12x25 feet high, with slightly sloping roof. The cloth run is 12x25 feet high. The floor of the main house is raised two feet, allowing an extra run beneath for the chicks.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Use of Salt. Salt is a very useful, though humble, friend of the housekeeper, if she would but realize the fact. Damp salt will rub off the discolorations left in cups by the sediment of tea and coffee. Salt will set the dyes of black and colored articles, if a little be added to the water in which these are washed. Salt, mixed with lemon juice, removes the stains of ink, tar or paint from the hands. Salt and water, applied to basket and straw work, and rubbed in with a soft nail brush, is a most effective cleansing agent. Brass ornaments may be kept bright by rubbing them occasionally with salt and vinegar. Salt thrown upon the grate will soon put out a fire in the chimney. Salt, when added in proportion to whitewash, induces the latter to adhere firmly to any surface to which it may be applied.

Frequent Applications of Gypsum. Whenever the white, soft rock from which gypsum or land plaster is produced, it is ground during the winter in large amounts and sold at very low prices, often as cheap as \$2 to \$3 per ton. We have known farmers drive twelve to fifteen miles in winter for a load of land plaster, as it is usually

called. When it is thus plentiful and cheap, advantage is found in making two or three applications of it during the growing season to clover, peas and other broad-leaved plants. It is not good to apply to the small grains, especially if the season is wet. By increasing the dwarfing on the leaves it increases the liability of rust to attack them and thus injure the crop.—Exchange.

Clear Ice May Be Dangerous. One of the hardest things to convince most people of is that what looks to be clear, limpid ice may contain very dangerous impurities. One of the effects of freezing is to exclude such large and solid impurities as soil or other sediments. But this does not by any means guarantee that it is free from bacteria, which swarm in all impure water and are only made dormant by being frozen in ice. It is never safe to put ice in drinking water. If it is placed around a metal vessel which contains water it will cool it fit for drinking and with less waste of ice for the heat taken from the water than if the ice were put into it.

The Mortgage Crop. O. holy Moses! How it grew! I thought I'd try a bit To help us out, but fast I knew The farm was full of it. The rains may flood—the gales may toss, And droughts may burn the ground; Still that will smile and flourish there, And green the whole year round.

The trouble is to harvest it. I'd dig and pull and whack, Till everything but life would split, And then that would crack. But when at last I cleared the field, I said, "Be this an adage: 'We're ne'er so happy on our yield As when we raise a mortgage.'"

Barrel Hens' Nests. For a portable hen's nest, one that can be easily cleaned, and that is dark besides, I take an old nail keg, drive a small nail through the middle hoops in each stave to keep it from pulling down when very dry. Saw out two or three staves, between middle hoops, making a hole 6x8 inches. Place it in henhouse with hole next to wall, leaving room for hen to pass between it and the wall. Put in a little chaff or straw for nest, and some convenient cover over top to make it dark, and you have an ideal hen's nest.—J. P. McLusty, in Practical Farmer.

Cow Peas in Place of Corn. While the cow pea will not ripen in this section with any certainty, it is well worth growing as a fodder plant, either for summer soiling or to put in the silo. It is much richer in the nitrogen elements of plant food than corn, and it would be well if some cow peas were grown on every farm to put into the silo to balance the too carbonaceous corn ration as winter food for stock. The cow pea is so strongly nitrogenous that it heats too fast if not mixed with corn before it is put in the silo.—American Cultivator.

Rolling the Potato Ground. After potatoes are planted, the first thing to be done is to go over the ground with a farm roller. This will pack the soil above the set and enable it to make vigorous growth as soon as roots and shoots start. When potatoes are planted by hand, stepping on the hill after the seed is covered answers the same purpose as rolling. But the roller and the drag to roughen the soil may be used alternately until the potatoes are above the ground. Then the cultivator between the rows will best keep the field clear.

Round Tile Are Best. A round tile with a curved bottom can be washed clean with comparatively small amount of water. It is therefore much less likely to be clogged with dirt than a horsehoe tile which sits flat on the ground, with the ground itself for a bottom. In a wet time the horsehoe tile may sink in the soil, though it will not do this if it is put down deeply enough so that no frost can ever get down to it. To keep it below the frost line is, in fact, the best security for a drain, whether made of flat or round tile, or of stone.

Rotate the Crops. Some crops, like the grains, exhaust the humus in the soil. Other crops, like the clovers, replenish the humus in the soil. A good rotation of crops that takes out humus and puts back humus will keep the humus in fair supply and render the land suitable for cultural operations for all time to come, or for so long a time as the proper treatment is continued.

Banish Open Ditches. On some farms there is a great deal of land made idle by the big open drains that run through them. Not only so, but the sides of these ditches catch the seeds of all kinds of weeds and make a fine bed for their growth. After they are grown it is very difficult to banish the weeds. Therefore the best way is to banish the big ditches, making covered drains in their places.

Ducks Don't Need Water. Contrary to all former notions in regard to duck raising, the thousands and tens of thousands of Peking ducks that are annually marketed in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, from New Jersey to the coast of Maine, never saw water only in drinking troughs. They grow much faster when kept out of the water, and if fed properly will average at ten weeks of age ten pounds per pair.—Poultry.

Cost of Honey Comb. A pound of comb is said to cost the bee ten pounds of honey. This is the reason for always supplying comb foundation. It brings to the owner of bees double its cost in honey, besides securing straight combs, and doing away with an overproduction of drone combs.