

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville of the Court is not a pleasant woman. People are generally rather afraid of her, and, like many unpleasant people, she usually gets her own way. Her present idea is to marry her only son, Sebastian, to her niece, Barbara Saville, an arrangement perfectly agreeable to every one except Barbara herself—Barbara, with her rare, witching Irish beauty, the beauty of a fair skin and blue eyes, with very dark lashes and dark hair, a face at once charming and provoking.

But Barbara's sweet-out mouth is a little bit too firm for her aunt, and Sebastian has felt his cold blood grow warm beneath the disdainful smile of his cousin.

Sebastian is not a pleasant looking man—tall and dark, with a heavy, cynical face and eyes that look cruel.

In the whole of Leinster there is not such a pretty girl as Barbara Saville. She lives at the Court with her aunt, and has done so for several years. Lately Mrs. Saville has put on the screw a little, for Barbara is twenty, and it is time Sebastian married and settled down; but Barbara sits there pretty chin and tosses her dusky head, and says that to live at the Court all her life would kill her.

It is, indeed, a gloomy spot, falling into decay, surrounded by dark, neglected woods, and a dark, sullen river running through the park.

Mrs. Saville's husband has lived hard in his day, driven a coach with eight horses, and generally made havoc of his patrimony. Card playing ended what his eight horses had begun, and his only son, Sebastian, is a poor man. Barbara is an only child, too. Her father has an appointment in Tasmania, and Barbara is supposed to have a fortune. Mr. Saville had sent her home to be educated in England, and then to live at the Court, where the charming family arrangement of a marriage between the cousins was an open secret.

The time is November, when all day long the trees drip moisture, and the fields are soaking and sodden, while the long struggling street of Portraven is one sea of mud.

It is worse than usual today, for a cattle fair is going on, and the fair takes place in the street. The footpaths are crowded with cattle, and droves of panting, terrified sheep are huddled into groups. Young horses led by halters are being paraded up and down, and the footpaths being unavailable, pedestrians are forced to fight their way in the middle of the street, ankle deep in mud, amidst the confusion of carts and horses, and animals of all sorts and kinds.

Walking briskly through the crowd with an air of being thoroughly used to it, comes Barbara Saville, dressed in a short skirt of Donegal tweed, with a Norfolk jacket and a tweed cap on her dark hair. She carries a walking stick, and her bright face wears a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression as she looks at the hurrying crowd. She has reached the market square, and here the fair is at its height, and bargains are going on briskly. Barbara looks pityingly at the scared, timid cattle driven to and fro with such roughness. And strange contrast, just beside the drove of cattle, heedless of the turmoil around, stand a little group, a preacher, with uncovered head, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the heedless multitude. It is a strange scene, and Barbara's face grows thoughtful. The rough faces of toll-hardened men and women, the patient cattle standing by, and those most humble creatures the subdued donkeys, more used to blows than kindness.

Then through the crowd comes a young man, and he is head and shoulders over every one. His hair is gold—real gold—and waves in short, crisp waves. His fair moustache covers a sweet, firm mouth, and the eyes that look at Barbara's are purple as pansies, and full of light now as they meet the sudden, glad recognition in hers.

"Barbara," says the young giant, "what are you doing in this crowd?" Barbara's face is a study of pleased surprise.

"I only walked in from the Court to post my letter to father," she replies. And her dark eyes smile brightly as she holds out her hand to him. "I'll take care of you," returns George Bouverie; "these fellows are so rough you might get hurt."

And Barbara has no objection. Her eyes dance. What does it matter that the November sky is heavy and gray? There is sunshine in the two glad young hearts, and they laugh and they talk together, and make fun over their little adventures in the fair, like the pair of children they are.

They leave the town and walk together along the country road. Sudden leaves, brown and decaying, lie in little heaps. It is a day calculated to make any one depressed; but Barbara's cheeks are softly flushed; her eyes are like stars.

"Barbara, when may I speak to your aunt?"

George Bouverie's tone has grown serious suddenly, his face takes a tender expression.

Hers flushes crimson.

"Wait till I hear from father,

George," she whispers, "You don't know Aunt Julia—she would freeze me with a look; but if father says yes, then she can't say anything."

"But, my darling, how can I wait?" urges the young man. Barbara sighs. "Aunt Julia would write out horrid things to father," she says. And her fingers just touch the rough tweed sleeve beside her.

He laughs.

"Oh, yes; she could say a lot against me, I know, I am in debt, and of course that's against a fellow; and I did run a couple of horses at the Curragh, and lost a lot, too; and my dear old mother will go about pouring out her woes to Mrs. Saville, and making me out to be a black sheep; but I'm not that, Barbara. I've you to work for now, and I'll chuck the whole thing up. I'll have one more plunge, and then, if I win, and the luck's bound to come my way now, I'll pay up all round and marry you, my darling, with a clean page."

So hopefully he speaks, who could doubt him? Certainly not Barbara.

"You are my good angel, sweetheart," goes on the man, bending his fair head. "I know I've made a mess of my life; but it will be all different now. You won't mind being a poor man's life, will you, darling?"

"I shouldn't mind anything with you, George," she whispers, her beautiful face aglow with feeling.

"That's my brave little woman! I've not got much, you know, Barbara. The Grange comes to me at the mother's death, and she allows me two hundred a year. I wish now I had got a profession"—a wistful expression of regret softening his eyes as he speaks.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

Ah, what a story these simple words contain! George Bouverie is his mother's idol, and sorely she moans over her darling's shortcomings. Her views are not his views, and she regards with horror his increasing infatuation for horse racing, a taste that is a crime in the eyes of Mrs. Bouverie.

To please her, George sold his race-horse, but took to betting, a fact that need not be known to any one but himself.

Only to Barbara he has poured out his remorse and regrets over himself and his backslidings. To please her he will give up everything, and Barbara is content.

"I wish I could ask you in to lunch," she says naively, as they reach the gloomy entrance gates of the Court, heavily shadowed with giant cypress trees, and dank moss grows on the pillars and the stone griffins surmounting them.

George smiles. "Aunt Julia wouldn't be pleased to see me, I fancy," he says, looking down at her. "I know she wants that sour Sebastian to marry you—she told my mother so."

Their hands meet in a lingering pressure when Sebastian himself appears upon the scene, his face dark as night, his eyes furious.

"Morning, Bouverie," he begins, with a curt nod; and turns to Barbara. "My mother is looking for you, Barbara. Have you forgotten we have an engagement this afternoon?"

Barbara lifts her lovely eyes with unconcealed scorn.

"My dear Sebastian, you know I told your mother I could not stand a 10-mile drive to drink tepid tea at Lady Barry's. Not even your company, Sebastian, could compensate for such an infliction."

Sebastian Saville may and does hate young Bouverie; but the instincts of hospitality cannot be ignored.

"Won't you come in and have a bit of lunch, Bouverie?" he says. And George, who realizes that it means another hour of Barbara's society, accepts.

Together the three walk up the long avenue, where gnarled oaks meet overhead, and in the woods at either side the moss grows deep and soft.

George swings along with his springy step, and Sebastian looks with envy at the young man's splendid figure. He is tall himself, too, but awkward, and his face is forbidding.

Barbara walks between the two men, and Sebastian notices the heightened color in her cheeks, the radiant light in her eyes. She does not know that he can read her secret in her face, and the knowledge fills him with anger. Barbara is to be his wife; no idle flirtation must come between them; she is to be all his. Her beauty pleases him, and he knows what Barbara is ignorant of—that she will be an heiress.

Barbara's father wished her to be brought up simply, with no knowledge of the world's goods to fall to her lot. So whatever George Bouverie may possess in the way of faults, he is no fortune hunter—he loves Barbara for her own self.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Saville is a peculiar looking woman. She is seated in the long drawing room when Barbara enters with her two cavaliers, and she greets George rather coldly, turning immediately to Barbara.

"You are late, dear. You must dress

immediately after luncheon; it is such a long drive to Barrystown."

"Need I go?" asks Barbara, looking bored.

"My dear, I wish it," Mrs. Saville says decidedly, and turns to George. "How is your dear mother? She looked but poorly, latterly."

"I think she is all right," George replies, standing on the faded hearth rug in his careless grace.

Altogether the Court and its inmates are gloomy—all except Barbara, whose clear young voice rings through the rooms.

Luncheon is announced, and Mrs. Saville rises and puts her jeweled hand on the arm of George Bouverie.

"You and I will lead the way," she says, with a slow, unpleasant smile. "Those two young people like to take care of each other."

As they pass across the great vaulted stone hall Mrs. Saville looks up at the golden-haired young man at her side and whispers:

"You must not covet forbidden fruit, Mr. Bouverie; and I think, for your own sake, it would be well not to come too often to the Court. Your mother knows my wishes for Barbara."

The blood surges to the very roots of his hair.

"I understand you, Mrs. Saville," he says in a very low voice; "but has not Barbara a right to choose?" There is a passionate pride in the whispered words.

"Barbara must be kept out of temptation," Mrs. Saville rejoins as they enter the dining room.

But George Bouverie's eyes are full of triumph, for has not Barbara made her choice already? He flashes a glance at her as they take their places, and Barbara's shy, lovely eyes meet his for a brief second.

Everything at the Court is damp and mouldy. The great dining room has the atmosphere of a vault. A very small fire burns in the grate, and a seedy-looking butler shambles round the table with his satellite, a beardless youth imported from the stables, breathing hard and walking round on tiptoe with awful and elaborate carefulness.

The dining table is large; but the very little on it—an alarming expanse of tablecloth and not much else. Sebastian, fixing his eyeglass firmly, gravely carves a minute portion off a joint, so small it will hardly go round. The butler very carefully pours out a very minute portion of sherry into George Bouverie's glass, while the scared lad from the stables travels laboriously round with vegetables.

George does not care about luncheon, so the scantiness of the repast does not affect him. Barbara is sitting opposite, and he can feast his eyes on the beauty of her face; while Sebastian's unfriendly expression affects him not at all.

Luncheon over, Mrs. Saville makes an apology for deserting her guest, for the carriage has been ordered early, the drive to Barrystown is long.

"It will only be an revoir," George says gaily, "I promised my mother to take her to the Barry's affair this afternoon. A chrysanthemum show, I believe."

It is distinctly annoying, for this very handsome young man will completely monopolize Barbara.

"You will be rather late, Mr. Bouverie," responds Mrs. Saville icily.

"Oh, not at all," George says pleasantly; while, with a nod and smile, Barbara runs off to dress for the party. "I'll just hop across country and be at the Grange in half an hour," George says gaily. "I wouldn't disappoint the mother for the world."

(To be continued.)

A Third Eye.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; today a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position. In the dim past the ear flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists. Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organs. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

All a Mistake.

"Prisoner," said a Maryland Justice, "you have been found guilty of stealing a pig belonging to Col. Childers. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "I has, sah," answered the prisoner, as he rose up. "It's all a mistake, judge—all a mistake. I didn't dun reckon to steal from Kurnel Childers. What I was arter was a hawg belongin' to Majah Dawson, an' how dem two animals got mixed up and de constable found de meat in my cabin an' gwine to bodder me till I come out o' jail an' lick de ole woman fer not keepin' better watch at de doah!"—New York Tribune.

Want Favored Stations.

Army officers stationed in this country are all anxious to receive details to the military schools in the different states. Several of these details have been recently made. As they are all under the control of the president, it generally takes some little influence to obtain one.

Solomon was the wisest man. Who was the wisest woman?

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.

American Procris.

The scientific name is *Harrisima Americana*. The caterpillar is quite destructive to the foliage of the grapevine. The eggs are deposited in clusters of 20 or more. The caterpillars of the Procris do not scatter after leaving the eggs, but feed side by side on the under side of the leaf, their heads all directed towards the margin of the insect. These little black and yellow insects eat at first only the soft tissues of the foliage, leaving the fine network of veins untouched; but as they grow older and stronger all but the large veins are eaten. The



caterpillars reach their full size in August, and measure at that time about six-tenths of an inch.

The little moth is a bluish or greenish-black color. It has very narrow wings, which expand nearly an inch across, and flies during the warmest hours of the day, when it frequents flowers. Its flight is rather peculiar, and is quite slow and unsteady. Whenever this insect occurs in large numbers it becomes quite injurious, but as it leads a social life in its caterpillar state it can readily be destroyed by the use of arsenical poisons.

Benefit of Top Grafting.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of Wisconsin Roundup Institute.)

George J. Kellogg read a paper on top grafting, in which he said in part: I have probably 50 varieties now growing top-worked on different stock. Twenty of these varieties are on Duchess stock. I find Tetofsky worthless as a stock. Transcendent is a good stock, but I find that winter apples on this stock tend to early maturity of fruit. Many kinds are a success on transcendent crab, and I have great hopes of seedlings grown from this crab to give us roots that will better stand our dry winters. For successful top-grafting we must have vigorous stocks, and for this reason I have great faith in the Virginia and other strong growing crabs; for they get hold of the soil and get all there is in it. Virginia crab has particularly strong limbs, and is much the best of any I have seen. Shields' crab is the best one I have tried in the nursery, as one scion will form a top; but a Virginia crab, with a leader and four arms grafted is worth many times its cost for an orchard tree.

There is no limit to this top-grafting enterprise. I am told that in the orchard of Mr. Burbank in California there is one tree that has been grafted with 525 different varieties. What a sight that tree will be when it comes into bearing!

My success with pears and plums has not been as good as with apples. I have increased the productiveness of Mineer by grafting one-third of the top with DeSoto. I find no plum stocks equal to Americana; the Mariana is a failure.

There are a few pointers that lead to success in top-grafting. After the stock is established the sooner it is worked the better. If stout enough to hold the scion firmly, scions no larger than your finger are best. Avoid grafting limbs needing the saw. When top-working the Virginia crab the scions should be inserted not more than six to twelve inches from the body. The earlier in spring the grafting can be done the more successful it is likely to be, for if you wait till June the scions are likely to be a little off. But even in June, if the scions are in perfect condition, I have had 95 per cent of the grafts live, when they were on apples and pears. Plums and cherries, for best results, must be grafted before the frost is out. Liquid wax, applied warm, I consider best; and to protect from sun and keep off the birds, a piece of newspaper wound about the wax is a benefit. Some prefer waxed cloth, but in whatever way the wax is applied, it is of more importance than the setting of the scions. Scions may be cut in October or any time after that except when the wood is frozen. They may be cut in the spring when the buds are swollen, if immediately inserted. Great care is necessary to have the scions in perfect condition. Old trees are not profitable to top work, not even Duchess or Oldenberg, while Duchess may do fairly well when young to use as a stock.

Horticultural Observations.

It would be perhaps a good thing if our horticultural and other similar societies would give more attention to

ornamental gardening. It is one of the needs of our Western farm life. To surround a family with beauty frequently means to make them contented. Trees and flowers affect the character of those that live among them. If a care of such things is necessary in the East, where trees and plants naturally abound, it is the more necessary in the West, where homes have been established on plains that were once treeless and swept even now by drouth-breeding winds.

In planting trees in regions that have before been treeless many adverse conditions have to be overcome. In the first place the soil is covered with a sod, and this is not a promising condition for tree growth. The soil is not naturally in the condition where it will hold water, for it lacks humus. The best way to overcome these obstacles is to plant the trees close together, so that it will be impossible for grass to thrive in their shade. This of course does not include such trees as the cottonwood. In planting thickets it is advisable to get rid of the grass at the beginning and give the trees a fair chance.

In the effort to change bleakness into beauty the greatest ally is the tree. The tree is the easiest to establish because it can send down its roots long distances into the moist subsoil, and will exist when smaller plants perish with the drouth. The trees once established protect smaller plants that are afterward set out and become the sturdy barriers against destructive winds and withering heat. Trees, however, must be themselves protected and fostered till they have obtained a firm hold of the soil and have established the ability of appropriating the soil water.

It may not be generally known that heavy snows sometimes do great damage to planted groves of forest trees. At Fargo, the location of the North Dakota experiment station, the trees of the grove are protected by a row of willows ten rods to the north and running parallel with the grove. The snow drifts in the lee of the willow trees instead of in the grove.

Growing Pop Corn.

The demand for pop corn increases every year, yet the crop is never equal to the market, says Joel Shomaker in *Indiana Farmer*. Farmers do not consider the profits of this special crop or there would be more grown for supplying home demands. Pop corn requires about the same soil as that demanded by the sweet and field varieties. A sod or vegetable mould, containing more sand than clay and having previous clean culture is best adapted to corn growing. If plowed in the fall or winter and left to freeze until the spring weeds begin to grow before planting, the land will be in fine condition. This crop wants plant food like all others, but can get along with little nitrogen. An average fertilizer might contain about 8 per cent each of phosphoric acid and potash and perhaps 1 1/2 per cent to 2 per cent nitrogen; from 400 to 600 pounds per acre would be considered a fair application. Another popular fertilizer for corn is a mixture of about 350 pounds of fine ground bone and 100 pounds muriate of potash per acre broadcasted and well mixed with the soil before planting time.

Pop corn may be planted closer than any other varieties. His plan of planting is to make the furrows three feet apart and have the corn stand one stalk in a hill, 14 inches apart in the rows. If the corn is planted very early or late it will not suffer so much from the worms as the medium planted crops. Where irrigated, care must be taken in keeping the water from the stalks and not give the plants more than two periods of irrigating during the growing season. The poor ears can be fed to poultry with profit and the fodder is relished by the cows, sheep and horses.

Staggerbush.

This poisonous shrub is called also kill-lamb. It is a weak-limbed, deciduous shrub, two to four feet high,



FIG. 20.—Staggerbush (*Pteris mariana*), showing flowering branch, one-third natural size.

with thick, conspicuously veined leaves and showy clusters of tubular white flowers. It is frequent in low, damp soils near the coast, from Connecticut to Florida.

The farmer should be careful in purchasing nursery stock. One Nebraska farmer several years ago planted a large orchard of supposedly summer, fall and winter varieties of apples. When they came into bearing all the trees bore Hyslop crabs.

Grade Hogs.

Good grades are much more reliable breeders than are crosses and are to be preferred. The native stock has the vigor of constitution, which is always necessary, and has no inherited propensity to develop in any certain direction. When mated with a pure-blood, the result is usually an animal with the vigor of the native ancestor and the characteristics of the pure-blood parent shown in its better form and fattening qualities. Succeeding crosses in the same direction strengthen this tendency toward improvement. The great objection to "grading up" in this way is the fact that, no matter how fine specimens the animals may be, they can never be sold as pure-bloods, and an animal which is a grade will never sell for breeding at as high a price as will one which is of pure blood and entitled to registration. The man who intends to follow hog raising as a business, even if he does not keep more than a dozen animals, will find it both profitable and economical to buy a pair of pure-bloods, and then make his entire drove pure-bloods as soon as he can raise enough desirable animals. By buying a young boar and a sow already in pig by a boar not related to the one purchased, the boar can be used on the offspring of the pure-blood sow as well as upon the grades or natives in the herd, and in this way the pure-bloods can be increased so rapidly that there will soon be no need to keep the grades. The hog raiser should certainly use a pure-blood boar, and it will usually pay to buy a new one each year, so that in-breeding may be avoided. Pure-blood hogs are not necessarily expensive. They pay best in the end, and so are more profitable than either crosses or grades. Good animals, though not the best, of any of the standard breeds can be purchased for from \$5 to \$10 each when weaned, while young sows in pig can be bought for from \$10 to \$20. Of course older animals which show specially fine qualities will cost more, and their better qualities will often make them the more profitable in the end. Breeders who have established reputations as producers of exceptionally fine animals usually receive much higher prices than those named above, but often a man who raises hogs for production of pork only, and who does not care for a reputation as a breeder, will sell good breeding animals for little more than their pork value.—S. M. Tracy.

Look to the Varieties.

Too little attention is paid by most of our cultivators to the varieties of grain or other things they grow. They get hold of one or two varieties that seem to satisfy them and look no further. Yet in the varieties there are great differences of yields per acre. The farmer should give more attention to this matter. We might take as an illustration the experience of the Kansas Agricultural College with Kafir corn. For seven years they had grown the red Kafir corn and liked it. It gave a good crop each year. On the eighth, ninth and tenth years they, however, grew by the side of the red the black-hulled white. In 1896 the yield of red was 41 bushels to the acre, and of the black-hulled white 48 bushels, and in 1897 the yields were the same. In 1898 red yielded 28 bushels and the black-hulled white 33 bushels. As a result of these figures the college settled down to growing the black-hulled white. It was the wise thing to do. But would they ever have done it if they had not grown both varieties side by side and discovered the advantage of the one over the other? What is true in this case is true of all farm crops. We should grow only the most productive varieties, and that can be ascertained only by growing plots of several varieties of a kind. Thus, if a man is growing wheat, let him select a number of varieties that have done the best at our experiment stations and grow them in plots for years. In the meantime he can be growing the one that he believes to be most productive. The same applies to all other crops.

Give the Hog Comfort.

It pays to make the hog as comfortable as possible. Do not think because he has a thick hide—because he belongs to the order pachydermata—that therefore he will endure all kinds of weather and all kinds of treatment as to his comfort and still return a profit for his keeping. Some of us have come to regard the hog as a collector of all refuse and an endurer of all hardships. No matter how much lye there is in the dishwater, it is good enough for the hog. One would think that the hog had found a use for soap, the way it is sometimes fed to him. The dirty sty under the stable is not the place for a respectable hog. There is no reason to be surprised if hogs treated as some treat them take disease and die. Give the hog good feed and a clean abiding place. He will repay the cost with good interest.

It does not look as if there would be much room for the Boer farmers with their herds and flocks that some of the South African correspondents think will want to come to America. One railroad company, whose headquarters are in Omaha, reports land sales to cattle companies aggregating 207,583 acres. All these sales were made in January and represent tracts in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Nebraska.

In England, fifty years ago, as high as \$250 was frequently paid for a cochon cack.

Oxford sheep are adapted to strong land, and respond readily to high breedings.