

# INSTAR OF

BY ROBIN GREY

## CHAPTER XV.

It was midday by the time she reached the village, and being very faint she ventured into the quaint little inn and asked for a glass of milk. To eat seemed impossible, but the mistress of the inn, noticing the frail form and evidences of weariness, brought home-made bread and butter, and suggested that she had better keep up her strength. Little as she felt inclined for it, the food did her good, and when she had finished, the people directed her to Mr. Brandon's.

"Could you tell me," she asked timidly, "if Mr. Brandon is at home just now?"

The woman giggled, and looked at her daughter, who also giggled.

"No, he ain't," she said.

"He's got married," giggled the daughter.

"And he's gone for his wedding-trip," added the mother.

"Dear me!" said Marguerite, in astonishment.

"Yes, he's married the doctor's daughter. She was a deal too young and pretty for him; but her father, they do say, he made her. The old man's pretty well rolling in money."

"Yes—rolling in my money," inwardly thought Marguerite, as, inspired with fresh resolution, she paid her modest reckoning, and started onwards once more.

Full of thought, she walked rapidly forward, and hardly noticed where she was going, till suddenly she stopped with a start; for she was in a place which she remembered.

It was a large, level meadow, through which ran a stream, shaded by alders and fringed with river weeds.

stare her in the face. It took but a moment to conquer the feeling. Slowly she passed round the thick barrier of laurel, yew, and holly, and there flashed upon her sight the same picture which had presented itself that evening long ago; and her heart almost ceased to beat for an instant, and her mind was filled with a ghastly consciousness of delusion.

A man was leaning against the white pillar of the porch—a man with his arms folded and his head bowed; his whole attitude was expressive of the most hopeless and absolute dejection. He had not heard her footsteps; he remained perfectly motionless, but the girl reeled and staggered back a pace or two in a feeling of helpless terror. The man was there—it was the same man who stood there before—and yet it was the last man whom she would have expected to see.

It was Mr. Martineau!

The rush of ideas was too quick, too instantaneous to enable her to reason; she only fell back as if suddenly struck in the face, and, as it seemed, without her own volition a name spasmodically left her lips.

"Val!" she cried.

The short syllable appeared to ring out like a bell, so startling was the sound.

The man who heard it started; his eyes met those of Marguerite, and for some moments they remained so—each staring at the other with the terror of the first surprise written on their haggard faces. Through the girl's mind was stealing the awful conviction that this was no delusion, but a horrible reality—a thing that could not be rejected. Twice it seemed as if he



"BUT IT WAS I," HE SAID, TO MY EVERLASTING DEGRADATION."

A little rustic bridge crossed the stream; and in the distance, behind a clump of dark trees, a thin line of blue smoke went up, showing where the house lay.

Marguerite let herself into the meadow, and wandered across it like one in a dream. She went and stood on the bridge, and stared down at the clear water. Little incidents came crowding upon her memory. It was here she had sat so late, absorbed in her book, on the evening of her attempted escape. She remembered how she had watched the sun behind that very clump of trees; she recalled the splendor of the sky; she heard again the caw of the rooks as they flew home in long graceful lines, looking so densely black against the glowing sky; she almost felt the dampness of the dew on the pasture as her small feet threaded the misty meadow as she went homeward.

Yielding to the impulse of the moment, she left the bridge and went wandering on, making for a small white wicket, which appeared in the dark private hedge. Step by step she traversed the very way she had gone that evening when she saw her uncle's guest leaving against the porch. She would approach the house this way, not by the drive and front gate. Daniel Brandon was away—there was no one to say her nay.

The wicket creaked under her light touch. A deadly stillness reigned around. Was the watch dog dead, she wondered—the dog whose name she had so often tried to remember? In a path between high clipped walls of privet she paused.

"His name was 'Sultan,' of course," she said. "I remember it well enough."

Her heart beat with a strong agitation as she reached the end of the private walk. She knew she had but to turn the corner of that clump of flowering shrubs, and she should see the white columns of the heavy porch. Her steps faltered. For a moment she stopped and held her breath. A sort of superstitious fear seized her. She felt as if, once she turned that corner, the solution of her difficulties would

would speak—twice he made an unavailing movement towards her; then, with a despairing gesture he turned away, and covered his face with his hands.

Slowly, with compressed lips, Marguerite approached him. She went nearer and nearer; and at last, with a strong effort of will, laid a hand upon his arm.

He stared again, and raised his face, gazing at her with a look of dumb, despairing appeal.

"I wanted to see," she said, huskily, "if you were real, or whether you were a nightmare. You are real—you are a man—oh, most unmanly! Oh, coward! What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do?"

"You urged me to confess," said a hollow voice, "but I had not sufficient courage. I dared not tell you what a wretch I was; I could not bear to think of your eyes turned upon me with contempt for a deed so vile. Confession would have been terrible, but not so terrible as this, Marguerite—"

"Hold!" she said, shrinking from him with an air of disgust which made him wince. "Is this true? Is it really so, or are you and I both mad? Tell me—tell me—oh, don't say it! I have liked you so—trusted you so—don't say you are the wretch for whom I have been searching all this time!"

"I am the man who injured you," he said, huskily; "and would give my life to be able to deny it. See," he said, desperately, "I am at your mercy—say what you please to me; do as you like! Set me any penance; I swear to perform it. I loathe myself and my fault. Could a man's humiliation be more complete?"

"You!" she ejaculated, turning imploring, piteous eyes up to his. "You—oh, you!"

"It was worse than Caesar's 'Et tu, Brute!'"

Valdane was rallying his manhood. He had been terribly unnerved at the sight of her. Daily, since he parted from her in London, had he haunted the old house, head and heart filled on-ly with the thought of that one woman. To look up and behold her had

been to him only the realization of a daily dream. Now that the first feeling of horror and shame was over, and he stood so utterly condemned, it seemed as if, by comparison, those last few days had been full of radiant hope. It was over. What remained to him was the bitter humiliation of having to let Bernard Selwyn know of his wrong-doing, and his exile from Marguerite forever.

## CHAPTER XVI.

She had walked a few paces away from him; now she came back, and stood looking into his face.

"Oh, say you did not do it!" she cried.

"It would be useless to say so; you know I did it," he returned mournfully. "You remember me; I saw it in your eyes just now. You called me 'Val' as I taught you to do in those old days. I stand convicted. I ask for no mercy."

"Mercy! Did you show me mercy when I was helpless and in your power?" she cried, a burning blush creeping into her face. "Oh, to think of it all! To think of how you used to deceive me—of how I used to—"

She hid her cheeks with her hands.

He was blushing as deeply as she; but he struggled for self-control.

"Oh, Marguerite, you torture me!" he said, with a groan. "And you are not content that I am fallen so low? Listen—listen!—The other day you urged me to confess—to atone! It was not too late for some poor sort of atonement. I can set you free; and meanwhile—meanwhile"—faltering—"there is something I would tell you. Will you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered, weeping. "I will hear you. I do not want to be unmerciful."

She sat down in the porch seat. Valdane leaned against the pillar and bent over her.

"I should like to tell you here," he said, in a low tone—"here, where we first met. What I want to say is this—there is no need for you to punish me; my punishment has overtaken me already. The retribution is peculiarly just and fitting. The woman I wronged so is the woman I love. Do I insult you by those words? Hardly. Love is free to all. I love you as I never thought to love any woman—with a love which nothing can tear from my heart. Is that not punishment bitter enough—that the one woman I would make my wife should be the woman whose greatest sorrow is the shadow tie that binds her to myself."

She shuddered. There was a fire of passion in his voice which terrified and astonished her.

"See," he said, "when I break that tie—when that marriage of ours is dissolved, I break my heart, too! It is a poor sort of atonement. Such as it is, I lay it at your feet."

She could find no words in which to reply to him. A feeling of pity was stealing over her. She knew the bitterness of a love that was not returned.

"I would give worlds," she faltered presently, "for it to have been any one else but you. But—but—"

"But it was I," he said, "to my everlasting degradation."

There was silence, only broken by an occasional sob from Marguerite. A lark shot up into the sunny sky, and sang rapturously. The branches rustled softly in the breeze; and Valdane longed to prolong each minute that went by—the last minute he should spend with her. At last she stirred.

"I will go back again," she said. There were a few moments of hesitation; then with an effort she said, "Good-by."

The pain seemed too great to bear. He leaned imploringly over her as she sat.

## (To be continued.)

### CURED BY JEALOUSY.

How One Woman Was Made Well and Roxy.

It would never do to give any clew to the identity of the physician who conducts a private hospital and who has just successfully accomplished a new departure in medicine, says the San Francisco News Letter. One of the patients is a wealthy but ignorant woman, who has been for many years a confirmed hypochondriac and who has successively tried allopathy, homeopathy, hydropathy, osteopathy—in short everything pathic. The patience of her husband was finally exhausted, and he consented to enter into a conspiracy with the doctor to play upon his wife's jealousy. It was arranged that he should seem deeply smitten with a young widow, healthy, rosy and jolly, who is secretly engaged to be married to a Los Angeles. There was no question about the unhappy hypochondriac's jealousy. It blazed out in hysterical declaration that the pretty widow was waiting for her old shoes, but she vowed she would get better just to spite her supposed rival and to avenged upon her faithless husband. She has kept her word and is now certainly fair, fat and forty. But her doctor says she is an example of the jealousy cure.

### Taken Unawares.

Philadelphia North American: He—"You seem surprised that I have asked you to marry me." She—"Yes; I've been proceeding all along on the theory that you hadn't the courage to do such a thing."

### Why Not Then?

Philadelphia North American: Petey—"Say, pop"—Father—"Well, what now?" Petey—"If de pen is mightier 'an de sword, why don't dey give our fellers in de Filippines fountain pens?"

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

**London Butter and Cheese Trade.**  
The New Zealand Dairyman publishes the following:  
During the course of a brief visit to New Zealand this month Mr. Gerritsen, of the firm of Messrs. Oetjes and Gerritsen, favored us with some highly interesting points in regard to the London trade and matters generally affecting the industry.

Mr. Gerritsen confirms an opinion expressed to us on several occasions before—that the Danish butter is not the model we have to copy. On account of the intense system of farming carried on in Denmark, the consequent rich land and food produces a rich butter, which won't hold. Then the butter is dry worked, which also militates against its keeping properties. It goes off so quickly, Mr. Gerritsen says, that if it is held from one week to another it goes off in price at once. For this reason it is sent into the London market twice a week. The very best Danish, our readers will be interested to know, never competes against our own on the market as it is all snapped up by the margarine factories, who must have the very finest article for blending purposes. It is the second quality which goes to the market, selling practically on a par with colonial butter.

In answer to a question whether our butter was being sold under its true name or whether—as we have been told—it is being sold as Danish or other makes, Mr. Gerritsen says that there is a certain amount of truth in the statement. Some New Zealand butter has been shipped home in casks and had brought excellent prices, but the cask trade, he would remind shippers, was only a very small one and there was not much handled in London. It only sells well when Danish butter is scarce, for perhaps a week or two, and then goes more to Manchester and the North of England, where the bulk of the trade for Danish is carried on. London shop keepers are beginning to advertise colonial butter, exposing the boxes in their shop windows, and generally making what capital they can out of the British-colony sentiment. This has been mainly brought about by the keen competition on the London market.

Asked as to how our butter compared with Australian, Mr. Gerritsen said Australian was of a rather better quality, though there has been a great improvement noticeable in New Zealand butter during the last two years. Here, Mr. Gerritsen pointed out, we depend too much on the weather to help us, while in Australia they have been forced to use artificial means to control temperatures, thus securing a more uniform quality. The quality of Canadian butter, Mr. Gerritsen noticed, was good, while it was a very uniform article. Only small and irregular shipments were coming to London from the Argentine, the output from which place had not jumped ahead as was at first expected.

Mr. Gerritsen does not consider we are cutting the American cheese out, though our cheese is very good; the Canadian article is certainly a fine one. American cheese is not so good as it used to be, being generally acid cut. It is quite risky, Mr. Gerritsen finds, handling American cheese in July and August, but their June made cheese is very good and stands well.

Asked as to what he considered was necessary to secure improvement in our butter, he replied that cleanliness in every branch of dairying—from the cow to the finished article—should be the first principle, then came condition of cattle, purity of water supply both at farm and factory, scientific manufacture of the finished article and, a very important point, uniformity of quality, which, Mr. Gerritsen believes, can only be secured by pasteurization. Greater care was necessary, he thought, in receiving milk at the factories, and in order that the necessary improvement should be effected independent inspectors ought to be appointed. The condition of the milk as it was received at the factory was a matter that should receive the strictest attention.

Speaking of the far reaching effects of cattle drinking bad water, Mr. Gerritsen said he had noticed in Holland, where—owing to the very low-lying land—the surface water could not find an outlet, that great trouble had been caused by this stagnant water giving a bad flavor to the butter.

### Danish Egg Methods.

Viggo Schartz, the Danish expert in egg packing, was some time ago taken to Ireland by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society to teach Erin's sons how to pack eggs, says National Provisioner. The Danish method of sorting and packing the eggs is as follows: The eggs are brought to the packing houses, and there they are graded to six sizes—namely, from thirteen pounds to eighteen pounds per long hundred. It may be explained that eggs weighing two ounces each would scale at fifteen pounds per 120, and this is about the medium size. The men who are engaged in the work of packing have six boxes before them representing the different sizes. They use no board, as in France, and are simply guided by the eye. Each egg is judged as to which size it is nearest, and put into the box corresponding to the size. The system is simple, and so skillful do the experts become that when 120 eggs are taken out of the box as a test and put upon the scale they are rarely more than one ounce

out of the prescribed weight. If after the eggs are scaled they are much out, the packers have to re-sort them. The method of packing eggs considered the best is in wood wool, and it is an undoubted fact that eggs graded and packed in this way sent from Ireland, chiefly from the Mallow district, have been able to out-distance most successfully eggs from the continent.

### Blood Meal.

The use of blood meal as a poultry food has received much comment of late, but experience does not seem to be all one way. Recently the Farmers' Review asked some of its readers to give an expression of their opinions as to its value as a poultry food. From the replies received one is naturally of the impression that blood meal is not used very extensively as yet. We publish the following:

D. D. Gilman, Vermillion county, Illinois.—Blood meal is all right if not fed too heavily. Most people overlook the fact that it is very rich and therefore too much for good results.

E. A. Schiller, Dodge County, Wisconsin.—I have fed blood meal for the last three years and it has given me good satisfaction, especially for young growing stock, if used with judgment.

S. F. Flint, Peoria County, Illinois.—I have not used blood meal to any great extent, but what experience I have had with it impressed me favorably with it as a convenient and useful form of animal food for poultry.

### Plucking Geese.

I consider the gathering and saving of their feathers the largest part of the profit in raising geese. I like my geese to hatch out about the last of April. At that time I pick the ganders of the flock; the geese having lined their nests with feathers they are not in condition to be plucked. About the first of June the ganders are full-feathered again and the geese are ready too, as you will begin to find loose feathers where they stay over night. Then in about seven weeks the goslings are ready to be plucked with the old ones. Don't take the feathers off too bare, as the sun is hot at this season. By the last of September you will get a fine lot of good feathers again. If you keep the geese for the holiday market they are again ready in early November, but if the nights are cold drive them up and give them shelter. They will soon feather at this time of year, and at killing time you will get the finest crop of the year. Fasten them up in a stable having plenty of clean straw under them for half a day before you begin to pluck the feathers; then they will be dry and clean. Take a narrow strip of muslin, tie their feet together, lay them on their backs, tuck their wings under them, let an assistant take hold of the head, and as soon as they are done struggling take hold of the feathers and with a quick jerk toward the head the feathers come very easily. Do not disturb the ones under the wings along the thigh, as this tuft holds up the wing, and if plucked the wings will droop.—Correspondence of Farm Journal.

### Bloat in Sheep.

When sheep are first turned out on clover pasture, particularly if it is damp with rain or dew, or on rape, there is likely to be some trouble with bloating, and the first thing he knows the farmer may have fifteen or twenty sheep in a condition that demands immediate attention. Our manager was caught in that shape last year for the first time, says a contributor to Wallace's Farmer. He relieved about twelve out of fifteen by making a bit out of a limb of a tree, tying string to each end, pulling it as far back in the mouth as possible, and tying it tight over the sheep's head. It was not very comfortable for the sheep, but life is sweet even to a sheep and it can well afford to have a little unpleasant jaw exercise in order to relieve the stomach from a too luxurious banquet. It is a postprandial exercise which is not so pleasant to the ordinary sheep as it is to the after dinner orator bloated with viands which jaw exercise is needed to relieve, but after all it saves the sheep's life, and the end of the sheep being to live until its time comes and then to die to the profit of its owner, it is the thing to do. We do not know how puncturing as in the case of cattle would work, but if taken in time and done properly this will work, and we do not care to suggest any other method of relief at present, and the more so because we do not care to suggest anything to the busy farmer that he can not put into practice immediately.

Turkeys as Insect Destroyers.—The natural habit of the turkey is to feed largely upon insects of its own catching. We have many a time watched with much pleasure the advance of a flock of three or four old ones, and their flocks of young as they marched forward in line of battle, as is their custom, into a pasture or stubble field where the grasshoppers had come out in abundance. There was a beauty and a precision in their steady advance, and the perfection of their alignment, which was attractive to an old soldier, independent of the knowledge that his fields were being cleared of insect pests, and the hoppers being rapidly converted into turkey meat which would presently have a market value.—Ex.

### Does Agricultural Education Pay?

From Farmers' Review: The college dairy finds that it does. Before the 1st of April, 1899, the herdsman at the Kansas Agricultural College was a man with no special training along agricultural lines. He was a good man to do what he was told and to draw his salary, but there his interest ended. When asked how the recent snowstorm or change of feed affected the milk yield of his cows he didn't know, although he had weighed and recorded each milking. During this time the college was feeding four head of calves on skim-milk, and this herdsman made them gain at the rate of 33 pounds per month per head, or 1.3 pounds per day.

On the 1st of April a graduate of the college and a special student in dairying took up the work of herdsman. He is a man that is constantly on the alert for new developments. When milking a fresh cow he can scarcely wait until the milk is weighed in order to see if there is a gain or loss from previous milkings. When the calves are weighed he wants to know immediately how much they gained. With the same feeds at his command he made the four calves mentioned above gain an average of 53 pounds per head per month, or 1.3 pounds per day, an increase of 60 per cent. This was done by carefully watching the calves; the moment one of them began to scour he saw it, reduced the supply of milk, gave a little castor oil, and in various other ways sought to bring it back to normal condition. This was accomplished in about twenty-four hours, when the calf would keep on gaining at the rate of a pound and a half or two pounds per day.

Yet there are farmers who say that education don't pay, and that book learning is a farce. There is no profession in the universe that allows a greater display of intellect than farming, and nowhere is it needed more in order to increase the profits. The farmer is called upon to solve questions in soil physics, in chemistry, botany, entomology, bacteriology, veterinary science, mechanics—and in fact can call into play a knowledge of all the sciences and arts. To do this he must be educated. This education not only makes him a better farmer, but makes his work a pleasure. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the satisfaction that comes from seeing a plant, an insect, a bird or an animal of any kind, and to be able to name it, tell something of its life history, and especially to know of its economic value to the farmer. Such education helps the farmer to realize the dignity of his calling, and helps to place his profession in the front rank of the world's industries, where it belongs.

### Treatment of Run Down Pastures.

Experiments have been undertaken by Mr. Jared Smith of the department of agriculture at two points in Texas to determine the most practical and economical manner of treating natural pastures which have become largely run down through overstocking, so as to again cover them with native grasses or better species from other regions. Plats of pasture have been disked, dragged with an ordinary harrow and pastured alternately, allowing grasses a short period for recovery after each grazing, and compared with plats grazed in the ordinary way. During succeeding seasons experiments will be made with sowing alfalfa, sorghum, bokhara clover and other forage plants directly on the sod without further treatment than to keep the stock off during the first year. In order to be practicable, very inexpensive treatment must be employed. These treatments will be carried on at least three years, at the end of which time definite results are hoped for which will enable stockmen to decide the best method of restoring the pastures which are now generally depreciated.

### Commercial Fertilizers in Michigan.

—The use of commercial fertilizers is steadily increasing in the state. Considerable knowledge is required in order to buy just such ingredients as are lacking in the soil and as are best adapted for promoting growth in certain plants. Their use will of necessity be limited to the older portions of the state for some time to come. Many farmers throughout the state have found the use of these fertilizers profitable. It is a subject worthy of investigation, and many farmers would do well to conduct experiments of their own along this line. Careful work of this kind could be done with much profit at a slight cost. The per cent of farmers that use commercial fertilizers is, in the southern counties 10, in the central counties 4, in the northern counties 1, and for the state 7.—Michigan Crop Report.

A Big Pig.—What is said to be the largest pig ever raised was recently slaughtered in New York. The animal was a Jersey Red boar two and a half years old, weighing alive 1,609 pounds. The huge swine measured over nine feet from tip of its nose to the end of its tail. It measures two and a half feet across the loin, two and a half feet across the hams, and six feet in girth. This makes the hog three feet through. It is split at the shoulder, and to look into the carcass is like looking into the crevice of a cavern.—National Provisioner.

Vermont Horses.—For many years Vermont has taken a leading position in the breeding of fine horses. Who has not heard of her Morgans, her Highland Grays and her Blackhaws? Probably no more valuable strain of blood can be found in this country than the descendants of old Justin Morgan. Their usual lack of size is more than made up in quality.—Ex.

Everybody in Denmark, over nine years of age, can read and write.