

# Forsaking all Others

By AMELIA DUGHEMIN

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

He came into sight at last, as fine a specimen of young manhood as one would wish to see, with his tall, erect figure and hair and eyes as dark as Helen's own. As he lifted his cap and waved it in greeting Helen held the baby high above her head, that papa might see him, and stood smiling at her post until Harvey had entered the room and unfolded mother and child in his embrace. The little scene was enacted every day, but to neither had it lost its charm. They were ardent lovers still.

"I'll run up and get into my flannels, Nell, and we'll take a walk through the grounds," said Harvey, when the usual small questions had been asked and answered. "Saunders told me this morning he didn't like the appearance of the young plum trees, and I promised to go and look at them. Shall I send Mary for the boy?"

"No, thank you; I'll take him to the nursery myself. I must change my dress if we are to have a tramp," said Helen, with a glance at her trailing tea gown.

She enjoyed walking through the grounds with Harvey, and took an active interest in stock and crops. Before his marriage Gladys always accompanied him in these expeditions, but she never did so now. Helen claimed every moment of her husband's leisure; she considered him hers and hers alone; not even his mother had a claim upon him; and her open demonstration of the almost fierce love that found outlet in constant caresses even in the presence of a third party, made the better bred Gladys feel so decidedly in the way that she soon ceased to intrude upon the pair, to Helen's satisfaction and Harvey's secret relief; for few men care to have a witness to their matrimonial love making, particularly if that witness be a mother or a sister.

Strolling leisurely homeward, the wedded couple encountered Gladys just returning from her ride. She smilingly raised her whip to her hat in salute, and rode smartly toward the house. Harvey looked after her admiringly.

"By Jove! I believe the mater grows lovelier every day," he exclaimed. "And how superbly she sits her horse!"

Helen frowned a little. Mrs. Atherton's beauty was not a congenial theme with her.

"That reminds me, Harvey; I spoke to your mother today about the bills, as you suggested, and she refused to look at them, she is satisfied with things as they are."

"Oh, very well; in that case we'll let the matter drop," said Harvey, easily.

"And allow the tradesmen to go on cheating us, as I am convinced they do? My conscience would not permit me to remain inactive under such circumstances. No, dearest, you must see her yourself, and bring her to our way of thinking—the only right way. You have great influence with her."

"Yes, I fancy I have," said Harvey, complacently. "But you see I've never meddled with her business affairs, and I hardly like to begin now."

"Why not? It is your duty to protect her interests and your own. The property will all be ours some day—"

"God forbid!" broke in Harvey. "I can't imagine life without the dear little mater. Beside, she is young yet—she may outlive us both."

Helen was a good woman; but she did not look overjoyed at this suggestion.

"Even then there is baby to consider," she said smoothly. "We all owe a certain duty to him. If you and I can redeem money that is being absolutely thrown away we ought to do it, however we may dislike to appear officious."

"Well, sweetheart, I'll see what I can do," said Harvey, rather reluctantly. "As you say, it is my duty to look after things, for the place is virtually mine, as much as it is the mater's. I don't know the terms of my father's will, but of course he provided suitably for his son."

"It seems very strange to me that there was no division of the property when you came of age," replied Helen, for the first time expressing a thought which had for weeks vexed her. "You ought to open the subject with your mother. She is unbusiness-like, and may not realize that the time has come for a settlement. She can't treat you as a dependent always. You are a married man now, with a married man's responsibilities."

Harvey's face had grown very grave. Helen saw that she had said enough for this time, and changed the subject.

## CHAPTER III.

"May I come in, Mamma Gladys?" asked Harvey, entering his mother's private parlor as he spoke. "Nell is busy with the youngster, and I thought I'd smoke my after dinner cigar here if you don't object."

Gladys had been sitting at the piano, evoking minor chords in unison with her mood. She felt sad and lonely, like one cut off from the intimacies of life. Some mothers gain a daughter when their sons marry, but the majority lose a son. Gladys had long realized that she belonged to the majority.

She sprang up on Harvey's entrance, her face alight with pleasure.

"I am only too happy to have you, dear. I see little of you nowadays."

"Yes, I'm an old married man now," said Harvey, laughing comfortably, "and my family absorbs most of my leisure." He threw himself into the chair she rolled forward, and lighted a cigar with the taper she gave him.

"Now push that ottoman over here, little woman, and sit beside me while we talk." She obeyed, and nestled close to him, looking with pride into the boyish face which was the dearest in the world to her. Harvey puffed with evident enjoyment for a time, chatting of trifles. Then he said quite easily, "By the way, what is this little misunderstanding between you and Nell? She is much disturbed by it, though I assured her she is over sensitive."

The smile left Gladys' face. "Oh! Then you came here because Helen sent you?" she asked.

"Well, not exactly; I knew a word from me would set matters straight, so I thought I'd better come. Where are you going?"

"Only to an easy chair; this ottoman isn't comfortable." There were tears in her eyes but Harvey did not see them. "If we are to have a consultation, I may as well sit at my ease."

She said no more, and after waiting a minute, he asked— "Well, aren't you going to tell me all about it?"

"Hasn't Helen already told you?"

"Yes, but I prefer to hear your own version of the matter."

"There really is no need of it. I am sure your wife is truthful; what she said occurred no doubt did occur."

"Then I can't understand why you refuse to accept her sensible suggestion and look into things a little, with her aid. Nell's a first rate business woman, and I don't believe you realize how much money is spent in the house."

"You have your full share of all that comes into it, Harvey."

"Why, of course," he responded, with a half wondering look, as if surprised at the reminder. "What is yours is also mine in a sense; we enjoy a common inheritance. It is because our interests are identical that Helen and I wish to protect them. You surely see that, little woman? It would please the dear girl very much if you'd take her into your confidence—treat her more like a daughter in truth as she is in spirit."

Gladys did not answer for a few moments; she moved her chair so that her face was partly in shadow, while she could note every expression of his.

"Before we talk any further," she presently said, "I should like to know just what it is Helen desires. I comprehend that she wishes to reduce the general expenses of the establishment; but how? Does she want to take Phebe's place?"

"Hardly that," returned Harvey, flushing. "She thinks, however, now she is here, you no longer need the services of a housekeeper."

"And do you think I ought to turn out an old and faithful servant after a lifetime of devotion to me and mine?"

"Certainly not; she would remain as your maid."

"So that is it!" exclaimed Gladys, with a half laugh. "I thought some great idea was agitating Helen's mind. Dear, clumsy Tomlinson my maid! And I suppose there are other servants she thinks might be dispensed with. Well, perhaps they could; but I like to have plenty of people about the place—her voice grew firmer here—"

"and I intend to have them. You need no assurance that I am glad to share my house and its luxuries with you and your wife. But you must accept things as they are. I will brook no further interference."

"Interference! Surely you cannot regard my dear wife's suggestion as interference!"

"What else is it? I have never complained to you of Helen, but from the day she entered the house she has shown a disposition to take control of it; I have submitted patiently to one small encroachment after another, hoping to content her, but her demands increase instead of lessen. She seems to forget that the estate is mine, not hers."

Harvey arose and walked across the room several times, at last coming to a standstill before her chair.

"No, little woman," he said in a kind yet cold tone, "we do not forget it—we merely question it."

How that "we" stung Gladys only a woman in her position can understand. But it hardened her, too. She did not answer, waiting for his next words.

"Legally, the estate is yours, I admit; but as my father's son I am surely entitled to my share of his property. Money you have never grudged me; you were always most generous. Nevertheless, I am only a sort of hanger on—a dependent on your bounty. This doesn't seem fair. Now that I am of age, and with a married man's responsibilities, we should come to some regular business understanding. God forbid that I should inherit your money. Yet in common justice I ought to share it."

"Are you not sharing it now, Harvey?"

"Yes, in a sense; but can't you understand that I am a boy no longer, and want my legal rights?"

"Or rather your wife?"

"Let us keep her name out of the

discussion. I will not hear another word against her even from you," said Harvey, haughtily.

Gladys lips quivered. "You must admit that she is your adviser—a wise one, perhaps, from her point of view," she said gently. "But you are both reasoning in the dark. Harvey, you have no legal claim on my property."

"No claim on my own father's money!"

"It was not his money. He was a poor man. My father was very angry when he married one of his daughters." Gladys spoke in short sentences, carefully, as if fearing she might say too much. "It was a runaway match, and papa would not forgive it."

"Why did you never tell me this before?" asked Harvey, sharply.

"I wished to spare you pain, dear. What need for you to know, since all I had was practically yours? I speak now because I must. If you had only been content with things as they were! It was to keep you out of your father's way that I came here, where no one knew me, after papa died. For he was a bad man—a drunkard, gambler and criminal. He married your poor little mother—he was very handsome, and she a romantic boarding school girl—for her money, and when it was gone, left her and her baby to starve, as they might have done but for Phebe Tomlinson."

Gladys was very pale, and shivered once or twice as she talked. But Harvey felt no compassion for her; his sympathy was for himself. He remembered that Mrs. Atherton had never talked of his father, and answered his childish inquiries concerning him vaguely, diverting his thoughts to other subjects; but he had not dreamed of this, and the knowledge was bitter.

"This man, your husband, is he living?"

"No; he died in prison a year ago."

"In prison!" Harvey drew a sobbing breath. "My God, what an end to my boyish dreams! But I don't understand even yet. If he spent all your money, how does it happen that you are still rich?"

"When papa died I had my full share of the estate," she answered after a scarcely perceptible pause. "It was then Phebe and I came here."

"And my grandfather left me nothing?"

"Nothing. He hated you, poor little orphan that you were, because you were your father's child. That is why I devoted my life to you, dear."

There was infinite tenderness in Gladys' tone, but Harvey, hurt and humiliated by what he had learned, was not moved by it.

"That was the least you could do," he said coldly, "since it is to you I am indebted for my heritage of shame. We little know what people really are, do we? All my life you have seemed to me the one perfect woman, and now—"

"Harvey!"

The startled cry brought the young man to his senses. He looked at her almost wildly.

"I am a brute, Madam Gladys, but remember, I am hard hit. There, dear, don't cry," he said kindly, bending over the cowering figure and stroking the soft hair. "I shall get over this in time—with my wife's help."

"Harvey, you surely will not tell Helen the secret I have given years of my life to hide?" cried Gladys. "It is not wholly your own."

"Helen is my wife; have you forgotten? She has my complete confidence. And it will be necessary to explain to her why our reasoning was at fault," he coldly returned. And as if to avoid discussion, he left the room.

(To be continued.)

## DISSECTING BIRDS

And Animals Should Not Be Taught Children in Schools.

Mr. Edward F. Bigelow, naturalist, is opposed to the strenuous life for children, says the New York World. He told the New York Mothers' club so at the Berkeley Lyceum, with a degree of forceful illustration that left the ubiquitous mamma of the universal infant in a maze of doubt as to whether she was cultivating the genius of an embryo scientist or a prospective murderer. "I believe in nature study for children," said Mr. Bigelow, "but I protest against the disgusting features of it in the public school. It may be all right to dissect a chicken at some stage of his educational career, but for a child the object lesson of the old hen and her chickens is all sufficient. We don't want the dissecting knife and scalpel. We want some heart in the study. You want your children to love you, don't you?" he demanded of the breathless mothers; "well, suppose they had to tabulate you like this, for instance: Mother—Five feet high, golden hair, silk waist, gray skirt, etc., and then they were taught to sing a little song about 'How dearly I love mother.' What do you think that would mean to them? Not love. Love isn't an analysis. It is the daily getting acquainted. And I tell you one live bobolink is worth a whole acre of dead ones in a child's knowledge." One aggrieved mamma, whose offspring rejoiced in stuffed humming birds, stoutly combated Mr. Bigelow's statements and even went so far as to condone the slaughter of butterflies "because the butterfly's life was so short anyway."

"And would you take that little from him?" cried the indignant Mr. Bigelow, and the battle was on. He, however, agreed to the massacre of moths and other pests, and the more tender-hearted mothers departed with this salve for guilty consciences.

Many a man's wealth is not worth the littleness he used to gain it.

A Marengo, Ia., correspondent writes that hogs in his locality are healthy and are going to market in nice shape and bringing good prices. The season's crop of young pigs is about ten per cent larger than last year's.

In New Zealand many of the swine growers have combined and established pork markets in which is sold mostly dairy fed pork. Such pork finds a ready sale, as the people prefer it to much of the other pork obtainable on the markets.

On a farm with reasonably good buildings and a clover pasture the cost of a gain of a pound of live weight on a hog up to 150 pounds is not very much in excess of two cents, says an exchange. To this must be added the interest on the value of the brood sow, the cost of her keep, the risk of accident, the cost of the grass, etc.

The Australian coasting steamer Kameruka, while going from Eden to Sydney, traveling at full speed, struck on a reef at Moruya Head. There being no rockets on the ship the captain tied a life-line to some pigs which formed part of the cargo, and had the animals put overboard. The pigs swam to the shore, taking the lines with them, and by establishing communication every soul on board was saved.

Statistics embodied in a recent report of livestock in Great Britain show a considerable decrease in the pig stocks for the year. Among the Scottish counties, Ayrshire has the largest pig population, her numbers being 13,920 head, Aberdeenshire follows with 12,346 head, and is closely followed by Wigtownshire, which has 12,020 head, while Dumfriesshire comes fourth with 10,915 head.

At the Dominion Experiment Station at Ottawa feeding experiments have been undertaken with hogs to determine the causes of soft pork. One hundred animals are being experimented with. Some are being fed on rape and grain, some on clover and some on grain and a variety of grains is being used. Combinations including barley, clover, oats and peas are used and one lot has been turned into a field of artichokes.

Among the special features of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo next year will be a fine swine exhibit which will be held the latter part of September, and which it is expected will attract a large representation of twelve different breeds of swine, including the Suffolk, Victorias and Tanworths which are but little known in the United States. Canadian farmers are better acquainted with them and will doubtless contribute exhibits. A special exhibit of hogs adapted to the production of bacon is promised. The managers of this department of the great show count on not less than 1,500 animals.

New Enemy of Tobacco.

Professor Garman of the Kentucky Experiment Station recently discovered a green bug willing the tobacco

in an experimental plot. The insect is known as Euschistus variolarius. It is believed that the insect is responsible for a good deal of the damage done to the tobacco crop during recent years.

Injury from Dust.

A close student of the habits of swine and of their diseases asserts that much injury is done swine by the dust that is allowed to form in feeding yards and air passages to the lungs to such an extent that mechanical pneumonia is produced, from which a good many deaths result. Neither hogs nor any other animals should be made to inhabit quarters where such conditions exist. A man that keeps his swine under the conditions mentioned and finds his hogs getting what is apparently pneumonia should change the conditions at once as the first step in treatment. Also where hogs in such conditions, apparently sick with pneumonia, are being treated for the trouble, the dust if permitted to continue its work will most certainly offset anything that can be done for their relief.

Butter-Fat Losses.

I found during my work of inspection some large factories were losing as much as 87 pounds of butter-fat per day; this would be in factories making from 1 1/2 to 2 tons per day. In other factories turning out less than half a ton of butter per day losses of 27 pounds to 3 pounds were found. The following are some of the causes for such losses: 1. Insufficient speed of the separator. 2. Irregular speed of the engine, caused in many cases by poor and worn out governors. 3. Boilers too small to furnish sufficient steam for the engine. 4. Irregular feed of the milk and irregular temperatures. 5. By churning mixed cream at different degrees of ripeness. 6. By churning at high temperature, especially with sweet cream.—Dairy Commissioner of New Zealand.

The farmer should have as many luxuries as he can afford. What is the use of trying to get along with a tumble-down shack for a barn when the money is at hand to build a good, serviceable structure?

Two thousand gallons of air are a grown-up person's allowance for 24 hours.

McKinley Has the State, but Remains Is Not Decided.

OMAHA, Nov. 10.—The Bee says: "Returns from the legislative districts now received leave no doubt that the republicans control both houses of the legislature and have a decisive majority in the joint session that will elect the two United States senators. While the fusionists have been making all sorts of absurd claims, they have finally been forced to reduce their estimates to a tie vote in each house, but even this is not justified by the actual facts. In the senate the republicans have elected, without question, eighteen senators, while three more are still in doubt. Of the eighteen one is A. K. Oleson of the district composed of Cuming and Burt counties, against whom the charge is made that he is ineligible. There is now no more doubt about the result on the state ticket than there is on McKinley, though Dietrich's plurality will be much smaller. All but three counties are reported official or unofficial and on the face of these returns Dietrich has a plurality of a few less than 800. The three counties from which nothing has been heard last year gave republican pluralities and can be counted on to bring the total up to between 1,000 and 1,500. On the returns embraced in the table, six counties missing, Dietrich has a plurality of 1,722. Custer county is not included, but it is known that it only gave Poynter a plurality of 112, as against almost 400 two years ago."

The World-Herald gives this version: "Complete returns from eighty-four of the ninety counties in the state indicate a small plurality for Governor Poynter and part of the state ticket. It is apparent that the official canvass will be required to determine the outcome in the case of some of the officers. The situation more closely approximates that of 1890 than the general run of people had supposed would occur again in a lifetime. Governor Boyd's plurality of 1,149 over John H. Powers promises to become a splendid majority in comparison with the lead that will be recorded for the successful gubernatorial candidate in this election. The corrected returns from eighty-four counties give Poynter 107,646 and Dietrich 107,904. The remaining six counties, which in 1898 polled 8,600 votes, two years ago gave Poynter a plurality of 891. With the same percentage of loss that has obtained in the counties that have thus far reported this would be reduced to 270, or barely enough to offset the lead of 258 that now stands to the credit of Dietrich. In view of this, it is evident that it will require the final returns to determine the result."

McKinley Has 292 Votes.

According to reports McKinley will have 292 votes in the electoral college, or twenty-one more than he got in 1896.

The appended table shows the result in the various states:

State	McK.	Bryan
Alabama	11	8
Arkansas	5	4
California	9	4
Colorado	6	4
Connecticut	3	3
Delaware	3	3
Florida	4	4
Georgia	13	4
Idaho	3	3
Illinois	24	13
Indiana	15	13
Iowa	13	13
Kansas	10	13
Kentucky	10	13
Louisiana	8	8
Maine	6	3
Maryland	8	3
Massachusetts	15	3
Michigan	14	3
Minnesota	9	3
Mississippi	9	3
Missouri	17	3
Montana	3	3
Nebraska	8	3
Nevada	4	3
New Hampshire	4	3
New Jersey	10	3
New York	36	3
North Carolina	11	3
North Dakota	3	3
Ohio	23	3
Oregon	4	3
Pennsylvania	32	3
Rhode Island	4	3
South Carolina	9	3
South Dakota	4	3
Tennessee	12	3
Texas	15	3
Utah	3	3
Vermont	4	3
Virginia	12	3
Washington	4	3
West Virginia	6	3
Wisconsin	12	3
Wyoming	3	3

Totals ..... 292 155  
Total electoral votes ..... 447  
Necessary to choice ..... 224  
McKinley's majority ..... 146  
States for McKinley ..... 28  
States for Bryan ..... 17  
In 1896 McKinley got 271 electoral votes, Bryan 176.  
States for McKinley in 1896 ..... 23  
States for Bryan in 1896 ..... 22

Heads to Come Off.

PEKIN, Nov. 8.—(Via Shanghai, Nov. 10.)—Four of the leading officials of Pao Ting Fu, including Ting Yang, the acting viceroy of Pe-Chi-Li, and General Kust-Hing, were executed November 5, under the sentence imposed by the tribunal of the allies.

Renewed reports of the death of the empress dowager are in circulation, but they lack verification and are discredited.

McKinley Answers Bryan.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—President McKinley answered Mr. Bryan's message of congratulation in the following dispatch:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 9.—Hon. William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.: I acknowledge with cordial thanks your message of congratulation and extend you my good wishes.

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY.  
Mr. Bryan's message to the president reached Canton after Mr. McKinley had started for Washington and was forwarded to him here.

## THE COUNT IN NEBRASKA.

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Maine	6	3
Maryland	8	3
Massachusetts	15	3
Michigan	14	3
Minnesota	9	3
Mississippi	9	3
Missouri	17	3
Montana	3	3
Nebraska	8	3
Nevada	4	3
New Hampshire	4	3
New Jersey	10	3
New York	36	3
North Carolina	11	3
North Dakota	3	3
Ohio	23	3
Oregon	4	3
Pennsylvania	32	3
Rhode Island	4	3
South Carolina	9	3
South Dakota	4	3
Tennessee	12	3
Texas	15	3
Utah	3	3
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