

By WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER III

Continued.

"Then, Miss Beatrice," said the em-broiderer, "it means that I must work day and night—and never stop."

Miss Beatrice sighed, and went on her way. She stopped next before the elderly and gaunt-looking person who sat on the other side of the fire.

"Are you better this evening, Miss Stidolph?" she asked.

"No, I am worse."

"Was there the opening you expected?"

"No, there was not. There never is for me. It is a sin now to grow old."

"Oh, no! But people do like their children to be taught by young and light-hearted women. As we grow older, we lose some of our light-heartedness, do we not? And some of our pleasant looks, perhaps?"

"I never had any pleasant looks, or any lightness of heart," said Miss Stidolph, with a little laugh. "Life has always been a burden to me. Don't waste time on me, Miss Beatrice. Perhaps something will turn up in the literary way. We heard at the Museum yesterday that there was work got by some of the ladies there, and people are all come back to town."

"Yes; and your translations are known to be so correct. Miss Stidolph. Oh, I am sure you will get some work now. And you have got well through the dead season, haven't you?"

When Miss Beatrice left her, the gaunt, hard-featured lady lay back in her chair, with something like a smile upon her face. Consolation often takes the form of subtle and crafty flattery. Miss Beatrice knew that if there was one subject which more than another afforded gratification to Miss Stidolph, it was the excellence of her translations. Other translators made blunders in grammar and mistakes in idiom. Miss Stidolph was always correct.

Then Miss Beatrice went to a girl who lay upon the sofa, stretched supine, careless of what went on around her, sick to death of monotonous labor and a dull and dreary life. She bent over her and patted her cheeks and whispered things soothing and soft to her, and kissed her forehead, so that the girl sat up, smoothed her hair, and moved to the table.

"Take up a book and begin to read. And all this time Miss Augusta, with sympathetic emphasis, played her Mendelssohn."

What with the music and the gentle words the girls began to throw off their tiredness and to brighten up, and some of them even went so far as to talk children, which is a sure and certain sign of recovery.

Lastly, the daughter of consolation came to Katherine and the girl who sat beside her holding her hand.

"Lily, my dear," she said to the latter, "have you heard of anything?"

Lily shook her head. "I have heard of a great many things," she said, "and I have been tramping about after them. To-day it was a photographer. He wanted a girl to sell his things, and he offered fifteen shillings a week—which wasn't so bad. But the man—she shuddered.

"There was degradation even in talking to such a man! There was a man who wanted a girl to search newspapers for something in the Museum; but that place was snuffed up long before I had time to apply for it. Work is like the pool, you know, that could only cure one person at a time."

"Patience, dear."

"I had no money for omnibuses, so I had to walk all the way. Yes, Miss Beatrice, I am already as patient as the most exacting preacher can desire." She hardly looked at her with those eyes that flashed fire at the remembrance of the photographer and the fingers that pulled the ribbon.

"Patient? Yes, I am as patient as a man in the hands of the Inquisition. I am on the rack, and I smile, you see." But she did not smile.

"Would you like to hear another day's experience? Yesterday I heard of two places right away in the north of London. One was a place in a school. The lady principal received me frigidly and heard what I had to say, and told me if the references were satisfactory I should receive twenty pounds a year for my mornings. Isn't that wonderful? Thirty pounds a year! Four shillings and eightpence a week allowing for holidays. Five shillings a week."

"Oh!" said Miss Beatrice. "It is really terrible."

"She said that I had left my afternoons and evenings, so that I could easily double my money. I asked her if she thought a woman could live on ten shillings a week, and she replied that she paid according to the market value. Well, then, I tried the other place. It was a dumper's shop. The man, who is a bully, wants a cashier. She is to work from 8 in the morning till 8.30 at night, and is to have seven shillings and sixpence a week. So I left him without saying anything. He was a dumper's boy, and the chief support of the pastor. I was told, Dives was a dumper who paid his cashier seven shillings and sixpence a week."

"My dear, you are greatly tried. But have patience still. With those who have patience and never lose their hold

on faith and hope, everything comes right in the end. Look at us—my sister and myself—we have been very poor. Oh, we have suffered, great privations and many humiliations. When we were young I think that people were not so considerate and so kind toward their dependents as they have since—some of them—become."

"Not Dives the draper of Stoke-Newton," said Lily.

"Often we had not enough to eat. But see what happened. We adopted what we call the simple life. We lived upon fruit and bread chiefly, and sometimes vegetables. So we were enabled to weather the most terrible storms of adversity, and now that we are grown old and glad to rest, Providence has sent us an annuity of fifty pounds a year, on which we can live in comfort and with thankful hearts. Patience, my dear."

"It will be such a long time before I get old," Lily sighed. "And there are all those storms to get through first. And perhaps the fifty pounds a year won't come along at all when it is most wanted. Very well, Miss Beatrice, I will try to be patient; I will, indeed."

Then Miss Beatrice turned to Katherine and kissed her.

"My dear," she said, "when there is no news there is always hope."

"The natives have brought in reports that they are killed," Katherine replied, with dry eyes. "Nobody thinks there is any room for hope. I went to the office of the paper to-day and saw one of the assistant editors. He is a kind man, and the tears came into his eyes. But he says it would be cruel to entertain any hope. Tom is dead! Tom is dead!"

Then she sprang to her feet and rushed out of the room.

"Don't follow her, Miss Beatrice," said Lily. "She will throw herself on the bed and cry. It will do her good, poor thing. It would do most of us good if we could lie down every evening for an hour or two and have a good cry."

CHAPTER IV

A FAITHFUL TRUSTEE.

If, gentle reader, you are proposing to embark on a career of what the brawny world too readily calls crime, and judge forward with a term of sedition, would you rather carry it on secretly, or would you take your wife into partnership? It is a question which cannot be lightly answered, because the answer must depend in great measure on the character and disposition of the lady. For there are wives who, like eminent statesmen when they suddenly and brazenly veer round and give the lie to all that they have hitherto said and taught and professed, are ready to aver that the thing is the only right thing to do, and to cover it up with a gilding of fair words and pretense, so as to make it appear most beautiful, virtuous and unselfish. Other wives there are again who can never be brought to see anything but the naked ugliness of the thing standing out in front of the written law, and refuse any assistance, and go melancholy and ashamed.

You will now hear, if you have the patience to follow up this narrative, what happened to a man who adopted a certain course of action without his wife's knowledge and consent previously obtained. I do not know, that is to say, what Harriet Rolfe would have said, or what co-operation she would have afforded her husband. Perhaps the path which opened out before him, showing such vistas of ease and delight, might have attracted and tempted her as well—but I do not know. Meantime it is a curious speculation to think of the difference it might have made had Harriet herself been a consenting party to the line adopted.

It was not a deep-laid conspiracy, hatched after long meditation and brooding. Not at all; it grew out of small beginnings, and was developed, as such things often are, by the assistance of unforeseen circumstances.

James Rolfe knew perfectly well that he would get nothing from his uncle's will, and was not in the least surprised when he learned its contents. The history of five years spent as an article clerk in the office, and five more spent in acquiring experience at the cost of his patrimony, caused his uncle to resolve that his nephew should be left to make his own way in the world. This shows what a high opinion he had formed of his nephew. Further, on several occasions he communicated this opinion to James.

Therefore when Tom proposed that he should prove the will and take over the management of the property, James considered it the greatest piece of luck which had ever befallen him.

At first he sat down, the papers before him, with all the seal which one expects of a man paid by the hour instead of by the job, without limit as to time. He began by investigating the circumstances connected with the trust-money, something of which he already knew.

Next he made, as he thought, the discovery that the whole estate was not more than sufficient to discharge the trust.

He communicated this unpleasant discovery to Tom as a fact about which there was no doubt. It had the

immediate effect of causing Tom's departure for Egypt. If it had not been for that discovery the second chapter of this book—nay, the whole book—would have been impossible for a truthful historian.

Now at school the youthful James had never been able to add up his sums and to reduce his pounds to pence with the correctness desired by his masters. The immediate result was unpleasant; the more enduring result was hatred and continued ignorance of all mathematical science. Therefore, as an accountant, he blundered. And it was not until Tom was gone that he found out what a big blunder he had made. Never mind, when he returned there would be time to set him right.

Six weeks after his departure there came the first alarming telegram in the papers.

James Rolfe read it and changed color. Then he reflected, and winked hard with both eyes. Some men turn red or pale or both; others fidget with their hands; others wriggle in their chairs; James Rolfe winked with both eyes.

The next day and the next and the day after there came more telegrams of a similar character.

"Harriet," said her husband indignantly, "my cousin Tom must be dead. Four days have passed and he has not come back. The last fugitives who have escaped have returned to camp, but he has not come in. Captain McLaughlin, of the 115th, and Mr. Addison, correspondent of the Daily Herald, are still missing. There is no doubt, I very much fear, that Tom is dead."

"Then who'll have all the money, James?"

"There may be a will," he replied, fully aware that there was none. "It ought to be mine, by rights. But there may be a will."

"What other relations has he?"

"He has cousins by his mother's side, but the family all went to New Zealand long ago. By his father's side I am the only first cousin."

"Then—oh! Jem, won't you have it all?"

"We must distinguish, Harriet," he replied in a legal tone; "we must distinguish. I certainly ought to have it all."

"He was engaged, you told me."

"Yes," James was reminded by the question of certain last words and a promise. And again he winked with both eyes. "Yes, he was engaged. I shall look into his papers, Harriet, and find his will, if he left one."

His heart leaped up within him and his pulse quickened, because he knew very well there was no will.

The time was one of great tightness. The rent was overdue, and the landlord was pressing. James Rolfe's private resources had well-nigh come to an end, and his practice was meagre enough. It is not enough, in any case, to pay the bills of your clients, your appearance, and your general reputation. It is to command respect and confidence which bring in the client. James' appearance reminded the observer of a swash-buckler in private modern dress. Now, rightly or wrongly, people like their solicitors to exhibit a correct and sober tenor. His tastes led him to racing, and therefore to billiards, the turf somehow being the first cousin of the billiard table. Both are green, to begin with. He was well set up; a big, handsome fellow, with brown hair straight and short, a smooth cheek, and a full mustache; the kind of a man who at forty will have developed a figure and put on a double chin. His wife, whom he elevated to that proud position from a stall in Soho Bazaar, was, like himself, big-limbed, full of figure, and comely to look upon. There was no woman anywhere, Jem proudly felt, who could compare with her. In fact, when Harriet was well dressed and in a good temper, she was a very handsome creature indeed. She would make a splendid stage queen with her masses of brown hair rolled up under a gleaming gold coronet, a black or crimson velvet dress showing her white arms and getting off her regular features and her ample rosy cheeks, her broad white shoulders and her great blue eyes. Rubens would have painted her with enthusiasm. She must have come from the country, for in London such women are not.

"Things," said Harriet, "being as they were, she was a fitting partner for James Rolfe; like him, she loved all the pomp and vanities of the world—every one—and especially the vanity of rich, and beautiful raiment. Next, she loved the vanity of the theatre, which she regarded as the proper place to show a good dress. She also loved the vanity of champagne, the festive drink; that of good eating, and that of cheerful society, where the men did what they pleased and the ladies were not stuck up and stiff!

"Harriet," said her husband, a few days later, "Tom is really dead. There can no longer be any doubt about it."

"Is it really and truly certain?"

"Everybody has given him up."

"Oh, Jem—and all this money! Is it really yours? Oh!"

Jem did not immediately reply, but he shut both eyes hard. Then he walked to the window, and looked out into the back garden of the villa. Then he returned to the fire place and played with the things on the mantel shelf. Harriet waited and watched him anxiously.

"Harriet," he said, I am his cousin and his solicitor. I have, therefore, been to his lodgings this afternoon and paid the rent, and carried away his books and papers and clothes and everything."

"Well!"

"So far as I have gone—I have examined all the papers, which did not take long—I have found no will."

"Then—oh, Jem—Harriet sprang to her feet—"Everything is ours!"

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER

The Clover Crop.

It is not advisable as a rule to cut a crop of clover seeded in the spring for hay. In a very wet season it will sometimes be the better practice to do this, but as a rule light pasturing late in the fall after it has become well established will be the better practice. Grazing helps to keep the growth in check and throws more strength into the roots, and of course if you can get a good strong root development, the chances are that you will maintain the stand through the winter and get an exceptionally good crop of hay the next season.

One can certainly damage his ground by plowing it too wet. The soil is very much like a sponge. You observe that when the rainfall is abundant the ground becomes wet and soggy, as it were, and if you plow it in this condition, the particles of rock of which it is composed are run together and form a hard lump or clod. It takes a great deal of work to break this lump of soil up, though of course severe freezing will help to pulverize it. But you can never count on getting a freeze to do the work just at the right time, and by plowing our land wet there is great danger of putting it in bad mechanical condition, and we all realize that a soil in good tilth will certainly grow larger crops because it is easier to cultivate, and the plant roots and moisture can penetrate it with greater ease. Land should never be plowed when so wet that it will not fall in a flaky condition from the moldboard as it is turned over. Winter plowing where the water follows along in the furrow is a great mistake. You are simply sleeking over and compacting the subsoil and making a hardpan, as it were, at a depth of 6 or 8 inches through which the roots of plants can hardly penetrate, and your soil is so shallow that instead of making a great reservoir for water to supply the needs of the growing crop next season, you only have a little shallow surface, say from 6 to 8 inches deep, from which the plant must draw by far the larger part of its supply of moisture. Deep thorough tillage and the opening of the pores of the soil is the proper policy to pursue and wet plowing will never favor the development of these very desirable conditions in your soil.

If your ridge woodland is at all fertile why not try a mixture of orchard grass, blue grass and white clover. This will make you an excellent pasture if it does well. The trees and underbrush should be thinned out before seeding and the seed cover with a light harrow. No grazing should be permitted during the first season. If your land will not grow these tame grasses the next best thing you can do is to try Bermuda, though it will not prove satisfactory in a semi-shaded pasture. Bermuda will at least cover the ground in the course of time, will prevent erosion and will furnish a good deal of desirable grazing from four to six months of the year in your locality.

Potash and Phosphate Fertilizer.

According to tests made at the various Southern experiment stations and by farmers themselves who have bought high grade fertilizers of known quality from reliable firms, potash and phosphates are especially valuable to the Southern farmer when land is well supplied with vegetable matter through the medium of barnyard manure or green crops. The fact that fertilizers frequently prove unsatisfactory on the farm is directly due to nearly every instance to the farmer buying something which is not what it is represented to be. For example, he frequently buys acid phosphate which is said to contain twenty or twenty-five per cent of phosphoric acid, but of this amount probably only twelve or fifteen per cent is available, the remainder being reverted citrate soluble or insoluble, etc. But as he is unfamiliar with the terms used in an analysis of acid phosphates, he is not in a position to buy intelligently and so is deceived. He finds the fertilizer unsatisfactory and therefore concludes that acid phosphate is of no service on his soil. He might possibly have the same experience with potash or with nitrogen, and yet in every instance his conclusions would be entirely wrong. It is to the interest of the farmer to inform himself on these points and only to use high grade goods of guaranteed quality and put up by the most reliable firms. Cheap goods with a low percentage guarantee of plant food are always unsatisfactory on the farm and it is the general use of these that causes so many people to be dissatisfied with commercial fertilizers. All soils of the

Current Happenings.

The peach crop on the Maryland-Delaware Peninsula is said to be 2,000,000 baskets short.

Vice-President Fairbanks made an address at Oswatimie, Kan., at the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the battle of Oswatimie, in which John Brown was a central figure.

A number of vessels were driven ashore and wrecked on the Great Lakes.

Three Abominations.

There are three things on farms that are abominations.

The three are mean teams, rusty tools, and crooked rows. These three evils are the farmer's own fault. A good team can be had at any price.

If you have a "run-away" team you have yourself to blame. They show their "raisin'" Treat them kindly and they will treat you right. A team that you cannot trust is not a team for the farm. Get rid of "runaway" horses.

Get first-class tools and keep them in first-class condition. You have seen while out in the country a plow here, a harrow there, and a cultivator yonder, and mowers and binders in the shade of a tree.

Won't there be a happy time when the farmer who left his tools and machinery out in the weather starts to farm? Won't his old plow "shed" the soil rapidly?

Won't his cultivator shovels work smooth? Well, I guess not. It will take several days scrounging and in that time he has lost more religion than he can get back in a year's time. Keep tools in the shelter.

Some farmers make rows so crooked that they cannot follow them and they blame the team, the tools, "the old boy" and all things on earth except the man who laid off the rows.

Straight rows tell the world you love to farm and you love it enough to give your best attention to keep the rows straight. Keep your rows on a bee line on a level piece of land or comparatively so. If land has terraces follow them.

Three points more and I am done. Get a good team. Get good tools. Make straight rows and see how much easier it is to farm.—R. D. Martin, in *Gastonia Gazette*.

Wheat Land For Cowpeas.

D. F. D. Borwood, writes: I want to follow twenty-five acres of my wheat land with peas and four acres with alfalfa, and would like to know what would be the best fertilizer to use.

Answer—Fertilize the wheat land intended for peas with 200 pounds of sixteen per cent acid phosphate and twenty-five pounds muriate of potash per acre. The land intended for alfalfa should be sown in peas and fertilized like the balance. The peas on this land should be turned under as deeply as possible about the first of September, and if the subsoil is very close and compact it would be well to break it up. Prepare a fine seed bed by thorough surface tillage, and compact the soil with the roller. Inoculate the alfalfa with soil or with an artificial culture. If alfalfa is growing successfully in your vicinity, 100 pounds of soil per acre from an old field will be enough to insure inoculation. The soil may be mixed with the seed, which should be sown at the rate of twenty pounds per acre. Before seeding the alfalfa, broadcast or drill in 300 pounds of sixteen per cent acid phosphate and 100 pounds of muriate of potash per acre. If the land seems acid, which you can determine by testing with blue litmus paper, apply lime at the rate of twenty-five bushels per acre. The lime could be applied to good advantage before seeding the peas, though it may be put on after the peas have been plowed down. Purchase the unslaked lime in suitable boxes and drill it with the grain drill, or distribute through a manure spreader.

Useful Machinery For the Home.

Almost any farmer is always glad if he can purchase any kind of machinery that will in any way lighten his labors. Now, this is all right, and we commend it in every way, but we do not want the women folks to be slighted in this matter. There are any number of little contrivances that are gotten up with the idea of doing away with at least a part of the labor in the farm home. Look these things up and if you can see anything helpful in any of them take advantage of it, for the women folks appreciate, fully as much as the men, anything which will in any way serve to lighten their labors.

Current Events.

William Jennings Bryan was given a tremendous reception on his arrival at New York, and in a speech at Madison Square Garden he gave expression to the sentiments which will guide him if he becomes a candidate for the Presidency, the chief being the extermination of the trusts and the relegation of the money question to the rear.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 16.

Subject: Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees, Mark xii, 13-27.—Golden Text, Mark xii, 17.—Memory Verse, 27.

I. A deputation comes to Christ (v. 13). 13. "They." The Pharisees as a whole appointed certain ones to visit Jesus for the purpose of inducing Him to say something that would refute His claims as the Messiah or that would give ground for an accusation against Him before the government. "Certain"—Pharisees. Matthew says "their disciples." Probably young and zealous scholars. "Herodians." The Herodians were a political party rather than a religious sect. "To catch Him." Matthew says "entangle Him." A metaphor drawn from catching wild birds. It was their purpose to ensnare Him in His talk so they could expose His ignorance of the Jewish law or religion, or find grounds for legal proceedings against Him.

II. A question concerning our duty as citizens (vs. 14-17). 14. "Master, we know," etc. This was a hypocritical compliment. They hope by their treacherous flattery to induce Him to commit Himself to some rebellious sentiment. "Is it lawful?" etc. Caesar was a name common to all the emperors, derived originally from Julius Caesar, the proper founder of Roman imperialism in the place of the old republic. The present emperor was Tiberius. The tribute was a poll tax, or levy of a denarius upon every person, imposed by the Roman Government, ever since the Jews had become a province. The Jews detested this tax, but its legality was supported by the Herodians. Their question was so framed that it seemed impossible for Him to escape. 15. "Knowing their hypocrisy." Jesus, who knows the hearts of all men, saw that they were mere flattering spies, and their question only a crafty device of hypocrites. "Why tempt?" Why do you seek to ensnare Me? By a question that is asked, not for information, but to get Me into trouble? "Bring Me a penny." Literally, a denarius.

16. "They brought it." By requiring them to bring Him the coin He compels them to answer, tacitly, their own question: for the Jewish rabbis taught that, "whosoever the money of any king is current, there the inhabitants acknowledge that king for their lord." "Whose—image?" The image was probably the likeness of the Roman emperor, Tiberius Caesar. "Superscription." The name and motto on the coin. "They said—Caesar's." Thus acknowledging that they were submitting to Caesar's authority.

17. "Render." The word render implies the notion of moral duty toward Caesar quite as much as toward God. "To Caesar." Rather, here, give back to Caesar. They ask, Is it lawful to give? He replies, give back. Since they accepted in the coinage of Caesar the benefits of his government, they were bound to give back a recompense in tribute. So long as the citizen accepts the benefits of a government, he owes it allegiance and obedience.

III. A question concerning our relations in the future state (vs. 18-27). 18. "Sadducees." They were the materialists of their time. "No resurrection." They also denied the immortality of the soul and the existence of angels (see Acts 23:8). "They asked Him." Their question was full of scorn and ridicule. They intended to show from Moses' teaching that the doctrine of the resurrection was absurd. 19. "Moses wrote" in Deut. 25:5, 6. "Should take his wife," etc. The children were to be reckoned with in the genealogy of the deceased brother.

20. "Seven brethren." This was no doubt an imaginary case. The Sadducees assume that the resurrection includes the revival of the relations now existing. 21. "In the resurrection." Which of the seven husbands should have the risen wife. 24. "Do ye not err." To err means to wander. They do not merely make a mistake, but they wander in ignorance of the Scriptures. "Ye know not." You err because you do not know (1) the Scriptures, which affirm this doctrine; nor (2) the power of God, which is able to effect the resurrection, and after the resurrection to create a new order of things in the new world. "Power of God." The Bible rests the doctrine of the resurrection on the exercise of divine power (Acts 23:8; Rom. 1:4; 1 Cor. 6:14). 25. "When they shall rise." That is, after they have risen from the dead—in the future state. "Nor are given." This has reference to the Jewish custom by which the female members of the family were given in marriage by the father. "Are as angels." This answer strikes at another error of the Sadducees—a denial of the existence of angels.

26. "Book of Moses." The Sadducees had appealed to Moses as authority and now Jesus turns to the same source to prove His point. "In the bush." See Exod. 3:5, 15. "I am," etc. Notice that the present tense is used. He cannot be the God of non-entities, non-existences. If He is their God they are His people, and, of course, must be in existence, and not out of existence. So the whole Sadducean doctrine broke down. 27. "Not the God of the dead." Our Lord here uses the word dead in the sense of these Sadducees with whom He is conversing, to signify extinct.

UNSATISFACTORY.
"Ah," sighed the love sick youth, "if you would only return my love!"
"That's just what I intend to do," replied the maid with the cold-storage heart. "I haven't any earthly use for it."
And still he wasn't satisfied.—Chicago News.

"My dear, you are greatly tried. But have patience still. With those who have patience and never lose their hold

Fear of being reformed keeps many a man in the bachelor class.