

# UNITED AT LAST

MISS M. E. BRADDOCK



came into the room. His face was brightened by a satisfied smile as he looked at the woman who had been waiting for him in the corridor leading to the billiard-room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"HAD YOU LOVED ME AS YOU HAVE LOVED ME?"

Gilbert Sinclair said very little to his wife about the fainting fit. She was herself perfectly candid upon the subject. Sir Cyprian was an old friend—a friend whom she had known and liked ever since childhood—and Mr. Wyatt was a friend whom she had known and liked ever since childhood—and she did not seem to consider it necessary to apologize for her emotion.

"I have been overexerting myself a little lately, or I should scarcely have fainted, however sorry I felt," she said, quietly and without a word of self-justification, but was not the less convinced that she had loved—that she still did love—Cyprian Davenant. He watched her closely after this to see if he could detect signs of hidden grief, but her manner in society had lost none of its brightness, and when the Harcourt expedition was next spoken of she bore her part in the conversation with perfect ease.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair left Davenant early in May for a charming house in Park Lane, furnished throughout in delicate tints of white and green, like a daisy-sprinkled meadow, in early spring, a style in which the upholsterer had allowed full scope to the sentimentality of his own nature, bearing in mind that the house was to be occupied by a newly married couple.

Mrs. Sinclair declared herself perfectly satisfied with the house, and Mrs. Sinclair's friends were in raptures with it. She instituted a Thursday evening supper after the opera, which was an immense success, and enjoyed a popularity that excited some envy on the part of unmarried beauties. Mrs. Walsingham heard of the Thursday evening parties, and saw her beautiful daughter so often at the opera; but she heard from Mrs. Wyatt that Gilbert Sinclair spent a great deal of his time at his club, and made a point of attending all the race meetings, habits that did not augur well for his domestic happiness.

He withdrew to one of the windows, and occupied himself with his newspaper, while James Wyatt showed Constance the books of some sources that had just come to him by post, and discussed the fitness of each for drawing-room representation.

"Every amateur in polite society believes himself able to play Charles Matthews business," he said laughing. "It is a false delusion of the human mind. Of course we shall tell them all by the ears, do what we may. Perhaps it would do better to let them draw lots for characters, or we might put the light comedy parts up to auction, and send the proceeds to the poor-box."

He ran on in this strain gayly enough, writing lists of the characters and places, and putting down the names of the guests with a rapid pen as he talked, until Gilbert Sinclair threw down his newspaper and came over to the fire-place, requesting his friend to stop that row.

It was a hopelessly wet morning, and the master of Davenant was sorely at a loss for amusement and occupation. He had come to his wife's room in rather a dejected mood, and she should have been with him with a little more of her society than it was her habit to give him, and he had found her writing letters, which she declared were imperative, and had sat by the fire waiting for her correspondence to be finished, in a very sulky mood.

"What's the last news, Wyatt?" he asked, poking the fire savagely. "Anything stirring in London?"

"Nothing in London. There is some news of an old friend of mine who's far away from London—news I don't altogether like."

"Some client who's bolted in order to swindle you out of a long bill of costs, I suppose," answered Gilbert, indifferently.

"No, the friend I am talking of is a gentleman we all know—the late owner of this place."

"Sir Cyprian Davenant?" cried Gilbert.

Constance looked up from her writing.

"Sir Cyprian Davenant," repeated James Wyatt.

"Has anything happened to him?"

"About the last and worst thing that can happen to any man, I fear," answered the lawyer. "For some time since there have been no reports of Captain Harcourt's expedition, and that in a negative way, was about as bad as could be. But in a letter I received this morning, from a member of the Geographical Society, there is worse news. My friend tells me there is a very general belief that Harcourt and his party have been made away with by the natives. Of course, this is all club gossip as yet, and I trust that it may turn out a false alarm."

Constance had dropped her pen, making a great blot upon the page. She was very pale, and her hands were clasped nervously upon the table before her. Gilbert watched her with eager, angry eyes. It was just such an opportunity as he had wished for. He wanted about all things to satisfy his doubts about that man.

pedally as your horse have such a knack of getting beaten. It is most gentleman-like of you to remind me of my poverty. Yes, I was very poor in my girl-hood—and very happy."

And since you've married me you've been miserable. Pleasant, upon my soul! You'd have married that fellow Cyprian Davenant and lived in a ten-roomed house in the suburbs, with a maid of all work, and called that happiness."

"If I had married Sir Cyprian Davenant I should at least have been the wife of a gentleman," replied Constance.

This was not the first time that Gilbert had mentioned Cyprian Davenant of late. A report of the missing travelers had appeared in one of the newspapers, and their friends began to hope for their safe return. Gilbert Sinclair brooded over this probable return in a frame of mind, but did not communicate his thoughts upon the subject to his usual confidant, Mr. Wyatt, who thereupon opined that those thoughts were more than ordinarily bitter.

Before the London season was over Mr. Sinclair had accepted to attend a rather insignificant meeting in Westminster where a 2-year-old filly, from which he expected great things in the future, was to try her strength in a handicap race. He came home very tired, and he had spent a few days pleasantly enough in the supercilious of his new buildings, and he had been absent altogether a week when he returned to Park Lane.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he drove up to his own house in a hansom. He found his wife in the drawing-room occupied with several visitors, among whom appeared a tall figure which he remembered only too well, Sir Cyprian Davenant, bronzed by travel, and looking handsomer than when he left London.

Gilbert stood at gaze for a moment, confounded by surprise, and then went through the ceremony of hand-shaking with his wife's guests in an awkward, embarrassed manner.

Constance received him with her usual coldness, and he felt himself altogether at a disadvantage in the presence of the man he feared and hated. He seated himself, however, determined to see the end of this obnoxious visit, and remained moodily silent until the callers had dropped off one by one, Sir Cyprian among the earliest.

Gilbert turned savagely upon his wife directly the room was clear.

"So your old favorite has lost no time in renewing his intimacy with you," he said. "I came home at rather an awkward moment, I fancy."

"I did not perceive any particular awkwardness in your return," his wife answered coolly, "unless it was your manner to my friends, which was calculated to give them the idea that you scarcely felt at home in your own house."

"There was some one here who seemed a little too much at home, Mrs. Sinclair—some one who will find my presence a good deal more awkward than I should happen to find him here again. In plain words, I forbid you to receive Sir Cyprian Davenant in my house."

"I can no more close my doors upon Sir Cyprian Davenant than on any other visitor," replied Constance, "and I do not choose to insult an old friend of my family for the gratification of your senseless jealousy."

"Then you mean to defy me?"

"There is no question of defiance. I shall do what I consider right, without reference to this absurd fancy of yours. Sir Cyprian is not very likely to call upon me again unless you cultivate his acquaintance."

"I am not very likely to do that," Gilbert answered, savagely. His wife's quiet defiance baffled him, and he could find nothing more to say for himself. But his jealousy of Sir Cyprian was in no manner abated by Constance's self-possession, and he remembered the fainting fit in the morning-room at Davenant, and he was determined to find some means of punishing her for her secret preference for that man. An ugly notion flashed across his mind, by which he would have her with her child, lying in her lap, bending over the infant with a look of supreme affection.

"She can find love for everything in the world except me," he said to himself bitterly. "There has been no care for the child after the first month, so of its existence, being inclined to resent its sex as a personal injury, and disliking his wife's devotion to the infant, which seemed to make her indifference to himself all the more obvious."

## COMMON TO ALL.

No Religion Which Lacks the Idea of Sacrifice.

It is a curious thing that mankind has never known any form of religion in which an idea of sacrifice did not play a prominent part. The objects of sacrifice have been of every kind, and in every part of the world. The Kamschatkans, however, offer nothing valuable to their gods but what is valuable to themselves.

The Copts kill a sheep, lamb, or kid at a marriage for the use of the guests at the bridegroom's house.

Palmer's Koran refers to the ancient custom of human sacrifice as either extinct or abolished by Mohammed.

The most valuable sacrifice that can possibly be made is the human being, common among the savages of the South Sea Islands. In Mexico, the brutality of the practice was excused by the fact of the victim being an enemy. Cattle are next esteemed in value, and the largest ox in herds is selected.

The Soos Soos, of West Africa, are so careful to propitiate their deity that they never undertake any affair of importance until they have sacrificed to him a bull, a goat, or a pig. Domestic animals are held worthy of the honor of sacrifice.

## CALIFORNIA HARVEST SCENE.

A Machine That Cuts, Thrashes, and Sacks the Grain.

The accompanying illustration shows a scene on a large California wheat ranch in harvest time. Many men not so very old can easily remember when the best known manner of harvesting wheat anywhere in the world was by means of the "cradle" swung from right to left by one man, who thus cut the grain and laid it in a continuous swath, whence it was raked up and bound in sheaves by the man who followed close behind the cradle with a wooden-toothed hand rake. Two men thus equipped could cut and bind from two to five acres in one day, but to keep up the work for a week or two in succession with an average of three acres per day was called a good record. To be sure, the "cradle" was a vast advance over the sickle which preceded it, and which had been used in the harvest for thousands of years, but to the wheat farmers of to-day both are as antiquated as the ark of Noah.

The machine here shown is the latest triumph in harvesting machinery known to the harvest fields of California. It is a marvel of power and efficiency and will no doubt long remain at or very near the head of the list. The great traction engine which moves the whole weighs twelve tons. It moves at a speed of three and a half miles per hour, cuts a swath twenty-five feet wide and harvests a hundred acres per day. It not only cuts the grain, but thrashes it, sacks it and piles it in heaps of nine sacks each. Only eight men are required to do all this, and they work under the shade of an awning. The

fore the sailing time, and the steamer sailed promptly, as steamers nowadays do, and Bonty didn't discover his loss until the steamer was out at sea. He had expected to sit around comfortably in a steamer chair and to enjoy perfect rest. In fact he had set great store on this happy beginning of his vacation; but now he had lost his pocketbook, and, instead of the calm enjoyment which he had anticipated, he had ahead of him a week of comparative discomfort. To be sure, he could cable when he got to the other side and wait and all that, but he had lost his money and it wasn't a pleasant prospect.

"But among those who went down to see friends off by the same steamer that Bonty sailed on was a man who, after waving his handkerchief at the steamer until it was out in the stream, saw upon the pier, as he turned to go, a pocketbook—Bonty's pocketbook, of course. He found Bonty's name in it, but not his address. There was in it, however, the address of a young lady who lived in Forty-fourth street, with whom Bonty had a slight acquaintance. The finder of the pocketbook went straight to the young lady. She didn't know Bonty's address, but fortunately she brought to mind a gentleman in Philadelphia who did know it. Then the finder of the pocketbook telegraphed the Philadelphia friend, and the Philadelphia friend cabled Bonty at Queenstown, and he gave the finder the address of Bonty's friends in New York.

"The result of all this was that when the tender came alongside the steamer at Queenstown, Bonty, instead of sending the message which

he had prepared, received a dispatch saying that his lost pocketbook was found and giving the address to which it had been sent in London.

"This was a very simple little story, you know, but it seemed to interest the passengers who heard it, and everybody was glad that Bonty had recovered his pocketbook."

## HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though Father of the Baby, in Naming It He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, tried to reject it, says the Chicago Post.

"Make it George William," he said. "William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Bill."

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Very well," she said as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked: "How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise. "Good day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked: "Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected. "After supper he remarked, sneeringly: 'Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?'"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically: "Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William." Then he put it in a \$10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergyman the envelope.

"That's you for a fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It's written very plainly 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

## A MODEL RESIDENCE.

ELEGANT HOME FOR ONE WITH MODERATE MEANS.

Suitable for Any Part of the Country Except the Extreme South—Costs Little More than the Ugly Packing Boxes that Some Erect.

Handsome and Convenient. The first edition of Palliser's Model Homes contains a design very similar to this, and from which the ideas in this are worked up, with the addition of another room on each floor and another bay-window and a change in the detail on the exterior. In fact, there is scarcely anything

left to remind one of the other design; and it is often the case that people will examine a plan and will say that it is just what they want, with such and such changes, and when the necessary changes are made to suit their ideas there is nothing left by which one can recognize anything of the first plan.

The roofs are all slated, which is decidedly the best and cheapest—when we take everything into account—method of roofing, besides being elegant; and in favorable localities can be laid for \$8 per 100 square feet of surface.

For a person of moderate means, wishing an elegant home with the interior comforts and conveniences it contains, we can with confidence recommend this design. It is suitable for any part of the country except the extreme South, and the owner of such a house will find that its money value is far above that of a square box of the same capacity, and it costs but a trifle more than the ugly packing boxes that some people seem sound to erect. In opposition to all artistic ideas. It can be built for about \$2,200. In some instances we have known houses of nice design, properly managed, erected for less money than these square boxes giving but the same amount of accommodation, and which a great many people seem to think it is necessary to build if they would do so cheaply.

His name is Dick, and when there is food ahead he answers to it like a gentleman. At Ensenada, in the Argentine Republic, the Chicago lawyer and Dick was allowed to run on shore and pick up what he could find. He never strayed far from the gangway, and would come proudly strutting back when called on board by one of the men.

He is a very pugnacious bird, and in Ensenada started a fight between a dog and himself. The combat, witnessed by the whole ship's company, while productive of no harm to either side, was an amusing sight, and consisted of dashes at the dog with occasional real blows on the part of the rooster and much barking and running about on the part of the dog.—St. Nicholas.

Not Allowed.

"Why did I discharge such an excellent workman?" said a well-known civil engineer. "Well, I will tell you. I discovered a short time ago that he was keeping a private notebook, and after notifying him that he must stop it and again learning that he was continuing the practice I was obliged to discharge him. A surveyor in doing a piece of work makes minutes as he goes along of the lines he runs, of the various points marking the bounds of the lands he is surveying and all such data as is not only necessary for the drawings of his plans, but also incidentally that which may aid him in the case of any other survey being made later on. In fact, this data really constitutes a sort of capital or stock in trade, for if the party owning the land ever wishes another survey of it for any purpose he will naturally apply to that same surveyor, who, having these old memoranda, can do the work easier and more cheaply than any other surveyor. Oftentimes, after many years have elapsed and old landmarks have passed away, those minutes become very valuable. Consequently a civil engineer always wishes to keep these in his own hands, and men in his employ are not allowed to copy notes of minutes of surveys, which they make while in his employ. Otherwise an old employee, in leaving and setting up in business for himself, could carry away a large slice of his employer's business."

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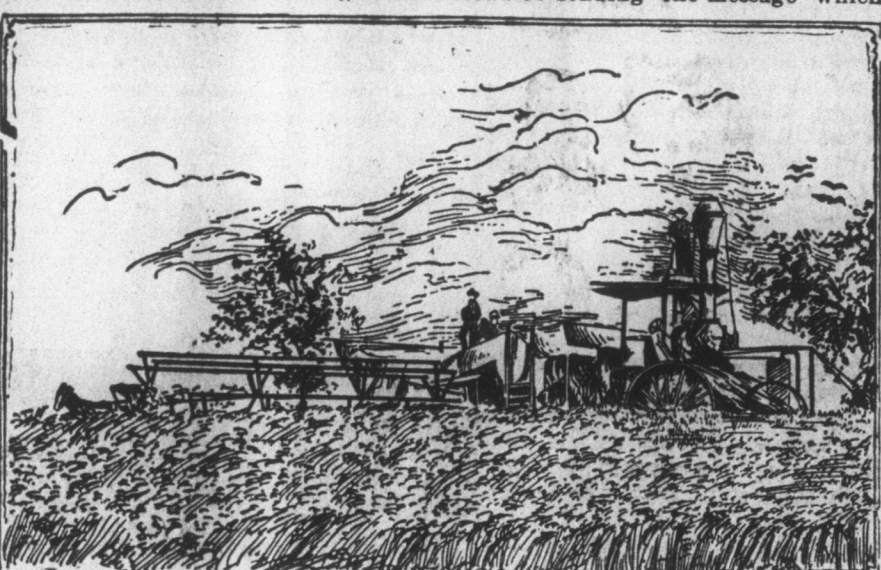
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CALIFORNIA HARVEST SCENE.

cost of such a train of ponderous harvest machinery is \$6,000; and it is cheaper, in proportion to its capabilities, than was the old-fashioned cradle at \$5. To do the same amount of work by animal power would require at least fifty horses and also a great many more men. It will thus be seen that although the first cost of such a harvesting machine is greater, it is after all, the least expensive appliance that exists for harvesting large areas.

To show the absolute necessity of such machinery in these days of enormous production of cereals, we have only to cite the fact that the farmers of the United States harvested last year 34,629,418 acres of wheat. Of this immense acreage 2,620,490 acres were harvested in California, 2,768,092 in Kansas, 2,683,904 in Ohio, 2,323,362 in Indiana, 1,348,462 in Illinois, 3,197,363 in Minnesota, 2,414,281 in South Dakota and 2,753,980 in North Dakota. The entire wheat crop of 1913, 725 bushels.

## THE ANCIENT DINNER TABLE.

Why Its Ceremonies Were Rigidly Observed.

In studying the service of the ancient dinner table, the amount of ceremony which invested the meals of our forefathers is one of the first things which strikes us—a peculiarity, however, which is easily accounted for when we recollect that, during the middle ages, men separated from one another in rank so widely as were the feudal baron and his retainers were accustomed to eat together in common, a practice which could scarcely fall to have resulted in the growth of an elaborate system of etiquette, says the Quarterly Review.

The ancient fashion of arranging the tables for a meal is still preserved in the college halls, where the "high table" stands transversely on a raised platform at the upper end of the room. It was the further side of this "table of dais" which at a feudal feast was alone occupied, the master of the house and his chief guests thus emphatically dining in public before his vassals. Everything pertaining to the service of this table was conducted with a ritual of almost ecclesiastical minuteness. At a time when, from the crown vassal to the petty baron, a man's safety and consequence depended on the number of followers he could muster, the greater part of the revenue of an estate was spent in the support of retainers and hangers-on, and there being thus no lack of service, the various duties of a household were much subdivided.

The modern term, "butler's pantry," marks the coalescence of two offices formerly distinct, when the butler or "boteler" presided over the buttry, or "botelerie," and the "pantry," or "panter," over the pantry or bread closet. The duties of carver and cupbearer were held to be very honorable ones, and could be discharged by men of high rank, and in great establishments the butler, the carver, the porter, and the officers of all the several household departments had each his own contingent of grooms and yeomen.

Not Allowed.

The Worst Husband.

But after all the worst husband in the world is not the man who gets mad. The most unhappy woman I ever knew was the wife of a man who never got so far in his wrath as to say "d— it," and who was never known to slam a door. The worst thing about him was his meekness. He didn't drink; he didn't gamble, and he didn't run after other women, but he snooped, and he sneaked and he ben-hussed, and if Providence ever spared anything more disagreeable to have around than a hen-bussy man, I never ran across it. This fellow was always on hand to find out just how many bars of soap were used in the family washing and how much sugar was put in rhubarb sauce. He counted out the grains of coffee for each serving and favored dried-apples. I was at his home once on the Fourth of July, when he gave his children ten cents apiece for fireworks and charged it up on their good behavior account.

If I had been obliged to live in the same home with that man I should have accidentally killed him while cleaning my gun.

And yet he never raised his voice nor so much as breathed hard in the whole course of his life.—Chicago Herald.

LOST AND FOUND.

A Little Story About a Pocketbook That Was Told in the Cars.

"On the cars the other day," said a traveler to a New York Sun man, "I heard a little story about a lost pocketbook."

"I am going to Europe," said one of two young men who were sitting together, "going to start Saturday."

"I hope you won't lose your pocketbook, as Bonty did," said the other, and then he went on to tell how Bonty had lost his pocketbook.

"It seems that Mr. Bonty had his return ticket, his foreign money, and other valuables in that pocketbook, and somehow he lost it. He didn't go on board the steamer until just be-

## A MAN-OF-WAR ROOSTER.

His Encounter with the Proud Rooster That He Saw in the Brass Ventilator.

Who would think that a rooster could become a great pet on board ship? But on the flagship Chicago, the man-of-war which last spring traveled almost 5,000 miles to get home for the Columbian naval parade, there was a rooster that was the pet of the men on board ship. He was bought in the West Indies, on the way to Montevideo, and was intended for the Christmas dinner; but his great cheerfulness as shown by his hearty crowing in the most unseasonable weather won him his life.

After his liberty had been given to him and he had become fairly tame he noticed one day another very proud rooster in a polished brass ventilator which stands on the quarter-deck. He immediately put on his proudest air; then, noticing that the other rooster did the same, he stepped closer to inspect it, and soon found himself glaring pugnaciously at the other fellow, who seemed quite as defiant as himself. From looks it came to blows, and soon our rooster was indignantly fighting his own reflection. Occasionally he would strike the ventilator a hard blow with his bill and be thrown back much astonished, only to return to the attack when he noticed that his enemy apparently retreated.

This was kept up at intervals for several weeks, until the rooster learned that more hard knocks than glory were to be got by keeping up the feud. Even now, after many months on board, he occasionally renews the attack, but in half-hearted way, as if he knew he was doing something silly.

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