



UNITED AT LAST
MISS M. E. BRADDOCK

CHAPTER XIII.
PAT MERLIN'S FEET THE WILY VIVIAN LAY.

All went merrily at Davenant during the brief days of November and December, though the master of the house was not without his burden of secret care and care. That magnificent coal and iron producing estate in the north had not been yielding quite so much hard cash as its owner expected from it lately. Strikes and trade unionism had held upon Mr. Sinclair's income. The coal market had fluctuated awkwardly. Belgium had been tapping the demand for iron. There was plenty of money coming in, of course, from Gilbert's large possessions, but unfortunately there was also a great deal going out. The Newmarket stables had cost a small fortune, the Newmarket horses had been unlucky, and Gilbert's book for the last three or four seasons had been a decided failure.

"The fact is, Wyatt," he remarked to that confidential adviser, one dull afternoon, over a tete-a-tete game at billiards, "I'm spending too much money."

"Have you only just found that out?" asked the solicitor, with a keen smile.

"The purchase of this confounded place took too much of my capital, and these strikes and lock-outs coming on the top of it—"

"Not to mention your vicious habit of plunging," remarked Mr. Wyatt, sarcastically, taking a careful aim at the distant red.

"Have very nearly stamped me," said Mr. Wyatt, "but I don't want such a big barracks of a place, and—Mrs. Sinclair isn't happy here."

"No," said Gilbert, "but a damned oath; the associations are too tender."

"I could get you a purchaser to-morrow."

"Yes, at a dead loss, no doubt. You fellows live by buying and selling, and you don't care how much your client loses by a transaction that brings grief to your mill."

"I can get you the money you gave for Davenant, timber and all."

"Who's your purchaser?"

"I'd rather not mention his name yet awhile. He is a quiet party and wouldn't like to be talked about."

"I understand. Some city cad who has made his money in the zoological line."

"How zoological?"

"Building and bearing. Well, if those beastly colliers hold out much longer, he may have Davenant and welcome. But he must take my new furniture at a valuation. I've paid no end of money for it."

"What did you do with the old Jacobean oak?"

"Oh, the old sticks are put away somewhere, I believe, in the lumber-rooms and servants' bedrooms."

Some of Mr. Sinclair's other guests dropped into the billiard-room at this juncture, and there was no more said of the sale of Davenant.

"Body—ever the worst enemy, and no doubt among his numerous friends he had several foes could deny Mr. Wyatt's merits as a guest in a country house. He was just the kind of man to keep things going—a pastime in all social accomplishments—and Gilbert Sinclair graciously allowed him to take the burden of amusing everybody upon his shoulders, while the master of the house went his own way, and hunted or shot at his own pleasure. Mr. Sinclair liked to fill his house with people, but he had no idea of sacrificing his own inclination to their entertainment; he thought he did quite enough for them in giving them what he elegantly called "the run of their teeth," and the free use of his second-rate furniture."

On Mr. Wyatt, therefore, devolved the duty of keeping things going—devising the day's amusements, protecting the ladies of the party from the selfishness of neglectful and unappreciative men, making the picnic luncheons in k-e-o-p's lodges at which two fair sex might assist, finding safe mounts for those aspiring damsels who wanted to ride to hounds, planning private theatricals, and stimulating the musical members of the society to the performance of part songs in a business-like and creditable manner.

He had done all these things last winter and the winter before, but on those occasions he had been aided in his task. Constance Sinclair had given him her hearty co-operation, she had played her part of hostess with grace and spirit—had allowed no cloud of doubt or memory to obscure the brightness of the present moment. She had given herself up, heart and soul, to the duties of her position, and her friends had believed her to be the happiest of women, as well as the most fortunate. To seem thus had cost her many an effort, but she had deemed this one of her obligations as Gilbert Sinclair's wife.

Now all was changed. Her husband had been obeyed; but that obedience was all which Constance Sinclair's sense of duty could now compel. She sat like a beautiful statue at the head of her husband's table, she moved about among her guests with as little part in their pleasure and amusement as if she had been a picture on the wall—courtous to all, but familiar with none, she seemed to live apart from her surroundings—a strange and silent life, whose veil of shadow even sympathy failed to penetrate. Mrs. Millamont, not unkindly, despite her frivolity, had tried to get Constance to talk of her bereavement, but the wounded heart was galled by the gentle touch.

"It's very kind of you," she said, divining her friend's motive, "but I'd rather not talk of her. Nothing can ever lessen my grief, and I like best to get it quiet to myself."

"How you must hate us all for being here!" said Mrs. Millamont, moved with compunction at the incongruity between the household of company and the mother's de laute heart. "It seems quite abominable for us to be thinking of nothing but pleasure while you bear your burden alone."

"Nobody could divide it with me," answered Constance, gently. "Pray do not trouble yourself about my sor-

"Not another word," exclaimed James Wyatt; "there's the luncheon bell, and I must be off. You'd better take Zola. You'll find him more amusing than the talk in the servants' hall."

Melanie took the volume sullenly, and walked away without a word.

"What a little spiteful!" mused Mr. Wyatt, as he went slowly down the wide oak staircase. "She has taken my pretty speeches seriously and means to make herself obnoxious. This comes of putting one's self in the power of the inferior sex. If I had trusted a man—as I trusted that girl—it would have been a simple matter of business. He would have seen extortionate, perhaps, and there an end. But Mademoiselle makes it an affair of the heart, and I dare say will worry my life out before I have done with her."

STARTING A FASHION.

How the Wearing of White Gloves Was Initiated in Gotham.

The other day a young man wanted a pair of evening gloves late at night, and had to go over to Sixth avenue to get them, says the New York Press. There was nothing of his size in stock but a pair of white gloves while the pearl alone are de rigueur. However, he was a dancing man and had to wear gloves, so he bought the gloves, and in due course of time led the cotillion wearing them. The chaplains were astounded. Nobody could question this man's impeccable taste, and in fact he was something of a leader of fashion. After supper a breathless deputa-tion waited upon him to know whether or not white gloves had come back again.

"I'm wearing them myself, you see, dear boy," he said jokingly, but with a slightly superior smile. "I haven't really heard whether the Prince has found it out yet or not."

Now your true dude is not susceptible to the influence of ivory. Besides, the deputa-tion was flustered at the innovation. The result was that they mixed those speeches up, and in half an hour everybody in the room was saying that the Prince of Wales had taken to wearing white gloves in the evening, and that Tom Blank was the first man in New York to hear of it. So white gloves and not pearl are now the proper thing to wear in New York City on dress occasions, and when our man of fashion rolled into the Metropolitan Opera House the other night and looked around the circle he smiled grimly. Half the men in the boxes looked as if they were carrying snow-balls.

Booth as a Bill-Poster.

One story of Booth's trip to the Sandwich Islands remains with me. He had gone there in 1854, in company with his comrade, Mr. David C. Anderson, en route to Australia, and they were to play in the Royal Hawaiian Theater.

They had hired a native to paste up the bills announcing the performance; this had to be done with a preparation name "poe-poe," made from a vegetable called "tara-tara," which is a favorite food in Honolulu; but the poor man was so hungry that, yielding to temptation, he incontinently ate up the paste, and to their surprise no bills appeared, writes William Bispham, in the Century.

When the reason was ascertained they feared to trust another native, and it was therefore agreed that, as Booth was the younger, he should act as bill-poster, and it came to pass that every night at the performance, Edwin went about the city with his play-bills and bucket of paste, and put up with his own hands the posters announcing that the company would play on the following night. He assured me that he did this honestly and did not eat the paste.

The Original Ossified Man.

In the Museum of Natural History in Dublin is the skeleton of a man, a native of the South of Ireland, who was called the ossified man. His body became ossified during his lifetime. He lived in that condition for years. Previous to the change he had been a healthy young fellow of superior strength and agility. One night he slept out in a field after a debauch, and some time later he felt the first symptoms of the strange transformation. The doctors could do nothing to avert the progress of his malady. His joints stiffened. When he wanted to lie down or rise up he required assistance. He could not bend his body, and when he stood upright he resembled a stone of stone. He could stand, but not move. In the least. His teeth were joined and became an entire bone. The doctors, in order to administer nourishment, had to make a hole through them. He lost the use of his tongue, and his sight left him before he died.

He Didn't Relish the Bill of Fare.

The guest at the hotel table laid the menu down and gazed up at the waiter.

"Have you any corned beef and cabbage?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Got any sauerkraut and sausage?"

"No, sir."

"Got any crackling bread?"

"No, sir."

The guest was becoming uneasy.

"Well," he said, in an unpleasant way, "have you got anything to eat here at all?"

"There's the bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter, nodding toward it.

The guest picked it up and examined it carefully.

"Um," he said, after a thorough inspection, "I can't eat that. At least, not raw. Take it out to the kitchen and have it broiled a bit, will you?"

Buying Titles Abroad.

In Portugal, where all hereditary titles have been abolished, and where they are held only for life, it is possible to become a marquis, count, or baron by the payment of relatively small sums of money into the national treasury. There are a number of English and other foreign merchants engaged in Portuguese trade who have acquired high-sounding titles in this manner. In Italy, too, any title can be obtained by the payment of money. There is a regular fixed tariff, the cash paid being described as "registration dues." Thus everybody who does not happen to be a notorious criminal can buy a hereditary title of count either from the Pope or from King Humbert for the sum of £1,000.

An Incident of Life in Texas.

In some Texas towns it is impossible to ascertain when any particular train leaves without going to the depot and inquiring of the agent how many hours behind time the train is. Col. Yorgor, who lives in Austin, wished to go to San Antonio on a 1 o'clock train, so he said to his colored servant:

"Sam, go down to the depot and see what time the 1 o'clock train leaves."

"It was 3 o'clock when Sam returned. 'Well, when does the train leave?' 'It's down left, boss. It's left' at half past 2, sah!'"

"What?"

"I did jess what yer tain lef. Yer tole me ter see when de train lef, an' I watched till it was plain outer sight on de udder side ob de Colorado Ribber."

BEWARE OF THE MAN WHO DEFENDS ANY KIND OF EVIL.



SENATE BRIBERY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

ON THE SEA ISLANDS.

Quaint Inhabitants of a Little Known Region.

Gentle and Patient Negroes Whose Lives Are Passed in Raising Crops of Cotton—Where a Great Hurricane Wrought Destruction—3,000 Human Beings Perished.

Produce Fine Cotton.

The full story of the horrors suffered last summer from the hurricane which desolated the islands along our southern Atlantic coast will never probably be fully told. The newspapers were full at that time with accounts of the misery of the people and the utter desolation wrought. At least 2,000 human beings lost their lives. 1,000 perished subsequently from exposure and disease, and between 20,000 and 30,000 were left homeless and helpless. In Scribner's Magazine Joel Chandler Harris, who has been in the South visiting the scene of the disaster, gives an interesting account of the present condition of the islands, and also tells something about the people who live on them. It is from this

relief station in their curious little bull sukkies. The Red Cross people are much hampered in their good work by lack of funds, but they do everything that is possible toward ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate natives.

A NEPHEW OF HENRY CLAY.

He Is Peddling Notions on the Streets of San Diego, Cal.

In one of the humblest cottages in San Diego, Cal., lives an old man whose tall form and distinguished appearance have made him a familiar figure on the streets of that city. He may be seen any day going from door to door with a basket strapped around him, peddling notions. This venerable old man, who was one day in fairly comfortable circumstances, is named Cyprian Clay, and his father was a brother of that brilliant political leader of bygone days, Henry Clay. He is now 81 years old, and his career of over four score years has been an eventful one. He can recall many of the most stirring incidents in the early history of this country as if they happened but yesterday, and prides himself on his acquaintance with many of those intellectual giants who flourished during the days of his illustrious uncle. Re-

cently, he has been overtook him and now, with a daughter, the last of his seven children, he is passing his last days in poverty, eking out a scanty living for the two from the sale of his wares.

The Ancient Idea of God.

A specially interesting subject occupied the Victoria Institute recently. Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the Oriental Department of the British Museum, describes some results of his examination of the Babylonian tablets. He showed from one of these, of about the period 650 B. C., that the king used the word God as a monothestic word; and even so far back as 3000 B. C. the tablets bore the same expression in the same sense. Evidence has, indeed, accumulated of late which tends to show that the Babylonian Pantheon, supposed to include thirteen deities, was really monothestic. In the discussion which followed Mr. Rassam, Maj. Conder, and Canon Girdlestone took part, and it was pointed out that in the early Egyptian records also there was evidence of a primitive faith in one God.—London Telegraph.

Fishing for Suckers.

One hears an echo of hard times among the people lately returned from the winter resorts of Florida. There are complaints of exorbitant charges at hotels, and of the determination of everybody in some Florida towns to pluck the Northern stranger. "Our season is short and we have to make the most of it," is the explanation at St. Augustine. "What do you do in the summer and autumn?" asked a visitor. "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "just wait for you folks to come back."

article that the following account is summarized:

The Sea Islands, as these are called, cover a good deal of territory altogether, for they reach down the whole coast from Charleston to Savannah. Those lying between Savannah and Port Royal are not so large, either in area or population, as those which extend from Port Royal to Charleston. All lie very near one another, separated by narrow lagoons. They are little known and rarely visited by the white people, and negroes form the bulk of the population. These are negroes of a rather peculiar kind. They are of the slave type of the African; their ancestors were brought over from Africa where, as slaves for generations, they were engaged in raising cattle and rude forms of agriculture. These traits which excited the rapacity of the slave-trader still manifest themselves in the negroes of the Sea Islands in a way that is both attractive and touching. They are gentle, unobtrusive and friendly; they are patient and uncomplaining.

The Cotton Growth.

The Sea Islands produce the finest and highest priced cotton in the world and the land on which it is grown recovers and enriches itself from year to year. This cotton enters into the manufacture of the finest goods and is worth 25 cents a pound when carefully prepared, 60 cents when carefully gathered. These, by the way, are high prices for cotton and many of the negroes, therefore,

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HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

One Water Trough for Several Fields—Convenience of a Folding Feed Rack—A Tasteful Corner Sideboard—The Farmer's Garden—Agricultural Notes.

Unique Water Trough.

Good, pure water is one of the essentials of health, and a thriving condition in farm stock. Often a pump, wind-mill, or the overflow from springs or running streams can be utilized and the accumulation

stored, or so distributed that stock from four fields may drink the water from the same trough. This will prove a great saving in the construction and maintenance of several troughs, and as stock from one field can be watered just as readily as those pasturing in four, the advantage is quite apparent. The manner of arranging the fences for a sixteen-foot trough is shown in Fig. 1, engraved from a sketch by L. D. Snook. If thought best one or two slats may extend across the trough where the fences cross it at the three points. In Fig. 2 is shown the plan of utilizing a caldron kettle for the same purpose. If these are used only dur-

ing summer, they will be found very durable, and will last many generations. If ice is allowed in the kettle, there is danger of breaking it. If possible, drill a hole in the bottom for rapid cleaning, leaving this open when not in use. If a large circular cover is adjusted, but little rain will enter if exposed during the winter season. Both of these plans are equally available for use under barns or basements where stock is usually wintered in several flocks, in fact the same trough is available for both localities, as it is readily placed in position. This will be found more practicable than watering stock from a pail, as many farmers have done for years. As to the manner of getting the water into the trough, many plans are feasible, adopting the one considered the most practical with the immediate surroundings.—American Agriculturist.

A Corner Sideboard.

It is frequently the case that there is not proper wall space near the center of the walls of one's dining room for a sideboard, and in such an event one of these most serviceable articles may be fitted into a corner of the room. The accompanying illustration shows a homemade structure that any one at all handy with tools ought to be able to make very

readily. The wood used should be such as will harmonize with the other furniture of the room, or, if that is a variety of woods, as is frequently the case, more latitude may be taken in selecting a handsome wood for this purpose. Oak, a h, cherry, or whitewood may be used with good effect. Let the top and front be treated with simplicity, placing the work of finishing in the direction of securing a handsome service, rather than an ornamentation of "filigree" work, that is neither effective nor in good taste.

Bee Culture.

We see a good deal said about keeping hogs, sheep, poultry, and other farm stock to consume what would otherwise be waste products, and so add to the profit of the farm. Why are not bees named in this list more frequently? Surely there is no product which would be more wholly wasted, were it not for them, than that which they gather from the flowers and the fruit. The farmer need not be a bee keeper on a large scale any more than he need keep a large flock of poultry, but he should have some of each. Fifty colonies are perhaps enough for any one who does not wish to make a specialty of the business. Begin small and work up if you find that it suits you. A farmer of our acquaintance began with two colonies ten years ago to test the matter. He says that they never failed to pay expenses, including the value of his own time and labor, any single year. He sells both bees and honey, and so his colonies vary from twenty-five to fifty. He says that with himself there is less expense and worry in producing \$100 worth of honey than in getting the same amount from either hogs or poultry, and that he finds the chances of an unprofitable year much fewer. Honey is in steady demand in all markets, and a really fine article does not have to go begging for a purchaser. There is a great difference in the quality, and this does not depend wholly on the food, as some people imagine. The strain of bees has something to do with it, and the man who handles the bees and the product has much more. Honey must be in attractive shape when put on the market if it is to sell well.—Ex.

The Farmer's Garden.

This should consist of not less than one acre of the best soil, 3 by 10 rods,

and if it runs over a knoll 30 by 40 to wet north and south slope it will prolong the fruiting season. Fence it from the chickens and have no shade trees in or about the garden; everything needs sunlight and culture. The ground should have from 10 to 20 loads of the best manure to the acre every year. All rows should run the entire length and be cultivated with the horse. If you don't want 15 rods of any one vegetable fill it out with something else, and the same with fruit. But you do want a whole row of grapes on the sunny side, for you can buy two-year-old Concord vines at \$1 per dozen, and if you have more than you can eat, they are worth more to give away than to sell, but your grocer will give you 4 or 5 cents per pound for them, and after four years planted, ought to bear 20 to 40 pounds. Eight feet from the grapes plant a row of currants, gooseberry and pie plants, so you can drive over this row to mulch, then 8 feet from this a row of blackberries, then a row of red raspberries, next black raspberries the entire length of the garden, to the end of the row, one row of perfect, flowered varieties side by side, the rows 4 feet apart and the plants 2 to 3 feet.—G. J. Kellogg.

Value of Salt.

These notes are greatly taken with the value and absolute necessity of salt. The cleaner's horses always have a big lump in their manger—that is, it is big when placed there, but it invariably and rapidly grows smaller; the heifer has a lump in her manger, beside a frequent sprinkling in her grain ration; twice a week or oftener the hens have a little mixed in their food. It's the nicest kind of a plan to have a lump in some protected place in the pasture, and be sure you'll always find a well trodden path leading up to it when once the cattle know where to find it. A horse will almost invariably lick the lump as soon as turned into the stall after a drive. It may be a cranky notion to gargle salt water in one's mouth occasionally in the morning, letting the gargle run down well into the throat, but it is a very simple plan for cleansing the mouth and throat, and a fair strong mixture will relieve the tired, uncomfortable feeling that sometimes clings to over-worked eyes.—Hartford Courant.

Folding Feed Rack.

It is often convenient to feed a horse for a single meal in a place where a permanent crib would be in the way, says Farm and Home. The illustration shows a feed crib that can be put in position in a moment, and when not in use can be turned up against the wall. Less room still would be taken by leaving the lower part of the slat work hinged directly to the wall. Pieces of rope or scraps could take the place of the chains if desired. The benefits of this rack are too apparent to need explanation further. The whole cost of making and putting in position is slight and any man handy with tools can put one together in half an hour.

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