



CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Another two days, and he would get an answer. He did, perhaps. In the few words that he was determined at all hazards to say to his darling before he left—to herself only, regardless of ceremony or custom—the sanction of his mother's approbation would be a help and a consolation. He should be able to tell the orphan that it was not his arms alone that were open to receive her, but those of a new mother, ready to replace, if any could replace, in some small degree, her who was gone. Very unlike they were, and he had a secret fear that it was a different sort of a daughter-in-law that Mrs. Jardine would have preferred—one much grander, richer, handsomer. Silence had the loveliness of lovable ness; but even in his wildest passion, he never knew she was not handsome. Still, in spite of all, there were two things he never doubted to find in his mother—her strong sense and her warm heart.

To these he trusted, and felt that he might safely trust the girl he loved—the girl who would make him all he lacked, all that his mother wished him to be. He pleaded this in a letter, touchingly earnest and tender, which, on second thoughts, he determined on writing home. His heart was full—full to overflowing; and almost for the first time, in his life, he poured it out, where, under such circumstances, every good son is right to pour his heart out—into his mother's bosom.

Going to the post, letter in hand—for he had learned Silence's habit of doing things at once, and doing them herself, if possible—he met Sophie Reynier, in learning, hastening to the door to allow to look at them once more. And Mademoiselle Jardine—

Sophie Reynier suddenly turned to him with a flush of womanly emotion in her kind blue eyes—penetrating as kind blue eyes—penetrating as

"Monsieur, you are an honest man—what in England you call a 'gentleman.' You could never act otherwise than kindly to such a defenseless creature as Mademoiselle Jardine?"

"God for id, no!"

"Then I will take you." But she did not wait him at once, and bidding the Misses Reynier had gone out she told him to come back in an hour, at eleven o'clock.

"By then I shall have persuaded Silence to repose herself for a little. She has not slept all night, and is very restless. She may hear you. Go away now."

He obeyed at once, and went to search through the little town for a few more winter flowers, to "shut them inside the sweet, cold door," like Browning's "Evelyn Hope," saying to himself the lines: "that is our secret. Go to sleep: You will wake and remember and understand."

As he stood in the saloon of his hotel arranging the little bouquet and tying it up with a bit of white ribbon which he had gone into a shop and bought his look was tender, rather than sad, and with a lighthearted reverence for the dead, he could not forbear thinking whether she—his living love—would notice the flowers or ask who put them there.

"Monsieur, a telegram for monsieur!"

It started him for a moment. Not being a man of business, Roderick was unaccustomed to telegrams; besides, his mother had a strong old-fashioned aversion to them. Yet this one came from her. At least, the address and name were, though the wording was in the third person.

"Your mother is not well. Come home immediately."

Was it all; but it came with such a blow to Roderick, who inherited his father's nervous temperament that he felt himself turning dizzy and obeyed the friend's suggestion that monsieur had better sit down.

His mother ill? She, the healthiest person imaginable, and she had written to him only a few days before, saying nothing of herself except of her endless duties and engagements. It must be a mething sudden, something serious. He was wanted "immediately." She could not have got his letter, there was barely time, or surely she would have answered it. Perhaps she was too ill even to read it? His poor mother, his dear, good mother! All he could do was to wake up, perhaps all the more for thinking of that other mother, who, as dead fact, he was just going to see.

He might go there—there was time; no Paris train started till afternoon, and rereading the telegram it seemed a little less serious. Though "not well" might only be a tender way of breaking to him a far sadder truth.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he almost sobbed out, as he walked hastily along the lake-side, "if anything should happen to you! If I should lose you, too, before I have learned to love you half enough."

And all the passionate remorse of a sensitive nature, a doubly sensitive one, rose up in the poor fellow's heart. He acted like a man of a hundred, imaginary shortcomings, and suffered as those are prone to suffer who judge others by the standard of themselves. It was only by a great effort that he controlled himself so as to present the quiet outside necessary on reaching Mme. Jardine's door, from which she would soon go forever, from which she had already gone. He knew not whom to ask for. He stood silent and bewildered; but the little house seemed to understand, and admitted him without a word.

Beyond the saloon was a small bed chamber which mother and daughter used to share. In the center of it stood, raised a little, and covered with something white, that last sleeping-place where we must all one day rest.

How he stood there, gazing on the still face, seeming so beautiful—he had never thought before what a beautiful woman she must have been. Roderick could not tell. At last the door, which had been left ajar behind him slightly stirred. He thought it was the bonne, and would not turn; he did not wish her to see his dimmed eyes. It was more than a minute before he looked up and saw, standing quietly on the other side of the coffin, the orphaned girl, the girl whom he

guests, Roderick hid himself in the shadow of the door till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and hearty, had repeated a series of hospitable adieus. Thence he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light.

"Goodness me, Rody, is that you, my dearest boy? Girls, your brother is here."

So wrapped him in a voluminous embrace, and kissed him many times with true maternal warmth.

"Mother, you have not been ill? There is nothing wrong with you?"

"No, my darling, what should there be? Oh, I remember—the telegram."

A sudden cloud came over her face, which was repeated with added shadow on her son's.

"Yes, the telegram. I thought you were ill, and I came home as you bade me, immediately. Never mind. Good-night."

"Stop, my dear. Just stop."

But he would not; and went straight up stairs to his own room.

TO BE CONTINUED!

CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

It Is Now Inhabited and Possesses a Little Town.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived so many years at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and there now stands little village of small huts scattered round a long one-storyed building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the greater little town of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumbeland Bay. The island is rented for £200 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Cat-hing and drying the many varieties of fish in a raising cattle and vegetables, while occupying the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilean Government thought that to grow wheat to get rid of the animals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez.

Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbing away.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a rocky hummock rises like a pomme. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1869 by the officers of the British ship Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez Island. The round trip is made in six days, and here the traveler may be spent on the island in a hating and visiting those lonely, but beautiful, spots which for y 20 years ago were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

"What am I to do without my mother?" Silence said at last, with a piteous appeal not to him or to anybody, except perhaps one to whom alone the orphan can always go.

Roderick could bear it no longer. His manhood wholly deserted him. He turned away his head and wept. "The two sat there, ever so long, sobbing like children; and like children—how it came about he hardly knew—holding one another's hands. That was all! No more, indeed, was possible, but it seemed to comfort her. Very soon she rose from her chair, quite herself, her quiet, gay self, robed in all the dignity of sorrow."

"Thank you; you have been very kind in coming to-day and in wishing to come this afternoon, as I hope you will."

Roderick had forgotten all about the telegram and his mother—every thing in the world except Silence Jardine.

"I suppose I do," said the quiet German who kept the place.

"Well, then, bring me a schooner of beer, and if there's a collar on it, don't get it a cent," said he.

The big man drank the beer at one gulp and then glared unsteadily around the room at the Bock beer sign, the Schwein, the Schwabian picnic, the steel engraving of Germany and the picture of Bismarck.

"Who's that gargoyle?"

"Great nothing. He ain't in it. That's what he ain't."

The proprietor looked at the icepick, and then he changed his mind.

"Haf a peer," said he.

"'I'll go you,' said the big man. He accepted a third and fourth. On the eighth he fell asleep over the table.

The quiet German went to the door and called in a heavy policeman. "He's a goot cigar," said he. "Take him in. He is been disorderly. I appeciate my self at te state."

Five minutes later two policemen hauled out the big man, whose dragging toes left long, snaky lines along the sawdust. The quiet German, dusting the picture, said: "Pismarck is affenged, I pet you."—Chicago Record.

"It was a dangerous toy."

The fascination which a snake exercised over Nellie, the 8-year-old daughter of Mrs. Fogarty, of Camden, N. J., was almost paid for by her life the other day. The child was playing happily in the yard in the afternoon, while the mother was busied with her household duties. For a while the little one enjoyed her innocent adventures with others, with men and brownies, conjured up by her child-mind, but in the midst of these fancies there came wriggling across the yard a serpent, a sand-worm. Never ran after the snake a child, and then, desiring closer acquaintance, picked it up in her little hands and began to eat it. The child tried by soothsaying words and caresses to soothe it into quietude. So well did she succeed that in a burst of admiration for her pupil's dillity, she put the ugly monster to her mouth, intending to kiss it. Then the viper's cunning unmasked itself. Two little fangs shot out, they pierced the child's lips and the serpent held fast. Attracted by the child's screams, the mother came and killed the snake and by hard work the physicians saved the little one's life.

"He Snored While the Storm Raged."

During a voyage across the Atlantic several years ago, says a traveler, "we were all in a state of a man's illness, his complaint being a fitful sleep, fitful dreams, and a certain return as soon as possible."

"You will say all this to Monsieur Reynier? And I shall find her with you when I come back."

"Certainly. Yes."

"You will take care of her?"

"I will."

He looked at kind Sophie. There was the tender light of her love for her own good young pasteur shining in her eyes. "Thank you," Roderick held her hand and kissed it, and was gone.

He got to Richerden about 4 in the morning—a thorough Richerden morning, or rather night—of sleet and snow and blinding rain. Entirely worn out with fatigue, he came at last to his mother's room.

"For the moment he hardly believed it was his mother's but that he must have made some egregious mistake. For the house was all lighted up, carriages were going and coming, daintily muffled figures filled the entrance-hall; it was evidently the breaking-up of some festive entertainment.

He had pictured to himself the silent house—the night of anxious vigil over sickness—death; for even that last terror had, as he neared home, forced itself upon his weakened nerves. Instead, he came in at the end of a ball!

"My mother—how is my mother?" were the first words that passed his lips—they had been knelling themselves into his tired brain for the last hour.

"She was standing half way up the stairs in a ruby velvet, point lace, and a silv' ablate, with diamonds—a little tired and old-looking, as was natural at 4 in the morning, but beaming with health, good-nature, and the exuberant exuberance of life.

What a contrast to the dead mother whom he had left in her coffin so many hundred miles away!"

"Many folks flatter themselves they are fairly good because they are not entirely bad."

Waiting for a pause in the stream of

gossip, Roderick hid himself in the shadow of the door till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and hearty, had repeated a series of hospitable adieus. Thence he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light.

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TO BE CONTINUED!

HOME AND THE FARM.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Interest the Boys in the Work Combined Poultry and Pigeon House Device for Splitting Wood—General Agricultural News.

How to Make Money on the Farm.

Do not look beyond your reach for wealth when it lies all about you. In this wonderful age of improvement you must move in the line of march, or let your next door neighbor dig the jewels from the soil. Many of our young men are not content with the beautiful old homestead, the green fields, and much that makes one so independent on the farm, but in their anxiety for gain, push out to large cities or some distant land, when, in nine cases out of ten, they would have been happier and wealthier men had they put that same life and energy on the farm.

The world demands men who will work. The curse of our country to-day is the multitude of idle ones, who demand not only a living, but even luxuries thrown in. Nothing in this life can be gained without hard work. Be careful in choosing an occupation, start right, the outcome will be fruitful. If you are interested in your vocation and are industrious, your work, even though hard, will be a pleasure.

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Try to interest your boys in your work. To do this, you must encourage them in their small beginnings. Stake out one acre of land for your boy to work on. By this I do not mean the poorest land on your farm, but the very best, and see, also, to commence with, that it is well enriched. Start the boys right, at the first year's trial will be apt to decide their future.

Put in something that is in demand, and that always commands good prices. How many farmers have first-class seed corn that will test 95 per cent. when planting time arrives? A fine grade of seed corn that your neighbors know is all right in every respect will prove a very profitable investment for you. When you have an article to sell, give your customers something that is value received, and your trade is established. The same hints may be applied to all varieties of grain. There is a good income awaiting you at your very doors; seize your grand opportunity.

Poultry and Pigeon House.

A poultry house with a loft especially fitted up for the accommodation of pigeons is shown in the accompanying illustrations from the American Agriculturist. The poultry quarters have an addition fitted with wire netting in

over a third more when grown in rotation than when grown continuously in the land year after year.

For Splitting Wood.

A holder for splitting wood is a nice convenience, and one like that here illustrated is often at hand or can be secured. When a device of this kind is used it saves trouble and even some danger from splitting wood. It is not always understood that much advantage may be taken of hard labor when splitting wood by slabbing off the sides of the block instead of splitting through the center. When a log is sawed into

favor of choice cows. Yet a well-bred cow may give twice as much milk as one that has no breeding. It is cheaper to raise good cows than to buy fresh ones that are unknown.

Study of Horticulture.

Every farmer should understand horticulture. It enables him to grow a larger variety and to rotate his crops to the best advantage. There is no reason for confining the farm to three or four crops. The soil will be improved when the same crop is not grown oftener than one year in five. Small fruits should be grown, as well as grain and vegetables.

Using Up Bones.

If bones cannot be reduced to a very fine condition pound them, or break them to pieces in some manner and place them around the grapevines, about six inches deep in the soil. They may also be used around trees. But little benefit will be derived from coarse pieces of bone for a year or two, but it is better to utilize them than to allow them to accumulate into unsightly heaps.

Spreading Manure in the Fall.

It is a good plan to spread manure upon the fields in the fall. Experience shows that manure applied in the fall to the surface, either of plowed or grass land, will become so thoroughly pulverized and distributed through the soil by the action of frost and rain as to act more quickly and be in better condition for plants to assimilate than the same fertilizer would be applied in the spring. The loss from drainage, unless upon very steep surfaces, will probably be less than from the