



Silence

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He slept an hour, and then saw his wife standing beside him with her grave little face and a "memorandum" in her hand, wherein their incomes and outgoings were set down with scrupulous neatness and as much accuracy as was attainable under the circumstances.

"How clever you are!" Roderick cried, enthusiastically, until he discovered the sad deficit, which must be met somehow. How? "Perhaps the people would wait; Richerden tradesmen often do."

"If they could, we could not," Silence answered, gravely. "They must be paid."

"How? Not by asking my mother; it is impossible," added he, abruptly. "And otherwise what can I do? I can not dig; to beg I am ashamed."

Roderick spoke with great utterance. His wife made no answer, but went into her bedroom and brought out a large jeweler's case—necklet, bracelet, brooch.

"It was very good of you, dear, to give me these. I know what they cost, for I have found the receipted bill; still, if we had, not jewels, but the money—"

Roderick drew himself up with exceeding pride. "Am I come to such a pass that I require to sell my wife's ornaments? It is a little hard." Then bursting out hoarsely, as he had never before seen him do, "No, Silence, you are only a girl; you do not understand the world, or you would never have suggested such a thing. Not that; anything but that."

"There is nothing but that, so far as I see," she answered gently, but firmly. "It is true I am a girl; but I am not quite ignorant of the world—at least of its troubles. Mamma and I were often very poor—so poor that we did not always have enough to eat; but we held our heads high, because we owed no one anything. She used to say, 'My child, what we can not pay for we will go without.' I always obeyed her. I must do so still. You must never ask me to wear these jewels."

He was so astonished that his sudden wrath melted away in a moment. The gentle creature whom he could have ruled with a word! Yet by the way she quietly put the ornaments back and laid the case aside, he knew she meant what she said, and that nothing would ever move her to act against her conscience.

"Do you not care for them, the gifts I gave you?" said Roderick, tenderly. "Care for them? Do I not? But I care for you still more. I would rather never wear jewels to the day of my death than see my husband look at me with those jewels."

"But to sell your ornaments! even if I can do it, which I doubt? My poor child! what would Richerden people say?"

"Would Richerden think it more discreditable that you should sell my ornaments than that you tradepeople should go without their money? Then I think the sooner we leave Richerden the better."

"Have we quarreled?"

"I don't know," said she, half smiling.

Roderick paused a minute, and then held out his arms.

"You are right; I will do it."

"Not you, dear; these things are so much easier to women than to men. Let me go to the jeweler and say—"

"That you do not like them?"

"No, for that would not be true. I like them very much—as I like all pretty things. But I like other things better—honor, peace, and a quiet mind. We will set ourselves right now, and after that we will be careful—very careful. You must earn the money, and, like Macbeth, leave all the rest to me; then this will never happen again. I being so 'clever' as you say."

The laugh in her voice, but the tears in her eyes—how could withstand either? Not Roderick, certainly. Besides, he had the sense to see, what not all men can see, that there are things which a woman can do better than a man, in which a woman is often wiser and a man foolish. It is not a question of superiority or inferiority, but merely of difference.

"I perceive," he said, "I must give you the reins and sink into my right place in the household chariot. Well, perhaps it is best; far better than turning into a domestic phantom and setting the world on fire. Seriously, my darling, this shall not happen again, if you will help me."

So ended their first quarrel, which Silence persisted was not a quarrel, but only a slight variety in opinion. And she did help him from that time forward; in many things that might otherwise have been very painful to a proud man, very wearisome to a busy man. But she had a way of doing them all, even the most humiliating, which took the sting out of them and entirely. And when the money was obtained, everybody paid, and the preparations completed for their next day's journey to Blackhall, young Mrs. Jardine sat on her boxes, which she had packed with her own hands, looking pale and tired certainly, but with the cheerfulness of contentment. Her husband, too, went whistling, "Oh, Nan, wilt thou gang wi' me?" in which song, sung under his instruction as to accent, she had created quite a furore at several dinner parties.

"Evidently you do not wish to leave the bustling town, and are anything but disgusted with the 'lowly cot and russet gown' to which I am dooming you," said he, laughing. "So, give me the song, even though our piano is gone, and our parlor looks anything but that 'bower of roses by Benedicte's stream,' to which you are so

often calling my attention. Sing, my bird!"

She sat down and sang, clear as a bell and gay as a lark, the lovely old ditty. Her voice was her one perfectly beautiful possession, "except," as Roderick sometimes said, "except her soul," of which it was the exponent. He listened to it with all his heart in his eyes.

"Do you remember, Silence, that first night at the Reyniers, when you sang 'My Queen?' And again—no, you could not remember that the first Sunday when I heard you singing behind me, unseen, in Neuchatel cathedral? It sounded like the voice of an angel—my good angel. And now I have her in my home, my own home, forever! And she is—only a woman, and has got no wings."

"Nor has mine either! He is—only a man; and I find out a new—shall I call it peculiarity?—in him every day. And worse, he cannot sing at all; he can only whistle; but—"

And then, being a weak-minded woman at best, and also exceedingly tired, she stopped laughing and began crying, clinging passionately to her husband's breast.

"Oh, take care of me and I will take care of you as well as I can. We are very young, very foolish; but we may help one another. Only love me, and then—No, whether you love me or not, I shall always love you."

"My darling!"

"But"—with the sun breaking brightly through the summer shower—"since you love me all will go well. We will fight the world together, and not be afraid. No"—tossing back her light curls that were terribly unfashionable, and she had been urged to abolish them, but Roderick objected, and they remained—"no!"—and a gleam that might have come from some Highland ancestress of both, fearless till death, and faithful till death, shone in Silence's eyes—"I am afraid of nothing so long as I have you."

CHAPTER XI.

They were standing together, the young husband and wife, "at their ain door," in the long northern twilight, the midsummer twilight, beautiful as I have never seen it anywhere but in Scotland; cold, gloomy, rainy Scotland. But, as if Nature herself wished to be kind to the souls that loved her, and unto whom the world was just a little unkind, from the day they reached Blackhall there had set in an extraordinarily long spell of fair weather.

Already both were a good deal changed; the mysterious change which marriage makes to all, but to none so much as those who marry early. At ready they had learned to forget themselves each in the other, with the hope of a long future in which to rub down opposing angles, striving to become "belts together of the kingdom of heaven"—that kingdom of heaven which begins on earth.

"How quiet everything is!" she said; "how plainly we can hear the burn singing down below—hear and not see—so that you cannot complain of the mill which has spoiled it, nor grumble at the sins of your—our—misguided great-grandfather!"

This was an impetuous Jardine of the last century, who had sold two acres of land, half a mile below the house, on which was built a cotton-mill, now owned by Mr. Black, the factor, their only near neighbor, and the only person who had yet called upon young Mrs. Jardine. He was an old bachelor—there was no Mrs. Black to call—which fact, remembering Mrs. MacLagan, was a great consolation to Roderick, who betrayed sometimes a lurking dislike both of the mill and its master.

"Yes, Blackhall is very quiet," he answered, "especially after Richerden, though you are 'no longer dressed in'—How does the line run?"

Silence sung out into the clear still night—no fear of listeners!—the verse—

"No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked wi' jewels rare,
Dost thou regret the courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

"Those 'jewels rare' about which I got so angry with you, my darling; and yet which purchased for us so much peace of mind, to say nothing of Mr. MacLagan's declaration that he had not met for years a lady he so much respected as you, Mrs. Jardine!"

Good, honest man! He never said so, but I think my poor opals will appear on Mrs. MacLagan's fat neck next winter."

"Never mind; they will make her happy; and I—my happiness does not lie in ornaments."

"What does it lie in, then?"

"Love."

He knew the whispered answer, without need of her giving it.

Still, as he pressed his wife closer to him, he liked to hear it.

"Love is not everything, perhaps. I mean—as our good friend MacLagan suggested when we bade him good-by—"

"Will the flame that you're so rich in light a fire in the kitchen, the spit, spit?"

We must be prudent. And we shall be, now the wife is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still, we may have a good deal to fight against, which even love will not shield us from. But after all, 'Love is best!'"

"Is it? Do you really think so? For me it is; but you—"

"We are just ourselves—our own two selves," said Roderick, answering his wife's words, and perhaps the unspoken thoughts of both. "We shall have to fight the world together, and alone; but we will do it, never fear. You shall help me, and I will help you—if I can. By the way—if one dare name such a thing in the face of those glorious hills—did your new kitchen-range work well to-day?"

She laughed merrily.

"Yes, everything is beginning to work well, after a good deal of trouble."

"I know that, my darling. Anybody less happy-minded than you would have made a mountain of misery out of the chaos I have brought you into. Poor Cousin Silence! it could not have been so in her lifetime; she was very dainty

and orderly, I believe; but she has been dead more than a year now."

"Dear Cousin Silence!"—with a sudden pathos in her voice which struck her husband. "I think a good deal of Cousin Silence. It seems so strange that we should be here—and so happy—we two. Did you know, Roderick, that this was her favorite walk—this terrace—hers and Cousin Henry's?"

"Cousin Henry—that must have been my father."

"Yes, my father always called him so. He used to speak of him sometimes, not very often. I have never told you"—here her voice fell into the tenderest whisper—"but I have sometimes thought, if they all knew it, they would be very glad that we two were married. Because, as I found out by some letters I had to look over after mamma died, Cousin Silence ought to have married Cousin Henry, if my father had not come between them in some cruel way. He was very sorry afterward—poor papa! but it was too late, I suppose. And they are all dead now, and we are here. Is it not strange?"

"Very strange. Poor Cousin Silence!" Then with a sudden and inexplicable revulsion of feeling Roderick added: "We will not talk of this any more. You see, I am my mother's son. She loved him dearly, and he was the kindest of husbands to her—my poor father!"

"And so was papa to mamma. But, oh, Roderick!"—and clinging to him with a sudden passionate impulse, she burst into tears—"Love is best—love is best! Oh, my God, I thank Thee! Take what Thou wilt from me, but leave me this: let me never live to hear my husband say that love was not best!"

Very soon "young Mrs. Jardine," as he was fond of calling her, put on her wise face again, and both it and her words often had a curious wisdom—not worldly wisdom, but that wisdom which has been characterized as coming "from God"—"first pure, and then peaceable."

"There is a saying, Roderick—you read it out of the Bible this very morning at prayers—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' That means, as it seems to me, at least, do not go beating about the bush, and vexing yourself with trying after a hundred things that you cannot do, but do something which you can do. I have been thinking of you a great deal, my husband, and one thing has occurred to me. You are very clever; you know you gave me a whole heap of MSS.—prose and poetry—which you wrote at college."

"When I was so foolish as to think I should be an author some day."

"Well, why not? All other professions cost oceans of money, and years of labor. Authorship costs nothing but pen, ink and paper."

"And a few brains, which you think I have, my wife, but—quarry?"

(To be continued.)

HETTY GREEN GETS JEALOUS.

She Makes a Scene Because Her Husband Has Mrs. Howard Attend Him.

Developments of a few days ago seem to indicate that Mrs. Hetty Green, the shrewd possessor of many well-invested millions, has a sentimental side to her character. Possibly this would not have been discovered if her husband, Edward A. Green, had not been attacked by rheumatism several months ago, necessitating the services of a massage artist, who, it is said, is called Mrs. Howard.

In New York and away from his wife, Mrs. Howard, a fashionable bachelor apartment house at 5th avenue and 2d street. There Mr. Green, tortured by rheumatic twinges, was faithfully attended by Mrs. Howard, morning and evening. The clerk of the Cumberland was alone in the office one night, when through the 5th avenue entrance stalked a tall woman, severely clad in dress and countenance. He recognized her as Mrs. Hetty Green.

"I want rooms here, young man," she said, "for myself and daughter."

"But, madam," said the clerk, "this is exclusively a bachelor house, you know, and I really could not; that is, I—"

"Noth'n' of the kind, young man," interrupted Mrs. Green, "my husband is here; and if I know anything about it he's no bachelor."

Then the clerk summoned the proprietor. Mrs. Green explained the circumstances to him. My sick husband is in the room, and he needs a good nurse; together too much fidelity to a certain Mrs. Howard. I've had about enough of it, and I propose to run this massage business myself. So you see I have simply got to camp right here until the matter is settled. Give me a month. What do you say?"

The proprietor finally compromised by "giving her ten days," with the request that she get rid of this Mrs. Howard as gently as possible. Mrs. Green and her daughter then left, occupying a vacant suite directly above Mr. Green's room, and early the following morning moved to the attack.

No one is exactly what happened when Mrs. Howard arrived to perform her usual service and found herself face to face with the invalid's wife. Listening hall boys caught the sound of vigorous altercation, but Mrs. Howard abandoned the field. She fled out of the sick room and vanished from the house, not to reappear.

The Plain Woman Gets There.

A discussion is going on in one of the English papers beloved of young men, as to whether ugly women are less happy than their more fortunate sisters. One would like to hear the views of the ugly women themselves, who, no doubt, would be perfectly willing to forego the virtues that are unanimously ascribed to them for the rosy cheeks and golden hair of nature's favored ones; but, according to the young male prize who express their sentiments in the plain, good girls, with their sunny tempers, efforts to please, and homely qualities, are actually preferred to haughty, exacting, capricious beauties. This is rather an unromantic view for youth to take, and one, perhaps, that none of us would prefer in the mouth of a sober middle age, from which romance and susceptibility to beauty have very rightly fled. However, the truth seems to be that if a woman of not very moderate comeliness does not get the "fun" and flirtation and the sort of not very desirable homage that fall to the lot of the pretty creature, she is quite as likely to live and keep affection of a deeper and more enduring kind. One can imagine, too, that the plain woman is pleasing in the eyes of her lover; and which of us has not met women with a reputation for beauty for which we could not account? The especially notable in portraits of bygone belles, many of whom appear to our modern eyes to have little claim to beauty so far as contour and features are concerned.

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

What Our Neighbors are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianapolis.

Hon. James M. Barrett.

Senator James M. Barrett of Fort Wayne, is one of the young, hustling Democrats of Northern Indiana, and is a leader among the politicians of his party. He is a member of the firm of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris, and his ability in that line is fully attested by the success which his firm has attained in the many legal battles in which they have participated. He made his first political speech at a poll raising in the Sixth Ward in 1876, in honor of Mr. Charles A. Munson, then a candidate for Sheriff, and took an active part on the stump in every campaign since.

In 1886 he was elected Senator from Allen County by a majority of 1,357, that being the largest majority of any candidate on the Democratic ticket. At the same election the Hon. J. B. White, Republican candidate for Congress, and the Hon. A. A. Chapin, Republican candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, were elected over their Democratic opponents. In the session of the State Senate of 1887, he was Chairman of the Committee on Prisons, and a member of the Committee on the

Judiciary and Cities and Towns. As Chairman of the Committee on Prisons in 1887 he made an investigation of the Southern Prison located at Jeffersonville, and made a report to the Senate of the condition, management, and corrupt practices then existing in the State prison which compelled the resignation of the warden and directors (all Democrats) and resulted in the selection of an entirely new management.

Also prepared and introduced a bill for the complete reorganization of the prison system of the State by taking the appointment of directors away from the Legislature, and putting it in the hands of the Governor with power of removal. The bill, like all other bills of that session, failed to become a law by reason of the well-remembered "dead lock" of that session. A similar bill, however, was passed by the Democratic Legislature of 1888, and is now a law.

In 1889 was made Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary—the most important and hardest worked committee of the Senate, and to which are referred all important cases. To this committee was referred the several bills of that session looking to the securing of a new election law for Indiana. As Chairman he prepared and reported a substitute bill, which was passed, and is now known as the Australian ballot law.

Barrett law," under which all street improvements in the cities and towns of Indiana have been made for the past six years, and which gave an impetus to street improvements in every part of the State, and the principal streets of the cities may be said to be "lifted out of the mud."

After the close of the session of 1889, the Indianapolis Sentinel paid him the following compliment:

"Among the Democratic leaders of the Fifth district, no name is more widely known and taken higher rank or wielded greater influence than Senator Barrett of Allen County. He is a young man of extraordinary ability and untiring industry, and possesses all the qualities for bold and successful leadership. His knowledge of the various departments of the State government and of the necessities and wants of the people is broad and comprehensive. He is a diligent student, an indefatigable worker, a ready debater, and an excellent parliamentary man. He is well versed in the science of government, and his ideas of public duty are of the highest. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in the session just ended, and to him, as much as to any other member of either chamber, is due the successful issue of the fight for election reform, and the rest of the school of legislative duties have ever sat in an Indiana General Assembly."

Senator Barrett is Chairman of the Allen County Democratic Central Committee at the present time.

His legislative ability was recognized by the Commissioners of Allen County in their selection of him as County Attorney.

Minor State Items.

JOSEPH LEE, a miner residing east of Brazil, was instantly killed by a west-bound passenger on the Vandavia.

WHILE working on the ice houses near Deatur Charles Tucker was struck on the head by a piece of falling timber and almost instantly killed.

HITCHHIKING IN Bush County report that they have seen a wild woman in the woods about five miles from Rushville. Her body was covered with dirt.

KOKOMO has secured another canning factory, making three institutions of that kind for the place, aggregating 1,600 employees in the five months' packing season.

JACOB FRANCK, living six miles south of Wabash, was taken in by lightning-rod swindlers. He made a contract with them to rod his house for \$25, and was to receive a twenty-dollar discount by way of advertising the business. After the swindlers left he found he had contracted for seven points at \$25 per point.

The boiler of the Vincennes Novelty Works exploded, being blown through the wall of the engine room. Brick and other debris was hurled many squares. A flying brick went as far as the Catholic school yard and struck a boy named Lane on the head, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal. The loss will be \$3,000.

WABASH County Commissioners claim the privilege of arbitrary action in the issuance of licenses and have refused three applicants without assigning reasons except that the people don't want saloons.

REV. J. S. NELSON, a prominent Lutheran, and pastor of a Fort Wayne charge, was given a church trial at North Manchester, on the charge of heresy. Rev. Nelson recently wrote a book entitled "Baptism Forever Settled, or the Water Line Obliterated," in which he derides the necessity of water baptism in any form. The case was tried before sixteen ministers, all of whom voted to deprive him of all ministerial functions pending a final decision by the Synod, which will meet next September.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Handsome House of Worship Can Be Constructed for \$4,500.

This church is erected at Stafford Springs, Conn., and is built on one of the most peculiar sites imaginable, being on a triangular corner lot, situated on a side of a hill, which brings the whole of one side of basement out of the ground and the opposite side, where drive porch is, on a level

with the church floor. The basement is built of Monson granite laid in irregular courses, with cut sills, lintels, etc., the area copings and steps being of cut granite. The basement gives good Sunday school rooms, with a ceiling of eleven feet, and is so arranged as to be thrown into one room by means of sliding doors.

The stairs from basement to floor above are convenient and easy of ascent, and gives room underneath for a water closet, and the room under tower is used for fuel. The windows in basement are filled with diamond glass with stained borders, set in lead-

frame-work. The ground floor or auditorium is 31x53½ feet in size, and will seat 225 comfortably. The ceiling is finished with open timber and plastered panels, the windows all filled with rolled Scotch cathedral glass of handsome design, the chancel windows and rose window in front being very handsome.

The fittings are all of pine—seats finished in natural wood and have black walnut rolls on backs. The chancel is of good size, having robing-room connected, which is reached from outside, and contains wardrobe, etc., the organ being placed on the opposite side.

The construction throughout above basement is of wood—roof slated with black slate and cut bands—and the whole exterior of wood-work is painted, the body venetian red, and trimmings Indian red, with the cut-work, battens, etc., black. These colors, with

the picturesque surroundings, form a pleasing picture to the eye, and one which should be seen to be appreciated. This church cost \$4,500 complete, and is one of the neatest church buildings for the money that it is possible to get up.

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Blocks that Float in Water.

A geologist who is "well up" in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water, and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubertine is one of the best known representatives of that class; the common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is "damar," a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damara-land. Its atomic weight is 0.5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.—St. Louis Republic.

FRONT ELEVATION.

GROUND PLAN.

SECTION.

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HOME AND THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

An Arrangement for Soaking and Crushing Grain for Feed—Old-Fashioned Flowers the Best—Black Minorca Fowls—Serviceable Trough.

Soaking and Crushing Grain.

I have had a great many years' experience in fattening hogs, having fed as high as 300 or 400 at a time, writes C. F. Shedd, in the American Agriculturist. I have used dry grain of all kinds, soaked grain unground, soaked ground feed, and cooked ground feed. Wheat, corn, barley or rye do not need to be ground to get the most from them. If the grain is crushed or flattened, so as to break the outside covering, and then soaked or allowed to soak and partially ferment, it is all that is required. To crush or grind dry grain requires a mill and heavy power to run it. With my plan, every farmer can be his own miller, using either horse or hand power. In the illustration the apparatus is supposed to be in the basement of a barn, though it can be set up in an out-building, or even out of doors near the hog lots and water tank, except in cold weather. Vat 1 is placed at a suitable elevation, directly under the grain bin, with spouts for conveying the grain from the bin to the vat. The water pipe b conveys water from the tank or mill to vat 1. The flow of grain is regulated by the cut-off c, and water by the valve d. The grain is soaked in vat 1 until it is soft, when a portion is drawn or shoveled into vat 2. If it is desirable to retain the water in vat 1, a perforated scoop is used. The soaked grain is now ready to pass through the rollers h. Being so soft that it can be mashed between the thumb and fingers, it requires comparatively little power to run the rollers. This may be done by horse or hand power. After passing through the rollers, the mass drops into vat 3, and can be fed at once or allowed to stand from one feed to another. The latter method I prefer, as partial fermentation will add to the fattening qualities of the food, and assist digestion. I prefer rolled or crushed grain to ground. I can buy 40-cent wheat and make it net me 80 cents per bushel anywhere west of the Missouri River, at the present price of pork.

Black Minorca Fowls.

The island of Minorca, the easternmost of the Balearic Isles, lying off the southeastern coast of Spain, has given the name to a breed of fowls which is attracting much attention in this country. The Minorcas have points of resemblance to the Spanish and Leghorn fowls, but are larger than either. It is the opinion of many skillful breeders that the black Spanish and black Minorcas were originally identical, but the former has been bred for the white face and the other fancy points, while the latter retains the original red face, larger size and greater hardness of the original. The combs are larger than those of the Leghorns. There are both black and white Minorcas, but the former are principally bred in this country. They are fine stately fowls, with large single combs and long wattles.

Large Crop of Potatoes.

Prof. Maynard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, had twelve acres and a quarter in potatoes, which last year produced 3,500 bushels, which yielded, at 50 cents a bushel, \$1,750, the cost of producing same being \$714; interest on the value of the land is not counted.

Farm