



CHAPTER XXXV.

"Wish to see his lordship?" exclaimed the footman who at Herrick Hall, answered the doorbell, and was directed against the ambiguity of the proposition.

"I desire to see Earl Wyvern," replied Obadiah, "was the applicant for admission. "I am little used to trouble the mighty of the earth to listen to my words for my sake; but I come on business, to attend to which, unless I judge wrongly, my lord the earl would gladly rise, even from a king's feast."

"What name, please?"

"I am Obadiah Jedson—Captain Jedson they call me," answered the jet hunter, impressively. "Tell the Earl that I can throw light upon what happened here in Horseshoe Bay seventeen long years ago."

Sir William Herrick, your master, can hardly fail to have heard of Captain Obadiah Jedson, the jet seeker."

The footman capitulated, and went to do Obadiah's errand. In a few minutes—in fewer minutes than the gaunt old chief of the jet hunters' company had reckoned on—the footman came back.

"Sir William did know of you, Captain," he said more respectfully than he had spoken before, "and so did her ladyship. Please step this way. My lord will see you in the dining-room."

Thither Lord Wyvern quickly came, somewhat of a frown upon his brow.

"Mr.—or Captain Jedson," he said, "you have evoked very painful recollections—I trust not on frivolous grounds. If you have anything to tell which is worth the telling, I am prepared to listen to you."

"Lord earl," replied Obadiah, confronting the peer with a grave dignity that challenged respect, "I forgot neither what is due to a nobleman's rank nor to a father's heart, when I ask your lordship to hearken to a rough man like me. I am a jet hunter—a captain of jet hunters. It seems to me but yesterday that our camp was pitched as it is to-day, in Horseshoe Bay, hard by. It was seventeen long years ago. It was summer weather. It was the day of a sharp and sudden storm."

"Well!" said the Earl, as his lips quivered, and the lines that furrowed his broad white brow seemed to deepen.

"My lord," Obadiah resumed, "I am not one of those who believe in luck—heathen only so called. But there is a guidance, if we could see it right. On that day of sudden storm on the sands, close to the leaping waves, on the inner side of the black rocky headland that juts out into the sea, and cuts off the bay from Shrapton and the coast line, we saw, as if it had dropped from the sky, the figure of a child."

"Alive?" asked Lord Wyvern, hoarsely, "Alive?" Obadiah hastened to say, "and well and fearless. A beautiful boy, with silken curls and great dark eyes, richly clad, dainty to look upon—like a little prince torn from a palace, and set there on the desolate sea beach, almost within reach of the furious sea."

"Of what age was the boy?" asked the Earl.

"An hour or two ago, lord earl. I knew not of your loss," answered the jet hunter.

"The gathering of a chance conversation, if I hold that what is written there that shall be—has brought home to me, after all these years, that our founders, and my own foster son, the little fellow whom we adopted among us, was no other than your son, my lord."

The tears that started to Earl Wyvern's haughty eyes and the sob that shook his frame were answer enough.

"Is he—my boy—yet living?" asked the Earl, and it was with almost an imploring gaze that he fixed his eyes on Obadiah's rugged face.

"He is—he is, my lord," the jet hunter made haste to say. "Roughly as we reared him, and poor as we were, he grew up to be as handsome and as noble a youth as ever gladdened a father's eyes. He pressed the young man to his breast."

"My boy!" he exclaimed, pushing Don from him a little way, with a hand upon each shoulder, so as to see him better, "you cannot tell what this meeting is to me! To find again, as if the very grave had, through heaven's mercy, yielded him up to me, the little child—all that my Marian left me—and to find in him a man grown, and a son of whom any father would be proud indeed."

Sir Richard, finding himself a detected forger, suddenly disappeared. He was reported to have closed his London house as summarily as he had put down his establishment in Yorkshire, and to have sailed for Demerara, where rumor allowed him to possess a small estate, inherited from his father.

The grim old captain of the jet hunters, to whom both the Earl and Don felt they owed a deep debt of gratitude, refused the liberal offers of money which Lord Wyvern made to him.

But Don's knowledge of the old man's peculiarities prevailed, and Obadiah accepted the gift of a small farm which Earl Wyvern had purchased for him in Beckdale, the place of his birth, and of some such freehold as that which the veteran jet hunter—descendant of a race of yeomen that had sunk into poverty—confessed himself to have been all his life ambitious to be the possessor. So the famous old company of jet seekers was broken up, most of its members turning their attention to more prosaic forms of bread-winning.

Glitka, the baronet once gone, found her further sojourn in England undurable, and much regretted by her partial mistress, Lady Thorsdale, returned to her native Hungary.

"That," said the Earl, "is a Neapolitan charm against the Evil Eye—a mere toy. But the belt—did you not wonder at what you found within the clasp?"

"Indeed, no. I doubt if I understand you, my lord," said Obadiah, wondering in his turn.

"I will see," said the Earl, "if I have forgotten;" and after one or two attempts he pressed a secret spring, when instantly a silver plate flew open, revealing within a cavity that contained two tiny locks of hair and certain graven letters.

"Those are his mother's initials and mine. That is his mother's hair and my own. I doubt no more," said Lord Wyvern. "And now, Captain Jedson, when can I ever repay the debt?"

When suddenly Obadiah struck his forehead, exclaiming, "Dolt! dolt! that I am! My lord, I greatly fear that the good news comes too late. They have driven our Don half desperate by separating him from the girl he loves, and to-morrow, early to-morrow, the brave boy starts to seek his fortune beyond the seas—and starts for Mexico."

of Wyvern—let them be Don and Violet to us still—talk with affection and gratitude of the good old man, and marvel at the talisman of hidden happiness for them that lay Within the Clasp.

THE END.

Heat Dries Up Four Englishmen.

Uncle Robert William Quimby of Lewiston says that he has traveled in all the warm countries of the globe and that he has been in the coldest latitudes. He does not think that we have such very hot weather. If people would make provision for the hot days as they do in India he thinks we should not notice it so much.

"But," says he, "the warmest weather that I ever experienced was on a small island called John's Biscuit, off Cape Gracias, on Honduras. The Elizabeth Jennings, on which I sailed in 1870, from Portland, stopped there for water and a boat's crew went ashore for it. It was a little volcanic island and awful dry and hot. We didn't know whether there would be any water there or not, but we did find a spring with a stream as large as a brook handle pouring out all the time. And do you believe me! The water was dried up and soaked up before it had run four feet in the sand. The place was covered with dried trees and a little distance away was what looked like a hut—a habitation for man. We went in and found the shrunk remains of four men, sailors probably, who had died in one night, to judge from appearances. One was sitting leaning against the wall in a sitting position. There was dry food on the table, dry meat in a box and everything was burning dry.

"A letter in the pocket of one man was dated Liverpool, 1846, and on the table was a bottle with a note in it, evidently intended to be cast ashore. It said they were four English seamen, marooned by a captain, left to die. The note was dated 1846, and I suppose they had been there dead in that hut for over thirty years, and they must have died of heat one day and dried right up. We left them where we found them."—Lewiston Journal.

Giants Survived the Flood.

Among the many queer stories related in the old Jewish Talmud is one concerning the action taken by the great race of giants at the time of the deluge. According to Rabb Eliezer, when the flood broke upon the earth, the giants exclaimed, "If all of the waters of the earth be gathered together they will only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again." The same writer, who was one of the compilers of the Talmud, says that they actually tried to do this when the flood finally came. Eliezer says that Og, their leader, planted his foot upon the fountain of the deep and with his hands closed the windows of heaven. Then, according to this same queer story, "God made the waters of the earth be gathered together they will only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again."

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"For whom do you make me?" said "For Lord Lindlow, my lord. I am here by orders of your lordship's father, my lord, and—"

So far had the valet proceeded in his speech, when a deeper voice struck in:

"Don, my dear boy, the man you have the truth, strange, and passing strange, as it may sound in those young ears of thine."

And Don saw at his elbow the towering form and striking face of the aged captain of the jet hunters.

"My boy, my foster child!" began Obadiah, "when first you came—a wee thing to break our bread and warm your little limbs beside our camp fire, I knew from the first that you belonged to gentle-folks. You were like a tiny eagle that had dropped down from the eyrie aloft, and had but the barbed feather and the dauntless eye to tell of what race you came. At last the truth is known. Your father, who grows impatient as he waits toonder to press you to his heart, is a grand mother, a belted earl, my lad."

"His name?" Don asked, as his breath went and came more quickly than usual.

"His name is Earl Wyvern. You are it, he said, Don, a lord, and your true name is Lionel Arthur, Lord Ludlow."

The end of the colloquy was that, as fast as the special train could hurry him along, Dan sped over the iron road to Shrapton.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sir William Herrick, who was the soul of hospitality, had thoughtfully provided that Don, on his arrival at the Hall, should be ushered at once into the presence of his father. In the library, a large room where well-stored books shelves alternated with the branching antlers of stags slain long ago, and with armor kept bright by the care of sundry generations of servants, the Earl received the long-lost son whom he had so long sorrowed for as dead. All Lord Wyvern's pride, all the habitual coldness of his manner gave way at once, and he did not even try to hide the unvoiced tears that dimmed his eyes, as, opening his arms, he pressed the young man to his breast.

"My boy!" he exclaimed, pushing Don from him a little way, with a hand upon each shoulder, so as to see him better, "you cannot tell what this meeting is to me! To find again, as if the very grave had, through heaven's mercy, yielded him up to me, the little child—all that my Marian left me—and to find in him a man grown, and a son of whom any father would be proud indeed."

It is better to give not more than one half of the amount in hay, when twenty-five pounds of feed a day is allowed, the larger amount always to be given at night.

The grain ration should be adapted to the individual horse and the work he is required to do.—The Silver Knight.

Underpaid with Gold.

Percy F. Marks, one of the proprietors of the London *Financial News*, one of the recognized authorities on financial matters, arrived in San Francisco last week on the *Monowai*. The paper was founded in 1883 and is owned by himself and his brother, Harry H. Marks, a member of Parliament. This brother, previous to embarking in this London enterprise, obtained his journalistic experience on American papers.

Mr. Marks has been in Australia making a careful study of the gold fields in West Australia, New South Wales and New Zealand. As these mines develop, which they are now doing very rapidly, he predicts a very remarkable increase in the supply of gold, amounting, in fact, to a glut of the yellow metal in the market. The mines of West Australia are particularly rich and extensive, but have the disadvantage of being in a country scarcely supplied with wood, water and means of transportation. But these disadvantages are being rapidly overcome. The government is extending the railroad which runs from Perth to Coolgardie on to Kalgoorlie, better known as *Hoanuus*, twenty-five miles, an extraordinarily rich mining region. The government has also asked Parliament for \$5,000,000 for the purpose of laying 300 miles of water pipe. In many places drinking water sells for 50 cents a gallon. From here Mr. Marks goes to Cripple Creek to investigate the mining prospects there. His paper, he says, has always had a favorable opinion of Cripple Creek fields.—*Los Angeles Express*.

CULTIVATION IN APPLE ORCHARDS.

Regarding the cultivation of old apple orchards which have been a long time in sod, the general consensus of opinion among leading horticulturists of the country is that it is not best to attempt to plow up these orchards and improve them by cultivation, but rather to depend upon surface mulching and feeding for their maintenance.

But a few days ago, in visiting the farm of a friend, who is a great lover of fruits and flowers, I have found that his apple orchard, which has been planted in sod for many years, has last spring a small strip of land plowed and thoroughly manured all around the outside of the orchard and been planted to flowers and various small trees.

Sundowners.

"Sundown doctors" is the appellation said to be applied in the city of Washington to a class of practitioners who are clerks in the government offices and who have taken a medical degree with a view of practicing after the hours of their official work are over.

Early Almanacs.

The history of written almanacs dates back to the second century of the Christian era. The Alexandrian Greeks in the time of Ptolemy, A. D. 100-120, used almanacs. Prior to the written almanacs of the Greeks there were calendars of primitive almanacs. The Roman fasti sacri were similar to modern almanacs. Knowledge of the calendar was at first confined to the priests, whom the people had to consult not only about the dates of festivals, but also concerning the proper time for instituting various legal proceedings.

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FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Cultivation in Apple Orchards...Profit from the Incubator...Feeding Wheat...Farm and Garden Notes.

ROLLING LAND AFTER WHEAT SOWING.

This operation is hardly ever desirable; it may be before the sowing, to break down the clods, but a good harrowing should be given immediately after. Then the seed should be drilled in or sown; in the latter case the seed should be well harrowed in. It is best to leave whatever small clods may be on the ground, as these attract moisture, and so help the seed to sprout. If the weather is dry after the sowing, later, these clods, if only small, will be a protection to the young plants. The effect of rolling land every time and under every condition is to cause the soil to lose its moisture and not to retain it. The more the surface is loose and open, the less it dries out; the harder and more crusty it is, the more moisture it loses by evaporation.—*Hartford Courant*.

FEEDING WHEAT.

D. E. Salmon, D. V. M., Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, recently said in regard to the relative value of wheat and corn for feeding purposes:

"When wheat and corn are the same price per bushel, it is preferable to feed wheat and sell corn: First, because wheat weighs 7 per cent, heavier per bushel than corn; secondly, because wheat is weight for weight, an equally good grain for fattening animals, and better for growing animals; and thirdly, because there is much less value in fertilizing elements removed from the farm in corn than in wheat."

"There are certain points to be borne in mind when one is commencing to feed wheat. Our domesticated animals are all very fond of it, but are not accustomed to eating it. Precautions should consequently be observed to prevent accidents and disease from its use. It is a matter of common observation that when full-fed horses are changed from old to new eaters they are liable to attacks of indigestion, colic and founder. If such results follow the change from old to new eaters, how much more likely are they to follow a radical change, such as that from oats to wheat? For this reason wheat should at first be fed in small quantities. It should, when possible, be mixed with some other grain, and care should be taken to prevent any one animal from getting more than the quantity intended for it."

At a meeting of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Mr. J. W. Kirby said:

"The wheat that is being fed to farm animals is mostly soaked. I have fed large quantities and it appears healthful and nourishing. Hogs fatten on it about one-third better than on corn, making about sixteen pounds of live pork per bushel. When a mixture is needed for fattening hogs, oats are found excellent. When mixed with an equal measure of oats is fed to work horses, and this ration maintains strength and flesh about the same as corn or oats. For feeding horses, wheat is worth about thirty-three per cent. more than corn. Wheat is selling here at thirty-eight and corn at thirty-five cents per bushel. It would pay better to feed the wheat than to sell at forty cents and buy corn at thirty cents per bushel, but to sell wheat and buy bran or shorts at current prices, would be doubtful profit for the feeders. I feed brood sows and sucking pigs on soaked wheat, giving them all they will eat, and keep plenty of water in the feed trough to prevent the feed from becoming dry. Older hogs, with plenty of green feed or running in pasture, are fed dry wheat, which they seem to masticate and digest better than when soaked.—*Farm and Garden Notes*.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Special care should be given to young fowls to keep them growing, so as to get them in good shape for the winter.

If fowls do not moult well look for ice. Put a little flour of sulphur in their food and a little iron in the drinking water.

For good results in egg production, the hen house during the winter should be fed in addition to the grain ration. The horse of this character will not usually eat more than ten to twelve pounds of hay daily. Again, you find some horses that you are almost compelled to muzzle to keep them from stuffing the bedding.

It is difficult, on account of the different uses to which horses are put, to tell what amount should be given them. Opinion is divided on the subject. One stockman says that four tons of hay will be enough for a 1,000-pound horse a year. Another says that a horse should have from eighteen to twenty pounds a day. The stage driver insists that twenty pounds a day is none too much. We believe that each horse should be considered by himself, and fed accordingly.

It is better to give not more than one half of the amount in hay, when twenty-five pounds of feed a day is allowed, the larger amount always to be given at night.

The grain ration should be adapted to the individual horse and the work he is required to do.

PINE CASES BAD FOR EGGS.

The trouble with pine for egg cases is that it is very liable to impart a bad flavor and smell to the eggs. This occurs in the presence of moisture. When eggs come out of a cold refrigerator car into a warm atmosphere they become damp, often wet, from condensation; so does the case itself. This causes the pine to emit a strong, pungent odor which taints the eggs. The same effect is noted in damp and musty weather.

We have observed a number of instances lately where eggs in pine cases have been returned from buyers on the ground that they were "tasty" though apparently fresh and sound. Investigation has shown that the trouble was due entirely to the absorption of the pine fragrance from the wood.

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