

# A CROWN OF FAITH

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The players played; the dancers danced; the guests thronged in. Stately Colonel Wycherly pulled his iron-gray mustache, and smiled his supercilious smile, half-contemptuous, half-condescending; and Mrs. Wycherly sat superb in black velvet and oriental pearls, watching the dancers, her black eyes flashing fire, her thin lips smiling, her proud nostrils dilating. Arthur Calthorpe hung over Ella. "Mamma will not let me waltz," said the heiress.

"Then will you excuse me if I run away?" rejoined the heir. "See—there is Miss Pritchard, the lady principal of St. Martha's College, with thirteen of her pupils and teachers, and some of them are deplorably shy."

"Go, go!" cried Ella; "one of them has nothing deplorable at all about her—I mean that stately creature who has chosen to wear a dress of black lace over a pale-primrose skirt. She is covered up close to the throat; she wears no ornament but a gold necklace and cross; she is like a Spanish princess; she is very handsome."

Five minutes afterward, Arthur Calthorpe, heir to the earldom of Beryl, was whirling round in the waltz with Leila Leigh, under-teacher at St. Martha's College for Ladies. The blond, blue-eyed young man, the stately, dark-eyed girl, looked into one another's faces and read volumes; but it might be that those volumes were in an unknown tongue. They panted, panting, in a little ante-room—a costly gem of a chamber, where light refreshments were laid out daintily on an inlaid table.

Arthur was handing Leila a jelly, when there entered a woman. She was young, not more than twenty. She wore black—a plain dress, made high to the throat, with linen collar and cuffs. Her light-brown hair was disordered and rough. Her face was neither pretty nor plain, and her blue eyes were sinister and cruel. Her complexion was fair naturally, but its pallor at that moment was surely unnatural. Arthur Calthorpe dropped the jelly he was handing to Leila; the glass was shattered.

"I must speak to you!" she said imperiously—"at once—out there in the Laurel Walk!"

And without a word of apology, Arthur Calthorpe drew the curtains from before a French window and passed into the garden. Leila Leigh sat there, indignant, silent, wondering, and waiting. Arthur did not return. After a while she re-entered the ball room. The night wore on heavily for her. Her interest in the ball was suspended while Arthur was absent.

Presently she saw him standing in a doorway. She started, looked again. Arthur, and not Arthur; like and unlike. The same height, figure, build, complexion, but different eyes, different mouth, different expression. This young man was talking to her own brother, Lionel Leigh, who soon crossed the room and spoke to Leila.

"Leila, that gentleman is Mr. Calthorpe's twin brother. He has been away for two or three years, and now he wishes to speak to his brother. Where is he? He was seen with you last."

Leila rose up and led the way toward the little ante-room. Her brother went with her. He whom we have known as Dick Barrington followed, and there was a buzz of recognition among some of the guests.

"He went through that window," said Leila.

Lionel opened the window, and Arthur's twin brother passed out into the garden. It was a frosty night, with bright, blinking stars, keen, piercing air. Leila wrapped her head and neck in her opera cloak, walked swiftly along the gravel path, slipped, and fell. Then she returned hastily to the ante-room, passed into the blaze of light and uttered a shriek which brought the guests thronging into the little chamber.

Her satin skirt, satin shoes, and fair hands were stained with that deep red stain which tells of the ebbing of a human life. Then it was remembered that Arthur had been missed for some hours. The little ante-room filled so full that the guests surged out into the frosty laurel path.

Leila lay back, fainting; but there was one face amid the throng which burned itself terribly, mysteriously, and so it seemed—without reason, into the consciousness of Leila Leigh—the haughty, white, fearful face of Mrs. Wycherly. Lionel Leigh, towering above the heads of the crowd, came on toward where his sister lay on the little couch. He sat down near her and took her hands into his.

"What has happened, Lionel?"

"Mr. Calthorpe is hurt."

"How? By whom? Where is he?"

"They have carried him round to the other side of the house. He is in one of the drawing rooms, and there are three doctors at the ball. I am going to send Dr. Dundas; the other two are with him."

"Is he much hurt?"

"Frightfully. I should say he must die."

Leila shuddered. She closed her eyes, and wondered in a dreary way what use her youth and her beauty would be to her now. No word of love had passed the lips of the earl's heir. He had written her two little notes, and begged her acceptance of two splendid bouquets; he had taken off his hat when he met her in the lanes; and now to-night he had waltzed with her, and looked at her with eyes which spoke volumes.

"Tell me how it happened?" she said. "I went out through that French window with Dick Barrington. I thought he had gone to the Laurel Walk, perhaps—you said he had gone out that way. We walked to the end, and Barrington shouted, called him 'Flitter!'—which was his nickname when they were boys—and there was no answer. Then Barrington ran down the shrubbery walk. I know every inch of the place," he said. "I came back toward the house, stumbled against something in the path, found it was a man, dragged it toward a lighted window, and saw that it was Mr. Calthorpe, quite

senseless, and with the blood streaming from a wound at the back of his head."

"That Barrington?" cried Leila, "or the woman in black?"

"What woman?"

"A young woman who came into the room, and beckoned him out—a horrible looking creature, sly and cruel, rather pretty, so far as fair skin and blonde tresses go."

"I carried him round to the drawing room, and went in to find the doctors, and then you ran out and slipped on the gravel, where it was wet with the poor fellow's blood, and came in here and screamed."

Lionel hurried off and sought Dr. Dundas in every hall, room and corridor; but amid all the eager, talking crowd, which as yet showed no signs of clearing Beryl Court of its clamor and excited presence, no trace or sign of the doctor; neither could he see Mrs. Wycherly, nor the colonel, nor Ella, in the throng.

He had not exchanged a word with Miss Wycherly during the evening. The colonel's daughter had been beset with partners in her own sphere, and Lionel Leigh had stood aside, feeling that for him this gay and brilliant ball was but a pageant, of which he was merely a spectator.

Ella had given him one smile. Lionel was in a misanthropic mood that night. He dashed into the yellow drawing room. Was Dr. Dundas there? No. On a couch lay Arthur Calthorpe, white as death, but with open eyes, in which gleamed consciousness.

Dr. Tufton was bathing the wound at the back of his head. Dr. Richards was feeling his pulse. The crowd had been banished from this room. There were only a few visitors present, chiefly young men, friends of the earl's heir, one or two ladies, three servants, the poor old earl crouching in an armchair, and suffering tortures from mingled gout and grief.

"I cannot find Dr. Dundas," said Lionel to the earl respectfully.

"Very selfish to go off at a time like this!" cried the earl, striking his ivory-headed cane on the carpet. "I suppose that woman—that Mrs. Wycherly—has nerves which must not be upset by the sight of blood. Dundas is clever. Our poor boy can't last till morning, Tufton thinks."

Then Lionel heard murmurs of detectives having been telegraphed for, and he left the room, and resolved to leave the house. Very angry he felt—very much outraged; but with whom or by whom he could not tell.

Passing down a long, lighted corridor, he saw approaching him a slight, rounded form draped in white lace, and with rubies sparkling on the neck and arms. It was Ella Wycherly, in the costly dress and jewels which she despised. Under a lamp, held by a marble goddess, she paused and looked at Lionel.

"What has happened, Mr. Leigh?"

"In his delight at meeting her, in all the excitement of a love, rapturous and passionate as his, the tutor forgot the tragedy, forgot that rumor popularly associated the names of Mr. Calthorpe and Miss Wycherly, he answered:

"Mr. Calthorpe has been wounded in the head by somebody unknown, and his life is in danger."

Ella turned white, then put her hands before her eyes.

"I—I—I knew nothing of it!" she said vehemently. "I have been watching the whilst players, and listening to the band. Mamma said I must not dance any more. Miss Worthington was with me. All at once mamma came into the room and called her away; they told me not to come out until they returned. I waited and waited. I had nobody to speak to; for all my partners had been kept away by Miss Worthington; then other people came in and whispered, and the whilst players went out, and I—I ran out here; and now I shall be lectured, scolded so for stirring!"

She looked at him; her eyes gleamed, her red lips parted in a maddening smile; she held out a small, white hand toward him. Lionel seized it, and, intoxicated with this passion, he began to devour it with kisses.

"Don't—don't—don't!" she cried, drawing it away from him, and looking at it as if it had received some injury. "You think," she looked at him scornfully—"that because I am a poor, ill-used girl, whose mother is cruel, and whose governess is hateful, that I am a little idiot, do you?"

"Oh, no, Miss Wycherly."

"But I tell you you do," she said; "and you will find out your mistake. I am no idiot, whatever else I am!"

"Miss Wycherly, if my life could atone for my fault—"

"Hold your tongue!" she said, stamping again. "Who wants your life? Your life, indeed! If you were dead, they would bury you. I suppose, and your mother would cry. Most likely she loves you; mine hates me! Ah! it is a cruel thing to feed a young heart on scorn and severity; it withers it, Mr. Leigh—nips it in the bud."

How tender her voice sounded! and the large eyes shone through tears. Lionel dared not tell her that his heart and his life were at her service. She seemed so terribly capricious, this beautiful Ella, that he feared she might almost turn upon him, and exorcise him in her angry scorn, if he presumed again to manifest any of the burning love which was fast making his soul into an inward Tophet; nevertheless, his brain, warning his judgment, causing him to forget the great aims with which he had started in life, though only as a teacher of languages, eighteen months before.

"I shall be so blamed—so cruelly blamed for stirring, for leaving that boy; but I cannot stay there any longer. I will not!"

"Miss Wycherly, I really believe that the colonel and Mrs. Wycherly and Dr. Dundas have driven away, have forgotten you; at least, I cannot find one of your party—not even Miss Worthington."

Ella's large eyes opened in amazement. She clasped her hands and the sweet

mouth was prettily puckered up, as that of a child about to cry.

"Gone—forgotten me! Impossible, Mr. Leigh!"

"If you have not guessed, Miss Wycherly, will you permit me to take you to the supper room, and then, while you are eating something—you must want something?"

"Indeed, I do! I am not a heroine in a story—one who lives on ethereal thought and excited sentiment; pecks like a bird at a crumb, and does all sorts of absurdities. I have eaten nothing for hours, and your offer of supper sounds like the noise of a fountain in a thirsty land, like the scampering of a mouse behind a wainscot in the ears of a hungry cat. Will you give me your arm, and tell me what there is in the supper room? I don't care for the gold forks, and the flowers; tell me what there is to eat, please. Is there cold tongue, and cold roast chicken?"

"I believe there is everything nice in the supper room, Miss Wycherly."

"Come along, then."

She took his arm, and the two threaded their way to the supper room.

"Hush! They say he is dead!" said a thin lady in spectacles, and wearing gorgeous amethysts, to Lionel and Ella, when they entered.

"How awful!" cried Ella tempestuously. "Here have I been thinking of nothing but myself, and my dull evening in the card room, when I had expected to be so happy, and their all going off and leaving me alone, and then I heard poor Arthur Calthorpe was hurt, and almost forgot it, in my excitement; and now I'm certain I can eat nothing—nothing at all!"

Looking to the end of the corridor, Lionel perceived the figure of a woman clothed in scarlet, and the figure waved an arm at Ella.

"An apparition!" cried Miss Wycherly. "Save me—save me, Mr. Leigh, from your fiend in scarlet—your demon, which waits to pounce on me and carry me away in its claws. What on earth makes Miss Worthington take to scarlet opera cloaks? She wears brown, and slate, and drab at home; and even at dinner, nothing smarter than black silk; but to-night, over her gray silk evening dress, she must needs wear a great scarlet cloak. Look at her spectacles, her face! Oh! I shall be sacrificed, dished, sent to Coventry—I shall be—"

"Miss Wycherly!"

Oh! the tone—the sepulchral tone of Miss Worthington! She waved a long, lean arm, on which flourished an ugly pebble bracelet, with the portrait of a plain woman in short curls set in the clasp.

"Where have you been, Miss Worthington?" asked Ella.

"Your mamma was taken so suddenly ill that we had the doctor, and the colonel, and myself—to take her to the open air. Dr. Dundas was fearfully alarmed. We knew—that is, the doctor knew—that only the air could keep her alive until the danger was over. Such a dead, dead, dreadful faint; I ran at last and ordered the carriage; it took her home. I have returned for you. She is better now. Your papa is with her. The carriage is at the side entrance by the fire avenue. Put on your waterproof, and come. Your maid is come for you. There are lamps in the room where you left your wraps."

Then Miss Worthington turned, with a cold stare, toward Lionel Leigh. Ella had already begun to ascend rapidly a flight of stairs leading off to the left.

"Mr. Leigh, when I found you in the summer house with Miss Wycherly, I ventured to say that the German lessons must be discontinued; but that decision was, I think, most unwisely overruled afterward by Dr. Dundas. Will you tell me what you mean by these attentions to a little enthusiastic girl of seventeen, who will inherit a large fortune?"

"Madam," said the German tutor, "you must be aware that your severity is unjust and ill-timed. I met Miss Wycherly alone and hungry in the corridor. I took her to the supper room. I was looking for her friends when I met you."

"She was chattering, with her ill-regulated vivacity. You were listening, as if entranced, Mr. Leigh. I have been a governess some years, but I know something of the world."

"Don't, madam."

"And I know that you are playing a dangerous game."

Lionel smiled bitterly.

"Which only can end in the most terrible disappointment. The child herself mocks you behind your back! Ella Wycherly will never love any one."

At that moment Lionel heard the dancing feet of Ella upon the stairs. Another moment and she stood before her governess, and her tutor, wrapped from throat to heels in a large gray waterproof. On her head was a little pink hood; her face nestled within it, like a June rosebud.

"Good evening, Mr. Leigh," she said, and she held out her hand.

"Ella—Ella!"

But, in spite of the sharp tone of the governess, Lionel took her hand, held it a moment, and bowed. Another moment and Ella had departed with her governess.

(To be continued.)

The Height of Majesty.

"And so she is very queenly? I suppose she's the kind of woman who is never afraid to enter the grandest drawing room."

"Oh, more majestic than that! She's the kind of woman who's never afraid to enter her own kitchen."—Brooklyn Life.

Information.

The visitor to New York was in search of information.

"Do you know anything about the copper corner?" he asked his host.

"No," was the reply, "but I know the corner copper."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Barred.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was dead in one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

Of all the letters which pass through the postoffices of the world, two-thirds are written by and sent to people who speak English.



The rotation of crops does not call for more plowing, but less, and more stirring of the soil.

It is the surplus or increase of price above cost of production that adds to the prosperity of the people.

Use brush and warm water for washing milk cans, then rinse with scalding water and stand in the sun.

The difference between a good and inferior caretaker is everything in the matter of success or failure in cattle feeding.

Did you ever notice how a bunch of hogs will always work their feeding troughs away from and never toward the slop barrel?

Take the first rainy day to repair the tools, oiling the harness, and other matters that can be so well done in the barn or workshop.

If trees are received from a distance and are partly dry when opened, bury them for a week, top and all, in finely pulverized, moist soil, to restore them.

The horse has a smaller stomach than the cow, and has less power to digest coarse food, hence it is worse than wasteful to oblige them to live on coarse food. It is injurious.

Keep milk in cold water. Don't use wooden milk pails. Don't leave skim milk standing in cans. Don't allow milk cans to remain in the stable. Strain milk carefully through the wire and cloth strainers. Don't mix night's and morning's milk before cooling.

The farmer that makes any pretense to dairy interests soon learns to know the great value of soiling crops. When the early summer drought dries up the pasture there is nothing like having a supplementary crop to draw needed supply rations from for the milch cows.

The thin-rinded or Hampshire hog is rapidly increasing in popularity. The exhibit of this breed at several of the State fairs attracted much attention. The Hampshire hog is possibly the most picturesque in appearance of all hogs, as he is black with a white strip completely around his body.

Pull the cabbages up by the roots, instead of breaking or cutting the stalks. Remove any dry or decaying leaves and hang them to the studding in a dry cellar by means of twine tied about the stalks, placing them so that they do not touch one another or the walls of the cellar.

Don't feed heifers that are intended for the dairy large quantities of fat-producing foods, but an abundance of good hay and a limited supply of oats and corn, for the habit of laying on flesh in calfhood is liable to follow her to motherhood, and lead her to placing the results of heavy feeding on her back instead of in the milk pail.

Clay soils are lacking in nitrogen and sometimes phosphoric acid. This can be supplied by barnyard manure. The growing of legumes has made it possible for the farmer to grow some kind of a leguminous crop, one that will gather nitrogen from the air and store it up in the soil. Salt is not a plant food, and therefore cannot supply the elements needed by the clayey soil.

Raising Alligators.

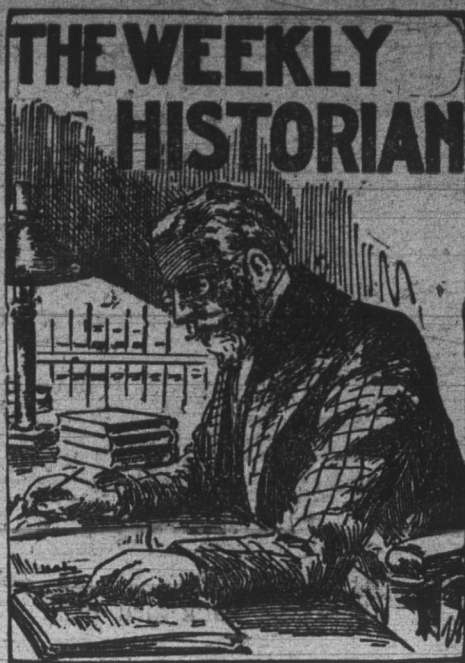
Of all the interesting ways to which incubators have been put that of hatching alligator eggs is probably the most striking, says Popular Mechanics. An Englishman at Hot Springs, Ark., is engaged in raising alligators for the market. The demand for the hides to use for manufacturing purposes is constantly increasing, while parks and zoos buy the live reptiles for exhibition.

Protecting Trees from Rabbits.

If you are troubled with rabbits eating the bark of the tree during the winter, try wrapping the trees. Newspapers can be bought at any local newspaper office, and a whole paper should be used to each tree, tying the paper at both ends and around the middle with stout twine. Manila paper may also be used in the same way; it costs more, but is more durable. Nurserymen use split tile, placing them around the tree and tying so they will not part. Two or three hundred of these can be bought at any tile factory at a very reasonable cost. Have them split while green and burned with the other tile.

The Cotswold Sheep.

The Cotswolds are large, hardy and prolific sheep, and the ewes are good mothers. They furnish a valuable combing wool, and the average of fleeces is from 7 to 8 pounds. Selected flocks produce considerably more wool. The wethers, fattened at 14 months old in England, weigh from 15 to 24 pounds per quarter, and at 2 years old from 20 to 30 pounds per quarter. They frequently are made to weigh considerably more in this country. Their mutton is superior to that of the Leicester.



1154—Henry II. crowned King of England.

1300—Columbus arrived a prisoner in Spain.

1562—Huguenots defeated at Dreux.

1680—Sir Edmund Andros, first royal governor of New England, arrived in Boston.

1773—Destruction of cargo of taxed tea in Boston harbor by citizens disguised as Indians, known as the "Boston Tea Party."

1775—British Parliament passed an act for confiscating all American vessels and impressing their crews into the British navy.

1780—United States Congress appointed Francis Dana minister to Russia.

1780—Bank of the United States began to discount.

1793—City of Toulon retaken by Napoleon from the British.

1803—The United States took possession of Louisiana.

1812—Bonaparte arrived at Paris from his Russian campaign.

1845—Battle of Moodkee.

1849—Park theater, New York City, destroyed by fire.... Louis Napoleon took the oath of allegiance and was proclaimed President of the French Republic.... Asiatic cholera appeared among United States troops in Texas.

1851—J. M. W. Turner, eminent English landscape painter, died in obscure lodgings in London, under an assumed name.

1852—Pegu annexed to the Indian empire.

1859—First train crossed the Victoria bridge at Montreal.

1860—The passport system abolished in France by Napoleon III.... South African Republic established, Paul Kruger president.

1861—Federals attempted to blockade the channel of Charleston harbor.

1863—Gen. Grant established his headquarters at Nashville.

1864—Gen. Hardee escaped from Savannah with 15,000 troops.... President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers.

1865—Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution proclaimed.

1874—Italian parliament voted an annuity to Garibaldi.... Emigrant ship Cospatrick burned at sea, with loss of 463 lives.

1876—All awards made in payment of the Alabama claims, leaving surplus of about \$8,000,000.

1883—Cantilever bridge at Niagara Falls opened for traffic.

1884—World's industrial cotton exposition opened in New Orleans.

1885—House of Representatives passed the presidential succession bill.

1891—Violent earthquake in Sicily.

1894—War between China and Japan declared ended.

1897—William Terriss, eminent English actor, assassinated.

1899—House of Representatives passed the currency bill.

1900—Martial law proclaimed in Cape Colony.... Gen. Leonard Wood assumed office as governor general of Cuba.

1903—United States Senate passed Cuban reciprocity bill.

Home Consumption Nurses.

Commissioner of Health Dixon of Pennsylvania has inaugurated a campaign against tuberculosis involving a house-to-house inspection and instruction by visiting nurses, who will go to the home of every person applying to the State Dispensary for treatment. It will be the duty of the visiting nurses to instruct the patient and the patient's family how to obtain the requisite amount of fresh air, the most desirable foods, and how to conduct themselves so as to avoid infection. Every member of a household in which a consumptive lives will be inspected, and where there is a sign of ill health the suspected person will be persuaded to adopt precautionary measures. In this way it is hoped the State will be able to check the spread of "the great white plague" by discovering hundreds of cases in the early stages when a cure is probable. The difficulty which has been experienced in sanitarium work heretofore is that cases are not reached until they are too far advanced to be susceptible of cure.

Big Profits in Cigars.

President George J. Whelan of the United Cigar Stores Company, when on the stand in the government's suit against the American Tobacco Company, testified that the company had paid a 12 per cent dividend in 1903, 20 per cent in 1904 and 40 per cent in 1907.

Big Order for Wheat.

A Greek giving the name of Lizeras has created a sensation in Baltimore grain circles by giving the exporting firm of Gill & Fisher an order to buy 1,500,000 bushels of wheat for shipment to Athens while giving no credentials or evidence of his ability to pay, he referred to a prominent New York house. It is said that the order is filled it will take five steamers to carry the grain.

A rough estimate of the census of Cuba now being tabulated, places the population of the island at 2,028,282.