

# AN ALTERED PURPOSE

## CHAPTER IV.

Sparle's information was only too correct. Rose was ill, was suffering from a virulent type of smallpox, and was even in this short time seriously altered for the worse. Again was the house cleared; again was the trained nurse sent for; and it was plain that each person who saw Rose took an unfavorable view of her case.

She was beginning to wander in her mind; but she never failed to know Rodbury, smiling after a sad, tearful fashion, when he came to her side, and kissing his hand, while she strove to say in broken words how sorry she was to find herself giving so much trouble—rather an incoherent speech, it may be; but she wished him to know it was upon his account, not her own, she was regretful.

Now, this was a terrible fix for Rodbury to quote his own reflection. He was for the second time ready to start upon his journey, was actually on the eve of departure, and again, as on the previous occasion, a serious hindrance cropped up. He—and the nurse had said as much—“did not like the look” of Rose, and, in fact, had at once made up his mind that she would die; and so, although he had resolved to leave her—had persuaded himself that he was entirely tired of her and her associations—yet how could he desert the girl, his own wife, just as she was dying? When she was gone, there would be no one to see to the poor children; and, besides, there came with an awful force and suddenness upon him the memory of all the devotion she had displayed during his illness. While thinking thus, it also swiftly flashed upon him that it might have been his illness which caused hers; another reason for showing a little more consideration for her.

A twinge of something like remorse pained him when he thought of this, and of the train of selfish, unfeeling plotting by which he had repaid her. Perhaps from that moment he was conscious of a tenderer feeling for his wife than he had hitherto believed to be possible. Come what might, he resolved he would not leave London just at once; he would stay to see that his children were properly disposed of; he would see the end of Rose; and—yes, he ought to do that—he would be kind and considerate to her while he was with her. It is possible, we repeat, that from that time Rodbury was less entirely wrapped up in selfishness, and his thoughts held more of tenderness for his wife than they had ever held before.

So day after day he postponed his departure, and day after day he was in the sick-room, full of contagion to all but those who, like himself, were hardened by having passed through the terrible ordeal. He was surprised after a week or so had elapsed, to find how attentive he had grown; how it seemed no trouble to him to hold the cooling drink to poor Rose's feverish lips, to moisten her burning brow, or to shift her painful position; and it was wonderful how the girl preferred his help to all other, and how, when at the worst, she brightened at the sound of his voice; yet more wonderful than this was the happiness it gave him to be able to render these services.

But it gave more pain than pleasure to hear her, in her scarcely audible accents, thanking him, and saying how she should never forget him, and how she should never be able to repay her dear husband for all his kindness—the best and most devoted husband in the world. It was impossible for any one who had nourished and nurtured such designs as had so lately been Rodbury's, to feel otherwise than guilty—a base guiltiness—on hearing language which was more touching than the keenest reproaches.

When she was quiet, too weak to speak, but not too weak to smile, as she held his hand while he sat by her side in the darkened room, she would recall the time when she was a bright, healthy girl, and afterwards a happy mother, devoted to her children and to her husband; all her faults and foibles sank to insignificance then, and he began to doubt whether among the fresh scenes he was to seek he would ever be happier. He doubted, too, whether he should ever find another so entirely earnest in her love for him, one who, to use a homely phrase, would go through fire and water for him; and following up this train of thought, he doubted if she would live when she found herself deserted by him. The shock might kill her; but beyond that there was a chance that so fiery a spirit as was hers, with all her love, would lead her to put an end to her own life if nothing still worse followed.

Sparle had gone back to his district, being unable to spare any more time, so he was not to be feared. To do Rodbury justice, he was hardly likely to hold Sparle or any one else in personal fear.

He was sincere in what he said; and despite the shocking circumstances which surrounded them, he passed an hour or two by his wife's side more happily than he had passed any interval for months. After a day or two, all fear of contagion being gone, Rose was moved to a healthy northern suburb of London, and her children were brought to see her. These were in robust health. The girl could toddle about freely and talk with a very pretty tongue; while a finer little fellow than the boy never greeted a father's eyes.

Rodbury groaned when he reflected that the poor mother would never again look upon their blooming features or see their pretty curls; and then, with a still keener pang, he thought: “What could I have been doing? What could I have been dreaming of? To plan the leaving such beautiful creatures as these children that many a lord would give half his lands to own.”

This was a great change from his previous lines of reflection; but Rod-

bury had come. “And I wonder,” he muttered as, after a short saunter in the fresh open air, he came in sight of his house, “what will happen to upset my plans to-night? There has been the worst of luck about them at present.”

He was conscious, while persuading himself that he was anxious for a final success, that his heart was not so much in the scheme as it had been, and that its completion would cause in him but a moderate exultation.

He went into the house and into his wife's room. It was now the early twilight of an August evening. Everything, even in that crowded neighbourhood, happened, as he remembered many and many a day afterwards, to be hushed. No vehicles were passing; the vendors of street goods had not come out for the night, while those who plied during the day had ceased their calling; even the children on the street were quiet. How well Rodbury afterwards recalled the unaccustomed peace and hush of that moment!

The room had hitherto been kept darkened, but the blind was now drawn up, and it was light enough; yet Rose still wore a shade over her eyes. The window was open, and the soft, balmy air of summer's last days made pleasant even the confined apartment.

Rose turned to her husband as she heard his step, with a smile. He had grown used to see in her smile something very sad; but as the light fell upon her face this evening, there was then an expression which it pained him to see, and the same light showed how terribly she was disfigured by the disease. Hitherto, this unsightliness—such a dreadful calamity for Rose, and her bright pretty face—had been used by her husband in his attempts to steel himself for his task; but now, he did not understand why, although he had never seen the disfigurement so plainly, and though her features had never appeared so seamed and unattractive, he yet felt nothing of the repulsion such a change might have been expected to produce.

He sat down by his wife and spoke to her. She smiled again, but this time her lips quivered strangely; then, as had been her habit of late, she felt for his hand, pressed it in her own, clasped it to her for an instant, then kissed it passionately, and burst into a rain of hysterical tears, striving through her wild sobbing to say something which she could not render intelligible.

Rodbury threw his arm round her, and drawing her head down upon his shoulder, spoke soothingly to her and asked with a solicitude he had no need to feign, the cause of this outburst—lying her, too, on the folly of thus giving way, now that she was getting well so fast, and had passed all the dangers of her fearful illness.

“O Frank! my own, my dear husband!” at last exclaimed the girl, “do not speak like that, or you will kill me! I have never been fit to be your wife, I know, and have always known it; you have borne with me because you were kind, and I had, perhaps, some common prettiness.—No! do not interrupt me,” she said, as Rodbury began to speak; all that is true; but do not argue upon it, for you do not know what is coming. My face, even such as it was, is utterly disfigured—I can feel it; my mere touch tells me how I must look. I shall only know it thus, for I am now less fit than ever to be your wife. I am blind, Frank! completely and hopelessly blind! I shall never see the light of day again; and worse than that, far, far worse! I shall never more look on the kind face of my dear husband, or see my darling children.—Ah! you draw from me! I knew you would! Why should a sightless, disfigured—

“Draw from you, Rose!—shrink from my dearest wife!” exclaimed Rodbury. He had involuntarily pushed back his chair at the first shock; but now he clasped the girl in his arms and spoke with an earnestness which had the ring of truth in it. “I will hope for better than you tell me. With time”—

Poor Rose's tears burst into a fresh flood at this, and she gasped: “No, no!—never! Dr. Berge told me so to-day.”

“Then I will always stay with you, Rose!” cried her husband. His words had a deeper meaning than was dreamt of by their hearer; “and you shall not miss even your eyes while using mine. I have news also; but I will say only this at present; we shall always be above any need of toil, above all fear of want. You shall have care for our living or the comfort and well-being of our children, and I need never again go out with John. My circumstances are greatly changed.—Now, dry your tears, and tell me where you should like to live with the children, and what they shall have to please them.”

He said a great deal more, certainly in a strain which he had not intended to fall into when he entered the house; but without thoroughly knowing it, Frank Rodbury, so to call him still, had been undergoing an improving discipline for some time. He had, until that hour, persuaded himself that he was as determined to carry out his plans of emancipation as ever; that is, he thought he was as selfish as ever; but his churlishness had been greatly undermined, and he was an altered man. Now, the terrible announcement made by his wife; the sight of her seamed and pitted face, which the poor girl knew was disfigured, but which she would never see; the picture which arose constantly in his mind of the children, his children, soothing and clinging to their blind, unsightly, and deserted mother, was too much for him.

He was sincere in what he said; and despite the shocking circumstances which surrounded them, he passed an hour or two by his wife's side more happily than he had passed any interval for months. After a day or two, all fear of contagion being gone, Rose was moved to a healthy northern suburb of London, and her children were brought to see her. These were in robust health. The girl could toddle about freely and talk with a very pretty tongue; while a finer little fellow than the boy never greeted a father's eyes.

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bury was not conscious of any inconsistency; he only knew that his heart now seemed bound to his wife and children, and felt that he could not be happy apart from them.

It need merely be said here that the subsequent reports of the doctor, and the condition of the patient, herself only too strongly confirmed the painful announcement; Rose had made. She was blind, hopelessly blind. Yet, as it so often happens with us in our worst afflictions, there was even with this some alleviating power, for in the increased attention of her husband—the softened tone and tenderness which she so soon recognized—Rose had an undercurrent of happiness despite of her blindness; and the sad smile which was familiar to her lips was changed for a brighter if still a subdued one.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Rodbury went to his friend Ashwell and consulted him as to the best plan to be pursued under his altered views. These views considerably astonished Mr. Ashwell, who was greatly affected by poor Rose's story, and honestly reproached himself for having given counsel to her husband which involved so much pain to her. He had no doubt as to the counsel he should give, and this exactly chiming with his friend's own views, was immediately adopted.

A great deal might be said about the important changes which took place; but as the result must be plainly foreseen, it will not be worth while to postpone the close of our story. Rodbury never changed his assumed name—decided upon going to the Far West, to California, indeed; and revealing to some extent his altered position, he asked Mr. Sparle to go with him, seeing many ways in which the sound practical sense and business habits of his brother-in-law would be valuable; but Sparle's reply was a decided negative, and—as his last utterance in our chronicle—shall be recorded.

“No, Mr. Rodbury,” he said. “I am much obliged to you, but it won't do. I am not half so surprised about your money as you may expect, for I have always seen you was of a different stamp from ourselves; and if I could have stopped her, Rose should not be married to you—tho' straight. I can see why you are taking her and the young ones to America; you will not meet any of your friends in California; and I desay you will manage well there, and bring up the girl and boy like a lady and gentleman. But you could not make a gentleman of me; and after a time I should be in the way, and be always reminding you, if it was only by my being there, of these views he sailed for New York, Rose and the children travelling in such state—with four servants or nurses, these not so much for the journey as for help in their new life—as almost frightened her. This, of course, she soon got over; and her unfortunate blindness shielded her in her intercourse with the other passengers, who might otherwise have marvelled at the manners of their fellow-voyager.

California was duly reached, and a farm, which they soon learned to call a “rancho,” purchased. If Sparle's prediction about bringing up the children as ladies and gentlemen was not literally fulfilled, yet all five, of which number his family eventually consisted, were brought up by Rodbury in a befitting manner, and he was as happy as a man can well be.

We close this history by telling how a friend of Mr. Ashwell, having been on a sporting tour out West, called upon that gentleman on his return, and in the course of his narrative said: “While in California, whom do you suppose I came across? Why, Cy Launceston! You remember him? A fellow down in Leicestershire, whom everybody expected would drop into penal servitude some day, even if he escaped the gallows. Well, there he is, quite an influential settler, and a most successful one. He has a great estate, and calls himself Rodbury. I understand his name is now legally this in the States. Anyhow, there he lives with his wife. Poor creature, she is blind; from the smallpox, I believe, and certainly I never saw any one more marked with it. However, in spite of this, she is a bright cheerful little woman, and seems to worship the very ground her husband walks on; at least so I heard from the neighbours. He has five of the finest children I ever saw—three sons and two daughters. You should see them ride their ponies! It took away my breath—and I am a pretty fair hand across country. I flatter myself to see some of the ground they went over! There he is, as I tell you, a regular Yankee citizen, and some day, for all I know, he will be in Congress, so high does his character stand. Only think! Cyrus Launceston, of all persons in the world being presented as an embodiment of the moral, social, and in fact general virtues!”

It was strange, no doubt, to one who, like the speaker, knew some of the antecedents of the person in question; but it is never too late to mend.

(The End.)

## HAM BONES TO ORDER.

Parisians are immensely fond of ham—so much so that the number of hams eaten in Paris could not be furnished by all the pigs killed in France. The demand is supplied by buying up old ham bones and ingeniously inserting them into pieces of pickled pork, which are trimmed into shape, covered with grated bread-crusts and then sold for ham. In this way a bone does duty for hundreds of times. Still, the supply of bones is limited. So a man conceived the idea of manufacturing ham bones wholesale, and made a fortune from the sale of these artificial foundations. Nowadays, therefore, ham is plentiful in Paris.

## ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS.

Now, Johnny, said Miss Spriggins, the schoolmistress, as she poised the gad above the boy's back for a moment, I want you to remember that when I whip you, it is not because I enjoy bestowing punishment on you, but because I honestly desire to do you good.

Huh! retorted Johnny Squanch, in the weary tone of a blasé man of the world; that is what comes of a fellow's allowin' a woman to get dead stuck on his

## PRACTICAL FARMING.

### HANDLING AND FEEDING.

Few farmers realize how greatly cows can be improved by judicious handling and feeding, and how much depends on kind and gentle treatment. One of the most important things is regularity in feedings. The digestive apparatus is a wonderful machine, and if we bear in mind that it must be supplied with the kind of nutrients needed for the elaboration of milk, and that if we compel it to work over a lot of material which it cannot use in manufacturing milk, we hinder the maximum amount of milk secretion. In order that all the energy expended in digesting will accomplish the best results we should carefully study the nutrients contained in the ordinary food stuffs, and see that cows are not allowed to fill themselves with worthless material, such as straw and frosted corn stalks. Early cut and well cured corn stalks and fodder corn are excellent feed if properly balanced with grain. The food of bodily maintenance for cows is very easily supplied by a daily feed of from thirteen to eighteen pounds of stover or corn fodder, and if this is run through a cutting machine and mixed with a grain ration, composed of bran, barley and oats, giving each cow as much as she will eat up clean, good results can be secured if a few points are watched closely.

Feed twice a day at stated times. Commence feeding the ration when the cow is fresh, and if the cow comes in in the fall continue the same ration all winter, seeing that she is fed and milked exactly at the same time every day. By this method the flow can be kept up all winter. During warm days an hour's outing in the yard while the barn or stable is being cleaned and aired will be beneficial to the cows; but during cold weather cows will do better by being left in the barn. Cows should be provided with fresh water at least once a day during winter. The water should be warmed if it is so cold that they cannot drink freely and feel comfortable. In short, they should be made perfectly comfortable and satisfied. Irregular milking causes well fed cows to lay on flesh. Dairy bred cows are more intelligent than ordinary stock, and on that account are not satisfied with the kind of treatment that is measured out to natives. They will take offense at things which an ignorant scrub would be satisfied with. For this reason a man who thinks that all these notions about balanced rations, comfortable quarters, kind treatment and regularity are nonsense had better not invest in good stock or ever breed to improved sires, for unless he is determined to adopt improved methods, he will get little satisfaction out of improved stock. On the other hand, if he is willing to adopt better methods and study the art of breeding and feeding stock in such a way that the largest measure of success is assured, he will find that well-bred dairy stock is about the most profitable thing on the farm. Dairy sires can now be secured at very moderate figures, and by securing a good one now in a few years' time a dairy herd can be built up which will yield double the return that can be secured from natives or grade beef stock.

### FINISHING OFF BEEF CATTLE.

Perhaps on general principles twelve to twenty-four months is long enough to keep a bullock profitably. As the value of beef cattle of the same quality varies considerably during each year, a well-kept fleshy, yearling steer or heifer, will yield a much larger amount of money to the owner at that age than the same would months afterward, with its increased growth, says W. T. Taylor.

Hence the advantage of keeping stock all the time in condition, ready to take advantage of these varying circumstances. This cannot be done if we attempt to follow the ancient custom of growing before fattening and finishing our cattle for the market. Rich and strong grain need not necessarily be fed in quantities that would be detrimental to later growth, should we decide to carry our cattle beyond the two-year limit, and at the same time enough can be fed to have them ready and desirable to the slaughterer and perfectly satisfactory to the consumer.

When the market price and other circumstances demand longer feeding, careful and judicious precautions in selecting stock will insure a continued growth and improvement, to repay all the food and care we bestow, although we may safely calculate that less again, as a rule, will come as a greater age is attained. But as an offset to this loss, there is generally a better demand and advanced price for the more matured bullock, than there is for one of less age and feeling.

The final effort in fattening for the market need not occupy a great length of time. If the bullock has had such attention as to insure the proper and steady development we are seeking, and such condition of flesh has been secured as to be in fair shape for the butcher at any time, and an additional season of fattening is desired, one hundred to one hundred and fifty days is long enough. Give during this time, or as soon during this period as we have brought our cattle safely to the point, all the grain of any kind that is available that they will consume, and pasture or other similar feed with the grain.

The best plan in my experience, when full feeding, is to place the grain in a suitable position and allow constant access to it. This plan requires less labor, and the food is then partaken at such times as the appetite demands it, in such quantity as nature indicates. Many details of any particular method or fancy scheme of feeding I have purposely avoided, for each breeder must supply them by intelligent attention. Every animal disposed of in a thin-fleshed condition is at a loss to the

producer, while by well-managed work an increasing growth and quality it would insure a profit. Then there will be an evener distribution of fat and a great improvement in quality.

### LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Whatever trade you cater to, put your butter in neat, clean packages. The “best cow” must be one that will properly assimilate and convert her food into milk.

Beans make good feed for hogs and horned cattle. They should be ground before feeding.

Many dairymen have succeeded in getting their herds up to an average of 300 pounds of butter per cow per year. All should strive for it.

Careful analyses and digestion tests made at the Massachusetts State Experiment Station have failed to note any material difference in the feeding value of selected spring and winter wheat bran.

Look out for those commission firms that solicit no consignments of butter, cheese and other farm products offering a price above the market. They often prove to be frauds that fail to make any returns rather than bigger ones.

Cows must be examined as to their individual qualifications. It is not always the heaviest milker that is the most valuable. There is a marked difference in the amount of milk and butter different cows will make from 100 pounds of food.

In the creameries of Australia and New Zealand it is the general rule to heat the milk before separating to from 160 to 180 degrees. This is practically pasteurizing both the cream and the skim milk before skimming and may be one reason why Australian butter is so satisfactory to the English markets.

A warm convenient “barn basement” furnished with water, and an adjoining silo, and containing one thousand bushels of beets and mangolds, some for every animal on the farm, except the dog and cat, and not even excluding the chickens, “will make a cow laugh in winter,” as my grandfather used to say in regard to the wisp of hay his hand-rake would glean while crossing the hay-field. And if a herd of cattle laugh often you may be sure they will grow fat.

### DISHEARTENED.

Why Bargains Have Ceased to Allure This Gentleman.

“No,” remarked Mr. Wadkin, with a meditative, far-away look, “I shall never try to get another bargain. If any bargains come into our household hereafter they'll have to be piloted in by Mrs. Wadkin.”

“What have you been buying?” inquired the friend, who makes it part of his business to listen to Mr. Wadkin's troubles.

“A bicycle. My wife told me once that I always bought the first thing I saw. So when I circulated the report among my friends that I was willing to take any chances on a purchase in that line, I resolved to show my wife that I was not the target for designing avarice which she had pictured me. When a man came at me and offered me a bicycle for \$40 I said to myself, ‘Whatever you do, don't hurry.’”

“Forty dollars was a very low price for a wheel.”

“That's what I thought. But I hung back and told him I wanted a better article than that, and finally he went away without closing the transaction, and I felt proud of myself.”

“You had shown your ability to withstand impetuosity?”

“Exactly. In two or three hours another man with a bicycle came to see me. He had a machine that he said he would sell for \$45. I told him I had one of the same make offered to me for \$40. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I'll take \$44.’ I was obdurate. He came down to \$43, then to \$42, and when he struck \$41 he said he wouldn't drop another cent, so I took the bicycle and paid him the money. Then I told him about the man who had tried to sell me an old wreck for \$40. He looked surprised, and said: ‘That must have been my brother. He told me this morning he had tried to sell this wheel to a man who seemed to think it was too cheap and he told me to try my hand at it and keep anything I could get more than \$40.’”

### 6 MONTHS TO 3 YEARS.

but the tenderer age predominates.

Sometimes it happens that children beyond the customary age seek parents and hope for would-be parents to seek them. For instance, the mother of two little boys, 8 and 5 years old respectively, recently wrote to Mr. Stead asking him to find a home for her children. The death of her husband had left her almost destitute. These two little fellows are grandsons of one of the best-known Judges of India. As a rule, the antecedents of a child are not revealed, owing to the fact that innocence would frequently be forced to suffer for the guilt of others. Such instances as the one quoted are by no means rare, for in England, as in no other country, it is the case that good blood and poverty often dwell together.

While it is not always the case, and perhaps, not in the majority of instances that a baby is sold as if it were an infantile specimen of the pug dog, it is true that it is not infrequently happens that a mother receives a cash consideration for parting with her little one. Generally, it occurs that persons who are desirous of procuring ready made children are plentifully supplied with this world's goods. Therefore, it is quite natural that they should offer no objection to, and generally prefer, giving a reasonable compensation to the lorn mother.

It sometimes happens, however, that the foster parents reverse this order of things and, after selecting a desirable youngster, inquire how much they are to be paid for taking it. This class of persons are frowned upon by Mr. Stead, as he has formally notified them that their presence at the baby market is not desired, and will be promptly dispensed with, if avoidable in no other way.