

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

And if Mrs. Charlesworth loved one part of her fair daisies better than another, it was the garden. There appeared to be no serious attempt at order, as one sees in such places nowadays, for the mossy paths were overgrown with eglantine and tulip and York roses, shaded by espaliers and arched bowers of the filbert and golden pipin, with just enough neatness in its elegant disorder to show the hand of care. There was a fragrance in the air, a scent of sweet briar and lavender, mingled with mignonette half-hidden under the fallen petals of the apple blossom. The same now as it might have been a century since; the same as its sorrowing mistress first remembered it, when as a tiny child she rode on her father's shoulder and plucked the sunny peaches on the ripe south wall; the same as when her whitening hair was a tangled net of gold and her violet eyes stirred sleeping hearts in vain. For Fernleigh had been her own home before Vivian Charlesworth had distanced all rivals and won the heart of Margaret Hay; a place to see and love, but a place to leave with lingering and regret.

Mr. Heath walked his horse along the drive, under the shadow of an arching belt of chestnuts in the full glory of leaf and flower, past the open hall door with a cool dim vision of polished oak and blue china beyond. In the green court, wall-flowers flourished on the stone buttresses, there were ferns on the stable roof amongst the stone-crop and eelandine. There was no help in the yard, so the visitor put up his own horse, and having done so, mounted a short flight of steps, and pushing back a little rustic gate under two crooked yew-trees, entered the garden. Walking there under the apple boughs was the mistress of Fernleigh, a topek in her hand, the other resting on the shoulder of a boy some twelve years of age.

There were gray lines in the soft bright hair under the white lace cap, a subdued sadness in the fair face, otherwise untouched by the ruffling hand of time; and yet a pleasant beautiful face, for beauty at fifty is something we like to gaze upon again. As she looked up, her eyes fell upon Heath with a pleased smile of welcome. "This is very good of you," she said. "You guessed where we should be found. I thought Vivian had had enough music, so we came out here, and brought Vanity Fair with us."

"Which character do you like best, Mr. Heath?" asked the boy eagerly. "George Osborne or Major Dobbin? We prefer the Major."

"Being unpractical people, naturally," answered the lawyer. "Perhaps I have a sneaking affection for him myself; though, professionally speaking I dare not say so openly. So that is the last hero, Vivian?"

Vivian turned his wide blue eyes in the speaker's direction—those sightless eyes, that seemed, none the less, to read the very soul of those they encountered—and a slightly puzzled expression crept into his face. "Why cannot you say what you think?" he asked.

"Because we do not dwell in the palace of Truth, my child.—And now, run away to your music while I talk business with the mother, though it does seem a sin to bring red tape into this pure atmosphere."

The boy walked slowly down the path, touching a leafy spray here and there with out-stretched fingers. For a moment they both stood watching him; the one tenderly, almost yearningly, the other with a shade of sadness and pity in his honest gray eyes.

"John," exclaimed Mrs. Charlesworth, suddenly turning to her companion, "if it were not for him the parting would not be so keen."

"Keen enough to break your heart," returned the lawyer gruffly. "You cannot yet realize it, Margaret. I know your feelings, perhaps better than you comprehend them yourself. When you love every inch of the ground!"

"I do—that is true enough. And the thought of it all keeps me awake at nights, it haunts me as I walk here by day. Cannot you understand what it is to love every tree and leaf and flower—to have a tender association or wistful memory attached to each single foot of soil? There is everlasting youth for me here, but still—"

John Heath at this moment was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, a circumstance which perhaps accounted for the unusual dimness in his eyes. Conscious of some feeling of inherent weakness, he became more dry and business-like than usual; his habit when touched. "If this wonderful memory of yours would enable you to remember where your grandfather hid that precious assignment, it would be the better for all parties concerned. Allowing that the deed cannot be found, Miss Morton takes the whole of the funded property. But if we can only discover it, the fifty thousand pounds at present invested in consols goes to you, and the Kingswell estates besides."

"It never will be found; indeed, I almost doubt if it was ever executed," said Mrs. Charlesworth wearily. "It is all so strange and puzzling."

"Not at all. When you married your cousin, Vivian Charlesworth, who was a great scoundrel, if I am judge?"

"John, he was my husband, and he is dead."

"And a good thing too," exclaimed the lawyer hotly. "Well, you know how angry your grandfather, Martin Hay was about that, though you were his favorite grandchild. By his will he left everything to your cousin Mary, who afterwards married Wilfred Morton. Of course you remember how the old gentleman used to boast that he never altered his mind; and when his feelings changed towards you, he refused to make a new will. But by deed he assigned to you the income arising from the London property, and

the Kingswell estates. There is no doubt whatever about that. The assignment was given into the custody of your father, and held by him up to the time of his death. And it is my opinion that when Vivian Charlesworth got hold of the title-deeds to this place and tried to raise money on them (as he did), he must have found it somewhere, and laid it aside for future use."

Mrs. Charlesworth followed this story with a vague idea as to her legal adviser's meaning. Then, with some faint show of interest, she inquired if Heath knew anything of this unknown relative who seemed determined to take the full measure of her legal rights.

"All I know is that she is young, and is, moreover, being well advised—that is, from a purely business point of view. You see they have everything on their side, and plenty of money to prosecute the suit. If they refuse to accept my offer of a compromise, Fernleigh must go."

The listener caught the full significance of these last words, and her breath came a little more quickly. She looked up at the blue sky above the apple blooms, and away down the dim green avenue to the house beyond. How bitterly hard it seemed, doubly hard standing there in the full fresh beauty of the summer afternoon, hallowed by the sweet recollection of a thousand such, a maze of pleasant memory, back to the dim remembrance of childhood.

John Heath waited to allow the whole force of the declaration to strike home before he resumed again. "Believe me it is best to tell you this plainly, though it is painful enough to me. I have had a long talk with your mortgagee this afternoon, and he has made what I consider to be a handsome offer. Of course he can take the whole place as it stands at any moment; but he will do better than that; he will buy the place for three thousand five hundred over his claim."

"That is very generous," said Mrs. Charlesworth with an unsteady smile. "Would not that sum invested at five per cent. bring us in a hundred and seventy-five pounds a year? Three people can live on that."

"A great many people live on less. And besides, if I am any judge of Miss Gladys' character, she will be no weight on your hands.—Margaret, you are singularly blessed in your daughter."

"I am blessed in both my children, John. Now I suppose you will want to bring my generous creditor over here soon? I wish I could feel sufficiently grateful, but I am rebellious as yet. And if you can fetch business for a time, perhaps a cup of tea?"

"Not this afternoon, thank you; I must be in Castleford by six. I will let you know when the colonel is coming."

They walked down the garden path side by side; and as Heath brought his trap round, Vivian stole from the house to his mother's side. He seemed by some subtle instinct to feel her presence near him, as he could tell the footsteps of those he loved. "Mother are you unhappy?" he asked.

"I dear? Why should you think that?"

"I don't know; perhaps it was my fancy. Some way, it seems lately that you and Gladys are so much quieter after Mr. Heath comes."

Any reply was prevented by the sound of the lawyer's approaching carriage wheels. They walked by his side to the gates, and afterwards stood for a long while watching him as he drove away. Presently, Vivian lifted his hand, and laid it gently on his mother's cheek. "You feel happier than you did, mother?" he said.

Mrs. Charlesworth turned from the contemplation of the peaceful landscape and bending over the boy kissed his brow tenderly. "Much happier, Vivian, almost quite," she replied, and as she said these words, the tears lay on her cheek unseen.

CHAPTER II.

By dint of long morning lounges in the County Club, of which select institution he was a member, Colonel Sandhurst succeeded in killing the three heavy days which divided him from his son's company. Not that he was altogether a martyr to boredom, for there were many delicate plans to be finally settled; last, but not least, the masterpiece of inviting his ward, Miss Ethel Morton, and her aunt to be his guests for a few days, and thus bring the heiress in immediate and close contact with Captain Frank Sandhurst, his reputation and his Victoria Cross. This latter coveted trophy had been won some twelve months before in one of the recent South African wars.

The diplomatic old soldier stood in the elegant private sitting-room devoted to his use, consulting his watch impatiently for it was approaching the hour of seven, and the expected travellers were due; it having been so arranged that they might travel down from London together, and thus cement the friendship. It was therefore a considerable disappointment to the Colonel when the ladies arrived by themselves, the recalcitrant swains having failed them at the last moment.

"He will be here by the mail," Miss Morton explained, when the preliminary greetings were over. "It was some tiresome business at the War Office, I believe he said. Perhaps the Commander-in-chief required his opinion upon some important matter. But really I am so hungry that I can't sympathize with you over the terrible affliction."

Colonel Sandhurst pulled the bell with more than necessary violence, while his fair visitor looked out on the broad street below with languid interest. She was a pleasant merry-looking blonde, with fair hair and kindly blue eyes, full of mischief; but withal sympathetic and true as steel to her friends. Miss Cramer, the aunt in question, was a gentle placid nobody who was only too glad of the opportunity to efface herself on every occasion, the sort of easy-going old lady who, if properly clad and regularly fed, asked nothing more from her fellow-creatures. If asked what she lived for, she would have shaken her head smilingly, and declined the solution of so solemn and unnecessary a problem.

Over his soup and glass of brown sherry, the colonel succeeded in recovering his lost equanimity. The dinner was well served, the Wye trout and ducklings delicately cooked, and the colonel was but mortal. By the time the peaches had arrived, his brown face beamed with hospitable smiles. "Beautiful neighbourhood," he observed pat-

ronisingly, "and salmon fishing excellent. Now, if there was only a house on the Bartonsham property, we might make a pleasant summer here."

"I suppose the people are civilized?" Miss Ethel returned, helping herself to some grapes. Miss Cramer had long since dropped into one of her winking trances. "Let us go and sit out on that pretty balcony among the flowers, and study the Castlefordian in his native lair, as we used to do at San Remo. Besides, I know you want a cigar."

They took their chairs out on the balcony in the fading light, looking north to an old church with tall gray spire; and immediately before them, beyond the elms where the noisy rooks were swinging, rose the square cathedral that towered. The colonel lay back and smoked his tobacco with a feeling of perfect tranquility and contentment.

"Yes," he continued, "it is a great pity there is no house at Bartonsham. In that case we might stay here till the autumn, and learn something of the county. They say the Wye tour is as beautiful as the Rhine."

"Why not build a house?" asked the listener, toying with a rosebud.

"Ah, but you see I have a better plan than that. It is so long since you were here before that you probably forget Fernleigh."

"Indeed, I do not; that is, if you mean that beautiful place on the Lugwardine Road. I believe I coveted that house more than any one I ever saw. When I get old and careworn, I shall like to have just such another place to call my own."

"Perhaps there are more unlikely things than that, because, you see, I am in negotiation for the purchase of that very house."

"Indeed!—Do you mean to say the owner is actually selling it?"

In spite of his jubilation at this outburst on Miss Ethel's part, the gallant Colonel's conscience gave him a sharp twinge. It seemed very strange that he could not help being conscious of a certain guilty feeling of remorse, for the part he was playing. "Yes; but not from choice. It appears that there is some law business pending in which the owner is interested. I never had any head for that kind of thing, consequently I did not pay much attention to Heath's explanation."

"It seems very hard," said Miss Ethel sympathetically, as she watched the golden points of flame. "Having a pet lawsuit of my own, I can feel for the luckless owner. But then men do not feel the same sentiment in these things as women do."

"But you see the owner happens to be a lady."

"And you are actually going to turn her out?—Colonel Sandhurst, I am ashamed of you! Really, you should—"

But any further scolding for the Colonel was interrupted at this moment by the rattle of wheels below and the sound of a well-known voice giving orders to a hotel servant. In less time than it takes to tell Colonel Sandhurst was grasping his soldier's left hand, the right being supported across his breast by a silk bandage. The Colonel's lips quivered slightly, his eyes glistened as he looked into his boy's face. Miss Ethel gave a rapid sign to Miss Cramer, fortunately awake, and together they left the room, closing the door behind them; and a full hour had elapsed before they were missed by the serenely happy father.

The next morning being perfectly fine and breakfast over, the Colonel proposed a walk, a proposition declined by Miss Morton on the ground that she had a vast amount of business in the way of shopping to do. So the Colonel, nothing loth, started off with Frank Sandhurst to explore the lions of the town. They passed through the Close, under the ancient elms shading a smooth shaven lawn, into the Castle Green, where erst-while a border fortress stood, with the silver Wye at its feet and the smiling landscape beyond. A pleasant spot to pass an hour in the leafy shade with a glimpse of the old moat, and white swans floating on the water, and the air laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn. For a time they sat in silence, this old war-worn warrior and his gallant son, watching the flowing water as it hurried downwards to the sea.

"It is good to be in England again," Frank observed at length. "After that broiling climate out there the sight of a green field and cool stream makes it seem like home."

"No place like England after all," rejoined the Colonel, and talking about home, I hope you have made up your mind to stay. If I let you have the place here with the house I am buying, don't you think you might cut the army, and settle down in the usual fashion?"

"By which you mean matrimony of course. To tell you the truth, I have never given the matter anything but the most vague consideration. Naturally, I shall marry some day; that is, if I can find some 'fair impossible' who is rash enough to care for me."

The Colonel stole a side-glance at the speaker's manly figure and handsome bronzed features, and thought that such a contingency was by no means so remote as the modest youth would imply. "You have not seen one up to now, then?"

"Well, n-no," Frank returned doubtfully. "I was never much of a squire of dames." There was one girl I met out yonder; I very nearly forgot her. Yes, perhaps if I had had more opportunity, I might—Dad, she was the nicest girl I ever came across—one of the nurses, you know."

"An hospital nurse!" said the Colonel coldly. "Not precisely the wife a Sandhurst would generally choose."

"More fool the Sandhurst, then," Frank replied as coolly. "And as a matter of fact I may mention that if it hadn't been for that same lady—as she was a lady, too—you and I would not be sitting here to-day."

"That is always the way with you romantic boys—very little service rendered and paid for in the usual way is magnified into a great debt of gratitude."

"If life is worth living, then I owe mine to her."

"And probably would lay it at her feet, after the good old-fashioned lines laid down in ancient comedy," returned the father, pulling his long moustache in some irritation. "And regret it ever afterwards."

(To Be Continued.)

TOO STRONG FOR THEM.

Say, Callow, why was young Manley expelled from your club? Because he persisted in smoking cigars instead of cigarettes.

THE FARM.

JERSEY COWS.

In the island of Jersey, for upward of one hundred years, legislation has forbidden, under heavy penalties, the introduction into the island of any and every member of the bovine race; the increase therefore is confined wholly to the births from the thoroughbred cattle on the island. A single exception is made in favor of steers for beef purposes. Whatever, therefore, of merit there is in keeping a breed strictly pure the Jersey possesses in a superlative degree. Bred upon a little island where no other breed of horned cattle was allowed, by a rural population who were interested in the milk only as to its butter content, butter (outside of vegetables for market) being the money crop, with but little if any demand for milk, it was natural that she should be bred with the view of producing better. The result of breeding for generations for a specific object has been to make the Jersey a "butter" cow. The Jersey is the most thoroughbred of domestic animals, the long line of special breeding fixing the characteristics so strongly that every animal of the breed possesses the heredity of propensity to transmit its own qualities to its offspring; and herein lies one of the vast superiorities of the Jersey. In her native habitat her surroundings, conditions of life, habits, etc., have always tended to make the Jersey a butter cow; but it was reserved to the American breeder, by upward of forty years of devoted skill and untiring application, to develop her to her greatest capacity. As a result of his systematic endeavors the American-bred Jersey of to-day is more than 50 per cent superior in butter-capacity to that of twenty years ago. We often hear of the phenomenal record-breakers, which show what a highly bred, specialized cow may do under scientific high-pressure systems of feeding; also the wonderful progress our breeders have made in the art of breeding for a purpose. But the greatest glory of the Jersey lies not in these abnormal yields, wonderful though they may be, but in not less wonderful averages obtained in every State in our glorious Union.

A very important question to all stockmen is: What breed of cattle will make the most milk, or butter or cheese, or beef or to put it in other words, what breed of cattle will make the most of the product desired, at least cost? Our test, and the test of all dairymen, of the value of a cow is the number of pounds of butter she makes on ordinary feed. The dairy question is how to make the most butter at the least cost, and our experience proves to us that the Jersey is the answer to the problem; she is pre-eminently the mortgage lifter. A cow that can be kept on the mowing of a half acre lot or lawn, served with a quart or two of meal daily, that can be made a pet of, and will give a pound and upward of butter of excellent quality every twenty-four hours, with cream for the table, milk for all purposes and to spare, is the best and cheapest cow for the family and butter dairy as well. Their value can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents.

The Jerseys are the grandest, most beautiful, most useful, most fashionable as well as most profitable stock for the family and the dairy throughout the whole world. They show their superiority not only as the greatest milk-producers or the greatest butter-makers, but also as universal dairy cows, adapting themselves to any and all climates. We find the Jersey at her best while braving the rigors of a Canadian winter, beating the whole world's record as a butter machine in the hot, dry climate of the Sunny South, and in the soft balmy climate of California. Another peculiar characteristic of the Jersey is her habit of persistent milking; she is an everlasting "stayer," hence she is adapted to continuous usefulness in the dairy. She is likewise early to breed and very prolific.

Precisely the same treatment is required by the Jersey as is required by a good cow of any other breed—no more, no less. But a great many cows of other breeds are, when compared with the little 800 pound Jersey, very large, being 50 to 100 per cent larger. It is a well-established fact that, on the average, cattle eat in proportion to their live weight; such being the case, it is easy to see that a cow weighing twelve or fifteen hundred pounds will eat proportionately more than one weighing but eight hundred; it is likewise an incontrovertible fact that the food necessary to enable the little Jersey to fill the pail would be barely sufficient to sustain life in the larger animal.

BITS OF WISDOM.

The farmer who thinks it is small business to attend regularly and carefully to his fowls had better not keep any.

Chicken and onions go well together; but it is just as well to have them in separate dishes on the table. Feed no onions to poultry for several days before killing for the table or market.

It is just as sensible to feed human beings on meat and sugar exclusively as to confine poultry to corn and wheat. They need a mixture of something more bulky and less concentrated.

It is said that a teaspoonful of glycerine and four or five drops of nitric acid in a pint of drinking water will cure, or at least relieve fowls that rattle or choke as if suffering from a bad cold.

People say, "give hens warm water to drink." We say don't you do it, warm water sickens them. Water as it comes from the well is warm enough.

Beware of paying high prices for wheat-screens. Sand and weed seeds with a sprinkle of broken and chaffy wheat are worth but little. It is cheapest in the long run to buy clean, sound wheat.

A root cutter that cuts fine will be useful in preparing vegetables for poultry. Cut turnips, beets and carrots before boiling. In this form they require less boiling and it is much easier to mix with the meal afterwards.

Water vessels of tin or galvanized iron are best for cold weather. These should be shallow and have flaring sides. It is better to set them on boxes and partly cover with boards to keep the fowls from wetting their feet.

Cabbage and turnips make a good feed for the fowls during the winter season. The fowls like a variety. Give ducks plenty of litter—straw, hay or leaves to "roost" upon, and do not compel them to get their bed under the hen's roosts.

Dry-picked poultry sells the best. When picked let it lie till the animal heat is all out, then pack firmly in clean barrels or boxes.

Clear out all cockerels that are not needed for breeding purposes; they are better in the potpie than the hen yard at this season of the year.

For winter eggs keep pullets or young hens, give them a warm house, exercise, plenty of green food, meat and grit in addition to grain and pure water.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The new Bishop of London's wife is in many respects a more famous personage in English literary upper circles than her distinguished husband. Her histories of France and England have given her high standing as an author.

The Senate of Alabama has passed a bill, allowing women, single or married, to practise law when properly qualified, in every court of the State. This is the first Southern State to recognize women lawyers as regular members of the profession.

A representative of the Alabama State Legislature not long ago framed a bill to make it unlawful for Alabama women to wear divided skirts, shirt-waists, bloomer bicycle suits, or any other garment resembling men's attire. The bill has been defeated.

When Princess Mary went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, in 1317, she consoled herself for any trials she may have endured on the road with several pounds of sugar tablets and rose sugar of honey. Other ancient sweetmeats were preserved ginger and citron candy.

The British Medical Journal is inveighing against the use of so-called rice powder for the face, on the ground of its injurious effects on the skin. Some of the rice powders are alleged to be no longer composed of rice, but of chalk, white lead, starch, and alabaster in varying proportions.

The first wedding anniversary is the cotton one; the second is paper; third, leather; fourth, book; fifth, wooden; sixth, garnet; ninth, topaz; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; thirty-fifth, sapphire; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, gold; and seventy-fifth, diamond.

It is hard to make over the careless woman—or the careless man either, for that matter. A St. Alban's girl lost her pocketbook and advertised a reward for it. The pocketbook was returned to the office of the St. Alban's Messenger. The young woman called paid for the advertisement, and reward, and walked calmly out—leaving the pocketbook and her muff.

Miss Winter, the English governess, who has been for many years in charge of Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, has now returned to her home in England, pensioned for life to the tune of \$2,500 per annum, her salary having been \$4,000 a year. Moreover she has been loaded with presents by both Queens, who really have much for which to be grateful to her, the education of a youthful sovereign being at all times a most difficult and responsible piece of work.

The days of the theatre hat, are as a tale that is told, and in its place are bits of lace and bows of ribbon and tiny fluffs of feathers that are called, by purest courtesy, "opera bonnets."

The woman who wears the big picture hat, still dear to her heart, removes it as soon as she takes her seat in the theatre, and thereby instantly induces an unwonted feeling of gratitude and piety in the breast of the man or woman who may chance to sit just back of her.

An English journal tells an amusing anecdote concerning a wealthy Irish lady whose summer house is situated near a garrison town in Ireland. A few days ago she sent an invitation to Captain A—to take tea with her, saying that the pleasure of Captain A—a company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment, she received by an orderly the following note:—"Enlisted men John and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain A's company accept with pleasure Mrs. N's polite invitation."

WHOLE FAMILY GONE MAD.

A whole family of the name of Cunningham has suddenly gone mad at Skibbereen, County Cork. The two brothers tried to murder their three sisters one morning, but were bound and taken to the lunatic asylum. In the afternoon the sisters showed signs of homicidal mania, and next day their first cousin went mad, and was also shut up. They are quiet, well-to-do farming people and very pious. It is a strange coincidence that last March a Cunningham family in County Roscommon, father, daughter and three sons, all of excellent reputation, roasted to death an elder brother through religious mania.

HARD TO EXPLAIN.

Pa, has ice-cream got a lap? No—no—Dickie; what a silly question.

Well, you said ice-cream was a luxury, an' then I heard ma say she wuz bring up in th' lap of luxury, an' I jes' want to know how it is.

EVEN UP.

Miss Olding—Why that joke of yours is at least fifty years old. Miss Sniffly—And you have never forgotten it in all that time?