

Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd)

"I never heard of such a thing in all the days of my life, no, not since I was a girl!—as a child like you being so took in! And I don't see now how it could be. And I can't hardly believe it! Why, how old be ye?"

"You know, I shall be—be—sixteen, next—next Christmas," sobbed Marie.

"Shill you, now? How time do pass! And I was thinking as you was about thirteen or fourteen. The villain! But it was my fault, it warn't your'n. What did you know? It was my fault as should a took better care on ye. And so he promised to own you for his wife from the first, did he, and kept puttin' it off?"

"Yes," sobbed Marie.

"And he wanted you to follow him to the city, and leave me, did he? and he promised to own you there?"

"Yes."

"He wouldn't a kept his word, child. Them devils never keep their word with a girl who trusts them. They are liars, and sons of the father of lies. The comfort is they all go home to their daddy at last."

"Oh, Granny, he is not as bad as that. He is not bat at all. He wanted me to go with him, and I wouldn't leave you," wept Marie.

"He wanted you to go to the city with him, did he, and you wouldn't leave me? Well, you shall both be suited, you and him! You shall go to the city and shall not leave me. I'll go along of you. We'll go and hunt up my fine gentleman, and make him do ye justice! Breach o' promise it be! And we're aggravated at that! 'Dancin' bears must pay for their airs.' And he shall pay for hiszen too. If he do acknowledge ye, you'll be a rich 'oman and me too! An' if he don't, it'll be thousands o' dollars out'n his pocket and into you'n an' mine!" mumbled the old woman.

Poor Marie! She had been very much surprised and confounded by her grandmother's unexpected and hearty sympathy; but here was the sad solution of the problem of her conduct—cupidity. The hope of thousands of dollars, that in either case of acknowledged marriage or breach of promise, would come into Marie's possession, and practically into her own—and of the external decencies and comforts those thousands would secure to her, and which in her estimation would be splendours and luxuries.

Now, she looked upon her granddaughter as a mine of wealth, and busied herself in waiting on the girl as the girl, until this night, had waited on her.

She made Marie lie down on the bed and rest, while she herself prepared tea and toast which she persuaded her to take.

"Now you shan't go up and sleep on that hard pallet in the cold loft. You shall sleep with me," said the dame as she replenished the fire to keep it up all night, and then closed up the cottage, previous to retiring.

A heavy load was lifted from Marie's conscience. She had confessed to that one, to whom of all on earth she was only responsible. And she had been forgiven.

If that hard old dame could pity and pardon her, would not the merciful Lord, much more? She prayed and fell asleep, and for the first time in many days, she slept soundly until morning.

When she awoke, the sun was shining through the uncurtained window of the hut. The old woman was, or seemed to be, still asleep. She arose very cautiously lest she should awaken the old grandame, and quietly dressed herself, made up the fire and put on the kettle. The dame slept on.

She made the corn griddle cake and put it on to bake. Took a smoked herring from its stick and put it on to broil, and then set the humble table for two, and sat down to wait.

And the dame slept on.

Not to waste time, while waiting, Marie took up her grandmother's knitting, and knitted for about fifteen minutes. And still the dame slept on.

"She sleeps later than I ever knew her to do," said the girl, as she arose and went to the bedside.

and laid her hand softly on the forehead of the sleeper.

With a scream she started back. That forehead was ice-cold in death!

In a few moments she so far overcame her terror and repugnance as to take the lifeless hand in her own. But it was as rigid as marble, and could not be moved from its position.

Full of wild horror, Marie ran from the house, and up the road leading to the village, and accosted the first person she met, who happened to be a countryman.

The alarm was soon given, and the hut was soon filled with the poor neighbors.

A physician was called, who pronounced the case a death from natural causes.

Then orders were given for a cheap burial at the country's expense. This was adding humiliation to sorrow in Marie's case, but she could not help it, for there were not two dollars in the house to meet the costs of interment.

Two days after this the body of old Granny Thompson was buried and poor Marie was left alone in the solitary hut.

She wrote to her lover in the city; but whether he ever received that letter is doubtful; that he never answered it is certain.

Three more letters were written, but they suffered the same fate as the first.

Then Marie gave up writing, and sat down in despair to await her fate.

CHAPTER VII.

Awful days and nights followed for the poor, deserted girl.

The dark days of December were upon her. Storms of rain and wind and snow followed each other in swift succession. The road to the village became impassable. She was without money and almost without food or fuel.

She had nothing left to eat but a few potatoes, stowed in the bottom of the cupboard, next the chimney corner, as the warmest place to keep them from freezing.

Nor had she anything to make her fire, except the brush wood from the foot of the mountain, which she would go and collect whenever an interval of the weather permitted her to do so.

But oh! the days of misery and nights of horror in that lone mountain hut, with nothing to think of but her wretched past and terrible future!

Had it not been for the shameful wrongs she had suffered, she might now have been in a comfortable and happy position as nursery governess to some of those children she so dearly loved. And this would have been an earthly Heaven to her humble and loving spirit.

And even now, abandoned, as she was, by the lover for whom she had staked all, even now, if she could have been pardoned and pitied, and cared for, a little while, by some good Christian woman, she would have looked forward to her maternity with humble, chastened joy, and devoted her future life to her child.

Yes, she would have been a good mother.

But now, abandoned, scorned, covered with contumely, until, driven to despair and madness, she believed herself to be deserted equally by God and man.

Alone in her hut by day and night, for weeks and weeks, with those demonic thoughts to tempt, and taunt, and phrensy her, who can wonder at the tragedy that soon followed?

I must get over this part of my story as quickly as I can, for it is too heart-rending for detail.

It was Christmas Eve, and the ground was covered a feet deep with hard frozen snow. The weather was clear though very cold.

A farmer's wife, driving her own little wagon, was going to the village that morning to buy some cheap toys to put in her children's stockings that night.

As she passed along the narrow road that lies between the foot of the mountain ridge and the edge of the river, she came in sight of the hut under the cliff, occupied by Marie Serafinne.

And at the same moment, she

saw that no smoke issued from the chimney, even on this bitter cold day, and she heard sounds of wild weeping and wailing proceeding from the house.

Mrs. Butterfield was, "after the most straitest sect a (female) Pharisee," so, though she drew up her horse before the hut, she hesitated and listened a full minute before she made up her mind to enter the dwelling of that "abandoned creature," as she called Marie.

But these were Christmas times, and full of all kindly inspirations.

So she got out of her cart, and leaving her steady, old family horse to stand and rest, she entered the hut.

A terrible sight met her eyes! Marie Serafinne sat up in bed, raving, tearing her hair and accusing herself of—murder!

Before her lay the small body of a prematurely born child.

The poor little corpse was frozen stiff. The miserable mother was blue and shaking with cold for there was no fire on the hearth, and the bitter winds came in at the cracks in the walls and windows.

"Oh! you wretched, wretched creature! how came you to do this dreadful, dreadful deed?" inquired the farmer's wife, aghast at the sight.

"I don't know! I didn't mean to do it! I didn't even know when I did it! But then, I must have done it, because there was no one else here, not a soul but me, so of course I must have done it! Oh, me! I wish I had never been born!" exclaimed Marie, between her wild wailings.

"Of course you did it, and there's no use denying it! Oh, you horrid creature! Don't you know they'll hang you for it?" asked the woman with a shudder.

"Yes, yes, I know! But that's a trifle! I've borne so much worse than that! But my child! my child! My tiny, helpless child!" she cried, bursting into tears and sobs as she seized and pressed the little frozen body to her bosom.

"I can't stand this! I can't stay here!" said the farmer's wife, beginning to feel deep pity mingle with her indignation and horror, and becoming half hysterical from their conflict. "Here! lie down and let me cover you up, for goodness sake! And tell me, if you can, where I can find something to kindle a fire, or you will freeze and die before you can make your peace with Heaven."

And without waiting for a reply she forced the feeble girl back upon the pillow, and covered and tucked her up carefully.

Then she took the little frozen babe and laid it out decently on a corner of the foot of the bed, and took her own white apron and covered it over.

By this time her fingers were so stiff with cold that she had to beat and blow them, before she could do anything else.

She then turned about and found a little pile of brushwood, and a box of matches with which she made a fire. Then she searched for meal or flour with which to prepare gruel for the perishing girl on the bed. But there was nothing of the sort to be found.

"Is there anything in the house I can fix you to eat?" she inquired, coming to Marie's side.

"Nothing, nor do I want anything," the girl answered feebly.

The farmer's wife groaned.

"I don't know what to do with you; but I reckon I better go at once and see if I can get you a doctor, and some victuals. Now you lay quiet till I come back," she said, as she hurried out of the house and jumped into her wagon.

She whipped the old horse to a gait that made him stare. And she soon reached the village, when she gave information of the case to old Dr. Barton, the only medical man at hand.

Then, after hurriedly picking up the toys she had first set out to buy, she purchased some food and hurried back to the hut to feed the starving girl, whom, however, she could scarcely prevail upon to eat.

She waited beside the patient until the old doctor came, and then she returned to her own family, with the promise to send one of her negro women to take care of Marie Serafinne.

On seeing the condition of affairs at the hut, Dr. Barton's painful duty was clear before him first, to do what he could to save the wretched girl, and then to report the case to the proper authorities.

And the result of his action was this—that the same day at noon, the Coroner's jury met at the hut, and after a brief examination of the evidence, returned a verdict that the child, a prematurely born female infant, came to its death by strangulation at the hands of its mother, Marie Serafinne.

The little body was interred at the cost of the county. And a war-

rant was issued for the arrest of Marie Serafinne.

And in a state more dead than alive—indifferent also to life or death, she was taken from her bed, placed in a carriage, and driven to the county gaol at Pine Cliffs.

For the first week of her imprisonment she lay lingering on the brink of the grave, but by the skill of the prison doctor she was brought safely through the crisis of her illness.

On the first day of the New Year she awoke from long unconsciousness, and asked what day it was.

They told her it was New Year's day.

She played idly with her thin fingers for a few moments and then murmured:

"Only eight months, and all this? I was free and happy in May—now I am here!"

No one answered her, there was indeed little pity for her.

She lay in prison from the last week in December, till the first week in March, when the Criminal Court sat at Pine Cliff.

Then she was brought out and put on trial for the murder of her child.

(To be continued.)

The Farm

FEEDING THE DAIRY CALF.

There is no such thing as fixing the amount any calf should be fed in order to grow well, and be kept in the pink of health. Each calf has an individuality, some calves have better digestion and power to assimilate their food than others.

Consequently, there can be no such thing as figuring to a scientific nicety what amount a calf shall eat.

The class of food which when eaten—providing it is palatable—can be well laid down, but there all rules of feeding must end. The feeding of calves after they are four months of age—most calves are weaned from milk—depends again upon how well they have been fed in their infancy when milk was their chief source of sustenance.

Many a calf's digestion is impaired by feeding on skim milk wholly when only a few days old, or having been fed cold milk that was germ-laden from being kept too long before being fed. Thus, a lot depends upon the calf's condition when you start in to feed them at four months of age. Some may be strong and vigorous, of large size and grow thin by reason of being bred from strong, large parents; other small and weakly from weak vitality in their parents, or of being badly fed when young.

In a general way, alfalfa hay and clover hay make, generally speaking, ideal roughage for calves the first winter of their lives. All they will eat of this; feed the red clover once a day and the alfalfa once, and one pound of mixed meal, made of oats, two parts by weight to one of corn, to every hundred pounds weight of calf will be about what most calves will require.

But feeders must always keep in mind that food alone cannot grow up a healthy calf, colt, lamb, or pig, any more than it can grow a healthy boy or girl. All growing animals must have regular daily exercise in order to develop muscle, bone and nerve force. The one who puts his young calves in a shed or basement barn and keeps them there from fall until spring may have sleek fat calves, but they will disappoint his expectations of having serviceable potent males and good dairy cows. Sterility follows that kind of management in the majority of cases. A calf might far better have an hour's run on a winter day, even in a snowstorm, than be kept shut up all day in a pen. The modern barns are, to an extent, weakening the bovine family, not by the reason of the barn, but by the manner in which animals are kept in them day after day without exercise during the winter months. It is to-day so weakening the vitality of animals as to render them susceptible to all classes of germ disease, tuberculosis especially. No animal will inflate the lungs in a warm barn to the fullest extent, neither will the heart action send the blood to all parts of the system properly. This is not an advocacy of turning out a colt on a winter day and allowing it to hump around all day. Not a bit of it, neither should it be turned out in a blizzard. But any ordinary winter day a calf or colt is better out for an hour or two than in the barn. Warm barns are good, but good sense demands that growing ani-

mals should not be kept in them constantly.—C. D. Smead, V. S.

FARM NOTES.

The introduction of the English sparrow by its driving away the little native birds has been responsible for more damage by insects and weed pests than all other causes combined, including cats, and boys with guns.

The farmer has as much right as any one to wear a good suit of clothes and adorn and beautify his home. In fact, it is his duty to do so. It is also part of his duty to furnish good reading matter for the family. We should strive so to elevate and dignify the business that any man could be proud to say, I am a farmer.

Extracted honey, if brought to a temperature of not over 160 degrees Fahrenheit, bottled and sealed while hot, will usually, if kept in a uniformly warm temperature, keep liquid for a year or more. But there is a great difference in honey. Some will candy much more quickly than others. Cold atmosphere is quite favorable to candying of both extracted and comb-honey. Cellars and cold rooms are poor places for honey.

The brown-tail moth is a serious pest, and is likely to spread. The easiest and practically the only effective means of artificial control where established, is by cutting off the overwintering nests during the late fall, winter or early spring and destroying the larvae within. This, of course, can be supplemented by spraying with an arsenical mixture when the caterpillars appear on the foliage in spring. When young, according to Howard, they may be killed with the ordinary strength sprays or paris green or arsenate of lead, but when half grown or larger, according to Sanderson, five pounds of arsenate of lead to 50 gallons of water is necessary to prove effective.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

For horses that are confined to the stable on dry feed, a hot bran mash once or twice each week is most beneficial.

Pigs are not well protected by Nature and to thrive they must have warm winter quarters free from drafts. They must have a good range for exercise, but they must have warm quarters in which to sleep.

Before you go into the poultry business you should visit some well-established poultry plant, where you can see and study its workings. By so doing, you will gain much information that will be valuable to you in the future. You will see the absolute necessity of care and economy in all of its branches, the complete knowledge of which is requisite to success.

A yearling may be kept well, which means kept growing at not to exceed from \$2 to \$2.50 a month while in stable, and for much less when at pasture. A favorite ration is a pint of ground oats, the same of bran and half a gill of oilmeal, twice a day, made into a thin gruel with water and spread on the hay feed. If hay is high, feed oats straw in its place if bright and clean. Do not give the colts any dusty food, and see to it that they do not become constipated. Linseed meal, roots, corn stalks and apples are useful to prevent this danger.



GOT THE CRAZE.

"Since when are you living in that hole?"

"Oh, I've only swapped houses with the hedgehogs while the learning to fly!"—Life.