

# Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd)

The trial attracted many persons to the court house. And the court room was densely crowded.

But many who had never seen Marie Serafinne, and who expected to behold in the accused a monster as revolting in appearance as the alleged crime was in essence, were astonished when they saw the slender, fragile form, and the fair, wan face and simple, childlike aspect of the young prisoner.

When she was formally arraigned and asked whether she were guilty, or not guilty, she answered very artlessly—

"I wouldn't have hurt my poor little baby to have saved my own life, if I had known it. But I didn't know when I did it. I didn't even know I had done it. But I know I must have done it, because there was nobody else in the house. And, sir, I am willing to die for it."

She was here instructed that her informal answer would not do; but that if she could not recollect having committed the crime, she must plead "not guilty."

Then, in her obedient spirit, she pleaded as she had been told to do.

When asked if she had any counsel, she answered, "No sir."

But just then the stately form of a noble face of Mr. Ishmael Worth, of the Richmond bar, one of the most eminent lawyers and humane gentlemen of the age, was seen to rise from the crowd of spectators.

He had only that day arrived in Pine Cliff, on his way to Washington City. And his presence in the court room was purely accidental—or providential.

He now advanced, and bowing to the Bench, said:

"Your Honor, I am counsel for the prisoner, if she will accept me."

His words produced the profoundest sensation. Here was a lawyer of world-wide renown, whose advocacy almost always secured a verdict for his client, whether in a criminal or a civil suit, and whose retaining fee was often as high as ten thousand dollars—offering now to give his inestimable time, talents, and legal knowledge to the defence of a poor, friendless, and penniless outcast.

"She will thankfully accept your aid, no doubt, Mr. Worth," said the judge.

Ishmael Worth bowed, and passed to the side of the young prisoner, who after her arraignment, had been permitted to sit down in a chair, under the immediate surveillance of a constable.

"You are willing to let me try to save you, my child?" he said kindly.

"I thank you very much, sir, but I have no money, not a cent," she answered in her apathetic way.

"Money? poor child! I do not want any from you," he answered gently.

"And besides, sir, I am willing to die," she added meekly.

"But we are not willing to let you die, especially with an undesired stigma upon your name, as I am sure this is."

And then, again addressing the Bench, he said:

"Your Honor, I crave of the Court opportunity to confer with my client, and to examine the evidence against her."

Then followed a short consultation between the Judge and the State's Attorney. And then, as it was near the hour of noon, the Court was adjourned until 2 p.m.

When the Judge had left the bench, the prisoner was taken to the marshal's room, where she was left alone with her counsel.

Ishmael Worth, true, tender, sympathetic, drew from the forsaken girl the sad story of her love and trust, and bitter wrongs and sufferings. And he knew that every word she spoke was truth, except, indeed, her despairing self-accusations of the death of her babe.

"I do not believe you are guilty," he said, as soon as he had heard her to the end.

"I must be," she said piteously; "for my child was living. I heard her cry! That is all I know till I saw her dead! But I never meant to hurt her. I would have died first. She knows it now; for she must be an angel in Heaven."

"Hush, Marie! You are very ignorant—almost as ignorant as the

Dogberries of the Coroner's jury, who found the verdict against you. I shall summon as a witness for the defence, the celebrated Dr. Marius Simson, who is our greatest authority in that special department of the practice of medicine that affects your case. I think his testimony will be valuable," replied Mr. Worth, as he set himself to examine a copy of the minutes of the Coroner's inquest, with which the marshal had just furnished him.

When the Court met in the afternoon, Mr. Worth asked for a postponement of the trial, until an important witness for the defence could be brought from Baltimore.

The petition was granted, and the trial postponed until that day week, the 14th of March.

Marie Serafinne was remanded to her prison; and the Court took up other cases of less vital importance. Ishmael Worth deferred his visit to Washington, and gave his full attention to getting up the defence of this poor girl, as if he had been retained with a ten thousand dollar fee, or if he had been a young barrister with his reputation depending upon the success of his first case. In the interim, he had many interviews with his client.

The day of trial came, and the court, as before, was crowded.

The prosecution was opened by a short address of the State's attorney to the jury, followed by the calling of the first witness, Mrs. Butterfield, the farmer's wife, who discovered the dead child.

She testified to the facts within her knowledge, and which are already known to the reader.

She was followed by Dr. Barton, who being called to the stand testified that he had made a post-mortem examination of the child's body and found from appearances that it had been born alive and subsequently strangled.

These were the only two important witnesses for the prosecution which closed with a short summarizing address by the State's attorney.

The cross-examination of witnesses was rigidly reserved for the defence.

Mr. Worth arose on the part of the prisoner. He, too, made but a short preliminary speech before calling witnesses.

First, he called in succession some of the most respectable citizens of the country, who had known the little cottage girl, Marie Serafinne, from her childhood to the present time, and could testify to the uniform gentleness and sweetness of her temper and disposition.

Finally, he called his most valuable witness—Dr. Marius Simson, of Baltimore, the greatest authority on the medical questions bearing upon this case. He had prepared himself for the present occasion by reading up the minutes of the post-mortem examination with great care.

And now, being sworn and examined he proved by a very thorough process of testimony, that the child came to her death by accidental physiological causes alone.

The doctor submitted to a very strict cross-examination by the prosecution; but that only brought out his evidence in a clearer, stronger light.

He sat down. Doctor Barton, who had been a witness for the prosecution, was now recalled by the defence.

He was subjected to a searching cross-examination, during which he became confused, exposed his own comparative ignorance, entangled his own former testimony, and upon the whole corroborated that of Dr. Simson.

He was then permitted to retire. And Mr. Worth arose to address the jury, with one of those strong, pithy, closely-reasoned and eloquent appeals that nearly always gained his cause.

And with the end of his speech the defence closed.

The Judge summed up in a very few, impartial words, and gave the case to the jury.

Without even leaving their seats, the jury returned a prompt verdict of

"Not Guilty." And the young prisoner was discharged from custody, and found herself at liberty before she well understood what had happened to her.

The usual great gabbling among the spectators, followed the rendering of the verdict and the adjournment of the Court.

"So, she wasn't guilty after all," said one.

"But she would have been convicted and hanged all the same up on the testimony of old Dr. Barton, if Mr. Worth had not taken up the case, and brought that great Dr. Marius Simson, from Baltimore, to show up the rights of things," said another.

"And to think that Mr. Worth not only gave up all his own precious time, good for a million a month almost, in term time, but actually paid all the expenses of bringing the witness here, whose time was nearly as precious as his own. It was princely!"

"Princely? Yes! But Ishmael Worth is a prince among men!"

While these comments were being made by the crowd, Ishmael Worth took the hand of his bewildered client and drew her arm within his own, and led her into the open air in front of the Court house.

"My child, where do you wish to go?"

"First of all on my knees to thank you, sir, for saving my poor life, and for much more than that, for proving not only to the jury, but to my own bleeding heart that I never hurt my poor baby even while I was out of my head!"

"Stay! stay, Marie! you must kneel only to the Lord, and not to his human instrument! Where shall I take you? I wish to see you in safety before I leave you. I have to drive to the Wendover station, and take the train to Richmond to-night."

"I wish to go to my own little house under the cliff. But don't you trouble to take me there, sir. I can go very well alone."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sure."

"Then, here child. Take this," he said, putting a twenty dollar bill in her hand, which she made a gesture of refusing—"Nay, you must take it, as from a father. And here is my address. If ever you should want a friend, write to me," he added, as he forced the bank note with his card into her hand.

He was gone. And she hurried down the street, and out of the village by the road leading to her hut.

As soon as she found herself alone in the woods, she knelt down and thanked the Lord for her great deliverance, and prayed Him to bless her benefactor, Ishmael Worth.

Then she hurried on towards her hut. But when she reached the spot a great shock awaited her. The hut had disappeared, and young men were at work digging out red sandstone from under its foundation. The hut, indeed, had never been her own or her grandmother's property. They had lived in it, rent free, by the sufferance of the rich landholder, who owned the ground.

His interests had at last required its removal. And during the long imprisonment of its mistress, which it was supposed would end only in death, he had had it pulled down for the sake of the quarry beneath it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

She saw and understood all at a glance; for there had been quarrying in that neighborhood before; and the chance of losing their little home through the quarrying had been one of the bugbears of her grandmother's last days.

She uttered no complaint, if indeed there had been anything to complain of.

She only asked one of the workmen what had been done with her grandmother's little household furniture.

The man raised his head and recognized her, with a look of horror and disgust that chilled her heart.

He would not even speak, but pointed to a log cabin about a quarter of a mile distant, down on the other side of the road.

Marie turned away, heart-sick of the world.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain, and the shadows were darkening over the valley!

How well she remembered one similar scene, some ten months before, when she took one fatal walk with her lover, and the sun went down on her happiness forever.

Night was coming on, and she had not where to lay her head!

She walked slowly towards the hut which the workman had pointed out, as containing the relics of her grandmother's poor furniture.

The log hut was occupied by a negro woman, called Aunt Sukey, and her husband and children, all slaves of the rich landholder who owned the quarry.

On seeing Marie Serafinne approach, they came out to meet her,

not with words of welcome, but with looks of silent aversion.

Poor Marie explained meekly enough that she had come only to ask about her grandmother's poor household goods, that were not worth much, she added; but if the woman would give her shelter that night and the next day, or until she could think of where to go, she (the woman) might have the little bit of furniture.

"It's only a bed and an arm-chair, and some little tea-things, and sich! All the rest was stole, I reckon. Marse tole me to keep these, case you ever come to want 'em. So dey let you off, did dey? Marse said dey would, soon's he hear Marse Worth took you up," remarked Aunt Sukey, staring at her visitor.

"They said I was not guilty. And I was not, Aunt," meekly replied the girl, as, no longer able to stand, she sank down and sat upon a stone.

"I dunno. Hard tellin' whedder you is or not. Well, you kin stay here to-night. Which I hopes to goodness you won't do nuffin bad to my poor chillun," said Aunt Sukey, doubtfully.

"Oh, Heaven! Do you think I am a devil?" cried poor Marie, bursting into tears.

"Dunno. Hard tellin' what you is. But you kin stay here to-night, anyways, 'cause I don't spect no white person ain't agoin' to take you in. So git up offen de damp groun', and come in de house," (To be continued.)

## The Farm

### TREATING FOR TICKS.

It is essential to the health and thrift of sheep that they be treated for destruction of ticks and other vermin twice a year, namely, in the spring, soon after shearing, and again in the late autumn, before going into winter quarters. Such treatment is not only necessary as a safeguard against ticks and lice, but also against scab or other disease of the skin, while the increased growth and quality of the fleece, owing to a healthy condition of the skin, more than repays the cost of the treatment. As a rule, the dipping of the lambs a few days after the ewes are shorn in the spring fairly well answers the purpose, as ticks leave the closely-shorn ewes and seek shelter in the longer wool of the lambs. But, as a precaution against skin diseases, it is wisdom to dip the whole flock at that season, or at least to pour on the ewes, and rub in, a solution of the dip.

For a small flock, a dipping tank may be made of plank, either tongued and grooved, or lined with zinc or galvanized iron. If used only for dipping lambs, it need not be more than 4 feet long, 2½ feet high, and 20 inches at the bottom, spreading to about 2½ feet at top. A slatted drainer is used, placed at one end of the tanks, on which to lay the lamb while the surplus of the solution is squeezed out of the wool, and runs back into the tank.

In the case of a large flock, and where it is necessary to dip ewes, as well as lambs, a much larger tank and draining device is necessary, and the outgoing end of the tank should be sloping and slatted, so the sheep can walk out of the tank and up to the drainer. But, by good management, a flock can be kept clean by dipping the lambs in spring, and pouring the solution on the entire flock in the late fall or the beginning of winter. For this purpose, the advertised proprietary dips are generally satisfactory if used according to directions. The solution should be kept quite warm while being used, as it spreads more thoroughly over the surface of the skin while warm. The pouring may be done from a coffee pot, and one quart to each grown sheep is generally sufficient. To make rapid progress, the services of three men or boys is required, one to hold the sheep, one to open the wool at intervals of four or five inches, and one to pour the solution along these openings. The sheep is first placed upon its rump, its back resting against the knees of the holder, while the wool is opened down the brisket, belly and thighs; the animal is then turned first on one side, then on the other, while the wool is opened lengthwise of the body, and is then let stand while the wool is opened the whole length of the back, from tail to head, and the pouring process completed. By this process, a flock of 60 or 70 sheep may be treated in a day or six or seven hours, and the owner will feel more comfortable, as well as his flock, from the knowledge that the animals are

free from blood-sucking vermin, and their skin in a healthy condition, calculated to increase the growth of wool, as well as of flesh.

### WINTER FEEDING OF SHEEP.

No farm stock can be housed more cheaply for winter and feeding than can sheep. Any old barn or shed with a roof that will keep them dry answers the purpose practically as well as an elaborate and expensive building, provided the ewes are bred to produce their lambs in April or May, and for the average farmer there is no advantage in having the lambs come earlier. If one chooses to prepare for raising show sheep, or cater to the early lamb market, which latter is very profitable, provision must be made for keeping frost out of their quarters at lambing time, but that need not be expensive, as double-boarded walls, with felt paper between, will make the place perfectly safe, and a cheap class of lumber will answer the purpose. Sheep thrive better in open, airy quarters than in close, warm buildings, and prefer to lie out on the ground, even in winter, as long as it is dry and clean.

No class of stock can be more cheaply kept. The writer for many years successfully wintered a flock of breeding ewes in an open-faced shed, with unthreshed peas, thrown into the rack twice a day, as their only provender, and they kept in good condition, and produced strong, healthy lambs, with never a case of goitre, and always plenty of milk supplied for their lambs.

Clover hay is the standard provender for sheep in winter, and for convenience in feeding, is best stored over their pens. The ewe flock will do fairly well if fed well-saved pea straw up to near lambing time, when they should have roots or a light ration of oats daily, and they would be better for this all through the winter, if pea straw is the only fodder available. But the lambs should have clover hay, some sliced roots and oats, or a mixture of oats and bran, to keep them growing. Roots are not a necessity for the ewe flock previous to the lambing season, nor after, if a fairly liberal ration of oats and bran be given them, though roots are very helpful to ewes when nursing their lambs, but should be sparingly fed before lambing, as an excess of roots fed at that period often has an injurious effect upon the lambs they are carrying, causing them to come weak and flabby, lacking in ambition, and subject to goitre, an enlargement of the thyroid glands of the neck or throat, a disease which in some years proves fatal to a considerable percentage of lambs soon after birth. To avoid this trouble, it is well to give the ewes ample room for exercise in winter, and mainly dry feed.

### SMALL FARMS OF PORTUGAL.

#### How They Came to be Divided Into Diminutive Portions.

The Portuguese are extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden ploughs are still used.

When a man dies, instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

Thus if a property consists of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land and there were ten heirs, each heir would receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the River Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.

#### DIDN'T KNOW HER PLACE.

Mistress—"Why did you leave your last place?"

New Cook—"Th' missus was getting too independent."

It's easier to lead some men to the bar than it is to drive them away.

The truth is all right, but so many people are ashamed to make good.