KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XLVI.

NINA.

Esther stood for a moment silent and motionless in the bright, pretty little room, which she recognized at once as Sebastian's old study, metamorphosed into a dressing-room or boudoir. It faced the southwest, and the brilliant evening light was dimmed by soft tinted sun-blinds, which admitted the flower-scented air from the garden while keeping out the sun. Esther scarcely knew what to say, or what to do, until a little, gasping cry from the sofa summoned her to Nina's side, and two white, wasted arms, from which the daintily embroidered sleeves fell back when she moved, were thrown around Esther's neck. And then some of the coldness which she had felt at her heart ever since she entered the house melted way, and the tears came to her eyes at the sight and touch of Nina's tears.

The old nervous excitability, the feverish readiness of tongue, had not deserted Mrs. Sebastian Malet. She began to talk in her old tone, almost before she had dried her tears.

"It is good of you to come," she said. "I did not think at first that you would, but I wanted to see you so much, and I lay awake night after night thinking about you, and when I fell asleep I dreamed of you—and so, I made up my mind at last to ask you if you would."

She made Esther sit on a chair close beside her, and sank back between the great soft pillows that were propping her up. With both her thin, hot hands she held one of Esther's in a tight nervous clasp.

"Sebastian was angry with me at first for suggesting such a thing; he thought that I was mad—but men never understand a woman's ideas," she went on in her thin, quick voice, broken now and then by a sharp cough; "I believe he thought that I should say something unfriendly or unkind. But at last I explained to him why I wanted to see you—at least I explained enough—and so he consented to write to Mrs. Drummond and enclose a note from me. It is a very out-of-the-way proceeding, isn't it? I shouldnt like everybody to know."

She laughed a rather harsh little laugh, and squeezed Esther's hand more tightly. And then for the first time Esther spoke, in somewhat unsteady tones:

"I am only too glad that you will let me do anything for you."

The effort of speech brought tears. They fell heavily on Nina's hand, as Esther bent her head low to conceal them.

"Don't cry," said the sick woman fretfully. "I can't bear to see any one cry. I never could. I like people to be cheerful and bright. Look around the room, do you see how fresh and pretty it is? I won't have anything ugly about me; even my coverlet and my dressing-gowns have to be charming—look at them and admire my little vanities, Esther, and don't cry!"

As she seemed earnest in her request, Esther did lift her heavy eyes and glance around. The room was indeed a marvel of prettiness, the silk hangings edged with lace, the embroidered coverlet of which she had spoken, the pure white matting, white furniture, the painted walls hung with mirrors framed in silver or delicately tinted china, the silver-mounted toilet service, and the great vases full of summer flowers, spoke of lavish expenditure guided by a fine and delicate taste. Nina herself was wrapped in a pretty garment of softest silky texture, garnished with countless frills of lace, which served somewhat to disguise the painful leanness of her arms and throat. Her face was less changed than Esther had expected to find it. Thin, indeed, it had grown, but it had the hectic beauty so conspicuous in a consumptive patient; the transparent whiteness of the complexion, save where a bright flush colored the wasted cheeks, gave a delusive loveliness to her appearance, and almost banished the memory of disease.

"I chose the colors," said Nina, following Esther's glance round the room with her own eyes: "and Sebastian carried out my design. He spared nothing to make it pretty, did he?"—with a wistful smile—"neither trouble nor expense. And I think that he has succeeded. This is exactly the sort of room that I used to plan for myself when we were first married, and I was so certain that the Manor would be ours.

Esther was again silent. Nina's light references to her husband jarred on her nerves, although she felt that she had no right to resent anything that Nina chose to say.

"Take off your bonnet," Nina said presently, in an imperious tone. "I want to see how you look."

Esther did as she was desired, and having laid aside her headgear sat down again.

"Yes, you are altered too," said Nina, surveying her thoughtfully, "but I do not know how or why. It is not only that you are thinner and paler—you are sadder-looking, you look as if you had a great deal of trouble, Esther."

The wistfulness had crept into her tone again. Esther fancied that there was a new and softened expression in the all too vividly bright eyes.

"I have had trouble, as you know," she answered gently.

"As I know! What do I know?" exclaimed Nina, after a moment's petulance. "I know this, that you have never suffered as I have done—you have not been shipwrecked and lost, and separated from your husband and children and home as I have been—not found that all you cared about in the world had been taken from you."

Had she not? Then shipwreck of life and hope and love meant nothing? But patiently with bowed head Esther answered:

"No, perhaps not."

"Nobody can tell what I went through on that terrible night of the storm," cried Nina irritably, as if some one had contradicted her. "When I found myself alone in a small boat with only two men, and my baby in my arms—poor little thing! How it cried and clung to me with its tiny hands! I should never have been separated from Sebastian but for the children. He had Muriel and Rollo, and I had baby to look after—"

There was almost a sound of resentment in her tone—resentment against the children. At her side a desolate woman was saying to herself, "If I had had a child, I could have borne my shipwreck better." But she did not speak.

"When I close my eyes I can see it all," Nina went on, her lips blanching, the color coming and going in her cheeks; "I see the great waves, and the black sky, and the scowling face of the man in the boat beside me, and the baby's little white mouth—oh, that is why I like plenty of light and sunshine and color now, to keep those dreadful memories away!"

She shuddered, and began to cough and cry at the same time.

Esther, aroused to the danger of letting her excite herself in this way, rose and tried to soothe her by tender words and caresses. But a thrill of impatience passed through her while she did so. Was this all that Nina had to say? had she sent for her merely to complain of her past troubles in her old slight, petulant childish way?

When at last Nina was calmer and lay back on Esther's arm, panting and looking into her face with those large, beautiful eyes of hers, which had now the singular translucence which is one of the symptoms of her disease, she seemed to have passed into another mood.

"I do not often think of those sad times," she said, "but I suppose that seeing you, Esther, brought them back. When I was getting better in the hospital I used to lie and dream of my old friends; and your face came to me oftener than any other, and it was always loving and kind. I thought of you more than any one except Sebastian and the children; and when I was coming home, I used to fancy that you would be so glad—so glad to see me—"

"Nina! Nina! You might spare me this!" cried Esther, covering her face.

"But I must tell you everything, or how will you understand what I mean?" said Nina, with pitiless logic. "I want you to see how it was that when I heard what had happened while I was away, I hated you, I hated Sebastian; I could not see—as I see now—that it was—perhaps—quite natural. After all, it is hard for a woman to come back from the grave, as it were, and find that she has been so soon forgotten."

"You were not forgotten, indeed you were not, Nina."

"No—in a certain way. I was not forgotten, but my place was filled up. Filled up not only in the house, but in Sebastian's heart, Esther. And you know that all though I was often angry with him, and impatient and disagreeable, I did love him all the time. Don't you think it was hard for me as well as for you, Esther?"

"Very hard, my dear, very hard."

"You are a woman," Nina went on, her voice growing pathetically weaker and her eyes dilating as her excitement increased, "and you know what it means to be supplanted by another. You understand the dreadful misery of it, Esther. And Sebastian does not understand."

"Not understand?" Esther repeated, in some amaze.

"No. He thinks that I shall be satisfied with my old position as his wife, and that I ought to drop into the old ways without question, without doubt. And I can't do it. I was such a vain, frivolous creature when I was young and well, Esther, that he thinks fine clothes and pretty things are all I want now; and now I want something more."

"Something that he does not give?"

"Yes, dear, his love." The eyes of the two women met, gravely and steadily this time; but Esther's eyes sank first. There was a new light in Nina's face, which made it look beautiful. "He is very good to me, Esther. He is tenderness itself. He denies me nothing; he would search the world over for a thing that I wanted, if it were not easily to be found. Oh, he is so good, so kind. I laughed about the pretty things in this room a little while ago, but only because it nearly makes me cry to look at them. He took such trouble about them and did hope that they would make me happy. And they don't."

"Nina, dear, don't tell me that you are unhappy—now."

"Well, I am not unhappy. He is very gentle and good; and I have the children. But there is something gone, and I miss it now that it is gone; I tell you that it is his love."

"I do not believe it. I will not believe it. You never understood how much he loved you; and he loves you still, and you are still blind."

"No, I am not; I am very clear-sighted. But Esther, dear, let me say, what I have to say for I am growing tired. When I first heard the truth, I was very bitter, both against him and you; and I said a great many harsh and bitter things, which I did not mean, and which I am sorry now for having said. And since I have been ill—and since I learned that I had lost his love—I have not dared to speak of the matter to him again. It pains him so, and I don't like to give him pain. But I leave it to you, Esther, to tell him one day that I was sorry for my bitter speeches and that I asked you to forgive me and to think of me kindly still when I am really dead, and you are—as you will one day be—his wife."

She flung her slender arms around Esther's neck, and lay there weeping, while Esther, struggling with her own tears, tried to sooth and silence her. But she was not to be quieted.

"It is no good telling me not to talk so," she said [illegible] not tha[illegible] complai[illegible] than he[illegible] how tha[illegible] never fe[illegible]

"Dea[illegible] said Est[illegible] by Nina[illegible]

"No," her eyes silken e[illegible] "I could I shall n[illegible] live som[illegible] they tell doctors [illegible] I shall n[illegible] shall go. you? I up, to t[illegible] the only got that other th[illegible] taught [illegible] to you,

"Ni[illegible] words Esther's tried to belief t[illegible] before."

"Dea[illegible]

and true; I believe every word you say," said Nina, smiling at her old friend with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. "He loves me as he did before? Perhaps so. But he has known something else between. Oh, it was not your fault. I don't know even whether it was mine. And he is very good to me."

The slanting rays of the sun were lying on the pretty silk coverlet, on the exquisite laces that veiled her wasted hands, on her thin face, from which the color had faded and the light gone out. The ravages of disease were more plainly to be seen when her eyes grew languid and her lips turned white. Esther was struck with remorse as she noted these signs, and rose to go. Nina did not press her to stay.

"Thank you so much for coming," she said, lifting her face to be kissed as simply as a child. "I wanted to see you while I was strong enough to talk. I felt that I had wronged you, and I wanted to ask you to forgive me. Some day you will tell Sebastian what I have said."

"Forgive me, Nina, forgive me too!" said Esther, with an irrepressible sob. In Nina's presence she felt guilty; actual wrong-doing would perhaps have affected her less than this unspoken consciousness that she had, how innocently soever, taken Sebastian's love away from his true and lawful wife.

"You did nothing wrong," said Nina. "I have nothing to forgive. It was only that I was stupid and frivolous, and could not keep his heart when once it was mine; and then I was silly enough to say that it was your fault. He is very kind to me. I have nothing to forgive; it was not your fault."

In the light of those smiling blue eyes, which were yet so inexpressibly sad, Esther felt for the time being as if she could never bear to see Sebastian again. But when she bent to take her farewell kiss, Nina's arm stole gently round her neck, Nina's pathetic voice whispered a last word in her ear.

"You will not quite forget me? You will love them all a little for my sake, as well as for their own?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If Canada is Sharp Enough.

The London correspondent of the Halifax Critic says:—If Canada is sharp enough she can introduce into her provinces 60 per cent of the enormous accumulation of money in Great Britain to-day. For two years the nation has been hoarding its money from the company sharks who flock all over the country. As a spectator may easily see, however, the small and large capitalists are growing very partial to Canadian investments. The trouble is that there is no strong organization in England at this time to catch the capitalist by the buttonhole, so to speak, and entice him into Canada. It is often complained here that outside of the Canadian Gazette no essentially Canadian papers are obtainable. Of course there are the newspapers, but that is not what the people of Europe want. They require papers that devote themselves to analysing the resources of the country, and which mark all the changes silent or otherwise that take place, such as, for instance, the deflection of the trades routes of the Continent into the Lakes and River St. Lawrence. There are to-day 1,000 ship owners in Great Britain, who would coal their steamers whenever possible in Canadian ports instead of American. When approached upon the subject almost the invariably reply is, "We don't know much about the Canadian ports!" To an English critic this seems a remarkable thing. Canada the possessor of ocean coalfields, is little known among the people who can burn her coal in their steamers! Then there are thousands of sea captains who are in the same state of semi-ignorance or indifference. The Canadian nation is not very numerous compared with others, but there is abundant go aheadness in the people. The trouble appears to be that some of the opportunities which exist are too little noticed. There are scores of opportunities at this time and we all hope over here that the Canadian press will declare them to the nation. The introduction of more capital into Canada should have an enormous influence upon the happiness and welfare of all classes. Learning, arts, sciences, leisure and improved circumstances will all increase to such an extent that the Dominion will startle the new world by its rapid expansion. The advice then of the Old World is "Canada to the front, realize your opportunity more fully and bring into your country the skill and wealth at present inactive in Europe." The Canadian Press will do well to organize in an effort to distribute facts and information through Europe. This should impress all classes with a fuller confidence in the future of the country, and procure greater and more sustained effort from each individual member of your communities for the country's weal.

The Press in the Arctic Regions.

There exist some journals which appear but once a year. Of course, they cannot be truly called "journals," but "annuals." These sheets are published on the borders of the Arctic Circle. The Eskimo Bulletin, for example, is published near Cape Prince of [illegible] on Bering Straits. There, in a [illegible] habited by Eskimos, the English [illegible]ies have established a school, and [illegible] steamer only runs to this place and [illegible]ere but once a year. The news [illegible] brings is set forth on a little sheet [illegible] printed by hectograph. The sheet [illegible] inches by eight; the paper is very [illegible] printed on one side only. Like [illegible]mporaries of large circulation, the [illegible] are printed under different heads. [illegible]nal says, in a sub-title, that it is [illegible] yearly newspaper, but that is an [illegible]nother annual newspaper is print[illegible]ut the same degree of latitude, at [illegible] in Greenland, under the title of [illegible]it, in the Greenlandish language. [illegible]ue, which the Eskimos speak, has [illegible]n common with the Scandinavian

Bomb Throwing.

[illegible]o tramps were roosting in the al[illegible] can of beer and a lunch, and one [illegible]as reading the paper in which the [illegible] been wrapped.

[illegible] Willie," he said, laying the paper [illegible]hat yer think of this bum throw[illegible]ss?"

[illegible]'in it," was the prompt response[illegible]cer at de saloon 'round de corner [illegible] out las' night."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

About two hundred different persons handle a pair of kid gloves ere they are completely made.

Farmers in Texas, after experimenting four years, have at last succeeded in raising very fair tobacco.

Three-fifths of the pneumonia and pleurisy cases, among males, are due to the wearing of low-cut waistcoats.

The green aunts of Australia make nests of leaves, which they bend together and unite with a kind of natural glue.

St. Petersburg has the largest room in the world unbroken by pillars. It is a drill hall, and measures 620 by 150 feet.

Some of the German cafes serve hot milk as a beverage. It is said that this drink is a remedy for various disorders of the stomach.

The stem part of an orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half, because the most of the juice gravitates to the part which is downward.

Young girls are frequently employed as porters in Switzerland, and amble nimbly as they carry travelers' baggage up and down the steep mountain paths.

The "Poor Men's Party," is a new political organization at Shelbyville. Ill. It will support no man for a local office whose possessions amount to more than $1,500.

Swiss watches to the number of 22,000 have been smuggled into France during the past six months. They were ingeniously conveyed in cans supposed to contain condensed milk.

Marriage is not a failure in the case of Alexander Johnson, a colored man, of Ozark, Ala. He has been married five times, and is the father of a numerous family. His age is 121 years.

The wine cellar attached to the House of Commons usually has a stock of stimulants valued at $15.000. When the speeches are dry the members become thirsty and the vinous beverage freely flows.

When a toper is arrested in Bangor, Me. he is usually conveyed to the station in a patrol wagon. Should he be punished with a fine, fifty cents is added to the fine, to pay for his ride in the patrol wagon.

Thirteen of the Presidents of the United States were Masons. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Wm. H. Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnston, and Garfield.

A beggar, who for many years had subsisted on charity, died a few days ago, in Auxerre, France. In a trunk he left bonds to the value of 1,000,000 francs, and in his cellar were found 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790.

A French physician has constructed an acting model of the human heart. It is of the same hue, size and consistency of the natural organ, with every detail, and a red fluid courses through it, and through artificial arteries.

The discovery has been made by a German physiologist that the milk of inebriate mothers contains a small amount of alcohol, and it is his belief that such mothers communicate to their offspring a desire for stimulants.

Over 500 men applied for relief at St. Paul; but when they were required to saw wood for the assistance rendered, 448 of them suddenly recollected that the rheumatism and kindred ailments prevented them from handling the saw.

A huge corn on one of the big toes of William Kunn, of Laporte, Ind., caused him great pain. He first tried the Christian Science treatment, but prayer failed to remove it. Then he tried carbolic acid and that caused a fatal attack of blood poisoning.

Gladstone And The Lords.

The following passage from Mr. Gladstone's most famous essay is noteworthy in view of the late short-lived agitation against the Lords:—"The English people are not believers in equality; they do not, with the famous Declaration of July 4, 1776, think it to be a self-evident truth that all men are born equal. They hold rather the reverse of this proposition. At any rate, in practice they are what I may call determined inequalitarians; nay, in some cases, without knowing it. Their natural tendency, from the very base of British society and through all its strongly built gradations, is to look upward; they are not apt to untune degree. The sovereign is the highest height of the system; is, in that system, like Jupiter among the Roman gods, without a second. . . . The step downward from the king to the second person in the realm is not like that from the se cnd to the third; it is more even than a tride, for it traverses a gulf. It is the wdom of the British constitution to lodge the personality of its chief so high that none shall under any circumstances be tempted to vie, or to dream of vying, with it. The office, however, is not confused, though it is associated with the person; and the elevation of official dignity in the monarch of these realms has now for a testing period worked well in conjunction with the limitation of merely personal power." Mr. Gladstone may have had a different language for the study from that which he used on the platform, but the writer of the foregoing is not one "to untune degree."

Repartee on the Bench.

Some of the keenest wit we hear about is flashed from the legal brain. The Green Bag reports the following:—Chief Justice Jeremiah Black, of Pennsylvania, in reviewing a case which came up from the court of his old friend, Judge Moses Hampton, remarked that "surely Moses must have been wandering in the wilderness when he made this decision," and sent the case back to the lower court. Judge Hampton on its second trial took occasion to remark that, although he would have to submit to the higher authority, yet he still thought he was right, "in spite of the Lamentations of Jeremiah."

The Reason.

Professor: "Why does the earth move?"

Hardup (absently): "Can't pay the rent I suppose."

Gordon Fetherston, the four-year-old son of W. Fetherston, organist, London, was drowned in a cistern last week.

FIT FOR A KING TO EAT.

A Danish Woman's Remarkable Success in the Dairy Business.

There is a woman in Denmark who may reasonably claim the title of butter and cheese maker to the crowned heads of Europe. Every morning from her dairy a few pounds of butter are sent by express to the royal palace in Copenhagen. While visiting the King of Denmark the Emperor of Russia tasted her cheese, and now he is one of her regular customers. The products of her dairy go to many other countries, everywhere commanding prices many times larger than those for which the goods of other producers sell, and without doubt there are other crowned heads than those of Denmark and Russia that are customers of hers.

A bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture tells about this remarkably successful dairywoman. She is Mme. Nielsen. She calls her farm Havarthigaard. It is an hour's ride by railway from Copenhagen. The farm is cared for by her husband and son-in-law, but when they deliver the warm milk into her possession their responsibility ceases. She

PERSONALLY SUPERINTENDS

the making of the butter and the various kinds of cheeses, and she markets her products. Not all of her butter and cheese is consumed by potentates, and the small surplus is sold in a little shop in the exhibition building in Copenhagen, where Mme. Nielsen herself waits upon customers every afternoon.

Mme. Nielsen has been a close student of dairying for nearly thirty-five years. She has visited England, Holland, Switzerland, Norway and France, and has studied the methods of dairying in those countries. She now has a sort of school of dairying, in which she instructs pupils, receiving from each about $27, whether they stay for a shorter or longer period. Most of them are young women. They give their services to her while they are under her tuition, so that most of her work is done by her pupils. Throughout Europe many of the chief dairy women are graduates of Mme. Nielsen's school.

The farm on which this famous dairy is carried on comprises only 166 acres. Between twenty-five and thirty cows are kept in the herd, and about twenty is the average number giving milk at one time. The dairy buildings are not elaborate. Nearly all the processes are old-fashioned. For instance, no separators and no sterilizing apparatus is used in her creamery. The churning and butter-working are done by hand. The product is packed in small china crocks. Mme. Nielsen makes several kinds of cheeses, Camembert, sweetmilk, Gorgonzola, Myse, Edam, Chester, and other varieties. Her process of making Camembert cheese is described as follows:

"The fresh milk, warm from the cow, was warmed to 100° F. At this temperature she added 1-100th pound of rennet for each ten pounds of milk, after which it was gently stirred, and then allowed to stand for four and one-half hours, when it had coagulated to the proper degree.

THE CHEESE VAT

used was a large earthen jar, which was kept wrapped up and placed near the stove so as to maintain the same temperature of 100° F. until coagulation was completed. The curd was then cut into small squares, but not worked or pressed in the least. When cut sufficiently fine, curd and whey together were dipped out and put in small tin rings or moulds with holes in the sides, but with neither bottom nor top. Each form, or mould, consisted of two rings, one placed on top of the other, and when thus arranged they were about six inches high and measured five inches in diameter. They rested on a strainer placed on top of a vessel, and over the strainer was laid a little mat made of clean, stiff, rye straw, single straws being tied parallel to each other. This was to drain off the whey, and the straw mats facilitated the turning of the cheese. When the cups were full they were left undisturbed for eight hours in a warm place near the stove. By the end of that time the cheese had settled so much that the upper ring or half of the mould was removed and the cheese was turned, but left in the cup overnight. Next morning they were turned again and salted on one side. Three or four hours later they were again turned and salted on the other side. No pressure was applied at any time. During all this time the temperature did not fall below 78° F. After the second salting it had acquired sufficient solidity to be removed from the mould. It was then placed in a room with the temperature from 55° to 60° F., where it remained for two or three weeks, when it was placed in the cheese room with a somewhat higher temperature. It was ready for sale when two months old."

Mme. Nielsen is not educated except in subjects of her specialty. She has made a snug fortune and an international reputation.

GREAT TELEGRAPH LINE IN AFRICA.

Many Miles of the Cape Town and Cairo Project Already Built.

A Cape Town despatch says:—The actual work of constructing the Zomba-Salisbury section of Mr. Rhodes' great transcontinental line of telegraph, which the cape premier hopes may some day connect Ciaro and Cape Town, has been begun, and at the end of last year some thirteen or fourteen miles had been put up at the Nyassaland end of the section. An appeal for help made to the Makololo chiefs by the engineers in charge resulted in some two hundred men being set to work to make the "telegraph road," and shortly as many as six hundred men were employed in erecting the posts and carrying the material. Naturally, the chiefs expect some acknowledgment of their good will in this matter, and the agents of the company begged them to say what form they would prefer that their presents should take. It was a miscellaneous list which the chiefs forwarded, including as it did tea, sugar, jam, butter and biscuits. But the demands were by no means confined to edibles. One request was for "clothes for women," another for a rifle for shooting hippopotamuses, and one request—probably from an ex-student of the Blantyre mission schools—was for "writing materials." It is said that of the younger men among the Makololo chiefs three are able to read and write, having acquired their education at the mission schools.

Life-savers on the French coast are hereafter to be aided by trained dogs.