# DARE HE?

## OR, A SAD LIFE STORY

CHAPTER XIX.

There is no greater fiction than that for time to go quickly implies that it must needs go pleasantly. Jim has seldom spent a more disagreeable period than the hours which follow his conversation with Byng, and which he passes in his bedroom, with his elbows on the window-ledge, looking blankly out at the Piazza, and at the great "Bride" of Aronolpho's planning, the church of Santa Maria Novella. And yet, when the city clocks, which have chimed unnoticed by him several times, at length convey to his inattentive ear what the hour is, he starts up, shocked and confused at its lateness. He had meant to have reached the Villa Schiavone in time to receive Amelia, and now she must have long preceded him, and be attributing his tardiness to some fresh neglect and indifference. In five minutes he has rearranged his dress, and jumped into a fiacre. Through the Porta Romana, and up between the straight row of still and inky cypresses, up and up to where the villa door, promising so little and performing so much opens, as so many do, straight upon the road.

The day has changed its ravishing blue gaiety for a pensive cloudy gloom, and the guests at the villa are walking about without any sunshades. They are numerous, though few indeed in comparison to the Banksia roses on the laden wall, over which, too, a great wistaria—put in, as the host with a just pride relates, only last year—is hanging and flinging its lilac bundance. And seen above its clusters, and above the wall, what a view from this raised terrace! Jim is really in a hurry to find Amelia, and yet he cannot choose but stop to look at it—from Galileo's tower on the right, to where, far down the plain of the Arno, Carrara loses itself in mist. It is all dark at first, sullen, purple-gray, without variation or stir—city, Duomo Arno, Fiesole, and all her chain of sister-hills—one universal frown over every slope and jag, over street and spire, over Campanil with its marbles, and Santa Croce with its dead. But now, as it draws on towards sun-setting, in the western sky, there comes a beginning of light, a faint pale tint at first, but quickly broadening across the firmament, while the whole huge cloud canopy is drawn aside like a curtain, and, as a great bright eye from under bent brows, the lowering sun sends arrows of radiance over palm, and river, and city. All of a sudden there is a vertical rain of dazzling white rays on the plain, and the olive shadows, merged all the afternoon in the universal gray, fall long and soft upon the blinding green of the young corn. He has forgotten Amelia. Oh, that that other, that creature herself made out of sunrays and sweet rain-drops, were beside him, her pulses beating, as they so surely would, to his tune, her whole tender being quivering with delicate joy at this heavenly spectacle.

Some one touches him on the shoulder, and he starts violently. Has the intensity of his invocation called her spirit out of her light body, and is she indeed beside him?"

"What a bad conscience you must have. Did you think that I was a bailiff?" cries Mrs. Bying, laughingly.

"Where is Amelia?" he asks, rather curtly, the memory of Byng's communication about his mother being too fresh in his mind to make it possible for him to answer her in her own rallying key. "What have you done with Amelia?"

"What a 'Stand-and-deliver' tone," says she, laughing still, but looking not unnaturally surprised. "Well, where is she?" glancing round. "She was here five minutes ago with Willie. Poor Amelia!" lowering her voice to a more confidential key. "I am so glad you have come at last; she is patience personified. I must congratulate you upon the excellent training into which you have got her, but I think that she was beginning to look a little anxious."

"And I think that you have been giving the reins to your imagination, as usual," replies he, walking off in a huff.

There is another delightful garden at the back of the villa, and there, having failed to find her in the first, he now, with growing irritation at her for not being more immediately conspicuous, seeks Amelia. It is a sheltered leisurely paradise, where white rose-trees, with millions of bursting buds, are careering over the walls in leafy luxuriance, where double wall-flowers—bloody warriors, one should call them, if one could connect any warlike idea with this Eden of scented peace—stocks in fragrant row are flowering as we Britains never see them flower in our chary isle, save in the plates of a Gardeners' Chronicle. But among them he finds no trace of his homely English blossom. He finds, indeed, him who had been named as her late companion. Byng, but it is not with Amelia, but with one of the pretty young daughters of the house that he is pacing the straight walk in lively dialogue. Jim accosts his formally:

"I understood that Miss Wilson was with you? Do you happen to know where she is?"

Byng stops short in his leisurely pacing.

"Why, where is she?" he says, looking round, as his mother had done, but with a more guilty air. "She was here five minutes ago. Where can she have disappeared to?"

It is but too obvious that in greeting and being greeted by their numerous acquaintances, both poor Amelia's chaperon and that chaperon's son have completely forgotten her existence. Always nervously afraid of being burdensome, Jim feels convinced from what he knows of her character that she is going about in unobtrusive forlornness, the extreme smallness of her Florentine acquaintances making it unlikely that she has found any one to supply the place of the friends who have become so entirely oblivious of her. The conviction, pricking his conscience as he hastens contritely away from the vainly repentant Bying, lends speed and keenness to his search. But thorough and earnest as it is, it is for some time quite unsuccessful. She makes one of no group, she loiters under no Banksia rose-bower, she is no gazer from the terrace at gold-misted valley or aureoled town, she is to be found neither in hidden nook nor evident path. She is not beneath the Loggia, she is nowhere out of doors. She must then, in her loneliness, have taken refuge in the house. He finds himself in a long, noble room, with a frescoed ceiling, a room full of signs of recent habitation and recent tea, but which has apparently been deserted for the sunset splendors on the terrace. He can see no single occupant. He walks slowly down it to assure himself of the fact of its entire emptiness.

By a singular and unaccountable freak of the builders, the windows are set so high in the wall that each has had to have a little raised dias erected before it to enable the inmates to look comfortably out. Upon each small platform stands a chair or two, and low over them the curtains sweep. As he passes one recess, he notices that the drapery is stirring a little, and examining more closely, sees the tail of a well-known gown—of that gown which has met with his nearest approach to approval among Amelia's rather scanty stock—peeping from beneath the stiff rich folds of the old Italian brocade. It is the work of a second to sweep the latter aside, and discover his poor fiancee all alone, and crouching desolately in a low arm-chair. There is something so unlike her in the attitude, something so different from her usual uncomplaining, unpretending fortitude, something so disproportioned to the cause—his own careless but not criminal delay, as he supposes—in the despair evidenced by her whole pose, that he feels at once terrified and angry. In a second he too, has stepped up on the little platform beside her.

"Amelia!" he cries. "Amelia! What are you doing up here? With whom are you playing hide and seek?"

Her words and her smiles are apt to be prompt enough, Heaven knows, to spring out, answering his least hint; but now she neither speaks nor moves a muscle of her face. She scarcely starts at all at his sudden apparition and address, and no light comes across her features—those features which, now that he looks at them more closely, he sees to be set in a much more pinched pallor than even three watching nights and a week of airless worry can account for.

"Are you ill?"

"No; I am not ill."

The sting of irritation which, mixed with genuine alarm, had besieged Jim's mind on his first realizing her crouched and unnatural attitude, now entirely supersedes any other feeling. Is the accidental delay of half an hour, an hour say even and hour and a half, enough to justify such a parade of anguish as this?

"Is it possible," he inquires, in a tone of cold displeasure, "that I am to attribute this—this state of things—to my being accidentally late? It was a mere accident; it is not like you to make a scene. I do not recognize you; I am very sorry that I was late, and that I have made you angry."

The chill reproach of his words seems There is such a meek upbraiding in her natural one, to the humble and unexacting one which is habitual to her.

"Angry!" she repeats: "angry with you for being late? Oh, you are quite mistaken! In all these years how often have I been angry with you?"

There is such a meek upraiding in her tone that his ill-humor gives way to a vague apprehension.

"Then what is it?" he cries brusquely; "what is it all about? I think I have a right to ask you that; since I saw you last something must have happened to you to produce this extraordinary change."

She heaves a long dragging sigh.

"Something has happened to me; yes, something has happened!"

"But what—what kind of a something? I have a right to know—I insist upon knowing; tell me!"

He has grasped both her hands, whose unnatural coldness he feels even through her rather ill-fitting gloves. So strange and mean a thing is human nature that even at this moment it flashes across him, with a sense of annoyance, what bad gloves Amelia always wears. However, he is not troubled with them long, for she takes them and her cold hands quietly back.

"I will tell you, there is no question of insisting. I should have told you anyhow; but not here"—glancing nervously round the dropped curtains—"not now!"

"Why not here? Why not now?"

Her face quivers.

"I could not," she says piteously. "I do not quite know how I shall get through telling it; it must be somewhere—somewhere where it will not matter if I do break down!"

He stares at her in an unfeigned bewilderment, again slightly streaked with wrath.

"Have you gone mad, Amelia? or are you taking a leaf out of Sybilla's book? If you do not clear up this extraordinary mystification at once, I shall be compelled to believe either the one or the other."

Again her face contracts with pain.

"Oh, if it were only a mystification!" she says, with a low cry. "I cannot tell you here; it is physically impossible to me. But do not be afraid"—with an accent of bitterness, which he is quite at a loss to account for—"you shall not have long to wait; I will tell you, without fail, to-morrow; to-morrow morning, if you like. Come as early as you please, I shall be ready to tell you; and now would you mind leaving me? I want to have a few moments to myself before I see anybody—before I see Mrs. Byng; will you please leave me?"

It is so apparent that she is in deadly earnest, and resolute to have her request complied with, that he can do nothing but step dizzily down off the little dais, feeling as if the world were turning round with him.

"A quarter of an hour later he sees her leaving the party with Mrs. Byng, looking as simple, as collected, and not very perceptibly paler than usual.

(To be Continued.)

### BRITISH ARMY REFORM.

**The War Minister Announces Plan of Reorganization.**

Mr. Haldane, speaking to a Glasgow audience, recently, said plans had been perfected by the Government by which the regular army would be organized. The plans were far-reaching. Instead of one army corps, and another of small divisions, some of them rather ragged, they had organized regular troops according to this new scheme, which had been worked out by the General Staff, and by the highest military authorities, into six great divisions of three brigades each, with four brigades of cavalry. That was the organization of the home army for the future. As part of the scheme, they had assigned artillery to these divisions.

If they did not find, for the moment, cavalry assigned to Scotland, that was not because Scotland would not have cavalry, but because he had not yet got barracks into which cavalry could be fitly lodged. But he could lodge something else. They were taking the batteries of artillery that were surplus to the requirements of the fighting batteries—that was to say, between thirty and forty batteries—and they were forming these into training schools or brigades, consisting each of three batteries, and they were going to bring these surplus batteries into various parts of the country to form training schools in order to train more artillery men for the service of the fighting line, for the fighting batteries. Two of these training brigades were coming to Scotland, one to Glasgow, and one to Edinburgh. He hoped now there would, therefore, be a keener artillery spirit amongst the people. The last twelve months had been a period of thinking, but it had also been a period of action.

### COPPER HARD AS STEEL.

**St. Louis Youth Discovers a Long-Lost Art.**

John Berlien, the St. Louis youth who announced last week that he had discovered the secret of tempering copper to the hardness of steel has suddenly found himself famous. Investment companies, hardware dealers and capitalists all over the country have wired him, offering big sums for the secret.

Berlien says he has refused to negotiate with any of them, because he hopes to get the $100,000 that he has been told has been offered by the Government to the first man who could harden copper.

Scientists have tried long to discover the process for hardening copper. Owing to the fact that it will not rust, it would make ideal tools and also armor plates for battleships.

### WORK IN NEW ZEALAND.

It is said that nobody is ever out of a job in New Zealand. There is an elaborate Government department, which keeps a record of all who lose employment, and helps them to positions, advancing railway fare to take them to places where help is wanted, seeking out merchants or manufacturers who want men, and as a last resort giving the unemployed some occupation on Government operations.

### HIS GOODNESS.

Uncle—"What makes you look so unhappy, Tommy?"

Tommy—"'Cause nobody ever calls me good unless I'm doing something I don't want to do."

# ON THE FARM.

### WINTER LAMB FEEDING.

I pity any man who attempts to raise winter lambs without plenty of succulent food, such as silage or roots of some kind, or better yet, both, writes Mr. J. S. Woodward. As soon as the lamb is able to take his rations regularly, the ewe should have an increase of milk-producing food. Nothing is better than silage and roots, together with clover or alfalfa hay for roughage, and wheat bran, oil meal and a little corn for grain. She should have enough of these, so as not to fall away in flesh, and unless good enough to carry over for another year's use should have enough corn added to enable her to make 20 or more pounds of gain besides feeding the lamb.

Hay is fed to the ewes at 6 o'clock in the morning, grain at 8 o'clock and silage or roots at 10 o'clock. At noon have the feeding racks filled with good bright wheat, oats or barley straw and let them pick what they like, the balance to be thrown out to litter the pens. It is a fact that the higher they are grained the more straw they will eat. At 3 p.m. feed grain and again at 5 o'clock feed silage or roots and follow by filling the racks with hay. From the way the sheep attack the feed in the morning I have sometimes thought it would pay to feed during the night.

Whatever the time and rotation adopted for feeding, it is very important that the strictest regularity be observed. Not only should they be fed at the same hour each day, but each pen should be fed in the same order. If not, the shepherd will be reminded of his irregularity by a concerted bleating that will nearly deafen him.

The object of feeding the lambs is to hurry them along so as to get them to a marketable size and condition as quickly as possible, for the younger the lamb can be sent to the shambles the more profit. Twin lambs are not, as a rule, desirable, especially early in the season. As a rule, one lamb will be all the ewe can properly feed and when old enough for shipment, will be much plumper and make more profit than would two. For the first few weeks, it will pay to select the best one and kill the other. However, a few of the best may be saved, so that should a lamb happen to be lost, one may be put upon the lambless ewe.

Later, if the shepherd wants to make the most money out of his business and is willing to give the extra care, he may save both lambs, if good ones. As soon as the first lambs have been taken from the ewe, the twins may be separated, putting one on a ewe from which a lamb has been sold. This lamb will be raised and fitted for the market as quickly as was the first one. Ewes own strange lambs sometimes with much difficulty. A stubborn ewe can usually be brought into submission by being so confined that the lamb can help itself at will. For this purpose use a crate or hurdle, without a bottom or top. In one end have a hole just large enough for the ewe's head to pass. Fasten so she cannot drive the lamb away. Each side is left open so that the lamb can readily get at the teats on both sides. With a little assistance for a few days, if very young, or a few times, if older, it will be competent to help itself when the ewe is confined.

They should be placed in a small inclosure and the ewe released at night. It will be a rare case if the ewe does not take kindly to the lamb in two or three days. At about two weeks old, the lamb will be able to eat and digest more food than is furnished by the mother and it should be induced to eat all it can digest. First of all, it will pick out and eat bright clover heads and leaves, or the leaves of well-cured alfalfa. As soon as one begins to eat, the others will very quickly learn.

### FEEDING GRAIN TO COWS ON GRASS

Several experiments have been conducted to test the advantage of feeding grain thus. The conclusions reached were, that the grain fed when grass was plentiful and while it was yet succulent, did not bring any profit over and above the cost of the grain. In some instances, as when grain was fed in large quantities, it was said that the increase in milk and butter fat did not pay for the cost of the grain. The conclusion has gone extensively abroad, therefore, that it does not pay to feed cows grain or meal on grass, when the supply of the grass is abundant.

I am not prepared to accept such a view, says Prof. Thomas Shaw. It seems to me it is a conclusion reached without considering every phase of the question. If the increased return in milk or butter fat pays for the cost of the grain, and no more, my contention is, that in the end, feeding is attended with profit.

If the grain is thus paid for, one item of profit is found in the pasture saved. It is only reasonable to suppose that for every pound of dry matter consumed in the grain, an equal amount of dry matter will remain unconsumed in the pasture. This would mean that the carrying power of a pasture is increased to the extent of the saving effected by feeding grain.

A second item of profit will probably be found in what is termed the residual effect of the grain feeding. This has been brought out by Prof. Roberts at Cornell. Six cows were selected that had been given a liberal allowance of grain on pasture the previous season, and six were also selected that had been grazed in the same field, but without grain. All were put upon pasture without grain. The lot grained the preceding summer produced 16% more milk than the other lot. The heifers in this lot in milk, also, made a better development than the heifers in the other. This result is in accord with the view of many practical men on this question.

A third item of profit would arise from the fertilizer obtained from the grain. Where wheat, bran and cottonseed meal were fed, the advantage would be considerable from this source. Putting these three items together, they should represent a satisfactory profit, even when the increase in milk production and butterfat did not more than pay the cost of the grain.

### ANTI-SUICIDE BUREAU NEEDED.

**People of Austrian Capital Have a Tendency to Self-Destruction.**

In Vienna, the seemingly gayest of cities, an anti-suicide bureau, such as has been established in London, is badly needed. The year's record of self-murders shows that Vienna still retains her bad pre-eminence among European capitals in respect to the percentage of her population who voluntarily cut short their lives.

The figures for 1906, just published, show that 425 persons committed suicide, while another 707 tried to do it, but failed. The figures reveal some curious anomalies which must sorely puzzle psychologists. More suicides take place in summer than in winter. In the month of May when all nature was proclaiming the joy of living, 48 persons decided that death was preferable and terminated their existence. In drearer November, when the birds had ceased singing and bleak winds wailed mournfully through the leaffess trees, only 28 persons yielded to the conviction that life was not worth living.

The motives assigned for suicide also disclose some perplexing problems. For instance, only 31 persons committed suicide because of poverty, while two more shuffled off this mortal coil because life had dealt too generously with them, and they had become satisfied with it. Sickness was the motive alleged in 100 cases, while love affairs gone wrong drove 63 to destruction, and domestic strife impelled 23 to flee to the other world where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

The oldest victim was a man of 87; the youngest a little girl of eight. What dire tragedy of childhood caused her to take the leap in the dark does not appear; but the bare mention of the fact awakens a feeling of infinite pity. Poor little mite! May her soul rest in peace.

The men greatly outnumbered the women, which can hardly be regarded as proof of the superiority of the male sex. There were 313 of them who took their own lives in the last twelve months and of women, 113—little more than a third as many. In the methods chosen for making their exits, men showed a much greater partiality for bullets than did women. Only twelve of the latter shot themselves while 118 men chose that way of ridding themselves of the burden of life. Despairing womanhood displayed the greater preference for poison. Thirty-two women swallowed fatal draughts. Twenty-eight women selected the most ghastly form of suicide—throwing themselves from top-story windows.

### TO TORTURE OR DEATH.

**Russian Refugees Sent Back to Their Enemies.**

The London Chronicle tells of an exceedingly painful scene which recently marked the sitting of the Grimsby Immigration Board an aggravated case of many that make a commentary on the conditions of life in Russia.

One family of Russian fugitives were Jews, named Shitzk—a cabinet maker, his wife, a son of ten and two daughters—who came from the province of Minsk, and wished to join a son and brother in Glasgow. But the medical officer found them all to be in a pitiably debilitated condition.

The man had bronchitis and general weakness; the boy was minus one eye and suffered from trachoma, and one daughter was also afflicted with trachoma.

Just before being asked to retire the father fell down and clasped Dr. Grange, secretary to the board, around the legs and begged piteously to be allowed to stay, crying out that to send him back to Russia would be to send him to torture or death. The children added their cries and tears to those of their unhappy parents. Observers of the scene were visibly affected.

Questions drew from the man an admission that revolutionary meetings had been held at his house in Minsk. His home, he said, had been ruined in consequence, and his life was now at stake.

When the family's pleadings had been stilled the court considered the pathetic, if difficult, problem before it. Then Mr. Smith, the stipendiary Magistrate, who presided, announced that, although the case had many sad features, they felt there was no alternative but to refuse the family leave to land. The man's health was extremely bad, and with two children afflicted as those were it should be unsafe to admit them.

When the news was interpreted the whole family broke down, the man declaring that all were doomed.

### ON WORK.

Some men work for honor,
Some men work for fame;
But they take the money