Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

The next morning the artist came early, and seated himself upon a rock on the opposite side of the road, and just upon the banks of the river.

He took out his drawing materials, arranged them, and began to sketch the hut and the overhanging cliff.

Marie had no chance of seeing him. She was busy washing out linen in the shed at the back of the hut, and hanging it to dry on the bushes at the base of the mountain.

But the old woman saw him, and went out to "tackle" him.

She stopped before him, and leaned heavily upon her stick, for she was very infirm with age, and even that short walk had tired her.

The artist arose, with the courtesy that a gentleman shows even to the humblest of womankind, and lifted his hat.

"I don't want none of that nonsense; but, first of all, I want to know your name," she said, planting her cane more firmly into the ground, and leaning more heavily upon it.

"Talbot, madam, at your service," answered the artist, promptly and bowing again.

"None of your soft-soap, now! I'd like to know what you came here a-drawing a picter off from my own house and home, without leave or license!"

"I obtained permission from the young lady, madam."

"A child as knows no better'n to give everything away, even down to the very picter of her own house and home, which her soft-heartedness will be the ruin on her yet! But what I mean to say is as you've got me to deal with now—a 'oman with a head onto her shoulders, and if it so be you want to draw a picter of my house, you'll have to pay me for it."

"Willingly, madam. How much?" inquired Mr. Talbot, taking out his pocket-book.

"I don't think as a dollar would be too much for the privilege, do you?" inquired the old woman, much softened by the sight of the pocket-book.

The artist quietly put a five dollar note in her hand, saying:

"I do not think that this will be too much."

"Five! you're a real nice young man, and not a bit of the fellow as I took you for; and if you've a mind to come in and rest any time, and get a plate of berries, or a drink of water, you shall have it free and welcome!" said the delighted old woman, grinning and nodding as she turned and hobbled toward the house.

"I haint got no grown-up gals, so it don't matter if he do come," remarked the old creature, who still looked on her grand-daughter, Marie, as a child.

Fortunately for Marie's peace of mind, she neither saw nor heard anything of this transaction.

Washing in the shed, or hanging out her clothes on the evergreens at the foot of the mountain behind the house, she had no opportunity of seeing or hearing anything that went on in front of it.

And, besides, she hoped that her granny had forgotten her threat against the artist's pockets, and she feared even to speak to her about it, lest she should recall it to her mind.

The day passed; Marie finished her washing and ironing, and packed her clothes into the basket, to take them back to the village hotel.

The artist had not yet availed himself of the granny's invitation to enter the house. He had eaten the luncheon he had brought with him, seated on the rock, and had quenched his thirst from the spring that sparkled near at hand; and then he had resumed his pencil, and worked steadily on his sketch, until the setting sun warned him to pack up and return to the hotel.

He had been watching out at intervals, all day, with the hope of catching a glimpse or, perhaps, even having a word with Marie; but he had not succeeded; and now he thought he could not return to the village without seeing or speaking to her.

And he was just about to enter the little garden when he saw her come out of the door with her hat on her head, and the heavy basket on her arm.

He stepped aside to let her pass through the gate, and then he quietly took the basket from her hand, saying:

"I am going back to the village, and will carry this for you."

She flushed crimson, falteringly thanked him, and allowed him to carry it, while she walked by his side.

"You take too much trouble for me, sir," she murmured at last.

"Marie, I would do anything in the world to help or please you," he earnestly replied.

She raised her radiant light blue eyes to his face in innocent wonder.

"For I love you, Marie," he added, with a tone and look that filled her soul with terror and delight. She dropped her eyes and trembled, while he went on murmuring words of love to her willing ear, until they drew near the village.

Then she awakened from her happy dream to think of his interests.

"You must not take that into the village with me, sir, please," she said in a low, timid voice.

"And why not?"

"Oh, because it is not, indeed, fitting for a gentleman to carry a clothes-basket through the public streets, you know."

Mr. Talbot knew that perfectly well.

"And with a pretty country girl walking by his side," he mentally added.

"Please, put it down, sir. I can carry it very well the rest of the way," she pleaded, stopping short and timidly raising her eys to his face.

He set the basket on the ground, and looking tenderly upon her slight form, he murmured:

"My darling, how gladly I would carry this for you as far as it has to go. But ah! my child, if I were to do so, I should injure you."

Marie was too ignorant to understand how it could possible hurt her. But she knew that the action would not be "fitting" to him, so she could only smile in her ignorant trust and take up her burden.

"Will you be home all day to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she timidly replied.

"Mrs. Thompson asked me to come into the cottage to rest and take some fruit. Would you like to have me come?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered in a low voice, and then flushed rosy red, and dropped her eyes as if she suddenly felt that she had said something wrong.

"Thanks, little one! Thanks, darling! I will come!" he whispered, taking her hand, and looking first into her beautiful face, and then up and down the road.

No one was in sight. He drew her hasily to his bosom, pressed passionate kisses on her lips, and then suddenly left her side.

She remained standing where he had left her delighted, frightened and utterly bewildered for a minute, and then she slowly raised her burden and went on.

In a dream she delivered the clean linen to its owner. In a dream she received the next day's washing, and left the house. In a dream she returned home.

Even if we did not know it, it would be easy to forsee the end of her dream!

CHAPTER V.

Every morning the artist went and sat upon the rock opposite the Anvil Cliff to sketch, ostensibly to rest and take his lunch, but really to see Marie, and feast his eyes upon her rare beauty.

He always took with him some luxury from the hotel, to make himself welcome to the old mistress of the hut. Sometimes it would be a bottle of wine, or cordial, or some other dainty or dainties that the granny's soul loved.

"If that young man was to stay here, and come every day, I do think I should live twenty years longer, I do feel so much better for the good wittals he fetches," she said to her grand-daughter.

Marie would smile in silence, feeling delighted that her lover should so benefit her old grandma.

Every evening he would take leave, and walk on toward the village, as far as that forest glade where he first spoke to Marie. There he would sit and wait for her, until she came along, bearing the basket with the day's washing to take home to its owner at the hotel.

Then he would rise and take the heavy burden from her arm, and bear it for her until they drew near the village, when she would take it back and carry it on to the hotel.

He would wait where she had left him until she came back, when again he would relieve her of her new burden, and walk by her side until they reached the lonely forest glade, where they would sit down upon the rock to rest and talk.

There, every evening, they met and lingered, loth to part, heedless of passing time, until some chance, like the distant sound of an early market-wagon, would rouse them to a consciousness of the hour.

Then he would raise her basket and carry it for her to the cottage gate, where, with impassioned words and caresses, he would leave her.

She would let herself in at the door, and go quietly up to the loft where she slept, and creep to her little pallet, all without disturbing the old woman, who slept in a comfortable bed in the room below.

And this went on from day to day, and from night to night, whenever a heavy rain did not prevent it.

And did the grandmother suspect nothing of all this?

No, nothing. She looked upon Marie as too young a child to be in any danger of attracting any gentleman's attention, and also as a child quite able to take care of herself in ordinary intercourse with the world.

And so, when Marie had gone every afternoon to take the clean clothes home to their owners, the old woman would sit and knit on in peace of mind until near sunset, when she would drink the tea and eat the food that Marie had left by the fire to keep warm for her supper.

And then, leaving the door unfastened for Marie to enter, she would go to bed to sleep, secure in the belief that the girl would be in by dark.

Mr. Talbot soon saw the peculiar hallucination of the dame in still considering her grand-daughter a child, and he humored it by always, in her presence, treating Marie as a very little girl indeed.

He longed to paint Marie's portrait; and so he said to the dame, one day, after he had comforted her soul with a glass of rich old port wine at luncheon.

"I would like to paint your little grand-daughter's picture."

"Well, young man, you can do it," said the grandma; "that is, you know, on the same—"

"Yes, yes; I know; I understand," hastily interrupted the artist, for fear she should go on and humiliate Marie before his face, by charging money for her sittings, which he knew she was about to do. "May I begin to-morrow?" he inquired.

"Oh yes, young man, you may begin any time, so as you do the right thing by me."

"Yes, yes; I will certainly do right. I will come to-morrow, then."

"Oh, stop, now! Don't you be in such a hurry! Hear what I've got to say first! I want to have a right understanding on two things."

"I assure you, Mrs. Thompson, I will agree to anything you propose, only, pray, let us say no more of that just now," exclaimed the artist.

"Well, then, I s'pose as how you wouldn't think ten dollars too much to pay me for letting you take my grand-darter's picter?" persisted the old woman.

"Nor; nor ten times ten," impatiently answered the artist.

"Oh, granny! granny! how could you do it?" cried the deeply-mortified girl, as soon as she recovered the breath of which the old woman's mercanary words had, for the minute, dispossessed her.

"Hush up, Marie! you're a child!" snapped the dame.

Marie put her hands up to her face and wept.

The artist attempted to laugh off her distress as the irritability of a child, and soon he arose and went out to his sketching.

That evening, when they met in the forest glade, Marie again wept with mortification.

"To think," she said, "that granny could do such a thing! But she is old and childish, sir—indeed, she is very old and very childish, or she never could have done it!"

"My sweetest girl!" said the lover, caressing her, "she did quite right. In the city where I live, sitters, or models for artists, frequently get a high price, and make a comfortable living."

"But not I, oh, not I! I could not do such a thing, especially to you! to you!" she sobbed.

"You are a little goose! But what then? Will you not sit for me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! I would sit for you all day, and every day, if you wished me to do it! But not for money; Oh, no; not for money!"

"My sweetest girl! you will sit for me. I shall take so much happiness in gazing on this heavenly face while I try to transfer its beauty to the canvas. Your grandmother must take what she claims, not so much for your sittings as for my use of her cottage as a studio. There! be consoled! Think how happy I shall be while painting your picture."

And so he soothed her wounded spirit.

(To be continued.)

PAT'S RETORT COURTEOUS

Quite recently a warship found it necessary to call for a few hours at a military port on the coast of Ireland. Tommy Atkins, meeting a full bearded Irish tar in the street a couple of hours later, said:

"Pat, when are you going to place your whiskers on the Reserve List?"

"When you place your tongue on the Civil List," was the Irish sailor's reply.

On the Farm

DEMAND FOR TURKEYS.

According to reports from Great Britain and to the opinions expressed by traders in the United Kingdom who are well informed regarding the progress of the poultry and game trade, there is every indication that the supplies of British-reared turkeys this season will fall short of the demand. The weather conditions in the British Isles have been against the production of turkeys, while the grouse, partridge and similar game are by no means plentiful.

In a short time there is likely to be a strong demand for Canadian turkeys, and is is to be hoped that our sources of supply in this country will be equal to the opportunity. It is advocated that twelve birds should be packed to the case, not frozen too hard, and with positions alternately reversed.

As to whether the turkeys should be shipped feather or dressed, this is of course, a matter for arrangement between the importer and exporter, much variance of opinion having arisen in the past as to what really constitutes a dressed turkey, the idea most favored in this district being that the bird should be plucked clean up to the collar of the neck, leaving the head and wings untouched.

It may be interesting to Canadian farmers to note that not only is the demand for dressed poultry, except water fowl, likely to be very heavy this season; but there is a universal shortage of eggs. In Great Britain the importation of eggs has declined within a few months fully 7 per cent., while the prices have materially advanced. It is to be hoped that increasing numbers of Canadian farmers will give more attention to poultry-raising during 1910.

A GOOD MILK TANK.

A writer tells how to make a tank in which to cool milk. These are his directions: Where milk is kept in shot gun cans it can be kept cool by having the water run through it from well to stock tank. Make wooden boxes two cans wide and high enough to shut slat lids over cans, long enough to hold all cans necessary. Make galvinized iron tank to fit inside box. Divide tank lengthwise by two sticks to make individual stalls for each can. Divide into sections by three slats up and down right distance to keep half empty can from tipping over. Hinge slat door over each can and fasten with button. Have outlet a little below top of cans and large enough to let out quite a bit of water at once when full cans are put in, otherwise the secured cans will be flooded. If in a milk house this will serve well for milk tank.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Nine cases out of ten where a farmer kicks about too low a test he will become reconciled if you can show him that he is getting all he is entitled to. If he is inclined to doubt your word call in a state inspector and have him make a test. If his readings are like yours (they should be) the farmer—that is the average farmer—will be satisfied and you will have no more trouble with him. It is poor policy to resent a patron's inquiry about his test by becoming angry. Explain to him as much as possible, and show him the test. He needs to be shown.

HARD-MOUTH HORSES.

An exchange is responsible for the following: Here is something of practical value to any one driving a horse that pulls on the bit. Fasten a small ring to each side of the bridle and as near the browband as possible. Pass lines through bit ring and snap them into rings at browband. This, with a common jointed bit, will enable a child to hold a "puller" or hard-mouthed horse with ease under almost all circumstances. It can be used on a fast horse, in double team or on both, as desired. It is cheap and easily applied, and it won't make the mouth sore. It is better than any patent bit.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It is a surprise to see how many farmers neglect to keep salt in their horses' mangers. It is very inexpensive and very beneficial. A lump or chunk should be kept in every manger.

Never overload a young horse. He should never know that there is a load that he can not pull. Overloading at first is almost sure to make him a balker. Never load at first heavier than the horse that is hitched with the colt can pull alone, and this horse should always be a reliable puller.

If hens are properly cared for, they will lay eggs occasionally during the winter, but when they are forced by unnatural food and conditions to lay continually, it is at the expense of their health and vitality, and they will not lay as many eggs the following spring and summer as will the hens that have had their natural rest and vacation.

Do not compel animals to pass the winter in uncomfortable stalls. Remember that the horse should not stand with his forefeet on a lower plane than the hind ones; the neglect of the stall is a common cause of lameness and deformities, especially in the young, growing animal. Now is a good time to fix the stalls in good shape for winter. It is none less important that the cow stalls receive attention, also, the slope should be just enough to secure good drainage, the most common defect is in having the stall too low behind.

Why not take a cup of

BOVRIL

every morning through the fall and winter?

BOVRIL IS ALL BEEF

It contains all the nutriment of the beef in a concentrated and tasty form.

It will renew your blood and give you strength of nerve and muscle.

It will tone up the whole system.

Bovril Gives Health and Strength

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

A Few Stories About Well-Known People.

A good story is being told of the days when the Earl of Crewe was Viceroy of Ireland. He had a considerable sense of the importance of the Viceroyalty, and when out walking one morning with a lady he passed first through a small gate. "The Prince of Wales always opens a door for me," said his companion reprovingly. "That may be," returned Lord Crewe; "but I represent the Queen."

Professor John Muirhead, of Birmingham University, was once examining some children in moral teaching, and he asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life. One bright child sent in the following: "There are three stages in life. The first is when we are very young, and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older; and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older, and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young; and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are dotty and repent the wicked things which we did when we were younger; and this is the dotage."

Madame Melba, the prima donna, has recently confessed that, as a child, she never possessed any dolls. "I nev r had a wish for dolls," she has said, "nor the time to play with them. My favorite toys were my tiny harp and violin, and in their company I spent thousands of blissful hours as a little girl. I was only four years old when my father began to teach me music, and at eight I could play almost any piece at sight. At twelve I was leading soprano in a church at Albany, and a little later I became organist and choirmaster."

Here is the latest story concerning Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Recently he was a guest at a literary dinner at which one of the guests started a discussion concerning the spelling and pronunciation of the English language. "Have you ever noticed, Mr. Kipling," he said, "that in the entire English language there are only two words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'? Those two are sumach and sugar. Having made an exhaustive study of the subject, you may take it from me that this is so." Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him. Assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he quietly asked, "Are you sure?"

Cheer up! All the good people don't die young; lots of them live to a ripe old age and die poor.

The life of a famous artiste is not always a bed of roses, and Mischa Elman, the famous violinist, once had a somewhat nasty practical joke played upon him by some musical students. They became jealous of his superior talent, and determined to take a mean revenge. At one of his concerts he retired to a small room at the back of the building in order to run through an especially difficult passage in a piece he was to play during the evening. While he was engaged in doing this, the key was turned in the door, making him a prisoner. "I tried in vain to escape," says Mischa Elman, "and presently heard voices calling 'Mischa! Mischa!' But it was not until the audience and orchestra had waited over twenty minutes that I was found and released."

GLORIOUS PIG STICKING.

An East Indian Sport Full of Thrills and Danger.

Of all sports the most exciting, the most wildly exhilarating, says a writer in Bally's Magazine, is surely pig sticking. While waiting for the beaters to come up when driving for deer or bison or tiger, the pulses gallop, time flies and excitement quivers in every nerve and muscle, but it is nothing to the tension attendant on the wait at the edge of the jungle for the break of the grey boar as he comes out, usually in a reluctant, surly manner, and proceeds to cross the open towards the next bit of cover.

Then the gathering up of your reins and the fresh grasp of your spear as you look with straining eyes—now in the direction of the captain of the hunt for the signal to go, now to the animal itself, inwardly praying that he may not turn back into cover. And then when the word "Ride!" is given—the mad rush, the utter inability to see anything to stop you, the overpowering anxiety to beat every one, be it your greatest friend or greatest enemy, and get first spear.

Your heart is in your head. There is nothing in the world to you but yon lanky grey monster striding away in front and your frantic desire to run him through. Hours are lived in moments. Your horse and you are one animal, with but one unfulfilled wish in the world, a wish you are both doing your very utmost to gratify.

In not other sport perhaps is there so much real danger, yet, strange to say, accidents are really very few. I have ridden in cold blood—very carefully—over ground that I and my comrades have ridden over helter skelter after a pig previously, and to say that I have been astonished is but to describe my feelings in the very feeblest way. How the horses kept their footing it is impossible to say. All I know is that they did.

AN ADEPT IN CRIME.

Most Notorious of Spanish Bandits in the Toils.

Jose Tisaira, the boldest and most dangerous of Spanish bandits, has been captured at Algeciras.

The history of this criminal is remarkable. Twenty years ago he killed a priest at Palau and burned the corpse. For this he was condemned to death, but was pardoned while on his way to execution. He was transported to the prison at Ceuta, but soon effected his escape.

Then for some time he lived among the Moors, but so numerous were his depredations that he was forced to flee. Shortly after he fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities, but succeeded in escaping a second time, though in so doing he was severely wounded.

His next step was to ingratiate himself with the Moorish bandit Valiente, but his desperate robberies and crimes eclipsed those of that blood-thirsty ruffian. Valiente became jealous of Tisaira, and sent him to Tangier where the engaged himself to an agriculturist in a large way. Soon the bandit had plundered his employer to such an extent that the latter denounced him to the authorities, and he had to take refuge in flight.

Tisaira's next scene of operations was Guadajalara, where he met a former dissolute companion. The two quarreled, and Tisaira killed his old friend with a couple of revolver shots. The police arrested him and were conveying him to Madrid by train when he jumped from the carriage, and badly injured himself in the fall. He managed, however, to break his chains, and drag himself to Gerona. After his recovery he began a series of robberies—in one case raiding a tax office and getting away with £3,000—but he again fell into the hands of the police. He was taken to Ceuta, but last July he made his fourth escape.

We worry too much about the expected that never happens.