Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd)

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

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

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

"Yes;" sobbed Marie.

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dame slept on.

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

And the dame slept on.

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

"She sleeps later than I ever knew her to do," said the girl, as she arose and went to the bedside, and laid her hand softly on the forehead of the sleeper.

With a scream she started back.

That forehead was ice-cold in death!

In a few moments she so far overcame her terror and repugnance as to take the lifeless hand in her own.

But it was as rigid as marble, and could not be moved from its position.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, she would have been a good mother.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A terrible sight met her eyes!

Marie Serafinne sat up in bed, raving, tearing her hair and accusing herself of—murder!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She then turned about and found a little pile of brushwood, and a box of matches with which she made a fire. Then she searched for meal or flour with which to prepare gruel for the perishing girl on the bed.

But there was nothing of the sort to be found.

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

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

The farmer's wife groaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The little body was interred at the cost of the county. And a warrant was issued for the arrest of Marie Serafinne.

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

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

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

They told her it was New Year's day.

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

LOTS!

There are lots of people
About the town
Who act so uppish,
They should be called down.

On the Farm

THE FATTENING OF SWINE.

No definite rule can be laid down as to the best time and manner to fatten hogs or at what age. One must be governed by conditions and surroundings. Remember that the nearer we can grow what the market wants, the better our chances to sell at a higher price, and the nearer we have it to sell at the time that the market wants it the better market we have. From an article in Kimball's Dairy Farmer, on the subject of Fattening Hogs, we not the following:

The age at which a hog should be fattened will depend more or less upon the market demands and the locality. As a general rule in this country the fat or lard hog has been the most popular. When such hogs is the case it is better to market hogs at the weight of from 300 to 400 pounds. These seem to meet with the most popular favor of the buyers. In other sections of the country the bacon type of hog is preferred over the fat or lard hog. The best weight for the bacon hog is between 160 to 200 pounds. They do not require to be nearly as fat as the fat or large hog; still, on the other hand the bacon hog is by no means a thin animal. It should have a covering of about one inch of fat over the back.

We always thought it best not to feed a hog longer than really necessary to get him to market properly. The earlier age we can get a hog to the market the more profit we are going to make. With reference to age the article continues:

Where the bacon hog is desired, as a general rule it will be found most profitable to have the hogs fattened and finished for market at about five and a half or six months of age. Where the fat or lard hog is desired, the most profitable age to market in order to meet the requirements of the market would be about eight to ten months. Hogs of this age should weigh in the neighborhood of 300 to 350 pounds. As a general rule, however, it maye be stated that the greatest and especially the most economical gains are made on the younger animal.

The season of the year has something to do as to how long to hold hogs on feed. The kind of weather varies the gains. The writer concludes:

Generally speaking the most economical time to breed bacon hogs is the early fall of spring months. The weather is then not too cold nor too warm, in fact, about right for the best gains. In real cold weather a considerable amount of feed is used for the production of heat to supply the heat required for the maintenance of the animal body.

In the real warm weather, on the other hand, a cansiderable amount of feed may be wasted. Where two litters a year are to be reared it will be found best to fatten the first bunch and market them during the month of September and October. The second litter should be fattened and ready for market some time during the latter part of March or the month of April.

BLOATING.

Bloating is a very dangerous ailment but not a disease. Cattle are apt to be afflicted with bloat when turned out on to new clover covered with dew.

Bloating may be known by a swelling of the left flank. This swelling rises above the level of the backbone and when tapped with the finger sounds like a drum.

The animal should be tied up and compelled to stand with its front parts from six to twelve inches higher than its hind parts.

It should be given a laxative and tonic to prevent the fermentation of food and stimulate digestion. There is great danger of the animal smothering before it can be relieved. It is for this reason that a cattle tracar should be kept on hand but should not be used excepting as a last resort.

It is advisable to prevent bloating in cattle. This can be done by medicating the salt and placing it where the cattle pass in going to and from the pasture.

It is also advisable to keep the cattle shut up until the dew is off, providing it is fresh, young clover. —Dr. David Roberts.

THE IDEAL DAIRY COW.

The dairy cow is too frequently misunderstood. Too many look upon a dairy cow as one giving a little milk. She should be looked upon as a well-developed machine for taking the high products of the land and converting them into immediate remunerative returns. Farmers should learn that they cannot afford to keep poor cows on land valued at $125 and $120 an acre. It cost too much to supply the necessary feed. In order to know a good cow, no matter how large the herd, a careful record should be kept of each cow. All food given her should be weighed, and all milk taken from her should also be weighed, and the margin of either profit or loss should be determined at once.

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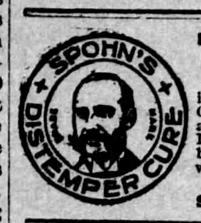

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TWENTY-SIX MADE CANDY.

But Only Twelve Girls Knew How to Bake Bread.

An interesting examination was held recently in a Massachusetts High School. Twenty-six girls, members of the same class, were given a list of thirty questions. These questions bore reference to the girl's knowledge of household duties, and the answers proved decidedly entertaining. Twelve of the twenty-six said they could make bread, eighteen could make, cake, and all could make candy. Twenty-two girls had built a kitchen fire, twenty had cooked beefsteak and twenty asserted that they had prepared a full meal. It is disappointing to learn that not one girl of the entire twenty-six knew why new bread is not a healthful article of food, nor could twenty-four of them tell what a trap to a sink is. The making of starch was understood by twenty of the class, and sixteen said they could iron their collars and cuffs. Twenty girls could mend their clothes—at least that's what they claimed, and seventeen had made shirt waists. Seven of the seventeen had made but one shirt waist, but there was one girl in the class who had made fifty When it came to trimming hats there were thirteen girls who knew how, and thirteen who didn't know and hadn't tried to learn.

The principal of the school framed this list of questions and considers the answers a fair exposition of the domestic knowledge of the average High School girl. He asked the questions with a definite object in view. He wanted to be certain that domestic science was an advisable addition to the school studies. After the answers to his thirty questions were thoroughly considered he admitted that there would be no delay in establishing the new course. Perhaps it was diplomatic on the part of the principal to avoid all mention of the true cause of the ignorance of the class as a whole—lack of home training and home encouragement.

CONSUMPTION CRUSADE.

South Dublin People Want Lady Aberdeen to Stop.

A remarkable discussion in reference to Lady Aberdeen's organized movement and speeches against tuberculosis in Ireland took place recently at a meeting of the South Dublin Board of Guardians, at which the following resolution was adopted:—

"That we respectfully ask her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen to discontinue her consumption crusade, as to continue such a course would have a very serious effect on the country, as well as on the tourist traffic, on which a great number of the poor people in the country districts have to depend for a living.

"Her Excellency will at once see what an effect it may have on strangers when they are told that the country needs such action on the part of the Viceroy's wife."

Mr. John Raymond, moving the resolution, said he desired to see consumption wiped out as much as her Excellency, but there were instances in the city of men being deprived of their employment in consequence of all that had been said in connection with this crusade, carried on by the people who were the tools of the British Government. There was a factory in the city where, in consequence of the crusade, people were losing their employment daily if it became known that they had the faintest taint of consumption.

Mr. Anderson, who seconded the resolution, said that Irish girls would not be employed as servants in England owing to the effect of this crusade.

Mr. Mullett also said that such crusades were detrimental to Irish people. An Irish girl in London could not now get a situation if she had a pale face.

The Chairman (Mr. John Scully, J. P.), said the board, instead of passing the resolution, should give Lady Aberdeen every assistance. He considered they owed her a debt of gratitude for all she had done since she came to the country. As to the tourist question, he was of opinion there was never so large an influx of visitors as this year.

Twenty-three voted for the resolution, and eleven against.

The members who voted do not number half the membership of the board.

TURTLE WORSHIP.

At a place called Kotron on the French Ivory Coast the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family, says the London Globe. The fetich men, of whom there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species. If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion in the town. First the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks, next a small piece of white cloth (color must be white) is placed on the turtle's back. Food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil. Then amid a lot more singing, dancing and antics of the fetich people it is carried back into the sea and goes on its way rejoicing.

Elderly Bachelor—What, baldalready?—Life.