Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then, again addressing the Bench, he said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sat down.

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

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

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

And with the end of his speech the defence closed.

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

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

"Not Guilty."

And the young prisoner was discharged from custody, and found herself at liberty before she well understood what had happened to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sure."

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII.

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

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

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

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

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

Marie turned away, heart-sick of the world.

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

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

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

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

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

On seeing Marie Serafinne approach, they came out to meet her, not with words of welcome, but with looks of silent aversion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

On the Farm

FEEDING THE DAIRY CALF.

There is no such thing as fixing the amount any calf should be fed in order to grow well, and be kept in the pink of health. Each calf has an individuality, some calves have better digestion and power to assimilate their food than others. Consequently, there can be no such thing as figuring to a scientific nicety what amount a calf shall eat. The class of food which when eaten—providing it is palatable — can be well laid down, but there all rules of feeding must end. The feeding of calves after they are four months of age—most calves are weaned from milk—depends again upon how well they have been fed in their infancy when milk was their chief source of sustenance. Many a calf's digestion is impaired by feeding on skim milk wholly when only a few days old, or having been fed cold milk that was germ-laden from being kept too long before being fed. Thus, a lot depends upon the calf's condition when you start in to feed them at four months of age. Some may be strong and vigorous, of large size and grow thin by reason of being bred from strong, large parents; other small and weakly from weak vitality in their parents, or of being badly fed when young.

In a general way, alfalfa hay and clover hay make, generally speaking, ideal roughage for calves the first winter of their lives. All they will eat of this; feed the red clover once a day and the alfalfa once, and one pound of mixed meal, made of oats, two parts by weight to one of corn, to every hundred pounds weight of calf will be about what most calves will require.

But feeders must always keep in mind that food alone cannot grow up a healthy calf, colt, lamb, or pig, any more than it can grow a healthy boy or girl. All growing animals must have regular daily exercise in order to develop muscle, bone and nerve force. The one who puts his young calves in a shed or basement barn and keeps them there from fall until spring may have sleek fat calves, but they will disappoint his expectations of having serviceable potent males and good dairy cows. Sterility follows that kind of management in the majority of cases. A calf might far better have an hour's run on a winter day, even in a snowstorm, than be kept shut up all day in a pen. The modern barns are, to an extent, weakening the bovine family, not by the reason of the born, but by the manner in which animals are kept in them day after day without exercise during the winter months. It is to-day so weakening the vitality of animals as to render them susceptible to all classes of germ disease, tuberculosis especially. No animal will inflate the lungs in a warm barn to the fullest extent, neither will the heart action send the blood to all parts of the system properly. This is not an advocacy of turning out a colt on a winter day and allowing it to hump around all day. Not a bit of it, neither should it be turned out in a blizzard. But any ordinary winter day a calf or colt is better out for an hour or two than in the barn. Warm barns are good, but good sense demands that growing animals should not be kept in them constantly.—C. D. Smead, V. S.

FARM NOTES

The introduction of the English sparrow by its driving away the little native birds has been responsible for more damage by insects and weed pests than all other causes combined, including cats, and boys with guns.

The farmer has as much right as any one to wear a good suit of clothes and adorn and beautify his home. In fact, it is his duty to do so It is also part of his duty to furnish good reading matter for the family. We should strive so to elevate and dignify the business that any man could be proud to say, I am a farmer.

Extracted honey, if brought to a temperature of not over 160 degrees Fahrenheit, bottled and sealed while hot, will usually, if kept in a uniformly warm temperament, keep liquid for a year or more. But there is a great diffierence in honey. Some will candy much more quickly than others. Cold atmosphere is quite favorable to candying of both extracted and comb-honey. Cellars and cold rooms are poor places for honey.

The brown-tail moth is a serious pest, and is likely to spread. The easiest and practically the only effective means of artificial control where established, is by cutting off the overwintering nests during the late fall, winter or early spring and destroying the larvae within. This, of course, can be supplemented by spraying with an arsenical mixture when the caterpillars appear on the foliage in spring. When young, according to Howard, they may be killed with the ordinary strength sprays or paris green or arsenate of lead, but when half grown or larger, according to Sanderson, five pounds of arsenate of lead to 50 gallons of water is necessary to prove effective.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

For horses that are confined to the stable on dry feed, a hot bran mash once or twice each week is most beneficial.

Pigs are not well protected by Nature and to thrive they must have warm winter quarters free from drafts. They must have a good range for exercise, but they must have warm quarters in which to sleep.

Before you go into the poultry business you should visit some well-established poultry plant, where you can see and study its workings. By so doing, you will gain much information that will be valuable to you in the future. You will see the absolute necessity of care and economy in all of its branches, the complete knowledge of which is requisite to success.

A yearling may be kept well, which means kept growing at not to exceed from $2 to $2.50 a month while in stable, and for much less when at pasture. A favorite ration is a pint of ground oats, the same of bran and half a gill of oilmeal, twice a day, made into a thin gruel with water and spread on the hay feed. If hay is high, feed oats straw in its place if bright and clean. Do not give the colts any dusty food, and see to it that they do not become constipated. Linseed meal, roots, corn stalks and apples are useful to prevent this danger.

LONDON'S FOOR COSTLY

SUM OF $4,500,000 SPENT ON FOOD YEARLY.

Six Tons of Tobacco—Soap Bill of Over $100,000—A Regular Business.

The thirty-one London Boards of Guardians, says the London Daily Mail, are now engaged in dealing with the hundreds of tenders sent in by the various contractors for the supply of provisions, coal, clothes, and other necessaries incidental to the feeding of nearly 80,000 people per day.

DAILY FOOD BILL $10.500.

The bare mention of the figures suggest that the quantities consumed must be of enormous dimensions. It costs from 12 to 15 cents a day, on the average, to feed an inmate of a poor-law institution. The daily food bill, therefore, taking the lowest figure, will amount to $10,500 a day, or $3,832,500 a year. As a matter of fact it comes to much more than that.

In addition there are about 5,000 indoor officers of all grades to feed, and, allowing their food bill to average 30 cents daily, the cost amounts to $1,560 a day, or about $57,000 a year.

The provision merchants' bills, therefore, for the poor-law institutions for the year amount to nearly $4,500,000.

A SPECIAL BUSINESS.

The business of supplying the London and suburban workhouses with provisions is quite a special one, and is largely in the hands of about twenty firms, some of whom secure scores of thousands of dollars' worth of contracts.

In addition there are contractors who make a special feature of supplying workhouse and infirmary clothes, blankets, sheets, bedsteads, hospital requisites, nurses' uniforms, and a thousand and one things the public hardly suspect.

MANUFACTURED SPECIALLY.

Then come the cutlery and earthenware merchants, who also make a special business of manufacturing or getting others to do so for them the mugs, plates, and other articles which are necessary to replace those broken in large quantities every year.

In haberdashery alone the St. Pancras Guardians spend $1,210 a year. It is not an exaggeration to say that the London boards spend $20,000 a year on buttons, cottons, needles, and all the other articles which come under the head of haberdashery.

The same can be said of institutional linen drapery, which is quite a specialized article, mainly supplied by four or five firms who take every year about $10,000 from the guardians for their goods. These merchants also know exactly what the guardians want in the way of woollen goods.

DEALERS ARE HONEST.

The great art of catering for the feeding and clothing of over 80,000 people in London's poor-law institutions lies in exactly knowing what is wanted. Tenders are generally according to sample, and it is the duty of responsible officials to send back every article not up to the standard. Considering the enormous quantities supplied it is a rare occurrence for these contractors, whose poor-law supply work forms an important part of their business, to have boots at $1.20 a pair, and women's list slippers at 5 cents a pair rarely fail to pass the test according to sample.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES.

It is when we go into the estimated quantities of supplies for a whole year that a person gets some idea of the enormous task of feeding, clothing and caring for its 80,000 poor and its 5,000 indoor officers. The following quantities also show what a big business is done by these special contractors in supplying the goods needed.

Suits of clothes	20,000
Pairs of boots	25,000
Dozens of mugs	5,000
Dozens of knives	1,600
Dozens of forks	3,000
Dozens of spoons	4,000
Dozens of frying-pans	200
Cwts. of bacon	20,000
Cwts. of butter	4,000
Tons of ham	3
Cwts. of Margarine	10,000
Eggs	250,000
Stones of beef	200,000
Stones of mutton	80,000
Stones of pork	8,000
Stones of suet	3,000
Fowls	18,000
Rabbits	40,000
Tons of vegetables	7
Pounds of fish	2,700,000
Quartern loaves	6,500,000
Pounds of jam	480,000
Gallons of milk	3,000,000
Tons of tobacco	6
Pounds of snuff	500

A VERY GREAT TASK.

Until one spends considerable time in the stores and kitchens of the great poor-law institutions one does not realize what a task it is to feed the London ratepayers' pauper family. It is a work which needs skilled and good organization, but there can be no doubt that if the difficulty of distances could be got over in the matter of perishable goods a central supply store would save the ratepayers many thousands of pounds yearly.

NO LONGER TORTURED

A Sergt.-Wheeler in R.C.A. Finds Cure from Agonizing Skin Disease.

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