Back to Life and Love;

OR, WAITING THROUGH WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd)

Marie thanked her rude hostess, and went into the hut.

The woman soon set before her a bowl of tea and a piece of corn bread and fish; and pointed to the only bed in the room, saying:

"Arter you done eating you kin go to bed dere, if you want to. Me and de chillun can sleep up in de lof, and my ole man, he gone ober to Mr. Butterfield's to work, and won't be home 'till to-morrow night."

Marie availed herself of this permission. And after eating a little of the frugal supper, she laid down to rest, and if possible to sleep.

The next morning she went back to the prison where she had left her clothes. They were so few that she tied them up in one small bundle.

Then she went from house to house in the village, to try to get a place in service.

She thought—poor girl!—that her acquittal by the jury was also her perfect vindication before the world. And, remembering how willing and even anxious many families had been to take her into service, she believed that, now she was acquitted, she might surely get some humble place.

She soon found how bitterly self deceived she had been!

She was literally and scornfully turned away from every door at which she dared to rap; until late in the day, her limbs sinking with fatigue, her eyes streaming with tears, her heart nearly breaking, she appeared once more at the negro woman's hut to beg a night's lodging, offering to pay for it ever and above the furniture she had already given.

Even on those terms, the favor was grudgingly granted, for the woman's husband had come home, and he said he "didn't want no interlopers, 'specially sich as she."

And Aunt Sukey herself gave it as her opinion that,

"The young gal had better go 'way some 'ers, a long distance off. case it was sartin' she never could do no good here, where she was known."

Poor Marie had come to the same sorrowful conclusion.

The next morning after partaking of the frugal breakfast set before her by her rude hostess, she tied up her little bundle and left the hut to seek her fortune away from the neighborhood.

Marie Serafinne had never been five miles away from home in her life. And to her rustic thought the neighboring town of Wendover, distant only ten miles, was as if it had been in a foreign country.

Yet to that place she determined to go. She knew the turnpike road leading thither, only because it was called the Wendover road.

A quarter of a mile's walk across the fields brought her into the road.

She knew that the stage coach, which ran daily between the town and village, would pass her on its way to Wendover; and thanks to Mr. Worth's kindness, she had means to pay her fare; but she dared not wait for the stage and stop it, lest she should meet the eyes of some one who might know her, for, from these, the last day's bitter experience had taught her to shrink with a shuddering fear.

She therefore determined to walk the whole way, no great undertaking for a robust woman, but weary work for the poor girl wasted to a skeleton through sickness, sorrow and imprisonment.

The day, besides, was a blustering March day, after a deep spring thaw, so she toiled along the heavy, muddy road, whose clay clogged her little old shoes, and almost dragged them off her feet; and against a high head wind that nearly blew the bonnet from her head and the thin shawl from her shoulders.

Frequently she had to sit down on a stump or a stone to rest and recover her breath.

So it was nearly night when, ready to faint with fatigue and fasting, she reached the outskirts of Wendover.

Warned by bitter experience, she dared not apply for shelter at the dwelling of any white people; but she went to the first negro hut she could find, and offered money for some supper and a place to sleep.

Here, though her face was not known, she was looked upon with degrading suspicion from the mere fact of her having to apply to a negro hut for shelter. And when on being asked for her name, she truly gave it, the look of suspicion was changed to one of fear and dislike.

The poor slaves were, however, tempted by the offer of money, and consented to shelter her for that night on condition that she would go away in the morning before their "masser and missis" found out anything about her being there.

Early next morning, according to arrangement, Marie paid her darkey for her lodging and left the hut.

She spent that blustering March day in wandering through the town in search of any sort of honest service, from that of a nursery governess to that of a scullery maid.

But to her bitter grief she found that her dreadful story was as well known at Wendover as at Pine Cliffs.

And from every house where she dared apply she was turned away with more or less of harshness.

She was thus confirmed in the discovery that though she had been acquitted by the jury, she was not pardoned by the community.

That night, sinking with fatigue and despair, she found shelter by paying for it in another negro-hut.

The next morning, with her bundle on her arm, she left Wendover by the high road, neither knowing nor caring where it should lead her, so that it should take her away from the neighborhood of her bitter misery.

It would be weary work to follow poor Marie Serafinne in her months of wretched wandering over the country; for one day was like another. Every day was spent in walking on farther and farther from the scene of her sorrows, and every night was spent in some poor negro's log hut, until three weeks of wandering had passed, and her shoes were worn out, her clothing all soiled and spattered with mud, and her money dwindled to the last dollar.

In this wretched plight, late one afternoon she approached a lonely farm-house, situated in a deep fertile hollow enclosed by high hills.

As usual she went up to the house and rapped at the door, not that she had the slightest hope of being admitted, but because she never left a chance untried.

A hard-featured, care-worn woman of about forty years of age, came to the door and asked the visitor what she wanted.

"If you please, ma'am, a place," falteringly answered the weary traveller.

"What's your name?" asked the woman, in a slight German accent.

"Marie Serafinne," answered the girl, trembling with fear of the harsh rebuke that had always followed the mention of her name.

But the German woman had evidently never heard of it before.

"Where did you come from?" she inquired.

"From—Pine Cliffs," answered the girl, quailing at the question.

"Don't know the place. Must be a long way from here. Got any recommendation?"

Marie paused in confusion before she replied. And then suddenly thinking of Ishmael Worth, she took his card and handed it to the woman, saying:

"That gentleman gave me leave to apply to him."

The name and fame of the great jurist and barrister had reached even this remote farm house; and the woman after reading the card told the girl she might come in.

And Marie Serafinne, thanking Heaven for the prospect of a home, followed her new mistress into a long, low ceiled room, at the farther end of which was a broad fireplace, around which were gathered half a dozen boys, of ages varying from two to ten years.

The woman then told Marie Serafinne that she wanted a girl and would try her; that she would write to Mr. Worth, and if the reference proved satisfactory, and the girl suitable, she would keep her.

Then she directed her to take off her bonnet and fall right into work and help to get supper, as the men would soon come in from the field.

In this manner Marie Serafinne was installed in the house that was destined to be her home for many years.

CHAPTER IX.

The farm, occupying the whole of a small hollow enclosed by high hills, was called "Witch Elm," from the trees that overshadowed the farm-house.

The house was very old, built of red sandstone, in an oblong form, of two stories with an attic and a sloping roof. There were four rooms on each story, divided by a middle passage running from front to back and containing the staircase.

It was furnished plainly and substantially, partly from household goods, brought over in the emigrant ship from the old country, and partly by articles made by the master's own hand.

Carl and Anna Berger, the master and mistress of the farm, were German emigrants, who had come to this country some twenty years before, and had purchased the place upon which they lived from the bankrupt planter, whose people had owned it for a century before.

The Bergers had a very large family of thirteen children, that is, five girls and eight boys. Of the girls, two were married and gone away; two were in heaven; and one, the fifth and last, was a baby of ten months old.

So that the overtasked mistress of the house and mother of the family had not one daughter at home to help her.

The boys were all at home; but, however much they may have helped their father on the farm, they certainly only made more work for the mother in the house.

And, until the engagement of Marie Serafinne, there had not been a hired servant, male or female, on the place.

But, after the marriage and departure of her last grown daughter, a strong, healthy girl of eighteen, who had taken the largest half of the household work upon herself, Mrs. Berger saw the great need of getting "help," and so she closed with the very first offer of service that was made to her, and which happened to be made by Marie Serafinne.

She fully intended to get her husband to write to Mr. Worth, to whom the girl had referred, and in the meantime, while waiting an answer, to keep a strict watch over the stranger, who might be a thief.

So, for the first few weeks, she locked up all her pantries and presses, and gave out all the provisions herself, and counted all the clothing when it went into the wash and afterwards when it came out.

But the letter was never written to Mr. Worth. The farmer was not in the habit of writing letters; and, after putting off the task from day to day, and then from week to week, he put it off forever.

This was to be regretted on Marie's account, however, for it cut her off the knowledge of the only friend she had in the world.

Gradually the strict habits in regard to Marie were also abandoned. It was tiresome to the mistress to be always watching and counting and locking up.

"One might as well live in a prison," she said, "as to spend the days of their life in turning keys; and, besides, the girl is honest enough, as any one might see."

So in time Marie grew to be entirely trusted by her employers.

But they were not kind to her.

They were a money-grubbing set, hard to each other—harder still to her—their one white slave. They overburdened her with heavy tasks, for which they paid her too little to supply her with necessary clothing.

She did not mind this so much in the summer; but when winter came, she suffered with cold.

She labored early and late.

There was a large house of many rooms, every one of them occupied, to be looked after and kept clean. There was a large family of eight men and boys, two women and a child to be waited on, cooked for, washed, ironed, and cleaned for. There were seven cows to be milked, and all the butter and cheese to be made. All the bread was to be made and baked, and all the soap and candles manufactured.

Think of the immense labor!

And Marie received but little help from her mistress, who, as the months and years passed, shifted more and more of this burden upon her already overtasked servant.

But Marie Serafinne, helpless and friendless in her circumstances, meek and patient in her temper, never complained.

What, indeed, were the trials of her present hard servitude to the agonies she had once suffered and outlived?

And she never smiled. The memory of her sorrows lay too heavy on her heart. Her present life was ruined, and of her future life she never thought.

She lived and labored a grave, sad, silent woman, a mystery to all, even to those who were in daily communication with her.

(To be continued.)

Great Britain's loss by wrecks is the least of all the principal ship-owning countries.

There are always 40,000 tramps in Great Britain, while in winter-time the number is often doubled.

The phrase, "living on tick" dates back to the seventeenth century, when a tradesman's bill was known as a ticket.

Beware of the man who has a good story to tell you in a whisper.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mr. Flatiron. "Nonsense! Why, they might as well tell me that the man has six heads in his hat!"

About the Farm

SCRATCHING FOR HENS.

How many at this time of year stop to think how necessary it is to provide a supply of scratching material for the hens during the winter months. How few take advantage of the opportunities that are presented from now until snow comes of harvesting a supply.

There are in some communities meadows and runs that can be cut for the asking, or for a small sum. The hay, though it may be too poor to feed stock, is ideal for scratching purposes. It can be cut any time before the frost comes in the fall; cured and hauled to the poultry house, where it can be stacked up until ready for use. It costs barely nothing except the time and labor expended in securing it; yet how few avail themselves of this chance of supplying one of the most important necessities to the successful poultry plant.

Buckwheat is an easy crop to raise. It requires very little fertilizer, a thin coating of wood ashes will answer, and it grows and thrives upon land newly broken up. The crop ripens in a few months and can be harvested and stored away with or without threshing. As litter it wears well and the fowls find much pleasure in picking off the kernels of grain.

Oat straw is a more expensive litter, for it is valuable as a food for stock and commands a good price in the market. Likewise barley, wheat and rye straw are also valuable, and are not often used in scratching pens.

Corn fodder, leaves, stalks and husks make a little that is durable and is not easily reduced to a powder. The butts may be removed after a time for they will readily work up into desirable litter

Pine needles, which can be procured by the cartload in the pine forests, make a good material especially for young pullets just commencing to scratch. They soon are reduced to a powder and need often to be replenished.

Leaves are also desirable and can be secured in autumn and stored for winter. They too, are soon pulverized in the scratching pens and a large quantity is required to keep up the desired supply.

Whatever is used for scratching material, an effort should be made to harvest the supply in season. A good supply of litter as the best investment a poultryman can have if he expects eggs from his flock during the winter months.

WHITEWASH COW STABLES..

Whitewashing the cow stable should be one of the regular chores every fall on farms where cows are milked. In the neighborhood of some cities, milkmen who supply milk, are required to have their stables whitewashed with lime each year. What they are compelled to do it should be well for every farmer to perform of their own free will. Whitewashing with lime sweetens the stable and adds to the satisfaction and self-respect of the farmer. The following directions for preparing whitewash are taken from a bulletin fo the Illinois Experiment Station:

"Take a half bushel unslaked lime of good quality, slack it with boiling water (cold will do) cover during the process to keep in steam, and add water as the process goes on. To do this, the lime should be placed in a tight barrel and water enough added to partly cover the lime. Never cover the lime entirely with water, else the slaking process will go on too slowly. Soon after the water is added, the lumps of lime which are exposed to both air and water begin to crumble and soon the whole mass begins to steam. More water should be added and the barrel kept covered. After the slaking process is over, several pails of water should be added, and the whole thoroughly stirred. This mixture should be strained through a fine sieve before placing in the barrel to which the pump is attached, and, if necessary, more water may be added to secure a mixture which the nozzle will deliver well. The contents of the barrel or bucket must be kept well agitated, for the lime tends to settle upon the bottom. The spray must be fine, and not allowed to play upon one place until the wash begins to run. When applied with brushes, a slightly heavier wash can be used as it is generally well rubbed down. Light coats frequently applied are better than heavy ones, as the latter are more apt to scale off. While still wet a light coat seems to have failed in its object, but when dry the whole becomes perfectly white. One bushel of lime will make thirty gallons of whitewash. Many formulas for making whitewash are published involving the use of salt, oil, grease, glue, rice, etc., together with the boiling of the material at different stages of its preparation. These are too much involved for the ordinary man, besides taking too much time. The addition of a small quantity of salt and oil is said to increase the life of the whitewash. If convenient, they should be added, but boiling is not essential where light coats are put on often as indicated above. When once understood whitewash can be made and applied with little trouble, yielding a large return in the improved condition of the stable. Best satisfaction is obtained by keeping the mixture well agitated and making applications."

Notwithstanding the author's criticism of more elaborate whitewash mixtures, we venture to suggest, on the strength of our own experience, that a much better whitewash, one that will stick and not rub off, and that is very easily brushed on, even over rough-board surfaces, is prepared as follows:

Take one-half bushel of lime, slake with boiling water, make into a milk, and strain through a fine sieve. Add to this a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds ground rice boiled to a paste and stirred in while hot, half pound whiting and one pound glue, previously dissolved in a glue pot over a slow fire. To this mixture add five gallons of hot water, stir it well, cover, and let stand for a few days. This mixture is best applied hot, with a brush, and a pint will cover a square yard.

DO WOMEN LOVE ROGUES?

Scoundrels Said to Have Way That Appeals to Women.

"There is in England a most singular dearth of men, and the opportunities that the average respectable woman has of meeting a prospective husband are, in many cases extraordinarily limited," says an English weekly.

Hence the otherwise absolutely incomprehensible success of the matrimonial advertisement. Our social life is so constructed that hundreds of young men and women never meet others of their age.

"Then it has been said that no man is so miserable but that he can discover some woman who will be more miserable still for his sake. And on this principle the worst of criminals must find a wife.

"And when all is said and done, the chartered scoundrel—the bigamist, the forger—may be scarcely more objectionable, may, in many cases, be far less so, than the smugly-respectable, highly-respected thing of petty vices that so often a woman must call husband. We are, of course, now-a-days, many of us, far too sentimentally inclined toward the scoundrel.

"While fully believing in a sane and firm justice, the necessity of punishment and its usefulness, it may be conceded that not infrequently the scoundrel, whose sins bring him within reach of the law, has sometimes a way with him that appeals to women.

"The same imagination which has started the bigamist on his career of adventure, gives him, perhaps, a sympathetic insight in dealing with women.

"Everything is relative, even villainy, so to fleece a young man of means of a considerable portion of his belongings, or even to entrap a young woman into a bogus marriage, is hardly worse than the going-back on a friend in trouble, or dealing meanly with dependents.

"How often in the countries of dowerless women are not the very wives of quite rich men more stinted, and in that sense poorer, than the laborer's wife.

WAIT.

Since we moved in here, two days ago, it's been a puzzle to me how that water got into the barrel!—Life.

"AWFUL NOISES."

Hotel Guests' Complaints Were Never Pressed.

A story used to be told fifty years ago of a newly rich, overdressed, much-bediamonded dame who bounced angrily into the lobby of a fashionable hotel, and demanded of the clerk that her room be changed at once. The clerk told her politely that it would be impossible to do so, as there was no vacant room available; but that if anything were amiss in her present room which could be rectified, the management would attend to it. It was considered one of the most desirable in the house; surely nothing important could be wrong.

"Important! Wrong!" echoed the woman, indignantly. "Well now, I should just say there was. I'd have you to know I'm fond of music, and I have a sensitive ear, and I'm staying here on purpose to go to the opera; and if you think, after hearing Patti at night, I'm going to put up with a squealing amateur on the other side of a thin partition next morning—well, you don't know me!"

"I am sorry Madame Patti has annoyed you," said the clerk, suavely. "She is your next-door neighbor."

The late Madame Modjeska, the Polish actress, used to relate a somewhat similar anecdote. Among her friends she numbered those other distinguished natives of unhappy Poland, Paderewski, Madame Sembrich and the two De Reszkes.

At a time when she had been ill in London, they were all there fulfilling professional engagements. As her convalescence progressed, they visited her with affectionate assiduity nearly every day, and delighted the invalid with impromptu concerts, at which Paderewski played ravishing accompaniments to the golden voices of the De Reszke brothers and Madame Sembrich. But other persons in the hotel soon sent in complaints of the "awful noises" proceeding from Madame Modjeska's suite.

They were greatly disconcerted when they were informed of the source of the disturbance, and the complaints were never pressed. Instead, it became noticeable that most of the hotel residents soon found errands which took them through the nearest corridor when the "noises" were in progress, and if no one ever fell so far from good manners as to listen at the keyhole, "That was, perhaps, because a keyhole accommodates but a single ear, and there are as yet no rules for precedence in eavesdropping."

REMARKABLE INDIAN BRIDGE

Built by the Indians in British Columbia.

An interesting bridge, said to have been built by Indians, is situated about 200 miles east of Prince Rupert, B. C., near the proposed line of the Grand Trunk Railway, says the Engineering News.

It is built of round poles, fastened together with telegraph wire and wooden pins, the floor being the only part where nails are used to any extent, and no two joints are made alike, but it seems to do the work required of it, that is, as a means for pack trains to cross Bulkley River.

Looking at it from a distance, it seems to be nothing but a collection of poles and wire stuck together any way, with no particular reason for its not falling; the floor is very uneven, and the joints of the different members are made by lapping and binding them with wire. But by looking at it closely a person can see that the party who built it had a pretty good idea of engineering, for the bridge is an ingenious combination of cantilever and suspension construction.

The River Kistnah, in India, has across it the longest span of telegraph-wire in the world—namely, 600 feet.

There are nearly 5,000,000 women bread-winners in the United States, two-thirds of them being unmarried.

In some parts of China, if a man fails to pay his debts, his creditors carry away one of his doors, thus permitting evil spirits to enter.

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, PINKEYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC. of all horses, broodmares, colts, stallions, is to

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on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and $1.00; $5.50 and $11.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

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