Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER II.

Julian Bryant's wife was extremely attractive. There were some people who did not consider her pretty; but, on the other hand, there were some who actually declared that she was beautiful.

Bryant had fallen in love with her voice and her laughter before she had realized in the least what she was like; in fact, he had been many weeks in the same house before he even saw her, but during that time he had grown into the trick of waiting to hear her speak. She had to pass the door of his room to go to her own little apartment at the top of the house, and he always left his door ajar when he knew she was expected so that he might hear her coming; usually she used to hum or sing softly to herself as she mounted the very steep stairs. She was like a rare ray of sunshine in the shabby, depressing atmosphere of the boarding-house, something that lifted and strengthened the young man's spirit, for life was none too easy for him. He never knew indeed until he found himself installed as a boarder in the big shabby Bloomsbury establishment, how much he needed beautiful things about him, nor how hard it was for him to assimilate himself to the restrictions and the hardships of a city clerk's existence.

He still retained a smartness in his look and wore well-cut clothes, and he was the object of a good deal of admiration from the female visitors; but he got out of the boarding-house as frequently as possible. He loathed the food, and detested the people, and he was only happy when he was by himself.

Julian was generous by nature; he had been devoted to his mother, and had counted it little cost to leave the army and to turn round and face a life of drudgery for that mother's sake; but it was impossible for even one so kind and affectionate not to feel at times the futility of the sacrifice he had made.

Certainly he had reduced the burden of debts, till very little remained; but his mother had quickly shown him of what quality she was made. Her grief for his father had been overwhelming at first, so that it had been a shock beyond description to the young man when one day he had a little letter from his mother calmly informing him that she was married again.

Of course, she had an excuse for such conduct, insisting that this action of her's had been brought about because she did not wish to remain a burden on her boy; but she prudently escaped all uncomfortable scenes by removing herself to a considerable distance. She had married a man her inferior in position, but apparently possessed of a good deal of money.

"We shall live abroad," she had written. "I hope, darling, that you will write to me as often as you can."

His mother's marriage signified something more than a shock to Julian Bryant—it left him quite alone. His relations had been estranged at the time of his father's death; as a matter of fact, they had carefully aloof, not wishing to be involved in the pecuniary difficulties; the only one who had shown him practical kindness had been Mrs. Marnock, who had married an elderly half-brother of his mother's, a man who would have been very kind to Julian had he been alive at this time. The late Mr. Marnock had been a great sufferer, and had never been at the office, but he had roused his wife's interest in Julian, and the young man had been very grateful to her for giving him a start.

It was so inevitable that he and Enid should drift into happy comradeship. They met one very wet evening when Julian, feeling not only a disinclination to face the rain, but conscious of a certain foolishness of spending money for food outside when he could obtain it in the house, had decided to remain at home.

He had gone down to dinner late, resolving to retire to his own room again almost immediately; but his plans had been altered. Some one else was late, too, and as he had entered the dining-room, the clear, fresh, enchanting voice with the sunny little ring in it which was so fascinating to him came to his ears.

The dinner was cold and not very appetising; but they eat and shared it together; and they talked and they made friends. The girl told him that she was quite alone.

"I came over to England," she said, against the wish of my aunt; in fact, she was very angry, and prophesied all sorts of dreadful things that were to happen to me; but I don't mean to be a failure. I mean to do well, and to make a place for myself over here."

And it was not very long before Julian confessed to himself that the place she intended to make was already found in his heart, in his very heart of hearts. He loved her as he had not known it was possible that any one human creature could love another.

Back in the old days when he had been with his regiment, he had flirted, and danced, and paid court as the others had done; but his heart had never been touched; and now it yielded itself in one great yearning tenderness and passion for this lonely girl, with the sweet eyes and the happy laugh and the delicate, fragrant personality.

And so they married without asking anyone's consent, seeing nothing ahead of them but happiness. Struggle there might be, work there might be and must be—but happiness there should be. For Enid Bryant was something better than being pretty or attractive or beautiful. She was practical, which is a quality that does not always assimilate itself with the artistic nature.

She it was who planned out everything and saw the difficulties and smoothed them away, who built castles not of air but founded on hope, and who dreamed of the big things that she would do to make herself worthy of this man who had chosen her, and who had brought such wonders, such hitherto unknown joy into her existence.

Before he reached home that memorable evening Julian Bryant had resolved that he would not tell his wife what had happened; but her sympathy was no perfunctory thing; her love was so magnetic that before they had been alone five minutes she had got the whole story out of him. She laughed at first, then she was silent, and then she turned her face away.

"Oh, Julian dearest," she said. "See what I have done. I have spoilt your life."

He took her in his arms and held her there tightly.

"Spoilt my life?" he said. "You are going to make it! Do you suppose I care about this for myself? It is you I am thinking of."

She kissed him back, but there were tears in her eyes.

"We were in such a hurry," she said.

"We have been so happy," he said.

"Oh! we shall always be happy, please God," the girl answered, crouching closer to him. "But things are coming clearer to me, Julian. How I wish I had known! Oh! I wish I had known!"

"What do you mean, Enid?"

"Women are queer creatures," his wife answered. "It is not at all an original remark; but it is very true. What I mean is, I wish that I had seen Mrs. Marnock. I wish I had told her that we wanted to get married."

"I am glad you didn't meet her," said Bryant a little hardly. "She is not the sort of woman you would understand, my sweetheart. She's as hard as nails, a woman who never had a heart, and doesn't know what sentiment is. If you come to think of it, Enid, it shows a mean spirit to have done what she has done to-day."

Enid Bryant took herself away from her husband's arms and moved to the window.

"Perhaps," she said, in a low voice, "perhaps it means something else. You call this woman hard, you think she has no sentiment, I know she is not young—but, Julian, I understand why she has done this—why she meant to be so good to you . . . you were to be so much to her, perhaps you were to bring her something which all her money had never been able to buy."

Julian Bryant colored up to the roots of his hair.

"Enid, dearest, don't talk nonsense," he said a little irritably.

"It isn't nonsense. I'm getting at the truth. Julian, you must have given her such a blow; no wonder she—she hates me. Don't you remember when you were ill a year ago, how many times she called to inquire and the flowers she sent you and the fruit; those lovely flowers which you always sent straight up to my room? There was always an excitement when Mrs. Marnock's car came up to the door. Oh! I understand, I understand."

Julian took her in his arms again.

"You are a child," he said; "and you are making up romances. Rachael Marnock is nothing but a hard, jealous woman, a bitter creature. If you want to know her real reason for doing things for me, it was to annoy my mother."

"Well, have it your own way," said Enid; "but leave me my romances!"

"Romances!" repeated Bryant. "I wish ——" and then he added with a sigh, "I wish to goodness I could send back that cheque."

Mrs. Julian Bryant was pretty and practical, but she was also very young, and the young delight in burdening themselves with imaginary troubles. The tears that had come to her charming eyes now rolled down her cheeks.

"I knew we ought not to have done it," she repeated. "Everybody at the boarding-house said we were so foolish. I used to hate them when they asked me how we were going to live? Oh! Julian, I love you so much, and yet I am hurting you through my love."

The husband took her in his arms and kissed away her tears, and after awhile the trembling of her lips stopped, and he conjured back her smile.

"We are going to show the world that we can do without it," he said.

CHAPTER III.

They started out bravely. Fortunately the weather was with them. The sun was shining and the world was garbed in green. Enid had left the Academy on her marriage: in fact, she had come to the end of the year's tuition, which had been provided for, and had been very much troubled as to how she was to stay on and work. Her marriage had solved the problem in one direction, but not in another, for the girl missed the busy life, the lessons, the hard work, the encouragement. Ambition was burning within just as keenly as ever, but it had to be kept under. They found two tiny rooms in Kensington, too tiny to hold a piano, even if they could have afforded one. All day long Julian was out; each morning he spent a fair amount on newspapers, searching through the columns of advertisements, and hastening to answer such as he felt would be suitable.

He walked many miles to interview all kinds of people, and Enid would sit waiting for him to come home and whilst she waited exercising her fingers on the table and pretending to herself that she was practising. She was always radiant when he came back, no matter how tired or dispirited or cross he might be; she had the knack of making any little place home, and her tiny sitting-room was so pretty. Somehow there was always a flower to give perfume and color, a gift more often than not from the greengrocer round the corner; and she was so resourceful. She turned to her small housekeeping duties with a zest which surprised herself, and she worried her brain and scorched her hands inventing and cooking original dishes for her husband.

"What do you think we have for supper to-night?" she would cry. "Sprats a la Enid."

Or perhaps it was a "creme Chopin," composed of an egg beaten up with sugar; or perhaps she would venture to give him a tiny bunch of asparagus. He was so tired, poor Julian! and he seemed to have so little appetite.

Little Mrs. Bryant shut her eyes resolutely to the only too evident shadow that was falling on the beloved face. She was so delicate in her comprehensive sympathy, so cheering, and she still laughed that bright, fascinating laugh which, if it did not come quite so spontaneous, was a fact known only to herself. At least, she never rested till she had swept away something of the shadow, and brought smiles instead. Nevertheless, despite her little economies, her great care and her bravery, the situation was becoming gradually more difficult. The money went so terribly quickly! Enid hated asking for more, a feeling which communicated itself to Bryant, for he always forestalled the weekly allowance by a day or two; and gradually the summer waned and the $1,250 dwindled, and it was not until the early autumn that Julian Bryant found his first chance, work in the office of a new company.

The salary was just half what he had been having before, but he accepted it eagerly, and this carried them up to Christmas; then the new company closed its doors, and he found himself once again without occupation.

It seemed to him that he walked the entire city in these days, and as disappointment after disappointment came to him, there grew up slowly in his mind the ugly suspicion that some one or something was working against him, for many a time when he was just in touch of a berth the chance slipped through his fingers for no satisfactory reason, and he found it given to someone else.

Julian Bryant did not rely merely on his educational qualities to give him work. Long before things had come to this pitch, he had decided (keeping the matter, however, entirely to himself) that if he could not use his brains he would turn to and use his hands.

But here again he failed, the helplessness of his own strength seemed to mock him; for he could get nothing to do!

Once, unknown to his wife, he wrote to his mother. He did not ask for her money, although he might in all justice have done so, for had he not charged himself with the responsibility of her innumerablef debts he would have found himself in a very different position now; but he could not bring himself to ask from her; he only put his difficulties in front of her and asked her for her advice. He thought it possible that through her husband she might have been able to show him some way in which to earn his living.

It was a long time before he received an answer and then there came a letter very much underlined and very affectionate; in which, however, his mother declared that it was quite out of her power to advise him or to be of any use at all. She deplored his marriage in the tenderest way possible, and recommended him to try and see what he could do for himself with his father's people. As the Bryant family was proverbially poor, this suggestion was of little value to him; nevertheless, Julian did approach his various relations, only, however, to meet with renewed disappointment, made more bitter by unsought and sententious advice. If sometimes the question troubled Enid Bryant as to how her husband managed to keep things going, she never spoke of this; there was between them that most rare and yet most exquisite sympathy which seals the lips in crucial moments; but gradually Enid began to do things other than laugh in her husband's presence, or cook in his absence: she fell to making plans, plans to solve the problem of the future on her own account.

She had kept away from the Academy purposely; not even to herself would she confess how her spirit yearned to be working; but on one occasion (a day when, all against her efforts, a heavy cloud had fallen on her bright young spirit), she met one of her former fellow-students, a girl who had done brilliantly as a pupil; but who had left at the end of Enid's first term.

Sybil Jackson was delighted to see her, and carried her off to the nearest tea-shop for a chat. She expressed unusual surprise when she heard that Enid had given up her music, and was married.

"Why my dear," she said. "You had it all before you! I don't mind telling you I should have been furiously jealous of you if I'd stayed on. I expect they must be pretty sick that you've left because you are the sort of student that does so much good to an institution. Surely you aren't going to let everything drop, Enid?"

"It is rather difficult to go on working when one has a home to look after."

"Well, I think your husband ought to know what you're giving up," observed Miss Jackson decisively. "And you're a lot too young to have married; but I hope he is able to keep you well?"

Enid sipped her tea and laughed.

"We are as happy as the day is long," she said.

Sybil Jackson looked at her a little enviously.

"Well I'm not doing badly," she said; "but of course, it's a lonely life. My people live in the country, and it's simply suicidal to try and get a connection for teaching where they are, so I've had to stay on in town. You'll come and see me, won't you, Enid? I've got a flat, too, a tiny one right at the top of the block, but there's such a lovely view from the window, and then I can work at the piano as much as ever I like, and I don't disturb anybody, which is the great thing, you know!"

It was Enid's turn to be envious now.

"How long do you practice?" asked Miss Jackson.

A flush came into Julian's wife's cheeks as she confessed that she never touched the piano.

The other girl scolded her sharply.

"I call it positively criminal," she said; "but it's always the way; when girls marry they give up everything. I don't know what your husband's like, but I can't help feeling that you've made a fool of yourself. Why, my dear, I'll tell you straight now, they expected you to carry everything before you. You might have been a great pianist with your personality and your temperament. It isn't too late even as it is. You just think about it; and come and see me sometimes if you can spare an hour.

Enid said nothing to her husband of this meeting with Sybil Jackson. She felt more depressed after she and the other girl had parted, and yet unconsciously Miss Jackson had inspired her with new hope, had put something into her mind to occupy her thoughts and to help her in formulating those plans which kept her awake at night, and yet which she cherished as being perhaps a tangible solution to their many small probleme.

Matters conspired to help her, for at Julian's restless suggestion they changed their rooms and came nearer town; and to Enid's delight this new home, small and dingy as it was, held one promise of joy for her, for there was a piano in their sitting-room, an old jangly, well-worn instrument, but still a piano; and when Julian Bryant was out she felt safe for some hours, his wife would sit working at that piano, making the old notes ring again with the music which had almost passed from them. And then one afternoon, a cold and dreary day, she made her way to a well-known concert agent and begged to be allowed to play to him.

The brilliant promise of her student days was well fulfilled fortunately, for she played to a critical listener, a man who was sparing of praise, and who never gave encouragement unless it could be honestly given.

But he saw a future in this girl: love and the suffering which love brings had awakened the soul in Enid: she played now as she had never played before. Her heart seemed alive with excitement and joy as she hurried home after that momentous interview.

Julian had come back from one of his fruitless errands; he was sitting by the fire trying to read.

His wife's heart sank as she looked at him, and he frowned as he looked at her; and as she knelt beside him and told him the story of what she had done and what lay before her in the future, the delight, the hope, the excitement faded out suddenly.

"You think I am going to be idle and let you work!" Julian said. "You must be mad!"

They were the first rough words he had spoken to her, and they hurt very badly. Still Enid tried to hold her own.

"Dearest," she said, "what does it matter which of us works We are not two, we are one; and if it comes in my way—"

"I tell you, I won't have it" Bryant answered hardly. "I am not going to let you earn money to keep me; and I am not going to let my wife turn herself into a show person, to be stared at and criticized, and get her head turned with stupid flattery."

Enid laughed, but there were tears in the laughter.

"Oh! Julian dear," she said, "I am so sorry. I thought you would have been pleased."

(To be continued.)

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If the play is a frost the audience soon melts away.

Brides with sour dispositions are apt to spoil honeymoons.

Many a man who is good has a sad look.

The tastes of a millionaire may be imprisoned in a pauper's purse.

A man who can dispose of his troubles for a consideration is a genius.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

"The early bird catches the worm," observed the sage. "Yes," replied the fool, "but look how much longer he has to wait for dinner time."

One on the Other—Doctor—You should take three or four eggs daily for a month to build you up. Patient—But doctor, I cannot afford it. Doctor—Well then you must take a trip to Europe.

British Cycle Corps, with its Colt Gun, Fording a Stream En Route to Join the Main Corps.

"GAY GORDONS" IN BATTLE

WERE IN FOUR ENGAGEMENTS IN FIVE DAYS.

After That Only 170 of Regiment Answered to Their Names.

From a letter penned by one of England's wounded heroes in Alexandra Hospital, Cosham, Hants, England, a lucid idea is obtained of the spirit of intense patriotism which actuates every officer and man of Great Britain's forces in the field. The letter was written by Samuel Smiley, one of the pitifully meagre remnant of what was one of the nation's crack regiments of the line, the Gordon Highlanders, known throughout the service as "the gay and gallant Gordons." It appears that more than seventy-five per cent. of the command either perished or were wounded in the first fierce fighting on Belgiun soil. Some extracts follows:—

Hurricane of Shell.

"At Mons I got a crack on the knee with a shrapnel splinter. I knew nothing of it until my officer pointed it out to me. I dug it out with a pen knife and now I assure you I feel no ill effects. Of course there is a wound, but I'll be surprised if it is not healed within a week.

"I'll tell you about the fighting at Mons, but I have absolutely no coherent recollection of Cambrai. The hurrican of shell there has left me benumbed, and I do not yet realize that I am home. We marched out of our billets at four o'clock in the morning and took up a position on the main Paris road. Mons itself was somewhat half left on our rear.

"We then dug our trenches, and much labor and love we put into the work. The ball opened at half-past eleven with a terrible artillery duel, the German shells bursting over our trenches. Our company, D, with company B on our left, held the right side of the road. Campany C was in advance and the Middlesex regiment and the Royal Irish held the cross roads to our left flank in the direction of Mons. The artillery fire was continued for several hours, until a movement of infantry was observed which was evidently intended for the Gordons.

Samply Blasted Away.

"They occupied the wood to our left front. We opened on them with a terrific Maxim fire. Poor devils, they advanced in companies of quite 150 men in files five deep. As our rifle has a flat trajectory up to 600 yards; you can guess the result. We could steady our rifles on the trenches and take deliberate aim. The first company of them was simply blasted away by a volley ot 700 yards, and in their insane formation every bullet was sure to find two billets.

"The other companies kept advancing very slowly, with their dead comrades as cover, but they had absolutely no chance, and at about five o'clock their infantry retired. We were still being subjected to a terrible artillery fire—God! how their artillery do fire!—but we had time to observe what was happenning on our left flank. The Royal Irish regiment had been surprised and fearfully cut up, and so, too, had the Middlesex.

Beggars Description.

"Then followed a scene which beggars description by me. We crept from our trenches and crossed to the other side of the road, where we had the benefit of a ditch for cover. We made excellent progress until one hundred and fifty yards from the cross roads. There was a small white house flush with the road, standing in a clearing. Our young subaltern was leading and safely crossed the front of the house. Immediately the Germans opened a hellish storm of shrapnel at the house. They could not see us, but I guess they knew why troops should pass there. However, our orders were to relieve the Royal Irish, and, astounding as it may seem, we passed that house, and I was the only one to be hit. Even yet I am amazed at our luck.

"By this time the dusk had set in. Four villages were on fire and the Germans were still shelling the plucky Royal Irish. The dead and wounded were all around us. We repulsed a very faint-hearted Uhlan attack, and about 9 p.m. came our orders to retire. What a pitiful handful we were against the German host, and yet we held the flower of their army at bay all day.

"As you know, we created Cain among the Germans at Mons on that Sunday and beat them, too. They were in far too strong force for us and we just had to retire.

Their "Busy Days."

"At four o'clock on Monday morning they attacked us again, so we left the milk (.303) on the doorstep and retired again. Two fights and fifteen miles in thirty-six hours. On Tuesday at two-thirty p.m. the Gordons were sent to oust some German infantry from a position on our left front. We had to cross a large turnip field and I twisted my bad ankle. It was a fine state of affairs, and my company officer got me a seat on the limber of the 128th battery, Royal Field Artillery. I had not been up ten minutes before they galloped into action with me. I was beginning to feel the reverse of cheerful when, after they fired a few rounds, we got our orders to make our getaway.

"We got. By this time the Gordons had disappeared, so went on to Cambrai. It was late when we got in, and I was told my regiment was some four miles off. I then decided to join some other lot and try to get to the 'Jocks' in the morning.

Made the Best of It

"Accordingly I attached myself to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, B Company. At six-thirty on Wednesday morning, as they were going into action, I thought I might as well make the best of it, so I went into action with them. I fought all that day and marched all night, and when eight o'clock Thursday morning came I saw all that was left of the gallant and gay Gordons—170 men answered their names. God knows how many more were alive. I joined up there and carried on retiring until we arrived at Noyon. Four engagements and fifty miles in five days.

"I was compelled to go sick there. The pain in my leg was unbearable and the doctor banged me on a Red Cross train and sent me to Rouen. I was there an hour when came the command, 'Hurry up, hurry up; we've got to quit,' so we were chivvied up to Havre, and, well, there you are."

Their Future.

Johnny Jones, the office boy, had been detected in a lie. It was not one of the ordinary prevarications of the everyday world, and moreover, to make the crime more grievous, he had persisted in adhering to his original mendacious statement. "Do you know, my lad," asked a rather fatherly clerk, in a kindly fashion, "what becomes of young lads who trifle with the truth?" "Aye," was the assured reply; "bosses send them out as travellers when they grow up."

They Don't Last.

"What are the most perishable, most fleeting and most evanescent things in the world?" asked the married man.

"I don't know," replied the single man. "What are they?"

"A pair of boy's shoes," replied the married man.

Many a man who is good has a sad look.

On the Farm

Management of Hogs.

To be a successful hog raiser one must keep his stock under the very best environment possible. Do not think any old thing or place is good enough for a hog. He should have access to good clean water at all times, and not stale pond water or mud wallows, writes Mr. E. M. Ranck. Clean, pure water will do more toward keeping hogs healthy than any other one thing. The hog has a peculiar skin, and under the skin is a thick pad of fat, so that he must get rid of his heat mostly from his lungs by breathing. In hot weather he needs some cool place to lie in, and if he can find mud he wallows in it. He prefers good, clean water, but if he can not find that, mud is the best substitute. Shade is very essential in warm weather.

Buildings for hogs need not be very expensive. We advise colony houses of the A shape, with both sides open with hinges on the top. This type of house furnishes shade, ventilation, and sunlight in summer and when closed, a very comfortable farrowing pen in winter. These houses are erected on skids and can be moved from place to place with a pair of horses or mules. They are so constructed that they are ideal farrowing pens. A sow about to farrow can be placed in a lot in which is one of these colony houses, and she will make her nest in the house if some hay or straw is placed there. Fenders should be arranged around the sides of the house so that the sow will not be able to lie close to the sides and in that way crush the young pigs in the nest.

These colony houses can also be used for the boars and growing pigs although some prefer permanent quarters for the boar and those pigs intended for the market. It is a great advantage to feed hogs on concrete or tight board floors, especially if one is feeding ear corn, as there will be no waste. Feeding in muddy or dusty lots is a very dangerous practice.

It sometimes becomes necessary to feed pigs separate from the sows, even when nursing. This can be done by building near the colony house a temporary fence which will allow the little pigs to get in, but will keep out the old hogs. If this plan is adopted the pigs will practically wean themselves without inconvenience either to themselves or to the sow. We prefer feeding the small pigs and in fact all our hogs in either iron or concrete troughs, with round bottoms. V-shaped troughs can also be used.

Fences play a very important part in hog raising. A poor fence will produce a breachy hog as quickly as it will a fence-breaking cow. We prefer any strong close woven-wire fence at least 58 inches high for the outside fence. In smaller lots either woven wire or wooden fences temporarily placed will be cheaper and can be used a number of times. Temporary fences need not be over three feet high and should be so constructed that they can be carefully stored when not in use. Woven-wire used as temporary fence is very difficult to stretch after it has been used several times, although it can be used to advantage when lumber and help are not plentiful.

In planting forage crops it is an advantage to plant in long narrow strips so that the temporary fences can be placed across the narrow part of the field. It is also an advantage to arrange the crops so that one section is in such alignment with the other sections that the cultivation may be done without turning at the end of each section, and when the crops are laid by the temporary fence can separate one crop from another.

When plans are made to establish hog pastures one must not forget the very important factor of providing good, pure water for them. In sections where running water cannot be secured through pipes, it can be hauled in barrels. Many hog raisers provide a sled or drag on skids on which a barrel is fastened on a water-tight floor with sides to it so that the pigs can drink all around the barrel, the water coming out of the barrel about three inches from the bottom through a small hole, which automatically flows according to the water consumed.

Running streams of water are very satisfactory when they originate on the farm, but if they travel long distances and through several farms and across public roads, they are very likely to be contaminated and may spread diseases such as anthrax, and hog cholera. Keeping hogs healthy is much more important than trying to cure them when sick.

"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here," said the Magistrate sternly to the prisoner who had been celebrating not wisely but too well, "that I never wanted you to come before me again?" "Yes, sir," replied the prisoner, "but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."