Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued).

He turned round and faced the fire while Julian eagerly read the few hurried simple words, which Lady Ellen had written that morning.

When he had finished, he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"Here at least," he said not very steadily, "I am granted some peace of mind. I have been very troubled about her. I was afraid——" He broke off and got up restlessly. "You see it wasn't mere vanity on my part; you see, we both like one another, something draws us together and still something holds us apart. I think I had better go. It will not be necessary for me to see Lady Ellen. Tell her just what you like."

He turned to go to the door, but Colonel Dawney stopped him.

"Wait—wait!" he said. "I want to ask you just one or two questions. I tumbled to the fact a long time ago that you were not a happy man. At first I attributed this to the great change in your circumstances, for no one knows better than I do that money, big money does not always bring happiness; but I have been watching you and studying you lately, Mr. Bryant, and I convinced myself a little while ago that you were a man living with a shadow always. Now, all this is explained to me. You are going away from here, and probably you imagine that you will never be permitted to come here again as a friend. I hope you will dismiss that idea. I think Nell would fret very much indeed if she thought—that your friendship was to end. Will you let me know—what you are going to do? We have been speaking very intimately together, and you have, as it were, bared your heart to me. I am not going to say that I approve of the secrecy you have maintained all this time; perhaps the extenuating circumstances of which you have spoken will make this pardonable. I want to see you again. I should like to ask you to let me be of any service to you that I can."

"Thanks" Julian Bryant stretched out his hand, and Colonel Dawney took it in a tight grip "Thanks," Julian said again a second time, and then he went away.

Two or three minutes after he had gone, the door opened very slowly, and Lady Ellen peeped in

"Oh," she said. "You are there, Adrian. I thought I heard you both go."

She had put on a white tea gown, a very pretty, dainty gown; and as she came almost timidly forward she looked the girl Adrian Dawney always called her.

"Was it very — very difficult?" she asked.

He smiled

"Come and sit down; and don't fret your little heart out in the least. Perhaps I'm going to hurt your vanity, Nell; but the fact is that just as you made the discovery that you could not marry Mr. Bryant so Mr. Bryant realizes that he could not marry you."

Lady Ellen sat bolt upright and looked at the tall figure standing on the hearth-rug.

"Adrian!" she said. "Really and truly! But how funny! My vanity isn't a bit hurt, but I am curious. Did he tell you why? Can I know the reason?"

"It is a very simple reason," said Colonel Dawney. "He has a wife already. A wife whom, I pretty shrewdly guess, is very dear to him, although they are at this very moment trying to get separated from one another."

"A wife!" said Lady Ellen. Then she colored hotly and for one of the few times in her life she almost looked cold and hard. "But—how could he come into our lives as he did, pretending to be a bachelor, letting everybody imagine—oh! it wasn't—it wasn't right! I never should have imagined that Mr. Bryant would have done such a thing as that."

"He tells me that there are extenuating circumstances, and I am going to believe him," said Adrian. "We must never judge one another unless we have good ground for our judgment. The great thing to realize, and to rejoice over is that you are not going to be made unhappy about this."

"I am very surprised," said Lady Ellen; "and yet," she added in the same breath, "I don't know, I have always felt that there was something, somebody who influenced him. I expect why he turned to me, and he liked me because he was unhappy, and because he knew that I was in the same boat."

"Why are you unhappy?" asked Adrian. "Oh! I know—I know," he added; "there were lots in the past—to make you wretched but the past is over and done with, Nell; and you are so young, and you have so much. Why should you be unhappy?"

"Because I can't get what I want, I suppose," said Lady Ellen, a little recklessly.

The man looked down on her, paused an instant, and then he said—

"Of course—I understand why you drew back from the thought of marrying Bryant. It is because there is another man in your life. Nell, won't you confide in me? Won't you tell me something about this other man? In the letter you wrote me this morning, you said you look upon me as your brother. You asked me to act for you as a brother. I love you very dearly, and I want to do all in my power to help you to advise you."

Lady Ellen got up and snapped her fingers in his face.

"I don't want your advice," she said, "and there isn't another man, at least," she amended "there is; but you can't do anything with him."

"Why not?" asked Colonel Dawney a little hurriedly.

There was a little nervous thrill running through him.

"Why not—Nell?"

She stood in front of him very pale, and she tried to laugh.

"Because—because he is the stupidest—blindest—dearest creature in all the world." Then she covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Adrian," she said. "Don't you understand?"

He stood very still, and then he said—

"Nell——" The word was a whisper, but it was full of amazement and of something else, an exquisite tenderness which held a confession.

He took the two small trembling hands from her face and he held them in his one strong hand. Then he drew her nearer and nearer till her head was resting on his breast.

"It can't be true, Nell," he said. "Oh, my dear, it can't be true."

She released herself a little from his hold, and stood looking up at him flushing and paling, with tears in her eyes.

"But it is true; it has always been true. Oh! how I have despaired of letting you know. I have done my best, Adrian. I am sure nobody could have accused me of not trying to make you see. Why at times I have felt quite ashamed because I have flung myself at your head so openly; and you have never seen me coming."

"That was because I have been blind," the man answered her. "blind and stupid all the time—I have been eating out my heart for you."

"Now," said Lady Ellen, in her bright, bird-like way, "now that can't be true."

"It is absolutely true!"

"Then why have you never let me know."

Before he could speak she had stood on tip-toe and put her hand on his lip.

"No—no!" she said hurriedly. "Don't tell me. I—I understand."

She bent forward and kissed the empty sleeve as she spoke, and then the tears came.

"Oh! I am too happy," she said; "much too happy," she repeated brokenly.

The man who loved her bent over and kissed away her tears.

CHAPTER XXVI.

From Lady Ellen's house Julian went straight to the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn. He threw a bombshell into their midst.

"I want everything to be stopped," he said. "I shall put myself into communication with Mrs. Bryant. This thing cannot go on. Let me have your costs as soon as possible. Charge what you like," he added impatiently; "that doesn't matter."

He went away hurriedly, careless of what was being thought or said about him and he went direct to his house.

There he gave Stephens orders to open certain of the rooms and to fetch his things away from the hotel.

"I may be going abroad for a long time," he said; "but I shall stay here for the next two or three days."

When he was alone he sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Pleydell, in which he informed the lawyers that he had quite abruptly changed his arrangements.

"Of course," he wrote, "I don't know what my wife may choose to do; but, as far as I am concerned, I would like her to understand that I have no desire for my freedom. I can't give you any explanation as to how this has come about. I only want you to accept this as a fact. There is another fact that you will have to accept, and that is that if my wife will only come back to me, I will gladly give up all that I now possess. I don't suppose she will do this. I don't suppose she will have anything to say to me; but I am going to her, and I am going to try and get her back. Once we are together, I suppose you will know just exactly how to act. Presumably this money and all this property which I now hold, will go to those relations who have always looked upon me as a usurper and an adventurer."

He gave orders that this letter should be sent by hand, and then he walked through the house, stocked with such beautiful things, and still so empty and so cold, with a feeling of excitement upon him like a schoolboy has when the holidays are in view.

It was dusk when he left the house and started to walk to that unfashionable part where Enid lived. He sent her no warning. He was afraid to be refused.

The way was long, and his indisposition of the day before had left him less stronger than usual. But he would not drive. From this hour he started his life of abnegation. He would say good-bye to all luxury, and all those things which had tempted him and of which he had grown so tired. He only remembered that Enid was at the end of the journey, Enid, who had triumphed over all. He only realized that there could be nothing for him in life if his wife refused to come back to him.

As he entered the street and walked towards the house where she lived, someone came in the opposite direction and on the doorstep they met. It was Enid herself!

She gave a little gasp and half staggered as she recognized him; then she mastered herself.

"Why—why have you come here?" she asked. "Is there something more you want me to do?"

He noticed how thin she had grown; but he saw too, how sweet she was, how much more lovely even than her memory.

He half stretched out his hand to her, and then let it fall to his side.

"There is something I have to say to you," he said. "Will you let me come in?"

"I have only one room," Enid answered. "It is on the third floor. The stairs are very steep."

She put the key into the door and opened it.

"If you think it necessary that you must speak to me," she said, "please follow."

He obeyed her without a word, and then walked in silence after her up the stairs.

At the door of her room, Enid turned—

"One minute please," she said.

She left him standing on the landing, and went into the room, closing the door after her. Her breath was coming almost painfully from her lips. She was dreadfully agitated. There was a cold perspiration on her brow. She wondered vaguely if she would have the strength to go through an interview with him."

A girl was sitting beside the bassinette. She got up as she saw her mistress.

"He is sleeping beautifully," she said. "Hasn't moved for an hour."

"I have to speak to someone on business, Bessie. You can come back when I ring."

The girl went away, looking half curiously at Julian as she passed out; and then Enid opened the door.

"Come in, please" she said.

She had tossed off her fur cap and had slipped out of her shabby coat; as he came into the room the man pressed one hand to his eyes. He felt so ashamed to look at her.

"Now tell me what you have to say," said Enid.

He let his hand fall, but his eyes were closed still, and he leaned half unconsciously against the door.

"I want you to come back to me," he said; and Enid answered him with passion—

"You are mad! You have come here to insult me to hurt me and to make my life harder than it is"; and he answered her hoarsely—

"I want you to come back. I have been mad; but now I am sane. I love you—I love you—I can't live without you!"

Before she had realized what he was doing, he had fallen on his knees, and he caught her hand in both of his.

"Enid, for goodness sake," he said, "don't send me away."

She was trembling in every limb. There was a burning in her throat, and her eyes were blinded with tears.

"You have been too long in coming," she said. "I don't believe in your love! There is something behind this some trick, something—which means—great things to you—and so you play your part."

Julian Bryant got up and stood looking at her.

"I am not," he said, "I am telling you the truth. I want nothing but you—you—and work. Everything is hideous to me—without you."

Enid looked at him and then looked away. There was a slight movement in the little cot; instinctively the mother in her responded to that. She moved across the room and stood beside her child.

"Please don't speak too loudly," she said.

Julian stared at her; then a great cry broke from his lips. He took two strides and swept the white curtain on one side.

"Oh!" he said. "There is a child, and I never knew! A child—my child! Our child; and you have been in want, whilst I——"

He could not finish his speech, but staggered to the chair close by, and falling into it he burst into tears.

Enid stood with trembling lips; then she knelt beside him.

"Don't!" she said. "Oh, don't Julian. You break my heart."

He caught her to him and he kissed her. "Why did you go away?" he said. "Why did you leave me? It was cruel."

"I went because I loved you, because I knew that you were having a terrible fight. I wanted you to have money and ease of mind. I knew that you would never get them through me or with me."

"It was cruel!" he repeated; but he kissed her with passion, and he held her so tightly that she could hardly breathe. "But I have come back," he cried exultantly. "You are not going to drive me away. You are not going to leave me again. Enid I have said goodbye to the money, and all that money means. You are all I want—and my boy. Oh, dearest, why did you not let me know what you have suffered. I see it in your face. You have grown so thin—you have had so much sorrow. Enid, you are not going to send me away."

"Oh, we mustn't decide anything in a hurry," Enid said brokenly. "Think — think how difficult it will be for you, much worse now than in the old days, because you have had so much!"

"Don't let us think about the money," he answered her, "only ourselves, we two, we three. There is going to be money in another direction. I'll tell you all about that later."

He was thinking of Bill Ketch and his invention.

"Now all I want to do is to hold you in my arms, to kiss you you, to hear you say, 'Julian, I forgive you. I am glad to have you back."

"How can I say that?" Enid whispered, "if I know that all my sacrifice is in vain; that I rob you of everything. Have you forgotten what we suffered together, when you tried to get work?"

"I am not afraid of that kind of suffering," Julian answered. "What frightens me is loneliness, heartache remorse. Do you think I have had one really happy hour since you left me? Do you know why I did not find you—it was because I was so ill that I nearly died."

Enid gave a little cry, and held him more closely to her.

"Yes, I was very ill, so ill that I did not know anything that was happening, and when I came back to consciousness it was to find that many weeks had gone, that you had disappeared, and that I was a rich man! It was not of my own free will that I took that money Enid. I did not want it—I fought against it for you to give it to you—yes, but to take it for myself, no; and you must have thought such hard things of me—you must have said to yourself as time went by, 'How soon he has forgotten.' Oh, my wife! It was a great mistake. I know that you did it from the best, the sweetest, and the purest of reasons, but it was a great mistake. We have lost a year of our lives together. We can never put back that year; but," he added, with a ring in his voice which spoke of strength and courage, "we are going to have many other years—we three Enid. God bless you. Stretch out your arms and take me back."

Slowly she obeyed him, and when they were close to one another, he said—

"Now tell me that you love me, love me just as you used to love—me—and forgive me."

"I love you," said Enid. "I love you better than I used to. There is no question of forgiveness, because I love you!"

(To be continued.)

Claude Grahame-White, English Aviator.

Perhaps the best known of all English birdmen. He participated in the raid of 34 British aeroplanes on Ostend and other German submarine bases last Friday. Falling into the sea near Nieuport on the return trip, Mr. Grahame-White had a narrow escape from death. He was picked up by a French boat.

THE KAISER FEARS DEATH.

If He Catches Cold He Goes to Bed Immediately.

Whilst travelling in the rear of his troops the Kaiser has in constant attendance a number of court physicians. He fears the attack of disease almost as much as he dreads the assassin's knife. If Wilhelm catches as much as a cold he immediately retires to bed and cancels all his engagements. Unhappy court officials who suffer from chills have to carefully hide their symptoms from the Kaiser, otherwise they will be at once banished. They have to use their own handkerchiefs behind the shelter of a friendly palm or slip through a window on to a terrace, where they can sneeze out of the range of his Majesty's observance.

In Berlin the Kaiser used to exercise in a covered tennis court, which was frightfully overheated, according to Wilhelm's orders. In this oppressive atmosphere he played tennis with perspiring officers. Rather than run the risk of developing a chill, the Kaiser would disport himself in this building with its hothouse interior. It was the same with his riding school. The Master of the Horse was always finding his charges developing coughs owing to the heated atmosphere in which they were exercised by the Kaiser.

Miss Anne Topham, at one time governess to the Kaiser's daughter, tells in her "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" how the Emperor was always making panic-stricken exits from one palace to another to avoid disease. On one occasion the Emperor and his court were comfortably installed at the Belle Vue Palace, when Prince Oscar developed chicken-pox. So all the luggage was repacked and a few hours later the Kaiser was scurrying off to another palace. This occurrence happened just prior to the German Emperor's visit to England, so that he spent an apprehensive week in the latter country, always on the alert for symptoms of the disease which he feared had infected him.

Pat Sees Wonders.

Mike—Phwat do yez t'ink av the way they have now av sindin' messages widout wires or poles?

Pat—Sure, it's a great invintion! I expect wan av these days they'll foind a way t' travel widout lavin' home.

On the Farm

Plowing in the Fall.

Plowing early in the fall liberates more plant food for the spring crop and conserves more moisture. By loosening the surface soil, thus allowing the air to penetrate, the soil particles which contain phosphorous, potassium, and lime are caused to oxidize, which sets free these elements for the plant, writes Mr. W. H. Frazer. The soil compounds originally are very complex and are practically of no benefit to the crop until they are acted upon by the air, the solutions in the soil, and plant juices, so as to decompose them and make them much simpler. Fall plowing has a tendency to let the rains percolate into the soil better, which tends to dissolve and break up the compounds for the use of the spring crop.

Bacteria, which are found in the soil in countless numbers, generally work better where oxygen from the air is readily available, and these in turn break up the organic matter of the soil into similar compounds, liberating nitrates or nitrogen food for the plant. This is one of the most essential elements for the early growth of the plant. It is often noticed that spring plowing will not cause crops to lodge so badly as fall plowing. This is explained by nitrogen being set free to a large extent in the loose, porous, fall-plowed than in the more compact soil.

The moisture problem is also a valuable one from the standpoint of productiveness of the soil. As stated above, by opening up the soil the fall rains percolate much more rapidly into the soil, while there is a mulch formed on the surface which tends to prevent the water from the subsoil going directly to the surface and being evaporated. Early fall plowing makes a reservoir of the subsoil, storing the water for the crop in the spring. Often where the ground is a little rolling, the water will run off before it has time to soak in when the soil is compact and hard. Those who have practised summer fallowing know that it increases chances for a good yield the following season, and this is largely due to the liberation of plant food in the soil and conservation of moisture. Fall plowing is very similar, only the soil has not quite so long to bring about these changes as in case of summer fallowing. Where possible it is nearly always advisable to plow as early in the fall as possible.

A Horse's Eleven Requests.

First—Don't pound or beat me.

Second—Cover me when I am too warm or too cold.

Third—Don't stand me in a draft.

Fourth—Don't overload me.

Fifth—Don't compel me to work when I'm sick.

Sixth—Don't cut my feet too much when I'm shod.

Seventh — Don't overdrive and underfeed me.

Eighth—Remember that I have feelings.

Ninth—Don't water me, when I have been driven a long distance, until I am cool.

Tenth—Talk to me kindly.

Eleventh—Treat me as you would like to be treated if you were a horse.

Fireproof Wood.

To make wood fireproof, slake a small quantity of fresh lime and add water until it has the consistency of cream, stir well and add one pound of alum, twelve ounces of commercial potash, and about one pound of salt. Stir again, and apply while hot. Two or three coats will keep wood fireproof for many months.

RUSSIA HATES GERMANY.

Fine Opportunity Is Offered to British Manufacturers.

An English correspondent in Petrograd writes as follows concerning the Russian hatred of everything German:

German used to be spoken here a good deal, and in Moscow among business people a great deal. Now it is dangerous to speak it anywhere. In almost every shop hangs a large placard asking people not to. Street car conductors will not allow them to. Often in the streets English people are stared at with dislike and suspicion because their English has been mistaken for German. I hear of several altercations which have arisen in this way. A lady I know was told by an officer not to speak German. She retorted in French "You ought to learn to recognize the language of England, your ally." An Englishman who speaks perfect Russian was abused rudely in a street car because he was talking English with his wife. He turned the laugh by saying in Russian "If you had been better educated you would be able to distinguish between German and English." The man collapsed. In schools the teaching of German has been suspended. A German newspaper which has been published here for a century and a half is to be suppressed at the end of the year. Thousands of firms which had close relations with German industry have resolved to send their orders elsewhere. Great Britain might step in and get them if our business men cared to do business on Russian lines. But that means studying Russian requirements and giving long credits, which few British firms care to do.

A fine opportunity is offered to foresight and enterprise. "There is no sacrifice which we are not willing to suffer in order to throw off the economical yoke of Germany and to attain our independence." So says the organ of the Chambers of Commerce and Industry throughout the land. And the members of these bodies mean it . . . now. If British firms were to employ agents or to send out representatives who speak Russian and who understand the people they would hear about plenty of openings for business. All the cutlery I have noticed here is German, from Solingen or Essen. Is Sheffield so prosperous that it needs no fresh market? During the next half-century Russia will spend millions every year on agricultural machinery. Are our makers going to stand aside and let others supply it?

STRAY HINTS AT PEACE.

Significant References From London and Paris Bankers.

While diplomatic and official pronouncements by belligerents are still fairly unanimous on the point that the war will be prolonged, the observant follower of current financial events may sense a feeling in the foreign capitals that peace is nearer than is generally supposed. There may be no authority for this. Once before, since the war began, financiers thought they detected signs of faltering which, they imagined, presaged early peace negotiations. They were wrong then—or rather the signs that were evident to them did not work out. But some day the financiers will be right, and if history repeats itself, when the news does come, the markets will have it first. For this reason the financial cables sent from London and Paris to New York bankers during the past few days, because of their significant references to a possible pretext for peace overtures, have been of great interest. Some of those correspondents who usually write with a good deal of authority have taken the view that the United States protest against the German war zone may yet be used as a pretext to terminate with dignity a war in which, most international financiers admit, it is no longer possible for Germany to gain a lasting advantage. The reports of acute economic difficulties in Germany and Austria may be exaggerated, but financial commentators, even as close to the scene as Holland, apparently do not think so.

Even the statesmen are making somewhat frequent references to a more speedy conclusion of hostilities as witness the threat of Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty that the paralyzing force of the pressure now being exerted upon Germany through the navy may itself decide the issue of the war.

"Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me." "If that's the case you ought to make him call twice a day," came the reply.

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WEED SEEDS IN SOILS.

The presence of weed seeds in soils under different systems of culture and cropping should be suggestive to farmers. An investigation being conducted by the Seed Branch, Ottawa, shows a sod field which had been in hay or pasture for six years to contain 19,183 weed seeds in a surface square yard one inch deep, 8,915 in the same volume of soil at a depth from two to three inches, and 4,309 at a depth five to seven inches. Another field which had been under a good system of cultivation and rotation contained 4,984 weed seeds in the surface soil and 3,020 in each of the other depths. The concentration of seeds in the surface layer of the sod field may be explained by weeds being allowed to reproduce themselves from year to year. Information as to the percentage vitality of weed seeds at the different depths is not yet complete, but a large number of the surface seeds in the case of the sod field are vital. This investigation indicates the importance of short rotations, good cultivation and prevention of weeds going to seed. Other important methods of weed control are summer ploughing of sod lands followed by frequent autumn cultivation to destroy growing weeds, thorough cultivation during the growing season of hoed crops and after-harvest cultivation of cereal crops which have not been seeded down.

British Tactics.

Officer—How did he get into that condition?

Private—He captured a bottle f whiskey, sir.

Officer—Yes, yes; but how did he manage to do that?

Private—I think he must 'ave surrounded it, sir.

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