KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER III.

Kate Brewser, as already intimated, was an heiress—a good, solid, bona fide heiress. None of your unfortunate land-endowed proprietors whose tenants, in these days of radicalism, assassination, and agricultural collapse, give notice, politely or impolitely, as the case may be, of their inability to pay any rent; but a real unquestionable heiress, possessing an income of some six or seven thousands a year, invested principally in Consols and securities of a similar nature. Being an only child, it may naturally be inferred that Kate Brewser had inherited this large fortune from her parents. Such, however, was not the case. Colonel Brewser, who once commanded an infantry regiment, had served with great distinction during the Indian Mutiny, and gained for himself a character for courage and uprightness from all those with whom he came in contact. During the storming of Delhi, single-handed he had succeeded in keeping a dozen of the enemy at bay, and prevented their blowing up a large powder-magazine, and for this truly gallant defence was rewarded by the bestowal of the then-coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross, which in those days was more highly esteemed and less easily obtained than at present. Like many others of his profession, the honors thus received, however gratifying to Colonel Brewser's military pride, were not of a nature to replenish an always scanty purse. Glory was cheap and cost nothing, but substantial rewards were not for the men who had shed their life's blood and ruined their health in the service of so great a country as England.

Fetes and banquest by the score were organized in honor of the sundried warriors, but money wherewith to enable them to withdraw from active service and "heal them of their grievous wounds" was not forthcoming. In Colonel Brewser's case worse results ensued; for too proud to solicit favors, too retiring of disposition to push his own interests when peace was proclaimed and the rebellion crushed, the War Office, by some singular fatality, overlooked his claims to promotion, and placed younger and less scrupulous men over the head of a veteran who knew what war was in deed, not only in name. The disappointment was so great that Colonel Brewser never recovered from the blow thus inflicted. As he lived he died, a brave and fearless gentleman, rich in nothing but honor and truth, lacking oftentimes the humblest necessaries, and constantly struggling to make both ends meet.

His wife, whom he had married for a pretty face and a sweet temper, which, in spite of many trials, had enabled her to make their modest home a very happy one, after the birth of a son, who died in infancy, and of an only daughter—our heroine Kate—seemed never to regain her strength, but faded slowly beneath the scorching sun of the Indian climate, like some rare and fragile flower so slowly and so imperceptibly that not until death was imminent did the sorrowe-ridden husband fully realize the situation. Then it transpired as she no longer cared to exist without her he had loved so well, and after a year or two he too fell a victim to the grim pursuer of mankind. Thus it came to pass that at the early age of five Kate Brewser was left a well-nigh penniless orphan, a solitary fatherless and motherless child.

Her only living relative happened to be an uncle on the paternal side, who many years before had set out for Australia, possessing at that time nothing but an eager, resolute spirit; a large share of ambition, and an excellent constitution, added to a fixed determination and powerful will to succeed in whatever he undertook—one of those steadfast, lionhearted men who, fixing their eyes on a given goal, allow no petty interests or trivial amusements to divert them from their path, but whose whole thoughts and energies are concentrated on the object for which they labor. Slowly but surely Campbell Brewser, mounting one by one the rungs of the ladder, in course of time carved his way to fortune. Then, and not till then, when through incessant work his health began to give way before the magnitude of this self-imposed task, though the indomitable spirit of the man was still undaunted, he turned his face towards his native land—that glorious land of rugged hills and changing skies, of brown bracken, rushing streams, red heather, and keen mountain air; where the cock grouse cackles to his mate, the wild red-deer sniffs the bracing breeze, and where such men as Campbell Brewser are born and given forth to the world—men cast in an iron mould—adventurous, shrewd, self-reliant, and self-confident in the highest sense of the word—formed alike by nature and by temperament to be the pioneers of every fresh enterprise, every hazardous undertaking; men on whose broad and capable shoulders the burden of life sits fitly, and who, with that innate love of the beautiful land of their birth which in far-off climes clings to them like perfume to a flower, given out more strongly when the day is well-nigh o'er, return when the struggle is at an end, the battle won, to lay them down and die in the oft-remembered home of their youth—the home where they trotted about the winding burns, where they pressed the springy heather with their little bare red feet, where they fished and bird-nested, and where their mother, dead long since, breathed a nightly prayer over their innocent couch. Ah! the man's heart must be cold indeed who can forget such early days, and who in his old age does not yearn to revisit the scenes of childhood.

With Campbell Brewser, as the years went by, the yearning became so intense that nothing short of fulfilment could appease the longings of his weary heart. And now, in her time of need, this man, whose lofty nature seemed to stand alone, who, though not despising, had never yet sought solace in a woman's love, took care of the little houseless orphan. He, who in his far-off home in the bush hardly knew the sound of a child's sweet shrill voice or sturdy pattering footsteps, in the autumn of life resolved to shield and protect the lonely creature, his own kith and kin, his niece, the daughter of the dead brother whose image he had ever esteemed to worship. He, too, was alone but for a nephew, his sister's orphan, whom he had adopted, for lack of any nearer relation on whom to pour out the wealth of affection that had so long lain dormant in his breast. Therefore Campbell Brewser, when he heard of his brother's death, immediately determined Kate should live with him and be his charge in the future. And as the years rolled on, the strong, resolute man, who in youth, when love should have come naturally, as it does to the birds and the beasts, had been too absorbed in physical labor to render any tender passion admissible, realized for the first time that a void had existed in his heart which this tiny creature filled.

This large-eyed, high-spirited, resolute, and fearless child, who in many ways so closely resembled himself, appealed to his better nature, teaching him softness and humility, sympathy and love, while in return he imparted to Kate much of that energy and force of character which had always rendered him conspicuous amongst his fellow-men, and which, added to an austere simplicity and innate nobility of disposition, commanded not only obedience but affection. Thus little Kate became the very apple of his eye, the poetry and romance of his declining years. It seemed as if a new element of brightness and refinement had entered into his hitherto somewhat prosaic life, tinging it with a golden light. To be with Kate was a perpetual source of wonder and of joy. It was enough for him to hear her innocent prattle, to watch the sudden illumination of her expressive countenance, and to endeavor to keep pace with the quick strange workings of her childish mind; its pleasures, its sorrows, its questionings, its simplicity and shrewdness, were all equally novel, equally charming and delightful. Not only did she become his play-fellow and idol, but also his companion, for the child was unsusually quick of comprehension, and clever beyond her years.

Kate fully reciprocated Campbell Brewser's affection, of rather idolatry. She was never so happy as when with him and her chief delight consisted in endeavoring to induce him to narrate some of the adventures and stirring incidents of his Australian life.

An unerring instinct, possessed by all children and dumb animals, told her that, although outwardly rough, her uncle was good and true. Therefore, in her turn, she loved him with all the intensity of an ardent nature, with the reverence and hero-worship which are so inexpressibly beautiful in the young towards the old, when the youthful imagination is apt to exalt its object, perhaps even beyond its intrinsic merit.

The other inmate of this happy household, Herbert Munro, Mr. Brewser's nephew and reputed heir, was some five years Kate's senior. Yielding and pliant, easily led astray, full of good resolutions, but without the strength of character or moral energy requisite to put them into force, delicate both physically and mentally, it seemed as if the boy and girl should have changed places. Kate, with her strong vitality, keen intelligence, and unquestionable ambition, ought to have been the man; while Herbert, as a woman, would have made one of those dependent and trustful creatures who appeal insensibly to the masculine nature, and who are often preferred to their sturdier sisters.

In spite of such differences both of character and constitution, the cousins were excellent friends; but although Herbert possessed a considerable advantage in point of years, even in these early days he failed to assert his superiority. In all their pastimes and pursuits Kate invariably proved the leading spirit, hers the master mind; for she directed, patronized, and advised, while Herbert followed her with unquestioning obedience. He lacked that boyish confidence and roguish assumption of self-assertion, whose very impudence possesses an undoubted charm for the feminine mind ever prone to worship the strength which so quickly establishes an ascendency over it.

Kate, at this time, was far too young to analyse such feelings. She only knew that when with Herbert she somehow always felt herself the most capable of the two, stronger both bodily and intellectually, while in her uncle's presence it was exactly the reverse. At his side she was nothing but a little child, humble, ignorant, loving, eager in quest of knowledge, and realizing with thankfulness the advantages derived from the protection she basks, or perhaps the hydroscopic variation in tissues which follows a change in the atmospheric humidity. Old people become walking barometers in their power to portend storms because the diseased elasticity of their arterial and vascular system increases or at least hampers those changes in the peripheral circulation which would compensate for variations in barometric pressure. Whenever an injury has taken place around a joint this same state of affairs proclaims itself even in comparatively young subjects." The Medical News sorrowfully admits, however, "that these signs fail in a dry time, and the human barometer gives no warnings when warnings are most needed. Still it insists that a careful study of human feelings would result in better weather predictions than does that of other popular "signs—which might easily be true without making the predictions so founded of much real value. A medical authority should not commend an empirical method when one based on observed facts and logical deductions is at hand and in daily use by the weather bureau. The government prophets yet have much to learn, but they are certainly on the right track. Storms are seemingly vagarious creatures, yet they never move at random or without reasons which it is within human power to learn and understand. Exact weather prophecy is merely a matter of adequate data, and the latter can be obtained by paying for it. Let the doctors study the effects of approaching rain on human nerves if they will, but what the weather man wants, in this part of the world, is weather information from the west and south.

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life-giving sap burst out into tender, curled-up leaves, which unrolled themselves gently in the sunshine. The birds carolled their love-songs in loud, triumphant notes, fighting, courting, building, mating, until the young ones came forth, and in course of time, feeling strong and gladsome, stretched their wings and flew away, obedient to that great law of nature that dictates the desertion of parents when no longer useful and necessary. In the green fields, starred by golden buttercups and sweet-smelling clover, the white lambs frisked and gambolled in pure light-heartedness, wagging their supple tails, bleating with soft, persuasive voices, stretching their long, ungainly limbs, and courting the rays of the sun in a state of dreamy enjoyment and blissful ignorance of the future. Little recked they that all life, however strong and beautiful ends in death, come it by the cruel butcher's knife, by disease, or the slow process of natural decay. They, poor innocents, like Herbert and Kate, were happy in the present, demanding, thinking, realizing nothing more!

Oh! glorious youth! knowing no regret, remorse nor aught but transient sorrow, whose joys are keen and pain short-lived, to whom the past is a void, the future a blank, and the present—the happy, fleeting present, here to-day and gone to-morrow—all-sufficing, all engrossing, how we envy thee in old age! How lovingly and with what reverent recollections, do we not look back upon and cherish thee! In the innocence and joy thou art more lovely than anything on the face of this wide earth, and yet so evanescent, that ere we have learnt to fully appreciate the inestimable gifts which thou conferrest—the heedlessness, the freshness, the exquisite light-heartedness, the animal strength and spirits, which are a part and parcel of thyself—thou art gone. Either gently faded by the unflagging hand of time, or else killed by some rude shock, which, rousing mankind from this short period of unthinking content, sets a mark upon his life for evermore, bringing him, once for all, face to face with the stern realities and complex problems of existence!

Even now, slowly, though surely, was the shadow creeping up, destined to plunge the peaceful household in grief and envelop it in a shroud of darkness. Death, that delays for no man—the dread reaper with his sickle—was at hand, intent on adding another to the long list of his reluctant victims.

(To be continued.)

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FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

STARTING A DAIRY HERD.

A correspondent in giving his experience in starting a dairy herd, says:

At first sight it looks easy. All a man has to do is to fill his pockets with money and start out. The world is full of cows. Why should we find it difficult to buy a dairy that will fill the bill? And so, when I was thinking just what should be the heading for this article, I said to myself, "Starting a Dairy" is all right. But it came into my mind soon after that starting and trying to start are sometimes two entirely different things.

For instance, a chapter from my own experience has something quite interesting about it. The first cows I ever owned (that was going on fifteen years ago), I bought. Part of them were fairly good. One was recommended to me as being perfectly gentle and a nice milker. Before she had been in the stable two days she proved the strength of her hind legs by kicking the cow either side of her out of reach every time she had a chance. The same kind of practice she began with me when I began to milk her. A rope or strap about her body just in front of the bag, as we often hear quoted, would not make the slightest difference with her. If she could do nothing else she would lean over against me so hard that I would be pushed from the stool. This got to be quite monotonous after a time, and still that cow was a good milker. She gave good milk and a nice mess of it. I worried along with her for several years, raising a number of heifer calves from her. For days at a time she would be as peaceable as a kitten, then she would let heels fly like lightning. Every one of that cow's calves had

A TENDENCY TO KICK.

And they had leg muscles like iron when they had a mind to use them. Finally I determined to weed every one of the breed out and I did it Life is too short to spend it fighting a cow. I never will try it again.

Then, in the course of my buying I came into possession of a cow which was subject to garget. She had it regularly every season, and I came to the conclusion that it was so far chronic that I would do nothing for her. I doctored as faithfully as I knew how and all to no purpose. The strangest part of it is, some of the calves I raised from her had the same failing. Will some of our wise men tell us why?

So it went on for some years and I did not seem to be getting much nearer to my desired good dairy. Then I tried buying calves of men who seemed to have good stock. This is, in my opinion, all right if one can buy from reliable men. It sometimes seems as if the men who can be called strictly honest about selling cows are quite scarce and hard to find. It is not difficult for men to remember all the good points of a cow and forget the bad ones. But there is not the same temptation about selling young calves. The owner will, almost always take you into the stable and show you the father and mother of the calf you have taken a fancy to, and tell you just what the mother has done in the way of giving milk and plenty of it. So there is not nearly as much risk in buying calves as there is

IN PURCHASING COWS.

And yet one often gets poor cows that way, in spite of his best efforts at feeding liberally and with a view of getting a good, all around cow.

And so I found that buying calves is not really the best way of starting a herd. And I tried buying the best bull calf I could find and putting him with my cows, varying this now and then by using the best stock my neighbors had. A farmer who has an eye on the future can make no greater mistake than to mate his cows with any kind of a sire that happens to be handy. If he does not keep a bull of his own, it is often a big job to take his cows away, and gets careless about it and says: Well, this year will not make much difference. But it is a year and the years count after a while, especially when one gets to be 50.

And I believe this is the true way to build up a herd of dairy cows. We can not be sure what we are getting if we buy mature cows; neither is the practice of buying calves entirely free from objections. But when we raise our own calves from the best possible parentage that lies within our power we are on the right road. True, we will sometimes make mistakes by following this plan. Some of the poorest cows I ever had came from what I looked upon as good parents. It is a wonderfully interesting study to see how animals will take back now and then in color, size and other qualities.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

There is not a farm that can be called complete which has not a poultry yard, writes a correspondent. The poultry yard is the main source of continual income to meet the every-day expenses of the family, for it brings, or ought to bring, an income every day. I know how handy the few dollars are which the poultry give to me every week.

The great point in poultry keeping is that we can start in the business with a small capital and have an income from the beginning, and when we increase our flock the income increases also. The required capital for a start is what keeps lots of people out of business, but is not so with the man who wants to go into the poultry business. Of course every farmer does not want to go into the work heavily, but it pays every farmer to keep some good poultry. Whichever branch of poultry raising we engage in it is necessary that we have the breed specially adapted to it. If we keep eggs we must have the kind that lay eggs." I find by experience and observation that there is difference, and a great difference. For my choice I would take Rose Comb White Leghorn; I believe they can be excelled as egg producers. I know I get more eggs than my neighbors who keep other kinds. But if I were to raise broilers, I would choose one of the larger breeds.

Hens need a variety of food, greater the variety the better. Don't forget the water; keep plenty before them all the time. All kinds of grain and vegetables twice a week I give a hot mash and that is what counts most in the winter. I mix with cornmeal; bran, etc., and mash is the best place to put medicine or preventive which I wish to give.

Careful management is the point of success, and the more we have it to perfection, the more will be to success, in the way we will not do to neglect some of the necessary points. Grit is needed and must not be neglected. Broken crockery pounded fine particles, and occasionally give them a bucketful of ashes and I always have plenty of eggs are what I want. I find that careful management, plenty of food and pure water will add success to the poultry business if one keeps his eyes open.

KEEP CLEAN CHURN.

If proper care is not taken in keeping the churn sweet the butter will be tainted no matter how well the milk has been looked for before being ready for the churn. Before beginning the work of churning one should have plenty of water on the stove so it may be hot and ready for use as soon as churning is finished. The churn should be taken from the stand as soon as possible and thoroughly scalded out with cold water, then be thoroughly scalded with boiling water and then placed in the air to dry, but not in the sun as the sun warps the wood. It needs sunning, wait until it is perfectly dry and then put in the sun. A small brush is handy in cleaning the corners and crevices that are not easily reached by the cloth, and what is more handy than the churn itself should be used for washing and wiping it. A churn cannot be made clean with a dirty cloth, and a cloth that is used for breeding disease germs should be washed from the dishes and pans or corners of the house. It takes only a few minutes to wash the cloths in cold water, then they should be put in a solution of lime slaked and allowed to stand for twenty minutes. The cloth should be rinsed and hung out in the air and sunshine, and this done every few days, the cloths will be kept white and sweet.

MAKE MEALTIMES HAPPY

Should Be Cheerful Times for the Children.

Has it ever been your lot to sit at a table with a group of people who ate the meal in silence except a few constrained words addressed at the head of the table to the young people by some one who seemed to have more such a right than one occasion.

Doubtless I have met again of the kind of people I mean even with a couple of married and with children grown up to take their places at the table of life, where they are no longer children, but are a thousand miles apart in their feelings, but are still under the roof where they were children, and where they should be happy together, but they are not happy because there is no sympathy between the different members of the family, and they are not happy because there is no sympathy between the different members of the family, and they are not happy because there is no sympathy between the different members of the family, and