

KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XII. IN THE LANE.

Five years had passed since James Denison's death. The May sunshine was turning the pale green of the elm-trees into gold; the hawthorn hedges had not yet lost their look of delicate freshness, and the cuckoo's note rang blithely from the thicket as *Ether Denison* sallied forth one afternoon from the respectable portals of the Dower House. She stepped briskly along the road; her elastic step, as well as the brightness of her eyes and cheeks, told of health and happiness. She was twenty years old; a golden age, when the veins are full of racing blood, and the nerves seem strung with steel; when the brain is all alive, the heart unworn, and the world before us whence to choose. For *Ether*, there was perhaps only a woman's world in view; but it seemed very beautiful and sweet to her, and well worthy to be made her own.

There was no want of hope and courage in *Ether's* face that day. The sorrows and privations of her earlier life had given a more liquid softness to her eyes, a graver, tenderer curve to her thoughtful mouth; they had not taken away the rounded grace of her lithe limbs, nor deadened the creamy tints of her oval cheeks. Her hair was swept up to the top of her head under her hat, but this summary treatment did not conceal the fact that the wave had not gone out of it, and that the short hairs had their old trick of curling in little soft, untidy rings at the nape of her neck. She was a girl whom people turned to look at in the street—less for the sake of her face (for *Ether* Denison had no gift of marvellous beauty whereby to enslave the world) than for the remarkable grace of her figure, and for a certain picturesqueness in color and contour which she endeavored vainly to subdue. There was something individual about her, let her do what she would to look like other people. Her shabby brown dress, her close-fitting black cloth jacket, her old black hat with its little bit of flame-color in the shape of a scarlet ring, formed an effective setting for the vivid paleness of her face, the soft brilliance of her eyes—gray, with long black lashes, like those of an Irish girl—and the fine modeling of chin and cheek and throat, which had the perfection of a Greek statue together with the soft, warm whiteness of living womanliness. From the background given by somber and shabby dress, *Ether's* good points glowed like those of a fine picture in a tarnished frame. It must be added that critics pronounced her mouth too wide, her brow too strongly developed, her nose not straight and fine enough for beauty; but there was a charm about her which they recognized as even more lasting, than that of beauty. *Nina La Touche*, for instance, was a lovely girl; but at thirty *Nina* might be haggard while *Ether* was in her bloom.

There was a happy expectancy in the lift of her eyes as she walked up the country road, although she glanced neither to the right nor to the left. But as she passed a little low gate on her right, a gate which opened into the Malet's park, her color brightened a little. A young man was sitting on the topmost rail, smoking a cigar; he threw it away when he saw her coming, lifted his hat, and advanced towards her.

"Now I feel this, I am home again!" he said, holding out both hands. "Say that you are glad to see me, or I will go away to-morrow."

"I will not inflict that penalty on your friends. I am glad to see you, Mr. Malet." They walked on together in the alternate light and shade of the tree-sentinelled road.

"Mr. Malet!" said Sebastian, in a tone of surprise. "You have not forgotten my name, have you, *Ether*? Or are you wishing to tell me that we are—friends—no longer?"

He lingered softly on the word "friends," as though it had some esoteric meaning for himself and her.

"Oh, yes, we are friends," said *Ether*, and the long lashes swept her cheek and hid the dewy softness of her eyes; "but we have not met for so long—and our positions are altered now. We are not boy and girl in the school-room; you are a rising young diplomatist, are you not?—everybody says so—one of our future great men—and I am the little La Touches's governess."

There was such honest congratulation in her eyes as she raised them to his face in alluding to his future greatness, that Sebastian felt the inner warmth caused by agreeable flattery. But he tried not to show that he was pleased.

"You mistake: I have my spurs to win," he said, shaking his handsome head with a sigh and a smile. "I will not be anything but Sebastian to my friends till then. And tell me what you have been doing in the last few months. Or years; is it not years since we met?"

"Two years and eight months," said *Ether*, with precision, which showed that she had reckoned the time already. "And then I met you only for an hour. I have scarcely seen you at all for the last five years."

"So long? You are not much changed, *Ether*; not even very much older looking than you were."

He spoke musingly, conscious of having himself changed greatly in that time, and a little surprised that she had not altered too.

Ether took his words as a compliment, perhaps mistakenly. He was not old enough to look on absence of change as a good thing. He would have preferred to find her different from his remembrance of her; it seemed to him that she must have been standing still instead of advancing as he had done. Doubtless, her dress did not mark the difference of her age as it might have done if she had been in different circumstances. She wore exactly the same gown and hat and jacket that she had worn when she was seventeen. It was a trifle; but trifles are important in that trivial record, a girl's history.

"You are very much changed," she said glancing at him and marvelling at the transformation. He was more manly, more developed, more splendid-looking than she had expected to find him. He had always been a handsome fellow, but there was a trick of loftiness in his looks and speech which had grown more pronounced than ever in the last two or three years. It was a frank, generous loftiness, gracious with the unconscious grace of a young prince, born to rule, to have others serve him. Nobody had yet disliked him for it; one or two had laughed at him for what they were pleased to call his conceit; but it was not properly conceit at all. It

was the insolence of youth and beauty and strength and talent, meaning to have its own pleasure and to do its own will; certain that if it has these it can perform great things in the world. In its own way a beautiful thing to see, and especially beautiful because we know that it will live so short a time.

"Yes, of course I am changed—in every way," he said, not thinking of the meaning to her with which his words were charged. "But, of yourself, *Ether*?"

"On, there's nothing to tell," she replied hurriedly, with a little less light in her face. "I went to Paris with *Nina*, you know—Sir Roland kindly sent me—and my mother lived on in the cottage, next door to Miss Meredith; and when *Nina* left school, I went to London for a time, and then Mrs. La Touche was so good as to let me teach her children, so that I need not be separated from my mother any more."

"Did you have no holidays at that Paris school? I have seen nothing of you and *Nina* for so long!"

"You have seen *Nina* more recently; you saw her the Christmas before last. I came home in the summer holidays only, and then you were away in Switzerland and Wales."

"And so it is more than two years since we met! I went abroad myself last Christmas. The Squire wanted me to see something of Vienna. And you are glad to have your old friend back, *Ether*?"

"Yes."

"A very moderate 'yes.' May I ask how you like teaching?"

"Very much."

"Cecily and the twins are good pupils?"

"Extremely so."

She had grown short in her answers; there was perhaps a little disappointment in her heart, but her smile continued to be as bright as ever.

"And I shall not see *Nina* until to-morrow night?"

"No; she comes back from London in time for the dinner-party."

"You are to be there, I hope?"

"After dinner," said *Ether*, smiling.

"After—"

I don't go to dinner-parties; I have never been to one in my life." She thought that he looked a little vexed or embarrassed, and she hastened to add cheerfully: "I should not know what to say or do if I went. Mrs. La Touche asks me to go in the evenings, to play the piano and accompany some of her guests."

"Why should she take up your evenings in that way?"

"Oh, it is a good thing for me; it gives me experience," said *Ether* lightly. "I sit in the background and observe. I know a great deal about the characters of the Woodbury people now—I mean the rich, fashionable people whom I should not meet otherwise. It is very instructive. Here we are at *Kennet's Green*."

"You will not always be in the background," said Sebastian seriously. He held her hand at parting with a warm, strong clasp of the fingers, and looked straight into her eyes. He had long, dark eyes, capable of a great and meditative tenderness of expression when he was moved. This expression called the blood into *Ether's* face, and then sent it back into her heart as suddenly, leaving even her lips very pale. He saw the blush and wondered what it meant. She looked so beautiful as she stood there that if it had been dusk, instead of broad daylight, he would have repeated the kisses that he had once impressed upon those soft lips and white, downcast eyelids. But as he stood on *Kennet's Green*, with a medley concourse of children, dogs, and geese, turning with interest toward the stranger, and as there was a glimmer of Miss Meredith's garden hat in the door-way Sebastian turned and fled.

"Good-bye; I shall see you again very soon," he said. "Don't forget me in the meanwhile."

Forget him? "The salt creek may forget the ocean," she might have answered, "if I forget."

CHAPTER XIII.

SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian strolled back to *Kersham Manor*, brooding as he went. *Ether* was certainly very handsome when her face and eyes lighted up. Her figure was superb. He was something of an artist, and he knew how to appreciate those grand lines. "She would make a splendid model," he thought, "and she would look very well on the stage, if she could act. There is something more in her face than mere beauty. There is strength, purpose, decision. I wonder what her lot in the world will be. She is wasting her life now in a dull schoolroom, teaching three small children, and humbly awaiting the entrance of the ladies after dinner." Sebastian winced, as if the picture hurt him, and passed on to generalities.

He did not think of telling himself that her social status was lower than his own. He was a little too much in *King Copthelm's* frame of mind. If he gave his hand to a beggar-maid she would henceforth be queen. No one should question her right to reign. "It is the husband who gives the wife her rank," he thought. "And she comes of a good old yeoman stock, so much I know; the best blood in England is not more worthy of respect. It is the nobility of the heart, of the mind, that I have always sought for; here I find youth and beauty too."

It will be seen that Sebastian Malet differed considerably from the ordinary type of English squire. But he had had a somewhat remarkable kind of education: at an impressionable age he had been given into the hands of two men who, though utterly opposed in opinion, were equally transcendental in motive and in aim. Mr. Denison's religious earnestness had colored his every thought; Sir Roland's mind was strongly tinged with philosophic mysticism. Each had advocated ideal ends; each held the soul's welfare to be the highest aim in life; each, in his own way, preached the devotion of the heart to truth. Sebastian's nature had some unsuspected weaknesses which life might yet develop; but it could not be unaffected by the influences which surrounded his youth. These had made him somewhat different from other young men of his age and station, and whether the difference were of a lasting or a valuable kind remained to be seen.

Out of deference to Sir Roland, who valued university distinction, he exerted himself at last and took a respectable, though not a brilliantly high, degree. Then he spent some months in London, Paris, and Vienna, where his uncle's introductions and reputation stood him in good stead. He was supposed to be studying—what he scarcely knew: he did not open a book for weeks at a time. He occupied himself with society, with the fine arts—music especially—and with lovemaking. He had many friends and was popular with all. Gray-headed men who knew his family interested themselves in him, and prognosticated a bright future for the clever, handsome, light-hearted lad. One or two keen observers, however, thought that they detected in his character an odd streak, a strain of something unusual, which led them to say that he could not be depended upon to succeed in what he undertook. Up to a certain point—well: past that point there was always a break-down, a failure, as if some want of the power of continuity were declaring itself. His friends passionately denied that it was so. Only the experience of life could prove which of the two estimates was right.

It must be confessed that the critics triumphed when Sebastian suddenly threw up all his engagements and went home, without even bidding his friends good-bye.

The reason of his return to England was, perhaps more deeply than he knew, involved in his inherited constitution. The Malets had what people called "a crank" in their natures, "a crank" which was sure to impel them to seclusion and solitude some time or other during their existence. His ancestors had been scholars, dreamers, courtiers, or politicians in their day, but, oddly enough, nearly all had ended their lives in absolute retirement. It seemed as if, soon or later, the world was sure to be too much for them. Even Sir Roland afforded a striking example of the Malet eccentricity. He had given up public life suddenly and entirely before he was fifty years of age, and had devoted himself to literary pursuits in the comparative seclusion of *Kersham Manor*. A wise choice, some people may think, but inexplicable in the eyes of the world.

Sir Roland and his nephew sat together that June evening in a pleasant little room opening out upon the lawn. It was supposed to be a smoking room, but Sir Roland did not smoke. Sebastian was indulging himself to-night in an after-dinner cigarette, though he usually smoked in the garden with the Squire. On this particular evening the Squire had gone to a public dinner in Woodbury, and Sir Roland and his nephew were alone.

The day had been warm, and the evening hours were deliciously cool. Sebastian was lying back in a comfortable lounging-chair; on his knee rested an open volume of the *Faerie Queene*, but his eyes were more often lifted to the purple haze which was gathering amongst the straight boles of the trees in the park, or the golden light behind their spreading boughs, than intent upon his book. Sir Roland sat by the window at a little table, reading and occasionally making a note in a manuscript book.

"The *Faerie Queene*?" he said at length, losing his book, and glancing at the volume on Sebastian's knee.

"I like to read it in this old edition; I feel as if I were a boy again," said Sebastian with a bright smile. "One never tires of it."

"No. *Ether* was reading it to me a few days ago—*Ether* Denison, you know. She often comes and reads or writes for me; she is a very intelligent girl."

"Which is your favorite book?" said Sebastian rather abruptly, changing the position of his legs and thereby hurling the volume to the ground. He did not want to discuss *Ether's* intelligence just then.

"The first, I think," Sir Roland answered, watching the young man as he picked up the book and straightened the bent edges of the leaves. "Perhaps because the story of *Una* and *Duessa* seems to symbolize the conflict which comes once in the life of every true man."

Once! It is always coming," said Sebastian whimsically. He closed the book and threw it from him. Sir Roland anticipated a confidence. But it did not take the form that he had expected it to take.

"I am tired of wandering," he began.

"You have not had very much of it, my dear boy."

"I think I have had enough."

"Well—what do you want to do now?"

"Upon my word, I don't know, Uncle Roland. I was thinking that I might as well begin reading law, settle down in chambers in London, and run over to *Kersham* now and then."

"I thought that you had set your heart on diplomacy?"

"I used to romance about it when I was a lad, didn't I?" said Sebastian lightly. "But I have seen a little of what it means, and I don't think that I should like the career. So many years have to be wasted over red-tape formalities—it isn't a life I should care for."

"You will have to serve your apprenticeship wherever you go," said Sir Roland gravely.

"But one need not trifle away one's time in amusement, attending my lord's receptions and carrying my lady's lap-dog. You remember *Algy Sutton*? that was his life at the B—court. And that of *Greville* was not much better."

"I see no reason why you should not work even if these young fellows were idle. And I have reason to think that you may have an appointment offered you very soon—an under-secretaryship with Lord *Kersham* at *St. Petersburg*. Would you not accept that?"

Sebastian hesitated. His face lighted up and then grew dark again. He noticed that his uncle was speaking very gravely, with some anxiety of manner.

"What do you want me to do, uncle?" he said.

"I want you, certainly, to choose a career that you would like, my boy. And I think that the diplomatic service would suit you exactly. I always did think so. I should have liked you to go with *Kersham*, if you got the chance, but if you object—"

"Oh no, I don't object. If you wish it, I'll go. Only—somehow—I felt as if I should like to be nearer you. I could work better with you than anybody else."

Sir Roland looked at him affectionately. "You love me and it is your love that speaks. You must go away into the world and gather experience for yourself."

"I do not want a wider experience of it," said Sebastian, frowning uncomfortably, and crossing his arms with decision. "As

far as I have seen anything of it, the world's not to my taste; a battle of kites and crows it seems to me. I'm not sure that I do not envy the men who shut themselves up in their libraries and are ignorant of all the riot that the world is making at their doors."

His uncle looked at him attentively. "Ah, that is a mood which will pass. It is not genuine, Sebastian, believe me. You will have to learn a good deal more of the world before you can renounce it. In thirty or forty years, perhaps, you may sit down beneath these green shades and look out at the world with serene contempt, if you like; but not before you have battled with it and tried to overcome it, my boy. Ignorance is not victory. To slip out of the world and hide yourself in a world of books now would be sheer idleness and cowardice on your part, for you have no special overmastering impulse toward literature in itself; you are looking at it only as a means toward what I must call a very ignoble end—escape from strife."

Sebastian winced at the words, and his uncle saw the movement.

"It is a phrase only. I know that it is not your intention to give up the world like a Trappist," he said in a softer voice, "but it is not a safe thing to foster the idea of premature seclusion. It is your duty to fight the world—that is to say, to fight its selfishness and frivolity and stupidity; and you can do that best by going into it, not by making a *Chartreuse* for yourself at *Kersham*."

He smiled as he concluded, but Sebastian only sighed. Sir Roland knitted his brows.

"Have you any reason—any special reason—for your distaste for ordinary life just now. Have you met with any disillusion—any disappointment?"

"No. It only seemed to me that life was not worth living," said Sebastian, smiling in spite of himself.

"You will soon alter your opinion. You must be a trifle out of sorts," said Sir Roland, "and we must do our best to amuse you whilst you stay with us."

They lapsed into talk on ordinary subjects for a little time, and then Sir Roland asked him whether he still practised, and whether he would not now play something on his violin. Sebastian consented readily. The sweet, pathetic notes filled the air with melody which seemed to impose silence on all further confession or complaint. Music produced its usual effect on Sebastian; he always felt under its influence that he was strong to bear trial and temptation if such should come. At present his spirit was singularly unsullied, in spite of some youthful follies of which he had been guilty; and, as the power of "divinest harmony" passed into him, he said to himself that it would be easy to lead the high, ideal, inner life, even in the noontide glare and bustle of the world, if but a breath of this divine music could go with him to lighten all perplexities and spiritualize his aims. Meanwhile, as he played, the moon had risen, and its light silvered the dewy lawn and tipped the edges of the shining leaves. It seemed as if there must be a benediction in the air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEHEADED BY THE SWORD.

Execution of a Murderess at Berlin—Forced to the Block.

A Berlin, (Germany) special says:—A woman was executed in this city to-day, she being the first woman to suffer the death penalty here since Berlin was made a Kaiserstadt. The last woman to suffer the extreme penalty of the law was executed in 1846.

The victim to-day was *Emilie Zillman*, Nee *Kuehne* of *Hammer*, Prussian Silesia, who had been convicted of the murder of her husband. The Moabit prison has no execution yard and the prisoner was transferred to the *Ploutzenze* prison. At 3 o'clock this morning two warders led her into the courtyard, where the headman's block had been placed. Beside it stood the executioner, resting on the hilt of his heavy sword.

FORCED DOWN UPON THE BLOCK.

Half dead with fear the woman was placed beside the block and there supported while Prosecutor *Lademunn* read to her the sentence of death. The prisoner was told to kneel, but she apparently did not hear, and the warders gently but firmly forced her down until her head rested on the block.

The next instant after her head touched the block there was a gleaming flash of steel, and the head of the woman dropped into the basket placed to receive it.

As the blood flowed in torrents from the severed neck the executioner exclaimed, "The sentence of the law has been executed. May God have mercy upon the poor sinner."

FELL 100 FEET.

The Fearful Fate of Frank Foy Over at Niagara Falls.

A Niagara Falls special says:—Frank Foy, of *Herkimer*, N. Y., an employe of R. D. Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, which company is putting in the turbine water wheels for the Niagara Falls Paper Company, was instantly killed here yesterday afternoon in the penstock. Foy, with four other workmen, was engaged within the penstock, which is a circular receptacle 13 1/2 feet in diameter, preparing to drive some rivets. The unfortunate man struck a blow, missed the rivet, lost his balance and fell off the scaffold down through the penstock to the bottom, a distance of 100 feet. He went feet foremost, and his head could be heard striking the heavy trestle work which supported the scaffold all the way down. His neck was broken and his skull fearfully crushed. His body was a mangled mass. Foy was 22 or 23 years old and unmarried. His remains will be shipped to *Herkimer* for interment.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., who established *St. Ann's* Episcopal church in New York—the first church for deaf-mutes—is at the Falls with his wife, who is a deaf-mute. Dr. Gallaudet's father, *Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet*, established the first school for deaf-mutes in the United States at Hartford, in April, 1817, and his brother, *Edward M. Gallaudet*, LL.D., the first college at Washington 25 years ago.

The number of slaves exported from Africa during the eighteenth century is calculated at 6,000,000. In 1748 nearly 190,000 were shipped from the west coast alone.

AGRICULTURAL.

Dairy Don'ts.

The following points to be remembered by dairy folks have been compiled as a well-known experimental dairy farm. They are entitled, "Things we do not do," and may be adopted by others besides those for whom they were written:

1. We do not consider that we know everything about butter-making, as something new is being discovered every month. Not only from our own work are we continually learning, but also from the observation and research of others.
2. We do not keep a cow that makes less than 200 pounds of butter in a year.
3. Nor put the dry cow on a starvation ration.
4. Nor expect a cow to make something out of nothing.
5. Nor keep our cows in an ice-house, hog pen or dungpen.
6. Nor allow them to go a whole year without carding or brushing them.
7. Nor depend upon pasture alone for a supply of summer feed.
8. We do not allow the milk to stand very long in the stable to absorb foul odors.
9. We do not neglect to strain the milk at once before setting.
10. Nor set the milk in deep cans in well water without changing the water at least twice, or without ice.
11. Nor mix sweet cream with cream to be churned less than twelve hours before churning (the cream is ripened in one vessel which holds the cream for a whole churning.)
12. Nor add scalding water to the cream, nor guess at the temperature with the finger, nor take two or three hours to churn.
13. Nor gather the butter until the "dash" or stands on top, and then dip it out of the buttermilk.
14. Nor add coarse salt by guess, nor work the butter into grease.
15. And, finally, we do not send our butter to market wrapped in old rags that may have seen other service in the house.

Horse Notes.

Do not try to winter the horses cheaply by letting them constantly stiff themselves on hay; that may seem the cheapest but it is not, nor is it good for the horse.

The highest mark of wisdom that we have encountered in a young man, of late years, is that he knows enough not to bet his money on a horse-race.

To dry horses' legs after washing there is nothing better than saw-dust well dried and then well rubbed in. It is both clean to handle and pleasant for the animal.

A great mistake that most breeders have made is that they have bred and raised more horses than they could attend to or properly take care of. One good horse is worth two poor ones any time.

How many farmers know exactly what their yearly horse labor on the farm costs, in feed, care and wear and tear of the animal itself? If they did know they would certainly strive to winter their horses at the least possible cost and yet not injure them.

The first shoeing will be largely experimental. If your colt is pure gaited and strongly trotting-bred, he may acquire speed with very little change from the first shoeing. Again, it may be necessary to shoe him in many different ways before you get him just balanced.

The tendency in some strains of horses to go through a long life of useful service as compared with the average of horses, never being sick or lame and rarely failing to take a portion of feed—is often not rated at its full value, and yet there are few things in a horse of any kind that are of more importance than his endurance.

An expert groom gives this advice: "Never use the comb on the horse's head. If he has any spirit at all he will not endure it. Take the brush in the right and the headstall in the left, steady his head while brushing gently, and then, with the comb in the left hand, curry the neck from behind the ear and the entire right side. Go through the same process on the left side; leave no space untouched. After currying take the brush and brush the hair the wrong way, scraping the brush at intervals with the comb to clean it. Then go the right way with the brush; follow the brush with a wooden rag—rubbing the hair up and then smoothing it. Don't spare the elbow grease and the horse will show his keep and act as he feels."

The cow that has been bred for milking purposes can be profitably kept for that use until she is eight years old. If she does not remain a good milker for that length of time, her breeding is at fault. This is beyond the age at which the animal can be profitably made into beef. The moral that if you are after a milker, don't pay much stress on having a good beef animal too.

A farm is not thoroughly stocked if it carries but one or two kinds of animals, no matter how many head there may be of them. To utilize all food products to the best advantage requires a variety of stock, and the farm should have everything from bees to beef cattle. We believe this is quite as true regarding a small farm as a large one.

There is without doubt a smaller supply of cattle in the great cattle-growing districts than has been the case for a long time before. We do not think there is any probability of such a shortage as will send prices bounding up, but on the other hand there is no indication of such a liberal supply as could depress prices. Cattle growing for the next few years is pretty sure to be a fairly profitable business.

Petrels were so called from the habit of these birds of walking on the water. In the minds of sailors they were thus associated with the *Apostle Peter*.

Beck beer took its name from the fact that it was so much stronger than the common beer that when indulged in it made the tippler caper like a buck or goat.

Scamp once meant travel, but three or four hundred years ago nobody traveled except when he was obliged to, so the word gradually acquired an unfavorable meaning.