

Face to Face

OR, GERVASE RICKMAN'S
AMBITION.

PART III., CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"He is really such a good fellow, and it would make us all so happy to have you near, and you would make him so happy. And his mother wishes it, she even asked me to try to bring it on."

"Oh!" returned Alice, with a sigh of relief, "in strict confidence, I suppose, Miss Sibyl. A pretty conspirator she chose when she lighted upon you. You sweet goose, if you must needs amuse yourself with match-making, you could not hit upon a worse plan than to show your hand."

"But, Alice, do be serious—"

"Dear child, I am serious, and I wish you to understand one for all that it is a mistake, and to help me spare him the pain of a direct refusal. I saw it all months ago, and have done my best to put a stop to it. I even thought of going away for a time."

"It is in your power to make him so happy," said Sibyl, pathetically. "You might grow to care for him in time, you know."

"Never," she answered. "I could never—in any case—have cared for a man of that uncontrolled disposition—even supposing—"

"Supposing what?" Sibyl asked, with a keen look.

"Oh, nothing! I mean, if I had loved him, I could never be happy with such a man. I am like my mother. I saw her misery, Sibyl, child as I was. There was that in my poor father which made her feel him her inferior; it is not for me to speak of his faults. If I once found what I could not respect in a man, I could not live with him. I have a sort of pride—"

"But, Alice," interrupted Sibyl, quickly, "if you can not respect Paul Annesley, whom then can you respect?"

"Oh, I beg his pardon," replied Alice, her breath taken away by this sudden indignation; "I spoke widely. Of course I respect our old and true friend, Paul. But a husband—that is different; it is something stronger and deeper than respect; it is reverence that a husband compels."

"And what can you not reverence in Dr. Annesley?" asked Sibyl, with such remorseless persistence that Alice began to wonder if Paul Annesley could be the name of him who had troubled her friend's peace of mind.

"He is at the mercy of his own impulses," she said.

"And they are always good," pursued Sibyl, vindictively.

"You say a bold thing when you say that of any human being, Sibyl. No, I can only give my deepest reverence to the man who is master of himself. Give me the man that is not passion's slave. I can value this one as a friend, but no nearer. No one knows what is in Paul Annesley; any turn of fate may bring him into a totally opposite direction; he might do anything. I tell you in the very strictest confidence what I would tell no other human being. I tremble for him now; he will never be the same again, now that his circumstances are so changed, and what he will be, Heaven alone knows. As you say, he has good impulses, but what are they without a guiding principle and a compelling will?"

"And you alone can give his life a right direction," urged Sibyl. "Oh, Alice! think what it is to hold this man's fate in your hands!"

"And what if I hold another—?" She stopped short and colored. "Dear Sibyl, you are indeed a staunch friend," she added, in a gentler voice. "If he could win you now—a heart is so easily caught at the rebound."

"There will be no rebound," replied Sibyl, in so even a voice that Alice was sure of the platonic nature of her regard for Paul. "The kind of malady you inspire, you dear creature, is incurable. People soon get over the slight shocks I administer, but you are fatal."

Alice smiled tenderly upon Sibyl, but made no rejoinder, and they walked on noiselessly over the rich turf, deep in thought. Sibyl's regard for Alice had, as the other well knew, something of worship; her ardent nature invested her friendships with a romantic enthusiasm that sometimes made her calmer friend smile and often called forth a gentle rebuke from her. Perhaps Alice's affection for the younger and more impetuous girl was as strong as Sibyl's, though it expressed itself less passionately, and had a strong dash of maternal compassion. Nothing had ever come between them since they had first met, two shy stranger girls of thirteen, in the porch of Arden Manor, and instantly lost their shyness in the fellow-feeling it engendered between them.

The first bar was to come that day. It happened in Daniel Pink's solitary thatched cottage, which was built in a nest-like hollow under the wood. The girls entered the low porch, like the welcome guests they were, and sat in the dim, smoke-blackened room, handling and discussing the ninth little Pink by turns, while the shepherd looked on with a pensive face, with the deposed baby in his arms and two chubby children a little older clinging to his knees. "Look at the back of 'n," said the proud father, "surely drags ye down, Miss Sibyl, do."

"I wouldn't carry him a mile for a for-

lune," Sibyl replied, kissing the little red fist, "not for all the lands of Gledesworth, shepherd."

"I lows you wouldn't, miss. Doctor Annesley have took a heavy weight on the shoulders of 'n. A many have been bowed down by riches, a many, as I've a yerd say."

"And many have been crushed by poverty," Alice said.

"Zure enough. Tain't for we to zay what's good for us, Miss Alice. A personable man, but a doesn't come up to the captain, the doctor doesn't."

"Oh, he is only a lieutenant. You mean Lieutenant Annesley, don't you, Master Pink?" said the ready Sibyl.

"When I zeen he and you walking together, Miss Lingard," continued the shepherd, gravely, "I zes to mezell, I zes, 'Marriages is made in heaven,' I zes. And Mam Gale, she zays—"

"Oh! Master Pink, you won't forget about the see-ings, will you?" cried Alice, starting up. "It is getting so late. We have stayed too long."

And with hasty farewells Alice left the cottage, forgetting the basket, and leaving Sibyl to follow in more leisurely fashion. She walked so fast that she had reached the gate at the end of the field through which the cottage was approached before Sibyl had left the garden, and waited for her there, with flushed cheeks. Sibyl's ready tongue was unaccountably tied when she joined her; a strange pain was gnawing at her heart, and Alice's attempts at commonplace chat did not succeed.

"I can't help thinking that this same Mr. Edward Annesley might just as well write to us, Alice," she said at last. "That little note to mother the day after he left was the briefest formality."

"Perhaps," replied Alice, who had now regained her self-possession, "he thinks the same of us. You can scold him when he comes."

"But will he come?" asked Sibyl, with such an eagerness in her voice that Alice stopped on her way and looked with sudden misgiving into Sibyl's dark, ardent eyes, and read all.

"Sibyl," she said, "oh! Sibyl!" and she tried to draw her nearer; but Sibyl pushed her back with a look Alice had never seen before, and walked on in silence. In the first bitter flood of jealous agony that surged into her heart Sibyl felt capable of hating her friend; then the mortifying memory of her self-deception made her so hot with self-contempt that every other feeling was swallowed up in it, and she longed for the earth to open and hide her away forever. It seemed as if she had better never have been born than make so dreadful a blunder at the very threshold of life; she thought she could never endure to live any more. Then things came back to her memory, little insignificant details which had passed unobserved at the time, but which now showed the general meaning of the whole story, just as the festal lights reveal the general outlines of a building, and she saw clearly how things stood between Edward and Alice. How could it have been otherwise? She felt the charm of Alice too deeply herself to wonder that she should have been preferred. It was inevitable that those two should choose each other. But for her everything had come to a full stop. "Entbehren sollst du," was the message the woods and fields and sea had for her that day; it was written in the deep, cloud-piled sky, and in the solemn shadows about the hills; the rooks, sailing home in stately chanting procession, reminded her of it, and the blackbirds, fluting mournfully down in the copses, repeated it; even the lark, fluttering upward with the beginning of a song and dropping back into silence, had the same meaning in his music.

She paused and allowed Alice to come up with her, and seeing that she had been crying, kissed her with a sort of passion.

"Do you remember the day you first came to Arden, Alice," she said, "when I found you crying in your room after we were sent to bed?"

"And you comforted me, and we agreed always to be friends."

"And now my crossness has made you cry, you poor dear! And you are dearer to me than anybody in the whole universe."

"Sibyl!"

"And there is Gervase out by the ricks wondering why we are so late. Let us make haste home."

Then Gervase caught sight of them and came to meet them, scolding them both with fraternal impartiality for being so late. He had lately taken to living in rooms at Medington to save time in going and coming from business, and now expected to be treated as a guest in his frequent visits to Arden.

He looked at Sibyl and saw that something was wrong; and Alice looked at the brother and sister with a sort of remorse. In spite of Gervase's well-acted brotherliness, she was not sure that she had not driven him from his home, and now she had done something worse to his sister; all this was a poor requital to the family in which she had been received, a lonely child. The question now arose, how should she set these wrongs right? How could she stand against the iron strength of Fate?

She felt such a helplessness as com-

pletely crushed her spirits; she slipped away to the solitude of her own room under the pretext of fatigue, and sat musing long at the open lattice.

Gervase in the meantime had taken his violin, and, leaning against the great apple-tree, whence the blossom was now almost gone, drew his bow across the strings so that they made an almost human cry, a sound that never failed to bring Sibyl to his side, and she came out and sat in the seat beneath him, while he played on in silence strains so mournful and so tender that they drew the overcharge of feeling from her heart and the refreshing tears to her eyes, till the "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren," which the lark and the breezes sung to her in the afternoon, seemed the sweetest refrain in the world.

While he played, a series of pictures rose before Gervase's mind, pictures in which he saw himself baffling by continual thrusts the fate which to Alice seemed so invincible, until he had bound Edward to his sister, and Alice to himself.

Alice heard the music from her window, and it drew tears from her eyes.

CHAPTER II.

It is beautiful to be on the fine of rail which runs along the Jura; the mountain rises sheer on one side and the steep falls suddenly away on the other, while the traveller is borne with bird-like swiftness and directness along the hill-side, secure, without effort, straight to an apparent block which hinders further progress. But a closer view shows a black spot in the rocky mass, tiny as the nest of some sea-bird on a cliff; it grows as the distance lessens, till it becomes a dark arch, and into that darts the train with angry thunder and impatient panting, and there is blackness all around, and thick air, and a vague distress of body and mind for awhile. Then gleams a pale light and a sweet rush of air follows, and out like a bird darts the long train, as if suspended in midair by the mountain-side, till another tiny bird-hole appears, and growing, swallows up the darting length of the train, which is soon cast forth once more on the open face of the steep cliff. An this is pleasant in itself, but still more pleasant to one who, like Edward Annesley, is impatient of the journey's length and anxious to reach its end.

He bestowed various inward maledictions upon continental railways as he journeyed on, and wondered how such a blessing as steam came to be bestowed upon a people so inappreciative of the speed to be got out of it. But the swiftest English express would have been slow in comparison with the winged desires which bore his heart onward to the goal of Alice Lingard's presence. The three months' embargo was now taken off and Paul was not yet engaged to Alice; Edward was therefore free to prosecute his own suit.

The frontier is cleared, the interminable delay of the customs officers at an end, and now the long sweep of the waters of Neufchatel shines grayly along the shores in the dim, misty morning. And is this the glory of Alpine lake-land? This long, gray river between the low gray shores? Where are the mountains? Where the pearly gleam of the far-off snow-peaks, shading the less ethereal lustre of the white cloud-masses? Where the blue shadows in the mountain-flanks, the distant hint of glacier and crevasse, the purple folds of the wooded spurs lower down? There is nothing but a pall of gray sky brooding heavily over a sheet of cold, gray water, ruffled slightly by the September breeze; the sedges and reeds about the banks rustle mournfully; a bird's wild and desolate cry is heard; no boats glide over the lonely lake; the train creeps on, and Edward feels the inward chill of disappointment that reality often brings to long brooded hopes. The train stopped to the accompaniment of cries of "Granson!" he got out and strolled through the narrow street to a broad-eaved house with a low portal opening on the pavement, and was soon standing in the cool, flagged hall, clasped in the arms of a bright, golden-haired girl, and the centre of admiring and sympathetic glances from other fair-haired girls who were flitting up and down the uncarpeted staircase and sighing for the day when fathers and brothers should come to fetch them away to their foreign homes.

"I say, Nell," he remonstrated, after a resigned kiss, "if this kind of thing could only be done with some attempt at privacy."

"I dare say," sobbed Eleanor, "when I have not spoken English for months or seen anybody from home for a year. Wait till you get Heimweh, you hard-hearted thing!"

"Well, pack up your traps and let us be off to Neufchatel by the next train," he said, following his sister into the august presence of the old school-mistress, from whom he had much difficulty in wresting the required permission. Then, after being introduced to five of Miss Eleanor's best friends, and dining in a very feminine and attenuated manner with the whole sisterhood, he bore her off at last in triumph by the afternoon train.

And then a miracle happened. By this time the streets were flooded with the warm gold of autumn sunshine, and the lake waters sparkled with sapphire reflections, and lo! the heavy pall of gray had been swept away by unseen hands, and behind it, spreading away into infinite dim distances, gleaming beneath a clear sky, lay range upon range of white, blue-shadowed Alps, their pure summits springing high, one above the other, into the very depths of the pale blue ether overhead. There they lay, terrible in their snowy grandeur, dream-like in their marvellously beautifully tinted with the delicate transparency of some airy, unsubstantial pageant, and yet so real and so impressive in their massive reality. Such a repose they had in their naked sublimity, lying reclined like strong gods at rest, girding about the

lake and lowlands and holding the earth still in their mighty grasp.

"So Neufchatel is lame?" Eleanor asked, watching her brother's face of rapt admiration with pleased delight.

"There is enchantment in it. Are there witches hereabouts, Nell?" he replied.

"Only Sibyl Rickman, who passes for something of the kind. So nothing came of your flirtation, Ned?"

"Which one?" he replied, tranquilly. "One a week is the average you girls impute to me."

"Oh! we heard all about it. Harriet wrote me some long letters from Aunt Eleanor's this summer. Auntie told her all about Sibyl—"

"I hope Miss Rickman boxed the imp's ears well."

"The Rickmans were pleased, auntie said, especially Gervase."

"Stuff! I say, Nell, tell me what those peaks are called?"

"Of course you have heard about Paul and Alice Lingard?"

"Heard what?" he asked, abruptly, facing about with a defiant gaze.

"It's not given out yet, I believe," replied Eleanor, tranquilly, not unwilling to tantalize her brother now that she had succeeded in interesting him, "but of course, as Harriet says (for fifteen, I must say Harriet is very observant), nobody with half an eye can doubt what is going to happen. Paul was like her shadow the whole time, and when a girl accepts presents from a man—"

"Do you mean to say," Edward asked, with slow and distinct utterance, "that Paul is engaged to Miss Lingard?"

"Didn't I say it is not given out? But auntie already makes plans for herself, and decides not to live at Gledesworth with Alice. Not that they don't get on well, for Alice is like a daughter to her, Harriet says. Everybody thinks it a great lift for Miss Alice. I never much admired her myself. I believe she has an awful temper. You saw her, of course?"

"Of course, I was there in the spring," he replied, absently, and turned his face away to study the splendid vision of the far-spreading mountains before him. Stern and awful those couched giants looked now, lying so still in their snowy beauty; the pitiless purity of the lonely ice-peaks struck chill to his very soul. Why had he come? Would it not be better now, after escorting Eleanor on her way to join her aunt, just to leave her and go back? It was too great an advantage for Paul to be near Alice in all those months; what else could have been expected? Naturally he would die out of her memory, however strong the impression made in those few blissful days at Arden might have been. It was hard and bitter, but the only thing was to face it like a man. Yes, he would go in and join the party as before proposed, and see Alice once more—there was no fear that he should trouble her peace, appearing thus at the eleventh hour. All the circumstances, which at the time had seemed so strong in confirming the hope that she returned his feeling—airy, insubstantial things, as they were, tones, glances, the turn of a head, the quiver of a lip, the faltering of an even step—faded into nothingness now; probably she had never even guessed at his own devotion; so much the better.

"So that is the Jungfrau," he said at last, in response to Eleanor's long catalogue of summits and ranges. "No? Oh, you mean that? Yes. Very fine. Yes." There were tears in his eyes when his sister looked down at him, and his face was quite pale, which signs she set down to emotion at the first glimpse of Alpine splendor.

"When was Harriet at Medington?" he asked, suddenly.

"Just now. She left in time for auntie to start. She was awfully sorry to go; she wanted to see things come to a crisis. I am to watch progress and describe the denouement."

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

DAIRY HERD FROM COMMON STOCK.

When developing the dairy herd from common stock, it is not necessary to go to great expense, but a few years of time are necessary in which to accomplish this, writes Prof. Thomas Shaw. The amount of time called for will, to some extent, be dependent on the character of the stock, that is, the foundation stock, at the outset, and to some extent on the closeness of the culling or selection that is practiced. In some instances a fine dairy herd may be built up in two or three generations of correct breeding. In other instances a longer time may be required; but it should not require more than four or five generations of proper breeding in any event to effect the changes sought. A great change in the line of improvement desired should result from the first cross made.

The plan to be followed is in outline as follows: Begin with such females as can be got conveniently without greater cost than may be termed common prices such as are usually paid for common stock. Give the preference to those that have indications of a reasonable amount of milk-giving capacity. Mate with these a pure sire of one of the dairy breeds with proper form and breeding. Retain all the female progeny for future breeding that have been found to possess the milk-giving quality in a high degree. Discard those of the opposite class as soon as their deficiency becomes known. Continue the same line of breeding until the excellence sought has been reached, or at least continue it until the standard of milk giving in the cows has come up

to the average of the herd from which the sires have been chosen.

THE FORMATION FEMALES.

In one sense it would be correct to say that a good dairy herd may be built up from any class of females that are sound and healthy. While that is true, it is also true that to begin such change on high grades of a beef foundation will take a longer time to produce good dairy cattle than if the foundation were common females of mixed breeding, but already possessed of milk-giving qualities in a considerable degree. Mixed breeding is no detriment in such a case.

First, look for a cow with a large, long and capacious barrel, open and rather widely spaced in the ribs which should spring well downward. Second, look for evidences of refinement as seen in a head inclining to long, a neck long and slim, crops somewhat sharp, and limbs inclining to fine. Third, look for the present evidences of good milk-giving capacity. Fourth, look for evidences of stamina as indicated by good width through the lower part of the chest, by an active carriage and a bright, full eye. Fifth, prefer the cow that has a nice soft handling hide and silky coat.

Choose sires from that dairy breed which may be preferred. The straight dairy breeds that stand in the front in this country are the Holstein, Ayrshire, Guernsey and Jersey, named probably in the order of relative size. The Dutch Belled cattle, not very numerous, are much like the Holstein. The choice being made, don't change the breed from which the sire is chosen, and exercise great care in choosing the sire.

The individual points of a good dairy sire cannot be given in detail here, but two of these will be mentioned, because they are in a sense indispensable. The first is, the evidences of much stamina and bodily vigor. The second is, an amplitude of soft skin on the underline in front of the testicles, distinctly traceable milk veins and miniature teals of good size and wide spacing.

The performance of the ancestry of the bull should be examined. The more good performers in the upward line of his ancestry the better. Good performance on the part of ancestral dams means the giving of large quantities of milk, rich in quality and persistence in milk giving for a long period.

The successive sires should be chosen from the same breed. If chosen from another breed disturbing factors are closed. This may not be apparent at the first, but it will be later. The antagonism likely to result cannot be explained here. By adhering to the same line of breeding the improvement should be rapid and continuous, at least for several generations, but the improvement will be less noticeable with each succeeding generation.

CONTINUED SELECTION.

No matter what the line of breeding, where a high standard in dairy qualities is to be reached and maintained, there must be culling and discarding with every generation. Evidences of physical inferiority are sometimes so apparent at birth, that the decision to discard such specimens may be made forthwith. As soon as it is known that the animals fall below the standard, the eye should not pity nor the hand spare. They should be sent to the shambles by a short cut at the earliest possible moment.

Every man will, of course, set his own standard. If he fails to set a standard he is not likely to reach high attainment in his work. Breeds differ in their capacity to produce milk, hence, high grades of these will also differ. With no breed of dairy cattle or their grades, however, should the standard be set at less than 6,000 pounds of milk per year, old and young. This is probably more than twice the amount produced by the average herd in the United States to-day.

The animals thus grown must be properly fed to have them grow into high type dairy cows. They must be fed such food as will keep them in a sappy and growthy condition until maturity is reached. They must not be made fat nor should they even be lean.

The system outlined is very simple and inexpensive. The man who wants to get better dairy stock does not require to expend one dollar extra in the purchase of cows. Let him begin with such as he has. There will be some expense in getting a bull, but if he is unable to bear it alone, let some neighbors help him to purchase it, or if not, let them patronize his sire by sending their cows for service at a reasonable price. It will not answer the same purpose to get a grade bull, even though a high grade, for transmission from such an animal is variable.

WHY HE HADN'T FELT IT.

Thomas Timidly was about to take a short sea voyage. Thomas hated the sea for he always suffered horribly when on the briny bosom; but he had to go, and there was no help for it. This time, however, he determined to put a new sea-sickness cure theory into practice, and no sooner had he got on board than he stowed himself away in his bunk, and slept like a top till early next morning. He felt in perfect trim, and went up on deck beaming with delight.

"I've found a certain cure for sea-sickness, captain," he announced to that individual. "Go to your bunk as soon as you get aboard, and don't show your nose out of it till you're near your destination. It worked like a charm with me. I haven't had a qualm all night. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," said the captain. "Only the machinery broke down just as we were off, and we haven't moved out of dock all night. The other passengers were transferred to another boat, but we didn't know you were aboard."