

# Face to Face

OR, GERVASE RICKMAN'S  
AMBITION.

## CHAPTER II.

The interior of the presbytery was very cool and clean and bare; Paul was glad to sink into a wooden elbow-chair by the window, on the sill of which was cycled the one spoiled and pampered Sybarite of the establishment, a great white Angora cat, equally idolized by the cure and his housekeeper, Mlle. Francoise, who was clattering about the bare brick floor having the cloth for dinner.

She was extremely glad to see monsieur, she said in her high shrill voice, it was pleasant for M. le Cure to see a new face sometimes. It was a most fortunate thing that he was not dining at the chateau to-day, and still more fortunate that she had killed a fowl; that was doubtless the inspiration of some saint.

M. Paul was duly grateful for her hospitable intentions, and acknowledged the skillful cooking of the omelet added to the festive Sunday dinner expressly for him; yet he so troubled his host by the injustice he did to the good fare set before him, that he was obliged to apologize for his want of appetite, saying that he was unwell. Nevertheless, good manners, with the aid of a potent home-made cordial which Father Andre administered to him, enabled him to rouse himself to an interesting conversation, in the course of which Paul discovered that, besides speaking a purer French than most rustic clergy, his host had evidently seen something of the world, and was both well-read and well-bred. His bright dark eyes looked into the world with a pensiveness cheerfulness, his features were finely cut, and the long white hair flowing beneath his skull-cap finished a pleasing and venerable aspect.

Paul's black beard, at that time an unusual ornament on an English face, his crisp curly hair, his dark-blue eyes and his fluent Parisian French were all compatible with his host's supposition that he was a Frenchman; though his conversation occasionally suggested points of view distinctly foreign. The fact of his being on a walking tour further pointed to a foreign extraction or education.

After dinner, they adjourned to the garden, where Francoise had placed wine and fruit on a table beneath the great walnut-tree, and whence they could see the hamlet dotted about the hill-slope amid vineyards and orchards. "They are so good," Father Andre said, meaning his parishioners, "poor children, their troubles are great. Next week we have a wedding; a good brave girl in that cottage yonder by the plane-tree, who supported her widowed mother for years, is to marry a nice lad from a farm a few miles above in the mountains. I shall miss the dear child; yes, I shall miss her."

"You will still have a large family," Paul commented, a little moved by this, to him, novel way of disposing of domestic feelings.

"Yes, yes, but I shall regret Madeleine," he replied, and then he rose and apologized for leaving his guest while he went to see one of the "children," who was sick.

He did not return until after vespers, when he found Paul, who had been dozing heavily since his departure, very ill, too ill to move. He was helped to bed, where he remained for weeks; carefully nursed by the priest and his housekeeper, both of whom would have thought it criminal to send him elsewhere or to trust him to other hands, while they could tend him.

Next morning, after a night of fierce pain, Paul, finding that he had rheumatic fever, desired Francoise to give him his clothes, from the pockets of which he took such papers and letters as gave any clue to his identity, and, tearing them with difficulty, bid the housekeeper burn them on the hearth before his eyes. Having seen this done, he became delirious.

"The good God has sent us a guest, Francoise," said her master, on entering the room shortly after and looking upon this spectacle, "poor fellow! He is no doubt a good Catholic, though a foreigner; I was struck by his devout air yesterday. And he is in trouble."

"But his hands, Monsieur le Cure," returned Francoise, pointing them out. "And what terrible language is he speaking?"

It was the bloody mark of his torn hand on the white home-spun coverlet which had set the patient raving a few minutes before, and now he was pointing at it, and crying out about Cain and his ineffaceable brand in a way which would have chilled his listeners' blood had they not been ignorant of English.

There was no doubt some purpose to be fulfilled in his life. Perhaps only the purpose of expiation. God's mark was upon him as upon Cain, so that none could slay him; he was doomed to live.

But as he grew better, he began to form schemes for turning the life of which he was so weary to some useful purpose, and when the doctor told him one morning that all danger was past and time and good nursing alone could now help him, he, knowing well what illness like his leaves in its track, faced the probability of becoming a cripple, a condition which, throwing him eventually upon charity for support, might lead to the discovery he feared.

As soon as he could hold a pen he wrote to Captain McIlvray, one of those Highland officers whose expensive amusements had so nearly ruined him in the days of his poverty, and pledging him to secrecy, explained that civilized life had become insupportable to him, and that, wishing to break completely from all past connections, he had taken advantage of an accident to disappear. McIlvray had lost money to him on the eve of his Swiss journey, and not having means of payment at hand, had given him his acceptance at a few months' date. Paul therefore desired him to forward this sum, with a hundred pounds more; and, as McIlvray's bill would be found among his effects and presented for payment, he gave him papers for the whole amount dated before his supposed death, so that McIlvray could claim payment of the balance due to him from the executors.

Captain McIlvray, being just then under orders to go to India, had little time to spend on other people's affairs, and he did not feel called upon to prevent Paul Annesley's virtual suicide. The money therefore safely reached the hands of Father Andre, together with a letter to Paul, in which McIlvray ventured upon a brief remonstrance with him. Thus, with Mrs. Annesley's diamonds and a valuable ring intended for Alice, Paul was in possession of over a thousand pounds, sufficient to keep him from want.

He spent many weeks of acute pain and heavy sickness in the little clean bare guest-chamber of the presbytery, seeing nothing but the sky through the white-curtained window, the crucifix in black and ivory on the white wall, the wood-fire crackling on the hearth, and four figures which changed and melted into one another like figures in a dream; the doctor feeling his pulse and talking in a low voice, but not to him; Francoise in her white cap and sabots, and a kind of phantom Francoise with a different nose and stouter figure, who proved to be Pauline, her married sister; and the cure, clad in a rusty black cassock, with his gray locks beneath his skull-cap.

The latter knelt by his bedside by the hour, praying aloud in a low monotonous voice, very soothing to the patient, who looked at him with the long wondering gaze with which an infant's eyes follow its mother's movements. The women also varied their ministrations, especially at night, by telling their beads aloud; but their prayers sounded more business-like than the father's, and it became a sort of occupation to the patient to speculate upon the slipping of the beads through their fingers in a given time.

When he was able at last to sit up, propped with cushions at the open window, it was warm still October weather and the country was full of the cheery sounds of the vintage. He could see the vineyards at work on the sunny slopes, men, women and children all busy and happy, singing and laughing from morning till night. The cure, with his cassock tucked up, was busy in his own little vineyard; Francoise, with the ubiquitous and ceaseless industry of which only French women are capable, was out gathering and carrying great baskets of ripe grapes, the choicest clusters of which found their way to the sick-room. Paul, in his languor, thought he would like to live this peaceful life forever.

Yet Father Andre found time to read to his patient and talk to him, and by some mysterious process, aided by one or two broken hints from the evidently suffering man, discovered much of what was passing in his mind. Paul, sundered by the strange mental experiences of sickness, in which weeks have the effect of years, for his past life and all its affections, and feeling born again into a different world, clung to his gentle host with the dependent reverent affection of a child; the priest on his part loved the younger man, as only those cut off from natural ties can love strangers, and the two looked at each other often in silent moments, wondering at the bond which was being formed between them and at the experiences which had brought each to that remote village presbytery so far from the original sphere of either. Thus the cure's conversation, which was more interesting and less tiring to his patient than reading, gradually became of a more personal nature and full of anecdotes.

"It seems, monsieur, that you were not bred a priest?" Paul said one day, after one of these narrations.

"It is true," he replied, looking quickly up and then down again; "would you

like to know why I left the world, or would it be tiresome to listen?"

Paul replied that it would interest him above all things.

"Because," observed M. Andre, taking a pinch of snuff and seating himself on a stone near the patient's chair, which was placed in a sunny, sheltered nook in the garden, "I have sometimes permitted myself the liberty of thinking that a sorrow like mine may have befallen you. Pardon me if I am mistaken."

His name, he continued, was Armand de Fontigny, a name of historic fame, as Paul knew. His education was not austere; though a Catholic, he looked upon religion merely as a thing it was among the family traditions to respect. His youth was as gay as rank, wealth, good looks and good health could make it, in the gayest city of the world; but, though devoted to pleasure, he was not vicious; he only wished to be thought so.

He became assiduous in his attentions to the wife of a friend. He did not love her, he did not think that she loved him, but the vanity of each was gratified by the idea of a conquest over the other.

The husband was unsuspecting, until one day when some report reached his ears. That night De Fontigny met the lady at a masked ball. It was carnival time; the now suspicious husband was there also, and followed them about masked, until he had no doubt of their identity. Then he shot the lady dead.

This shot, as he learned during the official inquiry upon the death, was intended for her supposed lover.

She fell at De Fontigny's feet, his face and clothing were splashed with her blood. A second shot followed—the man had turned his weapon upon himself. De Fontigny stood among the masqueraders in the brilliance of the ball-room, his ears ringing with the gay dance music and the sound of the two shots, motionless with horror, while the dancing broke up in wild tumult and the blood of his two victims stained the parquet.

Father Andre paused, trembled, and with an apology left his guest. He did not conclude his narrative till next day, when he spoke of his misery and remorse, his disgust with follies which had resulted in such a tragedy, his flight to the cloister, and its calm round of prayer and toil, which, though it at first soothed him, did not suffice him. He longed for activity and usefulness, and after having been sent out on one or two occasions to take the place of some sick parish priest, was appointed to this little parish of Remy, where, as Paul saw, his life was a course of labor, prayer, and service to his parishioners, of whom he was truly the father.

"And have you found happiness?" his listener asked, at the close of the narrative.

"Not happiness, my dear son; that is not of this world, but healing and peace."

Paul looked up with moist eyes at the lined and pensive face before him, and his decision was taken.

He told his kind friend his whole history from beginning to end, and added his determination to enter the religious life.

Father Andre listened with sympathy, and advised him to pause and consider well before he entered a life for which he might have no vocation. He reminded him that as yet he was not even a Catholic.

But Paul's resolution was taken with the fiery intensity of his nature. The constant sight of the crucifix during his days and nights of agony had consoled and strengthened him, as that august sight always does; it had further wrought with the morbid tendency inseparable from combined physical and mental misery, to produce in him the strange religion which Carlyle professed, but like the wind-bag he was, did not practice, and named the Worship of Sorrow.

Like Father Andre, Paul felt that joy was impossible to one whose past was so criminal, nothing was left for him but pain; he now rushed into the extreme of self-mortification. He remained some months at the presbytery, until he was quite recovered, sharing, as far as a layman could, the occupations of his host, liking the peaceful life, for which he felt himself unworthy, and instructed and curbed by his spiritual father, who at last resigned him to the community with whom his novitiate was to be passed, not without regret and deep heart-searchings.

The fire which had burned so fiercely on the altar of human love, now blazed with stronger fervor at a loftier shrine, and for a year or two Brother Sebastian passed through a strange and exciting phase of spiritual experience; his austerities produced their natural result—visions and ecstasies—all the strange tumult of overwrought religious feeling, brightened and ennobled by the golden thread of pure and undefiled religion which ran through it all, and which runs through so many strange and mysterious human vagaries. So entirely had he broken with his former life, that it seemed sometimes to the fervid Friar Sebastian as if Paul Annesley were the phantom of some half-forgotten dream, and the people he had known and loved, fancies as insubstantial. Even the mother he had so truly loved, in spite of the misery she had made in his home, faded away. A Madonna in the convent chapel with a look of Alice attracted him strongly, and sometimes set him dreaming of those far-off phantoms, and then he saw Alice married happily to Edward and forgetful of the trouble he had cast upon her youth, and his heart ached for the mother who mourned him as dead. But not for long; such thoughts were driven away, if not by gentler means, by knotted cords.

Brother Sebastian had only once travelled far from the Dominican convent in which he had taken refuge from the storm of life, before he was sent to serve the church in which Edward Annesley saw him during the temporary disability

of the cure, and on that first occasion the brief encounter by the Lake of Geneva occurred.

Edward looked upon that first meeting as the illusion of a mind overstrained by the perpetual thought of a man whose death he had caused. That brief vision was made more ghostlike and unreal by the fact that Sebastian had put off his friar's black cloak and hood, and was wearing only the white tunic and scapular when he passed Edward; when he saw him, by immediately putting on the black mantle and hood, he became inconspicuous, and thus vanished more effectually than he could have done, had his dress remained white.

Not until Edward Annesley saw the living Paul standing at the altar before him with that wide gaze of mingled pain and dismay, did he realize what his supposed death had cost him. For reason with himself as he would, the thought that Paul had actually met his death at his hands was an abiding grief. Though he did not grow morbid over this acute memory, it made him very sensitive, and lent the keenest sting to those calumnies which made him practically a social outcast. There were moments of dejection in which he did indeed attribute to himself part of the guilt which had apparently resulted in the death of the would-be slayer; brief moments reasoned away painfully enough by the reflection that when he flung Paul from him, he did not know in which direction either of them would fall; that he was not sure whether Paul had flung him or he had hurled Paul, since when he recovered consciousness, he could remember nothing but Paul's sudden attack and furious words, followed by a wild whirl, in which he had tried to wrest himself from the hands which were pushing him over the brink, and had at last fallen senseless. Gervase Rickman alone knew all. He had seen the attack from a higher and distant point in the path, where the bend of the river-bank projected beyond the trees which obscured the spot lower down, and had arrived in time to see both cousins fall.

If Edward's lips had not been sealed by loyalty to the supposed dead man, it would have been a heaven of relief to him to have published the story on the house-tops, and thus disburden himself of a secret it was pain and grief to keep.

All this heavy burden fell from his heart on that Sunday afternoon at the sight of the lost Paul holding the Sacrament and blessing the kneeling people; such a deep divine relief came to him after the first shock had passed that he could scarcely think what to do next. His sisters, who had not known their cousin so intimately, and who were but children at the time of his loss, did not recognize him; only in coming out one said to the other, "Of whom did the priest remind you? He is very like somebody."

Then their brother joined them and walked only part of the way back, telling them that he had seen a friend whom he wished to overtake and should perhaps be away for an hour or two.

When he returned to the church, he found that the priest had already left it, having disrobed with amazing rapidity. The sacristan seemed to be a surprisingly stupid rustic; he could not understand Edward's good fluent French, learned in the school at which Paul had been with him, and his own patois was so strong that it was difficult for Edward to understand him. At length, however, it came out that the strange priest was stopping at the presbytery, which was situated in a spot to reach which such complicated directions were necessary, that Edward bid the sacristan conduct him thither personally. But this could not be done at any price, not even for a gold ten-franc piece, the sacristan's duties at the church were so urgent. At last some one was found to act as guide, and the presbytery was eventually reached. The convalescent cure received the stranger with great urbanity, and talked so much that it was difficult to get a word in edgeways, and still more difficult to convey any ideas to the cure's understanding that Brother Sebastian (the name slipped out at an unguarded moment) has finished his duties at Vauvriers and was gone, no one knew whither. The truth that Paul was trying to conceal himself was now obvious.

Edward returned to the inn, told his mother privately what had occurred, and of his intention of finding the fugitive friar if possible, and set forth on his chase, accompanied by his servant, who spoke French.

By the aid of this man he found out that the brother had left the village on foot immediately after benediction.

It would be tedious to follow in detail the chase which ensued. Neither railway nor main high-road approached that secluded district, and a few inquiries showed that the friar had not gone by the river. It was therefore best to follow him on foot through by-ways and woods, which Edward did when the direction in which Paul left Vauvriers had been ascertained. Annesley's professional training here stood him in good stead; with a fair map and a thorough mastery of topographical details, together with the aid of his man Williams, whom he sent on a parallel route to his own, and bid inquire diligently along the road, he traced the friar to a convent in the town of Volny. He then applied to the superior of the community for information, which was politely refused in such a manner as to leave no doubt on his mind that Paul was in the house. This he watched with such assiduity that both he and his man incurred the suspicions of the authorities, and were obliged to desist after a few days.

(To be continued.)

There are about 100,000 Jews in Palestine at present.

It is contrary to Jewish usage to employ an organ or other musical instrument in a synagogue.

# About the Farm

## CURING CLOVER FOR SHEEP.

I shall endeavor to give our method of curing clover, and the ideal condition we aim to secure. The crop is cut when in full bloom, and before the heads begin to turn brown. If possible, cutting is done when the ground is dry and when the crop is free from dew and rain. When very heavy the swaths are turned, when the upper side is wilted, but made, and if the weather is favorable it remains in the windrows a short time to allow further evaporation of moisture, when it is carefully ceiled, pains being taken to put it up so as to shed rain, should it be caught by unexpected showers. With good weather we have opened out the coils the following afternoon and after a few hours' exposure to sun and air, hauled in the same evening. But we prefer allowing it stand a day or two, and, if sufficiently dry, haul it in directly without spreading. The less exposure to the hot sun, dew or rain, the more of the nutriment and aroma are preserved. While we aim to prevent having hay so dry and crisp as to lose much of the leaf and fine parts in handling, we try to have only partly sweated in the coils, so that when stored in the mows there will be further fermentation, but not sufficient to cause mold. When stored in the proper condition it will retain considerable of its natural moisture, and when fed out the hay will be tough and soft, brown in color, and have that fragrance and appetizing aroma which is desired.

If clover is left uncut, as many do, until the bloom turns brown, the stem becomes woolly, much of the finer and most valuable parts are lost in the curing and handling and, should it be caught out in heavy rains, it is really of comparatively little value. When cut in the early stages of bloom, rain does but little harm, if tided soon after a shower and put up before it gets too dry.

Of course the ideal weather for clover haymaking should have neither dew nor rain, nor much hot sun, but the air sufficiently dry to cause rapid evaporation. Then it would be difficult to spoil the crop, if cut in time; but with the uncertainties of weather it requires constant watchfulness to guard against the loss of nutriment in saving clover, which is one of the most valuable products on the stock farm.

## REGULAR HOURS FOR FEED.

Many farmers do not realize the importance of feeding their stock at regular hours, but it is of great importance. Take a lot of hogs which have to wait after their regular time for feed and how restless and noisy they become. And what is true of them is true in a great measure of other animals. The man who is regular in his habits, eating at a regular hour, will, other things being equal, thrive best and be healthiest and strongest; and what is true of man in this regard is correspondingly true of the lower animals. A farmer can readily get into the habit of feeding his stock regularly and they will learn to expect it at a regular time and rest patiently until the next feeding period comes about. Experiments in this direction would soon satisfy the most doubting person of the truth of the value of regularity in feeding.

## LOSS OF CUD.

By some it is supposed that this trouble is really a loss of the cud, that the cud is really dropped from the mouth and that the animal can not ruminate till a substitute has been provided. Loss of cud is nothing more than a loss of appetite. This usually is caused by the animal eating too greedily of one particular feed, especially in the spring when it has been obliged to pass the winter on nothing but corn and grain. The system is weak and run down and when a quantity of feed containing a great deal of protein is fed, there is a loss of appetite. As a remedy, the following is used quite extensively: Powdered golden seal, two ounces; powdered caraway, three ounces; cream tartar, one ounce; pulverized poplar bark, five ounces. Mix well, divide into twelve doses and give one each day in soft feed till ail are taken.

## VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Nineteen trials with separator skim milk, fed in conjunction with cornmeal at the Wisconsin experiment station, show that where not over three pounds skim milk are fed, with each pound cornmeal, that 327 pounds skim milk are equal in feeding value to 100 pound cornmeal, with three to five pounds separator skim milk, 446 pounds skim milk saved 100 pounds cornmeal. When feeding as much as seven to nine pounds skim milk, with each pound cornmeal, it required 552 pounds skim milk to equal 100 pounds cornmeal. The average of all the experiments is that 475 pounds skim milk, or say 500, in round numbers, is equal to 100 pounds cornmeal. Still further simplified, we may remember that 5 pounds skim milk is as good as a pound of cornmeal for feeding pigs.

## FARM NOTES.

The man who leaves his farm tools wherever he happened to use them last, for storm and sunshine to play with, is the one who is sure that "farming doesn't pay."