

Diamonds ;

OR, CORA BLANCHARD'S
MISTAKE.

The next morning we met, but not in the presence of the old man, her husband. Down in the leafy woods about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Beaumont's cottage was a running brook and a mossy bank, overshadowed by the sycamore and elm. This, in the days gone by, had been our favorite resort. Here had we built our play-house, washing our bits of broken china in the rippling stream—here had we watched the little fishes as they darted in and out of the deeper eddies—here had we conned our daily tasks—here had she listened to a tale of love, the memory of which seemed but a mocking dream, and here, as I faintly hoped, I found her. With a half-joyful, half-moaning cry she threw her arms around my neck, and I could feel her tears dropping upon my face as she whispered, "Oh, Lottie, Lottie, we have met again by the dear old brook."

For a few moments she sobbed as if her heart would break, then suddenly drying her tears she assumed a calm, cold, dignified manner, such as I had never seen in Cora Blanchard. Very comely she questioned me of what I had done during her absence, telling me, too, of her travels, of the people she had seen and the places she had visited, but never a word said she of him she called her husband. From the bank where we sat the village graveyard was discernible, with its marble gleaming in that direction, she said, "Have any of our villagers died? Mother's letters were never very definite."

"Yes," I answered, "our minister, Mr. Sumner, died two months ago."

"Who takes his place?" she asked, and, as if a suspicion of the truth were flashing upon her, her eyes turned toward me with an eager, startled glance.

"Walter Beaumont. He is to be ordained next Sabbath, and you are just in time," I replied, regretting my words the next instant, for never saw I so fearful a look of anguish as that which swept over her face, and was succeeded by a cold, hard, defiant expression, scarcely less painful to witness.

She would have questioned me of him, I think, had not an approaching foot-step caught our ear, sending a crimson flush to Cora's hitherto marble cheek, and producing on me a most unpleasant sensation, for I knew that the gray-haired man now within a few paces of us was he who called that young creature his wife. Golden was the chain by which he had bound her, and every link was set with diamonds and costly stones, but it had rusted and eaten to her very heart's core, for the most precious gem of all was missing from that chain—love for her husband, who, fortunately for his own peace of mind, was too conceited to dream how little she cared for him. He was not handsome, and still many would have called him a fine-looking, middle-aged man, though there was something disagreeable in his thin, compressed lips and intensely black eyes—the one betokening a violent temper and the other an indomitable will. To me he was exceedingly polite,—rather too much so for my perfect ease,—while toward Cora he tried to be very affectionate.

Seating himself at her side, and throwing his arm around her, he called her a "little truant," and asked "why she had run away from him."

Half-pettishly she answered, "Because I like sometimes to be alone." Then rising up and turning toward me she asked if "the water still ran over the old mill dam in the west woods just as it used to do," saying if it did, she wished to see it. "You can't go," she continued, addressing her husband, "for it is more than a mile, over fences and plowed fields."

This was sufficient, for Mr. Douglass was very fastidious in all matters pertaining to his dress, and had no fancy for soiling his white pants or patent leathers. So Cora and I set off together, while he walked slowly back to the village. Scarcely was he out of sight, however, when seating herself beneath a tree and throwing her hat upon the ground, Cora announced her intention of not going any further.

"I only wished to be alone. I breathe so much better," she said, and when I looked inquiringly at her, she continued, "Never marry a man for his wealth, Lottie, unless you wish to become as hard, as wicked, and unhappy as I am. John Douglass is worth more than half a million, and yet I would give it all if I were the same little girl who, six years ago, waded with you through the snow-drifts to school on that stormy day. Do you remember what we played that noon, and my foolish remark that I would marry for money and diamonds? Woe is me, I've won them both!" and her tears fell fast on the sparkling gems which covered her slender fingers.

Just then I saw in the distance a young man whom I knew to be Walter Beaumont. He seemed to be approaching us, and when Cora became aware of that, she started up and grasping my arm, hurried away, saying, as she cast backward a fearful glance, "I would rather die than meet him now. I am not prepared."

For the remainder of the way we walked on in silence, until we reached her mother's gate, where we found her husband waiting for her. Bidding me good-morning, she followed him slowly

up the gravelled walk, and I saw her no more until the following Sabbath. It was a gloriously beautiful morning, and at an early hour the old brick church was filled to overflowing, for Walter had many friends, and they came to gether gladly to see him made a minister of God. During the first part of the service he was very pale, and his eye wandered often toward the large, square pew where sat a portly man and a beautiful young woman richly attired in satin and jewels. It had cost her a struggle to be there, but she felt that she must look again on one whom she had loved so much, and so deeply wrung. So she came, and the sight of him standing there in his early manhood, his soft brown hair clustering about his brow, and his calm, pale face wearing an expression almost angelic, was more than she could bear, and leaning forward she kept her countenance concealed from view until the ceremony was ended, and Walter's clear, musical voice announced the closing hymn. Then she raised her head, and her face, seen through the folds of her costly veil, looked haggard and ghastly, as if a fierce storm of passion had swept over her. By the door she paused, and when the newly-ordained clergyman passed out she offered him her hand, the hand which, when he held it last, was pledged to him. There were diamonds on it now—diamonds of value rare, but their brightness was hateful to that wretched woman, for she knew at what a fearful price they had been bought.

They did not meet again, and only once more did Walter see her; then from our door he looked out upon her as with her husband she dashed by on horseback, her long cloth skirt almost sweeping the ground, and the plumes of her velvet cap waving in the air.

"Mrs. Douglass is a fine rider," was all Walter said, and the tone of his voice indicated that she was becoming to him an object of indifference. Desperately had he fought with his affection for her, winning the victory at last, and now the love he once had felt for her was slowly and surely dying out. The next week, tiring of our dull village life, Cora left us, going to Nahant, where she spent most of the summer, and when in the winter we heard from her again she was a widow—the sole heir of her husband, who had died suddenly, and generously left her that for which she married him—his money.

"Will Walter Beaumont marry Cora now?" I had asked myself many a time, without, however, arriving at any definite conclusion, when a little more than a year succeeding Mr. Douglass' death she wrote, begging me to come to her, as she was very lonely, and the presence of an old friend would do her good. I complied with her request, and within a few days was an inmate of her luxurious home, where everything indicated the wealth of its possessor. And Cora, though robed in deepest black, was more like herself, more like the Cora of other days, than I had seen her before since her marriage. Of her husband she spoke freely and always with respect, saying he had been kinder far to her than she had deserved. Of Walter, too, she talked, appearing much gratified when I told her how he was loved and appreciated by his people.

One morning when we sat together in her little sewing room she said, "I have done what you, perhaps, will consider a very unwomanly act. I have written to Walter Beaumont. Look," and she placed in my hand a letter, which she bade me read. It was a wild, strange thing, telling him of the anguish she had endured, of the tears she had shed, of the love which through all she had cherished for him, and begging of him to forgive her if possible, and to be to her again what he had been years ago. She was not worthy of him, she said, but he could make her better, and in language the most touching she besought of him not to cast her off or despise her because she had stepped so far aside from womanly delicacy as to write to him this letter. "I will not insult you," she wrote in conclusion, "by telling you of the money for which I sold myself, but it is mine now, lawfully mine, and most gladly would I share it with you."

"You will not send him this?" I said. "You cannot be in earnest?" But she was determined, and lest her resolution should give way, she rang the bell, ordering the servant who appeared to take it at once to the office. He obeyed, and during the day she was unusually gay, singing snatches of old songs, and playing several lively airs upon her piano, which for months had stood unopened and untouched. That evening, as the sun went down, and the full moon rose over the city, she asked me to walk with her, and we ere long found ourselves several streets distant from that in which she lived. Groups of people were entering a church near by, and from a remark which we overheard we learned that there was to be a wedding.

"Let us go in," she said; "it may be someone I know," and entering together we took our seats just in front of the altar.

Scarcely were we seated when a rustling of satin announced the approach of the bridal party, and in a moment they

appeared moving slowly up the aisle. My first attention was directed toward the bride, a beautiful young creature, with a fair sweet face, and curls of golden hair falling over her white, uncovered neck.

"Isn't she lovely?" I whispered; but Cora did not hear me.

With her hands locked tightly together, her lips firmly compressed, and her cheeks of an ashen hue, she was gazing fixedly at the bridegroom, on whom I, too, now looked, starting quickly for it was our minister, Walter Beaumont! The words were few which made them one, Walter and the young girl at his side, and when the ceremony was over Cora arose, and leaning heavily upon my arm, went out into the open air, and on through street after street until her home was reached. Then, without a word, we parted—I going to my room, while she through the livelong night paced up and down the long parlors where no eye could witness the working of the mighty sorrow which had come upon her.

The next morning she was calm, but very, very pale, saying not a word of last night's adventure. Neither did she speak of it for several days, and then she said, rather abruptly, "I would give all I possess if I had never sent that letter. The mortification is harder to bear even than Walter's loss. But he will not tell of it, I'm sure. He is too good—too noble," and tears, the first she had shed since that night rained through her thin, white fingers. It came at last—a letter bearing Walter's superscription, and with trembling hands she opened it, finding, as she had expected, his wedding card, while on a tiny sheet was written, "God pity you, Cora, even as I do.—Walter."

"Walter! Walter!" she whispered, and her quivering lips touched once the loved name which she was never heard to breathe again.

From that day Cora Douglass faded, and when the autumnal days were come, and the distant hills were bathed in the hazy October light, she died. But not in the noisy city, for she had asked to be taken home, and in the pleasant room where we had often sat together she bade me her last good-bye.

They buried her on the following Sabbath, and Walter's voice was sad and low as with Cora's coffin at his feet preached from the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." His young wife, too, wept over the early dead, who had well-nigh been her rival, and whose beautiful face wore a calm, peaceful smile, as if she were at rest.

There was a will, they said, and in it Walter was generously remembered, while to his wife was given an ivory box containing Cora's diamonds—necklace, bracelets, pin, and earrings—all were there; and Walter, as he looked upon them, drew nearer to him his fair girl-wife, who but for these, might not, perchance, have been to him what she was—his dearest earthly treasure.

(The End.)

ELEPHANTS TAKE A RAMBLE.

Break Away From Exhibition Near Paris and Make for the Woods.

There is a colonial exhibition going on at Nogent-sur-Marne, a pretty village near Paris, France, and from it comes a story quite in the Kipling spirit of a strike on the part of the tame elephants which are a feature of the show. There are twelve of the big beasts, and they are attached to the Indo-Chinese village. As they were supposed to be the tamest elephants in captivity they were not chained or tied up in any way. To create the illusion of a herd roaming the jungle they were turned loose in a copse surrounded by an unobtrusive barrier when they were not busy doing stunts under direction of their keepers.

Nobody knows what prompted the freak, as the elephants haven't told anyone, but one fine day, without warning, the whole herd began trumpeting and then moved in solid phalanx on the unobtrusive barrier. They went through it as if it was made of jack-straws, and tramping over the shrubs and rockeries and butting down numerous "native huts" which were features of the exhibition, they started across country for the Bois de Vincennes, one of the tame forests of Paris, where they proceeded to enjoy themselves as if they were in their native wilds.

They pulled branches off big trees and snapped little ones in two and devoured all the saplings in sight until their keepers, aided by the employees of the show, made a cordon around them and drove them back to their enclosure with sharp hooks and goads. They were hardly back and the barrier patched up around them when they began trumpeting again. With a rush they once again made their way to liberty, creating havoc as they passed.

This time the whole village of Nogent turned out as elephant hunters. When they were surrounded in some meadow-land the animals showed no sign of temper. They let themselves be driven quietly back to the show. When they got them there the keepers put heavy chains on the feet of all the wanderers.

TO MOLLIFY HER.

"Do you ever talk back to your wife?" asked the solicitous friend.

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Meekton, "a very little; just to show her that I have not gone to sleep."

The length of human life in England has increased by 8 per cent. for women and 5 per cent. for men during the past seventy years.

It is mighty funny that the rules of life laid down by the moralists are so seldom followed.

About the Farm

NEW METHOD OF PIG FEEDING.

Mr. William Dietrich of the University of Illinois who gives his whole time to swine instruction and experiments, relates the following interesting and valuable results of his work: A six months' feeding experiment was conducted with nine lots of pigs. During the second half of this experiment the pigs in lot two gained 20 pounds live weight, while the pigs in lot nine gained 120 pounds and yet the two lots were fed exactly the same kind of food and in the same manner. These widely different results were produced by the way the pigs had been fed during the first half of the experiment.

Protein food is absolutely necessary for the healthful growth of young pigs, but a previous experiment has shown that when the pigs eat too much protein that much more of it is excreted without being used in the body. After 35 days of reduction in feeding the amount of protein excreted decreased until it was less than the amount fed. In the early part of the feeding period the pig makes lean meat out of protein, so protein should be fed at first when the animal needs it for making growth, but at the close of the swine feeding period when you want to put the fat on the animal this may be done more economically by feeding carbohydrates. But if too much protein food (such as we get in oil meal or tankage) is fed to the young pig the excess of protein is not only wasted, but actually prevents the animal from making the proper gains for a long time afterwards.

If a bunch of hogs were eating nine pounds of corn per day and making one pound of gain, and it were desired to double the gain, the usual method would be to double the feed, or at least to increase it. But at one point in the experiment the pigs were eating eight pounds of feed per day and two pounds of skimmed milk. They were fed the same for five days and gained one-fourth pound. Later when this feed was cut down to four pounds of meal and 1.5 pounds of skimmed milk, they gained one-half pound. One-half of the feed was taken away and they made twice the gain.

In this experiment the pigs had all been fed as soon as they learned to eat, at about one month old. They were allowed to run with their mothers up to three months of age, when they were weaned and placed immediately in this experiment. After these pigs had been fed for six months those in lot one weighed 73 pounds and had gained just 23 pounds during the six months of feeding. They were fed in a dry lot of about one-eighth acre and had no grass whatever. They were fed twice a day on corn meal and water and given as much as they would eat. Lot two was fed exactly the same in corn meal and water, but in addition was given a mixture of charcoal wood ashes, lime and salt and a little copperas, and by the addition of these materials they made three times as much gain as the pigs in lot one. Lot two gained 70 pounds and weighed 120 pounds at the close.

Pigs in a wild natural state have access to weeds, herbs, grasses, roots, bugs and insects, of which they eat freely. Under artificial conditions, hog feed does not contain all the necessary materials that are in these natural feeds, and better health has been secured by giving the hogs free access to the substances named.

The third lot had access to a clover pasture (the experiment started in August) and enormous results were received from this clover, which furnished protein. They made a gain of 190 pounds where lot two gained only 70 pounds. Lot three averaged 241 pounds per head at the close.

Lots five and six were fed corn meal, bran, middlings and tankage. They gained about 210 pounds and at the close weighed 270 pounds. A pig under two months on corn or middlings will always eat too much. He can eat and digest a certain amount of food, but after the food is digested he has to build it into tissue and he can build up into body tissue as much food as he can eat. We limited the amount of food fed to the pigs in lot eight of food fed to the last half of the experiment, with the idea of reducing this factor of waste. Lots eight and nine were given less than they would eat.

In lot nine when the pigs were six months old all the protein feeds, that is, tankage, bran, and middlings, were taken away and they were fed nothing but corn meal. Lot nine had the nitrogenous foods one month longer, that is, they were taken away at seven months. Lot eight averaged 299 pounds and lot nine, 305 pounds at the close of the experiment.

The pigs in lot eight and nine gained 28.6 per cent. more by eating 5.4 per cent. less feed than lots five and six. Lot three was the only lot that had clover during the last three months, where lot nine was fed the same as lot two. The former made 120 pounds while the latter made 20 pounds of gain. The difference was caused entirely by the way they had been fed during the preceding three months.

This series of experiments has shown that about eight-tenths of a pound of protein is as much as a pig can make good use of.

FARM NOTES.

We cannot live and thrive on a "hog and human" diet, and it is just as im-

portant, or more so, that the farmer and his family be fed on well-balanced rations of fruits and vegetables along with their meat.

You do not always have to ask a man if he is having a good time on the farm. If he shows you around the farm, visiting the stock and the crops and the orchard with a proud tread and a cheerful ring in his voice, you may be sure that he is as happy as a man can very well be on this earth. He loves his business.

The elements of plant food in the soil can only be replaced and made available by the slow but sure processes of Nature. One can but admire the efforts of Nature to restore the fertility to the soil by reclothing the worn-out uplands and the naked, gullied hillsides with the green verdure of almost numberless varieties of trees, plants and grasses. Nature has her own slow, but sure way of restoring to the earth what the improvident husbandman has taken from it.

In many sections of the country the only means of ventilation the houses have is through the windows and doors. Almost always these are shut tight, summer and winter. In the morning the air of such houses is heavy with foul matter exhaled during the night. Open the windows and the doors. Health, yes, life itself, demands it. Burglars are not so much to be feared as impure air. Cover the windows with screens, hook the screen door on the inside and sleep soundly all night, rising refreshed in the dawn. If anyone carries you off in the night, he will bring you back in the morning.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

About twelve weeks is generally quite sufficient in which to fatten pigs, and it is wasteful to begin the special fattening process earlier, though the stock must be kept in good condition, for when an animal has once been in good flesh and has lost weight, it costs much more per pound of increase to bring it up into condition again than it originally did.

While the kerosene emulsion is considered excellent and cheap for the spraying of the poultry-house, in order to keep down lice, it does not always prove efficacious, as some readers have found it lacking in accomplishing the object desired. Better results have been obtained when a gill of crude carbolic acid was added to each gallon of the mixture before diluting with water. It will probably be cheaper and better to use the advertised lice killers, as they are ready prepared and never fail.

The crossing of a superior breed upon one that is inferior cannot succeed in producing marked improvement unless accompanied by better management and more liberal feeding. The use of males of superior quality upon inferior females is advocated by most breeders, being, of course, the least expensive way of improvement. It is denied by most successful and experienced breeders that there is preponderance of the influence of either parent on account of sex. The best-bred animal, however, is believed to have the greatest influence in determining the peculiarities of the offspring. The cases in which the offspring resembles the male are undoubtedly more numerous than the cases of resemblance to the female, for the obvious reason that the males selected for breeding are, as a rule, more highly bred than the females with which they are coupled.

MARK TWAIN THE PHILOSOPHER.

No humorist has ever won permanent fame by virtue of his humor alone. The jokes of Aristophanes were excruciatingly funny in their day, but if our appreciation of this old Attic comedy depended on its power to keep us laughing now, the shelves whereon it reposes would be even dustier than they are. Mark Twain holds his place because he has thought, deeply and seriously, about mankind and its needs. This thought has been colored, of course, by his own situation and experiences. Once, when he was young, and the prizes of life were fresh and sweet, and the road from success to success stretched invitingly ahead, and the Great Divide seemed a long way off, his feelings were optimistic. He looked on the bright side of everything. If everything was not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, things were at least doing very well, and this was a pretty good world. Later, when bereavements came, and disappointments, and the rough edges of life intrude where their touch seemed a profanation, and fame seemed to have less enchantment in the possessing than had glowed about it in the winning, and the snow fell upon the hair of friends, and life offered little more to look forward to, his thoughts became more sombre. But the character of his philosophy has never changed. From the first to the last he has fought the good fight. Whether he has fought in the buoyant certainty of victory or in the resigned expectation of defeat, he has always been on the same side. He has always tried to lighten the world's ills, to abolish injustices, and to help the victims of oppression.

COST OF THE SOLDIER.

According to official estimates, the pay, clothing, arms and equipment for a British infantry soldier of the line at home represents a yearly money value of \$200.75. Barracks, rations, church services, schools, medical attendance, and married quarters cost about \$140 per man per annum.

"You must have money to be able to offer me so beautiful an engagement-ring." "Must have had money, you mean."