

# A SHADOWED PATH;

## Or, The Curse Of The Family

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Alice sat by the mouldering fire until a knock at the door of her apartment induced her to cease for a moment and bid the new comer enter. She had fancied it might be a servant, but when an elderly man, whom she recognized as Mr. Gartmore, stood before her, she started up, surprised at the unusual visit, and the time selected for it. He closed the door very deliberately, and walked round the table without uttering a word, but when he had reached a point just opposite the girl, he said—

"You did not expect to see me here."

"I did not expect to have that pleasure," was the reply, somewhat formally spoken.

"Unexpected pleasures are always the greatest," he said. "I have come to talk to you."

Alice cared very little if he had come to preach to her. She was resigned to anything, and although not independent of every one, was independent, at least so she imagined, of Mr. Gartmore, who, with one hand resting on the table in the very middle of her scattered papers, remained looking intently at her, but by way of showing him the only civility she had it then in her power to evince, she pulled an old easy chair out of the corner, wherein it had been peacefully reposing, and asked him, with what civility she might, to "sit down."

"You offer me that chair," said her visitor, "because you have heard I am worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds."

"I offer you it, not because I know you have two hundred thousand pounds, but because I thought you might, perhaps, like it; however, if there be any other chair in the room you prefer—"

"I may take it, eh?" finished Mr. Gartmore.

"I should be sorry if you made yourself uncomfortable out of politeness to me," answered Alice, an amused smile flickering round her lips and lighting up her eyes—whilst Mr. Gartmore dropped into the proffered seat.

For a time, Alice waited with what patience she might, for some further remark; she resisted a strong impulse which impelled her to take up her pen and pull the feathers off it. Happily she thought her that as the candle required snuffing, she might move without laying herself open to any charge of feminine fidgeting.

The action, however, failed to arouse him, and for two or three seconds more Alice had to sit watching her visitor as he hung forward over the embers. At last, suddenly turning towards her, he demanded—

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" repeated Alice, quite taken by surprise. "I said nothing, sir."

"No, you said nothing, I know, but you do something. What are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" she again repeated, looking in blank astonishment in her questioner's face—"What am I doing?"

"Don't echo my words!" exclaimed her visitor, "particularly when you understand me perfectly well. You need not deny it, for these speak for themselves;" and he laid an impatient hand on the blotted sheets. "You need not deny it."

"If you mean the fact of my writing, I do not wish to deny it," she replied.

"Yes—yes—I see you have started as an authoress, and are proud of it—and want it known, and—"

"No," interrupted Alice. "I have started as an authoress, as you say; yet whilst I do not attempt to conceal the fact, neither am I proud of it."

There was something mournful in the tone of her voice, which took the sting off her visitor's tongue, and as he asked his next question, he looked almost pityingly in her face—

"Do you know what you are doing, child? Have you thought about it? Has anyone ever told you what you are beginning?"

"No one has ever explicitly told me," she answered; "but I know I am beginning a profession which may gain me a livelihood and which may not; which is full of struggle and disappointment!"

"In plain words, you write for money—for the sake of the lucre, against which all authors rail, but which all authors love in their hearts. You imagine passions, and pen scenes, and dream dreams, and rave of virtue, and anathematize vice—all for money."

There was a bitter scorn in the speaker's voice—it seemed as though he were talking of bartering away the heart's affections for gold—so vehement was the gesture that accompanied his words, but Alice's conscience felt clear of the implied offence, and therefore she began—

"We cannot live without money—"

"True!" interrupted Mr. Gartmore, vehemently; "but are we then to live for money. Is there nothing else under heaven precious to have—lonely to see—good to admire—worthy to long for, but the accursed thing—gold?"

Mr. Gartmore had gone into such a passion during the progress of this speech, that he arose from his chair and commenced walking up and down the room, whilst Alice, after a moment's pause, answered—

"Authors must live—and to live, people must have money. If you do not like the idea of authors selling their thoughts, why not look upon it, that they are paid for the actual manual, bodily labor of writing and correcting; will not that do?"

"No, it will not," said Mr. Gartmore. "I do not object to pay—Heaven knows, the recompense of genius in all branches is frequently a pittance, but I would not have talent always grubbing downwards. I would have genius paid—not traded with—let it have money if it can get it honestly, but do not let it fret, and toil, and labor, and put forth all its best energies for money alone."

"And did ever the meanest drudge in the cause of literature labor merely for his daily bread?" demanded Alice. "I cannot think there ever was a writer yet, who would not have written on, even though money, and fame, and reputation were never destined to come to him after all."

"Do you feel thus?" demanded Mr. Gartmore, stopping abruptly in his walk, and looking with his keen, shrewd worldly eyes into the young girl's face.

"I do," she answered, the warm blood crimsoning her usually pale cheek; "for years writing has been my delight, my pleasure, my hope; long before I thought of making money, before a desire for fame was born, since that desire died, it was the one thing I cared for—why should I not care for it still?"

"I have known authors," said Mr. Gartmore, "who detested their vocation, who worked like galley slaves at their desks, loathing the toil, who catered for the 'popular taste' as it is termed, and had to hunt like dogs along the old tracks, never daring once to lift their noses from the ground and follow their own fancies. Bah! I am sick of the world,—sick and weary of the men and women in the world."

"Perhaps you know too much of it," ventured Alice.

"Too much—far, far too much," he said bitterly. "But now, little girl, what can I do for you? How are you succeeding in your literary endeavors—what has your experience of life taught you? I will help you if I can."

There was such a change in his voice, that Alice absolutely started; scarcely a word of kindness had greeted her ear for months previously, and her very soul had sickened for it.

Now, when with softened tone and gentler manner, her strange visitor turned out a friend in disguise, the surprise was too great, and the tears came unbidden into her eyes, as she answered—

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times, but I do not think you can help me. I am as grateful to you as if you could; but I believe there is only one person in the world who might assist me, and I am afraid I must not expect a stranger even to think of me."

"Humph! And who may this friend or enemy be?"

"Oh, she is a lady Mr. Larocca mentioned. He said if she could be got to edit a book for me, he should not be afraid to publish it;

and promised to write to her; but he was so long about doing so, and seemed to care so little about the matter, that I sent a note to him forward to her; but I suppose she does not intend to notice it, for I have received no answer."

"And did you expect her to notice it?"

"When I sent my note? Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"Because she says in her book that it is our duty to help one another; that the mere fact of requiring assistance is sufficient introduction without the usual formalities of society."

"Heaven help all authors, if they were bound to act up to the exact meaning of such petty sentences. Do you not know you have asked this woman to do almost an impossibility for you? In fact, were I an author, I would rather give you five hundred pounds than stand sponsor to any other person's literary child. You have made a most improper request, in so strange a manner, that I do not wonder at the lady's silence."

"I am very sorry," began Alice—and she looked sorry, and grieved and mortified, and angry, into the bargain.

"There then, don't look so humiliated," he interposed; "forget all about her, and never do such a thing again. Where is this manuscript of yours? In the hands of Mr. Larocca?"

"No," answered Alice. "I have it here; but he knows the book, and with a good editor has no objection to publish it."

"And give you how much?"

"Me! Nothing. He would have to pay the editor. Then he gives the money, and I the book, and we should both expect to make our profits out of a second—"

"Out of the devil!" almost shrieked Mr. Gartmore, as he heard this exposition of a very common literary proceeding. "Give me your manuscript, child, and I will get you better terms than that. Pay an editor, and make—humbug! I will squeeze something for you out of them, or my name is not Thomas Gartmore."

"But you, sir, are as much a stranger to me as Mrs. Spierson, and I do not see why I should put you to so much trouble and annoyance,—and—"

"I choose to be put to trouble," interrupted Mr. Gartmore, shortly. "Now make over the copyright of that book to me—write as I dictate—so—sign your name, and date the document. You are of course aware," he added, as he pocketed the transfer, "that I can now sell your work, and keep the proceeds—that you have made it over to me, not in trust, but in fact."

"If you get anything for the book, I am not afraid of losing it," answered Alice with a smile.

"More fool you," he retorted. "But then, indeed, women are the greatest fools in creation—except men."

Having delivered himself of which complimentary speech, Mr. Gartmore nodded to Miss Crepton, and left the room, with the manuscript under his arm.

"If that is not an adventure!" soliloquized Alice as he departed. "I wonder whether any good will come of it?"

Mr. Gartmore hurried on matters of the publishing office of Mr. Larocca with such impetuosity as resulted in his quarrelling with that gentleman, in the course of an interview. He finished matters off by telling that friend of authors, "I he went down on his knees, and prayed for the manuscript, he should not get it—a threat, be it remarked, which affected the publisher's peace of mind but slightly."

Finally, after he had rated half the novel publishers in London in a manner which was, to say the least of it, extremely unreasonable, he came to the conclusion that, if he waited for any of the "caterers of public taste" to pay for the book, he would have to wait a long time.

They hummed, and hawed, and talked about sharing the profits, which meant nil—and of taking half the risk, which meant relieving Mr. Gartmore of a few superfluous hundreds—and of subscribing a hundred copies amongst his friends, which meant giving them a hundred and fifty pounds clear—and of getting an editor to advance the author's standing, which meant an extra profit for themselves. Or they would take the book on chance, and pay nothing; in fact, the cool men of business threw so many obstacles across Mr. Gartmore's path that at last, fairly losing his temper, or, rather, fuming an accession of it, he threw an unoffending, middle-aged, decorous-looking individual off his balance, by muttering a withering denunciation against all authors, publishers, printers, editors, and the rest of the "confounded rubbish," and rushed out of the last office of his list in a state of mind bordering on lunacy.

"My dear Mr. Maywell," he ex-

claimed, entering his solicitor's office, "do you think you could find me such a thing in London as an honest publisher?"

"I do not know," replied the lawyer. "They, like ourselves, all think themselves honest."

"Because," continued Mr. Gartmore, unheeding this remark, "I have been running about all day, and cannot find even a sensible one amongst the lot. So—you see that manuscript," and he threw the offending parcel down on the table. "Now list-n to my instructions. It must be on the library shelves by this day six weeks—it must succeed—it must be brought out by a good house—it must not have an editor—it must have every fair chance given it—and I must not, in any case, lose more than a couple of hundred pounds by the transaction. It must not be published by any of these people," jotting down a list of those he had not been able, as he styled it, "to make listen to reason." "Now do you understand my wishes? and can you arrange the matter for me?"

"Without difficulty—only, if the book have not talent in it, no money will ever make it a success."

"I tell you, sir, the book has talent, and it shall be a success," retorted Mr. Gartmore; having relieved himself of which decided expression of opinion, he walked off to his banker's, and returned thence to Upper Emery Street with a new fifty-pound Bank-of-England note in his pocket.

(To be Continued.)

## About the Farm

### PASTEURIZING ESSENTIAL.

Experienced dairymen who have looked into the dairy practices of Denmark state that they do not excel, and in some instances are not as up-to-date as those followed in other dairy countries. Types of dairy utensils and machinery described by dairymen in Australia, the United States and Canada years ago as being out of date, are still in use by the Danes. And yet, they excel all other dairymen in the uniformity and good quality of their dairy products. This is especially true in butter-making. Danish butter in Great Britain is the standard by which all other butter is judged. The butter from other countries ranks second to Danish rarely equal to or ahead of it.

What is the secret of the Dane's success? It is pasteurizing. Whatever defects there may be in their system of making butter they cling tenaciously to pasteurizing. The Danes would no more think of making butter without pasteurizing the cream or milk than of growing grain on the sands of the sea. It is an essential part of their butter-making system. Every creamery and every butter-maker practises it. They look upon it as just as necessary in butter-making as ripening the cream. Pasteurizing more than any other thing is responsible for Denmark's high standing in the butter markets of the world.

Pasteurizing has been before the dairymen of this continent for many years. Every dairy authority recommends it and advocates its adoption. And yet how few creameries practice pasteurizing the milk or cream in butter-making. In Canada we are constantly agitating for better care of the cream and milk, a very necessary thing in making fine butter. But we fail in adopting a practice that would help to overcome the effects of bad cream. We do not mean by this, that less attention be given to the care of the cream. Every patron should be urged at all times to give the best of care to the cream he supplies his creamery with. Cream, however, received from a hundred different persons giving in the best of care cannot but vary greatly in quality. Pasteurizing will make it more uniform in quality of butter, and thus enable the butter-maker to make a more uniform quality of butter.

### DOCTORING FOWLS.

A prominent authority on poultry states that, "To succeed in doctoring a stubborn case of sickness of a persistent epidemic in his flock, is one of the worst misfortunes that can befall a poultry-keeper," meaning thereby that it is much better, from the dollar-and-cents standpoint, for the poultryman to kill fowls as soon as they exhibit symptoms of disease than it is to potter about and endeavor to treat the infected birds.

As a general rule, this advice holds good. Unless a man can detect the trouble, diagnose the disease, and apply treatment, in the

early stages of sickness, it is seldom that doctoring is of much avail. If he manages once or twice to be successful in checking a mild epidemic, or curing an individual case here or there, he gets into the habit of fussing about his fowls, dosing them up when they get sick, and usually ends up by getting his place stocked up with a lot of birds of enfeebled constitutions, predisposed to disease. A little knowledge of the different fowl diseases is essential to success in poultry-raising, but more as a means of detecting disorders in the early stages than for applying remedies to cure the trouble. The one fact that a poultryman wants to be able to grasp firmly is that, when once disease becomes established in his flock, the best thing he can do is to use a good sharp hatchet pretty vigorously. In the long run it will prove more profitable than all the drugs in the world.

### LIVE STOCK NOTES.

The best way to cure scratches is to prevent them altogether. And the best preventives are clean stables and thorough care of the horse when it comes in from a muddy, wet drive. The legs and belly should be cleansed of mud and rubbed until dry.

Cobmeal will be perfectly safe to feed to horses and colts if mixed with a small portion of cut hay. Cobmeal is not as dangerous to feed to a horse alone as corn ground without the cob, because the cob increases the bulk of the meal and thereby renders it less harmful. The reason why shelled corn is safer to feed to a horse alone than cornmeal, is because the horse in masticating the corn only cracks it, and it cannot go into the stomach for such a pasty condition as cornmeal does.

If every drop of milk in the cow's udder be not carefully removed at each milking, the secretion will gradually diminish in proportion to the quantity left behind. Milking should be conducted with skill and tenderness. A gentle and expert milker will not only clear the udder with greater ease than a rough and inexperienced person, but will do so with far more comfort to the cow, who will stand pleased and quiet, placidly chewing the cud and testifying by her manner and attitude that she experiences pleasure rather than annoyance from the operation. Cows will not yield their milk to a person they dislike or dread.

### RAT CLUBS IN LONDON.

#### Plan to Form One in Every Parish of the City.

The Society for the Destruction of Vermin is organizing a number of rat clubs in London, England, its object being to exterminate the mischievous rodent and at the same time to afford exciting sport.

Mr. W. R. Boelter, a member of the society's executive committee, stated recently that £300 would be devoted by the society to prizes during the first year. "It is our ambition," he said, "to have a rat club in every parish of London and in every town and village in the country. The prizes, which would nearly all be in money, would be given in the following way:—

"A national trophy for the club that has the best rat-killing year.

"A county prize, either money or a trophy, for the county in which most rats are exterminated by its clubs.

"Fifty individual prizes of one guinea for club members who kill the greatest number of rats during a given time.

"In addition, other people who are interested in the destruction of vermin would doubtless offer prizes.

"The manner in which a rat club would get to work is perfectly simple. No one likes a vermin-infested place, and would readily give permission to members of clubs to set traps on their property. There are various means which could be adopted for destroying the rodents. Among them are traps, air-guns, ferrets, terriers.

"There is nothing more exciting than a rat hunt," continued Mr. Boelter. "If a trap is used the best baits are oil of rhodium, aniseed, or bread saturated with oil of caraway. Any of these will attract the rats readily, and then, as they come out, they can be shot, or killed by the terriers. A good stout stick, too, is a sure way of killing them."

Jack (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment)—"Pretty good dinner for half-a-dollar, eh?" His Friend—"First rate. Let's have another."

"I say, mother!" "What is it?" "What's the height of the ridiculous?" "Well," said Mrs. Henpeck, "your father is about five feet eight, I believe."