

A SHADOWED PATH;

Or, The Curse of The Family

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Take my compliments to Miss Leake. I particularly wish to see her," he said to a servant, who returning next minute requested him to walk up-stairs.

"I want to speak to little Crepton," was the manner and fashion of his salutation to Judith. "Will you let me see her here?"

"Little Crepton is at this minute engaged in a very interesting conversation with Dr. Duvar," answered Judith, with a smile. "I imagine they are making up a lovers' quarrel, and will get through the performance better without our assistance;" and as she concluded, the elderly man and the young woman, to both of whom such things seemed but as sad, dreamy memories of a lovelier and brighter shore looked into each other's faces, and smiled mournfully.

"Sit down," said Judith, after a pause. "Dr. Duvar will call in here as he comes down, and we can then send him back for her. I dare say he will not object to execute the commission."

"So he is smitten there?" remarked Mr. Gartmore, taking a chair. "Poor fellow!"

"Yes, he has caught the infection," said Judith. "It is one few escape; and though the hearts of some can be healed after the ordeal they are, to my thinking, never worth the having; there is a deal said against first love, Mr. Gartmore, but I believe in none other."

"Do you believe in love at all?" he inquired.

"Do I believe in Heaven?" she answered. "The capacity of the human heart for love, I believe to be as large as its capacity for suffering, and that is awful!"

"And does he really care for her?" asked Mr. Gartmore, with slight relevancy to his last question.

"Yes; it is first love on both sides. They were to have been married long ago, only he dreaded dragging her down to poverty. He is very poor still; and there really seems no chance of his fortunes mending, unless," she added, laughingly, "you could get some fine, fanciful lady to 'take him up' and make him the fashion. You had better, however, not recommend him to Sir John Lestock's attention; as I feel quite sure he would poison the baronet and his daughter, if the chance were given him, without the slightest scruple of conscience."

"I have a great mind then to send him to prescribe for my brother's gout," growled out Mr. Gartmore; "but stay, here he comes. Well, doctor, how is your patient? I mean Miss Crepton; there, there, man, don't look so foolish—I see by your face all is as you could wish. Now, away up to Miss Crepton again, and say I want to see her here. An old fellow's privilege, you know," he added, noticing Charles did not altogether like his mode of address, "to order young ones about."

Very timidly Alice came in, followed closely by one, on whose shoulder she had wept out, poor little soul, an ocean of repentant tears. Very timidly she entered, with her heart throbbing violently, and a color in her face, and a moisture in her eyes; but Mr. Gartmore, more kindly and considerately than was his wont, taking no notice of her embarrassment, introduced her, formally, to Miss Leake—motioned her to a seat on the sofa, and began:

"I wanted to tell you, little one, that I have disposed of your book."

"Already?" she cried, and a bright, earnest look of delight and surprise broke out over her face, like sunshine after a shower—"already?"

"Yes, and here is the price; little enough, you will say—but we shall do better next time. Take it, child; don't you see what it is?"

"Fifty pounds—all mine?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Honestly earned," replied Mr. Gartmore, with a smile.

"And may I do what I like with it?" she demanded, still incredulous.

"Certainly, it is your own."

"My own?" she repeated; "my own"—and, perfectly regardless of the presence of strangers, she sprang across the room to Charles, and thrusting the money into his hand, and looking beseechingly up

at his pale, worn face, fell to crying violently.

"I wonder if you will give him your earnings as readily ten years hence, little lady!" said Mr. Gartmore, dashing down, with one worldly sentence, a whole goblet of sweet expectation, and love, and hope, and faith, and trust. For an instant Dr. Duvar looked reproachfully at him—but then, as careless of appearances as she had been, folded the girl to his breast, as though he would, by this simple action, have shielded her constancy and purity, even from suspicion.

"There, there, don't be angry," said Mr. Gartmore, deprecatingly, "I did not mean to grieve you; only having had a hand in the getting of the money, I thought I had a right to make what comments I chose on the way in which it was spent. What say you, Miss Leake?" added he, turning towards the chair she usually occupied, but it was empty.

Silently she had stolen from the room, and flinging herself across her bed, wept such scalding tears as seemed as though they had been poured from some demon's cauldron, not wrung from any mortal heart. Dust and ashes!—love, happiness, fame, wealth! She had touched them all—and this was what they crumbled to under her fingers.

It was only the bitterness of the contrast which struck home to her so forcibly and suddenly, that she could not subdue the promptings of her rebellious heart, but felt herself constrained to lie there weeping, till the fit was over and the fountain dry.

At last she arose, and bathed her eyes, and re-entered the apartment. As she crossed the threshold, she heard Mr. Gartmore say, in a somewhat excited tone, "It really strikes me, young people, you have waited far too long already; I insist upon its taking place at once."

Then Judith knew they were to be married immediately, and that Mr. Gartmore was going to help them on in the world.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Alice and Charles went abroad for the honeymoon and during their absence Mr. Gartmore amused himself by having a house "done up" nicely for them, and by spreading amongst all his acquaintances an account of Dr. Duvar's extraordinary talents and abilities.

Miss Lestock, too, hearing of the young doctor whom her rich uncle thought fit to praise, inquired concerning him; but Mr. Gartmore put his veto on Charles being called in for her case, by declaring it was one only fit for a surgeon, and that he should recommend her at once to repair to the most eminent in London. In brief—between upholsterers and paperhangers, painters and ladies afflicted with finger-aches, Mr. Gartmore's time was pretty fully occupied—so fully, indeed, that he should have had little leisure left to attend to Judith, even had she desired his society, which she did not.

One day, however, he told her he had seen her husband, who was on the eve of starting off for Wales; and being subsequently informed of his arrival there, Judith ventured to stir out—to drive away miles and miles from London—to breathe once more the pure fresh air of heaven—to feel again, even for a few minutes, free.

It seemed to give her fresh life that strange, unwonted holiday; and even whilst her disease was making greater strides than ever, she looked better than she had done for months previously. Her last book was out, and successful. In it she had put forth the best powers of her mind—into it she had flung the best and richest treasures of her imagination.

And yet the applause of the world echoing back as it did into her desolate room, seemed to give her no pleasure. Adverse criticism could not touch her now—the riches and the praises, the censures and the vanities of this earth had power over her no longer. No thought of temporal success or temporal failure disturbed her heart then, for she was looking out from the very shores of time over the calm boundless ocean of eternity.

It was something like this she once said to Mrs. Duvar, who, af-

ter her return to London, came, gently forcing her presence on the invalid. All unconscious of the relationship existing between them, ignorant of the fact that the author, whose works were her ideal of perfection, was identical with the beautiful woman who stood so solitary in the world—she poured out her admiration into ears that had never before listened to such words of genuine unaffected praise. The great voice of the public was never so sweet or soothing to her vain woman's heart as the tones in which Alice spoke of "the love she felt for a woman she had never seen, of all the good her books had done her."

"And is it not a shame," said the young wife one day, "that her works should be so cut to pieces as they are in many papers? I declare I get quite angry; it must grieve and vex her to such a degree!"

Judith laughed. "If the works had not been cut up, it would have proved there was nothing in them. What is not worth pulling to pieces cannot be worth reading; and if you go on writing, you will find that the higher up you get on the literary ladder, so in precise proportion will be the apparently harsh, but really serviceable criticism you will have to encounter."

"Do you think so?" asked Alice, doubtfully. "It seems to me very hard, nevertheless. It sounds so unjust—so cruel!"

"My dear child," interrupted Judith, "what are these people to this woman that you should get so indignant about the matter? Do you think the worst review which was ever written could effect one of our sex like a harsh or cutting sentence at home? Believe me, it is never through her vanity that a woman can be really touched—it must be through her love. Bring the case home to yourself—and you will see that your pity and your indignation are alike thrown away—that though favorable criticism may be pleasant, adverse remarks are not so difficult to bear after all."

"But then she is so much cleverer than I could ever be—and her books are so beautiful."

"To your thinking, perhaps, but not to her own."

"Then you really believe that those reviews do not grieve her?" said Alice, earnestly.

"I know they do not," was the reply. "The woman who wrote those books has passed through such an ocean of suffering, that such trifles seem to her but as the white spray that relieves the monotony of the breakers on which she has long been drifting; but she does not want pity from any one; she has lived without it, and she can die without it—a truth—yes."

And as Judith concluded, she rose and would have walked over to the window, but a pair of twining arms were around her, and Alice was crying out—

"Oh! you know her, I am sure you do. Are you sure? Are you Mrs. Spierson?"

"Not Mrs. Spierson, nor yet Miss Leake, Alice," was the reply; "but your most wretched cousin, Judith Mazingford."

"Sit down, you look so pale," exclaimed Alice; and even as she spoke, Judith tottered to a chair.

"I have talked too much—now leave me," she muttered.

"Never again—never—never again. You shall come home with me, and I will nurse you back to health; you will be near Charles; and the very servants need scarcely know you are in the house. I won't listen to any objection; you shall come away the minute you are better."

And the result of the matter was that Mrs. Duvar carried her point and bore Judith off in triumph to her own house, where, with care, and attention, and skill, another pause was obtained in the march of the terrible disease which was killing her.

Once she went out with a short tale which Alice wished to get accepted—for though she had done writing herself, yet still she liked the atmosphere of a publishing office and the associations with literature.

She told Alice afterwards it was a curious chance which led her to that place, at that particular hour, and so perhaps it might have been called, if it were not that those events which we style "chances" are really nothing more extraordinary than the meeting places of two roads, to which we must inevitably come if we pursue the path allotted to us.

The fact was, that coming out of the publisher's, she beheld an old man enter, and, with an excited manner, address a few words to the assistant behind the counter.

Judith never could tell what impelled her to pause on the threshold and watch out that little pale to the end; only she did so, and saw a parcel which she knew by intuition contained manuscripts, hand-

ed back to the new-comer without a word.

"Rejected," said the old man, despairingly.

"Won't do—not suitable," answered the lad, and he was turning away whistling.

"Who is that gentleman?" Judith demanded.

"Don't know, ma'am—never saw him till the other day, when he first called about these papers," was the reply with which Judith had to content herself.

Perhaps it was a thought of her own father—of his disappointed life and fruitless endeavors, that induced Mrs. Mazingford to follow the stranger, whom she overtook in St. Paul's Churchyard, just as he staggered up against the railings of the Cathedral.

(To be Continued.)

STONE CARRIERS OF INDIA.

Laborers With Whom Machinery Cannot Compete.

Recently an interesting water impounding scheme has been carried to successful completion in southern India at the Mari-Kanave gorge upon the Vedarati River in Mysore State.

When constructional work was in full swing more than 5,000 natives were employed and the undertaking offered a novel and interesting example of the cheapness of manual labor as compared with the mechanical appliances.

In India there exists a class of laborers generally described as "nowgunnies," or professional stone carriers, who, owing to their capacity for hard work, are in great demand for such enterprises as this. They are of powerful physique and possess considerable stamina. They will work for ten hours a day and transport from 70 to 150 pounds of stone a man. They form gangs according to the character of the work in hand, ranging from two, four, eight, twelve to sixteen men a unit.

Although such transportation seems somewhat slow in comparison with the possibilities of handling plants, yet they prosecute their task very energetically and the scale of pay, ranging from 10 to 16 cents a man a day, and so low as to render such labor far cheaper than mechanical transport. Indeed, a complete installation of the latter was laid down, a cable being stretched across the gorge over the site, bringing the stone direct from the quarries on the hillsides to the site ready for setting, but this had to be abandoned owing to its being far more expensive than the "nowgunny" labor.

These men carried the masonry from the end of the railroad track connecting the site of the barrage with the quarries to its destination and placed it in position.

GUARDING VS. GROWING.

Less Costly to Protect Forests Than Plant New Ones.

"Prevention is better than cure." A new application of the old saying may be made in considering forestry policy. In this case the saying may be expanded into something like the following: "It is better to prevent forest fires (and so save many thousands of dollars' worth of valuable timber) than to try to remedy the evil by planting trees to fill the places of those destroyed."

Five dollars per acre is the minimum price given by forestry experts for forest tree planting; and the price ranges from this up to \$10 per acre and more.

When the lower figure is taken as the basis of calculation, the planting of one square mile will cost \$3,200; to plant ten square miles will require \$32,000 and the planting up of a township six miles square (area, thirty-six square miles) will require the expenditure of \$115,200. Such figures are apt to make one stop and think before advocating extensive planting.

The cost to the Dominion Government of patrolling the Railway Belt in British Columbia during the last fiscal year (April 1st, 1907, to March 31st, 1908) amounted to \$14,111.64. The area of the Railway Belt is a little over ten million acres. The cost, then, of patrolling this tract was less than 1½ mills per acre, or about 90 cents per square mile. No fire of any magnitude was reported during the year. The railway belt is exceptionally well guarded, but even with the cost several times what it is, the expense is well worth while, considering the value of the mature timber and young growth thus saved.

Brazil yields half the world's supply of coffee.

In Tibet it is a sign of politeness, when meeting a person, to hold up the hand clasped and protrude the tongue.

About the Farm

THE GREATEST CALLING.

The best thing about farming is that no man living knows all there is to learn regarding it, and scarcely any man is so ignorant but he knows something about it. An agriculturist may be anything from a fool to a philosopher; he may have the manners and the tastes of a brute, or he may be the highest product of Christian civilization. The man is everything; and everything depends upon the man. The most brainless creature that walks on two legs can usually manage to make a living out of a rich soil, while the best trained and most thoroughly equipped intellectual giant finds ample scope on the farm for all his powers. Truly farming is a God-given industry, a divine calling! No other industry or calling in the whole world appeals to the affections of man so strongly or stirs up their hatred so successfully. Some people condemn the farm and farming, while other people praise the farm and rejoice in being farmers. Are both classes right? Many farms are not farmed or cultivated or managed with the slightest regard for their requirements, while countless farmers are merely "soil robbers," who do not know the most elementary principles of agriculture. Before people condemn farming or cry down tillers of the soil they should have a basis of proof. At the present time only the failures—the farms that are not cultivated—are offered as proof. It is time we heard the last of criticism of the agriculturist, but a little criticism of the agriculturist will do him good. Condemn not the calling. Every farmer needs a mirror that he may have his weakness and his wrong methods revealed to him. When he studies himself, his methods, his fields, his stock, his implements and his family, with now and then a brief survey of his bank account, and then makes broad comparisons with the best that is being done elsewhere, he finds it reasonably easy to measure his rate of progress. No farmer stands still; either he is going ahead or he is going backwards. Too many farmers do not realize how fast they are going backwards until some day they awaken to find their soil impoverished and their fields full of weeds, their buildings decayed or their stock lacking in health, thrift or selling quality. How very often one sees all of these calamities overtake the farmer at one time. 'Tis a pity and yet the pity of it 'tis true. Let us be of the number that having once put their hand to the plow goes forward to the path of progress. The path is plainly blazed and he who runs may read. It was not so in the days of our forebears; they did not enjoy the privileges of the valuable research that has been and is being carried on by private individuals and public institutions. They have gone before, but they have left their foot-prints. Where they lead to progress, let us follow, with zeal, for our work and our reward will be sure. Modern, as well as ancient research, are some of the blessings for which we farmers should feel grateful. It has promoted the standing of the farming profession until it can no longer be gainsayed or denied that farming is the greatest calling in the world.—Maritime Farmer.

THE PIG PEN.

While pigs may live on grass, they will hardly thrive on it alone.

Any weakness in the legs is a great objection in a breeding pig.

Whenever the pig is going backward he is losing his owner money.

It will not always do to condemn a sow because she is lazy and sluggish.

The health of the pig is the most important point in securing a profitable growth.

Ground barley and skim milk cannot be surpassed for feeding sows just after farrowing, as it produces a great deal of milk of fine quality.

KNEW WHY.

"If I were you," said the old bachelor to the benedict, "I'd either rule or know why."

"Well," was the reply, "as I already know why, I suppose that's half the battle."

When a man gets that tired feeling there is no way of judging how long it is going to last.

People who do not care much whether they win or lose usually win.