

A SHADOWED PATH;

Or, The Curse of The Family

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd).

Up to the last she never kept her bed; when she grew too weak to walk, she was carried into the drawing-room, and placed in an easy-chair, with all her friends about her.

"I should have liked," she said, "a sight of the country again; and if it might have been, to have died beside the sea—but after all, it makes very little difference—only promise to bury me at Llandyl; never let me be laid in Wavour vault—I could not rest there. I am sure I should rise up in my shroud and walk away from it."

"I promise!" answered Mr. Gartmore.

"And do not forget to tell the friends of those unhappy wretches who are confined at Craffton, my experiences there. Say it would be better to kill them at once. I wrote anonymously to those I could get the names of, but your representation will carry more weight with it."

"I shall rout out the big spider that rules there, I swear," said he, savagely.

These, in fact, seemed to be Judith's only two desires; but, occasionally, she harped upon them with a pertinacity which would almost have conveyed the idea that her malady was affecting her mind.

Generally, however, she was calm and collected, talking as much as her strength permitted her about the plans and prospects of her relations, on subjects of general interest—but scarcely ever of herself.

She was very fond of Letitia Darwin, who came frequently to the house, and once told the girl to be sure to send Evan—who was absent from town on business—to her the moment he returned to London.

"I want to see him particularly," she said, and Letitia remembered her message.

One day, when she was weaker than ordinary, and left by a rare chance alone for a few minutes, Evan came in. He looked pale and careworn, and there was a look of anxiety in his face, which deepened into an expression of absolute agony as he beheld the ravages a few weeks had wrought on her.

She held out her hand to him, which he took and retained in his own. Judith felt that he was trembling like a frightened child, and the sight of his emotion caused her voice to quiver as she spoke.

"I wanted to bid you good-bye. I was afraid you would not come back in time to see me before I went."

"Oh! you must not die—you shall not die—I cannot spare you. I have loved you as I never loved anything on earth before. I cannot live after you," and he fell down on his knees beside her, and hid his face in her dress, and wept like a child.

For a moment she bent over him, toying with his hair, while the tears came into her eyes and checked her utterance.

"And so, poor boy," she said at last, "you have fancied yourself in love with me. Look up, Evan, and listen. I told Letitia I wanted to see you before I died, and it was to say this: you must crush out the feeling you have just expressed; you must think of me as a cousin or a sister lost, but never as of one who might have been your wife. Raise your head, and hear what I have to say. Were health restored to me to-morrow, I could never marry you. I am not what I may have seemed to you, a dying girl reluctant to leave this world, but a weary wife thankful at the prospect of release. You have cast the best gift of your soul before a woman without a heart, who could never be more to you than a wretched, unhallowed memory."

"Long ago," she continued, after a pause, "I loved a man whose murderer I virtually was. I have never cared for any one else. I was his wife before Heaven and my conscience, and yet—don't turn from me—I married a man whom I hated—who had blighted my whole existence—who is now living. I am not Miss Leake, Evan, but your cousin, Judith Mazingford."

With a cry he sprang from the ground, and looked despairingly in her face.

He did not answer. He was back again in his old attitude, weeping beside her; and she lethim vent

his sorrow thus, whilst she tried to soothe and comfort him, as a mother might have done.

So they remained for some time, until at length a noise and bustle attracted Judith's attention. There was a sound of remonstrance and expostulation; then she heard Mr. Gartmore's voice raised as if in anger; finally, a loud and imperious—"I tell you I know she is in the house, and by—I won't be kept back by any one," caused Judith to start up and cry to Evan—"Don't let him see me. Don't oh, don't let him come here! Go and prevent him."

He rushed across the room to do her bidding, as a sound of scuffling commenced downstairs. He had not reached the door, however, when Judith, stretching out her arms, shrieked out the words, "I am dying," and tottered back into her seat, her neck and dress dyed crimson with the blood that poured in torrents from her mouth.

"Help, help, Charles! help!" shrieked Evan, and in another moment the room was full. Drs. Threffman and Duvard were the first who entered; then Mr. Mazingford, accompanied by two policemen, rushed into the apartment, followed by Mr. Gartmore, red with passion, who made a spring at the intruder and tried to drag him out again.

"Hush, gentlemen, hush," said Dr. Threffman, solemnly raising his hand; "she is dead."

"I don't believe it," said her husband, furiously; but it was true for all that.

The poor frail bark, which had suffered so terribly and battled so gallantly, had found a peaceful harbor of refuge at length.

Just in time she had reached it, and with an expression of impotent rage her enemy gazed upon the prize which had escaped him—when near enough to touch it, when absolutely within his grasp—a mightier than man had interfered to rescue her from him.

For she was indeed dead—a waif on life's ocean no longer; out into the broad, fathomless, trackless, mysterious ocean of eternity she had floated:—

"From life, across the sea of death—home."

"Bear witness," said Mr. Gartmore, after a long silence, addressing those present, "that on the 25th of this month, Judith, wife of Lewis Mazingford, expired."

On hearing which appeal, Dr. Threffman having looked at his watch, took out a card, and silently made a memorandum of the day and hour.

CONCLUSION.

It was not without good reason Mr. Gartmore called such immediate attention to the hour and day of Judith's death, for within a fortnight from that period, legal enquiries began to be made concerning the date of her decease.

"Why do they want to know? Why do they come teasing here at such a time?" asked Alice, with tearful eyes.

"Because if Judith had died a week later, my dear; Evan would not have been heir to Llandyl Hall, as he is unquestionably at present," answered Mr. Gartmore. "So you see by his brutality that wretch has done himself out of a snug fifteen thousand a year. Serve him right, too. He talks of legal proceedings. I only wish he would fulfil his threat, and I would drag him through every court in England! I have not done with Mr. Lewis Mazingford yet, however," added Mr. Gartmore, with a tremor in his voice. "I have got a few accounts still to settle with the fellow who blasted the life of as noble a woman as ever went to her grave broken-hearted. A scoundrel who would not even let her be buried in the spot she had chosen, till I gave him a cheque for the permission. Selling his wife's corpse, in fact—oh, Judith, if I could hang him I would!" And the old man, whose heart had twined around the dead, and clung to her ever in her grave—who could never think of her wrongs and her sorrows without a burst of indignation, lifted up his hands, as if he were addressing some invisible being, and broke out into one of those violent fits of rage and grief in which he had indulged

himself ever since he came fully to understand how dear Judith was to him, and that by no possibility could her life be prolonged.

He said truly when he stated he had not yet done with Mr. Mazingford; neither had Mr. Mazingford's creditors. For a long time they had been kept quiet with promises, and for a shorter period they had waited patiently until the decease of Stephen—who was known to be incapable of making a will—should put the ex-member in possession of the Llandyl coal mines; but now that there was no chance of a solitary sixpence of the income ever reaching Mr. Mazingford, now that a perfect storm of public indignation, raised by Mr. Gartmore, abetted by Evan Crepton and Dr. Duvard, burst upon his head; now that the whole dreary story of domestic persecution and frightful tyranny was given to the world—every enemy he had on the earth fell upon him.

As to Craffton, the owner of it was forced to shut up his establishment, and before five years passed away Mr. Gartmore read, much to his satisfaction, that the woman who, after squeezing every shilling she could out of Judith, had sold her secret to her husband, was sentenced to transportation for robbing an old lady whom she was nursing.

And for the remainder of his career, Wavour Hall passed into the hands of Mr. Mazingford's creditors, who sold the antique furniture by public auction, and disposed of his stud and got rid of the carriages, and let the house, and insured his life; and the last place where any of his former acquaintances caught sight of Judith's husband, was at a gaming-table at Baden, where it is generally believed he cheated somebody once too often for his own personal safety.

Be this as it may, however, one thing is certain, that he never publicly appeared in England again, and that the select circle in which he once "lived, and moved, and had his being," from the hour of his wife's death knew him no more!

But as one wave swallows up another, so a very piquant little event which occurred about a year after Judith's death, obliterated the memory of that branch of the Riddales from the polite recollection of fashionable society. People laughed till they were tired over the story of how Miss Lestock, making up friends with her dear uncle and aunt, "requested to know who those distinguished-looking people were she had seen them speaking to, at the other end of the room?"

"May I have the pleasure of presenting them to you, Adelaide?" said Mr. Gartmore; and the lady was so delighted at the proposition, that accordingly, in the midst of a large circle of admiring friends, her uncle begged to introduce Mr. Evan Crepton and Mrs. Duvard to their mother, and Miss Lestock to her children.

Amongst the Welsh mountains, amidst the hills and the waterfalls, the valleys and the streams of that wild and beautiful land, Mr. Gartmore bought a property, from which he could easily ride over to Llandyl Hall, and see, as years rolled by, how Evan and his wife and children prospered. For young voices echoed through the old pine plantations, amongst the woods that had caught the sound of Judith's heart-rending recall, laughter, clear and joyous, rang in the summer days—along the path she had pursued, little feet went pattering. The house she had loved was beautified; and in the still, twilight evenings, a happy group might often have been seen, standing on the lawn in front of the once dilapidated mansion—whilst far, far below, where Llandyl spire pointed silently to Heaven—under the shadow of the church porch, beneath the spreading branches of an ancient elm, close to the quiet homes of her father and Marcus Lansing, Judith Mazingford slept tranquilly at last—

"With her limbs at rest,
In the green earth's breast,
And her soul at home with God!"
THE END.

Burglar—"Did you ever study geometry, Bill?" Bill—"Yes." Burglar—"Good! I wish you'd tell me how to square a straight policeman."

Blankets are named after Thomas Blanket, who first started making them in England in 1705.

The class was getting grammar. "Now," said the teacher, "can anyone give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as in 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?" There was a silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand. "Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?" "Please, sir," came the reply "pious," full of pie."

THE KAISER'S CASTLES

NOT ALL AS FINE AS HIS PURCHASE AT CORFU.

This is the Forty-Ninth Addition to the Residences of the King of Prussia.

A two hours walk from the capital of Corfu brings the dust-covered tourist within sight of one of the most glorious architectural creations in existence—the Achilleion, the fairy castle of that restless, unfortunate Empress who was to die under a murderer's steel.

The beauty of its outward form—a clever imitation of the Pompeian style—is only matched by its lavish inner decoration, on which the Empress Elizabeth is said to have spent £250,000, and by the magnificent views it commands.

The Achilleion, says the Lady's Realm, is the forty-ninth addition to the residences of the King of Prussia. The German Emperor as such draws no payment or emolument of any kind and there exists therefore no "imperial" possessions.

In ordinary German parlance every one of these forty-nine structures or estates is called a "Kaiserliches Schloss," an imperial castle, but the truth is that only a few of them are real castles in an architectural sense of the word, and still fewer in a historic sense.

The royal seats in Germany are not national. For this reason the restoration of time-worn castles does not go on according to a large, liberal insight as to what is of

THE FIRST IMPORTANCE;

it goes on unsystematically, according to a dynastic feeling of what may conduce to the dynasty's distinction.

A comparatively uninteresting castle like the Hohkonigsburg—to quote one example out of many—is therefore restored, as the outcome of an imperial whim, at an enormous expense, while seats of overwhelming historic importance, as for instance Konigs-Wusterhausen, are allowed.

The German Emperor's residences are mostly plain country seats or mere shooting boxes, so that the total, forty-nine, loses much of its sensational character when properly scrutinized. Among the various Berlin and Potsdam palaces the Royal Castle on the Spree is one of the largest city residence buildings in the whole of Germany.

One of the favorite resorts of Emperor William and his family seems to be his domain of Cadinen, near Eibing, situated in a most charming forest landscape. It has become widely known through the Emperor's successful experiment as a manufacturer and exporter; the handsome majolica produced at Cadinen and publicly sold all over the world are highly valued by connoisseurs.

William II. is also the owner of a steam brick factory and alcohol distillery at the same place, and he attends to the details of his business with the circumspection of

A TRAINED MERCHANT.

Some of the royal estates have been turned into public institutions, as for instance Oranienburg, which has become a seminary for female teachers, and Nieder-Schonhausen, which was given over to the public as a park and resort for recreation.

But all the Emperor's landed possessions outside of the capital shrink back into the second rank, as far as historical importance is concerned, when compared with one small, insignificant—if not shabby—looking cottage situated at half an hour's distance by rail from Berlin. It was the favorite summer resort of Frederick William I., the second King of Prussia (1713-1740), who spent a few months every year at this unattractive place, with his family.

The place is called Konigs-Wusterhausen, once a famous hunting ground in a very large and noble forest, still in part preserved and still frequently scoured by royal sportsmen. The castle is also in existence, a plain, solid building, something like a respectable farmhouse of the second class. It contains many relics of Frederick William and is shown to tourists with touching gravity by the guardians.

Patient—"Doctor, how long does it usually take one to recover from an operation for appendicitis?" Doctor—"Physically or financially?"

"Do you remember anything of Mr. B.?" "Oh, yes, I know him very well," was the reply. "Since he's retired from business an honest man doesn't breathe."

About the Farm

HEALING OF WOUNDS.

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Animals on the farm are continually being injured by accidents that happen in a thousand different ways. Barb wire cuts are most frequent, and a word or two of advice as to the proper treatment in the hands of farmers will not be amiss. The first thing, to gain a correct understanding of a sane and effective method of treating wounds, is to remember that nature does the healing and that remedies applied are simply for the purpose of assisting nature.

The right mental attitude in this respect will tend to eliminate a thousand and one nostrums which are tried in rapid succession in the belief that there is somewhere, if it could be found, a specific remedy with a magical influence to bring about the desired recovery in a marvellous way. Mankind has been diligently seeking such remedies for thousands of years and is still keeping up the search. It is time that such a view of the situation, which is based purely upon superstition, should be eliminated and that we should get down to principles based upon scientific research, and instead of groping blindly in the dark seeking the "where" let us always be ready to inquire "why."

The ordinary wound will heal of itself if not interfered with. This interference may be from germ infection, parasites, or too much meddling with various applications or the part of man. Now, let us suppose a case. A horse has a badly lacerated leg from contact with a barb wire. The first thing to do of course, would be to stop the bleeding. This can be accomplished by a tight bandage of clean white muslin, tied directly over the wound, or above it. Often the bleeding artery will protrude, and a thread can be run under it with a needle and the artery tied. Do not use flour, dirt or cobwebs, they are unnecessary and may produce a dangerous infection.

Having stopped the bleeding, remove the clots of blood and cut off the ragged edges of muscles with shears. A pan of antiseptic solution should be provided. One of the cheapest antiseptics on the farm, good for man or beast, is creolin. Add a teaspoonful of this to a pint of water that has been boiled. Place the knife, shears, etc., in this solution, and wash the hands before beginning. After having cleaned out the wound wash it thoroughly with the antiseptic solution. See that there is good drainage from the wound at the bottom. Do not allow it to start healing with a pocket that will hold pus. As it is practically impossible to keep a wound on a horse antiseptic, it is not advisable for a farmer to tie up the wound; leave it exposed to the air and apply the antiseptic wash several times a day. Three good antiseptics are, corrosive sublimate, which can be purchased at the drug store in tablets ready for use, formalin and boracic acid solution. After about a week, it is well to change to dry dressing. Clean air-slaked lime, powdered over the wound twice daily, is very satisfactory. The so-called "proud flesh" is only unhealthy granulation. It is seldom advisable for the farmer to interfere with this condition by using caustics; the results are usually disastrous; better in this case to call in a qualified veterinarian. If maggots should get into the wound a little turpentine and chloroform will help bring them to the surface where they may be picked out. I do not mention sewing up the wound for the reason that in case of the ragged barb wire cut it is very seldom worth while to do so.

A wound, to heal properly, must be gotten perfectly clean and free from germs from the start and then kept clean. Remember that it is largely a matter of keeping dangerous germs out and giving nature a chance.—*Vet.*

Firemen in Berlin wear water-tight jackets, which are filled from the hose, and afford a great protection from the flames.

Landlady—"You make an awful noise with that flute." Boarder—"Well, I'm sorry to hear it." Landlady—"So's everybody else."

Swelled head is a disease from which the recovery is more painful than the disease itself.

Our idea of a good man is one whose children cry after him every time he leaves the house.