

The Lady Brandolin ;

OR, THE LOST PATRIMONY.

CHAPTER II.

I do not know what was the power that attracted me so strongly, so inevitably, so fatally, to Wolfgang Wallraven; whether it was the gloom and mystery of his manner and appearance. Certain it is that there was a glamour in his dark and locked-up countenance and in the smouldering fierceness of his hollow eyes that irresistibly drew me to my fate. He did not seek my acquaintance—he sought the society of no one. On the contrary, he withdrew himself into solitude—into surliness. This was unusual in a schoolboy, and it made him very unpopular. To me, however, his sullen reserve and surly manner had more interest, more fascination than the openest and blindest demonstrations of social affection from any of the other boys could have. There was evidently something behind and under it. He was not all outside. Perhaps he piqued my curiosity, or interested some feeling more profound than mere curiosity. I inquired about him.

"Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"We call him the Prince of Darkness! Oh! he is a haughty fellow. The eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian. You can't make anything of him; let him alone," was the answer.

I turned my eyes on him. He was sitting at his distant desk—a single, solitary desk in the farthest corner of the schoolroom. His elbow leaned upon his desk—his brow supported upon his left palm—his eyes bent upon the book lying open before him—his dark, rich locks hanging over his fingers.

"Why does the professor give him that distant, single desk, apart from all the other boys? Seems to me that would make him unsocial."

"Why? It is his choice. The young prince is an aristocrat, and does not choose to sit upon a form and mix with other boys. I say you had better let him alone. You can do nothing with him."

I looked at him again and more attentively. There was more suffering than scorn revealed in the charming curves of his mouth—a mouth that would have been perfectly beautiful, had not the lips been too closely compressed and the corners too sadly declined. I gazed at him under the influence of a sort of fascination. Yes, there was more sorrow than hauteur darkly written upon that young regal brow. My heart warmed, glowed toward him with a mysterious and irresistible sympathy that compelled me to saunter toward him. (This was in the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, a period which—with the exception of a few minutes at the dinner table—he always spent at his solitary desk.) I sauntered toward him slowly—for I felt in some degree like an intruder—engaged in opposite and contradictory thoughts and feelings. My intellect was seeking to explain the mystery of his solitude and reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion, by this reasoning.

"He is the eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian planter. He is of an old, haughty family, and has been accustomed to 'sovereign sway and masterdom' all his life. He is now, however, in a genuine republican school—thank heaven all our schools, academies, and colleges are republican—and he finds himself in a mixed company of sons whose fathers peddled needles and thread about the town, and whose mothers sold apples under the trees, and made fortunes at it; and, with his senseless and anti-republican, Virginian hauteur, he thinks himself above these, and withdraws himself from them. Ah! I know these proud, aristocratic Virginians well. My haughty uncle was a Virginian, and emigrated to Louisiana. Upon the part of his school-mates, some are proud as himself, and will not make unwelcome advances; while some are only vain and conceited, ashamed of the newness of their wealth, sore upon that point, secretly honoring old respectability, and fearful of being suspected of courting it, will not seek the acquaintance of this young aristocrat, lest they be so misunderstood. With me, how-

ever, it is different. Myself descended from Lord B—, Governor of Colonial Virginia—the possessor of a handsome patrimonial estate in Alabama, when I shall come of age—and the heir apparent of an immense sugar plantation and several hundred resident negroes—I need not fear to approach this young gentleman upon at least an equal feeling."

So I reasoned, as I said, to account for his reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion. But my feelings utterly revolted against my thoughts. My head might think what it pleased, but my heart felt certain that pride of place had nothing to do with the surliness of the strange, lonely boy. As I drew near him I felt a rising embarrassment—a difficulty in addressing him to whom I had never yet spoken one word. Suddenly a bright idea was inspired. I had by chance my "Thucydides" in my hand. I approached his lonely desk, opened my book, and said,

"Mr. Wallraven, I have a favor to ask of you. I am in a difficulty about a Greek particle. If you assist me I shall feel under a very great obligation."

Never shall I forget the effect of his picturesque attitude and expression of countenance as I stood by him. His form was turned from me, and towards the corner window against which his desk sat. He was leaning, as I said before, with his elbow on the desk—his head on his hand, the fingers of which were lost amid dark, glossy locks which drooped over his temples and side-face, concealing his face at first from me; but, as I spoke, he quickly, as a startled raven, turned his head, and gave me a quick, piercing glance from his light-gray, intensely bright eye—a glance dilating as it gazed, until it blazed like broad sheet lightning upon me. I had always thought his eyes dark until now. His skin was so sallow—his hair, his eyebrows, his sweeping eyelashes, such a jetty resplendent black that dark eyes were taken for granted. When now, however, he raised the deep veils of those long, black, sweeping lashes, light-gray Saxon eyes, of that insufferable white fire, that vivid lightning, at once so fierce and so intense that none but Saxon eyes possess, flashed broadly forth upon me. He did not reply to me at first. I repeated my request. He silently took the book, examined the indicated passage, presently solved the difficulty, and returned the volume to my hand. As I received it and thanked him, I said,

"Mr. Wallraven, we stand in the same class every day. I trust we shall become better acquainted."

He looked at me inquiringly. "You know my name. I am the son of the late Governor Fairfield, of Alabama, formerly of Fairfax county, Virginia. You, being of that State, probably know something of that family, or of the B—s, who are connections."

"Yes, I have heard of the Fairfield's of Fairfax, and I know the B—s by reputation."

"Very well! Now you know who I am, and shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, hoping that we may be friends," said I, thinking surely that I had made a favorable impression upon the queer, difficult boy.

I was undeceived, however, when, with a dry "Thank you," he dropped the light of his beaming eyes again upon his book. I almost fancied I saw two bright spots on the page, like reflections cast from a sun-glass. There was nothing farther for me to do than to turn and leave him. The school-bell also summoned us at that moment to our afternoon studies.

My attraction to, my affection for that strange boy was rising almost to the height of a passion. Never did a lover desire the affections of his sweetheart more than I did the friendship and confidence of my queer outlandish classmate. Never did a lover scheme interviews with his mistress more adroitly than I planned opportunities of conversing with Wolfgang without seeming to obtrude myself upon him.

I felt as if notwithstanding his extreme youth, his rank, and his pride, he was by some circumstance an object of compassion—but re-

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spectful compassion—as if, notwithstanding his handsome person and fine intellect, he was in reality suffering in heart and brain; and I felt as if, notwithstanding his proud reserve with me, I was his necessary medicine. I felt upon the whole not disappointed with his reception of me. At least the ice of non-intercourse was broken, and I might at any time go to him with a Greek exercise and ask his assistance, which was certain to be lent, and at each interview some little progress was sure to be made. It was true that I really never did need his assistance—my classic attainments being good as his own—as he might have known; had he taken the trouble to think about me at all; but that appeal to his benevolence was the only manner in which it was possible successfully to approach a haughty, reserved, but noble and generous nature, such as I felt his to be—one, too, so determinedly bent upon solitude. What slow progress I made, good heavens! At the end of six months our acquaintance had scarcely progressed beyond occasional conversations, commencing with a Greek root. This was, however, much more ground than any other boy held in his good graces.

At the end of the winter session, a very handsome traveling-carriage, with the Wallraven arms painted on its panels, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, a well-dressed colored coachman, and a smart out-rider, arrived to convey Wolfgang Wallraven away. I thought—nay, I am sure that he betrayed some emotion at parting with me. He went and I also made hasty preparations to return by stage and steamboat to my distant home in Alabama, where I longed to meet again my lovely and beloved young sister, Regina.

The end of the Easter holidays brought me back to school. There, shortly after my arrival, came Wolfgang Wallraven. He was more gloomy, surly, and solitary, than ever, to all the other boys; of me, however, he was more tolerant. Indeed, in the course of a month or so, our acquaintance began to take the form of intimacy; and as his character began to develop itself to my view, never, I think, did I meet, in life or in books, so strange a being. I had before been inclined to favor the philosophy of the dual mind, I should then have been in danger of being a convert to that theory. Two natures met, but did not mix or blend in him—two natures as opposite and antagonistic as were his fierce light-gray Saxon eyes and the sweeping jet-black lashes, brows and hair. If any one trait of character stood distinctly out one day, it was certain that its very opposite, in all its strength, and even excess of strength, would reveal itself the next.

As his heart gradually, very gradually, unfolded itself to me—or rather to my sympathy, he would occasion me a succession of surprises, and even shocks—pleasing, painful, ecstatic, agonizing, according to the nature and power of new, opposite, and unexpected traits.

He possessed the highest order of talent, but exhibited a very erratic application. If, for one week, he applied himself concentrically to his studies, the next week he would be sure to throw aside his books, and pass into the most distrait ennuyee, and despairing mood conceivable, from which no remonstrance, no reproof, of the master professor would arouse him.

As time went on, I still made

slow, but certain progress in his affections; little and very precarious ground I held in his confidence; though still in his manner to me, as in everything else, he was inconsistent, contradictory, incomprehensible and, often astounding. If, upon one occasion, he would treat me with unusual warmth and kindness, upon the next he would be sure to freeze up in the most frigid reserve.

He was, indeed, a combination of the most discordant elements. As I became intimate with him, I witnessed the most stupendous metamorphoses of character. A sovereign, overmastering haughtiness would alternate with a slavish, almost spaniel-like humility; a fierce and wolfish moroseness of temper give place to an almost womanish tenderness. I confidently, logically expected the time when this frozen ice of his reserve would thaw, and drown me with his confidence; on one particular occasion I felt sure it was coming.

I went to his room after school, by appointment. I saw the boy who distributed, or rather carried around the letters through the house, coming down the stairs as I was going up, and, pausing only long enough to take the letter for myself from him, I hurried on, intending then to excuse myself to Wolfgang, and retire to my room to read my letter, which I saw was from my sister. But as I approached his room, the sound of suffocating sobs reached me, and, throwing open the door, I went in and found Wolfgang sitting at his writing-table, his arms extended upon it, his head down upon them, abandoned to the utmost agony of sorrow.

(To be continued.)

MISFORTUNE FOR THE BLOODLESS.

Misfortune for the bloodless—that should be printed in all the public places. You must have blood to have strong lungs to enable you to withstand all the dust and microbes of summer and the piercing winds and cold of winter. Consumption is, properly speaking, lack of blood; the natural result of anaemia. To prevent consumption rich blood is necessary. The best way to protect the organs is to circulate this rich blood through the lungs. Many have been saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because these Pills are a remarkable blood builder; not indirectly but directly—with each dose. They have cured thousands of cases of anaemia; green sickness; general debility and all other troubles arising out of poor blood.

Sulphate of potash (up to 150 pounds per acre) is the best form to use generally; it is rather more expensive than muriate, and may be applied a short time before the plant needs it. Muriate of potash (up to 150 pounds per acre) contains about the same amount of potash as the sulphate, but in a less desirable form. For this reason it is best applied some considerable time before it is needed, so that the injurious principles may be removed by rain. Its harmful effects are especially evident with potatoes, beets and tobacco. Kainit contains less potash than the muriate and sulphate.

BURGLARS ROBBED HOUSE.

Made a Big Haul.

How often headings like this are seen in the daily and weekly papers throughout the country, stories of burglars having raided houses either at nights or during the absence of the occupants and having secured large sums of money which were being kept in the house.

The average person wonders how it is that people are so foolish as to keep large sums of money or valuables lying around the house subject to raids of this sort. When there are surplus funds on hand, most people deposit them in the nearest Bank or else some Bank that offers special facilities to Savings Accounts, such as the Traders Bank of Canada.

In the Traders Bank every Savings Depositor is made to feel that his account is welcomed and that the Bank is glad to have small transactions pass through on his account at any time, including deposits of any amount from \$1.00 upwards and withdrawals by cheques at any time that may suit the customer's convenience.

People living in country districts or away from Banking facilities will have no difficulty whatever in doing their Banking by Mail. The Traders Bank will send free a little treatise on Banking by Mail to any party writing in to the Head Office of the Traders Bank of Canada, Toronto.

On the Farm

SUGGESTIONS FOR FARMERS.

In eastern Canadian agriculture perhaps the greatest need at the present time is standardization and uniformity of production, says the Weekly Farmer. Take, for example, the one product of the poultry yard which is now demanding most attention and bringing the highest price, namely, the eggs. The ordinary crate of eggs gathered up from the rural districts contains eggs of all shapes, sizes, colors and ages. The whole can vouch for the fact that during the present season a hard boiled egg was found in a crate of so-called "new-laid eggs."

What is suggested is that the farmers of districts get together in some form of organization or, for example, a poultry produce association, and decide to keep one or at most two breeds of fowl. It is recommended that utility breeds be selected. Then let the business of producing eggs be standardized and the whole product of new-laid eggs be shipped on a regular week by one man to some wholesale house which will take everything under a guarantee.

What is true in reference to eggs is true also in reference to potatoes. Each farmer in a district should produce the one kind of potato, that is the one variety with a view to selling the crop in earload lots. All the potato growers of a district could easily organize themselves into a potato growers association and put the business on a commercial footing.

What is true of eggs and potatoes is true of all live stock, field products and fruit. It is safe to say that by producing articles of uniform quality and all the farmers of a given district working together the marketing problem will be easily solved and the profits materially enhanced. This is a direction in which Canadian agriculture is rapidly developing. It is a field of activity that has been neglected, but it is high time that the organizing talent in our rural communities was making itself felt.

POINT WELL STATED.

Wallaces' Farmer has the habit of stating certain central truths on good farming in a pithy, truthful way. Here is one that dairy farmers might do well to heed.

"There should be co-operation among farmers in selecting breeds of stock. There are certain sections where nothing but the special purpose dairy cattle should be kept, and these should not be a mixture of different breeds, nor crosses between different breeds, but the same breeds all through the locality. A dairy cow raised in a dairy section is worth ten dollars more than a dairy cow raised in a section not given over to dairying, for the simple reason that there is always a market for them, and the man who wants a carload lot, or at least where he can gather of a carload in the neighborhood.

"Our English cousins understand this. If one wants to buy Hereford cattle over there he does not go into a Shorthorn section, nor do you find Shorthorns in a Red Poll section, nor do you find Ayrshires in any place except an Ayrshire section. These different breeds are all the result of the environment of the section. We have not gone far enough in this country to understand what particular breed is best adapted to each particular environment. We will come to this in time, but we are likely to lose a great deal of money by not giving the subject such careful study as to enable us to reach this point as quickly as possible."

FARM NOTES

One can not have clean milk without clean stables. With some farmers any old place is good enough for the cow; but those who are getting great profit from their herds, have learned that it pays to have everything in a sanitary condition.

The farmer is peculiarly dependent upon the weather, and the weather is fickle. In the long run, however, it is more dependable than the favor of constituents, clients or customers. There is reason always to fear some lack in the income wanted, but there is no earthly cause for the daily expression of apprehension that the season must prove a failure.