## Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XIV .-- (Cont'd).

He had been changing unconsciously; had not known, realized, what it was that was working the transformation. Hut he knew now. And he eat with his head bent and his eyes covered, and faced the thing. For Gaunt, though not a good mot of the ace it.

He placed the whole case before him, so to speak, and tried to regard it calmly and judicially.

He was in love with Decima Beane. He, years older than she—and a married man! He wiped the sweat from his face with an unsteady hand. It seemed ridiculous and absurd; but there it was, and all the ridicule he could pour on it would not quench or down the truth. He tried to age, of the bond that held and called him; but the laugh rang hollow and unsatisfactory.

He loved her. And he knew it was the first real love of his life. The fancy for the woman who bore his name had been a fancy only, and had died; changed, rather, to contempt and loathing. He had never really loved until he had met Decima. And the girl was everything in the where really loved until he had met Decima. And he pirl was everything in the whom the first property of the word, of the bond thought. The sweet, girlish face with its blue and ever-changing eyes, its mobile mouth and its bright and innocent smile, the soft brown hair clustering in tendrils on her white brow. Her voice with its innocent tone—

Innocent! Yes, she was innocent; so child-like, that she did not guess how it was with him. He was not a good man; but he would have the cose, stung to movement by the resolve, and almost groaned. A shudder ran through him as he thought of returning to the world, of going away from the sight of her face, the sound of her voice, and almost groaned. A shudder ran through him as he thought of returning to the world, of going away from the sight of her face, the sound been like a guardian angel to him; she had, all innocently and unconsciously led him out of the dark forest of desmair and gloom to higher and brighter lands. She had, all innocently and unconsciously led him out of the dark forest of desmair and

There was a faint moonlight; a nightingale was singing on one of the trees on the lawn. He saw Decima's face in the soft light, he heard her voice speaking through the bird's. Presently he got his hat, and, half mechanically, went up the avenue and along the road to The Woodhines.

avenue and along the road to The Woodbines.

As he reached the house and stood in the chadow of the trees on either side of the road, he heard the piano, and then her voice—the clear, sweet, girlish voice which echoed in his heart all day. She was singing one of the simple songs she used to sing to Lady Pauline, and every note, as it floated out to him, struck upon a chord in his heart and filled him with the pain of intense longing.

He went home again, with the sweet, "irlish voice ringing in his ears. But he would not go into the house, and he paced under the firs in the plantation until the dawn began to gleam beyond the hills. "I love her!" was the thought that sched in his heart. "I love her; but she shall never know. She shall never know." In the morning some plans came down by post. He had promised to take them to her. Should he do so? He prayed, thirsted for a sight of her. Why should he not go? He would begin the watch over himself.

After breakfast he went, with the plans his hand, un to The Woodbines. As

over himself.

After breakfast he went, with the plans in his hand, up to The Woodbines. As he reached the gate he heard voices—Decima's and a man's—and then he saw her and Mr. Mershon in the garden. He had met the young man once or twice, and exchanged greetings with him; but it had so chanced that he had not seen him and Decima together. He looked over the gate, and there was Mr. Mershon holding a chrysanthemum while Decima tied it to a stick. Decima wore a sunbonnet like—and vet how unlike—Mrs. Topper's, and, as she bent over the plant, she was laughing, evidently at Mr. Mershon's awkward—



ASK YOUR DEALER.

ness. And the young man, with his hat on one side, was looking up at her with an intent expression in his small, sharp

on one side, was looking up at her with an intent expression in his small, sharp eyes.

A pang shot through Gaunt's heart.

"My God! I am jealous!" he said, between his clinched teeth, and his face grew set and stern.

He tried to soften it as he pushed the gate open and entered, but Decima, as she looked up and uttered a faint cry of welcome, saw, the look and opened her innocent eyes upon him.

"Oh, Lord Gaunt, is it you? And have you brought the plans—is that them in your hand?"

"Yes, I've brought them," he said, trying to smile. "But it doesn't matter. Don't let me interrupt you."

She looked at him with a faint reproach in her lovely eyes.

"Why, we are only tying up some of the chrysanthemums. As if they were of any consequence! Let me see them! I do so want to see them. But what is the matter?" she broke off, as she looked up at him with a sudden grave questioning. "Nothing—nothing," he said, hastily for he felt Mr. Mershon's sharp eyes upon him. That gentleman dropped the string and glanced at his watch. He disliked, and was a little afraid of Lord Gaunt of Leafmore.

"I—I think I'll be going," he said, look-

more.
"I-I think I'll be going," he said, look-

"I—I think I'll be going," he said, looking at Decima.

She had opened the plans and seemed quite absorbed in them.

"Oh, will you not stay? Well, good-bye, and thank you. We have tied up ever so many, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mershon. "Good morning, Lord Gaunt." As he went out of the gate, Gaunt looked after him.
"Do you see much of Mr. Mershon?" he asked, and cursed himself for asking.

Decima looked up from the plans absently.

asked, and cursed himself for asking.

Decima looked up from the plans absently.

"Yes, oh, yes. He is here nearly every day. He has business with father. I don't understand what it is; it is all a mystery to me—and to father also, I expect. But what is the matter? You—you look so pale and tired."

She drew nearer to him, with child-like affection and confidence, and laid her hand upon his arm.

And the strong arm, lean and muscular, the arm which had known no quiver nor uncertainty even when it had been raised in the face of death itself, had hard work to keep itself steady under the fingers which touched him so innocently.

"I've—I've had a bad night," he said, forcing a smile. "I used to suffer from insomnia, and I got an attack of it last night."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Come and sit in my arbor and rest for a little while." Her hand closed on his arm, and she led him gently to a rustic summerhouse in the worst state of repair. "Sit there and rest," she said. "You shall not talk, or even think. And I will look at the plane. Say!" she ran to one of the garden borders and picked some sprigs of lavender, "smell those! Are they not sweet?"

She held them up to him, and unseen by her, he touched them with his lipe.

of lavender, "smell those! Are they not sweet?"

She held them up to him, and, unseen by her, he touched them with his lips. Then, with the innocence of a child, she sat close beside him and unfolded the plans again.

Her arm touched his—the summer-house was a very small affair—he could almost hear the beating of her heart; and his own heart throbbed in harmony.

"They are beautiful!" she said, nodding at the plans, as a child nods at a picture-book. "How clever a man must be to draw them like this! Look at that tower!" She opened out the plans so that they rested on her knees and his. "There's a bell in that tower, of course. Will 'it run, as Bobby would say, to a bell, Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes; it will run to a bell." he said, motherically for her head seed the said worker to be th

asked myself the question. But now I come to do so, yes, I think I do. How foolish that sounds! Aunt Pauline used to say that I should never master syntax. He is very good-natured, you know; only this morning he promised me fifty pounds toward the boys' play-ground and gymnasium."

"Why did you ask him?" he said, almost roughly. "I would have given you all you wanted."

"I know you would," she said, simply; "and that is why I didn't ask you. You

most roughly. "I would have given you all you wanted."

"I know you would," she said, simply; "and that is why I didn't ask you. You have done so much. Besides, it is only fair that Mr. Mershon should spend some of his money for the benefit of the people among whom he lives. He is very rich, you know."

"Is he?" he said. "I don't know anything about him." Then he got ashamed of his petulance, of his jealousy, for her eyes were seeking his with a rather pained surprise. She had never before heard him speak in this tone. "Oh, I dare say he is a very nice young fellow. I'm—I'm rather boorish and ill-natured this morning. I always am when I don't sleep."

In an instant her face melted, so to speak, with a tender sympathy which smote him to the heart.

"I know. You could not be really unkind or unjust to any one, I think, Lord Gaunt."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he said, grimly.

"It know. You could not be really unkind or unjust to any one, I think, Lord Gaunt."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he said, grimly.

"No. It was only because you are tired that you were hard. For, after all, what have you said? Lean back—see, you can just lean back—and rest, quite restful."

She leaned back to show him the way, and the branches of the ivy and clematis caught in her hair. She laughed as she tried to diseutangle them.

"I forgot my hair; but you need not be afraid—yours is too short."

"Can't you get it undone?" he said. "Let me try, will you?"

"Thanks," she said at once. "Mind you do not bring it all down; it is ant to come down at a touch. You see, I've not had it up very long."

His hand shook as he attempted to free the soft, silky coil from the branch that clung to it lovingly. His breath came fast, and he brought about the catastrophe against which she had warned him. "There, it is down!" she said, with a laugh. She shook her hair loose, and smiled up at him as one school-girl smiles at another. "That is how I looked a few months before you saw me at the Zoo," she said.

He looked at her, and then suddenly away from her, lest she should read his secret in his eyes.

"You must have been rather a niceleoking little girl," he remarked, with an effort at careless badinage.

"I wasn't, really. I was a very ugly child." she said. "I remember Bobby used to call me the plain bun. I've told you about his expecting to see a long-legged, ugly little girl at the railway station, haven't I?"

While she was speaking, she was doing up her hair rapidly and careleesly. He stooped to pick up some of the hair-pins which had fallen, and saw a piece of brown ribbon which had either fallen from her hair or some part of her dress. He waited until she had finished, then he picked up the ribbon.
"Do you want this?" he said.
"What is it? Oh, thanks!"
He held it in his hand.
"If you don't particularly want it, I'll tie up the plans with it," he said, with an air of indifference.
"No, I don't want it. Is it long enough?"
"Quite," he said, as he rolled up the plans and wound the ribbon round them. "I'm going down to the village to see Cobbet. Could you—will it be convenient for you to meet me there this afternoon? There are some things Bright wants to ask you about. You and Bobby might come up to tea afterward, if you'd be so gracious."
"Very well," she said at once and brightly. "I am going in to help to make a pudding. I am learning to cook, you know. Bobby says I always forget the principal ingredient—generally the sugar—but he always has two serves, and the proof of the pudding is the eating there of."
She talked on—the talk of a happy heart free girleand he listened with a

proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

She talked on—the talk of a happy, heart-free girl—and he listened with a mingling of pleasure and pain. Her innocence and unconsciousness hurt him that morning. He got up almost suddenly.

"I must go," he said, abruptly, and left her.

They met in the village in the afternoon, interviewed Mr. Bright, and then met Bobby, and went up to the Hall to tea. It was served on the terrace, and she presided, as she had done on several previous occasions. Gaunt watched her. Never had she seemed more perfect in every tone and movement. Locking at her was like listening to an exquisite piece of music which makes the heart ache with an infinite longing.

"Show Bobby the plans, Lord Gaunt," she said, presently.

Gaunt went into the library and brought them. They were untied and in confusion.

"Why, what a jumble you have got them

them. They were untied and in confusion.

"Why, what a jumble you have got them in! Where is the ribbon you tied them up with?" she asked.

He colored for an instant and looked with the awkwardness of a man.

"I—I must have dropped it," he said.

It was folded neatly in his waistcoat pocket over his heart.

"Ah." said Bobby, "want my opinion? Well, my opinion is that you are pauperizing the whole place between you; and I'm rather glad that I'm going out of it, and so can chuck what little of the responsibility that has fallen to my share."

"Going out of it!" said Decima.

He nodded as he lighted a cigarette.

"Yes, old Brown"—Brown was his coach—"thinks that I ought to go up to London to polish up my French and German; so I'm going right away; that is, in a week or two."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Decima, aghast.

to polish up my French and German; so I'm going right away; that is, in a week or two."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Decima, aghast.
"Don't cry. Is its brother going to leave it for a few weeks? Never mind! He'll come back soon and bring his ickle sister a nice ickle doll."

"Going up to London," said Gaunt. His heart sunk, for he knew that, Bobby away, he should not be able to see so much of Decima, for Bobby had played the useful part of chaperon. "You'll go into diggings, I suppose? See here, I've some chambers in town—you go up to them. You'll be doing me a service if you will." Bobby stared.

"You—you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it." said Gaunt, rather curtly. "It's better for the rooms to be occupied." He gave Bobby the address. "And I'll put up for the—what club would you like, I wonder? What do you say to the Orient?"

Bobby flushed with pride and pleasure. "Will you really? How awfully good of you! The Orient!"

He had heard and read of the club—one of the best—but had never hoped, never dreamed of becoming a member.

"Not at all," said Gaunt, briskly. "I'll write to-night."

Bobby was so moved and excited that he jumped up and paced away. Decima looked at Gaunt with a sudden moisture in her eyes.

"I wonder why you are so kind to us?"

in her eyes.

"I wonder why you are so kind to us?"
she said, with a little catch in her voice.
He could not have found a quicker road
to her heart.
He raised his eyes to her face for a

cretive nature, and likely to succeed in life, either as a lawyer or as a detective; but, although he keep longer and present a better at Murwick some time ago and he may acquire money by economy and cunning, he has not the largeness of mind necessary to the amassing of a great fortune. Long ducts depends upon the packing, tongues suggest generosity and openhandedness. But the man with a long, broad tongue is apt to be a dangerous gossip; just as the man duce to best advantage when put on with a short, broad tongue is addicted to craft, and even deceptive-Very thin, pointed tongues ness. may be found in people of all temperaments, and are indications of done carefully. With the softer failure. The man with such a varieties of fruit and vegetables, The man with such a tongue, it is said, will never make a success of life.



### "PURSE"-EVERING CHAP.

"Beg pardon, sir. Do you happen to have lost your purse  $l^{r}$ "No."

"Then could you let me have a little assistance?"

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# On the Farm

Packing Produce for Market.

Packing is equally as important as any of the other operations involved in the preparation of fruits and vegetables for market. There are several important points in connection with this work worthy of consideration, probably the most important of which is honesty, writes Mr. S. B. Shaw. "Every grower's pack should be as good as his bond." Customers want honestly packed goods and they are usually willing to pay good prices for them. A grocer never loses by placing honestly packed produce on market, be it at home or any

abroad. Each package should be filled with the same grade throughout. If this is done the top may be "faced." 'Facing'' is the arrangement of from one to three layers of fruit on the top, thus increasing the attractiveness of the package. This is an honest and perfectly legitimate practice provided the entire conas Bobby would say, to a bell, Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes; it will run to a bell," he said, mechanically, for her hand was touching, his arm, and all his senses were throbbing. "Will it? I am so glad! And that is the size? But I am worrying you, and I meant you to rest!" she exclaimed, remorsefully. "It is not worrying me." he said. "There is no one so kind, so thoughtul, so reason them."

"Oh, I think they are beautiful!" she said. "And the school-house is too sweet for words! I should like to be school. "Yes?" he said; then the green jealousey gnawing at his heart forced him on. "Do you like Mr. Mershon?"

What Your Tongue Tells.

The latest "scientific" whim, a substitute for palmistry, haling the schools?" she said. "Like him? Oh yes, I suppose so. I never thought, never asked myself the question. But now I come to do so, yes, I think I do. How foolish that sounds! Aunt Pauline used to say that I should never master syntax. He is very good-natured, you know; only and the school house is too sweet of the same grade as those placed on top. Seconds and inferior grades should never be faced with prime specimens. There is neither cash nor character. There is neither cash nor character. There is neither cash nor character in this practice. A few seconds or culls scattered in with a lot of fancy specimens gives the buyer an opportunity to discriminate against the whole package and ruins the reputation of the grower as an honce stream opportunity to discriminate against the whole package and ruins the reputation of the grower as an honce stream opportunity to discriminate against the whole package. The seconds?" while substitute for palmistry, haling from Germany, is the pastime of read with prime specimens.

There is no one so kind, so thoughtly so that is there especially kind in that? There is neither cash nor character. There is neither cash nor character. There is neither cash nor character. The seconds or culls scattered in with a lot of fancy specimens gives the buyer an opportunity to discriminate against the w tents are fruits of the same grade

the success in marketing farm prothat growers cannot be too particular in seeing that this work is done in such a way as to show their prosale. While it is of the utmost importance that each package be filled with the same grade throughout, it is equally as important that it be such as peaches, plums, tomatoes and egg plant, that are usually put in small packages, each specimen should be placed by hand. This not only makes the pack more attractive, but it lessens the liability of damage resulting from bruises. Produce of a firm nature, as apples, potatoes, etc., will not bruise so readily, and as a result it is not so necessary to handle each individual specimen in packing.

Grass and Silage an Ideal Feed.

"When I get my cows into grass again there will be more milk

This is a statement frequently heard during the last month that the herd is confined in the yard. When once on pasture the yields show a marked increase even though the animals may have had plenty of good grain and forage previously.

What is there about grass which makes it such an excellent and very satisfactory food for a milk cow? Is it not its succulent nature?

Succulence means full of juice, and the juicy ration for the dairy cow is the correct one from all viewpoints. Large quantities of water, are required by the cow in order to make large quantities of milk.

A large part, in fact, all but about ten or twelve per cent. of milk, is water, and, consequently, the cow that produces 8,000 pounds of milk in a year makes use of something like 7,000 pounds of water, or a little over, for milk alone, to say nothing of what is required for her body.

Thus the importance of a succulent ration, as well as a pure supply of drinking water, is apparent.

Realizing the great stimulus to production which grass is, the dairyman anxious for large yields should seek to pattern his ration as nearly as possible the year around after this natural food.

Grass alone, of course, would not be satisfactory for winter feeding, for it keeps the body of the cow too full of water and allows her to suffer from the cold, but in conjunction with more fat-forming foods, such as grains and fodders, grass would be a part of an ideal winter

The nearest approach to grass, however, is silage, and it is for this reason that silage is held in such high esteem by those who feed it.

cool in the packing house, and have warning to the naval cadets of the them dry before packing. They will empire in a speech which he made appearance at the time of sale if has several times declared that handled in this way. So much of more athletics and less beer would improve the student physique.

Showing, however, how established beer drinking is as an incident of every student celebration, the fact may be mentioned that five glasses of beer for each student were paid for from the funds of the University of Berlin on the occasion of the jubilee "kommers."

### It Made a Difference.

"The only thing I find to say against you, Jane, is that your washing bill is far too extravagant. Last week you had six blouses in the wash. Why, my own daughter

never sends more than two."
"Ah, that may be, mum," replied Jane, "but I 'ave to! Your daughter's sweetheart is a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep.
mum." It makes a difference,

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