

# A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING  
WILL

## CHAPTER XXV.

The rain was now rushing in torrents, straight from the torn clouds above, there was no time to lose; Claude took her hand and hid her face with his, and turning up a sidepath from the main road, they reached a large shed, half-full of bark and faggots, where they were sheltered from the rain, though from the open front they could still see the tempest raging over the great space of sky which the slight downward slope of the woodland from the shed made visible. Jessie turned shuddering from it.

Seeing the cause of her distress, he drew her back among the bundles of bark, where, by displacing some and piling others, he made a screened recess and arranged a seat for her. Her thick, irregular heartbeats became quiet and rhythmic, and a delicious calm stole upon her. He sat by her and took her hand; she did not withdraw it, his touch was too healing. The storm crashed furiously on the rain rushed with a hissing splash on the leaves all round the shed, the air was still like the heavy vapor of molten brass; yet Jessie was undisturbed, her delicate cheek was tinged like an infant's and her breath came with the soft ease of a sleeping child's; she could not see the distracting dazzle of the lightnings in the pleasant dusk among the bark-bundles which emitted a wholesome forest odor. She leaned against the bark in happy silence, it would be heaven to sit thus forever.

He feared to break the blissful silence or mar the exquisite peace of the sweet face so near him. They were completely isolated, fenced round for the next hour at least by that blessed storm; there was plenty of time without spoiling that perfect moment. "To look before and after, to pine for what is not." Besides, what could express her love and confidence more than that silent surrender of herself with the instant solace that his touch so evidently gave. "My bird will never escape me now," he thought, "she has fluttered home for good and all."

The tumult and tension of the last few days, with the climax of nervous agony wrought by the storm, had exhausted her; she only cared to be still now in the utter peace of Claude's presence. In the pauses of the thunder, they could hear each other breathe above the prolonged hiss of the rushing rain. The fragrant nest among the bark-bundles seemed by the sanctity whither no unhalloved thing could penetrate. Rush on, blessed rain! wash on, fierce kind lightnings; crack, rumble, and roar, majestic, deep-voiced thunder, tear the clouds and break up the heavens in your wild exultant strength; only let us be together.

That stern resolve never again to see him, all the struggles and mental conflicts, the thousand reasons for avoiding him, fell from Jessie like a garment, and when she began to let some cloudlet of thought drift across the happy heaven of her peace, she asked herself, more moved by Claude's eloquent silence than she had ever been by his words, why, after all, they should be parted? Could either have any happiness apart from the other? His very touch healed her. Surely God had brought them together and made them one. Excessive weariness is a narcotic, conscience falls asleep, the furies of thought sink to rest under spells of Orphean melody, and the tired soul refuses to heave the stone of Sisyphus any more up the steep: this is the Tempter's hour.

All the sophisms Claude had uttered and she had combated about marriage, the falsity and cruelty of conventions, the purity of a soul union such as theirs might be, came stealing back, unchallenged, unresisted, with tenfold force, in that beautiful calm. To Claude they came also with renewed force, the offspring of his own brain returning no longer children to be mounded and controlled, but armed men to conquer and subdue.

"You are calm now," he said, at last, breaking the golden silence with reluctance, and she smiled in reply.

"You were ill with fright, poor child," he added; and then Jessie spoke of the nervous trouble thunder had always caused her.

"I never before was calm in a thunder-storm," she said; "what a coward I am!" she added, with a low, tranquil laugh.

A terrific crack of thunder, as if the storm, after growling sullenly away in the distance, had returned in renewed fury, drowned her laugh.

"No coward," he replied. "Oh! Jessie, do you remember the viper?" "Ah! I was frightened then," she returned. "I thought people died of a viper's bite."

"And you offered your life for mine. And you gave me something better than life, all that makes life sweet."

She withdrew her hand, reality broke in upon the blissful waking dream in which they seemed to be in some higher, nobler state, disembodied spirits, anything but mere mortals bound by strict conventions and stern moral obligations. "No," she said, "I brought you trouble. But we part friends."

Claude laughed, it seemed more like meeting than parting. "Whither are you flying?" he asked, gayly. "To my old school for a time tomorrow."

"Who goes with you?" "No one. I go alone by the carrier."

"Jessie," he said, with emphasis, "this is a heaven-sent opportunity. You go with old Winstone as far as Yellow Cross, there you get out to pick flowers, what you will. Instead of following the cart, you turn up the Blackwell road, where you find me with a closed carriage. We catch the evening boat and are in France the day after tomorrow morning."

"Oh! this is madness!" cried Jessie; "you must not say such things, indeed, indeed!"

"I must," he replied, taking her hands and speaking earnestly; "you have given me the right, you must not trifle with me. Child, do you think you can take a man's heart in your hands and play with it, and throw it away when done with it? No. We belong to each other. Jessie, we love each other with heart and soul. No power can part us. Trust to me, wholly; so love is perfect without trust. Leave all these ethical and conventional subtleties to me. I am responsible to Heaven for both of us. Was not the woman made for the man, and only the man for God? He for God only, she for God in him? There is no wrong in such a union as ours, only the purest, holiest happiness. Besides, the last barrier is broken down. That miserable terror of Mrs. Grundy cannot come between us any more. You need never again be afraid of what people will think."

"What do you mean?" gasped Jessie.

"We have been seen. Don't you know what they say of people in our—in your—in short—"

"Oh! I know now too well and too late, but I did not know till Mr. Ingleby told me."

"Ingleby told you, did he?" he said, darkly; "it was like his confession—"

"It was like the kind, wise friend he is," she rejoined.

"A reputation is easily lost—it only means being seen with the wrong man—"

All at once his meaning flashed upon her; she said nothing, for sheer anguish.

"We will go to Switzerland," he added, "marriage laws are easy there."

"We cannot marry, you have given your father your word of honor," she said, in smothered tones.

He explained that such a marriage would probably not be valid in England, and was only intended as a concession to her scruples. "It is not only my word of honor to marry no one but my cousin," he added.

"but it is Marwell Court and all that goes with it; these jolly old woods in which we have been so happy. And it is not for myself—ah! Jessie, as if I would not give up fifty Marwell Courts for you—but think of my people. It would kill my father—and as for the others—"

To be born and brought up in a place like this, a place belonging to history, with all sorts of family traditions and associations—such places don't belong to the man who actually owns them, but to the whole family, for whom he holds them in trust. One can't play the game of life for one's own hand—especially if one is an eldest son; you see?"

"I understand—oh! understand so well," said Jessie, brokenly, her face buried in her hands, while her arms were supported on her knees. "I was not born for things like that—I should shame you. Oh! Claude, you must marry Miss Lombdale—you must forget me!"

"Forget you!" As he spoke he bent over her bowed head and hidden face. She listened and quivered, and the old arguments came back with fresh and ever fresh force, while the thunder rolled on in the distance and she did not hear it.

All she heard or heeded was the low musical voice, the unutterable charm of the unseen presence, the immense need they had of each other, the supreme importance of his happiness, the impossibility of either living apart from the other.

What was anything in comparison with his happiness? what was honor, peace of mind, heaven itself? There was no heaven without him, to lose him was hell. She was his, she lived for him alone, had no life apart from him. What if her life was laid waste and spoiled for him? As she thought thus she suddenly lifted her head and looked at him.

He saw his advantage and followed it up by eloquence glowing with unexpressed passion; it seemed to Jessie that they were already one and could not be parted without sacrilege. She thought of Shelley and Mary.

He drew a wedding-ring from his pocket and would have placed it upon her trembling hand. Were they not in the temple of nature, he said, with the rushing rains as choristers, the swift lightnings as witnesses, the deep organ-notes of the thunder sounding their wedding symphony? What moment could be fitter for their espousals? She must promise now and forever.

The word struck a deep chord in her breast; the supreme moment of her life had arrived. She listened to the wild storm-music so solemnly invoked, the rain trickling from the shod roof into a pool formed by its own violence, with a sound that recalled the quiet music of the ballad she was striving to climb the mill-wheel at home. Again she heard the perpetually defeated water conquered by its persistence; she saw it grind corn for men's food and circle round the world in a wondrous endless succession of transformation; she saw the white feet of winged angels pass up the turning stair, as the heavy being floated upward; she heard soft strains of spherical harmony mingled with the mill-music as in her childish dream, while in the actual far-off roll of the passing thunder boomed the everlasting "Thou shalt not," against the grand simplicity of which all argument is mute.

She rose and left the dim recess, she would have gone but that he dejected her with gentle force. Her slight figure was outlined on the storm-vent sky which had now no more terrors for her.

"Foolish child! What has frightened you?" he said, with infinite tenderness; "dearest Jessie, think for a moment, don't be reckless. Don't ruin my happiness, don't throw away my last hope. You are virtually bound to me. You have given me your love, you have broken with conventions, you are mine; in different ways we have compromised each other. The storm unmoved you, it makes you morbid. You know that ours is no common bond, that we are already one in heart and soul—"

"Claude, Claude, let me go!" "You cannot, you cannot go in this storm. Stay, Jessie, stay. It will leave you, only stay in the shelter; but she was off through the tangle of wet undergrowth, and into the main road; he followed, then stopped, knowing that further pursuit would only distress her.

Just then the rain, which had died nearly away, changed to a fierce crackle of hail-stones rebounding from branch to branch and denting the bare earth where they struck; the storm gathered up its dying energies for a final outburst. A blue sheet of light revealed lowering cloud-masses above, colored the white hail-storm for a moment, and showed him the last glimpse of Jessie's dress before she was engulfed in the double darkness of storm and forest; and by the time he removed his hand from his dazzled eyes a pearl white zig-zag darted from heaven to earth, accompanied by a peal of reverberating thunder which seemed as if it would never end. And Jessie was under trees in the very heart of the storm!

He went back to the shed and leaned against the bark stacks, intently gazing in the direction which she had taken; he was pale and had a solemn, resolute look.

"Whatever happens," he said aloud, and as if calling unseen promises to witness, "Jessie must now be my lawful wife."

The long unequal duel was at an end, but the battle was not to the strong.

When the storm had at last rolled away, and he had left his shelter, the figure of a woman issued from among the piles of bark not far from the refuge he had made for Jessie, and leaned upon the pillar which ran from pillar to pillar in front of the shed.

"You will not marry Jessie," she said, with fierce emphasis; "and you will not save Marwell Court, if it can only be done by marrying me, my good cousin."

The life-time of torture she had

suffered in the last hour had exhausted her, there were dark shadows beneath her deep lustrous eyes, and her lips were firmly set.

"How can I hurt her?" she continued. "After all death is a feeble vengeance. Who would have imagined that this baby-face could play her cards so skillfully? Where did she learn how to fool men? Who gave her this insight, this intuitive knowledge of their weak points? Afraid of the storm, indeed! I said she was no ordinary girl, I was right!"

(To be Continued.)

## WATCHES THE RAILS.

Machine Which Provides for Safety of Travelers.

American railroad development has reached the point where a man can sit comfortably in a private car and see recorded on paper before him every imperfection of the rails over which he is riding, says World's Work. Twenty years ago, a track walker with a hammer tramped the cross-ties to find out this same thing. The track walker's work and much more is now done by the dynamograph, a mechanism which not only records the deviations the rails make from a straight and level line, but automatically computes these deviations in feet and inches. It is the invention of Dr. P. H. Dudley. The invention is attached to his private car, which has been his home for fifteen years. The dynamograph tests rails. It is a machine 42 inches high and looks like a hand printing press. It makes records on the roll of paper attached to the machine, made through power gained from the rolling of the wheels of the car over the track. The paper is unrolled by a shaft attached to the axle of the car. The paper is thus moved slowly by as the car travels. Suspended over the paper are a number of glass tubes, each containing red ink. They are really glass needles that make a continuous mark on the paper. There is one needle for each track, one for the gauge of the rails, another to measure the distance the car is travelling. These needles are all connected, first, by shaft attached to the side, and then by delicate mechanism attached to the shaft. If the car is travelling over a perfect level track, these glass needles make a straight line. If there is an undulation in the track of a fraction of an inch, the sensitive mechanism wavers, and the line becomes broken. Since track is perfectly level, the record for the best road-bed in America is wavering.

When the undulation or break in the level of the track is one-eighth of an inch or more, the mechanism opens a hose attached to a can of blue paint on the tracks, the paint is splurted on the rail and the defect is thus plainly marked for the section gangs. Every time the paint is thrown on the track a mark is made by the glass needle, giving a record by which to check the work of these track repairers.

At the end of a test trip a permanent record of the roll is made and copies printed for the various mechanical departments of the road. By this record the road is apprised of the actual condition of its road-bed.

EMBARRASSED WITH RICHES. Heiress of the Krupp Millions Has Many Worries.

It is one of the grim ironies of fate that a young girl, barely of age, should be in a sense responsible for the blood of a million people between Russia and Japan, owing to the fact that she supplied both powers with practically all of their guns.

The young woman in question is Miss Krupp, who, on the death of her father, became chief proprietor of the world-famed Krupp Works, at Essen, Germany, and likewise became the wealthiest woman in the world.

The heiress seems to have inherited some of the family capacity for industrial organization, for she takes the greatest pride and delight in supervising the work of the different departments, and declares that at some future time she will have gained sufficient experience to take an active part in the direction of affairs.

Meanwhile her interference in business matters is limited to passive supervision, but she takes a more active part in controlling the management of the numerous auxiliary departments of the establishment. The schools for the children of her employes and the hospitals for the care of the sick receive regular visits from her, and she has a sharp eye for defects of all kinds.

Knowing human nature, it is hardly surprising to find that Miss Krupp's employes do not appreciate her blood quality, and charitable ways. Living in Miss Krupp's houses, sending their children to the schools, applying to her hospitals when they or their families are sick, attending her churches, drinking beer in her restaurants, buying meat from her slaughter houses, flour from her mills, bread from her bakeries, and hats and clothes from her stores make them feel that they are her serfs, and not free-born laborers.

Miss Krupp's charitable disposition has become known to the general public in Germany, with the result that she receives on an average, over 200 purely begging letters a day, and over 150 letters daily entreating her to grant some position in the world to some worthy young man.

She also has to undergo some of the inconveniences which are generally confined to emperors and kings. Her vast wealth and the ownership of an entire city make her a likely target for anarchists' bullets, and her friends are in constant terror of assassination. For this reason her guardians have insisted on her being continually guarded by a regiment of detectives, who are always in her vicinity.

## FARM-FIELD

TESTING CREAM.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman asks the following questions, which are answered by Prof. E. H. Farrington.

"How can the creamery arrive at the cream patron's test if one day his cream may test 30 per cent., another 20 per cent., or 40 per cent? A composite sample is taken each day. Then this cream after being weighed, is put in the cream vat. The can must be rinsed out. We don't want that water in the cream vat, so it is put into the milk fat for the cream patron's fellow, patron to have a skim milk."

"How can a correct test be taken? Cream will rise and get heavy on the surface. This cream question is one of the most important ones we have to deal with at butter factories."

When such cream as this is waiting for the gathering wagon, the driver pours it into his cream weighing pail, then back to the farmer's can. Repeating this operation at least three times, he then hangs his weighing pail on the scales, fills it with the cream, records the weight in the proper place in his book, and takes a sample by means of a long, slim tube which is put down into the cream until it touches the bottom of the weighing pail, standing in a vertical position. This tube will be filled to the height of the cream in the pail and by closing a cork in the top of the tube the cream inside of it may be lifted out by taking out the sampling tube and emptying it into a glass bottle having the name or number of this patron thereon.

THE AMOUNT OF CREAM taken as a sample will depend on the length and diameter of the sampling tube, but if tubes of the same size are used for sampling cream in weighing pails of the same size, the samples will always be the same fractional part of the different lots of cream and it will consequently make no difference whether one lot of cream tests 10 per cent. and the next 30 per cent. of fat, the samples will fairly represent the cream from which they are taken. The samples taken at the farms by the driver are delivered by him to the buttermaker at the creamery. Here they are poured (after inspection) into the composite sample jars at the factory, and a test of such a composite sample ought to give perfectly satisfactory results.

You say that the can rinsings at the factory are not put in the cream. I do not see any objection to adding them to the vat, if the water used is perfectly pure and there is not an excessive amount of it. A little pure water in your cream ripening vat, will not hurt the butter, neither will it interfere with an accurate calculation of the dividends.

The weights and tests of the cream will show how much fat there is in the cream delivered to a factory in a given time (one month) and the creamery books should show what was received for the butter. Then, after subtracting the expenses of running the factory from this butter money, the cash left is to be paid the patrons. Divide the money by the total weight of butter fat in the cream from which the butter was made, and the figure obtained will be the price per pound of butter fat for the factory is to pay its patron for that month. Each patron's check is made out for the amount of money shown to be due him, by multiplying his weight of cream by the average of the tests of the composite samples, which will give the pounds of butter fat in the cream, then by multiplying these pounds of fat by the price per pound, as obtained above, you will have the amount of each check.

SHEEP BENEFIT PASTURES. The addition of five or six head of sheep for each cow will tend to increase the productivity of a very weedy pasture, nearly if not quite, to the extent of the amount consumed by the sheep. After a few years, when the weeds have been exterminated, the relative number of cows may be increased, but of course the proportion of cows to sheep, as well as the total amount of stock that can be profitably kept upon a given area, will depend upon the nature of the soil and the vegetation, the locality, the climatic conditions, and so forth.

Some sheep could be profitably kept upon nearly all farms. They will not only serve to keep the pasture free from weeds, but they will also provide excellent scavengers for clearing up stubble fields after harvest and the odd corners on the farm. And moreover, they will yield a handsome profit on the investment as well as providing the most wholesome kind of fresh meat for the farmer's family whenever it is desired.

A mistake often made by farmers who start in with a small flock of sheep to act as scavengers is to buy anything that anyone else may choose to call sheep, that has little wool on its back and will eat weeds, and then treat them as meanly as their appearance seems to deserve. This does not pay. Good blood, individual merit, and good care are as necessary for profitable sheep raising as with any other kind of stock.

Buy a few good, pure bred, registered sheep of any one of half a dozen of the standard breeds, treat them right, and they will do the handsomest thing by you. They will earn their keep during the summer by destroying weeds, but they must have good care and feed during the winter. When a considerable number of sheep are obtained and pure breeds cannot be obtained at satisfactory prices, good grade ewes will do, but

nothing but registered rams of high individual merit should ever be used.

Such a flock of sheep of appropriate size will in a few years exterminate the weeds and greatly improve the grass of any good native pasture. Top dressing with manure and sowing bluegrass upon the bare spots will also be found beneficial. If, however, the native grasses are too badly run out, it may pay better to break the sod and crop it for two or three years and then seed it down again.

## CARE OF THE MOWER.

Before starting the machine see that it is all in order; knife sharp, sections tight, nuts tight, and pitman moving smoothly without striking anywhere. Use plenty of oil of the best quality, and see that the oil cups are not so badly clogged as to keep the bearing dry.

The driver should note carefully the sound of the machine from time to time, investigating any unusual buzzing or rattling. The inner end of the knife is most likely to be dull because difficult to grind properly and the sections should be touched up with a file if necessary. It pays to have two knives so that a new one can be put in at any time without waiting for grinding, and it is well to have a third knife, new, for reserve in doing extra difficult mowing. Old knives may be set aside for use in mowing weeds, sprouts, etc.

The track cleaner should be carefully adjusted so that the hay previously cut will not interfere with the knife.

## CLEANLINESS IN THE DAIRY.

In traveling over the country and visiting the dairy farms in the summer time, nothing has impressed itself so much on the writer's mind as the necessity of cleanliness, writes Mr. J. H. Brown.

There are so many ways in which milk may be infected with bacterial germs that are detrimental to its welfare, that it keeps a dairyman hustling to get ahead of the germs.

In these days of pasteurization there are some dairymen and hired men who think that if the milk is going to be pasteurized anyway, when it reaches the creamery or city dealer in market milk, it makes no difference whether any good care is given to the milk or not.

The writer has actually seen one man spit on his hands right over the milk stool, while sitting on the milk stool, and just before milking in at milking time. He was chewing tobacco and used the juice instead of milk for lubricating his hands. His excuse was that "all this 'ere milk is pasteurized before it is used." It is a fact that pasteurizing covers a multitude of sins on more than one dairy farm in the country.

Cleanliness in every detail is the most important point to be constantly impressed upon the dairyman and his help in their daily duties in and around the stable, milk room and everywhere milk is handled or stored. Cleanliness must be looked after in all the details of milk manufacture and in

HANDLING MARKET MILK. Every dairyman knows that butter can be made in the private dairy, as a general rule, simply because one man, or one woman, usually has charge or personal control over the whole process, from the feeding of the cows to the marketing of the finished product.

Every patron of a creamery, no matter what his relation to the company may be, financially or officially, will always find it to his interest to see that his milk is furnished daily at the creamery in the best possible condition.

A disregard of any of the details which assist in furnishing pure, clean milk, every night and morning, always affects the quality of the whole of that day's supply of milk at the factory, and the cream and butter taken therefrom is also likewise affected.

The cows should be kept just as clean as possible. There is hardly any necessity of keeping cows with filthy flanks, belly, and teats. It costs barely nothing, except a few boards, a little time and energy, to fix the stalls or stanchions in any old cow stable, so that the cows cannot get soiled. Of course, some cows will soil themselves if they are obliged to almost break their necks to do it. In such a case it might be better to give the butcher a chance to do the "breaking" provided he is willing to pay a fair price.

## RUSSIANS AS LINGUISTS.

Every educated Russian knows three languages besides his own, and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employs two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of languages makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

Theatre owners in London are being notified to make the necessary changes in their buildings called for by the theatre by-law, which will be rigidly enforced.

"Did he marry the girl who could paint things on crockery ware?" "No, he married one who could cook things to put into crockery ware."

A woman's admiration for a painting usually runs to the frame.

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The great majority of heart derangements are due to exhaustion of the nerves and a watery condition of the blood. By overcoming these causes of trouble with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the heart will be restored to health and its action again become normal.

Mr. James B. Clark, Posterville, York County, N.H., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from what the doctors said was neuralgia of the heart. The pain started in the back of the neck and worked down into the region of the heart. Though I had taken a lot of medicine of one kind and another, I could not get

anything to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. "When I began this treatment I could not rest in bed, except by sitting upright, on account of the dreadful pains about the heart and the quick, loud beating. The change which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has made in my condition is wonderful. It has entirely overcome these symptoms and is making me strong and well. If this statement will help to relieve the suffering of others, you are at liberty to use it."

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