

An Unexpected Confession;

Or, The Story of Miss Percival's Early Life.

CHAPTER XII.

"Low typhoid," was Dr. Melrose's verdict when he was summoned to prescribe for the overworked girl, who after recovering from her swoon, had been obliged to go to bed.

"Typhoid!" almost shrieked Mrs. Cushman, in a tone of consternation. "Heavens! are we to have that in the house, after all that we have just gone through! The girl must be sent at once to some hospital."

The physician regarded the woman in undisguised amazement.

"I do not think that will be necessary—she is not ill enough for that, and Miss Malvern, who has been with you as nurse so long, will take excellent care of her," he replied.

"Oh, but I can never have a case of typhoid fever in the house; we will all be catching that the same as we caught the diphtheria," Mrs. Cushman objected, with a shiver of fear. "Besides," she added, with a frown, "Miss Malvern's bill is already something enormous, and really—I cannot afford to keep her any longer."

Dr. Melrose flushed an indignant crimson at this exhibition of heartlessness and selfishness.

"Madam, do you realize that Esther Wellington saved the life of your youngest child, and without a thought of the risk she ran?" he sternly demanded. "But for her resolute act, in the hour that I believed was her last, Daisy would now be lying beside her father. Esther has literally worn herself out in your service, and you now owe it to her to give her the very best of care."

"I know the girl has done very well, and, of course, I am thankful to have Daisy well once more," Mrs. Cushman whined, with an injured air; "but I am sure I shall die of nervousness to be in the house with typhoid fever; and—really—I think Esther would be better off in some hospital."

Mingled anger and disgust rendered the physician speechless for the moment. But he soon found his tongue again.

"I agree with you, madam," he said, curtly, as he abruptly arose, "and I will attend to having Miss Wellington removed from the house with all possible dispatch."

And, two hours later, poor, friendless Esther was lifted into an ambulance and taken to the Roosevelt Hospital, where she was given one of the best rooms in the institution and competent nurses for both day and night, while Dr. Melrose attended her as faithfully as if she had been worth her hundreds of thousands and he hoped to reap a fat fee upon her recovery, instead of simple gratitude.

Let it be said, however, that he did not mind matters when making out the Cushman's bill, upon receiving which the penurious widow groaned aloud, and angrily exclaimed:

"Good gracious, what a bill! And there is no knowing how much more it would have been if I had kept that girl here as he wanted me to do!"

But the knowledge that she had incurred the contempt of the eminent physician rankled more bitterly in her heart than her anger at his heavy bill. The latter she could wipe out with the magic of her gold; neither could she ever hope to regain the respect of the man.

Time passed, and poor Esther, although she was not dangerously ill, found her patience taxed to the utmost.

The fever was of a low type, but exceedingly obstinate. Her vitality had been so completely exhausted, during that terrible ordeal at the Cushmans', that nature now exacted the tax upon it; thus nearly three months elapsed before she was pronounced well enough to leave the hospital.

Dr. Melrose kept her there longer than he would have kept most patients, for he knew that she had her own living to earn and he was determined that she should recover her normal strength before beginning her treadmill round of existence again.

"Are you going back to Mrs. Cushman's when you leave here?" he asked her, one day, shortly before he told her when she would be discharged, and wishing to hear something of her plans.

"No, sir," Esther responded, while the hot blood mounted to her brow, as she recalled the stinging blow that had been administered to her on that never-to-be-forgotten day when Daisy had been taken ill.

"Have you laid any plans for the future? Have you any friends to whom you can go?" the gentleman continued.

"No, sir," she said, again; "I have no friends, and I expected

when I came to New York, to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Cushman indefinitely. But I do not mean to be a nursemaid all my life, and so I am going to try for something better, as soon as you will let me out of my prison," she concluded, with a wan little smile.

"That will be very soon now; but have you no relatives anywhere?" queried the physician, a frown fitting across his brow.

It seemed such a pity to him that one so young must be thrown entirely upon her own resources in that great city.

"None except the Cushmans," Esther began, unguardedly, then stopped short.

"The Cushmans!" repeated her companion, astonished; "are they relatives?"

"No—I should not have said that," Esther hastened to explain; "for they are nothing to me really. I have no claim upon them, for they are connections only by marriage. Mr. Cushman's father married my grandmother, who was a widow with one daughter, so that he and mamma were brought up as brother and sister, although there was no tie of blood between them. Mr. Cushman was very fond of my mother, and for her sake he consented to become my guardian after I lost my parents."

"And made you a drudge in his family," interposed the good doctor, with curling lips.

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Esther, flushing; "Mr. Cushman had sailed for Europe before I came to New York, so I never even saw him. The news of his death came on the day of my arrival here."

"Then it is to Mrs. Cushman that you are indebted for the life of toil and abuse that you have led in her family?"

Esther flushed at his way of putting it, and it showed her that he had not been unobservant of the treatment she had received.

"Well, of course, she could not be expected to care very much for me, and, after Mr. Cushman died, she said she must curtail expenses, so the nurse was discharged and I

had the care of Daisy," she explained, adding, "but I can never go back there—I must find some other home—some other way to earn my living."

"Curial expenses, eh?" sneered the doctor. "Humph! I happen to know that John Cushman died a very rich man. How old are you, Esther?"

"I shall be eighteen next May."

"What can you do? How do you propose to earn your living, when you leave here?"

"I can sew very nicely," Esther replied, as she lifted a dainty piece of work from the table beside her. "This is an apron for a little girl—I have made several since you allowed me to do something to pass the time away. I have thought that when I leave here, I would take a room in some respectable but inexpensive locality, then go to some of the wealthy families in the city, show these aprons as specimens of my work, and solicit orders."

"H'm! I am not sure but you'd make a success of the business, if you could get a start," said the physician, reflectively. "What would you expect to get for such a thing as that?" he added, and eyeing the pretty apron approvingly.

"Well, this material is very fine, and the trimming is nice; it is all handwork, too, and I think I ought to have between two and three dollars for it," Esther thoughtfully returned.

"You say you have several already made?"

"Yes—I have five completed, and more begun."

"Well, you just let me have them. I'll take them home to my wife. We have some little folks at our house, and if Mrs. Melrose thinks well of the aprons, I will bring you your first order to-morrow, and I'm sure she can recommend you to other people who will give you their patronage. Besides, I know a wholesale dealer in laces and trimmings who can supply your needs in that line at a very low figure—and thus reduce the cost of materials considerably."

"You are very good," Esther replied, tears starting to her eyes at this evidence of the man's genuine interest in her; and going to her dressing case she made her little aprons into a package for him to take to his wife.

And this was how the Young Apron-Maker of Dominick Street—as she afterward came to be designated, began her venture which ere long, developed into a thriving business.

The good doctor's wife was so delighted with the dainty garments which Esther sent for her inspection

that she gave an order for six with the promise of more work when those were completed.

Dr. Melrose, interesting himself still further for his young patient, found a comfortable room for her with a poor, but worthy, family, whom he had often attended gratuitously, and who were sadly in need of the money which a lodger would bring to them, and a week from the day of her conversation with the physician, Esther was discharged from the hospital and took up the burden of life for herself.

When she went to get her trunk from Mrs. Cushman's this lady—who, by the way, had not considered it worth her while to go even once to visit the young invalid during her sojourn in the hospital—appeared to regard her return as a matter of course.

"Well, Esther, so you are entirely recovered at last," she observed, in an indifferent tone, after coolly returning the girl's salutation.

"Yes, although not yet quite strong," she responded. "H'm!" with a searching glance at the pale, young face, "your complexion is vastly improved, at any rate! I would not have believed that you could ever become so fair—your sickness has cleared your skin wonderfully!"

Esther flushed slightly at these remarks.

She was secretly very happy over the changes referred to, for her skin had become as smooth and flawless as a piece of creamy satin—all her previous sallowness having entirely disappeared.

"And your short hair is rather becoming, too," pursued Mrs. Cushman, regarding the prettily shaped head with its new growth of glossy, wavy ebony hair with some curiosity.

"I suppose the nurses in the hospital couldn't afford the time to take care of the great mop you had, and so cut it off."

"No; that was not the reason," Esther returned, the delicate pink deepening in her cheek. "My hair became so thin from the fever, Dr. Melrose said it would all fall off, and it would be much better to cut it; and it is growing again very nicely."

"And curly, too! And—why! what have you been doing to your teeth? Have you had false ones in?" exclaimed Mrs. Cushman, as, for the first time, she observed the straight, white lines of pearls that gleamed between the girl's scarlet lips.

"Dr. Weld has straightened them for me," Esther answered; "I thought you knew I had been having the work done—it has taken

many months, but the day before yesterday."

"H'm!" was all the response the woman vouchsafed to these explanations; but she added to herself, after another critical survey of the girl, "the mix is greatly improved—if she had a little more flesh on her bones and would straighten up she would actually be pretty."

Presently she observed, with a long-drawn sigh:

"Well, I am not sorry to have you back again, Esther, for there is an ocean of sewing to be done. The seamstress I have had lately was no good—I've had to keep an eye upon her all the time in order to get anything done right."

"But I am not coming back here, Mrs. Cushman," Esther quietly remarked.

"Not coming back! What do you mean? Of course you are coming back—where else would you go?" exclaimed the woman, in a voice of dismay.

"I have simply come to pack my trunk and take it away," the girl replied. "I have hired a room from a widow and am going to take in sewing. I have several orders already."

Mrs. Cushman flushed hotly at this intelligence, and then grew white with passion.

She had realized, to her sorrow, during her long absence, how valuable Esther had been to her. She had never had a seamstress, who sewed so nicely or could so readily turn her hand to almost anything. Then, too, the mending which Esther had industriously kept from accumulating had been steadily piling up ever since she went away.

Besides, Daisy was a different child—she had taken a great dislike to her new attendant, and mourned continuously for her kind and gentle companion.

Mrs. Cushman had not forgotten her abuse of Esther, nor the cruel blow she had given her; but she knew the girl had not a single friend in the city, and she did not believe that she would have the courage to start out alone to fight a single-handed her battle with the world.

"You will do no such thing," she retorted, in an arbitrary tone, when she could control herself sufficiently to speak. "Of course you are going to remain with me—you are under my authority until you are of age, and I can compel obedience from you."

"No, madam, you are mistaken," Esther observed, as she arose and addressed her companion, with quiet dignity; "I should have left you the day you so inhumanly struck me, but for Daisy's sudden illness. You have no legal authority over me—we have simply assumed that you have because, my

father requested your husband to act as my guardian; but if you had, I should break it."

"How, pray?" sharply interposed the woman.

"I should appeal to the law. I have heard of such a thing being done where guardians were cruel and unworthy of their trust. I would reveal your heartless treatment of me."

"You could prove nothing," Dr. Melrose could testify to some things, if I failed to prove others," Esther calmly returned; "he knows how I have served you—he knows that I saved the life of your child, after he had abandoned all hope; he could tell how you refused to allow me to remain in your house and have a nurse to give me proper care, when I fell ill from long watching and overwork; he knows, too, that you have not once visited me or betrayed the slightest interest in my welfare during my long illness. But it is useless to talk of these things or to argue the question of my going, for nothing can change my determination. I have come from my trunk, and henceforth intend to take care of myself."

She did not even wait for any reply from her companion, but immediately left the room and ran swiftly up to her own chamber to put her belongings in order for removal, while Mrs. Cushman, in no enviable frame of mind, sat where she had left her, chewing her cud of disappointment and realizing, all too late, that she had made a serious mistake in the course she had pursued with her husband's ward.

She was yet to awake to a far more bitter realization of the fact later on.

Her packing done, Esther tried to find Daisy, for whom she had long been heart-hungry; but the child had gone out for a walk, and so she went on downstairs, and was about to leave the house in search of an expressman when the ringing of the hall bell warned her that some caller was outside, waiting for admission.

At any other time she would have gone down to the basement and out of the area door; but she was tired from her recent work, and did not feel equal to the exertion; so she stepped aside, whilst the maid opened the door, when, to her astonishment, she heard a deep, rich voice inquire:

"Is Miss Esther Wellington at home?"

(To be continued.)

ROSES FOR PERFUMES.

Not the Beautiful Flowers of the Garden.

Roses from which perfumed essences are extracted are not precisely the same as the beautiful flower admired in the garden, and when taking a walk about the month of June in the rose garden at Bagatelle the flower beds so pleasing to the senses of sight and smell bear little resemblance to the plantations specially intended to supply roses for perfumers.

The rose of Provins and others that are cultivated for the extraction of perfumes are much less pretentious and charming. They are cultivated in several regions of France, in Algeria, in the Orient, in some parts of Asia Minor, but principally in Bulgaria.

Such roses require a light soil and a certain amount of humidity. The flowers should be gathered in the morning before the heat of the sun. They should be buds or scarcely opened flowers. When the petals are too widely opened the aroma diminishes. It diminishes still more if the flowers begin to get heated through being left too long in sacks.

As the season only lasts from five to six weeks, it may be imagined what minute care the harvest requires, together with the need of numerous trained persons. The flowers are distilled the same day as they are gathered.

Bulgaria is one of the principal markets for essence of roses. It produces an annual average of from 3,500 to 4,000 kilogrammes of essence, valued at about 3,000,000 francs. Of these 4,000 kilogrammes America takes 1,600 and France 1,500.

The price of a kilogramme of essence varies considerably according to the abundance of the flowers and the more or less favorable circumstances under which they are gathered. It varies from 300 francs to 700 francs, sometimes more. Some 3,500 kilogrammes of flowers are required for a kilogramme of essence. A good plantation carefully cultivated will yield 1,000 kilogrammes to the hectare.

In France and Algeria the distillation is carried out with highly efficient apparatus. At Grasse and Boufarick may be seen some distillation works that are models not only as regards their distilling apparatus, but also for their installation of every kind. The plant is supervised and tests carried out by capable chemists who make it produce as much as can reasonably be anticipated. But in Bulgaria modern installations are an exception, and in general the distillation processes are quite rudimentary. —La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

THREE KINDS OF COWS.

All cows may be grouped into three classes. The first of these will take a certain ration of food and will turn it into choice cuts of meat. When properly bred, animals of this kind reproduce the same characteristics in their offspring. This is a trait that has been developed by centuries of breeding—this idea of turning food into meat.

The second cow is of a different temperament, and the food that is given to her is immediately turned into milk. The process is impossible of explanation. It is a mystery that has baffled the closest study. Just why one cow should change her food into meat and another into milk has never been explained.

Both these cows are eminently profitable. It is the height of folly to undertake to combine in a single animal the two tendencies. They are diametrically opposed to each other.

The third cows is the unprofitable cow that takes the same food and turns it to no account whatever. It is the development of neither meat nor milk. This is the cow that no one should depend upon in any sense of the word, and yet she finds a place in nearly every herd in the

land. The ingenuity of man has given us the mean of locating her, and if we would only use the term more generally she would soon decrease in numbers.

The Farm.

IMPROVING THE PIG CROP.

Many men have started out this year with the avowed intention of doing better by their crop of pigs than they have in the past, by doing better, we mean giving closer attention to the feed problem that the pigs, when mature, will have made favorable growth at a low cost, and at the same time have developed strong frames, especially in the case of those pigs which are intended for breeding purposes. The objection of weak pasterns and poor feet is growing greater every year. The breeder is keenly awake to this fact, and the feeder is fast coming to see that he loses on the poor footed hog.

It will be well for every man who desires to bring his pigs through the season in good form and condition to give a favorable influence on the development of the framework of the pig. It is needless to say that corn alone will not serve the purpose. While it is true that corn, in conjunction with good pasture, makes a diet for the growing pigs which can hardly be improved on, it often happens that the pasture contains little to attract the pigs, and in that case they are sure to lie around the yards and stuff themselves with grain in preference to seeking the grass and the exercise in conjunction which is so essential to health and thrift.

Experience has conclusively proven that the best bone building foods are those rich in proteid, and mineral matter. Skim milk, of course, stands at the head of the list, and it will pay to lay in some tankage, shorts, and possibly bone meal, as well as some pure mineral matter. The Nebraska station has secured very gratifying results from the use of bone meal in pig feeding tests. A ration of corn nine parts and a bone meal one part proved superior for bone building to any ration that was fed. In fact it was found that it produced a bone wall twice as thick as that found in the bones of pigs which had been grown on corn alone. When tankage was substituted for bone meal the results were nearly as good.

It cannot be expected, however, that the feeding of foods bearing large amounts of proteid and mineral matter, such as have been mentioned, will change the conformation of any part of the skeleton; for, for example, make a pig stand straight on its pasterns. This improvement will have to be made through selection, using no male or female that is faulty in feet or pasterns. It might be argued that if careful selection were practiced, it would be unnecessary to consider the diet, since strong boned breeding stock with short upright pasterns would naturally impress these good points on their progeny. On the contrary, it can be said that men have been trying for years to breed poor footed hogs out of their herds without giving attention to the balanced ration problem, and they are practically where they started.

We generally find that when men feed little or no grain and do not care to hasten the growth of their pigs, the quantity of bone is very satisfactory. In cases of this kind, the pigs have been compelled to take a great deal of exercise and nature wisely recognizes the need of motive power, and uses the food to build up frame and muscle. But there is a good deal of time lost in growing pigs in this manner. While time is not to the hog, it is to the owner, and when he proposes to force growth, he should plan so that he forces it evenly; that is, the pig is not made fat at the expense of his growth.

Both still I have weighed the cost; I am prepared to pay the price.

"It matters precious little what a man of my age drinks, but it matters enormously what young fellows drink, and I want our British mothers to feel that when their sons go into the army they will form some good habits and purge themselves of some bad habits."

Lord Roberts, in presenting the awards, said: "I am proud of the fact that close upon 50,000 men in the army in England and India are members of the association. We are making a name for the army. Every year I am being told what admirable fellows are going back to the villages now from the army."

The "Conrad Dillon" Infantry Challenge Plate—a silver trophy representing a teapot—was presented to the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who have the largest proportion of teetotalers among them—46.2 per cent.

LIFTING MAGNETS.

Much progress has been made in the application of powerful temporary magnets to heavy hoisting machinery. The magnets are suspended from a hook at the end of the crane, and a flexible cable conveys an electric current to the coils, which can be switched on and off at the will of the operator. Such magnets are used to lift pig iron, bars, plates, rails, shafts, castings, forgings, slabs, billets, and small articles like nails. A considerable number of small tubes or nails can be grasped and lifted at once, since the current magnetizes a quantity of them simultaneously. For long girders and bars two magnets are employed, one at each end. The grasping power of the magnet over a large number of small articles is a great source of time-saving.

UNCLE EZRA SAYS:
"It is never too late to mend, but a good many times it pays better to get new."

Land. The ingenuity of man has given us the mean of locating her, and if we would only use the term more generally she would soon decrease in numbers.

It isn't all that she is unprofitable, but the feed she consumes at a loss might go to some cow that would make it profitable.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Take care to avoid shoulder galls and saddle sores. Life the collar from the horse's neck occasionally and allow it to cool, and be careful to see that the harness does not rub.

Hogs should not be allowed to wallow in shallow, stagnant ponds. Although many such ponds are in use, and many fine pigs are raised with no other water supply, they are disease-spreading centers and often responsible for losses that are attributed to cholera.

If the roosters you save from your own flock do not bid fair to be what you want, let them go and buy some that are all right. Do not think it money wasted to pay a good price. You will get it all back in the better chicks and the more eggs your flock will bring you.

It costs ten per cent. of the corn to grind it, and it costs nothing to soak it; hence, to be economical the ground meal should make ten per cent. more pork than whole corn. The cheapest pork we ever made was fed with corn ears boiled with small potatoes. A 40-gallon kettle was filled with the corn and potatoes, and covered with water; a fire was made under the kettle. It was then left to boil until the fire went down and then cool; in twelve hours it was cool and made a day's feeding with very little trouble.

SOLDIER HELPS TEMPERANCE.

After 37 Years' Indulgence, Sir Ian Hamilton Signs Pledge.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, presiding at the annual meeting of the Royal Army Temperance Association at Caxton Hall recently, not only made a stirring speech, but signed the pledge for a year to bad it up.

"I do not stand before you as an apostle holding in his hand a shining light to guide your erring footsteps," the general said, "but as a sinner in whose head glimmers doubtfully a candle indicating repentance."

"When I reflect that in his thirty-seven years' service some 10,000 quarts of dutiable liquor have passed down the throat of him whom you have asked to be your chairman, my conscience pricks me."

"But it is one of the traditions of the British army that the officers do not say to their men 'Go on,' but 'Come on.' I shall be happy to put myself in the position to do so by taking the pledge."

"I will take it for one year; that is quite long enough for any man to look forward to, especially when he comes to my age."

"I shall be uncomfortable, I know I shall. When I go abroad it will be incredibly difficult to explain to my German or Russian comrades in arms that I have taken an oath which prevents my drinking toasts."

"But still I have weighed the cost; I am prepared to pay the price."

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