

A Broken Vow;

—OR—

BETTER THAN REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.

No. 3 Greenways' Gardens, Chelsea, differed in no way from Nos. 1, 2 or 4, nor indeed from any number in Greenways' Gardens—save for the fact that Miss Lucy Ewing dwelt there, and so gave it distinction. The mysterious Odley also dwelt there; but she gave distinction to nothing.

To put the matter bluntly, No. 3 took lodgers; to put it politely, they let apartments in a modest way. Which, to sum the matter up, was Odley's method of making a living for herself and Lucy; and as Odley had been in the way of letting apartments all her life, she had framed her view of existence generally from that standpoint. A man, in her eyes, was merely a prospective lodger, who might pay or might not; a woman was one who would in all probability complain about the beds, and revile the cooking.

In some far-off day—too long ago to be remembered—Odley had been styled "Miss"; she had not forgotten it yet. That circumstance had given her ideas above her station ever after; she had dreamed about it. For the rest, let it be said at once that she had been the companion and faithful servant of the late Mrs. Ewing; had stayed with her till the end; and, having amassed a certain small amount of money out of her liberal wages, had calmly taken the deserted Lucy, and had set about making a living for them both in the manner suggested. She had been "Odley" to the mother; she was, quite affectionately, "Odley" to the child.

But for the faithful old woman, Lucy Ewing might have starved. She it was, too, who had kept alive that fiction about the father she knew to be a scoundrel; she it was who had guided the crushed hand, to begin with, in writing the letters—perhaps the better to preserve that tattered thing, the family respect. Much hard work and many disappointments had not soured her; whatever love had ever touched her life had been given to the girl. Until the end of time Odley was prepared to go on letting apartments in order to provide for her darling.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that Odley had not had her dreams. The actual romance of things had passed her by; but she built up romances for herself. According to her own statements, many lodgers in the past had sighed on her account, and had even given up their apartments in despair because she would not listen to their tales of love; which was an easy way of accounting for those who had gone away without paying what was due, and a romantic way also. Elderly gentlemen had stormed the stony citadel of her heart in vain; youths had beat their callow breasts for her. She could have given you a string of names on the instant; and the curious thing was that they had all done remarkably well in life since, and that not a single one of them had ever married. They waited despairingly for Odley, blind to the fact that nature was ruthlessly robbing her of her charms day by day. Perhaps they felt that there was only one Odley in the world, and that she might relent at the eleventh hour.

The letting of apartments was her business; romance her recreation. She gave long accounts to Lucy of each and every proposal; in the small sitting-room that was theirs she went through a performance, almost nightly, to show how first the one and then the other had approached her; her imitations of defaulting lodgers, turned for the nonce into ardent lovers, were magnificent. More than once, in sprightlier days, she rehearsed how they had pursued her round tables and over chairs—the white little Lucy clapped her hands and marvelled at what a thing this love was.

In the fifteen years during which Lucy Ewing had grown from childhood to young womanhood she had two distinct impressions. The first—that Odley was always the same, and seemed, indeed, to wear always the same sort of garments, of a neutral tint, easy to the figure; the second—that nothing very bad could happen in a world that held her friend Martin Blake. And as Greenways' Gardens had echoed to his step many and many a time since first Odley had brought her there, she really knew him very well indeed.

He had been her mother's friend in that far-off time when her mother had been alive. He seemed quite old then, although, as a matter of fact, he was no more than twenty. Now, at thirty-five, he seemed to her growing vision to be about the same age. She remembered how he had held her close in his arm on the day that great loss had come to her; and on every occasion of doubt or difficulty since he had somehow seemed to pervade the business easily and quietly and to set it right.

On the day when first we look into the house at Greenways' Gardens in search of Lucy Ewing, it was a day that had dawned badly for her. Other days had dawned badly during the fifteen years when she could remember things distinctly; days when Odley had been

pessimistic, and had related, perhaps, the tale of some particular lodger whose love-story had been rather more desperate and more deadly than that of his fellows; days when no one in the world seemed to want apartments, at all events in Greenways' Gardens. But on this particular day a letter had come to her with a foreign postmark—a letter which set her heart wildly beating before ever she opened it, because of the instant thought which suggested it must have come from that mysterious father who had been silent so long. Opening it, she found that deadly threat, written in the calm, cold, dispassionate language of Olive Varney.

It did not destroy her castle at once; she did not fully understand it. That her father could ever have wronged anyone was absurd; this was some blunder or some lie. But the hideous brutality of it—the calm, cold fashion in which the threat was set out—frightened her. She was reading it for the hundredth time at least when Odley came into the room in her heavy, ponderous fashion. And the grey old head and the fair young one were laid together over the paper.

Odley knew, in her secret heart, what Roland Ewing had been; she would never have been surprised had he been accused of all the crimes in the calendar. But it had been the labor of years to teach this girl that polite fiction concerning her father; to hold him up as a sort of fine romantic figure who might one day come back into her life and change it all as with the wand of a magician. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Odley prayed hard every night of her life that Roland Ewing might never come back at all.

"When you've been in the world as long as I have, dearie, and knocked up against people, and been sought after"—Odley gave a tweak to her grey hair, the better to give it an alluring aspect—"you won't trust what a woman writes about a man. Many a nice piece of good paper I've spoilt in my time, saying what I think of 'em—and even that didn't keep 'em away from me. As for the verses they've wrote to me—some out of books and some out of their own silly heads—it'd surr'se you. Don't you worry, my dear; if forty Olive Varneys came here, they'd have to see Odley first."

It was at that very moment that Mr. Martin Blake turned into Greenways' Gardens and strolled towards the house. He had not very far to come, for the simple reason that his studio was in a street not five hundred yards from the Gardens; and you would have known his figure anywhere, had you seen it only once before. He always strolled along with his hands in his pockets, and his head up, and his lips puckered, as if ready for a slight whistle which never issued from them; and he always had an old hat set on the back of his head. As he had gradually grown more and more bald as to his forehead, it may be said that he allowed his hat to slip up for the special purpose of following his receding hair; the habit gave him a learned appearance not at all in keeping with his character.

Years ago, when Lucy Ewing had been a little child, Martin had grown into a habit of turning her world as much as he could into a fairyland. In all their walks abroad, and in all they did, and in all they read, he brought in an element of fancy to play upon the childish imagination, in order to transform all about her, and to make it less soiled than it might otherwise have been. And in the growing friendship of the later years, that idea still predominated, in a certain whimsical way; and the man still laughed the girl to look at everything—joys and pleasure alike—as not quite real or substantial. In other words, they were all supposed to be something better than they were; Martin Blake not a mere poor struggling artist, but something very wonderful—in disguise; Lucy herself a Princess, also necessarily in disguise; and Odley anything that was convenient for the moment. As in her marvellous love episodes, so in this, Odley was everything by turns and nothing long; and had been known, particularly in Lucy's childish days, to do the most extraordinary things on occasion, and to change into anything at a moment's notice.

Martin Blake, coming to seek his Princess, found her, for some extraordinary reason, in tears; and was shown the letter. Having known something concerning Mr. Roland Ewing, he saw in the letter something the girl could not understand; and took an early opportunity to speak certain hurried words to the anxious Odley about it.

"Odley, have you ever heard the name before?" he asked quickly, holding the astonished woman by one arm in the little hall of No. 3, and shaking her the better to arouse her faculties. "Heard it? Have I ever heard anything else?" she asked, in an agitated whisper. "Or bless you, sir, hasn't the child been writing to her father

under cover of that name for years and years. Friends of Mr. Ewing, they were; he used to travel about with them, fifteen years ago, when last we heard of my gentleman."

"Then there may be some truth in it, Odley," said Martin Blake, with a grave face. "At all events, it mustn't touch her; if this woman is what she seems to be, she'll stick at nothing, and she's not likely to place herself within reach of the law. She seems to suggest she's coming to London at once; we shall have to be watchful, my Odley."

"Trust me, sir," said Odley, with a grim shake of her grey head. "Not even all the little affairs of the heart I've been mixed up in have unsettled me to that extent. For the time being, sir, I shall forget 'em; I shall watch, you may be sure. I shouldn't be surprised to find there's some truth in it, Mr. Blake; it may account for all this silence of fifteen years. Certainly she makes out the story very clear, sir—dates an' everything."

Martin Blake went back to see the girl. He had been away for some weeks on a sketching expedition; he congratulated himself on the fact that he had arrived now in time to stand between her and this unknown danger which threatened her. For his place was here; always she had naturally turned to him, in any dilemma or any difficulty. That was always to go on, for an indefinite time that need not be arranged about; until perhaps, in some dear impossible day, a dream that once had come to him should prove to be true. Here she was, his little Princess, hidden away from the world and waiting for that wonderful dream to come true.

"Tell me it isn't true, Martin," pleaded the girl. "I don't understand it in the least; but I can't believe that my dear father ever wronged anyone. Tell me you don't believe it, Martin."

He took her hands and solemnly assured her that he was absolutely certain there could be no truth in the thing at all. There had been some great blunder which could easily be set right.

"Leave it all to me, little girl," he said. "You know I promised your mother that I would look after you, and see that nothing ever troubled you, so far as I could. You're much too young and much too light-hearted for anything so bad as this to touch your life. Trust me; I'll keep it away from you."

"I know you will," she said gratefully. "I've been longing and waiting to see you, Martin," she went on; "I've such a lot to tell you. When one is twenty, you know, things seem to happen with such desperate rapidity. You have been away for weeks and weeks; and the world has been moving on, sir, at that time, I can assure you."

"Odley's had another love affair," said Martin, shrewdly. "I caught the gleam of it in her eye just now."

"Wrong," said Lucy, laughing. "Odley's settling down in her old age, and is only reminiscent of the past. But we've let the two top rooms."

"Excellent," he said. "Regular payments? Or does Odley have to worry them? They were always an awkward pair, weren't they, those rooms?"

"Very; but this time it's all right. And oh, Martin, he is the nicest man you could imagine—and he writes hard all day—and he's going to be rich and famous one day, and very much talked about."

"Sounds bad," said Martin, with a shake of the head. "Doesn't seem to be much money in it. But is he really nice? And what is his name?"

"Mr. Christopher Dayne," replied Lucy. "He's quite young—and very nice—and the things he writes are beautiful."

At that moment the door was burst open, and a young man literally threw himself into the room, snatching off his hat as he did so. Seeing a stranger he stopped and blushed, and seemed inclined to retire; paused, however, and closed the door. He was evidently quite young—not more than about four-and-twenty—and slightly built; he had about him an indescribable air of alertness and brightness. No sooner was he in the room than you felt certain he was going to bolt out of it again; yet it was so good a kind of energy that it was quite possible he might some day set his particular Thames on fire, and prove Lucy Ewing's prediction to be true.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, glancing first at the girl and then at Martin. "I only rushed in to tell you that I've had a story accepted, and that is such an event, you know, that it's somewhat surprising. As I've no doubt they'll pay up almost at once, you might tell Miss Odley that it will be all right; she'll understand what I mean."

Lucy Ewing quietly performed the office of introduction. Martin thought he saw in her face a new color, and in her eyes a new light he had not seen before. In his own generous mind he summed up the young man; looked at him with the keen eye of one who began to read a story which even Mr. Christopher Dayne had not written. He bowed, and pointed to a paper the young man carried in his hand.

"Is your story there?" he asked, and the boy shyly passed it across to him with something of a blush. As Martin turned the paper to look at it he suddenly stopped, and started, and fixed his eyes on an item of news and began to read it eagerly. Christopher Dayne looked disappointed, and spoke: "That isn't the story, Mr. Blake."

"No; but it's another story, Lucy," Martin Blake raised his eyes and looked at her steadily. "You were expecting someone to come to you to-day from Antwerp. Listen to this: there has

been an accident to the boat train, and there is one person killed. Her name is Olive Varney."

"Oh, poor woman!" exclaimed Lucy softly. "Oh, it's all for the best, little girl," said Martin. "Tear up your letter; the only enemy you ever had in the world has been taken away from it. You were only meant for happiness, Lucy."

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

RAISING GEESSE ON FARMS.

Young geese are easily cared for, and cause little trouble or expense to raise after the first six weeks, provided they have access to good pasturage. They are really grazing birds and will forage themselves on the right kind of land. Not only do they get most of their own living, but tend to improve the quality of the land.

No great expense is required for building.

A low house, four feet high, answers for shelter. The floor should be covered with plenty of litter, and no special attention to warmth is required. During the pasture season geese should be allowed free range in their pasture returning at night for shelter. If pasturage is limited it would pay to grow green crops such as oats to be fed off by the geese. A pond or stream is not necessary but it is desirable to swim in and they will find a great deal of natural food along the banks of small sluggish streams or on over-flowed land.

During the laying season early in the spring the eggs should be removed from the nest so that the goose will lay as many eggs as possible, usually from thirty to forty. The surplus eggs may be placed under hens, three or four eggs to a hen, choosing large-sized birds. The period of hatching is thirty days. The eggs set under hens are apt to lack moisture and should be sprinkled occasionally to prevent the inner skin from being tough and hindering the hatching of the gosling.

The young goslings will almost raise themselves, being hardy and strong, and growing very fast. They soon become able to look after themselves. Unlike chickens, they need very little brooding and at the end of a week or ten days may be kept in good sized flocks of twenty or twenty-five. During the first ten days or so they should be confined in a low movable run to prevent their wandering away and getting lost. This run should be in a shady place and connected with a sheltered coop.

These youngsters are fed very much like young chickens, plenty of good skim milk being especially desirable to make rapid growth. After the first ten days the appetite of growing goslings becomes very vigorous and cheapness should be sought in the food ration. Besides the grass pasturage which will furnish a large part of the food it is possible to work off various rations by products such as slightly damaged grains which may be had at seventy-five cents to one dollar per hundred at the grain stores, making a specialty of such lines.

The goslings may be either grown quickly to market as green geese or kept through the season for the Christmas trade.

WHAT IS IT?

Two cows stand side by side in the stable. To both cows the same ration is fed, yet one will extract from that food as much again butterfat as the other. The butter product of the food is 100 per cent. greater with one cow than the other. This fact is seen in the great frequency in all herds of cows. What is that inner quality whereby one cow produces so much more than the other from the same food? It is hard to find the right name for it, but it may be called "dairy quality." Now certain breeds of cattle are distinguished for this quality. To have the power to accomplish this work in greater proportion and perfection by reason of having been bred to that purpose from long lines of ancestors of quality. One would think that there would not be a dairy farmer in the land who would not be keenly alive to the necessity and economy of using such cattle for dairy purposes. As soon would we think he would cut hay with a reaper and call it the best way.

But the so-called general purpose notion has destroyed in a few men the power to look into this question in an economical way. They seem to be unable to take the same advantage in their choice of cow machinery that they do in choosing their mechanical machinery. They cannot be fooled into taking a plow for a cultivator, yet thousands of farmers will spend their lives in trying to make cows of beef breeding do dairy work. If they were close students of cause and effect they would not be beguiled this way.

Why should not a farmer be a close student of cause and effect. We must stop wasting time and money in trying to run a dairy with cattle not fit for that business.

There are only two kinds of cows. Those which make more than they eat and those that eat more than they make. Which kind do you keep? Sure of it?

THE ICE SUPPLY.

Every farmer needs an icehouse, although there are many that do not have them. It is not necessary that it cost a great deal to provide the building since almost anything which has sides and a roof will keep ice, provided plenty of protecting material like sawdust is used. It is usually the disposition rather than ability which is lacking when a farmer fails to secure an ample supply.

Not only is ice necessary in handling dairy products in hot weather, but there are many other uses for it about the home. It helps the housewife out in supplying dainty and palatable dishes for the table. It is useful in the sick-room and often is an actual necessity in carrying out doctor's instructions regarding the treatment of a case. Wastes in household supplies are not nearly so great where a well-filled refrigerator can be relied on to keep things cold from one day to the next. As teams and men are usually not very busy at this season it will pay to haul ice quite a long distance if it cannot be secured near at hand.

KAISER AN LL.D. AND A D.C.L.

King Oscar of Sweden Enjoyed a Great Many Titles.

Among the compliments paid to the Kaiser in England was the bestowal upon him by the University of Oxford of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. It was not his first academic honor; he was already an LL.D. of the University of Pennsylvania.

Despite the military training, European princes usually secure the ordinary academic degrees from their national universities, but the attainment of the higher ones is far from common. Among several hundred persons of royal rank, there are not more than twenty-five or thirty who have the right to call themselves doctor.

No member of a reigning house ever enjoyed more titles of this sort than the late King Oscar of Sweden. He held diplomas as honorary doctor of all the faculties of the University of Vienna, Bologna and Leyden, was Ph. D. of Erlangen and LL.D. of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Kaiser shares his Oxford honors with King Christian VIII. of Denmark and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, the latter also having the LL.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Prince Henry of Prussia is another holder of an American degree; he is an LL.D. of Harvard, and so is the Duke of the Abruzzi, uncle of the King of Italy.

The new Grand Duke of Baden, Friedrich II., is an honorary doctor of jurisprudence of Bonn and Heidelberg. The Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse was made an honorary doctor of philosophy during the jubilee of the University of Gießen, and the heir to the throne of Bavaria, Prince Ludwig, is doctor of political economy of Munich and Erlangen, and doctor of engineering of the Technical High School of Munich.

Archduke Rainer of Austria, a third cousin of the Emperor, is honorary doctor of philosophy and technical science at Vienna, the degrees being in recognition of services to art and science as patron and student. The Regent of Brunswick, Prince Johann Albert of Mecklenburg, has honorary degrees from all four faculties of Rostock, and Duke George of Meiningen, a patron of art, is doctor of philosophy of Jena, while his son, Prince Bernhard, who is interested in Greek archaeological discovery, has the same degree from the University of Breslau.

Not all the advanced degrees are honorary. Prince Maximilian of Baden, the next heir to the Grand Duke, is a doctor of law at Heidelberg in right of actual study, and Princess Ernst of Saxe-Weimar and Julius Ernst of Lippe are also doctors if law. Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Prince Henry of Reuss are doctors of philosophy in right of completing the courses in various universities.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is an M. D. of the Munich school, and his uncle, Prince Karl Theodore, has the same degree and is a famous eye specialist. Prince Max of Saxony, brother of the King, is a doctor of theology.

Only two women of royal rank hold academic degrees. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who is Carmen Sylva in literature, has honorary doctorial degrees from the universities of Budapest and St. Petersburg. The other is the Princess Therese of Bavaria, daughter of the Regent, Luitpold. She has gained celebrity through explorations in South America and the University of Munich has made her a Ph. D.

EVERYTHING IN KEEPING.

"To-morrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the half-famished typhoid convalescent a spoonful of tapioca pudding; "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later a frantic call was heard from the bedchamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man heavily, "I want to do some reading; bring me a postage stamp."

SOMETHING NEW.

"Burglars broke into Green's dry goods store the other night and stole three bolts of silk."

"Well?"

"Now he's advertising a great burglary sale."