

An Unexpected Confession;

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

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

When morning broke at length, the storm was still raging, the ground was covered with a glaring sheet of frozen sleet and snow; the wind continued to howl dismally, and the river to roar in grim triumph over the destruction it had wrought.

Upon the muddy bank, in plain sight of the Wellingtons' home, the wrecked train lay half submerged in the water, while many a house in the vicinity had been turned into a temporary hospital for those who had escaped with their lives.

At her usual hour of rising, Esther, leaving Peter to watch her charge, began her preparations for breakfast.

When the meal was nearly ready, she went to arouse her father and help him to dress.

But when she entered his room, she was surprised to find him lying in the same attitude as when she had looked in upon him during the night.

Going to the bedside she touched him gently.

"Father," she said, a note of fear in her tone, "breakfast is nearly ready; will you get up now?"

There was no response, no movement.

The man was dead. He had fallen quietly asleep immediately after retiring and so passed beyond this plane of existence into the mysterious unknown.

Esther had long anticipated such a termination of his malady; but now that it had come so stealthily and suddenly, she was shocked beyond measure.

She made no outward demonstration. She had too long schooled herself to meet and bear the burdens and vicissitudes of life with stoical acquiescence to allow herself to break down now, at a time when she had need of all her fortitude.

Besides, as has already become apparent, she had borne her father no very deep affection; for she had long rebelled against the selfishness which had shifted every possible responsibility upon an uncomplaining wife, and so shortened the life of the mother whom she so much needed and loved.

Since her death she had tried to follow her mother's sacrificing example—not for love, but because she believed it to be her duty to care for her father, who, having given a heavy load just after Mrs. Wellington's death, had barely lived through pneumonia, to become a victim of consumption.

There had been a little money in the bank, deposited there from time to time, through the frugality and good management of Mrs. Wellington, who, for many years had been the dressmaker and milliner for the locality in which they lived; otherwise they might have suffered for the necessities of life.

It was almost gone, and Esther was glad that the end had come before the failure of their means; for the invalid had insisted upon having every whim gratified.

Something of this flashed through her mind as she looked upon the rigid form on the bed; then, without a word or sound, she turned away, went slowly out of the room, and shut the door.

She was outwardly calm, but deathly white, from her long night of watching together with this added shock.

The woman, on the lounge in the sitting room, was still sleeping.

She passed her noiselessly, and going to the outer door looked out, hoping to see some neighbor upon whom she could call for aid.

She shivered from head to foot as the piercing wind swept over her and the sleet beat sharply upon her face.

Then she heaved a long sigh of relief, for she espied Dr. Crawford coming up the hill, to take a look at his patients in the cottage before going to his breakfast.

Wearily and faint, after his long, trying night.

"What is it, Esther?" he questioned, as he mounted the steps and noted how pale and rigid her face was; "anything new set in?"

"Father—has gone—" she faltered.

The man stared slightly and bent a compassionate look upon her.

But he made no comment; perhaps he felt that she could not bear to talk just then.

He went inside, took off his ulster in the hall, and then passed on to the chamber where all that was mortal of Arthur Wellington lay, the weary girl mechanically following him. A brief examination told him all he needed to know.

"At what hour did you leave him last night?" he questioned, in a low tone.

Esther told him, and how once, during the night, she had looked in upon him, and saw him apparently resting quietly.

"He must have passed away almost immediately after retiring—he has been dead many hours," said her friend. "It was better so, dear; he did not suffer. He simply went to sleep, never to wake up here again. Have you had your breakfast?" he inquired, breaking off suddenly and sharply scanning her wan face.

"No; I came to tell father that it was ready, when I found him—"

"Well, come out and eat something now," said the doctor, taking her kindly by the arm and leading her from the room, closing and locking the door after them; "and if you will give me a cup of coffee I shall be obliged to you, for I have not had a very easy night of it."

"Of course I will," said Esther, arousing a little from her apathy.

"You shall have your breakfast here. I had cooked a nice steak for father—there are baked potatoes and a corn cake."

She led the way to the kitchen, where, for the girl's sake, Dr. Crawford sat down and ate a hearty meal, insisting that she should follow his example, for he well knew that she was sadly in need of food to strengthen her for what was before her.

We will not dwell upon the events of the week that followed.

Arthur Wellington was laid beside the wife who had preceded him the year before, and Esther resumed her duties in her home, where another lay hovering upon the borders of the "valley of the shadow," and where Miss Percival, spinster, now installed in Mr. Wellington's chamber, nursed her broken ribs and kept her patient young hostess busy catering to her whims.

Dr. Crawford wanted the girl to start immediately for her new home in New York, promising to put a nurse in her place to take charge of his patients, and also that he would dispose of her belongings and settle up her affairs as soon as they were able to vacate the premises.

But Esther firmly refused to go until the sick ones were well, although her friend asserted that she would break down if she did not soon take some rest.

And so she heroically went on with her self-imposed duties, performing them as faithfully and systematically as she had done ever since her mother's death.

She was apparently tireless in her care of the stranger upstairs; no name or address having been found upon his person, his identity was still a mystery. She prepared his broths and gruels with the utmost nicety, watching beside him every moment that she could steal from her other work and the querulous woman who appeared to claim her attentions as her individual right.

Dr. Crawford, however, utterly forbade her to watch at night, either finding some one to relieve her of all such care, or coming himself when others failed him.

And so the long, tough battle was fought—three seemingly endless weeks of brain fever, in its most aggressive form, which threatened hour by hour, to cut short a most promising life.

CHAPTER IV.

During this trying time Esther grew thinner and more gaunt than ever; the stoop in her shoulders became more prominent, her pale face wore a look of settled anxiety, her eyes were dull and heavy, and yet her power of endurance seemed marvelous in one so young.

Miss Percival, despite her sixty years and more, progressed finely from the outset, and at the end of a couple of weeks was able to be up and about the house, and with an appetite that would have done credit to a trooper. But for her inability to use her right arm, and a sense of weakness and lameness in her side, she might have been regarded as entirely well.

Yet she was decidedly uncomfortable and faultfinding, and very inconsiderate of Esther, from whom she exacted a great deal of attention.

One morning nearly three weeks after the accident, Dr. Crawford, coming softly in at the front door, heard her call out impatiently to the weary girl.

"Why don't you come when I want you?" she snapped as Esther, after some delay, brought her the glass of water which she had ordered, and yet was abundantly able to get for herself, had she been so disposed.

"I was kneading my bread, and could not come just when you called," Esther quietly replied.

"Humph! I suppose I am expected to pay for my accommodations here, and so, of course, I propose to have my wants attended to," the woman curtly returned.

"I had not thought anything about being paid for what I do," said the girl, flushing sensitively; "you were brought here in a helpless, suffering condition, and I was glad to give you shelter and care; you are very welcome to what I have done for you."

"Humph!" again ejaculated the spinster, as she sharply scanned the girl's pale, worn face. Then she turned abruptly from her and resumed her reading.

Dr. Crawford could stand no more.

He was naturally of a blunt, fiery temperament, and now bustling into the room, by one door, just as Esther, her eyes full of tears, left it by another.

"Madam," he began in a caustic tone, "haven't you any heart? Can't you see that that poor child is nearly worn out with what she has been doing for you and others, the past three weeks? You have progressed very nicely, and you are abundantly able to wait upon yourself in many ways, instead of lying here, day in and day out, and making her a slave to your beck and call."

"Well, sir, I must allow that you are a plain-spoken man as well as a good doctor!" the spinster observed with unusual energy, as she sat up and bent a sharp look upon the irate man.

"I feel that the occasion demands plain speaking, madam," was the curt response. "Miss Wellington is not under the slightest obligation to serve you—it is you who should feel under obligation to her—and yet she has cheerfully made a martyr of herself ever since your accident, and rather a thankless task she has had of it," he concluded, dryly.

"Thank you for your good opinion of me," Miss Percival returned, with considerable asperity.

"You are welcome, madam," promptly replied her companion, a humorous twinkle beginning to gleam in his eyes, for his anger was always short-lived. "And now, while we are discussing this matter," he continued with the utmost coolness, "I'd like to inquire where your home is; you are so far on the road toward recovery I think you are able to resume your journey, and it would be well for you to go to your own friends."

"Upon my word, Dr. Crawford, you are carrying a high hand with me," retorted Miss Percival, a scartlet spot burning upon each cheek; but with a responsive glint of amusement beginning to shine in her own eyes.

"Doctors are privileged characters, under certain circumstances," said the disciple of Aesculapius, sententiously.

"Humph! some are rather more modest than others about availing themselves of their privileges," was the spicy rejoinder. "So," she added, bridling defiantly, "you are practically turning me out of doors. But I'm not going; catch me traveling in such beastly weather as this. The girl told me that I was welcome, so I am just going to stay where I am comfortable, for the present."

"Then I prescribe that you henceforth wait upon yourself; I hereby veto your making that tired girl take any more unnecessary steps for you; and, determined to have the last word, the plain-spoken doctor abruptly quitted the room, and went above to his other patient, leaving Miss Percival, sitting stiffly erect, with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, to do some hard thinking by herself.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Many who think they mean right are right mean.

Petrified creeds always have the sharpest angles.

Calculated piety is the poorest kind of calculation.

Love's little deeds loom largest on the recording angel's books.

Hiding a tallow dip under a bushel does not make it an arc light.

The biggest deposits in heaven are made when nobody but God is looking.

Some climb into the church band wagon principally to escape the collection.

They who blind themselves to a wrong keep their eyes open to its revenues.

The ambition to cleanse the world seems to occur to a good many small scrubs.

It would be a good deal easier to love some saints if they would hurry to heaven.

It takes more than a mushy manner to make one a minister of the broad of life.

Many think they are fighting sin when they are having a good time stabbing sinners.

The life absolutely sincere to the best it knows is the best sermon any can preach.

He is a dangerous man who spends much time drawing fine lines between shrewdness and sin.

The Farm

COST OF RAISING A COW.

A great deal of profit is lost on account of failure to figure the cost of handling live stock, or rather, we should say, if we stopped to figure what it costs to feed a cow or raise a calf we would be awakened to the value of raising a better class of stock which would in turn mean increased profits.

Any farmer will agree that the keeping of live stock on our farms is necessary for the maintenance of fertility. This is one step in the right direction. However, after once determining on a system of diversified farming and the keeping of live stock, the farmer should endeavor to grade up his herd by the use of pure-bred sires until his cattle attain a quality which will give him dollar for dollar for feed consumed.

There is more money in selling grain than feeding to some classes of stock.

The Michigan Experiment station kept an accurate account of the expenses of feeding a dairy calf for one year from the date of its birth. The amount of feeds used in that time was 331 pounds of whole milk, 2,568 pounds of skim milk, 1,362 pounds silage, 219 pounds of beet pulp, 1,254 pounds of hay, 1,237 pounds of grain, 147 pounds of roots, 14 pounds of alfalfa meal and 50 pounds of green corn. The grain ration was composed of three parts each of corn and oats, and one part of bran and oil meal. The calf weighed 800 pounds as a yearling, and the cost of the feed was just \$23.55.

This calf was, of course, well raised, which is the only kind of raising that pays.

Ex-Gov. Board, of Wisconsin, who has had years of experience in handling dairy stock, estimates that it costs about \$50.00 to raise a two-year-old heifer under average farm conditions, and that it costs \$40.00 a year to keep a cow when she is in milk.

Here are two views on the cost of raising calves and an estimate of the cost of keeping a cow. Apply these figures, or your own figures in case of a difference of opinion, to your herd and see if your cattle are paying market prices for the feed consumed. It is the best illustration we know of for urging the interest of good blood and good care, the two great essentials in the profitable handling of live stock.

Employ a first-class sire, breed your cows, raise alfalfa, test your cows and watch the effects of the feed to get best results.

FARM NOTES.

We hear much about well-rotted manure, but no farmer can afford to allow his manure to rot before applying it to the soil.

To teach the farmer how to adapt the seed to the soil will be the work of the agricultural colleges. It won't do to say that the student at the agricultural college is a hayseed. The welfare of the land will depend more on the cultivation of the soil than everything else combined.

More than half the weight of manure stored all winter in an open barnyard consists of water, which must be lifted into the wagon, drawn over the soft roads, and lifted out of the wagon again when it is spread upon the soil. If this manure had been drawn directly from the stalls when they were cleaned out and thrown into a wagon and carried to the field, the weight would be only half as much, and only half the work when moving it.

Soak bones in water till wet through; then place a layer two or three inches thick on top of a layer of fresh horse dung six or eight inches thick. Build up a compact heap of alternate layers of bones and horse dung. Then wet down the pile with dung water, urine, or even water, till you secure enough moisture to promote heating or fermentation and prevent fire fanging. If an odor of ammonia be perceptible, cover the heap with a foot of loam or muck during the whole time. In six to nine months the bones will become broken down and the whole may be shoveled over and mixed ready for use.

JUST SO.

Fred—"There goes a trim little lady!"

Joe—"Naturally. She's a milliner."

But for our troubles we would be unable to appreciate happiness.

Captain Pritchard, of the Mauretania, relates the following: "Last summer," he said, "there was a young lady whom I showed over our tour the steerage people were eating their dinner, and I couldn't help remarking the tremendous appetite of a red-haired man. I said, 'Just look at the amount of food that fellow consumes!'" "I suppose, captain," said the young lady, "that he is what you sailors call a stowaway!"

A CITY MADE TO ORDER

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C. NEARLY READY FOR BUSINESS.

The Grand Trunk Pacific's Western Terminus Planned Well Ahead.

A new city is to appear on the Pacific Coast within a few months. It will not be a haphazard growth. It has been planned for years in advance, the lines of its growth have been mapped out, and it only remains to set a date for occupation and then get the people.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is responsible for this city that it to be. It has been christened far in advance of its birth. The city is Prince Rupert, and it is to be the Pacific coast terminus of the new railroad.

Prince Rupert is 530 miles north of Vancouver and only forty miles south of the Alaskan boundary. That is pretty far north, but it is in the same latitude as London, and its mean temperature is about the same as London's. By land and sea it is protected by mountains. Its harbor is practically landlocked, but it has a mile wide roadstead for ships.

The projectors of this new seaport went at the choice of a site carefully. The entire north coast was searched and every harbor sounded. The best way for the railroad through the mountains had to be taken into consideration.

Further, the most available route to Yokohama and the rest of the Far East had to be taken into account. The choice was made four years ago, and since then they have been making plans for the new city.

THE STEAMSHIP ROUTE

To the new port from the Far East lies through the Dixon entrance into Hecate Strait, thence into Chatham Sound and Prince Rupert harbor. The harbor is really a strait between Digby Island and Prince Rupert Island and extends fourteen miles inland beyond the site of the new city.

The Provincial Government of British Columbia made a grant of 10,000 acres to the railway company, which bought up 14,000 acres of Indian reserve land, making 24,000 acres for the city to grow in. Probably it will need no more acreage. It will start out with 2,000 acres only, but that is some space.

The work of planning Prince Rupert began in earnest in May, 1906. Since then surveying and clearing have been carried on simultaneously. The land is cleared now and the town site, the 2,000 acres on which the start is to be made, has been mapped out.

This town has got to grow as the law directs and not as the people will. Streets will not follow cow paths or Indian trails. It has all been attended to, even laying out parks and boulevards, which may not be needed for half a century.

One of the first steps the engineers took was to employ landscape gardeners, who have produced a plan which combines the utilitarian and the artistic in city building. The landscape artists were Brett & Hall, of Boston, who laid out Mount Royal Park, Montreal.

If you visit Prince Rupert to-day you will find a settlement huddled on the waterfront. It is made up largely of temporary structures in which the engineers and workmen have been housed, and fed and provided for. Many of these structures will disappear when the city gets its start. Your idea of the city to come must be had from maps. These maps show a long waterfront broken by

SEVERAL LITTLE BAYS.

A few streets back from the water the land ascends, at first gradually and then abruptly.

The streets are to go up hill in curves; in fact scarcely half of the streets in this new city will run in straight lines. Most of the thoroughfares are numbered, the avenues, generally parallel to the waterfront, the streets at right angles to it. There are many familiar names, Water street, Beach street, Main street, also a Railroad avenue.

Here and there where the topography permits are circles with streets radiating therefrom. Away up on the hillside the Prince Rupert Boulevard had been mapped.

It curves around above the prospective city, affording (on paper) magnificent views of the harbor and its future array of shipping.

You can easily imagine a second or third generation of the pioneers who themselves are yet to be driving in automobiles along the boulevard and taking in the sights.

There are mountains on the opposite shore ready and willing to be looked at, and to the northwest, through an island studded channel, is the famous Indian village of Metlakatla.

The harbor itself has been mapped by the Dominion Government Hydrographic Survey. It is free from rocks or other obstructions and of sufficient depth to afford

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Scott's Emulsion

probably saved this child's life. Four doctors had been tried. Scott's Emulsion seemed to be just the thing needed, and it is just the thing needed by thousands of other children. It's so easily digested, so pure and harmless, yet most powerful in building up the most delicate child or adult. But be sure to get SCOTT'S EMULSION, there are so many worthless and harmful imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

A full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

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good anchorage. The entrance is straight, 2,000 feet in width at the narrowest part, with a minimum depth of 36 feet at low tide. A permanent wharf 1,500 feet long has been constructed.

The British Columbia Government isn't going to have this new city at the mercy of a corporation. It has taken a strong hand in the work of development. One-quarter of all the land reverts to the province, as also one-quarter of the waterfront, after the townsite has been laid out.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS

Of this city won't have to worry over public improvements. They will find graded streets, sidewalks and sewers ready for them. The Provincial Government appropriated \$200,000 for early improvements, and ample provision will have been made in advance for a population of 10,000 people. As the population increases the improvements will keep well in advance. The gradual slope of the land, with an occasional abrupt rise, has made the drainage problem very easy of solution.

The town, of course, will have to wait for the railway, but it is creeping across the Northwest prairies. It is 1,756 miles from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert over the Grand Trunk Pacific route, and trains are now running between Winnipeg and Wainwright, Alberta, 667 miles. The time table bears the usual legend, "Subject to change without notice," and in this case the change usually means the addition of a few more stations to the West every month or so. Construction from Prince Rupert end will begin soon.

Transportation facilities will give Prince Rupert its excuse for being, and many industries wait upon the completion of the railway. The fishing industry expects to take a jump forward.

The salmon pack last year in the Skeena River, twelve miles south of Prince Rupert, was valued at \$1,000,000 and gave employment to 5,000 persons. This product has gone to Vancouver and Victoria by water, but when the railway comes much of it will go through Prince Rupert.

Other fisheries besides salmon are waiting to be developed. A license has been granted to establish a whaling station near the new city. In the winter months whales abound, even in Prince Rupert Harbor.

There is a timber industry yet in its infancy, and mining properties in the mountains need only means of transportation.

Of course Prince Rupert has had a start already. There is a population of 600. But only those have come to the new town who have had to do with the work of the railway company or the Government.

It has been impossible for any one to buy or lease land without official sanction, and the bars have been put up quite securely. Just enough business was let in to furnish the contractors and laborers with supplies. There are a dozen or so stores, two branch banks and two hotels. Also there is a weekly newspaper, the Empire.

As to the opening of the road clear to the Pacific no one can speak with definiteness.