

An Unexpected Confession;

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

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd)

She had had it whispered that this drawing-room was the most brilliant of the season thus far, and certainly the scene, to her, was one of dazzling splendor, with that spacious, imposing room filled with beautiful women clad in their velvets, satins, rich laces and costly jewels, with gentlemen arrayed in their becoming court costumes of black velvet, silk stockings and blazing shoe buckles, and officers in gorgeous uniforms.

She smiled to herself as she looked back to her humble life in Oakland, where, for so long, she had been a drudge and a nurse, and compared her condition then with her present experiences.

And yet she did not feel in the least self-conscious or out of place, for she was well posted upon court and social etiquette, having made a study of the subject, that she might do credit to herself, her friends, and to her position.

She soon found herself the center of an admiring and curious group of people, among whom there was a certain Mr. Royalston, who had secured an introduction, and who was trying to make himself agreeable to her.

He was young, good-looking, chatty and entertaining, and she found him a pleasant companion.

The first moment there was a lull in the general conversation, the young man remarked, with his blandest smile:

"Lady Irvington, I have been requested by a friend to solicit for him the favor of an introduction to you; may I present him?"

"I am sure I know of no reason why you may not," Esther replied, with gracious compliance, whereupon the wily schemer disappeared, and then the attention of the fair debutante was claimed by a fine young fellow—a Capt. Rothford, of the Royal Guards, who observed:

"I am told, Lady Irvington, that there are quite a number of your own countrymen here this afternoon—having been presented by their ambassadors. Have you met any of them?"

"No, I have not; but I wish that I might," said Esther, with some eagerness; "for, although I suppose I must henceforth regard myself as a good and loyal subject of her majesty, the queen, I confess to a secret yearning, now and then, for my native land and my own people."

"Indeed, that is but natural," the young officer returned, and thinking his companion lovelier than ever with that far-away look in her beautiful eyes and the quiver of tender remembrance that hovered about her delicately chiseled mouth.

"But I am sure," he added, gallantly, "if you will allow me to use a hackneyed expression: 'What is America's loss is certainly England's gain,' and I trust that your life among us may be full of sunshine and happiness."

"Thank you," said Esther brightly, "and I am sure I shall be happy here, for my best friends are in England, and every day I am making new and pleasant acquaintances."

"You certainly have one of the most charming homes in the realm," her companion observed.

"Ah! then you have seen Irvington Manor?"

"Yes, I have been there several times during my life; my father was quite friendly with the late Lord Irvington's uncle. But I shall be obliged to ask you to excuse me, as a superior officer has signaled me."

"Certainly," said Esther, and as the handsome young guardsman bowed himself away, she turned to look for Mr. and Mrs. King, whom she had not seen for some minutes.

At that moment she saw Mr. Royalston approaching her, accompanied by the man whose observation had annoyed her in the ante-room before her presentation.

"Lady Irvington," the young man began, with ill-concealed embarrassment, as he reached her with his companion; "it seems strange that this duty should fall upon me, but allow me to present to you, Mr. Harold Irvington, brother to the late Lord Irvington. Mr. Irvington, Lady Irvington."

CHAPTER XXX.

As the name, Harold Irvington, fell upon her ears, Esther's cheeks flushed to a scarlet hue, the vivid color thus intensifying her beauty a hundredfold.

But by no other sign did she betray that her composure had been in the least disturbed; or that she resented the mean advantage that had been taken of her by subjecting her to this introduction in a public place.

Mr. Royalston, having accomplished his purpose, and catching the flash in her ladyship's eyes, ex-

feelings that she would extend an invitation to him to become her guest at some time in the future. "Not at present," Esther returned; "I am to remain in London during the most of the season, then I go to the Isle of Wight for a few weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. King, after which they will become my guests at the manor."

"It is a grand old place, Lady Irvington; in my opinion there is not a fairer spot on earth," said the crafty schemer, in a tenderly regretful tone, and with a grievous quiver of his lips.

Esther darted a pitiful look at him, while a feeling very like guilt oppressed her and mantled her cheek with a deeper flush.

It seemed positively cruel to her that an Irvington and a direct heir should have been thrust out of the home of his ancestors, and his rights usurped, by a stranger and a foreigner.

He read her thoughts as easily as he could have read a printed page, and he proceeded to deepen the impression he had made by calling up a magnanimous smile to chase the sadness from his face.

"I am sure you will find it a charming home," he added, "and I—I hope you will be very happy there."

He bowed with graceful deference to her and turned to leave her, as if his heart were too full to permit of his saying more, just as Mr. and Mrs. King, having made their way through the crowd, were seen approaching.

Mr. King looked flushed and anxious. "Have you been annoyed?" he inquired, frowning at the retreating form of her recent companion.

"Oh, no; he has been very affable and agreeable," Esther replied.

"How did he happen to accost you, dear?" queried Mrs. King.

Esther told of the introduction, and also related, in substance, the conversation that had passed between Harold Irvington and herself.

"Really, I do feel like a usurper," she said, in conclusion; "I begin to be afraid that it is not right for me to have Irvington Manor."

"Pshaw! you over-sensitive little woman! Don't get any such nonsense into your pretty head," returned the barrister, with smiling impatience.

"Harold Irvington is a deep one, and if he has managed to imbue you with such sentiments he has only accomplished just what he intended to in making your acquaintance. He is a villain, dyed in the wool."

"Oh, are you not a trifle severe upon him?" cried Esther, chidingly.

"Not a bit of it, and, as your legal adviser as well as your friend, I would counsel you to beware of him. But," the man continued, in a lighter tone, "I am not going to have this story spoiled for you by the meddling of such a rogue. Come! there are several Americans here, and I want you to meet some of them. Mr. Phelps, the American ambassador, and I have become quite friendly, and he is waiting to present us to some of his countrymen."

"He drew Esther's hand within his arm, as he concluded, and led her toward a group of people on the opposite side of the room. A moment later she was acknowledging the introduction to the American ambassador, who greeted her with great cordiality, and then presented her to his wife and daughter.

They, in turn, introduced her to several other ladies, who, like herself, were enjoying their first drawing-room, and their attendants, and whom she found to be very delightful company. She had been chatting with them some minutes when she suddenly became conscious of a voice near her that sounded strangely familiar, and almost at the same moment, the ambassador again appeared before her, with a lady upon each arm and followed by a young man about eighteen years of age.

"LET THEM ALL COME!"

In Schoenberg, a suburb of Berlin, Germany, every baby is born with a banking account. No Schoenberg baby can help this, even if it wants to. The municipal regulations provide that whenever the birth of a child is recorded, the officials of the municipal savings bank shall issue a bank-book in the said baby's name. The city itself then deposits one mark (about twenty-five cents) and immediately allows the child will be encouraged in thrift, and that the baby itself will have a fair start on the road to wealth. No withdrawals are allowed in less than two years; and the ordinance applies to all children, whether they are members of poor families or descended from millionaires. Babies are popular in Schoenberg.

THE BENEFICIARY.

Little Clarence—"Pa, I honestly don't believe it does me a bit of good when you thrash me."

Mr. Callipers—"I begin to suspect as much, my son, but you have no idea how much good it sometimes does me to thrash you!"

The Farm

FEEDING THE DAIRY CALF.

There is no such thing as fixing the amount any calf should be fed in order to grow well, and be kept in the pink of health. Each calf has an individuality, some calves have better digestion and power to assimilate their food than others. Consequently, there can be no such thing as figuring to a scientific nicety what amount a calf shall eat.

The class of food which when eaten—providing it is palatable—can be well laid down, but there are all rules of feeding must end. The four months of age—most calves gain upon how well they have been fed in their infancy when milk was their chief source of sustenance. Many a calf's digestion is impaired by feeding on skim milk wholly when only a few days old, or having been fed cold milk that was germ-laden from being kept too long before being fed. Thus, a lot depends upon the calf's condition when you start in to feed them at four months of age. Some may be strong and vigorous, of large size and grow thin by reason of being bred from strong, large parents; other small and weakly from weak vitality in their parents, or of being badly fed when young.

In a general way, alfalfa hay and clover hay make, generally speaking, ideal roughage for calves the first winter of their lives. All they will eat of this; feed the red clover once a day and the alfalfa once, and one pound of mixed meal, made of oats, two parts by weight to one of corn, to every hundred pounds weight of calf will be about what most calves will require.

Eat feeders must always keep in mind that food alone cannot grow up a healthy calf, colt, lamb, or pig, any more than it can grow a healthy boy or girl. All growing animals must have regular daily exercise in order to develop muscle, bone and nerve force. The one who puts his young calves in a shed or basement barn and keeps them there from fall until spring may have sleek fat calves, but they will disappoint his expectations of having serviceable potent males and good dairy cows. Sterility follows that kind of management in the majority of cases. A calf might far better have an hour's run on a winter day, even in a snowstorm, than be kept shut up all day in a pen.

The modern farms are, to an extent, weakening the bovine family, not by the reason of the barn, but by the manner in which animals are kept in them day after day without exercise during the winter months. It is to-day so weakening the vitality of animals as to render them susceptible to all classes of germ disease, tuberculosis especially. No animal will inflate the lungs in a warm barn to the fullest extent, neither will the heart action send the blood to all parts of the system properly. This is not an advocacy of turning out a colt on a winter day and allowing it to hump around all day. Not a bit of it, neither should it be turned out in a blizzard. But any ordinary winter day a calf or colt is better out for an hour or two than in the barn.

Warm barns are good, but good sense demands that growing animals should not be kept in them constantly.—C. D. Smead, V. S.

LONDON'S FOOR COSTLY

SUM OF \$4,500,000 SPENT ON FOOD YEARLY.

SIX TONS OF TOBACCO—SOAP BILL OF OVER \$100,000—A Regular Business.

The thirty-one London Boards of Guardians, says the London Daily Mail, are now engaged in dealing with the hundreds of tenders sent in by the various contractors for the supply of provisions, coal, clothes, and other necessities incidental to the feeding of nearly 80,000 people per day.

DAILY FOOD BILL \$10,500.

The bare mention of the figures suggest that the quantities consumed must be of enormous dimensions. It costs from 12 to 15 cents a day, on the average, to feed an inmate of a poor-law institution. The daily food bill, therefore, taking the lowest figure, will amount to \$10,500 a day, or \$3,825,000 a year. As a matter of fact it costs much more than that.

In addition there are about 5,000 indoor officers of all grades to feed, and, allowing their food bill to average 30 cents daily, the cost amounts to \$1,500 a day, or about \$57,000 a year.

The provision merchants' bills, therefore, for the poor-law institutions for the year amount to nearly \$4,500,000.

A SPECIAL BUSINESS.

The business of supplying the London and suburban workhouses with provisions is quite a special one, and is largely in the hands of about twenty firms, some of whom secure scores of thousands of dollars' worth of contracts.

In addition there are contractors who make a special feature of supplying workhouse and infirmary hospitals, blankets, sheets, bedsteads, hospital requisites, nurses' uniforms, and a thousand and one things the public hardly suspect.

MANUFACTURED SPECIALLY.

Then come the cutlery and earthenware merchants, who also make a special business of manufacturing or getting others to do so for them the mugs, plates, and other articles which are necessary to replace those broken in large quantities every year.

In haberdashery alone the St. Pancras Guardians spend \$1,210 a year. It is not an exaggeration to say that the London boards spend \$20,000 a year on buttons, cottons, needles, and all the other articles which come under the head of haberdashery.

The same can be said of institutional linen drapery, which is quite a specialized article, mainly supplied by four or five firms who take every year about \$10,000 from the guardians for their goods. These merchants also know exactly what the guardians want in the way of woollen goods.

DEALERS ARE HONEST.

The great art of catering for the feeding and clothing of over 80,000

arsenate of lead, but when half grown or larger, according to Sanderson, five pounds of arsenate of lead to 50 gallons of water is necessary to prove effective.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

For horses that are confined to the stable on dry feed, a hot bran mash once or twice each week is most beneficial.

Pigs are not well protected by Nature and to thrive they must have warm winter quarters free from drafts. They must have a good range for exercise but they must have warm quarters in which to sleep.

Before you go into the poultry business you should visit some well-established poultry plant, where you can see and study its workings. By so doing, you will gain much information that will be valuable to you in the future. You will see the absolute necessity of care and economy in all of its branches, the complete knowledge of which is requisite to success.

A yearling may be kept well, which means kept growing at not to exceed from \$2 to \$2.50 a month while in stable, and for much less when at pasture. A favorite ration is a pint of ground oats, the same of bran and half a gill of oilmeal, twice a day, made into a thin gruel with water and spread on the hay feed. If hay is high, feed oats straw in its place if bright and clean. Do not give the colts any dusty food, and see to it that they do not become constipated. Linseed meal, roots, corn stalks and apples are useful to prevent this danger.

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people in London's poor-law institutions lies in exactly knowing what is wanted. Tenders are generally according to sample, and it is the duty of responsible officials to send back every article not up to the standard. Considering the enormous quantities supplied it is a rare occurrence for these contractors, whose poor-law supply work forms an important part of their business, to have boots at \$1.20 a pair, and women's list slippers at 5 cents a pair rarely fail to pass the test according to sample.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES.

It is when we go into the estimated quantities of supplies for a whole year that a person gets some idea of the enormous task of feeding, clothing and caring for its 80,000 poor and its 5,000 indoor officers. The following quantities also show what a big business is done by these special contractors in supplying the goods needed.

Suits of clothes	20,000
Pairs of boots	25,000
Dozens of mugs	5,000
Dozens of knives	1,600
Dozens of forks	3,000
Dozens of spoons	4,000
Dozens of frying-pans	200
Cwts. of bacon	20,000
Cwts. of butter	4,000
Tons of ham	3
Cwts. of Margarine	10,000
Eggs	250,000
Stones of beef	200,000
Stones of mutton	80,000
Stones of pork	5,000
Stones of suet	3,000
Fowls	15,000
Rabbits	40,000
Tons of vegetables	7
Pounds of fish	2,700,000
Quartem loaves	6,300,000
Pounds of jam	450,000
Gallons of milk	3,000,000
Tons of tobacco	6
Pounds of snuff	500

A VERY GREAT TASK.

Until one spends considerable time in the stores and kitchens of the great poor-law institutions one does not realize what a task it is to feed the London ratepayers' pauper family. It is a work which needs skilled and good organization, but there can be no doubt that if the difficulty of distances could be got over in the matter of perishable goods a central supply store would save the ratepayers many thousands of pounds yearly.

NO LONGER TORTURED

A Sergt.-Wheeler in R.C.A. Finds Cure from Agonizing Skin Disease.

Sergt. Wheeler Thos P. Bennett, R. C. A., who lives at 705 Albert St., Ottawa, describes the relief which he got from D. D. D. Prescriptions:

"It gives me great pleasure to commend D. D. D. to sufferers from skin diseases. For three years I suffered intensely from a skin disease which I developed on the back of my neck. It grew continually and sometimes cast off scales. Neighbors advise prescriptions, salves and expensive blood medicines were lavishly used. At last I found relief in D. D. D. used according to directions. It required just one bottle to effect a cure. I am no longer tortured, so I have no hesitation in acknowledging to the world the worth and great virtue of D. D. D."

Blood medicines cannot kill the germs in the skin which cause eczema and other skin diseases. Salves fail because they cannot penetrate. D. D. D. goes right into the pores, kills the germs and cures.

For free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department W1, 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.



GOT THE CRAZE.

"Since when are you living it that hole?" "Oh, I've only swapped houses with the hedgehogs while they're learning to fly!"—Lilo.

SPORN'S FOR DISTEMPER. Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever.

Secure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or exposed. Lined, given on the tongue, acts on the blood and glands, expels the poison's germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling livestock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. See and fill a bottle for \$1 a dozen. Cut this out, keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemist and Electrologist, 605BEE, N.B., U.S.A.