

A CONSIDERATE MURDERER

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

The inspector happened to glance up from his desk to the clock and noticed that it was ten minutes to 11, when the station door opened and a nattily-dressed young man slipped in out of the dark. Nodding politely to the inspector, he tucked a gold-headed cane under his arm and proceeded to remove his tan gloves finger by finger.

"I'm sorry to trouble you. I do it only to save you trouble," he said, without looking up from his occupation. "I am here to give myself into custody."

The inspector glanced across the room to where two brawny policemen sat on a wooden bench. One of these stepped smartly forward and took his position by the stranger, without however laying hands on him.

"I have come to give myself up," repeated the man, as he carefully smoothed his gloves, the one on top of the other.

"Yes, what have you done?" inquired the inspector.

"I have killed a man—my best friend in fact," said the stranger calmly, "and so that there may be no bother or delay I am here to tell you all that is to be told, and save you any trouble in looking for me."

The inspector ran his eyes over the man sardoniously.

"I must warn you that whatever you say will be used in evidence against you if it should turn out that a crime has been committed," said the inspector, slowly.

"I realize that perfectly," continued the man. His face was pale, but he showed no nervousness. I wish everything to be used against me, and used as soon as possible. I have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to hide. I hope you will take down all I have to say in black and white, and I will sign it now. It will save time, I think."

"Just as you say," answered the inspector.

"First let me ask you to send a couple of men to 44 East Exeter street, N. W. Request them to ring the servants' bell and asked to be shown into Charlie's room—upstairs. They will then find my friend sitting before the fire dead, unless someone has happened to look in before this time. But that is very unlikely. By the way, I'm sure it will be a kindness if you instruct your officers to first call at the residence of the Rev. Joseph Canning—he lives at No. 37 same street—and ask him to accompany them to my friend's house. Mr. Canning is an old friend of the Booth family, and may be of some comfort to the widow. Poor woman, she will be doubly shocked—the killed and the one who killed."

The inspector in an undertone passed these instructions to the leader of a squad of men who had been summoned for the purpose of making inquiry, and they stepped smartly out into the night. All but the brawny policeman who stood like a mute beside the carefully dressed stranger.

"You still intend to inform?" asked the inspector, when the door had closed on the search party.

"Certainly. For my own sake, as well as all concerned, it is better that I should give you every particular. I want the job over with at the earliest moment."

"Very well. I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"First, my name is Albert Kane Rudd—Dr. Rudd—and I live and have my surgery at 47 1-2 East Exeter street. I killed my friend Charles Booth as he sat before his fire at the address I have already given you. I killed him by first chloroforming him and then striking him on the head with an African kniveling knob which used to hang as an ornament over the mantelpiece. You will find the knob muffled in a silk handkerchief. I wrapped it up so that the coarse-grained wood might not cut his scalp. I killed Charlie for his own good, for the good of his wife and family, and finally to prevent him from dying a natural death."

"An effective precaution," the inspector interjected.

Without heeding the officer's interruption, Dr. Rudd continued:

"This is the story from beginning to end. Charlie and I met seven years ago, when we were both students—he at Wynn's engineering works learning practical engineering, and I at King's college studying medicine. We knocked around together a good deal, became fast friends, and finally took rooms in the same house, and soon his friends were my friends, and my friends were his. In fact so close became our friendship that our separate lists of acquaintances were pruned and selected and soon merged into one. We were seldom apart, and I might say never went to party or ball except together. It so happened that in the same month we both finished our studies—and strange to say in a little money—a few thousand pounds. Charlie decided that with his money—his little fortune was double mine—he would set himself up in business in Queen Victoria street, city, rather than launch out into the world as had been his original intention. There was, of course, cause for this alteration of plans.

"We both met her the same evening at a Cinderella, and, well everything happened to us in couples, and we both fell deeply in love with the girl that very same night. I will not tell you of the months of rivalry that followed. We used to discuss the situation at night and sympathize the one with the other according to the way our suits appeared to prosper or no at the time. But one night Charlie arrived home all excitement and blushes; in personal appearance he came as near to the beautiful as a man can ever come; and before he had opened his mouth I guessed his success. I congratulated him heartily and honestly, sat up most of the night packing my bag, took the earliest train for Paris, and remained there for three weeks—in fact, until Charlie had discovered where I had gone, and hastened across Channel to bring me home. Finishing my studies and having some money at bank I resolved—foolish I now see it was—to attempt to establish a practice in a "good" neighborhood. I thought I could afford to wait for patients. How short-sighted I was you may guess when I tell you that my money is gone and there is no practice. Poor Charlie reasoned

in the same way as I had done; set up in business and waited. He lost all his money, too."

"Charlie married Gertrude five years ago. I was best man, and, by the way, while I think of it, if you search the records of Marlborough street Police Court you will find a conviction against a man named Foster for creating a disturbance somewhere in this neighborhood on the evening of the wedding day. I was Foster—my only appearance in a Police Court—and I was fined twenty shillings and costs. After Charlie's marriage our relationship remained unaltered. He took a house a few doors from my surgery and the only difference the new arrangements made was that there were three of us instead of two. His wife had an odd eldest child after me, and all my odd hours—and I had many—were spent at their house. My office hours were from 6 in the morning to 8 at night, for all it mattered as not a soul ever called. I kept strictly to business nevertheless, and at 8 sharp walked over to spend the evening with my friends. Charlie and I smoked our pipes, and Gertrude sat with us, sewing and joining in all our planning and resolution and speculations. But as the years slipped past and no business came to either of us, and expenses—more particularly Charlie's—always too heavy at best—increased, in spite of all we could do, we both of us grew less talkative, our spells of silence were longer and more frequent. Gertrude left us earlier each night, and we began to sit late, silently watching the fire flicker and burn to ashes like all our plans had done."

"Twelve months ago almost to a day, I noticed a small hectic glow on my friend's cheek. I had heard that his grandfather had died of consumption, and Charlie's complexion had always been too beautiful for a healthy man. For a week after catching sight of the tell-tale flush I scarcely slept a wink. Not that I was at a loss to know what to do I saw my duty clearly, but, try as I would, I seemed unable to make up my mind to do my duty."

"I'm a coward by nature. But at length I nerved myself to the task."

"Charlie," I said to him one night as we sat alone. "Charlie, do you carry a life insurance?"

"Only for a thousand, at a heavy premium," he answered without looking up.

"That's something," I answered. "Have you an accident policy?"

"No," he answered.

"That's wrong of you. In London so many accidents happen. I think you should insure against accident at once."

"Nonsense, Kane—he always called me Kane—I run no risks, and what is more I haven't the money to spend on anything but positive necessities. You know how I stand financially."

"Your financial standing does not trouble me so much as will your wife and children's standing, should anything happen to you."

"Nothing will happen to me—but bankruptcy," he answered sorrowfully.

"No such luck."

"I am not given to superstition," I said to him, "nor do I believe in coming events casting their shadows before, or behind for that matter, but something seems to tell me that you should insure against accident."

"He looked at me and smiled, but said nothing."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie," I continued. "It may be foolish on my part, but I want to see you insured. I'll lend you twenty-five pounds if you will use it for accident insurance premiums. You can pay me when you like."

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kane?" Charlie asked, in an injured tone. "I have no need for the money. Of course, if you insist, I shall take out a policy; but, between ourselves, old man, I think it's a foolish thing to do in my present financial condition. However, just as you say."

"For your children's sake, do, Charlie," I said. "Do it to-morrow. I'll go with you and see you do it. I won't trust you."

"We went. That is a year ago next Friday. He paid twenty-four pounds. I think it was for three policies of two thousand each. They are now due."

"Day by day I watched my friend as close as a cat watches a mouse, but my feelings were quite the opposite of the cat's, for I hoped against hope that Charlie would escape. But as time passed Fate wove the web tighter and tighter. Charlie fell to coughing hard, and, as we expected, money matters became so pressing that he was forced to shut up his place in the city and sell out his machinery and wares at a terrible sacrifice. I saw that the end was rapidly approaching."

"This evening we three sat around the fire and no one of us spoke a word. When Gertrude rose to go she stood for some moments looking at the coals, then quietly shook my hand without looking up, kissed her husband and left the room. As the door closed my sharp ears heard her sob—and in an instant my mind was made up. Charlie complained that his cough was hurting him."

"Give me your handkerchief," I said to him; "I have something here that I believe may relieve you."

"I took this small bottle of chloroform, and poured the contents on his handkerchief."

"Take a few breaths of this, and I think you will feel the better for it."

"He took it without looking up and without a word, and I watched him putting himself quietly to sleep—breathing himself from the world into eternity. When he dozed I took the handkerchief and held it tightly to his face, and he sat quiet. Then I tied the handkerchief around the knob and made sure of the job. His wife—his widow—is provided for life by his death."

"Dr. Rudd ceased speaking."

"It is a strange story, doctor," the inspector said, after some moments' silence. "I suppose you are right in believing the insurance company must pay, although it appears to me that your friend died more by design than accident."

"Yes, design on my part, but not on the part of the insured. He took out the policies in good faith, and it was the greatest accident in the world that he found so staunch a friend as me. I have given my life for my friend."

The door of the station opened, and the officer in charge of the search party stepped in with a strange bundle under his arm. Walking up to the inspector he said brusquely:

"Quite right, sir. We found the body in the chair. I have notified the coroner. In this bundle is a knob stick and a chloroformed handkerchief."

"This way, please," said the policeman to the stranger, and Dr. Albert Kane Rudd walked quietly to the cell.

THE FARM.

TURNING CATTLE ON CLOVER.

The time of turning cattle out to pasture is at hand, and soon, in the districts where they have clover pasture, we will hear complaints of cattle dying with "clover bloat." Some men will tell you that it is the water on the clover that causes it and if they are kept off the clover when it is wet with dew or rain there will be no trouble of the kind. This may help in a measure, but the man who pins his faith on that means of prevention alone may wake up some day from his noonday nap and feeling of security to find his cattle suffering or dying of bloat, writes Mr. C. P. Goodrich. One of my neighbors, a young farmer was careful to observe this rule, kept his cattle in the yard without anything to eat till the dew was off (about the middle of the forenoon) then turned them on the rank clover. At night six of them died. The cattle were so hungry they ate too much. My way of doing is this: I keep my cattle always on full feed. In the morning, before they are turned out the first time in the spring they have had all the good hay and ensilage they will eat, and have also had their regular feed of grain. When they go onto the clover they eat a few mouthfuls at first, but they are not hungry. They take up the time during the day exploring the field eating now and then a little. At night they are put in the stable again and given hay and have another feed of grain. If the weather is warm they are turned out again for the night without any fear that the dew on the clover will cause bloat. This is the way it goes on every day with the exception that the young cattle and dry cows have no grain after a few days. If one will practice this way there is positively no danger of "clover bloat." A stack of clover hay, or, for that matter, any other hay in the pasture, fixed so the cattle can eat of it without tramping on and wasting it, is a good thing. It is almost a sure preventive of bloat. The cattle will be seen leaving the green clover several times a day to eat of the hay. A stack of straw, even, will be a great help in a clover pasture. I will remember the astonishment depicted on a man's face when he saw his cattle leave the fresh rank clover as he said, "up to their eyes and eat out of that straw stack like it was something awful good. Pears like clover ain't good pasture when they eat straw instead." The truth is, nature prompts cattle, in such a case at least, to take what is good for them. Years ago I used to pasture clover a good deal and never had any bloat when I followed the plan I have described, but for some years past I have not pastured it much for the reason that by cutting it and feeding in the stable I could keep more than twice as much stock as I could by pasturing it off.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

The quality and size of fruit on old bushes is much improved by severe pruning, or thinning of fruit, and this applies equally well to all tree fruits. The demand of the times is for quality in everything, rather than quantity, and this certainly applies to fruit growing.

When currants and gooseberries have been injured by the borer, as soon as the leaves start the defective canes are easily discovered and should be cut out as far down as the pith is eaten out, and burned at once. The egg is laid about June 1 and as soon as hatched the young borer eats its way into the cane and remains until the following season.

Keep the new strawberry bed perfectly clean from weeds; keep the runners turned so that they will occupy each alternate space, leaving the intervening ones for a path in which to walk while cultivating or picking, and in this way they are in better shape for covering should a sudden frost overtake them in May.

To manage a strawberry field well divide it into thirds. One bed will be new, upon which to rely for the main crop; one old, from which to get what one can; the other set to new berries. As soon as the old bed is through bearing, plow it up and set it to cabbages or some other crop which must be closely cultivated.

Berries require well-drained soil. Both soil and location have a marked influence on variety and quality, and one should know what kinds grow best in his community. Leave high-priced novelties to the professionals; they are usually disappointing. Do not fool with poor plants. The best are always cheapest.

Grapes should be set out eight or ten feet each way. From each plant may spring many generations; therefore, set the parent plant carefully and guard it well. Fine, moist earth should be firmly packed about each root. Do not value the plant by the nickel it costs, but by the dollars it may produce.

There is no excuse for a farmer not having an orchard large enough to supply his own family uses. If the old orchard is dying out, set a new one of varieties which will ripen in summer, fall and winter. Buy small trees of not more than an inch in diameter, with a straight trunk and a good bunch of roots.

Whitewash is not so effective in getting rid of the borers upon the apple trees as is soft soap. Boil one gallon of soap in two of water, and then add freely of crude carbolic acid. The best time is to apply it in the spring, soon after the blossoms have fallen, and you will then kill the bark lice as well as the borers.

The usual cause of trouble in trying to grow quinces is that not enough trouble is taken in growing the trees. To plant them is not enough; they must have good soil, rich cultivation and careful pruning. The fruit can always be grown with a good profit, for there is ever a demand.

Where room is scarce one may often combine the useful and the ornamental. A handsome grape arbor is not out of place upon a lawn, and a row of currants may be used to edge a pathway. A dwarf pear tree is as much of an "ornamental" as many of the

shrubs which are used especially for that purpose.

The foreign market for apples seem to be steadily growing, and when choice fruit is shipped in prime condition the returns are usually satisfactory. There is no present danger of our overdoing orchard planting, as foreign shipments grow greater and greater. Apples are a real luxury in many parts of the world.

There is such a thing as cluttering up a dooryard with things of beauty. We want flowers about the home, and plenty of them, but they should be in their proper place. Avoid planting them in quantities at the expense of the lawn. A wide expanse of green grass is the first essential for handsome grounds.

REMARKABLE FEATS.

Wherein a Few Favored Mortals Show Superiority Over Their Fellows.

We can all remember with what envy we looked on that schoolmate of ours who could throw every other boy in the school, or with what difference and respect we treated the urchin who could stand back five paces and hit the "coma" in the "bull ring" five times out of six. The race for prestige and prowess commences at school, but it is safe to say, that in most cases at least, it does not end this side of the grave. Some of us were born to excel others in some particular field—favored either by nature or training to come out winners in the race. The following instances, showing how partial nature is toward some of her children are found in an English periodical.

A friend of mine, a mechanic, possesses the remarkable and unusual faculty of being able to produce a continual current of air from an ordinary blow-pipe such as used by watchmakers for brazing and soldering. Although it seems incredible, it is nevertheless a fact that he can inflate and at the same time expel air from his lungs. The writer has known him to blow for a space of several minutes apparently without exertion, without once stopping to take breath. This is really remarkable when we consider the exertion necessary to blow for half a minute.

I have a friend who can

DRINK BOILING WATER

and eat fresh-made mustard by the teaspoonful without experiencing any discomfort; yet, strange to say, when he eats an ice the perspiration rolls from his forehead in large drops.

I know a man who never learned to read or write, and yet if you give him a directed envelope and tell him to write another like it he is able to do so, and imitate the style of writing to a nicety, although he would not be able to read it when finished.

Although I never heard a man "whistle a duet," I knew one at Cambridge who could do something like it. He could whistle an air and hum the accompaniment in perfect tune. The piece I especially remember was "Adeste Fideles," where the accompaniment in the fifth line (in contrary motion) and the imitative phrases at the end were faultlessly rendered.

A navy in a town in Worcestershire—known locally as "Fire-Eater Jack"—would take live coals out of the grate with his fingers and thumb, one at a time, until he had filled his mouth; then, he would commence to grind them up between his teeth, and often swallow the "toothsome morsels." You could hear the hot cinders seething in his mouth. He died between the ages of 50 and 60. The writer has seen him do this repeatedly.

I recently made the acquaintance of a gentleman who is possessed of a very peculiar power. He seems to have in his head a duplicate set of thinking machinery, which in some cases enables him to accomplish the work of two ordinary persons at the same time. Numerous are the difficult things I have seen him do, such as adding up two columns of figures or writing two letters on entirely different subjects at the same time, using both left and right hands; but perhaps

THE MOST ASTONISHING

of all was a feat I saw him perform recently, when two gentlemen, one sitting on each side of him, read two different paragraphs from a paper at the same time, and he correctly took them both down in shorthand with his right and left hands. When examined afterward the transcripts were found to be without a mistake.

I think it most anomalous. My hands—though soft, and of a very ordinary type—are quite impervious to the stings of wasps, though not of bees, and many can testify to the accuracy of the following: I can sit over a strong wasp's nest, with my legs-tailor fashion, encircling the hole, and catch and kill with the bare hands every wasp that either goes out or comes in even directly after having my hands washed in warm water, and without anything whatever rubbed over them.

I had a slight acquaintance some years ago with a man who possessed the extraordinary faculty of being able to turn up his eyelids with a backward toss of the head. It was only on rare occasions that he would show his power in this direction, and the effect was most uncanny and startling. Strange to say, he had to use his fingers to turn them down again.

While on my way from Sydney in the fall of last year business compelled me to call at Singapore for a short time, where I met a Cingalese who could, by applying rosin to both his forefingers, produce music very similar to that of a violin, and indeed almost as distinct, "God Save the Queen" being his favorite tune. He could also change the tone so as to resemble a mandolin.

ENGLISH TEMPERANCE NURSES.

London possesses, according to an advertisement in a leading medical journal, "the only temperance association of male nurses in the kingdom." The fees for the services of these abstainers are moderate, from \$5 to \$10 a week, and it is stipulated that it be paid to the nurse in person.

NEWSPAPERS IN BRITAIN.

In the United Kingdom there are printed only 2,355 newspapers, according to the latest and most authoritative publication. In London 483 appear. In the same city the daily papers number 158, in Wales 7, in Scotland 18 and the same number in Ireland. In the British isles there are but 2,

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

FLORAL HINTS.

Spring is a capricious dame. Do not trust your young, tender plant children too early to her care; an unexpected "cold snap" may blight cherished floral hopes built upon a few days of early spring and balmy air.

Portulacca will self-sow from year to year. Although it has the tiniest of seeds, not unlike small people, it has great pluck, will grow anywhere and everywhere, if not held in check. Poppy seeds are very minute, but have great vitality, and may be sown out of doors as early as the last of April.

Cuttings can be safely transported long distances without the "moss" of dirt, if a slight cut is made in a potato and the cutting carefully inserted; or a quill may be passed through the cork of a bottle of water, the end of the cutting passing through the quill into the water.

For winter blooming, to plant primrose seeds in April or May is more economical than to buy plants in the fall. When watering, see that the crown is not wet, as there will be danger of decay.

Any time in May sow pansy seed in a warm, shady place. When the plants are a little stocky, transplant them to a bed of good rich soil, setting four or five inches apart. The last of August or first of September, transplant again to where you wish them to bloom next season.

May is the month to set or to transplant shrubs. In the latter part, flowering plants may be safely put in the ground. *Coreopsis lanceolata* should have been mentioned among the summer flowers. It is a hardy plant, growing two or three feet high, producing from June to August a continuous abundance of bright golden flowers. It thrives in ordinary garden soil; requires little more than an occasional stirring of the soil.

SOME WAYS OF USING CHEESE.

Cheese being very nutritious is a valuable article of food, particularly to persons of delicate constitution, who have little appetite for meat. It should be eaten with fruit and vegetables. It can be rendered perfectly digestible by the addition of a small quantity of carbonate of soda, in proportion of about a teaspoonful to half a pound of cheese.

In choosing cheese take particular notice of the skin; it should neither be rough, very dry, nor cracked. For culinary purposes choose cheese which is dry, and not very rich. There are many ways in which it can be cooked to render it palatable, of which I may mention a few.

Cheese Pudding.—Six ounces of stale bread crumbs, dried in the oven and pounded, four ounces of grated cheese mixed with one well beaten egg, a little salt, pepper and mustard, one ounce of butter and half a pint of new milk. Pour this into a dish, sprinkle a few more bread crumbs over the top, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

Another Cheese Pudding.—Soak some slices of bread in milk in which an egg has been beaten. Place the bread in layers in a pie dish with grated cheese sprinkled thickly between the layers, then pour the remainder of the milk over the top, but it must not be allowed to become too moist. Grate a little nutmeg over it and bake until the top is a golden brown.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—One large or two moderate sized cauliflowers and two ounces of grated cheese, half an ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk. Boil the cauliflowers in the usual way, and take it up when slightly overdone. Whilst it is boiling prepare the sauce. Melt the butter and beat smoothly with it the flour. Add a gill of cold water, and then stir the sauce over the fire till it boils, put in two tablespoonfuls of milk and half the cheese and the sauce is ready. Trim away all the green leaves from the cauliflower, and break the white part into sprigs. Lay half in the dish and pour the sauce over it, arrange the remainder on top and sprinkle grated cheese over all. Brown the cauliflower before the fire and serve very hot. This is a delicious dish.

Rice and Cheese.—Wash the rice well, as it is then not so likely to burn. Put it into a saucepan with cold water to cover it and bring it to a boil, then drain the water caefully off and return it to the saucepan with a pint and a half of milk, a little pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter. Let it simmer until tender, but do not allow it to become moist. While it is boiling prepare a quarter of a pound of grated cheese. Grease a dish with bacon fat, spread the rice and cheese upon it in alternate layers, the cheese forming the uppermost layer. Put a little more bacon fat over all, and place it in the oven to brown. Serve very hot.

Hominy and Cheese.—For one person half a pound of hominy should be soaked in water all night. The next day this must be boiled until tender, then half a pint of milk added. With this mix very thoroughly half a pound of cheese finely chopped. When cold, any remains of this left over is delicious sliced and fried golden brown. This makes an excellent accompaniment to a dish of ham or sausage, and is a good substitute for potatoes when they are scarce or of a poor quality.

Macaroni au Gratin.—Throw into boiling water some common pipe macaroni, with a pinch of salt. Let it boil a quarter of an hour, when it will be a little more than half cooked. Drain off the water, and place the macaroni in a saucepan with enough milk to cover it, let it boil until perfectly done, then remove the macaroni, lay it on a dish with a plentiful allowance of grated Parmesan cheese to which a judicious quantity of white pepper should be added; pour over it plenty of liquefied butter, sprinkle the top with more cheese, and over that some very fine baked bread crumbs. Stand the dish in the oven just long enough to make the contents very hot, brown the top with a red-hot salamander.