

THE MYSTERIOUS KEY

OR, PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd)

John Hubbard fully expected to be able to secure bail for himself and to make the most of the respite thus afforded him in feathering a snug nest for himself, in case he should escape conviction; but Mr. Lyttleton had arranged to make the amount of bail so excessive that no one was willing to take the risk and become surety for him; consequently, he was committed to the Tombs to await his trial, while Anna buried herself in obscure lodgings, wisely resolving to be economical with her resources until the fate of her husband should be decided, the trial having been set for about the first of February.

Meantime, Lady Bromley had received an invitation to visit her old friend and schoolmate, Helen Atwood, now Mrs. Ernest Bryant, with whom she had spent those few sad weeks long ago after the news of the loss of the steamer on which her husband had sailed, and was supposed to have been among the lost.

The Bryants were a very happy family, and owned a very lovely home in Brookline, one of the most delightful of Boston's suburbs, Mr. Bryant being a prosperous wool-merchant of that city.

Helen Bryant had often importuned her friend to visit her, but until now it had never seemed convenient for her to do so, although she had long yearned to renew the old-time intimacy. Thus, while her brother and Gerald were absorbed in preparing for the great case of Brewster vs. Brewster, she decided to avail herself of Mrs. Bryant's pressing invitation, and make the long-talked-of visit.

She took Ellen with her, the girl having become quite a handy little waiting-maid and devoted to her kind mistress. She was delighted over the prospect of leaving New York, and uttered a long sigh of relief when the Puritan pushed off from her pier, and she felt that she had thus been cut loose from a menacing danger.

She knew that her aunt had been arrested, and that John Hubbard was also a prisoner, but she had lived in hourly dread of meeting her cousin; and thus New York had become a place of torment to her.

Ever since learning that Lady Bromley's home was in England, she had begged that she would take her there to live with her when she returned, and, as her ladyship had promised to grant her request, if all went well, the girl was beginning to lose something of the anxious, hunted expression which her face had always worn; while, with good fare, neatly fashioned clothing, and the constant companionship of her cultivated mistress, she was fast developing into a hale, well-behaved, and efficient young woman.

The memory of Allison was still most sacred to her, and she still worshipped her in secret. Several times Gerald had caught her upon her knees before the easel, upon which the picture of his loved one rested, gazing with a look of adoration at the beautiful face, while hot tears of grief rained over her cheeks.

He was so touched by this evidence of her affection he gave her a picture of Allison, and it became to her the choicest treasure in her possession, while from that moment Gerald might have asked any sacrifice from her and she would have spared no effort to serve him.

Lady Bromley had promised to spend several weeks with her friend, her visit being limited only by the fact that she must return to New York in time for the trial, when Ellen would be required as a witness for the plaintiff.

Mrs. Bryant and her ladyship were very happy in renewing their early friendship and in reviewing the experience of their school days.

"I made a terrible mistake, however, Helen," the latter observed one day, when they were conversing about her romantic marriage and the exciting events that followed it. "To be sure, all ended well, and my life with my husband was a very happy one; but I have often trembled in thinking of the temerity of that momentous step! I shall never forget the mental suffering which I endured all that year with the burden of that terrible secret on my mind, and I have

often wondered how I managed to get through with my studies and pass my examinations creditably.

"Yes, and it was a rash act," her friend gravely assented, "and I have passed a great many remorseful hours in view of having aided and abetted you and Sir Charles; but I was young and thoughtless, and the romance of being associated with such a genuine love-affair was a temptation which I was unable to resist. I do hope you have forgiven me for my share in that sad experience," she concluded, with a regretful sigh.

"You were forgiven from the first, dear," said Lady Bromley, as she brushed some hot tears from her cheeks. "I am alone to blame for it all, and I do not know what would have become of me at that time if you had not proved yourself so staunch and true. Your kind care probably saved my life during that terrible illness which prostrated me upon learning of the loss of the Catalonia. But, ah! I wish I could secretly tell my experience to every young girl who is away from the shelter of her own home, and warn her of the consequences of such a rash act. If a young man really loves a girl, he will wait for her and seek her in marriage in an open, straightforward manner. If I had only been firm and refused to marry Charlie secretly, he would eventually have sought me in my own home, asked for me in a manly fashion, and I should have been spared all that sad experience which we both regretted all our lives."

"But," continued Mrs. Bryant "I shall never forget that happy day when Sir Charles walked in upon us so unexpectedly to claim his wife, and turned your sorrow into joy. I thought him the grandest fellow alive, and I am sure he was devoted enough to you ever afterward to make up for having tempted you to err in that one instance."

"Yes, we were happy together, and yet the sting of that early mistake will never be entirely obliterated," said Lady Bromley sadly.

She had barely finished speaking when the door of Mrs. Bryant's boudoir was rudely thrown open, and Ellen Carson rushed into the room in a state of great excitement.

"Lady Bromley! Lady Bromley! Oh! come quick!" she cried breathlessly, her face white as chalk, and unable to articulate another word, she sank upon the floor at her mistress' feet and burst into nervous weeping.

CHAPTER XII.

Both Lady Bromley and Mrs. Bryant were greatly startled by Ellen's sudden appearance in such a state of grief and excitement. She was usually very quiet and unobtrusive, moving about her duties with a cheerful alacrity which bespoke her desire to please the woman to whom she owed so much, as well as an increasing affection and sense of gratitude.

"Why, Ellen! what has happened? Why are you so excited?" questioned Lady Bromley, as she bent over the sobbing girl and laid her hand kindly upon her shoulder.

The touch seemed to restore her in a measure, when, springing again to her feet, she seized the woman's hand and tried to raise her from her chair.

"Come, come!" she reiterated almost wildly; "you must come and tell him that I have told the truth."

And by main force she pulled her ladyship toward the door, apparently unmindful of the rudeness of the act or the lack of respect she was thus displaying toward her superior.

"Ellen, stop!" said Lady Bromley authoritatively; "compose yourself, and explain what has caused all this excitement. Has any accident occurred? Do you not see that you have greatly annoyed Mrs. Bryant by bursting in upon us in this turbulent fashion?"

"I know, I know, and I hope you will forgive me, but I couldn't help it," said Ellen, still breathless and panting from excessive emotion; "but I've found her! I've found her!" and sobs that were almost hysterical again choked her utterance.

"You have found whom?" demanded Lady Bromley, astonished, and beginning to fear that the girl had become suddenly deranged.

"Oh! Miss Allison! Miss Brewster! She isn't dead! She wasn't killed! She is out there in the street, and you must come and tell the man that I know what I'm talking about," was the startling and incoherent reply.

Her ladyship had become very pale while listening to this, for of course Ellen's wild words could not fail to send a terrible shock throughout her frame.

She could not credit her startling statement; still, the magnetism of her belief and excitement had its influence upon her, for she knew that something very strange and unusual must have occurred to upset her to such an extent.

She had sent the girl out upon an errand for Mrs. Bryant about half an hour previous, and now it occurred to Lady Bromley that possibly she might have seen some one upon the street who strongly resembled Allison, and so, knowing how she worshipped the memory of her lost benefactress, had been startled into the belief that she had really found her alive.

"Stop, my child!" she said again, in a tone of kind command; "you are so nervous I cannot comprehend your meaning. Now, try to tell me calmly what you mean by having seen Miss Brewster. Of course, you are mistaken. You may have met some one who resembles her, but it cannot be Allison herself. And who is the person whom you wish me to go and talk with?"

"Oh, it is a man who is rolling her about in a wheel-chair. She is sick, and didn't know me, but I am sure she is my lovely, lovely Miss Allison," Ellen emphatically asserted, still greatly excited and trying to pull Lady Bromley from the room.

"Wait a moment, until I get a wrap," said her ladyship, and now visibly trembling herself. She almost flew to her room, seized a seal wrap from her closet, and threw it over her shoulders, and then went swiftly down-stairs after Ellen, who had again rushed below and out upon the street.

When Lady Bromley emerged from the house she saw an elderly gentleman, with white hair and beard, standing quietly upon the sidewalk, while beside him in a luxuriously cushioned wheel-chair in which, well wrapped in soft, bright robes, there sat a beautiful girl, the sight of whom made the startled woman catch her breath sharply and sent a wild look of mingled joy and horror into her eager eyes.

The girl was indeed Allison's very counterpart.

There were the same delicate, clear-cut, faultless features, the same bright, golden-crowned head, although the hair had been cut and now curled daintily all about her white forehead; there were the same great, beautiful blue eyes, and yet they were not the same, for there was a harrowing blankness in them which told but too plainly that reason had been dethroned, while the lovely face and form were thin almost to emaciation.

The gentleman bowed courteously as Lady Bromley went quickly down the steps to his side, her face alarmingly pale.

"Madam, I trust you have not been needlessly disturbed or excited," he observed, as he noticed her emotion, "but this young girl," glancing at Ellen, who was gazing spell-bound at the figure in the chair, "met us at the corner yonder, when she became almost frantic upon seeing my charge, whom she insisted she knew, calling her 'Miss Allison' and 'Miss Brewster,' and weeping with joy over her discovery. Then she begged me to come here with her to see a lady who, she said, would explain it all to me. She was so violently in earnest I was constrained to comply with her request."

With her eyes wandering continually from the speaker to his charge, Lady Bromley listened almost spell-bound to the above explanation.

"Is—is she your daughter?" she gasped, as he concluded.

"No, madam, and a strange hope sprang up in my heart the moment this girl, upon meeting us, fell upon her knees beside the carriage in a perfect ecstasy of recognition and began to address my poor Alice. But, unfortunately, as you perceive, she is not in a condition to recognize any one, since an accident, several months ago, deprived her of her reason."

"An accident! Ah!" breathed her ladyship, her heart leaping into her throat. "Oh, sir," she added faintly, while she put out her hand to steady herself by the stone post near which she was standing, "will you kindly tell me about it? For, indeed, it is not strange that

my maid should have been startled, as the young lady does resemble to a remarkable degree one who has long been regarded as dead by her friends."

The gentleman lost color at this, and looked excited.

"If," he said, "you will walk a block or two with me, I shall be very glad to tell you all that I know regarding the poor child's history. I do not like to have her sit still here, for, although the day is unusually fine, Alice is still very delicate, and we are exceedingly careful not to let her get chilled."

"Certainly, I will accompany you," Lady Bromley replied. Then, turning to her maid, she added: "Ellen, go to my room and bring me a hat."

And the girl, with a sorrowful but adoring look at the invalid, darted away to do her bidding. She was back again in a few moments, when her mistress, hastily tying the hat upon her head, signified her readiness to move on, while Ellen reluctantly went back into the house.

"You called her Alice," Lady Bromley remarked, but with lips that were so rigid that it was with difficulty that she could articulate. (To be continued.)

TIGHT COLLARS DANGEROUS.

They May Help to Cause Prostration in Hot Weather.

One of the most common causes of hot weather discomfort, and danger too for that matter, is the tight neckband. Passing up and down the sides of the neck are two very important arteries, the carotids, and two large veins, the jugular veins. The carotid arteries carry blood up to the head, while the jugular veins convey it back to the heart.

As else where in the body the arteries are situated under the muscles and so are partly protected from pressure, says a writer in *Outing*. The jugular veins, however, are quite near the surface, and a slight degree of pressure upon them is enough to impede the flow of blood away from the head.

This retention of blood in the head is a frequent cause of that headache peculiar to hot weather where the headache is accompanied by flushing face and feeling of fullness, often with buzzing in the ears. This condition is always present in heat prostration.

Now the tight neckband and the tight collar make pressure just over the jugular veins, and so by preventing free escape of blood from the head often produce heat headaches and other discomforts as well as add to the risk of heat prostration. The neckband of the summer shirt then should be loose and the collar low and easy fitting.

SAVED 99 LIVES.

Coal Porter Has Record Number of Lives to His Credit.

No fewer than ninety-nine lives have been saved by Thomas Jackson, a coal porter, of Whiston street, Haggerston, England, who gave evidence at a Bethnal Green inquest.

His breast was covered with medals, one of which he received from the Londoners' Club, Australia, and another from his fellow-workmen at the Shoreditch gas works. He has received 17 testimonials from the Royal Humane Society.

Seventeen children have been saved by him from drowning in the Regent's Canal, and among the other places where he has saved lives are the Victoria Park lakes, Bournemouth, Spring Hill, and Hastings.

He hopes soon to bring the number of his rescues up to 100, and as he is only 46 years of age there is every probability that he will accomplish the feat.

HIS IMPORTANT SERVICE.

One of the greatest nuisances of travelling is tipping. A smile from a head waiter is a costly commodity, and no menial service is too small for remuneration. An unusually ingenious plea for a tip is that of a small Hibernian, mentioned by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea in "Roundabout Recollections." The author was travelling in Ireland.

I drove down to the station on the faint chance of catching the train to Dublin. When I got out of the cab at the station a bright-faced boy accosted me.

"Ah, sure sir, you've just missed the train," he said.

It was true. I booked my luggage and ascertained when the next train would leave. While I was waiting, the lad came up to me and asked me for a tip.

"What for?" I asked. "Sure, sir, I told you that you were too late," he unblushingly responded.

On the Farm

GOOD SUBSTANCE.

"In our study of daily cattle, we have been impressed with the constantly-recurring fact that the cows that do great work show in their make-up a certain appearance of good substance. There is an amplitude of form in them that betokens power to stand the strain of doing. This is largely shown in what may be called the middle piece, that portion of the body between the shoulders and the hips.

"These great cows, in all breeds have ample machinery to do business with. This does not necessarily mean large size. Right there is where certain men run away with themselves. There is a law of nature in this. We cannot expect something for nothing. The machinery of the cow's body must be sufficient for the demand her nature and temperament makes on it. A good cow must be well and harmoniously developed, with large strong digestive organs, ample milk-making organs, plenty of room for the making of a calf for great dairy capacity is based on the procreative organs.

"We must look to constitution, ability to stand up and bear the strain of dairy work more than we have. There is danger in our breeding that we will be led away from this point, and follow off after the mere ability to produce milk for a week or a month. To do this work for a long time, the cow must have sufficient substances in her make-up. There must be no weakness of build anywhere. In common phrase she must be a strong cow."—Hoard's Dairyman.

FOR POTATO SPRAYING.

Bordeaux mixture for potato spraying is made from the following formula: Copper sulphate (bluestone or blue vitriol) 6 pounds unslaked lime, 5 pounds; water, 40 to 50 gallons.

As it is inconvenient to weigh the lime and copper at the time of mixing, and quite impracticable to keep a supply of ready mixed Bordeaux on hand, "stock solutions" of the copper and lime are usually prepared ready for mixing as required. To prepare material sufficient to treat one acre of potatoes four times proceed as follows: Place 72 pounds of bluestone in a bag or basket and suspend it near the surface in 36 gallons of water in a barrel. It will dissolve in a few hours, and every gallon afterwards dipped from this barrel will contain exactly two pounds of bluestone. For the stock mixture of lime, take 60 pounds of fresh unslacked lime and 80 gallons of water. Slake the lime by the use of as little of the water as possible and when all is broken down, bring the solution to standard strength by adding what remains of the 30 gallons of water. Every gallon of lime mixture now contains exactly two pounds of lime. These mixtures, if kept under cover, and evaporation prevented, will retain their strength all summer.

A TEST FOR MILK.

A simple and effective test to determine whether water is present in milk may be made with an ordinary knitting-needle, if the needle is bright and well polished. Dip the needle into the milk and quickly withdraw it in an upright position. If the milk contains only a small quantity of water this will prevent even a drop of milk adhering to the needle.

Everyone who has occasion to heat milk knows how easy it may be scorched.

When this does happen, the thing to do is to quickly remove the vessel from the fire and stand it in a bowl of cold water. Put a pinch of salt into the milk and stir. It will then be found that the disagreeable burnt taste has almost, if not entirely, disappeared.—New Zealand Dairyman.

WHAT IS LOST.

Dairy farmers who sell skim-milk should bear in mind that with every hundred pounds of whole milk sold from the farm they are losing at least 50 cents worth of the best kind of pig feed, comparing its value to the present cost of corn meal. In order to realize the real value, however, from skim-milk or any other feed, it must be fed economically to good stock. This stock must then be marketed at the proper time and a fair profit is practically assured.