

"I shall wire for some one to come and take up the threads which Gifford has bungled so terribly," he said, with sudden emphasis. "At all events it will be doing something, and heaven knows we need a cool head here now. In the meantime there is no goodby between us yet, Lola. I may be away some time, but I shall get back before -before the evening," he said, changing the phrase with some slight show of embarrassment.

He went away then, and Lola and Beryl both found in his departure some relief from the strain.

They sat together, their talking broken by long gaps of silence, and Beryl did her utmost to comfort her companion and to draw her confidence. One confidence Lola shared with her, and the little story was both told and listened to amid scalding tears from both. The sharing of the secret drew the two women closer than ever to-

As the time passed Lola endeavored to assume a firm and resolute manner, but Beryl could see how completely she was overcome.

With difficulty Beryl induced her to take some food and wine.

"You will need courage, Lola," she said, "for Jaffray's and that other's sake." And at this plea she yielded, forcing herself to eat and drink.

In the evening Beryl's agitation increased, and her usual calmness quite deserted her, but Lola, on the other hand, grew strong and determined as the time of the arrest approached. It was characteristic of her to meet the trouble when it came close defiantly.

When Sir Jaffray came in, he was surprised to find Lola so cool and confident and Beryl so agitated.

He told them what he had done—how he had seen Gifford and spoken out his opinion in strong terms and in the presence of one or two of the servants had told him to leave the manor, then how he had telegraphed to London to a well known firm of solicitors, accus-



Beryl did her utmost to comfort her companion.

tomed to the unraveling of such mysteries, and had asked them to come down at once and bring all the skilled help that was needed, and so on through all his plans.

The telling of this was a relief to them all. It enabled them to avoid those sides of the subject which were so oppressively sorrowful, and, moreover, it fed the flame of hope.

"One thing is certain, however," he said in conclusion. "There must be a delay, at all events until the London lawyers have been down and looked into things. It must be so, Lola, and I must find a means of getting Borderham to wait for a few days at any rate."

Just then the police inspector was announced and came in, looking very grave, but very important.

Beryl, who was sitting by Lola, felt her tremble and her muscles stiffen for an instant, while ske bit her lip hand. "I think, Mr. Borderham, that this

matter had better stand over for a day or two, after all," said the baronet, and he then described what he had done and said that he would, of course, be responsible for Lola's surrendering whenever the inspector desired.

The latter listened deferentially, but at the close he shook his head slowly. "I am afraid that it is now too late." he said gravely. "It is very painful to

me, but after what passed this morning I have made all arrangements, and"-"I am ready, sir!" cried Lola, rising and facing him resolutely. "I will go

with you at once." At that moment Mr. Gifford entered the room, carrying a parcel in his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I have something to say."

Sir Jaffray turned angrily to him. "I thought I ordered you to leave the manor!" he cried.

"But I didn't go, Sir Jaffray," replied Mr. Gifford calmly, "and, what is more, I staid to some purpose, as I think you'll admit when you hear what | The words fell like a bomb in the I have to say."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME. Inspector Borderham took the interruption by Mr. Gifford in bad part. He had persuaded nimself so thoroughly that he was going to make his reputation over the case and was so convinced that he had excluded the possibility of mistake that he was impatient of anything that threatened delay.

"I don't see the necessity of this interruption," he said in his stiffest official manner.

Mr. Gifford read him at a glance and instantly resolved to puzzle him still more.

"I know it's unprofessional," he said very suavely, "but there is a little matter of theft which I think ought to be cleared up before anything else is done, and Lady Walcote's presence is essential for that purpose."

"This is unwarrantable trifling, Mr. Gifford!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray indignantly, and the inspector seconded this opinion with a look. "We are here in the midst of the gravest crisis of our lives, and you, having backed out of the serious business this morning, now come with some sort of flippant triviality on your lips. I must ask you to withdraw."

"It is no triviality, Sir Jaffray," returned Mr. Gifford apologetically. ". am not given to play the clown in the middle of a tragedy. What I say is correct, however. I have a charge of theft to make against a servant in the house, and I repeat that it must be heard here before enything more is done."

He went to the door, and, opening it, beckoned to some one outside to come in. A woman who had been in charge of two footmen entered.

She was Lady Walcote's French maid, Christelle Duval. She held her head up with a saucy, flaunting air of bravado and looked angrily at Mr. Gif-

"I charge this woman, Christelle Duval, with the theft of this dress," said Mr. Gifford, rapidly unfastening the parcel which he had been carrying and holding up a black dress trimmed with silk and lace. It is one of your dresses, Lady Walcote," he said, "and has been found among this woman's clothes."

"You are a fool," cried the woman angrily and with vigorous gesture, speaking with a French accent, " stupid fool! Have I not tell you 20 times it is a dress madame gave me? You know it, madame-you know what I say. You give it me since a month in London. Is it not so? It is only an old thing you have done with. You say, 'Christelle, you can have this,' but this man, this fool, fix on it and say I steal it. He is-bah!"

She finished with a wave of the hand of infinite contempt, as if the detective were too much of a fool even for words.

"Now you are lying, you Frenchwoman," he said coarsely. "You have taken that dress out of Lady Walcote's wardrobe within the last two days and since Lady Walcote left the manor. You have stolen it. Do you hear?"

"Ah," she exclaimed, with a toss o the head and a sneer, "I have it a month, and it never leave my possession one minute! Miladi knows. What do you say? Tell this-this cochon that he is a fool and then let me go."

The witnesses of this scene had listened in blank bewilderment while this had passed, and now Sir Jaffray interposed angrily.

"This is insufferable!" he cried. "I think I can settle this in a mo-

ment," said Lola, who kept cool. 'What Christelle says is quite true Mr. Gifford. I gave her the dress at least a month ago. It is hers, and certainly she cannot be said to have stolen it." "There!" said the girl, tossing her

head again and curling her lip. "What did I say?"

"Is that so? Then I have made a mistake," said Mr. Gifford, with very crestfallen air. "Do you mean that you gave her this for her own, to wear when she pleased?" "Of course. What else, stupid?" ex-

claimed the woman, laughing saucily. "I tell you the dress has never been out of my possession, and I have worn it when I pleased." She repeated his words in a mocking tone and laughed. "I think this has gone far enough,

Mr. Gifford," said the police inspector. "It is clear you have made a mistake. You had better leave the room," he added to the girl.

"One moment, please," said Mr. Gifford calmly. "I am not quite the fool you seem to think. Now I have something serious to say. You have all heard this woman," pointing at her with his forefinger, "own that that dress is hers, that she has had it a month and more, that it has never left her possession, and that she has worn it. You marked that, all of you?" He paused and looked around him.

"Well?" asked Inspector Borderham in a tone and with an expression that seemed to say the whole business was a

tedious interruption. "Well, I withdraw the charge against her of having stolen the dress, and instead"-he stopped and glanced around as if to enjoy the full effect of his next words-"I charge her with the murder

of Pierre Turrian!" If he had aimed at producing a dramatic effect, he could not have been more successful.

midst of them all.

Lola turned as pale as death and leaned for a moment against Beryl, by rapt attention. whom she was again sitting, and into Beryl's eyes there came a look of infinite pleasure, making her face glow with warmth. Sir Jaffray waited in breathless suspense and fixed 'his eyes on the woman against whom the charge was hurled.

She turned on the detective like wild animal at bay, bending her head aside as if half crouching between fear and desperation, her large dark eyes looking larger by contrast with the

blanched face in which not a vestige or color was left.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Gifford," said Inspector Borderham. "What grounds have you?"

"Ask her to tell you where is the bit of lace that is torn from that place. You'll see the pattern of the lace is a very marked one and the tear very singular in form."

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Borderham, turning to the woman. "You need not answer unless you like, and if you do answer what you say may be used against you. Mind that."

There was a pause, during which the woman breathed twice through her widespread nostrils. Then, with an assumption of indifference, but in a voice that showed her nervousness, she said, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"How can I tell how I tear every little bit of lace that I wear?" "Well, when did you wear that dress

last?" asked Mr. Gifford. "How can I remember? Do you think I have but one?"

"What dress did you wear the night Pierre Turrian was killed?" "I don't remember. How can I?" "You lie!" cried Mr. Gifford sternly.

"You wore that dress, and you went to meet Pierre Turrian in it. You had it on when you stabbed him to the heart, and it was when you delivered that blow that he clutched at your dress and tore from it the piece of lace that fits exactly into that tear. I have it here, and I myself took it from the dead man's fingers."

The woman reeled back before this indictment, and, groping with her hands behind her for the wall, leaned against It for support, all the bravado and daring gone out of her manner.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" she gasped through her livid lips, which would hardly frame the words.

"See, inspector," said Mr. Gifford, showing how exactly the piece of lace fitted into the torn lace of the dress.

"I don't seem to understand," said Sir Jaffray, like one in complete bewilderment. "When did you find all this out? Why, this morning I thought you had thrown up the case."

"The scent was getting keener than ever then, and I wanted a little help. That was all," answered Mr. Gifford,

with a smile. "I had suspicions yesterday or the day before. The thing looked all so bright and clear against her ladyship there that I began to suspect it, and I wanted to know badly who it was that was sending those anonymous letters. Ah, you may well start, Frenchwoman!" He turned to her. "You set up the suspicion yourself when you did that."

The woman tried to shrug her shoulders in reply, but she failed.

"I saw, as any one might have seen," and he glanced hurriedly at the inspector, "that whoever sent those letters had a strong interest in getting Lady Walcote into this trouble, and the fact that the writer knew so much about where the dagger and the bracelet were, or, rather, where they were not, on the night of the murder made me quite ready to think that she knew a little more. Again, another fact struck me as peculiar. Why should Lady Walcote carry away one bracelet only out of all her jewelry? If she had wanted it for its value, she'd have taken the lot, and the odds were dead against her wearing any such conspicuous piece of jewelry as an ornament when she was flying from home and didn't want to be traced. That set up the notion that these things had been dropped just for effect, and that whoever had dropped them had done it with the object of planting this business on Lady Walcote.

"There was another little thing That bracelet was broken in two, suggesting that if the thing were genuine there had been a regular rough and tumble struggle between the murdered man and the woman who had done the deed, but there was no evidence whatever on the spot of any struggle, barring the bit of torn lace, while the two parts of the bracelet were found at such a distance from each other that only a most unusual sort of a struggle could have caused that. This helped me to think, therefore, that whoever had put that bracelet there had first broken it

"But it was one thing to see that the trail was too broad and another to find the right track. I made up my mind that if Lady Walcote had gone out intending to kill that Frenchman she wouldn't have been so determined to prove that she had been there as to use a dagger which every one knew by sight and to leave on the ground a bracelet which all the countryside could identify, a piece of lace with enough character in it to hang half a shopful of women and, as if that wasn't enough, a handkerchief with her name carefully written in flaunting letters in the cor-

"A handkerchief?" interrupted the

"Yes, a handkerchief. You hadn't heard of that, but we knew of it. Sir Jaffray found it. Well, I saw that the whole thing had been planned and overdone. The proofs were too many, young woman, and too plain. Well, then, the question was, Who had done it? Obviously it was a woman-50 things proved that-and equally obvious it was some one who not only knew the ins and outs of the manor house, but had the run of her ladyship's jewel drawer. Well, there weren't many in the place who answered to that description, and I soon saw that it must be this Frenchwoman. You helped me to that, Sir Jaffray."

"I? How?" exclaimed the baronet. who had listened like the rest with

"You told me that you had seen your wife that night near the cottage, but had not seen her face. This told me that I was to look for a woman something like her ladyship in height and figure. Look!" he cried, pointing to the woman, who, with her back pressed against the wall, scowled at them all as they turned their heads in her direction.

"Still, I wanted the proof," he continued, "and to that Lady Walcote helped me by coming back. I reasoned

would be getting eager to get away, and that the best thing I could do would be to give her a plausible excuse. That I did this morning. After the conversation here I went to the servants' rooms and repeated what I had said here—that the whole thing was found out, that Lady Walcote had virtually confessed, and that she was to be arrested tonight, and that I had thrown up the case, seeing where the truth was. It worked.

"This woman saw at once that it gave her a plausible excuse to go. She was not going to remain in the service of a lady charged with murder, and accordingly she declared she should leave at once. I was sure of my ground then, and, managing to get her out of the way for an hour, I stepped up and searched all her things over. I found the dress I wanted, and you know the use I made of it. But I found something more. She probably knows what it is, for she knows the dead man's writing well enough. I found a letter twisted up and forgotten and actually in the pecket of the dress, and the letter was from the murdered man, telling her to meet him at the identical spot where the murder was committed two hours after the time named in the letter to Lady Wal-



Instead of speaking she uttered a piercing scream and fell in a huddled mass.

This last thrust roused the woman by the wall, who drew herself together and made as though she were going to speak. She clinched her hands and glared with impotent anger at the man who had thus unveiled the story of her crime, but instead of speaking she uttered a piercing scream and fell in a huddled mass on the floor.

They picked her up and corried her, still unconscious, from the room, Mr. Gifford and Inspector Borderham following her, the latter looking anything but pleased at the turn matters had taken.

> CHAPTER XXVII. AFTER THE STORM.

"Thank God for his mercy in this!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray in a deep voice of intense emotion as the door closed behind Inspector Borderham and his unconscious prisoner. "Thank God for his Beryl first threw her arms round

Lola in the excitement of the removal of the strain, and then, sitting still, gave full vent to her tears of pleasure. Lola was the least moved of the three.

The baronet went to her and took both her hands in his and tried to draw her to him to embrace her. But she held aloof.

"I did right to come back, Jaffray," she said calmly, "right to break my vow, for I had vowed never willingly to look upon your face again, but I could not bear that the world should think of you as married to a murderess. So I broke the vow."

"I should have found you, Lola. I would have searched the world through and ended my life before I had given up the search," he said vehemently. "Well, we shall see," she replied

evasively. "That wretched woman! What a villain has that man been through all!" "I don't understand it all now,"

said Beryl, "but I do not want yet to understand more than that you are cleared. Curiosity will come when I am not too agitated to think." "I think I can give another clew,"

said Lola slowly. She had drawn away from Sir Jaffray and was sitting again by Beryl, hand in hand. "I remember, when Pierre was talking to me in the library the morning you came and found him there, he rushed to the door once suddenly, protesting he had heard some one eavesdropping. I have no doubt this woman had been listening and had heard him say that he would claim me as his wife. He had probably deceived her, as he had every one throughout his life, and she has tried to work a double revenge on him by taking his life and on me by making it seem that I had done it. But for Mr. Gifford she might probably have succeeded. The man's life was one long course of crime, infecting all who came in contact with him."

"Mr. Gifford has done splendidly," said Beryl enthusiastically.

"He has saved us all," said Lola, and she shuddered at the thought of how narrowly she had missed the shame and trouble of a public trial. "I can hardly realize now that but for him I should have stood tomorrow in the dock." "Don't, Lola!" exclaimed Sir Jaffray.

"Don't let us think of it."

"I have been through worse trouble than that," she said quietly. "Ifelt absolutely confident that the truth would be known, and the knowledge that the result would be to lift that load of shame from you strengthened me to face anything. I would to heaven that I could as easily lift the rest?' She stopped and sighed, and then, after a pause, added, "But even that may come with time."

She kissed Beryl, rose from the sofa, and, going to Sir Jaffray, held out her hand, a year ansered that and assessment

He looked at her in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I will not go away twice without saying goodby. I am going now. Goodby. I have done what I came back to do."

While they stood for a moment looking at one another in silence and battling with the feelings which affected both in common some one knocked at the door, and when it was opened Mr. Gifford came in.

"May I come in, Sir Jaffray?" he

asked rather needlessly. "Well, what is it, Mr. Gifford?" said the baronet a little sharply, in consequence of the interruption coming at such a moment, but the detective's glance of reproachful surprise at such a reception recalled Sir Jaffray to himself, and he made haste to add: "Come in? Of course you can. You have done us the greatest service that any one could have rendered, and we all want to thank you. I didn't like and didn't understand your methods, mind you," he said, holding out his hand, "but you've made me your friend for life."

"And me," said Lola, shaking hands with him as well, "ard without any reservation as to your methods. I don't know how you did it and don't care. The result is enough for me."

"As for the methods," answered Mr. Gifford, with a smile, "we can't always please everybody, and this case boked very puzzling. I saw nothing for it but to go my own read. I couldn't even let you know what I was doing, Sir Jaffray. That is a sharp young woman, and if we'd overdone the part we should have spoiled everything and scared her. But I didn't come in to talk about myself. I came to say that she's given up the whole thing. She's better In small establishments hand syringes a bit, though the doctor who's been looking her over to fetch her out of that fainting fit says her heart ain't worth a pinch of snuff, and she's told the whole story. It isn't a pretty one. That fellow was a rare scoundrel. He'd been carrying on with this girl under the pretense that he meant to marry her and had had all her savings out of her and had ruined her in that sense as well as in a far worse way, and she overheard him talking to you, Lady Walcote" - he turned to Lola and hesitated just a moment as to what to call her-"about killing Sir Jaffray and then claiming you as his wife. She only half understood what was said, but it drove her mad, and she set her wicked little wits to concect the devilish scheme of revenge which we know now." "How did she arrange a meeting

with the Frenchman?" "He arranged it with her, unfortu-

nately for him. He wrote her that letter which I found. I expect that as a matter of fact he didn't know what to make of her and what she'd do. He wanted a few days in which to mature any plans he could make after he'd had to leave the house, and he wrote that letter to make the appointment before he had seen Lady Walcote, of course. His object was no doubt to keep the girl from blabbing anything, seeing which, in connection with the suggestion that he had been kicked out of the place | tions of Professor Galloway, finally & under such, circumstances. When they veloped into the form shown in the cat met, the girl says he tried to persuade her to let him into the manor that night turned to the desired length and flat sill range so that he could have his revenge on you, Sir Jaffray, and that when she re- end a narrow slit is made. It is imfused the whole thing came out, and in portant to have this opening absolutely the row which followed she says she true throughout, otherwise the water struck him the blow which killed him as it issues from the nozzle will be in self defense. I don't believe that part | broken up into streams. As the tips of the story myself. I believe she went come from the factory they are not all and White out resolved to murder him, and that ways satisfactory, and it has been or she lured him into a false sense of se- casionally found necessary to smooth curity with some lying show of affect the opening with a narrow, flat file. A tion and then chose a moment to run few tests, however, will soon show just MAN the knife into his ribs. There's nothing what is wanted in the way of a spray, to prove anything either way, but she which should consist of a flattened killed him; that's certain."

baronet.

"I doubt if she'll ever reach the dock to three feet from the end of the tip the alive," was the reply. "The shock in spray breaks up into innumerable small this room nearly made her heart leap drops, but with force enough to effect out of her body, and as she lies up ively answer the purpose for which it \$1.00, \$1.2 stairs it's pumping away its strength at | is intended. a rate that is dreadful to see. I think she's dying, and I believe the doctor thinks so too."

"Then if I wished to leave the country for-say for a time-there would be no reason why I should not?" Lola

"So far as that matter is concerned. none whatever, absolutely none." "That is good," exclaimed Lola,

"very good!"

The baronet asked a few questions on points of detail, and then Mr. Gifford left the room.

As soon as he had gone Lola made ready again as if to go, but before she said anything Beryl got up and stood between the other two, and, touching both, she said:

"This must not be. I know what Lola thinks to do-to go away. You must not let her go, Jaffray. There is a reason which she will tell you"-her cheeks began to flush as she said this, while Lola's flamed like fire-"she has not yet finished telling all her secrets, and this is one which, instead of parting you, must hold you two together for always. There is no bar between you now, and in its place is a tie. You must not part for want of a plainly spoken word. I am going up to the mother, Jaffray, to tell her all of this strange story."

Then she kissed Lola and went quickly out of the room, leaving the two standing like detected lovers, half But to make this really economical some abashed and yet all longing to fail into each other's arms.

They stood thus silent side by side for full two minutes.

Then Sir Jaffray spoke. "Beryl is right, Lola. There is no bar between us now." "Beryl is wrong, Jaffray. There is

the bar of my deceit. I shall be better away from here." guessing the answer to come.

looking up, shot a swift look of half pride, half fear, at him, and, looking rye at the rate of two bushels per sore down, crimsoned more deeply than be- This will cover the ground well before fore.

with exultation.

"Come," he said, opening his arms winter. Let the ry stand till knee proin the spring then turn under and the
ceed with clean cultivation through and trying to draw her in. "It cannot be," she said, shaking her head slowly and sadly, "on account of

"It must be." he whispered. "for the

the past."

hope of the future. Where should my child's mother rest save on my heart?

Come, sweetheart-wife, come!" And this time he took her by gentle force and drew her to him till her heart beat against his, her face lay kissing his and her eyes shrank and smiled and glowed by turns before the hot glances

They staid thus a long time in silence, THE END.



A NEAT PLANT SPRAYER.

Just What Is Wanted In the Way of a Greenhouse Nozzle,

Several years ago, while conducting experiments with roses under glass with Mr. Robert Miller in Washington, the attention of Professor B. T. Galloway of the department of agriculture was called to the necessity of a small and cheap apparatus that could be used in syringing plants with water. During the winter and at other times syringing plants under glass is absolutely necessary, and the chief aim in such work is to apply the minimum amount of water with the maximum amount of force. are used, but where the work is ertensive they are, of course, out of the question. Where a pressure of 30 to 40 pounds is available the practice of using the finger on the open end of an ord nary three-quarter inch hose is generally followed, but this is not always satisfactory, for frequently new men are

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brought into service, and it takes them some time to learn just how to manage the hose so as to apply a small amount of water. To overcome this difficulty Mr. Miller devised a number of nozzles

The nozzle consists of a casting tened at the end. Through this flattened mass of water, about the shape of a by the best "When will she be tried?" asked the ordinary gas flame, but, of course, very much larger. At a distance of two

> The spray tip proper is attached to a brass fitting, which in turn screws on to the end of a three-quarter inch hose The apparatus is very effective for spraying roses, as it readily serves to keep the leaves in a thoroughly healthy condition and at the same time wets the beds but little. It is also very use ful for violets, as with a pressure of 30 to 40 pounds the leaves of the plant can be readily turned over and thoroughly washed without soaking the crowns and

In spraying some plants, particularly vic. ts. it has been found advantageous to use a lance 18 inches long, made of a piece of one-half inch brass pipe This increases the reach and enables the operator to place the water to bet ter advantage on plants which under ordinary conditions would be beyond arm's length The apparatus can be made for 50 cents, and will be found a useful instrument wherever there sufficient water pressure to insure \$ proper amount

Economy With Fallen Apples.

There is much waste in the common practice of turning hogs into orchards to pick up fruit and make that their exclusive diet The hog will soon learn to est only the ripened fruit, saving that which is wormy This fruit can be sold or dried, and if forced to do it the hog will est the wormy fruit before the worm escapes. grain and milk should be given to bogs in addition to their fruit diet. This will make the young pigs grow and will strengthen their digestion for the exclusive corn feeding that will come when they are put up to de fattened.

Green Crops for the Orchard.

Bare soil soon loses its humus and becomes infertile This must be prevented Here is one way of preventing it: Plow "What is the tie?" he asked, though the orchard in the spring, cultivate both ways and keep all weels down till She made no reply in words, but, September 1 at which time the soil will sow winter, and therefore protect the ground He read the look, and his heart leaped winter, and therefore protect the growth exultation.

"Come?" he said

> Cause and Ffect If you starve your cow your pocketbook will be starved.

Me invit GU(