HAPTER VIII.--(Continued.) my shawl on and win Mr. Barnsley. But how will ow that I have been to gr Will you take my word for

"Yes," said Wilson, with prompt nourtesy, "asuredly we will. It is not a wager to be proud of after all, I'm thinking; but we will not make it more unworthy by conditions, unless you will let one of us go along with take care of you."

"That would be a pretty how-doyou do," said the native whom Mary called Mr. Barnsley. "No, lass, thee bring a bough from t'old elder tree in t'aisle, can't be no mistake them."

And Mary started on her enterprise nothing loth, for her mind was weightwith melancholy thoughts, and she felt that a run over the windy footpath to the abbey would be good for

Mureover, the abbey had become macred not only to the monks and nums whom she had dreamed of in the past, but to her lover, Richard Parker, with whom she had explored every corner of it. She remembered every spot they had sat-and full of these houghts she went joyful'y on her way determined to stand by the seat under the old elder tree; and, while plucked the branch which the commany at the inn required, breathe Dick's name, and give the wind as it blew down the atale a fresh message of love for the dear fellow who had ridden along the London read with her ribbon in his hat.

CHAPTER IX.

As Squire Bellingham turned the bend of the road where it' narrowed beneath the trees, his horse stumbled, recovered itself with an effort, and then went headlong upon the road. throwing its rider heavily.

Almost at the same momen (Foster sprung forward from his hiding place on the right, while Parker stepped into the road from the left. Before Foster had seized the fallen horseman, the Signire was on his legs. The first atumble of his horse had prepared him for a fall, which he had managed with much dexterity, though he was by no means unburt.

An he scrambled to his feet the horse tried to rise, but in vain. Stand!" exclaimed Poster, selsing the Woulee who now faced him.

The very thing I am trying to do. by your leave," the 'Squire replied, elutching his pistol "Hand over the bag that is fastened

to your belt," said Poster, anatching ME the leather wallet. "Never you rufflan!" exclaimed the

Shufra, "take that first!" He snapped his empty pistol and closed with his Parker looked on, the fitful moon-

light falling upon the combatants. "Dick, he's knifing me!" suddenly exclaimed Foster, "close with him, surse you, close with him."

The Boutre was too busy to say any-"rufffan !" "beaut!" "murderer!" and other expletives which seemed to give him

He had seized Foster round the his left hand, and toying to strangle him with his right. suddenly, by a great effort, Foster dragged himself and his adversary to their feet, but only to be thrown in the most scientific fashion.

Before the 'Squire could follow up his advantage Dick Parker had him in his vise-like clutch. "Hello!" gasped Bellingham, "what's

this? Another?" Resistance is useless, said Parker fattly cutting belt and wallet with his mile and allowing them to drop to

"You cursed ruffian!" exclaimed the re, "I know you, and I'll bring rou to the gallows,"

Don't be rash," exclaimed Dick cleasing his hold upon him in order

mick up the money. "And you, too!" exclaimed the

srave but rash Yorkshire 'Squire, "you are Poster, who supped in the same room with me at York. I'll hang you oth!" With marvelous dexterity the guire leaped upon his horse, which rted off at a gallop; but he was in his seat than hang, bang, Poster's pistols, and he fell in a as upon the road, the horse boundof at a furious rate homewards. e clank of its hoofs through the

By heavens, you've killed him!" exupon his hands,

a thick hoarne

"Here!" said Parker. "Foster clutched it, felt it, opened uttered an exclamation of delight,

followed up with a quick series of jubilant remarks.

"Not get free?" he said, "there is shough here to free us forever. Not get free-we'll be on the sea tomorrow night unless you have other engagements. Everything is settled. Once at Whitby, we can put the sea between us and Yorkshire, and, what is more, between us and London. Are you game?"

"When we have disposed of this," said Dick, with a shudder, "we will talk of the next proceeding."

"Dispose of it," said Foster. "What do you mean?" "There is an ancient opening in the

ground, a drain, or conduit, just outside the abbey, north of the aisle, we can bury it there."

"Why bury it?" asked Foster. "That we may have the chance of escape you dream of."

"Yes, you are right," said Foster, "the horse will give the alarm. If the body is not found for a day or two our retreat will be covered by the doubt and delay."

"Come, then," said Parker, and the two men proceeded to lift the body.

The moon came out from behind a scudding bank of clouds as if to bear witness against the deed of blood; but at the same moment it shone upon the graceful figure of Mary Lockwood as the heroine of the Star and Garter hurried through the meadows to the abbey-hurried not from fear, but in order that she might pause in the familliar ruin to think of Dick, and more particularly to think of him upon the very spot where last they had sat together, and he had urged her to accept his proposals of a secret marriage.

As Mary entered the wide alsie, a shaft of moonlight pierced the gloom and disappeared as a flash of lightning might have done. It startled her for a moment; but hardly had she reached the stone seat beneath the old eider tree than the moonlight came streaming in upon her with a calm and steady radiance. She took this for a good omen, which may be noted as evidence of the utter unreliability of superstitions interpretations of natural phenomena; for at that moment the awful shadow of the murderers and their victim had been struck by that same moonlight right across the abbey footpath.

The next moment Mary was holding her breath and creeping into the furthest shadows of the elder tree. A muttered curse had held her spellbound, so strange, so unexpected, so ferocious was it. She turned to look in the direction from which it had

Two dark figures carrying a helpless burden met her startled gaze. She wondered if this were some rude test of her courage, but this idea was quickly dispelled by the tremendous earnestness of the actors

No two men could have played the part of bogies as these played.

As they approached her she saw that they labored with the weight of their ghastly load.

She saw the dead man's arms awing to and fro, and the poor head move helplessly from side to side

As the first ruffian bore his share of the body, with his back towards her, the other stooped low and muttered curses not loud but deep.

The moon disappeared while the awful procession passed place, and it seemed to her a procession of magnitude, so long did it appear to be passing.

Mary had never felt fear until then Her heart stood still. And seemed to her as if her breath came and went with the noise of 20 people. She clutched the elder tree with a silent prayer of gratitude for the sound of the rustling ivy overhead, which seemed to assist in shielding her from observation.

The wind had stopped, as if to listen to the tale of blood; stopped dead, as if it had never rustled an ivy leaf. much less uprooted an oak. But the next moment it stormed through the open spaces on the towers, mouned in ! the hollows of the crypt. When the moon once more emerged from the stormy clouds the ruffians paused with their load, and the foremost of the two muttered: "Curse the wind," as his hat was blown along the aisle, stopping almost at Mary's feet.

"Would he follow it?" was the thought that once more terrified her. She shrank to the furthermost corner of her shallow retrest, and clung rkness sounding the death-knell of to the trunk of the rugged elder in an agony of despair. But the second man said with an oath: "Come on; you can simed Parker, leaning over the pros- get the cursed hat when the job is te body, and then starting back as ended, and they took up their load felt the hot blood of the murdered | afresh and disappeared beyond the ab-

> bey walls. The moment she could no longer see the rumans, the awful fascination in which they held her abated

I feet tree all Poster having to make the murgarers, the get your box of can

ole work-Richard Parker and his vile companion-to note the flying shadow that fell upon them for a moment as Mary rushed past, like Fate, with the evidence of their identity in her hand and with which token she staggered at last, pale and breathless, into the inn, standing in the midst of the startled company unable to utter a word.

The firelight fell tenderly upon her, as she leaned upon the arm of the ingle-nook settle for support.

Both Taylor and Wilson rushed toward her, but her uncle waved them back, and, stretching his bony arm about her, said:

"What is it, lass? Have you seen a ghost, you look so scared!" Her lips moved as if she would answer, but her voice was silent.

"Give her water," said Taylor,

"A nip of brandy," said Tom, the man-of-ail-work, who had straight to the bottle the moment he saw her come in, and handed it to Mr. Taylor, who pressed a little to her lips. Then she sank upon a chair, and waying her hand as if for air or silence, she said in a voice that had only been hushed for sheer want of breath (never perhaps before or since had the space between the inn and ab-

quickly): "There has been murder done. There are two of them, and this is one of their hats."

bey been covered by human feet so

As she called attention to the hat she looked at it for the first time. and lo! the firelight was gleaming or the bright cockade which she had worked for her lover, Richard Parker,

CHAPTER X. "It's Gentleman Parker's hat!" ex claimed old Morley, taking it from Mary's yielding hand; for at sight of her lover's guilt she had sunk down unconscious upon the settle.

"And who is Gentleman Parker?" asked Wilson.

"The fine young chap I towd you of!" remarked the native who had angered Wilson by telling him that Mary was already engaged.

"What's wrong?" asked Jack Meadows, striding to the bar, somewhat distraught in appearance, as he well might be, for he had just said goodby to his mother and to Kirkstall forever, and had looked in at the Star and Garter on his way to meet the London coach, "what's wrong?"

As he spoke he saw Mary and raised her from her seat and looked around at the people about him with amazement.

They were no less astonished than he; they had not recovered from the awful revelation of the hat-Mary's consternation, her faint and the general feeling that she had unconsciously betrayed her lover.

"What is it?" Mary asked as she sighed and looked at her friend. "Jack have you come?" "Yes. What can I do for you? What

is there to be done?" She stretched out her hand and appeared to be looking for something. Jack asked, and

glanced around him as if he not only questioned Mary, but the whole room, "Yes, yes," she exclaimed, snatching at the hat which Morley now held toward her, "Good night." she "good-night, kind friends; I won the

"I am to blame, I fear," said Mr. Wilson, 'in that matter; but what has happened, I wonder."

wager for you, Mr. Barnsley,"

"Something awful, I reckon," said Morley, "She said it was murder, and nothing short of that would have frightened our Mary."

She had leaned upon Jack Meadows and left the room, and Jack was happy in his misery-happy that she would have rested her hand upon his arm; happy that in her trouble, whatever it was she should have distinguished him before all others, as if he were her natural protector.

(To be continued.)

Not a Trust. A group of bright-looking newsboys boarded a Jefferson avenue car at Woodward. They were full of business and trade gossip, and from their talk it was gleaned that they were forsaking their usual calling for the day to go out to Grosse Pointe to act as caudies for the golfers. There was good deal of discussion as to the merits and demerits of caddies, which was interrupted by the conductor coming to collect fares. The boys hurriedly dived into their pockets, but the smartest-looking one in the group anticipated the others by stepping quickly forward and hanning the conductor a \$5 "Take nine fares out o' dat," he bill. said, with a careless wave of the hand is this a trust, and is he the president?" asked a curious passenger "Naw," replied the boy addressed, "we don't belong to no trust Blinky's blooded dat's oe reason he paid de fares. He winn'd on de races, Detroit Free Press.

Not Getting Her, Share. Eunice had been doing some figuring on her slate. "Papa," she said. "do you. know this country eats about 2,600,000 tons of sugar every year?" "No, I don't know it," replied papa taught by past experience to be cautions. "Well, it is so, I shw Nothing, only I've been finding child in the United States ante Con

OF THE REAL PROPERTY.

Thereof-Horticulture, Vitiouiture and Florieniture.

Shrinkage of Corn. The value of any variety of cor things other than the yield per acre. It has generally been supposed the relative value of two kinds of corn could be determined at harvest time Thus, if one variety gave 80 bushels per acre and another 85 bushels seemed an easy arithmetical problem to determine which corn was the best Old corn raisers, however, know that this does not prove the case unless the corn is to be sold immediately after harvest. The fall weighings of corn and the spring weighings differ enormously. The difference runs from 6 to 25 per cent of the whole weight of corn harvested. Even greater differences have been noted, especially in prize crops to be harvested at a certain time. In such a case it was only natural that the grower should plant his corn as late as possible and have it get sufficiently ripe to harvest at the appointed time. In such a case the corn is certain to contain an unusual amount of water and to weigh the maximum. If that same corn could be seen about the end of the following March, every kernel on the cobs would be seen standing by itself. The shrinkage would then be well up to 35 per

In relation to the shrinkage we must consider the size of the cob. The cob in one variety of corn may be 13 per cent of the whole and of another vari y 20 per cent. Yet the corn on the Jerger cob may shrink so little in comparison with the corn on the smaller cob that the large-cobbed corn may be the most economical to raise. Especially may this be so if the corn is to be held over six months or a year. We do not assert that this is true as a rule, but it has been found to be so in some cases. What all are aiming to do is to secure or develop a variety of corn that will have a small cob and that will shrink little in thoroughly dry-

ing. It has seemed to the writer that prizes awarded for acre yields of corn should be for total weight of dry matter. The shrinkage of corn in drying and the variableness of such shrinking constitute a very large problem as to the real yields of corn grown stimulation of money-prize awards. It will also be understood that the farmer that has corn to sell in the fall can afford to let it go at several cents less per bushel than he can get for it six months after.

Orebard Planting

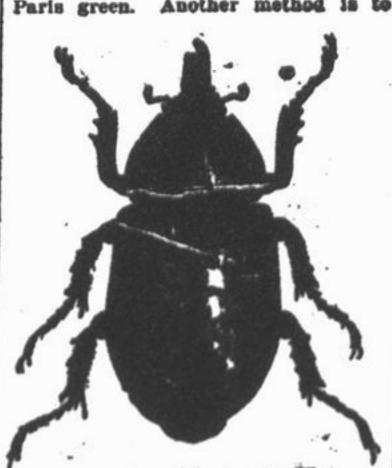
From the Farmers' Review: One the questions often asked and as often answered is: When shall I plant my orc. ard and what varieties are most profitable? My method of planting trees is simple and has always proved to be good. My advice to the wouldbe orchardist is: don't plant your trees too early in the spring when the ground is wet and cold. Wait instead until corn planting time. The roots of your trees will need pruning with a sharp knife. All broken and split roots should be cut off, leaving them, however, as long as possible. Then cut back the top and limbs in proportion to the root pruning. When your tree is ready for setting put it into grout hole (a hole filled with thin mud and water). Leave it in the grout hole for three to twelve hours, according to the dryness of the roots and weather. This well done is the life of the tree. The next step is to have your orchard well plowed and the distance between rows marked off. Then dig a hole for each tree large enough so that the roots will not be cramped; fill in fine dirt around the roots, tramp it down lightly, then add more and tramp again, and so on until the tree stands perfectly solid. usually put the largest root to the southwest to hold the tree straight. Apple trees should always be planted the same depth that they stood in the

Bursery. Now we come to the sticking point, what to plant. If I were going to plant an orchard of one hundred trees would set 75 Ben Davis, 5 Stark, 5 Jonathan, 5 Newtown Peppin, 5 Grimes Golden, 1 Snow, 1 Dyer, 2 White Rambo, and 1 Early Harvest. This would give the earliest and best fall applea, the finest flavored early winter fruit and the ever-bearing moneymaker, the Ben Davis. It has more good qualities than any other apple in cultivation, and you cannot go wrong on it, though you may on some other varieties. I have two orchards and about thirty varieties and the Ben wavis yields more money than any other variety 2 to 1. 1 will not give any figures in this article, but if it is attacked by some one who "has it in' for the beautiful red-cheeked Ben Davis, with trunk like an oak and branches as tough as a hickory, its roots reaching in every direction, hunting for the moisture with which to feed its luscious fruit, that smiles on and gladdens the heart of the man who planted it near his cot. I will come again and show that the Ben Davis is king .- A. T. Doerr, Montgomery County, Illinois.

Cattfornie's Raisin Industry

industry did not reach comme that year amounted to 9,400,000 po against 3,500,000 pounds the previous year, and imports declined about 13,-000,000 pounds. The industry increased rapidly until the high mark we reached in 1895 with a production of 103,000,000 pounds, and that same year imports fell to 15,921,278 pounds. Since that time the production of raisins in California has declined, but this, it claimed, has been due to adverse climatic conditions and not to any decrease of interest in the industry. Production, however, has been almost equal to the demand, and, although imports have not wholly ceased, they are practically offset by exports of California raisins, which are now sent in small and, it may be said, experimental quantities to all parts of the world.

Gigantio Ash Bootle. The beetle here shown is probably the largest beetle in this country measuring two and a half fuches in length in mature specimens. Some are even larger. It attacks ash trees, and can be checked by spraying with Paris green. Another method is to



- Dynamics stress - After Billey.

jar the trees, causing the beetles to fall, when they may be destroyed singly. The thorax and wing covers are of a pale olive-brown, spotted with black. The legs are shining black. These insects are quite easily kept in check, from the fact that they seldom appear in very large numbers. They give off a very offensive odor, which is very noticeable when there are a number of them in a locality.

The Clover Rout Borer. One of the greatest obstacles to the growing of clover is the clover root borer, an immigrant from Europe. Destructive as has been this pest in the United States, in Europe it is an insect of no consequence. Indeed the Europeana are not at all certain that it ever feeds on the roots of the clover plants. In this country it not only feeds extensively on the clover plant, but multiplies beyond anything ever known in its European history. It illustrates the same general law that seems to apply to both weeds and insects coming to this, country from beyond either ocean, namely, an increase in prolificacy and a change in

kind of food preferred. So destructive has this insect become in this country that in some states some years half of the clover fields have been ruined. White clover seems to be free from the attacks of this insect, while Mammoth suffers most severely. Common Red clover is freely fed upon, while Alsike clover is attacked to some extent. The root borer prefers the large, succulent tap root, which may be why White clover escapes entirely and

Alsike to some extent. Attempts have been made to kill the root borer by putting chemicals on the ground in the shape of fertilizers; but no favorable results have been obtained. Plowing under and reseeding have given little reason for trusting in that method. The only method that seems to promise anything is to abandon clover growing for two or three years on ground where the pest has established itself.

It is believed, however, that the borers will gradually lose their voraclousness and aggressiveness, and perhaps sink to a position in this country similar to that occupied by them in Europe. The foundation of this hope lies in the reported fact that where the pest was most destructive a dozen years ago, clover is now grown without trouble.

Should Plums He Thinned?

It pays to thin most fruits, but it is an open question if it pays to thin all fruits. Thinning affects different fruits differently. When peaches are thinned the remaining peaches make enough extra growth to about make up for the loss of the ones that have been taken off. Moreover the ones that are left bring a higher price. This is true to a less degree with apples and pears, But when we get down to plums the same law does not seem to hold good. Professor Goff of Madison last year thinned his plums and made the following observations: Thinning to one inch apart decreased the yield 35 per cent and thinning to 2 inches apart decreased the yield 61 per cent. The professor says: "Where the market does not discriminate in price between medium-sized and large plums thinning will not pay unless the trees decidedly overbear." in thinning, all plums

tive Comp cian, who to-day stands in the ranks of the most eminent in London, and on account of sic merit, it is largely prescribed by medical profession; but, in th which we are about to relate, the at tending physician called it "re but, as it turned out, Mrs. Nett tells the doctor that "rubbish or not." saved her life,"

Mrs. Nettleton graphically the particulars of her own case, while will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer fo

many years from dyspepsia, liver an kidney troubles, when a little name phlet was placed in my hands, and although at that time I had been bedridden for more than six months. I determined, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials therein of cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by the timely use of Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especially as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had almost given up all hope of ever being well again. It is most interesting, and, in fact, marvelous to relate, that the very first dose of fifteen drops relieved me It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three mouths from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for fourteen years. I continued well until a few months back, when I was taken ill again, my troubles being dyspepsia and constipation. I had a doctor attending me for a month, but continued to grow worse, until I again found myself bedridden, when I bethought myself of my old medicine, Vogeler's Curative Compound, which I immediately sent for and took in place of the doctor's medicine; at that time I had not had a movement of the bowels for five days but Vogeler's Curative Compound soon put me on my feet again-in fact, completely cured me a second time, but, of course, this attack was not as bad as the first, yet I fully believe I should not have been alive today had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound. If I had only thought to have taken it when my last lilness took place, I should not only have been saved much suffering, but a \$75 doctor's bill."

Mrs. Nettleton said: "I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and ecsema, and in avery case it has proved a cure beyond a doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sameple free to any person sending name and address and naming this papers St. Jacob's Oil Co. 205 Clay Street. Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Nettleton is a confectioner, In the Brighton Road, where she has been established many years, and is homored and respected by all classes. Her statements as regards Vogeler's Curative Compound may, therefore, be regarded as reliable evidence of its great value. The public, however, may look upon this remarkable statement as one of the many which we are constantly receiving from grateful people all over the world, who have been cured of various maladies by the use of this wonderful remedy, which is the result of an eminent physician's life-long experience. These people are nearly always representative and well-known citizens.

The Growth of Rebrasks.

Nebraska was organized as a tarritory in 1854, and admitted as a state inc. 1867. The population as given by the 1900 census was thirty-seven times as large as that given by the census of 1860, the first in which the population of Nebraska appears in the United States census report.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Grav. nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stone ach, Teething Disorders, move and the Bowels and Destr Over 20,000 testimonials, A4 all druggists, 25c. Sample Free, Ad dress Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. F.

Friend-"What, Pat, not learned to ride that bicycle yet?" Pat (who has been practicing for a week): "Borra a bit, sor. Shure Oi can't aven balance meself standin' still, let alone roidin'!

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES easier to use and color more goods be ter and faster colors than any other dys Sold by druggists, Inc. per package.

The first city incorporated in country with a charter and privile was New York, which was granted in papers in 1664.

When in doubt use Wizard Off for pain; both suffering and doubt vanish. Your doctor and - de know it.

New York city is to have a dren's theater, patterned after Boston, which pays good divides