THE MYSTERIOUS KEY

OR, PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Bromley was astounded by the story told by Ellen Carson, which revealed the plot by which John Hubbard had possessed himself of the millions of Adam Brewster, leaving Allison practically penniless. The girl herself was ignorant of the result of the conspiracy which she had overheard.

"And did you not read about the case in the papers?" Lady Bromley asked, in surprise.

"Humph! I had no money to pay for papers, and no time to read them if I had," Ellen returned, indifferently.

"You do not even know that your Cousin Anna married Mr. Hubbard?" queried her ladyship, in surprise.

"No; I don't know anything about any of them. I've kept just as dark as I could, for fear of meeting them—that was one reason why I didn't want to stay in the store. I thought either Aunt Lu or Anna would come in some day, to do some shopping, find me there, and hunt me down. I was glad enough to get away. I wouldn't have gone there at all, only Doctor Ashmore said it was a great chance for me, and he was anxious to get me settled before he went away."

"Well, Ellen, then I can tell you some news," said her mistress. "Mr. Hubbard has married Miss Anna Brown, or Brewster, as she was supposed to be, and has taken her to Europe."

"Oh! I hope he'll keep her there," said the girl, with a sigh of relief. "Has Aunt Lu gone, too?"

"That I cannot tell you—I do not know anything about her movements."

"How do you know—who told you Anna was married?" demanded Ellen abruptly.

"Well, I cannot explain it all to you now," Lady Bromley thoughtfully returned, "for it is a long story. The case came before the court, and was one of peculiar interest to New York people, some of whom have been convinced that it was a deeply laid plot from the beginning."

"It was," Ellen positively affirmed. "And"—after thinking seriously for a moment—"you say that she—Miss Allison—ought to have had all that money—that it was stolen from her?"

"The money was hers—it was willed to her by Mr. Brewster; but the poor child was—killed——"

"Killed! Oh, good Lord! that is too much!" cried the girl in a voice of agony. "Did that devil kill her?"

"Ellen," said Lady Bromley, looking greatly shocked, "you must not speak so irreverently. Where did you learn to use such startling language?"

"Oh, I have had chances enough to learn a great many things you wouldn't care to hear about," she responded bitterly; then continued excitedly: "But tell me, who killed her? Did that man do it to get her money? Oh, if I thought he did, I'd tell all I know to some judge, even if they killed me for it the next moment. He is a devil—there! I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" she sobbed, bowing her face upon her hands and weeping afresh, like a grieved child.

"No, Mr. Hubbard did not go so far as that," said Lady Bromley gently; "he did not murder his ward. She was killed in a railway accident while on her way from New York to Boston. There is a mystery about that journey—no one seems to know just why she undertook it so secretly and alone, unless she was driven to it by her guardian's cruelty, and went to put herself under the care of some relatives. But very shortly afterward Mr. Hubbard presented the claims of the newly discovered Mrs. Brewster and Miss Anna Brewster, at the same time producing proofs that Miss Allison had not been Mr. Brewster's own child, but one who had been informally adopted in her infancy."

Ellen was still weeping, although she had listened intently to what her companion had been saying. Her heart was almost broken over the untimely fate of the beautiful girl who had shown her so much kindness, and whom she had secretly worshipped ever since on account of it.

"I have been amazed at what you have told me to-day," her ladyship continued, "and feel sure that, with this exposure and some facts in the possession of others, the charge of conspiracy can be clearly proved against this Mr. Hubbard, who can be made to suffer for his crime to the extent of the law. I suppose, Ellen, you would be willing to testify in court what you have told me, if it should become necessary for you to do so?"

"Ah! but it wouldn't do her any good," she dejectedly returned.

"No," said her companion, with a sigh; "it is very, very sad; but we must try to be reconciled to the fact. And even if she were living she would not be directly benefited by such testimony—the fortune could never be restored to her; for, strangely enough another heir has been discovered, and he is about to take legal steps to reclaim the property."

"I don't know," said Ellen uneasily; "I'm afraid of that old fellow; I'm afraid of Aunt Lu, too; and as long as I can't do Miss Allison any good I'd rather not be mixed up in it."

Lady Bromley smiled pitifully at her abject fear; it was evident that the poor girl had been governed by terror all her life, and now shrank from a repetition of scenes which had rendered her existence utterly wretched.

Still, she knew that she would be obliged to repeat what she had just told her, and she wishes to persuade her to do it voluntarily, if possible.

"You saw Mr. Winchester this morning, did you not?" she inquired, after thinking a moment.

"The one you call Gerald?"

"Yes; that is his Christian name."

"Yes; I saw him. Is he your son?"

"No; he is not a relative, although I regard him as a very dear friend. He was to have married Miss Brewster."

"Her!" exclaimed Ellen, with a start, and now appearing interested in the young man to whom, previously, she had scarcely given a thought.

"Yes; it was he who gave me this lovely picture of her," said Lady Bromley, bestowing a wistful look upon the beautiful face, "and, Ellen, strange as it may seem, it has been discovered that he is the real heir to this Brewster fortune, of which Mr. Hubbard has so fradulently come into possession."

"Well, I never! I should say it was an awfully mixed-up affair!" cried the girl, with a puzzled air.

"Indeed, it is; but it bids fair to be straightened out pretty effectually now, if Mr. Winchester can gather sufficient evidence to prove his suspicions. Of course, I cannot explain it all to you, but if you would be willing to tell in court what you have related to me to-day, I believe the victory will be assured."

"Did she love him very much?" questioned Ellen, an eager light leaping into her eyes.

"Yes, indeed," responded her companion, with starting tears; "and if she had lived they would have been married just as soon as Mr. Winchester could have settled this law business."

"Then I'll do it," said Ellen, with animation. "I would do anything in the world for her; nobody ever spoke so kind, or was so good to me; so if I tell what I know it will be just what she would wish me to do for him; only I wish she could know that I wouldn't stop at anything to help her. Oh, Lady Bromley," she added in a troubled tone, "why do wicked people always seem to get the upper hand? Why do lovely people die in such dreadful ways, and ugly wretches manage to have such good times?"

"Poor child!" said Lady Bromley sorrowfully, "that is a problem that has puzzled wise men of all ages; but some time, I am sure, it will be solved for us all. Now you must wipe your tears, and not cry any more," she added cheerfully, "for I want you to go down to Lord & Taylor's for me; then, when Mr. Winchester comes home, you must be ready to tell him all this wonderful story. Go bathe your face, change your dress, then come to me for a memorandum which I will make out meanwhile."

Her ladyship made this errand purposely to get the girl out of doors and change the current of her thoughts, for she had been so terribly wrought up over the discovery of Allison's sad fate she feared the result of such a strain upon her feelings if she were allowed an opportunity to brood over it.

She realized that her evidence would be very valuable to Gerald's cause, and she felt that she must be calmed, her courage re-inforced, and her confidence thoroughly gained, in order to prepare her for the ordeal of a court experience and the cross-examination she would be obliged to undergo as an important witness in what was likely to prove a complicated and sharply contested case.

Ellen soon reappeared, prepared for her trip downtown, when Lady Bromley gave her minute directions regarding the errands she wanted her to perform, and then handed her money for her carfare.

"I can walk," said the girl, without offering to take the piece of silver. "I've had to walk miles, day after day, and lug a great bundle, besides."

"But I do not want you to walk, Ellen," said her companion kindly; "the ride back and forth will be pleasant for you, you will go and return much more quickly, and I shall get my worsteds and silk so much the sooner."

Ellen studied the fair face smiling so brightly upon her for a moment; then she remarked wonderingly:

"Well, I begin to believe that there are some people in the world who really like to be kind!"

"You poor child!" exclaimed Lady Bromley, looking excessively pained, "what a life you must have led if you have always regarded all mankind as your enemies! There, run away now, and you needn't hurry, either, for I am not going to use the things until to-morrow morning."

She took up a book and resumed the reading which had been interrupted by her long conversation with her maid, while Ellen started forth to execute her commissions with a willing step, but with a face that was still overcast with sadness, for her heart was yet heavy with grief over the untimely fate of her whom she had regarded as the "good angel" of her life.

It was nearly two hours later when Lady Bromley's attention was attracted by loud talking in the hall outside her suite.

At first she did not pay much attention to it, but all at once she started to her feet, with mingled astonishment and fear, as a sharp cry, followed by her own name, uttered in an appealing tone, fell upon her ears.

She recognized the voice instantly, and going swiftly to the outer door, she threw it open, to find Ellen Carson struggling fiercely in the grasp of an excited but richly dressed and rather handsome woman.

Lady Bromley was a person of queenly presence, and possessed a face which, though refined and sweet, was full of reserve power.

"Ellen!" she observed in a gravely authoritative tone, "what is the meaning of this disturbance? Why did you call me?"

At the sound of the voice, the woman turned to look at the speaker, although she did not release her hold upon Ellen.

"She won't let me go," said the girl, making another vigorous effort to free herself from the grip on her shoulder. Lady Bromley flushed slightly. She saw at once that the woman was coarse and ill-bred.

"Madam," she said, now addressing her, "of what has my servant been guilty that you should wish to detain her?"

"Your servant?" repeated the stranger, a peculiar look sweeping over her face.

"Yes, madam; have you been annoyed by her in any way?" queried her ladyship, her gravely inquiring eyes looking directly into the flushed and rather disconcerted face before her.

"No—but—I— know the girl, and I thought she had no business to be here," was the rather stammering reply, accompanied by a decidedly embarrassed manner.

Then, abruptly turning her back upon Lady Bromley, she bent her lips to Ellen's ear and whispered a few fierce, rapid words to her.

The girl shivered in her grasp as she listened, but her captor almost immediately released her hold upon her, and, without deigning another look at the quietly self-possessed woman behind her, walked swiftly down the hall, and entered a suite of rooms which, until within a few days, had been empty.

(To be continued.)

CLEAN POTATOES FOR SEED.

Clean, sound seed is most desirable for all farm crops. Sometimes it is difficult to procure potatoes that are entirely free from scab. The spores of this pest can be killed either with formaldehyde in solution, or with formaldehyde and potassium permanganate. For treating in a small way, the seed can be placed in burlap sacks and soaked for two hours in a solution made of 1 pound of formalin (40-per cent. solution of formaldehyde) to 30 gallons of water.

For treating larger quantities, crate the potatoes and place them in a tight box or room. Place 24 ounces of potassium permanganate in a sufficiently large vessel, and on this pour four pints of formalin solution. This is enough for a room of 1,000 cubic feet capacity. Formaldehyde gas is liberated, and kills the fungus. The room should be closed, and the potatoes left exposed for 36 to 4 hours. The sprouting power of the seed is not injured.

THE WAY IT LOOKS.

"Humanity," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "seems to be rather unevenly divided."

"In what way?" queried the dense party.

"Between those who can't stand prosperity and those who can't get any to stand," replied the t. t.

About the Farm

ARSENICALS AND LIME-SULPHUR WASH.

Lead arsenate is becoming more and more popular as an insecticide. There are several good reasons why it should, but it is still an unsettled point as to whether it is wise to mix it with the lime-sulphur wash. Results obtained from the mixture have not been uniform; in some cases the foliage has been badly burned, while in others no injuries have been observed.

Prof. O. S. Watkins, of the University of Illinois, has done considerable work on this subject, and, while his investigations are not completed, he is discouraging the mixing of these two materials as much as possible. Dr. W. M. Scott, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, states that lead arsenate may be used with self-boiled lime-sulphur washes for spraying apples, but he found, in his experiments, that the fruit and foliage were badly burned when applied to the peach.

J. K. Haywood, of the Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, states: "We have made a study of the reactions which occur on mixing these two compounds, and have found that there is always more or less decomposition, some lead sulphide and calcium arsenate being formed. When heated, all of the lead is converted into the sulphide. The calcium arsenate is somewhat soluble, unless an excess of lime is present, in which case it is rendered insoluble. The lead sulphide formed, being insoluble, would remove some of the sulphur from the solution, but this amount would be relatively small, and would probably not materially lessen its efficiency. It would appear, therefore, that these materials could be used together with safety, in the presence of an excess of lime, in all cases where they can be used individually."

It will be noticed that Dr. Scott states that the lead arsenate may be mixed with the self-boiled lime-sulphur wash for spraying apple trees. In this case there would be an abundance of lime, and this conclusion would agree with the findings of Haywood, in that the excess of lime would prevent the arsenate from coming into solution. It is quite probable that if the lead arsenate were mixed with home-boiled lime-sulphur washes there would also be a sufficient excess of lime to insure the insolubility of the calcium arsenate, and thus make safe mixture for spraying purposes, especially for the apple.

Lead arsenate is used presumably in this mixture, because of the qualities which have made it so popular as an insecticide. It is evident that, when mixed with the lime-sulphur wash, it is not lead arsenate which goes on the tree, but calcium arsenate; at least, a very large proportion of the lead arsenate would be changed into calcium arsenate. This being true, it would appear as though it would be much more economical to mix white arsenic, dissolved in washing soda (sodium arsenite) with the lime-sulphur wash. This is commonly done with the Bordeoux mixture, and the lime present in the Bordeaux is sufficient to insure the insolubility of the arsenic. I do not think that this mixture would be safe on the more tender foliage, but it would probably be suitable for spraying apples. We intend to experiment with the mixture this summer, and should be glad to hear from anyone who has tried it.

In the case of mixing Paris green and the lime-sulphur wash, the Paris green appears to be entirely broken up, some of the arsenic going into solution as arsenic sulphide. part of the copper, also, goes into solution, the remainder being rendered insoluble as sulphide. The presence of an excess of lime in this case does not entirely render the arsenic insoluble. The use of Paris green with lime-sulphur wash, therefore, would seem to be of doubtful expediency. From what has been said, it is evident that the use of the arsenicals with lime-sulphur wash is still in the experimental stages. Probably the arsenate of lead, in the presence of an excess of lime, may be safe for spraying apples. Paris green cannot be recommended, and the use of white arsenic dissolved in washing soda should not be tried, except experimentally.—R. Harcourt, Ontario Agricultural College, in Farmer's Advocate.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"I thought you said May Nagget had married a good-natured man?"

"So she did."

"Nonsense! I met him yesterday and he's a grouch."

"Well, he's been married to May for nearly four months now, you know."

TIME TO LEAVE.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—"Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table."

John—"Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

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OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL

EARL GREY AS SEEN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Canada Has Given the Old Country New Ideas About Him—A Great Man.

Thorpe Lee, in The London Daily Mail writes as follows about Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada:

An old politician who had lived his life in close touch with great events, and thereby gained wide and deep experience as a student of mankind, was once asked what quality seemed to him to be most necessary to a great man.

He closed his wise old eyes for a few moments and thought. Then he opened them, and said, "Faith." The answer surprised several of the little knot of listeners grouped around him, but no one who has examined the characters of great men can doubt that it was profoundly true. All who have left their mark upon the world's history have had implicit, unquestioning faith. Some believed in God, some in a cause, some in a country, some in themselves. But all believed with a fervent certainity in something. "Without faith ye can do nothing." That explains why our modern politicians get so little done. To the great man, however, another quality is indispensable besides faith. That quality is enthusiasm.

In how few men are these qualities of faith and enthusiasm united! How timid our politicians are for the most part; with what hesitating voice do they speak—hedging, qualifying, always leaving a loophole for escape! Beside these a man like Earl Grey stands out an heroic figure, a giant, a real man among a collection of wax-work figures. He has faith and he has enthusiasm. He believes in the British Empire.

POPULAR GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

In England, before he went to Canada five years ago, there were some who estimated Lord Grey at his true worth. They saw what he had done for such causes as co-operation, garden cities, and public-house reform. They had heard of his unconventional rule in Rhodesia, where, as Administrator, he was ready either to listen or to talk to all comers, and received them usually in an airy costume consisting of flannel shirt and trousers with a slouch-hat. They knew he was a strong Imperialist and at the same time a convinced Social Reformer, a combination equally desirable and rare. But it was left to Canada to bring out the greatness of the man who went in 1904 to be the Dominion's Governor-General; and it is Canada which has taught us over here in England to appreciate one of the finest Englishmen of our time.

Never has the Sovereign's representative in the Dominion been more universally popular. He is liked because he "puts on no side." He is respected because he is a man of business with actual experience of affairs, and can meet Canadian business men upon their own ground. He is trusted and admired by reason of his sympathy (not mere lip sympathy) with every good work.

"I regard the British Empire," he said at Winnipeg recently, "as he most potent instrument that has ever been fashioned or conceived by man for speading the blessings of equal rights and impartial justice, of Christian service and true chivalry all over the earth." We, in our sneering, cynical way, may smile at such enthusiasm. But the Canadians are a young and healthier race. They recognize in Lord Grey the faith that can move mountains, as well as the simple honor and straightness which made the Archbishop of Quebec say of him that "no one could have set a finer example in the performance of Christian duty both in public and private life."

And when Lord Grey looks forward to the day when Canada shall have her proper representation in an Imperial Council, when he speaks of the approaching establishment of a system "under which the

STUDENT OF SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Curious to look back now and recall Albert Grey's first appearance in politics as a Liberal. It was in 1878 that he entered the House of Commons, but only to remain in it for a few minutes! He and his Conservative opponent polled the same number of votes, As the returning officer refused to give a casting vote, they both presented themselves at the table in the House, and demanded to be sworn as M.P. However, a scrutiny was ordered, and the seat went to the Conservative. Two years later Mr. Grey was elected without any doubt. Then he was twenty-nine, a young man who had done well at Oxford; who had married the great heiress, Miss Holford; who was heir to his uncle's peerage; who had the world most comfortably warmed for him without any effect of his own.

But warmth and comfort was not what he wanted. His energy demanded work, adventure, experience. At first he plunged into social questions at home. Now he would be presiding at a co-operative congress; now pushing a plan to beautify railway embankments; now lending his support to one of General Booth's schemes. One day he was granted a license for a public house on his estate. Next day he found he could sell the property, if he chose for £10,000. The monstrous absurdity of it struck him. He became the untiring advocate of public house trusts. For a time this occupied him; then he began to pine for a wider field. He found it through the agency of Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes wanted someone to help him in obtaining a charter for Rhodesia. Lord Grey (he had succeeded to the title in 1894) was just the man. Afterwards he became administrator, and a trustee under Rhodes' will.

When the Governor-Generalship of Canada was offered to him he was not particularly anxious to go. But it was a great opportunity; and as soon as he had accepted it he began to see what work for the Empire he could do. The speech he made at a dinner given to celebrate his appointment simply sparkled with ideas. There was in it none of the solemn portentousness which is usual in pro-consular utterances. The Canadian very soon took to this modern Don Quixote, this unusual Englishman with the Irish eyes and none of the English stiffness. In five years he has made himself a great name. And now he is to retain his office for a further year instead of returning to England at the end of the present one.

PLEADED GUILTY.

"In this business," remarked the customer in the drug store, "I suppose you acquire more or less knowledge of therapeutics?"

"Oh, I knew all about 'em afore I came here," replied the new boy. "I had 'em when I was six years old and they broke out all over me."

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