THE MYSTERIOUS KEY

OR, PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd)

"Have you children of your own, Mr. Lyman?" questioned Lady Bromley.

"None at home, I am sorry to say, madam, though I have two married sons living in the far West, and I confess I shall sadly miss my present gentle little companion when she is taken from me," said the gentleman, with a suspicious huskiness in his tones. "Every fine day," he continued, quickly recovering himself, "since she became well enough, I have wheeled her out in the open air, and we often spend hours together in this way. I understood you to say that her name is Allison Brewster?" he concluded inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Then I think it will be well to address her so hereafter," Mr. Lyman remarked. "We will do everything in our power to arouse the memory which has so long lain dormant."

"Yes, yes; that will be well," said Lady Bromley eagerly, and just then her companion paused before the imposing entrance to extensive grounds.

"This is our home, Mrs. Bromley," he quietly observed. "Will you come in with us? I shall be happy to introduce you to Mrs. Lyman, and then we will all talk further about our plans for our protegee."

Lady Bromley glanced up as he spoke, to find herself standing before an elegant residence. The house was built of brownstone, and was surrounded by beautiful grounds, laid out and ornamented in the most tasteful manner, the whole estate indicating unlimited means.

"Thank you, sir, but I think not now. I am too agitated over this unexpected denouement to converse connectedly with any one," her ladyship replied, with a tremulous smile. "I will, however, if agreeable to you, call later in the day, for there are still many questions which I would like to ask about this dear girl."

She bent down as she ceased speaking, and earnestly studied the invalid's face.

Again the maiden looked up and smiled confidingly at her, and it was all she could do to refrain from sobbing aloud.

"Allison," she said, when she could control her voice, "where is Gerald?"

The fair face clouded at the question; a perplexed, wondering expression crept into the innocent blue eyes, but no intelligence. Then she put ont one small hand and laid it caressingly upon the jeweled one resting on the arm of her chair.

"Good-bye," she said sweetly. "I'm tired now, and I'm going home."

Lady Bromley bent lower still, and pressed her lips almost passionately to the white, upturned brow.

"God grant that you may soon go home, and in your right mind," she murmured brokenly; then, turning abruptly away, she walked swiftly back to the house of her friend.

She went directly to Mrs. Bryant's boudoir, where that lady was impatiently awaiting her return, and throwing herself into a chair, bowed her face upon her hands and wept as she had not since those first hopeless days after her husband's death.

Mrs. Bryant regarded her wonderingly, but seeing that she was too much agitated to converse upon any topic, considerately left her to herself for a while, and went below to give some orders regarding household matters.

Upon her return she found her guest more composed, whereupon Lady Bromley related all that had occurred in connection with the discovery of Allison.

"What a wonderful story!" said Mrs. Bryant, as she concluded, and I think, Mabel, you have shown rare wisdom in advising Mr. Lyman to allow the surgeons to carry out their plans, rather than arouse the anxiety and fears of Winchester, and thus, perhaps, delay the operation indefinitely. Of course, if the result should not prove to be all they hope, you could telegraph him, and he could come on immediately. But if, on the other hand, she does recover her reason, he will never fully realize what her condition has been, and that, according to my way of thinking, will be a practical illustration of the old adage regarding the 'bliss' of ignorance."

"Still, it almost seemed like presumption on my part to assume any authority in the matter," Lady Bromley replied, and flushing sensitively; "and yet I am sure that Gerald, of whom I am very fond, will feel that I was actuated only by the best of motives."

"Certainly he will realize that, whatever the outcome is," said her friend. "Besides, your discovery of her to-day was the merest accident. But for Ellen, you would have known nothing about her, and then the operation would have been performed and the die cast. The Lymans are fine people, and very wealthy. I have never happened to meet them. I do not believe they go out much. But I have friends who know them, and they speak very highly of them. I have often seen Mr. Lyman wheeling that pretty girl by the house, but, of course, I never dreamed but that she was his own daughter, or that such a romance was associated with her."

"It is a very sad romance, in some respects," said her ladyship, with a sigh. "By the way, Helen, where is our little maid?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her since you went out. She was terribly excited over the discovery of Miss Brewster. How did she happen to know anything about her?"

Lady Bromley related the story of Allison's kindness to the poor, downtrodden girl, after which she went in search of her. She found her in her own room lying upon her bed, her face swollen and discolored, her eyes bloodshot from long-continued weeping.

She had been smitten to the soul upon realizing that the beautiful girl whose image she had so enshrined in her heart was a senseless creature, albeit so gentle and sweet a one. Her first emotion upon beholding her in the wheel-chair had been one of wildest joy; but when she fully comprehended the meaning of that vacant stare which greeted her expressions of delight—when she heard the childish babbling which flowed from her smiling lips, the shock of horror and repulsion which went through her was one which she never forgot, and which almost broke her heart then and there.

Lady Bromley, pitying her grief, sat down beside her and tried to comfort her. She talked long and kindly to her, and encouraged her to hope that all might yet be well with the fair girl whom she so loved.

When she had succeeded in calming her somewhat, she told her to go to sleep and have a long rest, for she saw that she was almost prostrated by excessive grief.

Then she went away to her own room, where she wrote a long letter to her brother, confiding to him all that had occurred, and asking him if she had done right in allowing the operation upon Allison to proceed without first consulting Gerald. She cautioned him not to betray anything to Gerald until after he should hear from here again. If he thought well of what was being done, or otherwise, she wished him to telegraph her immediately upon receiving her letter. She would receive the message in season to communicate with Mr. Lyman and stop the work of the surgeons if he thought it best to delay their experiment.

Her letter written and posted, she rested a while, then repaired to the home of the Lymans, as she had promised.

She spent an hour or more with the gentleman and his stately but charming wife, between herself and whom there immediately sprang up a strong feeling of friendship, and which later on ripened into an enduring affection. As she was on the point of leaving she turned appealingly to Mrs. Lyman and, with starting tears, tremulously inquired:

"May I come to stay with you to-morrow while the surgeons are here?"

"Certainly you may, Mrs. Bromley"—they had not learned of her title yet. "I shall be very glad to have you with me; it will be a great comfort," Mrs. Lyman heartily responded. "Of course, I know," she added, "how anxious you must feel on Mr. Winchester's account; but something seems to whisper to my heart that great things will result from to-morrow's experiment."

And with her own heart feeding upon those comforting words, Lady Bromley went back to her friend and tried to possess her soul in patience until the following day at twelve, which was the hour set for the momentous test of surgical skill.

Ten o'clock the next morning brought her the anxiously looked-for message from her brother, and his hearty approval of the course which she had pursued did much toward bracing her nerves for the coming ordeal. It read thus:

"Wonderful news! Let them go ahead, by all means. Telegraph result immediately. G. must not know until crisis is passed.—R.L."

So, a little before noon, with a sense of restfulness and a calm though grave face, Lady Bromley proceeded to the residence of the Lymans.

Mrs. Lyman received her very graciously, and with apparently the utmost composure, although an unnatural paleness betrayed that she was by no means free from anxiety.

A few moments before the clock struck the fateful hour, she conducted her guest to a conservatory at the rear of the house, where, surrounded by rare and beautiful plants, with birds singing joyously in their gilded cages, and the musical splashing of a fountain as an accompaniment, she kept her talking busily upon various subjects.

She was charming in her delicate tactfulness, and did not allow the conversation to flag for a moment. There was always some rare exotic or a profusion of bloom to call her attention to if there was the slightest pause, while she occupied herself by culling here and there a bud and blossom, which she arranged into a tasteful bouquet for Lady Bromley to take to Brs. Bryant when she returned.

Thus more than an hour passed, and then a step sounded upon the marble floor at the entrance to the conservatory, when Mrs. Lyman, with a start, turned abruptly and went to meet her husband.

He was very pale, but a look of indescribable joy and triumph illumined his face.

"Mother," he said, laying a fond hand upon the shoulder of his wife, "all is well over, and the very best results are looked for."

Then it became apparent what a strain the woman had been laboring under—what a curb she had put upon herself. She sank weakly upon a chair which stood near. She spoke no word, but her lips trembled, while her eyes still eagerly searched her husband's face, as he continued:

"It was exactly as Doctor Latimen thought—there was a fragment of bone pressing upon the brain, and the moment it was removed, Allison cried out, as if from sudden fear: 'Gerald, save me!'"

CHAPTER XIV.

There was a profound silence for a moment. Then Lady Bromley eagerly exclaimed:

"Ah! that shows that the portion of her brain which has so long remained inactive has resumed its normal condition."

"Yes, or, as the surgeons explain it, those words formed part of a sentence which was probably in her mind at the time of that terrible railroad crash," Mr. Lyman returned. "They think that she may, perhaps, have had a momentary realization of her danger, and her first thought was naturally of her lover and a desire for his presence to protect her."

"That certainly seems a reasonable conclusion," said her ladyship. "But how did she appear when she recovered from the influence of the ether?"

"She was very quiet. She did not speak, but looked curiously and inquiringly into the faces about her. A sleeping-potion was administered to her, and they are now putting her to bed."

"And Doctor Latimer is really hopeful that all will be well?" queried Lady Bromley anxiously.

"Very hopeful. There is a tiny spot that has to be trepanned, but it will in no way disfigure our dear girl, for the hair can easily be arranged over it," said the gentleman, smiling cheerfully into the white faces looking up at him. Mother," he added, with visible emotion, "we have lost 'our baby'—she has seemed such to us," he explained to their guest, "but I am very sure that we have helped to give back a beautiful and lovable little woman to her friends and to the world."

"For which I give most hearty thanks," said Mrs. Lyman reverently. Then, rising, she put the flowers which she had gathered into Lady Bromley's hand.

"Let every blossom bear a sweet message of hope to your heart," she said, with a smile; "and just as soon as Allison is able to see you, you must come to tell her of the one whom you both love so well."

Feeling weak and almost exhausted from the reaction of suspense to hope, her ladyship bade her new friends adieu, and returned to Mrs. Bryant's, when she despatched a telegram to her brother, reading thus:

"Everything is well over. Case pronounced very promising."

She then wrote him a letter, to follow the telegram, giving details regarding the operation, and promising to write every day, that he might know exactly Allison's condition, and he could use his own judgment about revealing the truth to Gerald.

(To be continued.)

COME AGAIN!

—"If I should promise to you, what would be the outcome?"

She—"That would depend largely upon the income."

THE TRICK.

"He gets a lot of satisfaction out of his garden."

"I know he does, but the trick is to get edible radishes and lettuce out of it, and that he can't do."

About the Farm

PROFITABLE FARMING.

The growth and development of a 15-acre farm, only 13 acres of which were in cultivation, from 1881, when owing to its run-down condition it did not support the two cows and one horse kept upon it, and at which time it was burdened with a mortgage of $7,200 for a short period of six years, to a farm that raised all the roughage for 30 head of stock, 17 of which were cows in milk, cannot fail to be of interest to farmers in all parts of the country.

This advancement was due to the manner of feeding the cows, the systematic management of the crops, and the method of handling the manure; and first of the cows and their feed.

The cows were fed balanced rations every day in the year. A portion of it was some succulent material—silage in winter; and rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consisted of dry hay or fodder, which was used to give the manure the proper consistency. A third consisted of milk products, bran, oil meal and gluten. The proportion of concentrates fed depended on the condition of the cow and was regulated by the flow of milk and the consistency of the manure.

The soiling crops used were as follows: Green rye, beginning about May 1, and continuing about four weeks, or until the rye was ready to cut for hay. The timothy and clover were fed until peas and oats were ready. When the latter was cut for hay, the silo was opened (about July 4), and silage was fed till early corn (planted May 8) was ready. Enough early corn was planted (about one-fourth acre) to last till spring corn (planted about June 22) was ready. Late corn was then fed until it was time to put it into the silo. From this time forward silage was fed daily until green rye was available in the spring. No abrupt change was ever made in the system of feeding.

The cows were fed three times a day, and four ounces of salt divided between the three feeds. Table salt was invariably used in preference to coarse salt.

The farm was divided into twelve parcels, varying in size from one-fourth to two and one-fourth acres. In April six of these (5 or 6 acres in all) were in grass. About one of this was sown the last week in August, three years previous, one-fourth two years previous, and one-fourth one year previous was cut for hay in the spring three years subsequent, and then plowed for late corn. The crops which preceded these plots of grass were in two cases rye, grown the preceding winter; when this was cut for soiling or for hay the ground was plowed and harrowed into fine tilth. One and one-half bushels per acre of German millet were then sown. This was cut for hay before it had made seed. The land was plowed again and harrowed into fine tilth. Grass seed was then sown broadcast, late in August. In this manner a full crop was obtained the next year. Two cuttings were made the second year. In the spring of the third season providing the crop promised to be abundant, a crop of hay was taken before breaking up the sod for late corn. If the grass was scanty, the sod, which was always heavily top dressed during winter, was broken earlier for any crop for which it was needed.

Three of the twelve sub-divisions of the farm were devoted regularly to rye in winter and late corn in summer. Grass was occasionally sown on land from which the soiling corn had been cut. One small field was devoted to oats and peas for several years and then put down in grass to be followed by corn.

Not only did this farm produce all the roughage for 30 head of stock, but an average surplus of 3,000 pounds of hay was sold yearly.

The remarkable yields on this farm were due to the intelligent use of stable manure. Most farmers waste more than half of the value of the manure produced on their farms.

The stock was kept in stalls. Behind each row of cows was a gutter 18 inches wide and 17 inches deep, the gutters having no outlets and being thoroughly cleansed daily. When cleansed the gutters were sprinkled with ashes or dirt to absorb any moisture. The gutters were inclined towards the door, where they terminated, so that the manure would have a tendency to accumulate at this point and thus facilitate transferring it to a cart.

In summer it was spread on the land from which the soiling crops were removed, and in winter on the rye and grass fields. "We always have a place to put manure," said the owner, and this is the secret of his big crops.

This farm was located at Flourtown, Pa., and was owned and conducted by Rev. J. D. Detrich. Mr. Detrich has assumed the management of a large farm in another locatlity and is developing it along the same lines.

AN OLD BELL.

Was Seven Centuries Beneath the Seas.

A great Corean bell which for 700 years had been lying 20 fathoms below the waves off the shore of Chikuzen province, Japan, has just been raised through the efforts of a Japanese antiquarian and now, crusted as it is with the sea waste of centuries, it stands on exhibition at Kanegaski.

According to tradition, which is only partially borne out by ancient documents, the King of Corea decided seven centuries ago that he would send a fitting token of his respect to Klyomori, the powerful leader of the Heike clan, on the west coast of the southern island of Kiushiu. He ordered the royal bell founders, many and expert in those days, to cast a bell.

The dimensions were to be these: In height, 1 to 6 shaku; in diameter, 8 jo 8 shaku 9 sun; and a circumference of 2 jo 8 shaku 7 sun. The bell was successfully cast and was loaded on a mammoth junk at the Corean town of Masamo. The junk and a fleet of convoys sailed for the coast of Chikuzen in Japan, when all of the royal augurs had agreed upon an auspicious day. The augurs were not up in their business, for about half a mile off the Japanese haven the gift of the Corean King plunged into the sea.

No attempt was made either by the emissaries of the King or the retainers of the Prince of Heike to fish for the bell. Last year it was that Yamamoto Kikutaro, a man of wealth of the province and devoted to the collection of ancient art objects, began to search for the ancient bell. Through the fishermen he succeeded in locating it after long effort and divers raised it to the surface.

The bell has been cleaned of its corroding mass of barnacles and found to be still whole. It will be taken to Kyote, there to be hung in the Hongwanji temple.

SULTAN KEPT HIS WORD.

Sent a Promised Gift to the French Ambassador.

The threshold of the harem has occasionally been crossed clandestinely, yet, save those in rare cases where a Turkish family, having adopted the conventions of the Europeans, admits its intimate friends, no stranger has openly and officially been permitted to visit the gynecaeum of the Turk, says N. C. Adossides in the Delineator. The one exception to this iron-clad rule, strange to say, occurred in the palace of a sultan.

It was in the year 1807, when the British Government, attempting to coerce the Sublime Porte into a coalition against Napoleon, ordered the Sultan, Selim III., to surrender his fleet. This Selim refused to do, and the English fleet sailed through the Dardanelles into the Propontis. Meanwhile, General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador, assisted the Sultan in organizing the defence of Constantinople, and did it so admirably that the British fleet retired without firing a shot. Accordingly, the Padishah told him to choose his reward. The general, a thorough Frenchman, asked permission to visit his Majesty's harem.

Selim, bound by his word, granted this unprecedented favor, and invited him to witness the review of the sultanas. As the latter, the most beautiful women of the [illegible], with blushing cheeks and [illegible] eyes, passed one by one before them, the Sultan said, "Who ever of them all you find fairest is yours." Sebastiana, delighted, indicated one of the Imperial odalisques, a Georgian of divine beauty with deep black eyes.

The next morning a procession of black slaves appeared at the embassy, bringing with them a magnificent casket. Raising the lid thereof, Sebastiani beheld, lying upon the purple cushion, the head of the beautiful girl he had chosen. By its side lay a letter from the Khalifa, which read as follows:

"Though our law forbids that a woman of Islam be given to a Christian, yet thou shalt have at least the consolation that none other shall possess her whom thou hast preferred."

Libby's Food Products

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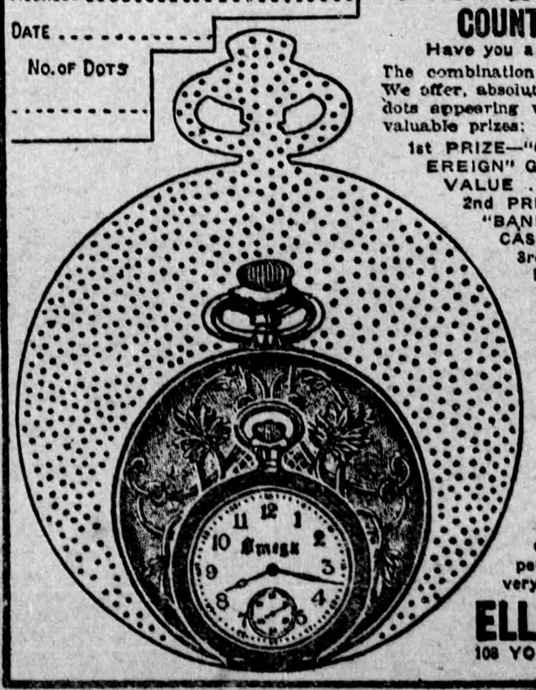

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1st PRIZE—"OMEGA," 17-Jeweled works, fitted into best "SOVEREIGN" Gold Filled Case—First-class in every respect. CASH VALUE $17.50

2nd PRIZE—"OMEGA," 15-Jeweled works, fitted into best "BANNER" Gold Filled Case—First-class in every respect. CASH VALUE $11.75

3rd PRIZE—"OMEGA," 15-Jeweled works, fitted into best "REGAL" Sterling Silver Case—First-class in every respect. CASH VALUE $9.75

We give the winner a choice as to whether the prize shall take the form of a Lady's or Gentleman's Watch.

4th PRIZE—A Consolation Prize, will be given to everyone guessing within twenty of the correct number of dots. These prizes, while not, of course, so valuable as the 1st, 2nd and 3rd, will be sufficiently valuable to more than repay you the trouble of counting the dots.

Replies must reach us on or before August 10th. The results will be announced in this paper on or about September 1st.

Count the dots to-day. (Only one answer from one person.) Fill in your answer, writing name and address very plain, on the coupon or a piece of paper, and send it to

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