

# WHO DID IT?

BY H. T. ABELL

## CHAPTER II.

Mary returned early from the cricket-field, for her uncle might come back at any moment, and she knew that it irritated and put him out to find the house empty. He had not, however, returned, so she seated herself at the window, which looked over the neglected expanse of a once pleasant lawn, bounded by a ruddy old wall, about which clambered in unkempt profusion plums and pears and nectarines, and reviewed the events which were taking place in her little world. The result of an hour's meditation over Claude's not-unnatural impatience and disappointment, and the state of affairs between her uncle and her brother, so evidently getting from bad to worse, was that she had a good cry, and was found with her face buried in her hands by Dick on his return from the match.

"Well," she said with assumed sprightliness, "and who won?"

"Oh, we beat 'em by five wickets.—You didn't see my smack, did you?"

"Your smack, Dick? Why, you haven't been hurt, have you?" asked Mary anxiously.

"No, no; I mean my hit. You know that the wickets were pitched closer up to the garden wall than usual. Well, they put on slow, and I got a half-volley to square leg which I couldn't resist, so I put all my beef into it and sent the ball spinning away over the wall. 'Lost ball' of course it was, and I got six for it, for you might look for a week in the garden without finding a cricket ball.—Where's the old man?"

"He has not come back yet, and I'm getting anxious."

"Oh, he's all right," said her brother. "Why, he'd stay away for a week on the chance of finding a lot of dirty old stones or a bit of broken pottery. Besides, he often goes away, stays later than he intended, and puts up at some fellow's house for the night.—But what are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying, Dick."

"I'll wear you were when I come in, and your eyes are red now."

"Oh, I think I'm a little put out, and perhaps I'm anxious about uncle—that's all."

"Not you. That beggar Shute's been here. Lucky I wasn't in."

"I think you are very unkind and unjust about 'that beggar Shute,' as you are pleased to call him; and I'm sure I don't know why."

"Because I hate fellows of his kidney, poor as church mice, who come sponging and sneaking and cadging about for what they can get. He's already got round the old man, and he's got round you, and he's only got to get round me, and his artful name is won.—Now, if it was a chap like back S' raddles of Pommel Hall, I'd say nothing. He's the sort of man I'd choose for a brother-in-law; and he'd stand on his head for a week, with a little encouragement from you."

"Mr S' raddles is not a man to my taste. He has only got two topics—sporting and snobbery."

"And two very good topics they are; better than rhymes and old stones and nigger languages and that sort of thing. All I can say is that Shute shan't be your husband without my consent."

Mary's heart was full, and she was longing to speak up in vindication of her lover; but she knew that it would not only be fruitless, but that it would serve to anger her hot-headed brother still more against him; so she remained silent.

As Dick insisted, they did not wait dinner, and had a silent, uncomfortable sort of meal together; Dick being rather ill at ease, because he was perhaps conscious of having talked too freely and violently upon a matter which in reality was but of little concern to him; Mary unsettled and anxious on account of her uncle.

"If he is not home to-morrow," she said in reply to her brother's exhortations not to be silly about nothing, "I shall be sure that there is something wrong. I know that formerly he used sometimes to stay away at night without having given us notice, but that was when he was stronger, and he has not done it for at least a year."

Dick sauntered away after dinner to play billiards with a neighbouring Squire. Mary hurried off down to the railway station to inquire if her uncle had gone by train anywhere, for she knew that if he had done as he intended, gone with the antiquaries, the distance was too far for him to walk.

In reply to her question, the station-master said that he had only issued a ticket to one gentleman, and that was to Mr. Shute, who had gone to London by the three o'clock train.

So she hastened homewards again; but her uncle had not returned, and as it was getting dark, her anxiety became more intense. He was an old man, and it was quite possible that in order to save the train fare he might have attempted to walk the five miles to Bury Hill; and that, in such a lonely part of the country, he might have been seized with a fit or have broken a blood vessel without any one being near to help him.

Remain in the house alone in company with these and other dreeds of a similar character she could not, so she sent a servant with a message to Mr. Richard that he should come home at once.

Half an hour elapsed before Dick arrived, and he was in no gentle mood at being disturbed in his evening's amusement for what he considered the foolish whim of a nervous girl.

"Dick," said his sister, "I am sure there is something wrong. Uncle has never been out so late before without letting us know. I've been to the station, and he hasn't been there. No one has seen him about the village."

"Well then," said Dick, "if he didn't go with the antiquarian Johnnies, and wasn't seen the train, and hasn't been seen in the village, he's somewhere about the grounds. There's plenty of room for him on fifty acres of land."

"Perhaps at the old summer-house," said Mary. "Yes, yes; Dick, let us go and look."

"The last place in the world where he'd go when there was a cricket match going on," said Dick. "Why, he always swears he can't read a line or think because of the noise."

But Mary was so resolved to go and look, that Dick got a lantern, and with his sister close at his heels for fright and nervousness, led the way through the bushes and thick

undergrowth, silent and weird in the faint sickly light of the rising moon, towards the old summer-house.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought them to the summer-house, a tumble-down, rickety old structure, standing on a small open space amidst the trees, and facing a quiet pool of dark water which extended as far as the boundary wall, some thirty yards distant, long since abandoned to rats and bats, but by reason of its solitude, much frequented by old Jethro Seaton, who often passed the long hours of an entire summer day here in company with a favorite volume from the dusky, dusty shelves of his library. The place barely stood together, for the thatched roof had peeled off in a dozen places, and the rats had burrowed holes all about the flooring; but old Jethro would not have it touched—from sentiment, he said—from motives of parsimony, it was generally believed.

The ray of lantern light thrown into the building showed a dark mass on the floor. Mary uttered a cry of horror, and in a moment was kneeling beside the helpless body of her uncle. Dick stood like a man in a trance, his wide-open eyes fixed on the inert heap, the lantern trembling in his hands.

"Dick, Dick!" cried the girl. "He may not be dead! You must get help! As quick as you can; there maybe a chance.—O uncle! my dear old uncle!"

Dick placed his hand on the white cheek, and shook his head. "There is no chance, he said in a low voice; 'he is as cold as marble. He must have had a fit, poor old uncle, for he has fallen sideways from the chair.'"

"Dick, Dick!" whispered the girl, seizing his hand, "it is a dreadful thought, but do you think there has been any crime committed?"

"Crime! You mean do I think he has been murdered? Certainly not. What earthly object could any one have in murdering a poor old harmless man like uncle? However, you stay here. I'll leave the lantern; I can find my way back easily enough. I'll get some men to help me take him into the house, and then I'll go for Dr. Waller; he'll say at once what has been the cause of death." So he started off, leaving Mary moaning and crying by the side of the body, and in a very short time returned with a couple of men, by whose aid it was carried into the house.

The doctor examined the body, and could find no traces of violence; but when he came to the head, he pointed out the wound behind the ear, that must have been the result of a tremendous blow, sufficient, he said, to have killed instantaneously a much younger and stronger man. It had not been such a blow as would have been caused in falling, he said, but a deliberately aimed blow. "In short," he summed up, "I am afraid there has been foul-play, and it will be my duty to communicate my suspicions at once to the police."

"My God!" exclaimed Dick, "and I quarrelled with him to the very last!"

And the stalwart young athlete, who had never shed a tear since his mother's coffin had been carried out of the house, threw himself into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

Mary was calm and quiet in her grief; so calm and quiet that her brother was surprised.

"Mary," said Dick presently, "we must not leave a stone unturned to come at the root of this. Who could possibly have done this?"

Mary was looking at him with a strange questioning look. Then she took his arm, and said: "Dick, it is a horrible question, but I must ask it. Do you know anything about this?"

"I'll!" almost shrieked the young man. "Mary, do you mean to ask me if I have done this? Oh, no, no! But I shall be suspected; I know that. Every one knows of the quarrel between me and my uncle. Every one knows that I have an uncontrollable temper, and they will say that we had a quarrel, and that I struck him dead! But Mary, although you do think so badly of me, you do not believe that I could be capable of such a deed? Say that you don't!"

"Of course I believe you, Dick, and I don't think badly of you as you say; but the thought did flash across me that perhaps uncle had met you coming from cricket, had reproached you for having left business, and that you had replied, and—But no, you could not have done it, I am sure."

"It is too late now to think of searching," said Dick; "but to-morrow, as soon as it is light, I will go down to the summer-house and look for some evidence of the murderer. Anything will serve as a clue—footmarks, something dropped in the hurry of flight, the smallest clue will be sufficient. And yet I cannot conceive who could have anything to gain by murdering one who, strange and unpopular as he might have been, never did harm to any one. Gain could not have been the object, for poor old Uncle Jethro was too careful to go about with anything worth robbing about him except his watch. We shall find that in the summer-house, I have no doubt, for you know he always used to read with it placed on the table beside him." So they took a parting look at the poor body stretched on the bed in his own room, and having, according to local custom, placed four candles lighted in the room, turned the pictures with their faces to the wall, and reversed the looking-glass, betook themselves to such sleep as they could snatch under such terrible circumstances.

But one face haunted Mary throughout that long night—the face was that of Claude Shute, and on the dark brow she saw the deep brand of Cain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Precedent.

Our own little boy had a fashion of holding "protracted" meetings in a corner of the big sitting-room, and preaching and exhorting with greatunction. Now and then he would sing a hymn, or suddenly pop down on his knees and "wrestle" in prayer. Grandma was coaxing into "meeting" one day, and the season of prayer seemed to trouble her, it is enough that she interposed gently: "No, dear; I wouldn't's pray so—it is making light of serious things." Wide open flew the wee minister's eyes in righteous indignation and amazement. "Why, grandma, gampy says 'O Lord' like sixty."

There surely will be a last, but some tangible scheme for settling the water front of Toronto to the satisfaction of all parties.

## ARE GIRLS AT FAULT?

Either Men or Women Are to Blame For the Changed Matrimonial Conditions.

If certain men and women prefer existence in harness to the yoke of wedded life and can be of more use to themselves and benefit to the rest of humanity unmarried than married there is no reason for considering this a state of misfortune.

It is quite the fashion of would-be political economists when deploring the decrease of the marriage ratio to place the responsibility upon the daughters of wealthy fathers who would rather remain under parental luxury than to take some poor young man by the hand and go forth as his helpmate to build a home and competency. Matrimonially disposed youths are represented by them as deterred from entering the state of their desire because of the extravagant habits of the girls who twist their heart-strings into hard knots by their alluring glances.

Now this sophistry is the rankest nonsense. The daughters of wealthy men are like the wealthy men themselves—in the minority. The average and general girl is not the child of riches. Neither is the wealthy maiden, as a rule, who remains unwedded. She has suitors galore. She does not choose a husband for herself of whom her parents approve or take, willy-nilly, whomsoever she has set her affections upon without their blessing they invariably arrange an alliance for her suitable in point of social and commercial standing with her position. The rich girl seldom develops into the "old maid."

The larger proportion of girls who remain unmarried are those who have gone to work when girls and become more or less independent in business or profession. The successful business or professional woman is not so ready to hamper herself and curtail her freedom of action by marriage as the girl whose life interest centers in some man's affection and in her home.

Love, marriage, maternity may come to the woman of business or profession. But they do not make up the entire foundation of her contentment as they do for the woman for whom they constitute the sum total of existence.

The young man of moderate means is not kept from marriage solely because he can not find a prudent, self-sacrificing wife, as so many latter day reasoners argue. The modern young man is not especially eager to limit his individual expenses, deprive himself of the pleasures and luxuries he can provide for himself alone upon his income in order to support a wife. He must be very much in love, indeed, when he will jump out of the \$1,000 or \$1,500 frying-pan of bachelorhood into the fire of matrimony on the same amount. When he contemplates the winsome creature he has asked to be his very own it is seldom in immediate connection with the marriage service. In fact, his mental picture of the wedding day is apt to stand far off in a hazy future framed by the possibility, "When I get well fixed" or "When I get a raise."

He is even more reluctant to assume the responsibilities of married life than the girl. Upon the girl alone, as upon woman since history has been kept by man, the present-time philosopher places the blame of the falling off matrimonial ratio.

This theorist forgets that the barbarism that once cast the shadow of obliquity upon the unmarried woman of maturity or old age has dissolved and disappeared in the light of advancing civilization.

That all women were destined to be wives and mothers was for so many centuries regarded as the law of nature and was such a thoroughly accepted creed that the utterance of facts to disprove this arrangement was almost regarded as blasphemy.

The political economist who now cries out against the lessening of the marriage ratio has neglected to observe that the conditions of life have materially changed since the doctrine that she who remained unwedded was despised was set spinning over the earth.

Greater independences and wider opportunities are now granted the single woman than in the past. She is no longer forced into half welcome marriage by the fear upon her that she will one day be afraid to love the world in the face because she is an "old maid."

Many a woman has spoken the vows that made her a wife solely from the scourge of this fear in the by-gone time.

The largely increasing number of independently situated women who prefer to live unmarried is likely to work a decided change in the status of the "old maid." The elderly girl, too, who prefers the luxuries and comforts of her father's home to sharing a flat or a boarding house apartment with a salaried young man is so rapidly multiplying that she is bound to have a show in things generally, the same as younger maidens and her married sisters.

The tendencies and the cold figures of census seem to indicate that the day of the "old maid" is near at hand.

Fourteen years ago out of every 1,000 women in England seventeen were annually married. Now but thirteen out of every 1,000 put on the wedding ring each twelve month.

In America everybody knows there are twenty young women past 25 unmarried where there was one twenty years ago.

## Dangers from Beer Drinking.

In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with other inebriates he uses different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Intellectually a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger senseless and brutal.—[Scientific American.]

## Convincing Proof.

Mr. Jones—"I don't think women are so very fond of dress, after all." Mrs. Jones—"Certainly not. This constant cry that women are vain and fond of dress is all nonsense. But you used to think they were. What has caused you to change your opinion?" Mr. Jones—"Well, I've been down

## THE BLOODHOUND.

His Accuracy of Scent in London.

Some few years ago the idea of the use of bloodhounds for detective purposes was mooted in the daily papers, and the howl of horror at the barbarity of such a proceeding that it raised from the uninformed was most amusing to those who knew the tract and ability of the bloodhound. He was associated with the tales of slave hunting in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred" and was supposed to be a ferocious monster, endowed with witch-like attributes, and capable of pursuing his victim successfully under any conditions until caught, when he would certainly tear him limb from limb.

The horrible murders committed in the East End of London last year, and the complete failure of the police to trace the perpetrator of these outrages, were the means of calling attention once more to the qualifications of this old time detective. The daily papers were filled with letters advocating his use; but from the thoroughly impracticable nature of many of these epistles I fear that the change in public opinion was due more to a strong desire for vengeance on an exceptionally loathsome miscreant than to increased knowledge of the disposition of the bloodhound. At one time the police received about 1,200 letters daily, containing various suggestions, and of these some 400 proposed the use of bloodhounds. Some of the newspaper correspondents seemed to believe that the police had only to take a bloodhound of any kind to the place where a murder had been committed weeks or months before and the animal would at once scent out the trail of the murderer in preference to thousands of others, and infallibly run the man down.

In the beginning of October I was consulted by Sir Charles Warren, then the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, as to the feasibility of employing bloodhounds to track the Whitechapel murderer, and after some correspondence I took two hounds up to London to experiment with. We ran them repeatedly in the parks for the information of the police authorities and various representatives of the press, and sufficiently demonstrated the facts that the hounds will run a man who is a complete stranger to them, that when they have come up to their man they will not molest him in any way, and that although the line may be crossed by others they will not change. While in London I never ran them without the line of the hunted man being crossed (often by quite a number of people), but the hounds never once changed. They could carry the line across and for a short way along the gravel paths in the parks, but the experiments made on the London stones could not be considered as satisfactory as we should have wished. Hunting the clean boot on a London pavement is, I believe, the most severe test that any hound can be put to, and will of course require special and careful training.—[Century.]

## Old-Time Church Going.

A contributor to the "Christian Union" gives an interesting account of a Sunday in a Vermont church sixty year ago. From some extracts which we give, it will be seen that the church going customs have changed greatly in the last half century. The women, says the writer, wore gowns of calico and nankeen in summer, and in winter of homespun wool. The short-waisted gowns were made with round, low open necks and short sleeves. In summer and winter alike, they wore in the necks of their dresses a tucker and a frill of white dimity or book-muslin.

From early summer until fall they drew on their hands and arms for church wear long sleeves of yellow nankeen, with fingerless hand-coverings like a "mitt." The sleeves were buttoned to the shoulder of the gown, and as they were freshly washed and starched each week, they formed a most uncomfortable addition to the summer toilet.

Each farm-wife made her own straw bonnet, from coarse imported straw braids, for summer wear. She stuffed and quilted the heavy woollen "pumpkin hood" which kept her warm in winter. A favorite article of summer head-gear among the older women was the green silk "calash," being easily pushed back or old-fashioned chaise-top.

The children were little miniatures of their parents; even the smallest boys wore the great beaver hats, which were large enough in the crown to last them until the boy was quite grown.

A curious habit prevailed among the old farmers who attended this church when they grew tired during the long sermon. They stood up, leaned over the pew door, and stared up and down the aisle, to rest and amuse and stretch themselves.

One day Deacon Puffer stood up to stretch himself, but his pew door was insecurely fastened. As he leaned heavily against it, it gave away under his weight, and he sprawled out into the aisle on his hands and knees, with a clatter that awakened all the sleepers.

The pulpit was very high and narrow, and overhung by a clumsy sounding board. It was reached by a narrow flight of steps, and lighted from behind by a window high up in the wall. The window served a double purpose, for the pulpit was so small that the long-limbed Elder could not kneel in it. So, when he wished to lead the congregation in prayer, he turned his pulpit chair around, knelt in it, and rested his feet on the window ledge behind him.

As soon as the text was given out, Deacon Batchelor, who was old and very deaf, rose from his pew, walked heavily down the aisle, and half ascended the pulpit step. Then he adjusted an enormous tin ear trumpet, and sat there through the long sermon, a pious and attentive, but most grotesque figure.

The singers' seats stretched entirely across the chancel, in front of the pulpit,—two long rows, with a rack or desk for hymn-books between them. The men singers sat with their back to the pulpit, while the women faced them. When the leader struck his tuning-fork and gave the key, all stood up and literally bawled and sung in each other's faces.

Friend—Do you still continue to send matter to the newspapers, Cholly? Cholly—Yes; but it's merely for good faith and a necessary for publication.

In the German army the lance, the "queen of weapons," has been introduced into other than the urban regiments. All the cuirassiers and hussars of the Guard have now also been armed with the lance, and a high authority says that the dragons will soon also be furnished with it. It promises to become the chief arm of all the horse regiments in the German army. The French had discarded the lance entirely, but now that they see it being adopted in this universal manner by the Germans they are again beginning to copy them.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A paste suitable to preserve the gloss of patent leather and prevent cracking is made of wax with a little olive-oil, lard, and oil of turpentine, mixed when warm, to be of the consistency of thick paste when cooled.

Cast-iron for nickel-plating should be finished fine with a soft emery buff, made by covering a wheel with leather and applying fine emery with glue. Goods that are not flat are sometimes finished in a tumbling machine to the desired finish for nickeling.

To cement zinc to glass: One pound of shellac dissolved in one pint of a solution of alcohol, with one-twentieth its volume of a solution of gutta-percha in bisulphide of carbon; will dry quickly. A slow-drying cement may be made thus—two ounces of thick glue solution, one ounce of linseed-oil varnish or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine; boil together.

It is said that native sulphate of baryta is an active poison to rats, mice, and dogs. It is not easy to explain its action, considering its extreme insolubility; but, mixed with lard, it is readily eaten by them. This being the case, the question suggests itself whether it might not replace the more dangerous poisons now so much used for this purpose, and do away with the risk attending them.

Among the modern "Mysteries of Paris," says The London Figaro, is a shop devoted to the sale of tea. At the retail counter a real live prince may be seen any day weighing up packets of the leaf which cheers but does not inebriate. This prince is the son of a European general, whose name is well known throughout the Continent, and who is related to some of the most aristocratic of the families of Paris.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was poor when she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The last chapter was written in the office of her publisher in Boston. It was a cold winter morning, and she arrived at the store half frozen. She stood over the stove half an hour before she was sufficiently thawed to hold her pen. Three months from that time she received a cheque for \$10,000 as the first payment on the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A man who knows whereof he speaks told Miss Gilder, who told The Boston Transcript, that it was a source of very serious concern to Cornelius Vanderbilt to know how to spend his income. "Of course," she says, "he could make ducks and drakes of it, and so get rid of it, but to spend it properly takes no little thought. He has thousands of applications, and probably could get rid of it all in a day, but it would hardly be going where it would do the most good."

Iron bricks, so called, are said to be in satisfactory use for street paving in Germany. These bricks are made by mixing equal parts of finely ground red argillaceous slate and finely ground clay, with the addition of five per cent. of iron ore. The ingredients thus mixed together are then moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron, to which fine iron ore is added. After this, the compound is shaped in a press, dried, dipped once more into a thick slip of finely ground iron ore, and then burnt in a kiln for about forty-eight hours in a reducing flame.

As alcohol has a tendency to alter or even wholly destroy the colors of animal specimens preserved in it, Mr. Fabre Demergue has been led to make some researches with a view to finding a substitute for it that does not possess this inconvenience. He recommends the following mixture—Sirup of glucose, diluted, one thousand parts; glycerine, one hundred parts; methylic alcohol, two hundred parts; camphor, to saturation. The glucose is dissolved in warm water, and after it is cool, the glycerine, alcohol, and a few pinches of camphor are added. As this mixture is always acid, it should be neutralized by the addition of a small quantity of a solution of potash or soda. After filtering through paper, a few fragments of camphor are allowed to float upon the liquid. This liquid is well adapted for the preservation of hard shelled crustacea of green, blue, or red color, and also of certain echinoderms. Most soft animals preserve their color in it, although they contract considerably.

Landladies are famous gossips; they pay great attention to roomers.

Barber (to sleepy man): "Bay rum, sir?" Sleepy man: "No, Jamaica."

The labour question will be discussed at great length during the coming session of the Reichstag at Berlin.

Mrs. Maybrick, poor woman, has receded into the obscurity of the convicted and condemned. Since she is not to be hanged all the sentimental interest about her fate has disappeared. Very few thought she was other than guilty, but she was young, somewhat pretty and a woman, and it was thought awful "to tie a napkin round" such a head, and no letter she to die." Still such humanitarian romanticism may be carried too far. Truth would like to draw the line at cold calculating poisoners whether male or female. The world can get along without such nicely. So exit Mrs. Maybrick. It is too bad a world for any tears being shed over her fate.

Unfortunately the world is always worried about what two or three of what are called the crowned heads may be thinking or feeling or doing. Apparently, the law has to be taken at their lips and millions are happy if they are only permitted to die for their pleasure and at their command. It is a marvel and a horror all round. What shall be said of the civilization or religion of a world in which such things can be? And they all profess to be animated by the principles of the Gospel and take Heaven to witness that they love the Lord Jesus Christ. Growing will do no good and will not help to any beneficial change. If it could, Truth would willingly exhaust the vocabulary of malediction.

Rev. Mr. Pentecost, the New York missionary who occasionally visits Toronto, has devised a new treatment for burglars. He says:—"If I knew a burglar was in my house at night, I would go to him with a light, unarméd, and talk to him as I would to a friend whom I desired to help. If he then refused to take my goods I would make no protest, nor would I cause his arrest. I would follow him to the door and invite him to call again." Mr. Pentecost has not published his address. But burglars will know, even if they have not the opportunity of testing his hospitality, that his intentions are honorable. Looking at the matter from a secular point of view, one would think that a bullet would be more appropriate for a burglar than a torchlight procession and an address of welcome.