

Greed For Gold

Dr. The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXX.

"Now, miss, we are alone; sit down, and tell me plainly, quietly, and comfortably all you know about the matter. There's nothing to fear, I assure you of that, but don't omit a detail; don't cry and don't agitate yourself. Remember, you will best help the prisoner by helping me. Did you know Mr. Reginald was coming here last night?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. How did you know?"

"He wrote me to tell me he should come."

"Got the letter?"

"Yes."

She drew it from her bosom as she answered.

"May I read it?"

"You had better; it will explain many things."

"Thanks."

He took the letter from her, unfolded it, and read:

"My Darling Vere,—

"Don't start in surprise when you see the commencement of this letter, and pray don't refuse to read it, although I know I deserve you should do so. It is a begging, pitiful, object letter, Vere, from a man who loves you, and always has loved you; a letter to entreat your forgiveness of his horrible conduct. Vere, shall I appeal in vain? No, I think I know your heart better, that you will listen to me. From our childhood up, Vere, we have been lovers, and but for one thing I should not now have to throw myself at your feet and crave your pardon. Till Miss Westcar came, Vere, I had no thought for any woman in the world but yourself; and then some blind, absurd infatuation—not love, Vere, for God's sake do not think that—came over me and obscured—Oh, Vere, darling, how can I write what I want to say? It is so pitiful, so pitiful! and my heart seems breaking, and my sense of shame almost blinds me to the letter before me. That I could ever let another woman, even for a moment, stand before the girl I have loved since—ever since I can remember! Vere, dearest, accept it as proof, will you?—proof that I must have been mad and not responsible for my actions, thoughts, or deeds. Of Miss Westcar I would warn you, darling; she is a dangerous woman, and is, I fear, responsible for my banishment from the place which has so long been a home to me. In my blindness I quarrelled with my uncle, but I thank God I was spared the disgrace of a quarrel with you! Oh, my darling, my darling, believe me that I am so wretchedly miserable away from you that life seems but little worth the living! You have not cast me quite out of your thoughts—your heart? Oh, Vere, find it in you to forgive me; take me back to my old place in your affections; let us be as we were. Never, never, will I forget this lesson! Forgive me, and never, never, will I forget your forgiveness. On your decision, Vere, rests my future. Close your heart to me, and there is nothing in the world for me to care about. Forgive me, and all will be brightness again. I cannot wait for a reply to this, Vere. I shall come down by the train arriving at nine o'clock to-night, and from the station I will walk the short cut towards the Hall. What will that path be to me Vere? Shall I be met on it by a forgiving angel—a woman with pity in her heart for a poor blind fool who, though he worships the ground she walks on, behaved like an insane man? Vere, Vere, my darling, my heart cries out to you for forgiveness. I know that I deserve no mercy; and yet, Vere, I want you to let me ask it of you; I want to prostrate myself at your feet, crave pity and forgiveness. Oh, darling meet me on the path from the station, and be your own old self to me. I don't know that you will be able to make sense of this letter. I seem to be writing incoherently, thinking so, and, try as I will, the tears keep coming to my eyes. Is it unmanly, Vere, for me to feel so about you? I long, darling, oh, I long to feel those arms around my neck! to hear your sweet voice telling me that I live! Will you, in your sweet, infinite pity, let me see you, Vere, to-night? or shall I turn back on the old path we have so often walked together—alone?—alone in the world which without your forgiveness, seems too cold, and drear, and miserable to live in."

"Your broken-hearted

"REGGIE."

"A love-letter," said Janson, as he refolded it. "Keep it; you may want it. The envelope—I suppose you have thrown it away?"

"Yes, but I can find it. I opened the letter in my bedroom. My maid who looks to my room, is away, and my room has not been tidied. It is no doubt lying where I left it."

In compliance with the detective's request, she went to her room and returned with the envelope.

"Keep them both," he said. "Well, you met him, you forgave him, and

you walked towards the house. Then perhaps you saw your stepfather through the open study window. Ah, it was open, then? And you suggested to Mr. Reginald that he should then and there go in and ask his forgiveness, without risking a refusal to see him if he applied for an interview through the servants?—Um! and you—yourself—what did you do?"

"I walked round the front of the house, and entered, and sat in the hall. I hoped perhaps to see a reconciliation, and, worse come to the worst, I should see Reggie leave the house, and could walk after him in the direction of the station."

"Then came the furious ringing of the bell—don't let us forget that it was the study bell, and could not have been pulled by the dead man's hand—the servants ran in, ran out again; more went in; the tidings of the murder reached you; and when you came out of your faint it was to find your lover in custody on a charge of murdering his uncle?"

"That is so, ever word is correct."

"How long after you left Mr. Reginald did the bell ring?"

"I should think a minute or so."

"Not more?"

"As I started to walk round to the front of the house, he made for the study window. I had scarcely got to the hall seat before the bell rang."

"No one knows of this letter to you, and your appointment?"

"Not a soul. I have not mentioned it."

"Don't then. You can trust me, can't you?—There, there, that's all right. We will pull him out of this trouble, never fear; and next time I come to Graynewood, why, I hope it will be to attend your wedding."

"You don't think Reggie in danger, Mr. Jansen?"

"Danger? Bless your heart, he's as safe as I am."

"Oh, thank you, thank you so very much for saying that! You can't think, you don't know how you relieve me!"

He did know, though; that was why he had said it. It does not follow because a man is a policeman that he has buried his sympathetic feelings.

Janson's came into play when he was talking to Vere.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"And now, miss, just show me the upper rooms, will you? That is right. I would rather you showed me them than one of the servants."

They went upstairs, and one after another she pointed out the rooms to him.

In the music-room he lingered a moment at the open piano. A French song caught his eye. He inquired who sang it, and was told the Count.

"The Count? I have heard his name mentioned twice, but I have not seen him."

"Nor I, this morning. The place has been in such confusion that until now I have not noticed his absence. I sent up to his room, the door is locked."

"Locked?"

"Yes; he has perhaps been out and has returned—is perhaps at his toilette."

"Um! Show me his room."

"There, the second door from here."

The detective walked straight to it and rapped. Rapped again, louder—yet again, louder still. Not a sound in reply. He turned the handle—locked. He put the sole of his foot on the lower part of the door; it gave, showing the lock to be in the middle. The palms of his hands pressed on the upper portion revealed the fact that there was no bolt there—the fastening was in the middle.

"Stand back, away from the door, miss; there's no knowing what is on the other side of it. I am going to see."

He drew back and planted his right foot with all his force over the place where the lock was. The door flew open. It was not the first door the detective had had to open that way.

He entered. Empty! The bed disturbed, but not slept in. Window open, and sheet depending from bed-rail. He whistled; then he said:

"Come in, miss, there's nothing here to be afraid of. Did he have any luggage? Oh, stopping for some days, was he? Um! gone; the luggage too. What was it, box—potemantau? Gladstone. Black Gladstone, was it? Ah, and none of the servants can know he has gone, you say? Friend of Mr. Ashley's, was he? Ah, I think I'll just have a few minutes' chat with Mr. Ashley. And I will say good-bye to you now for the present. And don't you fret; no matter what happens, don't you fret. Remember, however black things look, I am behind with a light, and at the proper moment I shall throw that light on the real guilty person."

"You give me courage, Mr. Janson. God bless you. Good-bye, and God bless you."

Mr. Janson hummed a tune softly to himself as he went downstairs. He liked to be praised by a pretty woman, and he thought Vere particularly pretty. Cats purr when they are pleased—Mr. Janson hummed.

The detective entered the room where Ashley was sitting, and placed himself between that gentleman and the window. It was a weakness of his to get the light on the face of the person he was talking to.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Grayne, very bad business."

"My poor, poor uncle!"

"Yes, but don't let your sorrow blind you, Mr. Grayne. Sorrow for the dead won't bring him back, but a clear vision may help to find his murderer. I want your help."

"Not against—not against Reginald? Don't ask me for that."

"Not for a moment. He's as innocent as I am."

"Whom, then, do you suspect?"

"Your friend, the Count."

"The Count?"

"Yes. Do you know where he is?"

"Not unless he is upstairs. Now I remember. I have not seen him once since—since—"

"Nor has any one else. You have no idea where he is?"

"Unless he is in his room."

"He left that via his window and a sheet before twelve o'clock last night."

"How do you know that?"

"It came on to rain here an hour or so after midnight."

"Yes."

The ground beneath his window is soft through that rain. It would show his feet-marks where he dropped from above. It doesn't; consequently, he must have dropped before the rain came—in other words, before midnight."

"I see."

"He has got ahead of me, you see, Mr. Grayne, and that is why I want your assistance. Before midnight might mean that he got away by the last up-train, and if he has reached London it makes it all the more difficult for me to find him. So I want you to tell me all you can about him—his habits, his family, his occupation, where I am likely to find him."

"And yet, surprising as it may seem, I cannot answer one of these questions."

"It is surprising."

"It is only a week or two ago that I first met him at my club. No, he is not a member. He claimed an acquaintance with me, though I did not remember him. That acquaintance ripened, and then I invited him down here for a few days."

"Don't know his address?"

"No, I think—I am not sure—that he had only just come to England, and was staying at the Charing Cross Hotel."

"You can tell me nothing more?"

"Nothing."

"I am sorry. Well, I must do my best to find him. I am going to London, but shall be back for the inquest."

"Are you not going to the inquiry at the Police Court?"

"What, Mr. Reggie's? Um! no, I don't think so. It will be a purely formal charge, followed by a remand in the ordinary way. No, I don't think that would help me. Good-day, Mr. Grayne."

"Good-day."

Janson closed the door, and walked along the hall to the front entrance. A man-servant was standing there.

"Can you tell me the next London up-train?"

"Yes, sir, an hour exactly from now."

"Ah! then I have plenty of time. Bad business this."

"It is, sir; upsetts everybody. As good a master, sir, as ever lived. Bit touchy at times, but a kinder-hearted man—"

"So I have heard. All the servants are cut up, I see."

"Yes; the women have done nothing but cry all night and all the morning."

"I don't see Lucy about. Has she gone to see her father?"

"Father? He's been dead these five years!"

"Tut, tut, tut! of course, how stupid of me!"

"You meant her mother?"

"Of course."

"Well, I haven't seen her about this morning, so perhaps she has gone home with the news."

"Very likely. I should just like a word with her. Is her mother living in the same old place still?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's see, will my nearest way be—"

"Through the wood, sir; that's the best way—brings you right out her end of the village."

"So it does, to be sure. I can't mistake the place."

"No, sir; last house but one on the right before you come to the lodge."

"Exactly. Well, good-day."

"Good-day, sir."

The detective went by the path through the wood, and it then dawned upon the servant that it was strange that a London detective should know Lucy, Lucy's mother, and where they lived. It did not occur to him that he had supplied the information himself.

(To be Continued.)

TO KEEP FLIES AWAY.

During the hours when butchers' shops in Geneva are open in summer, vast multitudes of flies may be seen on the outside walls, but not one ever comes inside. This is due to the inner walls having been rubbed over with laurel oil, which effectually prevents the intrusion of the troublesome insects.



VITALITY OF SEED CORN.

There is no means of testing the vitality of seed which properly comes under market condition, except by a germination test, writes Mr. A. D. Shamel. In selecting seed corn it is very important that a thorough test of the vitality be made. This can be most easily and satisfactorily done by taking three kernels out of every ear to be tested, one from near the tip, one from the middle and the other from near the butt of the ear. Fill an ordinary plate about two-thirds full of fine sand. Pour water over the sand until it runs off the plate. Tip the plate at an angle of about 45 degrees, and allow the water to drain off a few minutes. Now plant the kernels of corn point down in the sand and barely cover with sand. Make a careful count of the kernels put in each plate and keep an accurate record of the number. Now turn a slightly smaller plate over the plate of sand to prevent too rapid evaporation of moisture and set in a warm place. Examine every day and keep the sand moist. At the end of ten days all the kernels should have germinated. Count the kernels that have sprouted and compute the per cent. of germinating kernels. In seed corn 97 per cent. germination in five days constitutes the standard of vitality.

In scoring maturity, take each ear up carefully and give it a sharp twist. If it is mature it will remain firm and solid. If immature, it will twist loosely about in the hand. Count the number of immature ears and cut the exhibit one-half point for every diseased, chafy, immature ear. For instance, if there are six immature ears cut the exhibit three points, or give it a marking of two on market condition. In cases where the corn samples must be harvested unusually early to be sent to the exhibit, as at fairs held early in the autumn, the ears will not have dried out, and consequently will be immature. In such instances the judge must take this condition into account and score on a uniform comparative basis.

In the study of market condition, the per cent. of moisture in the samples, the number of diseased and injured kernels, together with the amount of all bits of silks, husks or other debris, is carefully and accurately determined. Such tests may not be practical in the actual process of judging samples, but all corn judges should become familiar with these tests in order to train the mind to take these conditions accurately into account in scoring on market condition.

SKILL IN MILKING.

Milking is an operation which requires skill, as it has an important effect on the amount and quality of milk given. Dairymen know that there are as great differences between milkers as between cows, and that cows will do much better with good milkers than with others. Indeed, good cows are often almost ruined by poor milkers.

The milker should avoid handling the cow more than is necessary and he should make it a rule to do his work quickly and thoroughly. He should never go from a sick to a well cow without first cleansing his hands with milk is filthy in the extreme, and should never be practised. Some people think it is necessary, but this is a mistake. The hand should be kept dry. If they are not, it is impossible to prevent drops of milk from constantly falling from them into the pail.

The pail should be held close to the udder, so as to expose the milk to the air as little as possible. The further the streams fall and the more they spray, the more dirt and bacteria they collect. Contamination from the foremilk must be avoided by discarding the first few streams drawn, or less than a gill in all. This entails little loss, as the first milk drawn is always poor in butter fat, and it happens to be badly contaminated, as is frequently the case, much injury and trouble may be saved.

BLINDERS.

Blinders were invented by an English gentleman to conceal the diseased eye of a valuable horse, and as a coat-of-arms could be placed on them others followed his example. They are never used in Russia, and a shy horse is almost unknown there.

You Should Discard Blinders.—1. Because unsightly. The beautiful eye of the horse is exchanged for a piece of leather.

2. Because they are a cruelty to the horse. All animals enjoy the use of their eyes.

3. Because they frequently injure the eye-balls by pressure, and when out of order by flapping against them. When close to the head also, the nervous irritation causes inflammation.

4. Because animals are often terrified by what they see imperfectly, or hear and do not see.

5. Because veterinarians discovered long ago that blinders are a common cause of disease of the eye. Cavalry, police and fire department horses have no blinders.

WINTER POULTRY.

If possible, locate the poultry buildings at some distance from where the grain is stored, as this insures greater safety from rats and mice. Let the chickens out into the fresh air while each bright day, but keep them out of the snow. Provide dust boxes for the fowls, if they are to be kept reasonably free from body lice during the winter months. Fine road dust procured in hot, dry weather is superior to any other. This should be placed so that it may receive the sunshine on bright days, as it will thus be more likely to keep dry.

An occasional pailful of wood ashes mixed with a pound of flowers of sulphur, if stirred into the dust box, will effectually keep the lice in check. Eggs are what we want in winter and to secure them the henhouse must be kept snug and warm, but also well ventilated. Artificial heat is not advisable. The hens are warm themselves and will sleep warm, if crowded. Give them close quarters, free from drafts and low roosts. Clean under the roosts every morning. Vary the diet as much as possible.

DIFFERENCE IN MANURE.

Far more attention may well be given to stock feeding to enrich the manure as well as to increase the produce of beef, butter or milk. There is a deep seated conviction in the minds of many farmers that "manure is manure." They accept barnyard manure as a standard, regardless of the fact that it may vary quite as much as an honest and unadulterated commercial fertilizer. Here again farmers must remember that they can't make something out of nothing.

A meadow hay ration means meadow hay manure. Growing animals produce manure of the least value, because their system requires so much of the food elements for its growth; the voidings of fattening animals are the richer, if both are fed the same. And here comes in a great point of winter dairying. To make good milk and butter, the cows are richly fed and produce rich manure. If only dry stock is kept, which is fed in the cheapest manner possible, the manure is correspondingly cheap in quality. Some farmers can "figure" on these points to advantage.

RYE IS A MILK MAKER.

Ground rye has not been used to any extent as a dairy cow feed in this country. A very small amount of it could perhaps be fed to good advantage. In Denmark, rye has been fed in small quantities to dairy cows. It is said to have a somewhat deleterious influence on the quality of butter. The same statement applies to rye bran.

Not over 3 lbs. ground rye or rye bran should be fed in one day to a milk cow. Wheat bran is always a first-class feed for dairy cows when it is not too high in price. At \$15 per ton or less, it can be fed to advantage when other feed stuffs command present prices.

A ration of wheat bran, and corn meal, equal parts by weight, will give good results when fed to dairy cows. A ration of part rye, 2 parts corn meal and 2 parts wheat bran or gluten feed will also be found to give good results.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

President Roosevelt now tips the scales at 220 pounds. The President has been trying to reduce his weight, but his flesh is as hard as a knot, and steadfastly refuses to yield to ordinary methods. When he was sworn in as President Mr. Roosevelt weighed 185 pounds, so that he seems to thrive on the hard work connected with the Administration.

The Czar has a palace at Tsarskoye Selo, near St. Petersburg, which stands in grounds eighteen miles in circumference. In the palace there is a room known as the Lapis-Lazuli room, the floor of which is ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There is also an amber room, the walls of which are of the finest amber, picked out in a multitude of exquisite designs. The walls of the palace throughout are hung with the rarest tapestry and silk curtains.

Lord Kitchener has taken a bungalow called "Wildflower Hall," a few miles distant up the hills from Simla, India, and devotes himself, when his official duties are over for the day, to gardening. "Coolies," "Kits," "chuprassis" (native servants), aides-de-camp, and K. of K. may all be seen at work in the garden together.

Lord Bute is well blessed with this world's goods. He inherited at the death of his father something between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000, and his possessions are of a character that improve with keeping from the point of view of revenue. He has residences at Cardiff Castle; Mount Stuart, Rothesay; Dumfries House, Ayrshire; and Mochrum, Wigtownshire. Mount Stuart, rebuilt to take the place of the ancient mansion burnt down some twenty years or so ago, is fit for a king's palace. The marble in it, rough hewn from the quarries, cost \$360,000 before a mason had laid a hand to it. The whole cost of the dwelling is said to have run away with the better part of \$3,750,000.