

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Janson went to Scotland Yard. He wanted a couple of plain-clothes men on hand for the Frenchman's arrest. The man he intended making prisoner was an excitable nation. Any hot-tempered man with a weapon is best encountered with as many level things up. One of London's gondolas landed all three officers at the corner of Dean Street, and they walked along till they came to No. 66A—a private house. A card depended from the latch of the ground-floor window: "Apartments."

One of the officers was reading a newspaper, and he seemed so absorbed in its contents that he leant against the wall of No. 66 and continued to peruse it, whilst Janson and the other officer knocked gently at the door.

A slatternly maid-servant responded, and after planting his foot in the opening, to prevent the sudden closing of the door, Janson said: "You have some apartments to let?"

"Yes, sir. Will yer come inside, sir? Set down, and I'll send the missus to you."

She had shown them into the room next the street on the ground floor. Janson stood by the open door, listening, as the girl clattered along the passage. A hoarse whisper reached him.

"Who is it, Liza?"

"Two gents, mum, arter the rooms."

There was a creaking of stairs, as of a heavy body ascending them, and presently a stout, city, frowsy, London lodging-housekeeper type of woman entered. There was nothing suspicious about her except her breath, and as Janson was not a temperance man, that did not upset him. His business brought him into frequent contact with big drinkers. The odor of gin was no novelty to him. He closed the door behind the landlady, and, putting his back to it, said quietly:

"We told your servant we had come about the rooms, because it is just as well not to let servants know everything. As a matter of fact, we have a duty to perform."

The landlady groaned, and then said:

"What is it?—The queen's or the water? It don't seem a week or so ago since I paid 'em."

Janson smiled.

"Neither," he answered. "This is not a civil matter, but a criminal one."

"Criminal!"

"We have a warrant for the arrest of one of your lodgers; we want to execute it quietly, so as not to hurt you in any way. In fact, we hope to carry it out so that none of your other lodgers will know a word about it. That's why we want your assistance."

"Who is it?"

"The Frenchman!"

"The French! There's two lodging here."

"I mean the one who came home last night after midnight."

"Mr. Dubois?"

"That's the man."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Is he at home now?"

"Yes. He only had his breakfast about half an hour ago. He's been in bed or asleep all the day."

"Which is his room?"

"He's got two—the two front rooms on the top floor. You can't make a mistake—the door faces you when you get on the top landing."

"Now, take my advice, Mrs.—"

"Shorter's my name."

"Mrs. Shorter, and go downstairs. Leave this matter to me. The quieter it is done the better for you, isn't it?"

"All right!"

The two men went upstairs.

"Go quietly, Jim," whispered Janson. "He's a Frenchman, and carries weapons. If the door is open, both of us dart in. If it's fastened, the lock'll have to yield to my boot. We'll rush him. It is a murder case, this, and with life or death in front of him he'll let fly if he's got a tool. We don't want holes in use."

The other man understood, and nodded. He himself was possessed of no ambition to figure as a target and they quietly reached the top landing; a door faced them. Janson dropped to his knee and peered through the keyhole. He rose, and whispered to the other man:

"He's sitting by the window. The key's not in the lock, so I reckon it isn't fastened. I'm going to try. Are you ready?"

He gripped the handle of the door and turned it. The door opened. A voice from within said:

"Is that you, Mrs. Shorter?"

The next moment there was a man on either side of the speaker, gripping him tightly by the arms.

The prisoner did not speak for a moment; he seemed to guess who the men were, and their object.

"I'll hold his arms behind, Jim; run him over."

Jim quickly "ran him over"—that is to say, searched him for weapons.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

Then the prisoner spoke.

"Who are you?"

"Detectives."

"For what?"

"Murder—Grayrewood, last night."

"I was right then—I was seen?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, some one saw me stab—"

"Hold on! It is my duty to inform you that whatever you say may be used in evidence against you later."

"Doesn't much matter. You have got the body, I suppose?"

"I have warned you that whatever you say—"

"That is all right. I know when I am plunked. The game's up; I throw up my cards."

"If you will talk—"

"Silence would do me no good; you've got it straight enough against me, I expect. I guessed when I ran away you would soon be on my track; it was only deerring the matter a few hours."

"Sooner or later, I suppose, we were bound to have you."

"If I had had the courage to stop, you might never have suspected me."

"Oh yes, I think so. We had your blood-stained knife. Besides, the police always suspect bad characters, you know."

"Bad character—"

"Well, you didn't come away from Dartmoor with a good one, did you?"

"Dart— You know that! How did—"

"The woman told me."

"The red-haired traitress!"

That puzzled Janson. (His assistant was going through the prisoner's belongings.) The gipsy girl was dark-dark as the night. It did not for the moment occur to the detective that the Frenchman supposed her dead.

"Did she tell you of her own good character?"

"No," replied Janson slowly, feeling his way. "She did not speak of herself."

"Then let me tell you her name is not Westcar—"

Janson started slightly, even a detective has his moment of surprises.

"She was my mistress. Three years ago she and I stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. She got two years; I, five. That is the woman who rounded on me—who laid herself out to marry Sir George Grayne, get his money, and probably murder him, after!"

This was a day full of surprises to Janson. He had not had such a time for months! The air seemed to be full of clues of all kinds; a sort of cobweb surrounded him. All he had to do was to put out his hand and clutch the threads.

"Finished, Jim? Throw up the window and signal Smyth for a four-wheeler."

Jim went to the window and whistled shrilly, after the manner of a man calling pigeons. His particular pigeon was reading a paper below, but the call made him look up. Then Jim whistled a few bars of a tune—the tune of a once popular music-hall song: "I say, cabby!" The pigeon nodded, and then Jim held up the four fingers of his hand. Again the pigeon nodded, then hurried away in search of a four-wheeled cab.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Dick Causton was one of the most surprised lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields when he read the account of the murder at Grayrewood. He had been so closely identified with the death of Sir George's wife, that now, but a year after, the news of the husband's murder startled him considerably.

He was a frequent visitor at Grayrewood, and a close friend of the Graynes, and of no member of it more closely than of Reggie's. When he saw by the report that Reggie was in custody, he was amazed. And whilst he was pondering the matter, the postman brought him a letter from the man his thoughts were full of:

"Dear old Dick,—

"You did not expect to hear from me in gaol, did you? I am here, as you will have seen, on the charge of murdering my poor old uncle. You know me better than to suppose me guilty; I am sure I need not enter into that. Being a barrister, I was foolish enough to think I was capable of defending myself before the magistrates to-day; but speaking for yourself and for some one else are widely different matters. I feel that I made a fool of myself. Dear old Dick, come down the day after to-morrow, will you, and give me a hand? I don't really think the case is serious, but it's serious enough to upset me considerably. I am confirmed in the belief that I have really nothing to fear, from the fact that although the local police look upon me as a ruffian of the deepest dye, the London detective (Janson, Scotland Yard) believes me innocent, and has told me so. Just before sitting down to write to you, I had a telegram from him to tell me that he had arrested a Frenchman who had been staying at the Hall, and that his prisoner had confessed. All the same, come down and give

me a hand, dear old boy; this is too serious a matter to leave to chance—it is life and death.

"Ever yours,
"REGGIE GRAYNE.

"P.S.—Could you see Janson, and get the facts from him?"

Promptly the telegraph wires carried a message to the gaol.

"Shall be with you without fail. Rely on me, Causton."

Tren Dick went to Scotland Yard. Janson was away, but would be back at a given hour. At that hour Causton returned, and had an interview with the detective. He told him who he was, and read him a portion of Reggie's letter.

"Quite right, Mr. Causton. I saw your client, and know directly that he was innocent. I told him so. It cheered him up a little, and that pretty little girl's engaged to him. Ah! you know her. As to the Frenchman, yes, he is arrested. He confessed everything the moment we put our hands on his shoulder."

"Then there will be no trouble at Grayrewood? Reginald Grayne will be released on the remand?"

"If you had asked me that question yesterday I should have answered 'Yes.' Now things are a bit different."

"What has happened?"

"When we formally charged the Frenchman he pretended to be the most surprised man on earth, and he certainly acted well; I will give him his due."

"Why sur—"

"Said he was innocent of the crime! That the last time he had seen Sir George he was alive and well. That he had never raised a hand against him."

"Yet he confessed—"

"To me, in the presence of another officer."

"Well, they certainly won't let him run loose at the next remand."

"No, I suppose not. The weapon—"

"Was the Frenchman's. He doesn't deny it."

"But I understand from the newspaper reports that Reginald was found with the knife in his hand?"

"Yes, that was the damning feature. There seems a kind of magnetism about weapons beside dead men—people will pick them up."

"It is a nasty feature, though."

"I agree. It is open to the Frenchman to say that the knife was stolen from him, or that he lost it."

"Yes. You attach some importance to this?"

"Personally I don't, but you will find the mag's, will, and, if it comes to a jury, so will the jurymen. I have seen so much of this idiotic picking up of weapons that I am almost coming to the belief when I find a man with one in his hand that he is innocent."

"You are joking."

"Well, perhaps I am exaggerating as a matter of fact, no reliance could be placed on evidence of that sort, because like persons out of ten would pick up a weapon—they don't seem able to help it."

"I understand."

"Have you read that detective story of Delanoy's? Oh yes, I read them; a policeman finds a detective story about the most amusing thing he can lay hold of, it gives him such a romantic version of his own unromantic calling. They are usually so novel! Well, this parricide story of Delanoy's was founded on fact; I gave him the details. A son with a bad father, always quarreling with him—son's knife—son seen by two witnesses near dead man with knife in hand—ran away—pursued—blood on hands; that was enough to hang a man, and that son had the narrowest escape from the gallows any man ever had."

"I remember it now; the mother confessed at the last moment."

"That's it. Dead man! infuriated her, she picked up the first weapon that came to hand, and it happened to be the son's knife. However, that has nothing to do with our prisoner, has it?"

"I am going down to Grayrewood."

"Defending Grayne?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you defend the Frenchman?"

"I don't understand you."

"He wants a lawyer—asked me to send him in one. Oh, he is friendly enough. Of course I know he is guilty, and I reckon on proving it up to the hilt; on the other hand, he persists in his innocence, and is rather amused at my certainty. He's as cool as ice over the matter."

"I don't see that I can act for both men."

"Why not? One may help the other. He won't object."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Perfectly. As a matter of fact, that is why I have not sent a lawyer in to him. He asked me to. We don't usually do this sort of thing for prisoners, but he is such a cool sort of devil that he fairly won my admiration; and when he asked me to oblige him by sending in a lawyer, I said I would."

"I understand."

"He had heard about the other arrest, and, as I was leaving, he urged me if possible to send in the same lawyer who was acting for the Grayrewood prisoner. I don't know that I should have taken any trouble over the matter, but now you have turned up, why not take on both defenses?"

"I will. Have you taken him to Grayrewood?"

"No, not yet. If you are ready to see him now, come with me. I am going to the same place."

Five minutes after a hansom was carrying the lawyer and detective to Scotland Yard.

(To be Continued.)

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

MAKING BUTTER.

The cows from which we derive our milk supply are composed mostly of the Jersey breed, writes B. J. Young. They are not on a whole registered stock, but grades. In the morning the stock is fed upon grain, wheat bran and cottonseed meal. This is fed before milking. It is better to feed silage after milking. This gives an opportunity for the odor which silage creates to pass away before milking time. It has also been found preferable to feed the silage at night, as it contains a great deal of water. If silage is fed in the morning the cows will not drink as much water as when fed on dry rations; at night it does not make so much difference.

A mess, or one feed, constitutes about four quarts bran, meal and cottonseed meal, and about one-half bushel silage per cow. This is the morning ration. The cows procure water from buckets, supplied with pure running spring water. The stock is groomed daily, receiving careful but thorough carding. Milkers preparing for duty should dress in clean clothing, and above all else work thoroughly. They should have a clean cloth or soft brush with which to give the udder a thorough cleaning.

BEFORE MILKING.

Cans should not be allowed to stand in the stable to take on the odors arising, but in the open air. As soon as a can is filled it should be placed in the milk house, especially in summer. The milk house should be located far enough from the barns so it cannot be contaminated by the foul odors from the yards. The condition of the cans is an important factor in good milk. They should be thoroughly scalded and kept clean and bright. Morning and night's milk should never be mixed unless nearly of the same temperature; as it gives a bad flavor and causes the lactic acid germ to develop rapidly.

Milk should be taken to the creamery in a clean spring wagon, and not one used for hauling manure and like matter on the farm. In summer the cans should be covered with a good canvas or blanket, and in winter, to protect the fluid from the frost, it should be likewise covered.

TEMPERATURE AND SALTING.

At the creamery, as strict care must be taken. Employees should wear clean white suits. The weighing can should be thoroughly cleaned, as should also the receiving vat, etc. We use a separator; the milk being heated to a temperature of 78 degrees. The cream is run from the separator into a pasteurizer at a temperature of 150 degrees. The skimmed milk is pumped upstairs into casine vats. The cream is run from the pasteurizer into the cream vats, where is added 10 per cent. of starter, made from a reliable butter culture. The cream is set to ripen at a temperature of 72 degrees, and held at this temperature until the proper amount of lactic acid is developed. It is then cooled to a temperature of 54 degrees by placing ice water beneath the vat.

It is now ready for the combined churn and worker. Before filling, the churns are thoroughly rinsed with cold water, to prevent the cream from adhering to the sides. The churn after being filled is started and is in continual motion until the butter is in granular form the size of a kernel of wheat. The churn is then stopped and the buttermilk removed. The butter is then sprayed with water of the same temperature at which the churning was done. After the water has been drained, salt should be sprinkled over the butter (about five pounds salt to 1,000 pounds butter), after which enough water is added to allow the butter to float. The churn is then revolved several times on slow gear, after which the water is drained off and

THE SALTING COMMENCES.

I use three-fourths ounce salt to one pound butter. Three hours is consumed in working the butter, this time being necessary to allow the salt to properly dissolve. During this process the brine should be allowed to drain frequently. In packing, the tubs should be washed thoroughly, steamed and soaked in brine. Salt should be sprinkled around the sides and bottom of the tubs, after which a paper liner that has been previously wet in brine is placed in position. The tubs being ready, the butter is packed and ready for the train. In using butter color, I do not have any stipulated amount for general use, but prepare my butter to suit my customers.

About 390 cans of milk are received by us daily. Contracts are made with farmers yearly. There are in our employ 16 men. In many minor ways butter cannot reach its destination in as good condition when shipped long distances as it was when it started from the factory.

FILLING THE ICEHOUSE.

When the ice is 14 to 16 inches thick cutting may begin. On a very small scale, a big ice saw answers the purpose, but with this implement the labor of cutting is heavy, conse-

quently it is more satisfactory to secure an ice plow, drawn by a horse. This implement is not expensive, and will last a lifetime, if properly taken care of. In southern latitudes it is not always possible to get ice 14 to 16 inches thick and quite satisfactory results are often secured in cutting ice 6 to 8 inches thick, taking great care in packing in the house.

After the pond has been cleared, it will freeze over in a short time and another cutting may be made. This can be repeated as long as cold weather lasts, and very frequently a comparatively small pond will furnish a large supply of ice, provided the water is deep enough. After the ice has been cut into blocks it is floated through a channel prepared for this purpose and loaded onto a sled or low wagon, and transported to the icehouse. The cakes should go in while dry, and for that reason fill the house only during cold, freezing weather. If this is not done, the cakes are liable to freeze together, making it difficult to get them out when wanted for use and also resulting in a great deal of breakage.

If the ice is very thin, begin by placing two rows on edge at first, packing very closely together. The remaining portion may be placed on flat, in the same position as the ice formed in the pond. Leave a 2-inch space between the layers of cakes. Every fifth or sixth row break joints. In this way the waste water can find its way to the floor and be removed and the breaking of the joints prevents the circulation of air, which of course, is the worst enemy to the keeping of ice.

As is well known, the steam or vapor arising from ice should be removed as quickly as possible, by the proper arrangement of ventilators. Be sure that no water is allowed to accumulate on the floor. There is little difficulty in keeping ice during the winter, but in the summer, when warm days come, a certain amount of vapor arises and this must be taken out at once.

COOKING FEED FOR HORSES.

Cooking feed is supposed to increase its palatability for horses, but tests at the experiment stations and some big farms do not seem to indicate this. However, it is believed that boiled feed is very useful for colts, brood mares, stallions and draft horses, being prepared for sale, or for exhibition. This kind of feed should not be given oftener than once a day at most, or better still two or three times a week. Boiling barley and oats in considerable quantities of water and pouring the water from this on chafed hay is recommended by Prof. W. A. Henry.

COMPOSITION OF MILK.

A large number of analysis give milk the following composition: Water 87½ per cent., butter fat 3½, albumenoids 3½, milk sugar and mineral water 5½. Of course, the butter fat varies in individual samples all the way from 2½ to 7 per cent.

ATHLETIC PRINCESSES

English Queen and Her Daughter; Fond of Outdoor Sports.

Queen Alexandra has always been an advocate of games and athletics for girls, if kept within reason. She was very fond of all outdoor games as a child. In running she was swift of foot as Atalanta, and skating came as naturally to her as walking. "Never," writes an enthusiastic admirer of her, the mother of the then rector of Sandringham, "did our dear princess look more graceful and fairy-like than when skimming over the ice on her skates. She seemed to express the poetry of motion."

Although fond of riding, the queen, owing to the necessity of sitting on the wrong side of the saddle, has not been a great horsewoman. Driving was at one time a favorite amusement of hers, and people living around Sandringham used to watch for the pretty pair of grays she toolled along so deftly. On one of her birthdays a little carriage, with four ponies, was given her by the emperor of Russia, and she drove these either four abreast or in the usual four-in-hand style.

Her majesty encouraged her daughters to try every form of outdoor and indoor exercise, and arranged that they should receive lessons in boating, riding, swimming and billiards. They are all fond of cycling, especially the Princess Victoria, who has made several excursions with intimate friends. The duchess of Fife's favorite sport is salmon fishing; and few women can throw a fly and play a salmon as scientifically as she. Princess Charles of Denmark is a good tennis player and has lately taken up the fancy for croquet, a game in which the queen excels.

Foreman (explaining the accident to the owner of the building): "Barney was working on the roof, sir, and he slipped and fell the whole four storeys, bringing the cornice down with him, sir, and breaking both his legs and half his ribs." Owner: "Oh, well, never mind. I intended that cornice to come down in any case."

Adoring Bride: "Jack, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday?" Dotting Bridgroom: "I think it's Friday, dearest." "Of this week?"