

# Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

## CHAPTER XLII.

The most surprised man was Janson. Burton had anticipated some dramatic surprise from Deane's manner, but he scarcely expected it to materialize in this form.

Deane received the confession with a quiet smile on his lips, and, indicating a chair, said:

"Pray be seated, Miss Westcar. You don't mind our smoking? No? Janson, you might latch the door, will you?—sitting where she is, I am afraid our friend is in a draught."

Janson rose, closed the door, and stood by it.

"And now, Miss Westcar," said Mr. Deane genially; "about this murder. Suppose you tell us all about it: how you—"

"Hold on there, Mr. Deane!" interrupted Janson. "It's my duty to tell this lady that anything she says now may be used against her as evidence later on."

"Having discharged yourself of which formula, my good Janson, oblige me by resuming your seat and listening to the little narrative this lady has come to unfold."

"I listen to nothing," answered Janson grimly. "I don't play at law, and I don't let any one else play at it in my presence. I arrest you, ma'am, miss, on your own confession."

"I thought you," she said, turning to Deane, "would arrest me, if I gave myself up to you."

"Alas! Miss Westcar, that pleasant duty falls to other hands. Not that, even if I could, would I take you into custody. And I am sorry to see our good friend, Detective Janson, doing so."

"Why?" said Janson, looking up.

"Because it will add to the number of absolutely innocent persons already arrested for this murder."

"But you said—"

"I myself say," interposed Miss Westcar "that I am guilty."

Deane smiled and shook his head.

"Rude to contradict a lady, is it not? Let us, however, argue the matter out. Now, tell us; how did you commit this murder—"

"Stop!" said Janson. "This is to end right here. It may please you, Mr. Deane, but it doesn't please me. I don't want to be hauled over the coals by the judge on this—this lady's trial—"

"There will be no trial," interposed Deane softly.

"That's as you think," said Janson shortly. "I've had my suspicions of Miss Westcar for some time."

Deane delicately covered up a smile with his hand.

"It rested," continued Janson, "between her and the Frenchman. You have all along said the Frenchman was not guilty, and you told me the real murderer would be here to-night. I believe it now. I thank you for the introduction. And now, if you are ready,"—he walked to the bell and pulled it,— "why, we will get away, miss."

The waiter answered the summons. To him Janson said:

"A fly—have you got one ready?"

"In 'alf a moment, sir."

"Quick as you can, and tell me when it is ready."

"Janson," said Deane, still softly, "if you persist in doing what you propose, you will never forgive yourself this night's work."

"I'll chance that."

"If you will but listen—not that you deserve it—I will save you from the commission of an act of folly."

"Look here, Mr. Deane, I have had enough of this confounded high-and-mighty style of yours. Drop it. I am not in the humor for it. When I want to be amused, I can listen to you; but I don't care about playing with matters of life and death. Once more, I say, drop it."

"Consider it dropped, Janson. Thank yourself later for the consequences. And—later on—pay me the compliment of saying that I warned you, and would have saved you from yourself."

Janson snorted in his wrath.

"Miss Westcar," continued Deane, turning to the lady, "you have fallen in my estimation. It has been interesting to me to follow your career. Right away through you have been consistent, and I admire consistency."

"I am guilty—"

"Don't—don't, Miss Westcar—to me! I know better. Keep up the parrot-like observation whilst you are driving with our irate friend here to the station, but spare me."

She looked hard at Deane as he continued:

"It was necessary for me to look up your past, and as a caterer of heartless, fraudulent, get-money-any-howism, I found it unique. Its beauty was its consistent heartlessness, and now you are breaking away from it and letting a little sentiment come into play. It is a mistake. Your other cards have been good enough to play with; this is useless."

She still looked at him, unable to fathom his meaning; but as he went on the color left her cheeks, and she showed the feeling he aroused.

"From the time of your appoint-

"You are dull to-night, Burton."  
"Explain."  
"She has given herself into custody."  
"Yes."  
"Evidencing the depth of her love for this man by even wishing to die for him."  
"My yes."  
"What does she expect the man to do on his liberation?"  
"Hang me if I can tell!"  
Deane laughed.  
"She knows, you see, who the guilty one really is."  
"The deuce she does!"  
"Yes. She has watched me at work, and made two and two four. Oh, she is not a fool by a long way!"  
"M'no; she does not look it."  
"She has heard me promise that I will produce the guilty one within twenty-four hours—hence she had no time to lose. She knows I can. The visit to gaol, 'I will take your place,' etc. What does she argue will be the result of this proof of her affection? Why, that the first thing—when things are settled—that Reginald Grayne will do will be to—out of sheer gratitude—marry her."  
"I see!"  
"She knows he will be wealthy. Wealth is the dream of her life. Couple with that a bona-fide feeling of love—oh yes, don't look so; it doesn't follow that a tigeress is necessarily without warmth of feeling—couple that, I say, with a feeling of love, and see how pretty the picture of the future looks for her! Remember, that a few days in gaol has no terrors for her—she spent two years of her life in prison."  
"I understand."  
"That was her scheme—a very shabby, poor little scheme for so clever a brain to give birth to. It was though, perhaps, her last resource, and the feeling of sentiment blinded her. Sentiment is a mistake in any business."  
"What will be the result?"  
"She will be liberated, of course."  
"But Reginald?"  
"Oh, he knows the pretty little plot. He sent to me to-day. You remember the boy with the letter?—that was from Reginald. She had made a dramatic exit from her last interview with him. 'You shall not suffer,' she said; 'I will go to this Bradley Deane, and give myself up.' That accounted, you see, for my rather expecting and being prepared for her."  
"I follow. But the real murderer?"  
"Was asked to be here at nine o'clock. It wants but five minutes to that hour. Let me finish my writing; it is a confession I want the murderer to sign. Janson, even if he could be found now, would not come in response to any message I might send him. Therefore, when I get my confession signed, I shall let the signer loose."  
"You do not fear he will escape altogether?"  
"Escape, yes; escape, no," answered Deane enigmatically. "If I have read the murderer's character correctly—and I am a pretty good judge of faces—the hangman will never be troubled in the matter."  
"You mean—"  
"That death by suicide will be preferred to the delicate attentions of the public executioner."  
Save for the scratching of Deane's pen not a sound disturbed the quiet of the room. The little clock on the mantel struck nine, and still the writing went on. Burton continued his smoking in silence.  
Presently a voice in the hotel passage was heard:  
"Your side gate is closed. Just let me leave my cycle here, will you? I shan't be long. This is Mr. Bradley Deane's room, is it not? Thanks."  
A tap at the door, Deane's invitation to enter, a turning of the handle, a creak on the hinges, and Ashley Grayne entered the room.  
(To be Continued.)

## FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

### CARE OF THE HORSE.

I often hear the owner of a horse say: "My horse is not doing well. His hair is not looking right and his food seems to do him no good, although it should, as he has a good appetite and consumes food enough, yet he doesn't keep up in flesh as he should writes Mr. Brigham Taylor."

I have one case in mind of this kind. I took the animal in hand and began my mode of treatment, or care and feed. In one month one could see great improvement, with less grain and hay and more water. No horse can thrive unless he has a full supply of water. Many people only water a horse twice a day. I never water a horse less than three times each day, and oftener four, but always late in the evening, about nine o'clock.

All horses will take a good drink at this time, particularly in summer. It is worth more to the horse than a feed of grain.

I always intend to give a horse water, while driving on the road, often enough so that he will never drink enough to hurt him. It is a mistake to drive a horse twenty or thirty miles and then let him wait an hour or two before he gets water. Let him have it often during the drive. He will not drink enough to harm him, and you will not water founder your horse. This disease always results from improper care and ignorance.

No one can lay down a rule which will cover all cases. Many think a horse must be scratched with a SHARP-TOOTHED CURRYCOMB.

every day for about one-half hour and they washed and rubbed another half hour to get the dust out of the hair. Now, I think this is all time wasted or nearly all of it. No horse looks better than mine, and he did not have a currycomb on him all winter. When I come in from driving I cover him with a very light blanket. Then after he has been standing an hour or two I take a wire-tooth card—or if the roads are bad I do this before blanketing—but I never leave the blanket on over night if the stable is tight and comfortable as it should be. A good brush is all that is needed after the care to straighten the hair.

By following this plan of grooming the horse never shows dandruff and always looks smooth. When shedding time comes he sheds much more clean and even. Much unnecessary work is done by not knowing how to do work properly.

The care of the feet is very important. Many horses never have their feet cleaned except when they are taken to the shop to be shod. No horse should be taken from the stable and put on the road without thoroughly cleaning his feet taking out all dirt which has become fastened to the feet. If this is practiced daily there will be no thrush or diseased feet. I have handled horses very many years and have learned these things from practical experience. If men handling horses will practice the above they will find they are saving much time and taking much better care of their horses. What I term a horse stable is a building made so that no water snow or wind can enter. Nothing saves more in the way of food and labor than a tight warm building. But don't forget the drinking water.

### FRUIT GROWING FOR YOUNG MEN.

There is no other branch of agriculture that requires a higher degree of scientific training than horticulture.

The successful fruit grower must know the soil and the principles of fertilization; he must understand the principles of drainage and cultivation; he must be more than a book botanist; he must have vegetable anatomy and pathology; he must be able to graft, and prune and dress wounds of trees. He must have a knowledge of insects, to be able to successfully and economically combat their ravages, and there are still problems of vast economic importance awaiting his solution.

He must be a business man. There is always a good demand for fruit, and it is constantly increasing. To successfully market a large crop to the best advantage is no small business undertaking and the successful horticulturist must be equal to the task. His work is of a somewhat higher class than is that of the general farmer, but is less strenuous, and his profits larger, for there is no other farm crop that will compare in dollars per acre with a fruit crop. True, fruit gathering time means long, hard hours of work, but after it is over there is time for self-improvement and even recreation and leisure.

Again, horticulture includes landscape gardening, the most graceful and beautiful of all arts. The young man who chooses it for his profession has the greatest opportunity for beautifying his home, a work that will yield more in character building and true happiness than any other work he may do. Is it any wonder that with the unkept surroundings of many farmers' homes, the children are not enthusiastic over farm life, and leave it at the first opportunity for the light attractions of the city? As moral stimulus there is no comparison between the free, outdoor farm life and the dusty city. If by beautifying the farm and its surroundings one can instill into the boys and girls a love for the country he will have left a rich inheritance.

### FATTENING GROWING BIRDS.

A matured animal or bird fattens more readily than one that is growing because its requirements are fewer. It is sometimes very difficult to make a growing chick fat, as the food goes to form bone and muscle rather than fat, the carbonaceous material serving to heat the body. Such chicks seem to grow and really attain good weights in a short period, but they are not always fat. In order to fatten them properly, the work must be done quickly. They should be cooped up, and given plenty of cornmeal and ground grain moistened with milk, with wheat and ground corn at night. One week is long enough as they will begin to lose flesh or become sick if kept confined too long, for the growing chick can subsist but a short time on a carbonaceous diet. The necessity for nitrogen, due to the formation of features, as well as lack of elements of bone, will cause chicks to droop. The chicks may be made of grain one fourth their weight in ten days that is a two pound chick in ten days should weigh two and one half pounds. But in such cases the weight is not so desirable as the fat, as they will gain very rapidly if highly fed, even when running at large, though they do not fatten readily on account of the food going to flesh and bone. As soon as they mature they fatten very quickly and with pullets the difficulty will then be to prevent them from becoming too fat.

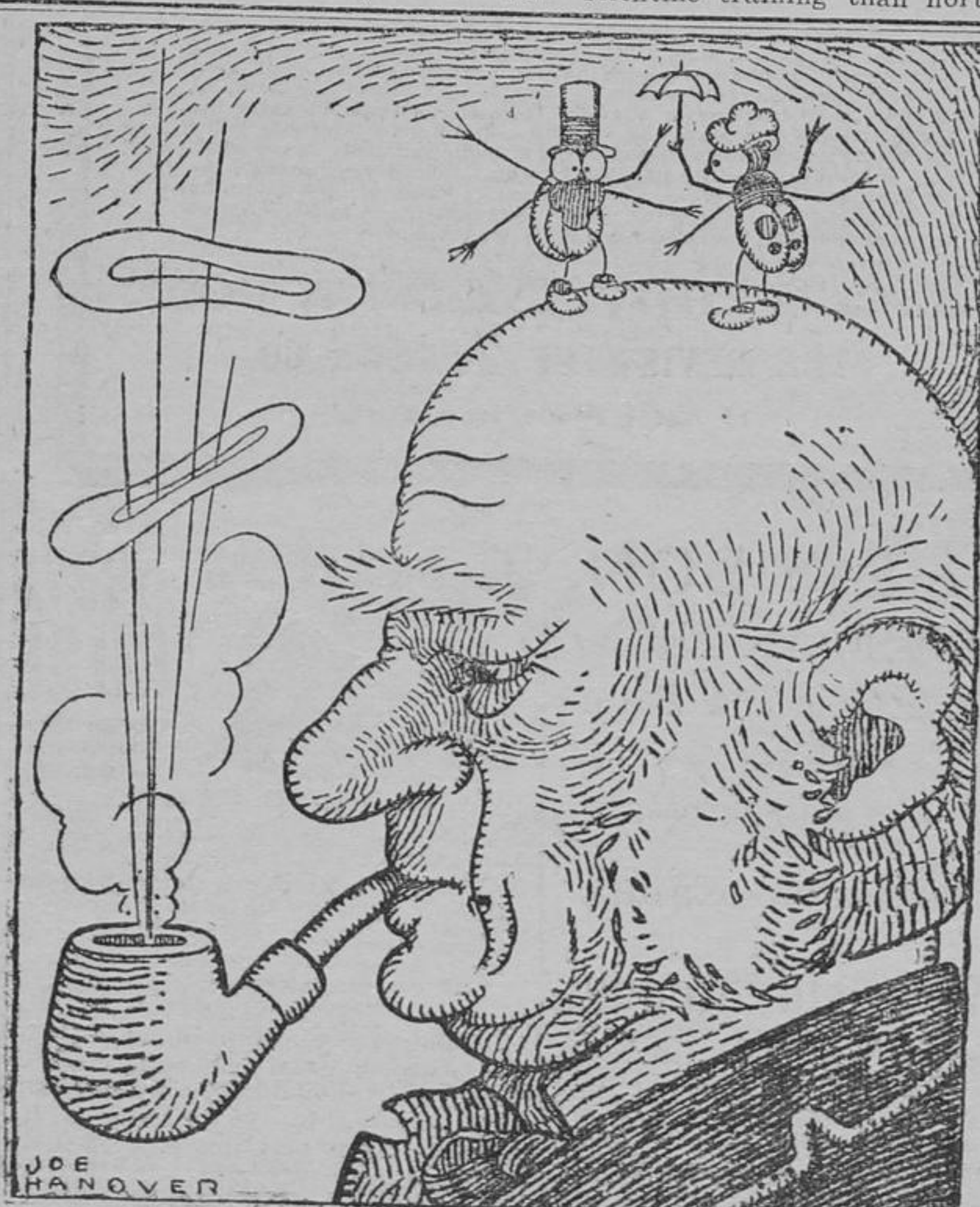
### HEALTH AND LAUGHING.

#### Sanity and Recreation in Cachinatory Exercises.

Some time ago a patient in an insane asylum was suffering from extreme melancholia. He did not laugh or smile. Day after day he sat or walked with an expression of settled melancholy on his face. Months passed, without bringing any change in his condition. Finally his physician resolved to try a new form of treatment—the laugh cure. He employed a large, jovial, hearty man to come to the patient's door every day and laugh. What peals the visitor sent ringing through the whole establishment, of deep, melodious, side-shaking laughter, so joyous, hearty, and infectious that every one who heard was compelled to join in it! But the melancholy sufferer looked at the laughing man with the same deep, immovable gloom upon his face.

One day, while the laughter was convulsing every one in his vicinity, the patient suddenly stopped pacing his room, and burst into a hearty laugh. The effect was magical. The light of reason shone once more in his face. He looked around in a dazed way, and asked, "Where am I? What is this place?" The black clouds of gloom had been dispersed. The melancholia had departed. The man was in his right mind again. Laughter had done for him what the physicians, the drugs, and all the treatment at the asylum had failed to do.

If people only knew what the habit of practicing real side-shaking laughter every day would do for them, thousands of physicians would be looking for a change of employment. If you want to be well and happy, practice laughter. Don't be afraid to let yourself out. Shake yourself with deep, hearty laughter several times every day. It will do more for you than horseback-riding, a gymnasium, or solemn, sober walks. It is the best kind of recreation. It is nature's great safety valve. It gives the body more resisting power. It doubles one's force, and increases capacity for endurance.—Stress.



AN IMPENDING TRAGEDY.

Bug Lover—Fairest Angelina, for the last time I ask you to be mine. Refuse, and I throw myself into the crater of yon fiery volcano.