

Not Guilty ;

Or, A Great Mistake.

CHAPTER V.

The Major had told Gordon at the dinner which commenced that evening night, that Africa was a very different place to London, and scouting on the outposts of a beleaguered town a very different affair to "shadowing" among the streets of the great city.

Yet Gordon's experience stood him in good stead on more than one occasion in his pursuit of this man whose destination he had determined to discover.

The streets were so deserted; slight noises rang out so loudly in the quiet air, that it would have been an easy matter for an amateur to blunder and betray his presence during the journey which the two men took. Gordon, however, made no blunders. There was cover for him even here in the empty streets, a lamp-post, a doorway, a dark shadow cast from a gabled house, anything served him for a momentary screen when his quarry stopped or turned; and to keep his footsteps from sounding sharply on the hard pavement was child's play to one whose life had been at the mercy of a breaking twig on many an occasion, when the slightest noise would have been followed by the snapping of a dozen Boer rifles and an alarm for the whole town.

And so though Gordon's quarry walked cautiously, and occasionally glanced round as if not at all free from the fear of being followed, he caught no sign of his wary pursuer, and continued his way confidently.

Gordon had decided that this man was about to pay a visit to the lovely owner of the silver pin. According to his theory, he had come back to the scene of the murder expecting to see the young girl there still. Finding her gone he had been dismayed and anxious. Then the recollection of the knife—telltale weapon left in the dead man's breast—had come to him. He had searched for it, found it gone, and, concluding that the young girl must have taken it with her, had determined to make certain by seeking her at her home.

It was therefore with something of disappointment that Gordon saw him, after making his way across Trafalgar Square, turn down Northumberland Avenue, and ring the bell at the door of one of the big hotels.

It did not destroy Gordon's theory, for the young girl might very well be staying at an hotel, but he realized that it was quite possible that this man himself might also be residing there, and in that case it would be much more difficult, probably, to obtain particulars of the two people.

He edged as near as he dared to the hotel, but when the night-porter at length opened the door, he succeeded in catching very little of the brief conversation which ensued. It was evident that the dark man inquired for someone, and that he was informed, after a short delay, that the individual was not in the house; but the name which he had asked for Gordon did not hear.

"So far I have lost," thought George, as the dark man came down the hotel steps into the street again. "But, after all, as I have the girl in my house it should not be difficult to find out as much from herself as I could have discovered had I learnt where she lived. This fellow will go home now, and I ought to make pretty certain of getting into the way of learning something of him at least."

Gordon kept discreetly to the shadow where he had ensconced himself, and the dark man stood for a moment looking round irresolutely. He had his hand up to his face, and though it was impossible for George to make sure of the fact, he was morally certain that he was engaged in biting his fingers again.

"Nibble away, old fellow," he thought, "I have plenty of patience." As if he had heard the unspoken thought, the dark man started, and turning up his coat collar, walked away. George waited a moment, and then followed carefully.

The dark man walked at a brisker pace this time, and did not turn round, as he had done before. It was evident from his manner that he had quite decided on his destination, and that he wished to arrive there as quickly as possible.

"He is certainly going home," thought Gordon; "and I'm not sorry, for I want to go home myself. I shall mark the house down and make inquiries to-morrow. There will be nothing else to be done to-night of course, or rather to-day, for, by love, it is getting on for the morning!"

The dark man walked briskly across Trafalgar Square again, along Pall Mall, and up St. James's Street. On reaching Piccadilly he turned to the left in the direction of the Park, and made his way along until he came to Park Lane, up which he turned.

Gordon was following him at some distance now. From the man's quick, assured walk, he had come to the conclusion that he was making for Oxford Street, at least, and probably for some where still further north; and as Park Lane was entirely deserted he did not want to attract his attention by keep-

ing too close to him; nor did he fear to lose sight of him by getting too far behind.

Nevertheless, this is precisely what he did.

About half way along the Lane, some sound in the Park on his left made him turn his eyes in that direction for a second, and during that space the dark man disappeared.

Gordon could hardly believe his eyes, as he stared up and down the quiet street, but he speedily explained the phenomenon to himself by catching a glimpse of a turning on the right about a couple of hundred yards ahead.

He hastened his steps, but he was too old a bird to hasten rashly. The man had disappeared very suddenly, it struck him, and it was possible that he might be waiting round the corner. He therefore crossed the road, and while putting on a good pace, he nevertheless held himself prepared for any surprise which might come.

There was no trap, however. The object of his pursuit had genuinely disappeared. The turning was as empty as Park Lane had been, and there was not a sound or sign to help him.

He stood for a moment, looking about him and listening eagerly.

The street in which he found himself was narrow and short, but it was long enough for him to be convinced that the dark man had not got to the end of it. He was somewhere in that street Gordon was certain, but where?

He walked up one side and down the other. He had heard no door bang, nor could he see lights in any of the houses right or left. It seemed impossible to guess into which of these gloomy and uninhabited-looking dwellings the man had vanished.

Gordon stood undecided, looking up at the windows around him. Suddenly a gleam of light from the house opposite caught his eye, and he looked at it keenly.

It was a large house, standing a little way back from the footpath, and appeared to be as still and deserted as its fellows, but Gordon was not to be deceived by appearances. He had an unlimited belief in his quickness of sight, and he was sure that the gleam which he had seen had not existed in his imagination only, and that it came from a window on the first floor. He determined to watch this house, and with that view he took up a comfortable position in the shadow of the garden opposite and sat himself down on one of the stone steps to await further developments.

He had not long to wait. In a few moments he heard the door of the house open quietly, and saw two men come out. He looked quickly through the trees, but neither of them was the man he sought. They passed quite close to him, talking rather loudly and laughing, and Gordon had a good look at them.

"That beastly light may have deluded me after all," he thought. "Because there is a light in that house and two men come out of it, it does not follow that my man has gone in." And yet he sat on.

His patience was rewarded after a fashion, for again he heard the door open and again two men came. This time they turned in the other direction, but Gordon was sure that neither of them was the man of the Regent Street flat.

"There must be a party on," he thought. "But what party goes on till this hour of the morning, except a dance, and there is no music to be heard. Besides," he continued suddenly, "what kind of a party can it be which men go to at this hour?"

For three men in evening dress, laughing and talking loudly drove up at this moment in a hansom, and, stopping the cab a little way off, got out and walked across to the mysterious house.

Gordon watched them enter the gate and go up to the door, where one of them knocked and followed his signal by a rather peculiar whistle. The signal was answered at once, but an altercation ensued between the party and the person who opened the door, and continued for some time before the three were finally admitted.

"Hullo," said Gordon to himself, "this is a peculiar house. I wonder what would happen if I whistled like that and went in. I have an idea I should rather like to try."

He walked across to the gate opposite and entered the garden. At the door he hesitated for a moment, but from what he had caught of the altercation of a few moments before, and of the conversation of the two men who had passed him, he had formed a theory he determined to test at any cost.

He imitated as well as he could the whistle he had noticed and knocked at the door of this house, which, now that he was near it, appeared more deserted than ever.

The door was opened instantly by a man in livery who stared at him, and instantly attempted to bang the door in his face.

But Gordon was ready for the move. His toe was between the door and the

lamb and a second after the man in livery was staggering back in the passage.

"I beg your pardon," said Gordon mildly. "But I want to come in." "You can't come in here," said the man, still a little confused. "This is private."

"What about those other three who went in just now?" said Gordon persuasively. "They were strangers, too, all but one of them. I heard you say so."

The man shook his head. "No one come in here. We're all in bed and asleep here."

"Except you, eh?" "Yes, sir, except me."

"Look here," said Gordon, pulling out a couple of sovereigns. "It'll be all right to let me in. I'm an officer in the Army. I'm sure to know someone here."

The man hesitated, but at last made his decision. "It's no use, sir," he said. "You had better go away."

Gordon saw the door closing again, and he knew he certainly could not force his way in. He was about to conclude that the game was up, when suddenly a further door at the back of the man in livery opened, and a young man in evening dress appeared.

"Gordon!" he cried; "George Gordon, by all that's holy!"

Gordon felt as if someone had suddenly presented him with a hundred pounds.

"Billy!" he said, and darted forward, shaking the young man's hand.

"Billy" was a young man of rapid tastes whom Gordon avoided as a general rule, but whom, being a cousin of sorts, he was obliged to be polite to occasionally.

At this moment he felt more than friendly to him, and the young man, slightly intoxicated as he appeared to be, was quick to notice the symptom.

"Gordon, old fellow," he said, hastily. "I'm a terrier?"

"Certainly," returned Gordon. "But, oh, by the way, I want to get in here."

"You do? You want to get in? Good Lord! What's the world coming to. I didn't know beccarat was in your line. However, if you want to have a flutter, I can soon put you up. It's only a question of writing down your name, and paying a pound. By the way," he continued anxiously, as he led Gordon through a dark passage into a brilliantly-lighted ante-room. "If you are going to play, I suppose you will want all your money?"

Gordon laughed. "Oh, no, Billy, your tenner's all right. I have enough on me, fortunately, for both."

The young fellow gave a heartfelt sigh of relief, which made Gordon smile.

"Good man," he said. "I was just going home broke. If I could have held out for a moment longer, my luck would have turned. There's a man just come in who always brings me luck."

Gordon started.

"What's he like?" he said.

"What's who like? Oh, the man? He's a jolly good-looking chap, and a good sort, too. But come along in, and see the chips fly. I'll show him to you when we're inside."

They made their way along a richly-lighted passage, covered with costly carpets and adorned with handsome pictures, to a large drawing-room still more brilliantly lighted and more handsomely decorated, where about twenty well-dressed men were gathered around a table covered with green cloth. Some were seated, some were standing, all seemed to be breathlessly watching the large white counters that were scattered here and there in little divisions on each side of the table.

At the head sat a fat Jewish-looking man with a bald head and red nose, who was dealing cards, and who held an ivory rake in his hand.

Gordon, after a glance at this individual and at the familiar appurtenances of a high-class gambling house, turned as eager eye round the players for the man he hoped to find there.

For a moment he did not see him, but Billy touched him on the shoulder.

"There's the man I told you of—there on the right," he said.

Gordon looked in the direction designated, and felt his heart beat quicker. He had not been mistaken, for there, with his eyes glued on the banker and a little pile of chips before him, sat the dark man with the white face.

(To be continued.)

PITH, POINT AND PATHOS.

The less you need help the more anxious the rest of the world is to help you. To make a woman supremely happy it is necessary to give her something to pity.

You can tell what a man ought to have been by what his epitaph says that he was.

Too often goodness is nothing but the lack of opportunity to take a try at wickedness.

Marriage would be more successful if there were not so many relatives trying to run them.

The more necessary it is for a man to account for something the less able he is to do it.

It is funny what nice dispositions all babies have until their mothers take them out in public.

Honesty is the quality that makes a man admit that his baby is just as ugly as is his neighbor's.

If you want to make certain that your wife will grant your request, ask her to do something she wants to.

About the Farm

PRESERVING EGGS FOR WINTER.

Unquestionably one of the best methods for preserving eggs for winter use is water-glass, better known to the chemist as silicate of soda, writes James Long in Farmers' Gazette. It is much more expensive than lime, but, after all, the expense is inconsiderable, and it really should not cost much when it is used in the preservation of a large quantity of eggs. The silicate may be used with every confidence. But it is possible that some difficulty may be experienced if eggs are preserved by its aid for sale, in consequence of the deposit or formation of a milky substance on the shells, the cause of which has not yet been ascertained. So far, the experience of those who have used water-glass is satisfactory, but it is proved that the solution or mixture need not be so strong as hitherto recommended. Instead of one gallon to five of water, the eggs may be preserved with every success by using one gallon of the silicate to from seven to eight gallons of water. The water should be of the cleanest and purest, and in all cases boiled before use, that any living organisms present may be destroyed. The eggs—and this is an important matter, perhaps more important than the purity of water—should have been laid by hens which have not been running with a male bird, although we do not say that this is absolutely essential. It is, however, an additional guarantee as to success. Fertile eggs are, when kept, influenced by temperature. The germs having once started into life, may, owing to a fall of temperature, die, and be followed by decomposition; and although this decomposition may be insipid and confined to a small area, it nevertheless, affects the entire egg. The eggs, too, should be fresh, otherwise in every egg, there will be air-space, and the presence of air within the egg confined in the water-glass solution is deleterious to its keeping properties.

The eggs having been collected—and we confess it difficult to collect a large number of perfectly fresh eggs where only a small number of hens are kept—all being perfectly clean, are placed in the necessary vessels, subsequently covered with the mixture, which has been well stirred before it is poured onto the eggs. It has sometimes been found that a slight change in the flavor has been present in the yolks of eggs preserved in silicate of soda, but in the great majority of cases of which we have records—and there have been many tests in this and other countries—the flavor is pronounced excellent, or no fault whatever is found with it.

Apart from the water-glass, the best process to be recommended is the lime process. Here, the purest lime obtainable, and also the freshest, is mixed with water, being well stirred and allowed to settle. When settlement is complete, the lime-water is poured onto the eggs, but if the water in which the lime is still in suspension through stirring, and in too large quantities, is poured onto the eggs directly the vessel is at rest, the precipitate begins to form at the bottom of the vessel, and the eggs become bedded in a mass of lime, from which they can only be extracted in a broken condition. It has recently been recommended that, inasmuch as the influence of the lime held in the water is diminished by the atmosphere, that the surface of the lime-water should be covered with a layer of olive oil. We are not satisfied that the results of this precaution will be so economical and satisfactory as the result achieved where every few weeks the lime-water is poured off and the eggs covered with a newly-made lot; for, after all, the lime used on this small scale costs little or nothing, and, therefore, may be freely employed. Some experimenters have found that the addition of a small quantity of salt to the lime-water improves the preservative mixture, and we believe that this is practically the mixture which is used by the merchant egg-preservers in Ireland and other countries.

PRESERVATIVES IN BUTTER.

The report of the principal chemist of the British Government Laboratory, upon its work for the year ended March 31, 1907, has been issued as a Parliamentary paper.

Of 1,875 samples of imported butter examined, 642 were from Holland, and of these 45.6 per cent. contained boron preservative, and 28.6 per cent. contained added coloring matter; 93.8 per cent. of the 161 French samples, 93.6 per cent. of the 141 Belgian, 83.3 per cent. of the 72 Australian, 80.4 per cent. of the 46 South American and 79.5 per cent. of the Belgian samples contained added coloring matter. Of the 56 samples of Canadian butter, 53.5 per cent. contained boron preservative, and 16.0 per cent. had added coloring matter. There was a slight diminution—from 50 per cent. in 1905-6, to 44.4 per cent. in 1907—in the proportion of samples containing boron preservative, and there was a decrease in the number of samples containing added coloring matter, in 1906, 32.9 per cent., and in the present year 25.1 per cent.

At the request of the Local Government Board, a return was made to that department of the amount of boron preservative in the samples of butter examined. The figures showed that butter, from certain countries in particular,

contained the preservative in excess of the amount recommended as the limit by the Committee on Preservatives in Food; but, in the absence of legislation on the point, and in view of the conflicting decisions in the Courts, it was not advised that proceedings should be taken.

FARM NOTES.

Good care adds to the life and usefulness of the buggy, as it does to all other things on the farm.

As fast as you get through using the different farm tools, put them away in their place. It is nice to have a tool-house, but if you have none, you can have a particular place for everything, so that you will not need to hunt everywhere when you need some implement.

Few farmers have the opportunity of carrying on experiments at their homes upon the scale which is made possible at the stations. We should accept the result of the experiments there made as conclusive as a rule, exceptional cases only proving a variance. At least the bulletins tell us exactly what has been done, and if any farmer believes otherwise, let him test the same thing thoroughly at home and give out the result. But the average farmer is not accurate enough in his methods. He guesses at too much. He gives an estimate, and immediately denounces the scientist for not agreeing with him in this decision.

FROM NEAR AND FAR.

Interesting Paragraphs From the World's Four Quarters.

Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to an odd punishment. The man who has married two wives is legally forced to live with both of them, in the same house.

The throne of Persia, known as the Wonderful Peacock Throne, is probably the most costly in the world. It is literally covered with jewels and is valued at between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

What is considered to be the largest telegraph circuit in daily operation in the world is that between London and Teheran, the capital of Persia, which is some 4,000 miles in length. The line is divided into twelve sections.

The Chief of the Gend (Switzerland) police, who is organizing a brigade of police-women, proposes to take on none except women of from forty to fifty, at that age he thinks the sex has reached years of discretion, and has sufficient experience of life and human nature.

In Sweden the public-houses are closed on Saturday—pay-day—while the savings banks are kept open until midnight. No Government can force a man to save his money; but this Swedish system at least encourages him to deposit it where it is most likely to be of use.

It is stated that the Turkish Government during next month will dispose of a collection of Government stamps numbering 17,000,000. The proceeds of the sale are to form a nucleus for the building fund of the new railway to be constructed between Damascus and Beirut.

Egg shells as gas mantles is an idea from Germany. The contents are drawn or blown out, the ends are neatly cut off, and the body of the shell is fixed in position like the regular article. The light thus obtained is very good, while the new form of mantle is much more durable.

To hang in the great court of the Post Office department in Washington a flag will soon be made which it is believed will be the largest in the world. It will be 60 feet long by about 35 feet wide. The thirteen red and white stripes will each be nearly 3 feet wide. The cost will be \$200.

In its cold storage one London drapery firm sometimes has \$750,000 worth of furs in safe keeping for customers, including all kinds of fur garments, from perresses' robes to motor coats. The cold air is a protection against moths, and their being also kept in complete darkness greatly improves many furs.

Glenfield tunnel, on the Leicester and Swannington Railway, England, is the oldest tunnel in the world. It is about a mile long, and is the oldest section of the Midland Company's system. Only four passenger trains pass through the tunnel each week day, and from Saturday night until Monday morning the tunnel is closed by a padlocked door at either end.

One of the most remarkable freak newspapers ever printed was the "Luminara," published in Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus, so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the "Regal," printed with non-poisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. "Le Bien Etre" promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and free burial.

A widow named Ann Winn, aged eighty-nine, who was recently buried at Constanine, near Falmouth, England, left 151 descendants, including seventeen sons and daughters, the eldest of whom is seventy-one. There are seventy-five grandchildren and fifty-nine great-grandchildren. Deceased has two brothers and a sister still alive, their ages being ninety-three, eighty-five, and seventy-five. For many years the deceased woman, whose husband was a blacksmith, assisted in the village smithy, both at the bellows and with the sledge-hammer.

IN THE KITCHEN.

"It's fine!" said the Pulverized Sugar, when it came to a question of flavoring.

"It's grate!" cried the Nutmeg.

"Not so sweet as it might have been," retorted the Vanilla.