

# Not Guilty;



## Or, A Great Mistake.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

As Gordon and his companion made their way in the direction of Minden Lane, the former pondered upon the meaning of the scene overheard by Sterrett. Could he doubt, with the knowledge that was in his mind, that the ex-corporal was right and that there was a connection between this attack upon him and something which had taken place, or was to take place, at Minden Lane; could he doubt also that the taller man of the two whom Sterrett had overheard was Usher? Usher's appearance, and his connection with these street ruffians, had nearly ended fatally for himself; did it bode evil also for Vivienne's father?

True, Usher was apparently friendly till now with Gaunt; true, Gaunt himself trusted the man; but Gordon felt that he himself did not; he felt in his heart that this couple, both father and daughter, were but pawns in some desperate game which the gambler was playing, and that at any moment, should the necessity arise, such a man would not hesitate to sacrifice both of them, or if not both, at least the one whose life he cared for least.

He felt that there was not a moment to be lost in seeking Mr. Gaunt, and at least informing him of what he knew. Should Mr. Gaunt be still in safety, should he be possessed of information which kept him convinced of Usher's bona-fides, or refuse to listen to Gordon's suspicions, then all that he could do would be to give his energy to helping Vivienne, who more and more usurped his thoughts.

With all the haste that he and Sterrett made, it seemed an interminable time before they stood at length in front of the little gate in the wall in Minden Lane.

All the streets in the district were badly enough lighted, but Minden Lane perhaps, because it was a cul-de-sac, was practically in darkness, and it took some fumbling before Gordon could even find the handle of the gate.

The place had been gloomy in the daytime, but it was eminently more cheerful at night, Gordon thought, as they made their way up the weedy path. There was no light to greet them, no sound of habitation, only the deserted house seemed to loom up at them from out of the darkness and bring foreboding to Gordon's heart.

"An empty house, sir?" said Sterrett, as they approached the front, and the broken windows and curtainless rooms commenced to show up.

"Not quite empty, I hope, Sterrett," returned Gordon. "By heaven, though, I am not sure," he continued. "Why the front door is open! What can have happened?"

With a spring he left Sterrett's side and ran up the steps. He struck a light as he reached the hall, and making quickly for the cellar door, he flung himself down the steps.

There was no sound of any kind to tell him that Gaunt had heard his coming and risen to welcome him, and when he called his name, no answer came back.

Furiously he made his way again through the whole of the basement, but there was not a sign of Gaunt; and even his clothes and these scraps of food upon the barrel had disappeared.

Dismayed, Gordon returned to the hall and met Sterrett, who had produced a lantern from somewhere and was looking contemptuously about him in the hall.

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope, sir?" he said, noticing Gordon's face.

"I don't know. I fear so," said Gordon. "Lend me your lantern."

Sterrett handed the light to him, and together they paced slowly along the passage.

There was enough footprints there now; more than Usher's, more than Gordon's; the place was covered with them, and down the cellar steps and in the cellars the ground was trampled as if a small army had been engaged there. Gordon eyed the traces keenly, and turned to Sterrett. "There has been a struggle here," he said.

Sterrett's eyes followed his silently. "Yes, sir; there has been a bit of a scrimmage," he said at length.

After examining the cellars thoroughly by the aid of the lantern, they returned upstairs. There was still the possibility, faint as it was, of course, that Gaunt might still be in the house, but as soon as Gordon reached the stairs up from the hall, he knew that the hope was vain. The footmarks were all from the cellar door to the front hall; the dust upon the stairs was as thick and undisturbed as it had been when he had visited it before.

Mr. Gaunt had disappeared, there was not a doubt of it; but how? Had he gone quietly, of his own accord? Not if Gordon's experience of the trackers had taught him anything. Had he been taken by the police, or had Usher and his satellites for some purpose of their own abducted him?

At all events, it was a case, he felt, where Sterrett's help might be invaluable to him.

"Someone has been hiding here, Sterrett," he said, after a moment's consideration.

"Yes, sir; the young lady's father, I suppose."

ance, while, as yet, perhaps, there was no danger to fear; but he always hoped that as she saw him often and knew him better she might be led to confide in him something of the mysterious history of that night in the flat at Regent Street; something which might throw some light upon the tragedy and explain the attitude which she had taken up.

He found her door open to him on this occasion, and he was shown directly into the room where she sat.

He could see that she was glad to see him again, and the light in her eyes found a response in his own, as she gave him her hand for a second; but he touched her lightly to notice her face resume its former sad expression as the flush faded again from her cheek, and to hear her sigh as she sank back into her chair and took up the work which she was engaged upon.

She had not spoken, except to give the ordinary salutation, but he felt that her eyes had, almost in spite of herself, asked him the question which was in her mind, and he replied to it as if the words had indeed been said.

"I have no news yet, Miss Gaunt," he said, "but it is early to expect that I should. I fancy, however, that before long I may have something to tell you, and that something good. Meanwhile, may I hope that all is well with you?"

"Quite well, thank you," she replied. "Miss Wrent, my old governess, is very kind to me, and I am very comfortable. It is only the dreadful waiting, waiting, which is so hard to bear. If only I could see my father sometimes, I could have more patience."

Gordon sighed. It was impossible for him to reply satisfactorily to the half-question, and he was silent for a moment.

"I can only repeat that I am at your service with all my thoughts and energies," he said at last, "and that I am sure, as I have been all along, that there is some way out of all this trouble, some way which will leave you free and happy again, with your mind at ease."

Miss Gaunt looked up at him, and at his tone her eyes filled with tears. "Thank you, Colonel Gordon," she said, simply, "I am sure if it were in your power to help us you would do so. But, alas! it is not in your power, or in the power of anyone to undo what has once been done—but of what use to talk more of it? There is a week yet, a whole long week," with a sad smile at Gordon, "before—"

"Before I succeed in accomplishing a miracle," said Gordon, "and not very long a time either in which to accomplish what is nowadays such a very unusual thing. But come, Miss Gaunt, it is something to see you smile. You will make me quite conceited soon, and I shall be fancying that I have almost succeeded in convincing you that this is not all so hopeless as it seems."

Miss Gaunt shook her dark head. "Ah, no, it is not that," she said sadly. "It is—ah, I suppose, it is that one sometimes forgets sorrow for a moment, however great it may be, when one is with someone who one feels is kind and sympathetic."

Gordon leaned a little forward. "I mean to be kind, certainly," he said, "but am I sympathetic to you? You know," he said, with a little smile, but with an eagerness in his tone which he could not disguise, "sympathetic may have two meanings; it may mean that I sympathize with you, or it may mean that—"

"That you are what the Italians call 'simpatico' to me," said the young girl, raising her lovely eyes laughingly but shyly to his. "Oh, yes, if it pleases you, I think you may consider yourself that." Gordon felt that his heart was beating as no woman had ever made it beat before, and his eyes met hers almost fiercely. "And you think, then, that I would let you throw yourself away, sacrifice yourself for the sake of some miserable misconception, some mistaken duty? Miss Gaunt, tell me the truth; tell me what it all means, this tragedy, this mystery which surrounds you, and give me a fairer chance to help you?"

For a moment the young girl appeared to hesitate, and her look turned towards him; then she closed her eyes swiftly as if to avoid his eager glance. When she raised her long lashes again the look which Gordon had seen rising beneath them had disappeared, and she had recovered her self-command.

"To be simpatico," she said, smiling, though with a little effort, "does not imply the right to—to almost command, Colonel Gordon, and—and you are not with your regiment now. Ah, forgive me, I do not mean to hurt you; you have been so kind, but, do remember, ah, please remember, the letter which I gave you to read."

Gordon was silent for a moment, and then:

"Forgive me," he said. "Be angry with me, if you must, but tell me one thing, or, at least, let me ask the question: How can it be that while in that letter you almost speak as if it was your father who was saved from the consequences of that awful deed, he, in his turn, believes—?"

"My God, what?"

Miss Gaunt's face had turned deadly pale, and her lovely eyes were staring at Gordon in amazement and horror.

Confused and dismayed, he stood silent, unaware how at the moment to recover from the mistake which he saw he had made.

But the young girl gave him no time to think. She approached him closer, and fixing her eyes on his, seemed to read his thoughts.

"What were you going to say?" she asked. "Ah, be kind, tell me! But you shall, you must; I insist!"

"But, Miss Gaunt," began Gordon, rather weakly. "I—"

"Tell me, do you mean that, oh, heaven, it is not possible, that he—my father—my own dear father—believes that—"

Misery, amazement, horror were in her eyes, and Gordon, overwhelmed at the result of his unfortunate question, was staring at her blankly, when suddenly the door opened and the servant came in

quickly. "A gentleman to see you, sir," she said to Gordon. "He says there isn't a moment to lose, and will you come at once? His name is Sterrett."

As she spoke a step sounded in the passage, and the ex-corporal appeared in the doorway. He gave a little glance at Miss Gaunt, and then came to Gordon's side.

"I want you, sir," he said. "We've no time to lose. I went to your place, and then came on here on chance. Can you come at once?"

Gordon nodded and turned to Miss Gaunt. "I will return as soon as possible," he said. "Forget my wretched speech; it was a mistake, believe me, that is all. Let me beg of you to be patient and wait just a little longer."

And with a last look, he turned away with Sterrett.

"What has happened?" he asked, as they reached the street, where he saw that Sterrett had a cab in waiting. "They've got him in a house down near the docks; a pretty bad shop, and we may have some trouble to get him out. It was no good my going by myself, for, you see, sir, if there should be a row, my position's a funny one. So I came for you."

"And he is safe—unhurt?"

"He's a bit knocked about, Jeff says. It was Jeff I heard it from. I could get him ten years any time I chose to raise my little finger, and Jeff knows it. So he told me. But he's cut of it now, anyway."

"But what do you think they mean to do?" asked Gordon, as they entered the cab and drove away.

Sterrett shook his head. "Couldn't say, sir; but it's a bad shop; and this Usher seems a pretty bad hat. Better not leave him there longer than we can help."

Sterrett ordered the cabman to stop, after a long drive through what seemed to Gordon one of the worst parts of London, at the corner of a dirty, ill-smelling street, from which could be seen the masts and funnels of the shipping in the docks.

"It's a good step from here yet," he said; "but this is as near as it would be safe to take a cab. We'll soon walk the rest."

He jumped from the cab and turned down the narrow street. Gordon followed him, thanking Providence in his heart for the fortunate chance which had brought him into touch with perhaps the one man who could have served him so easily and quickly, and praying, for Vivienne's sake, that they might find her father still safe and sound.

Meanwhile, Sterrett wound his way in and out of the lanes and alleys with the certainty of a foxhound on a strong scent; and at last they pulled up before a large and deserted-looking building. It had more the air of a warehouse in disuse than a house, with its great doors flung open wide; and the wide, barn-like place beyond was filled with scraps of metal, old crates, stuffed with straw, and rubbish of every kind.

"This is the shop," said Sterrett, casting a careful glance around. "We go right through. There may be several of 'em there now, or there may not; but it's no good looking about. If there's a row, there's a row. We must chance it." He turned in at the doors, and made his way, followed by Gordon, stumbling through the rubbish of the shed.

(To be continued.)

### 15,000 TRADES IN GERMANY.

#### One is That of Eisenbahnbetriebstelegrapheninspektionsassistenten.

The imperial statistical bureau in Berlin has just published the result of a census taken on June 12 last of all the professions, trades and occupations which were pursued in the empire on that day. The complete list includes 15,016 items. It is regarded as a remarkable growth of specialization.

Some of the callings have tens of thousands of followers. In many cases there are only a few. In some cases only one person in the whole realm is earning his livelihood in some fashion which calls for separate classification.

The list illustrates the German love of accuracy and also the capacity of the language for exact titles. One man, for instance, is set down as Forstschutzdienstwart, which means candidate for the forest protection service.

A considerable number come under the head of Kreisammunikationskalkulator, or district public treasury appraiser. There are also several who fall under the title of Staatsschuldenszahlungskassenkontrolleur, or bookkeepers of the fund for the payment of the public debt. The climax of title, however, is reached in the somewhat numerous and somewhat humble group who are described as Eisenbahnbetriebstelegrapheninspektionsassistenten.

These are the assistant inspectors of the railway telegraph service.

One of the odd occupations is that of court haymaker. Blumistinnen or flower girls are common enough, but there are only three specialists known as Vergissmännichmacher, forget-me-not makers.

One man makes his living by renting out compressed air, he is regarded as very peculiar in Berlin. So is the man who has lottery wheels for rent.

Soothsayers and quack doctors are frankly catalogued as such, and so are strollers, vagabonds and tramps. The climax is reached in the case of a single man who is pushed down as a professional smuggler.

A member entered a well-known London club at a comparatively early hour. "Oh, waiter," said he, "did you find a five-pound note on the writing-table last night? I wrote a letter intending to enclose the note, and I find this morning that I did not enclose it, so I must have left it on the writing-table." "Yes, sir," replied the waiter, with grave importance. "I did find it, and 'ere it is. And it's well for you, sir, as none of the members 'ad been in before I saw it!"

# About the Farm

## WEANING AND WINTERING THE COLTS.

The high price of good horses justifies the farmers in giving greater care and attention to good breeding and good feeding especially, so that the colts can get the best early development and will add an extra 100 pounds which will sell for an extra \$100 when the quality and conformation is right. A practical breeder tells how to wean and mature the colt.

In attempting to write an article on this subject, we will give, briefly, our own experience.

The first question that arises is when or at what age should the colt be weaned? That all depends upon circumstances and conditions. We have weaned colts from three to seven months. If the mare is idle and herself and colt are doing nicely, I would not wean until the colt is at least six months old, and I have let them run seven. If mare has arduous work and is thin in flesh, I would wean around four months. If colt for some cause or other is not doing well, I would wean at two months; and in some cases still younger.

We often find that the mares milk does not seem to agree with the colt or else she does not give enough to do much good, and in either case I would wean quite young and put on cows milk. The colt may at first refuse to drink the milk; some do and others drink at first offering. If it refuses to drink the milk I would shut it away from water for a day or two and it will soon learn not only to drink, but to relish the milk. Always add a little brown sugar to cow's milk.

No colt should start into winter thin in flesh. If they do they are likely to come out very thin and worth less than when weaned. For we claim that the first winter determines largely the fate of the colt. So we always aim to have our colts fat and sleek by stabling time. We often have colts low in flesh at weaning time, but always aim to have these same colts in good flesh before real cold weather sets in. And this is the way we go about it. Of course we see to it that the colt is both a good eater and drinker before we wean it. We aim to have them eating bran and oats at two months. Have a little trough for colts and tie the mare so she can't get to the colt's feed. When we are ready to wean, we shut the colt in a clean and roomy box stall, with plenty of good, clean wheat straw for bedding, leaving it here until properly weaned. We give colt at first one quart of new (cow's) milk (sweetened a little) morning and evening. If a road colt, three pints of crushed oats and bran, half and half; if a draft colt two parts of same kind of feed, each feeding. As the colt becomes accustomed to eating grain and drinking milk, we gradually increase the grain allowance and also the quantity of new milk within ten days to two quarts, if the good wife does not object too strongly. We then add to milk one quart of warm water, handful of middlings and oil meal each. After two or three weeks we change from new milk to sweet skimmed milk, and make sure that it is sweet and vessel used well cleaned. I like a wide mouthed gallon tin bucket best, as it is easy to keep in proper condition. I would gradually increase oil meal and middlings in milk until I have two or three handfuls of each, for a big, growly colt.

After six or eight weeks of such feeding your colt will be fat and sleek; and you can then drop the milk and slop and feed a liberal allowance of crushed oats, bran and an ear of corn, shelled, in it now and then for variety, and frequently a handful or two of oil meal. I have had large, growly draft colts, at one year of age, to consume from two and a half to three gallons of such feed per day.

If a colt is in good condition at weaning time it is not necessary to use milk, as you can get good results without it. By the above method on thin colts we have increased the weight of draft colts one hundred pounds in thirty-two days after weaning and in another case one hundred and ten pounds in forty days. Have grown colts up to one year old that weighed from one thousand pounds to twelve hundred pounds and as high as sixteen hundred pounds at two years of age, and not pampered either. With us the better the care the greater the pay.

Now is the time to brush the mane over and educate it to stay where you want it. If possible familiarize the colt with the halter and curry comb; also handle its feet and by use of a good rasp see to it that the colts feet are kept level at all times. Keep toes rather short and side rasped down that wears least; but do not molest the frog unless it gets thrush in it. In such case wash it out with diluted carbolic acid, one part carbolic acid to twenty parts water, then fill in calomel and pack opening with oakum or cotton.

After properly wintering the colt, do not turn it out next spring to "live or die." If you do you will stunt its growth; see to it that it gets a little grain each evening. Give it good care the second winter and it will be a horse by the time it is two years old and ready for work or to command a good price.