Not Guilty;

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Or, A Great Mistake.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

"I can realize now what occurred. Usher was, as I have said, in the dining-room when we talked to Carlton. He was in darkness, and through the glass doors he could see all that we did. After the visit of that girl he must have seen from our faces the success of his plans, and stolen round into the passage and to the other door of the drawing-room, either to let her out or to hear better what we said. Watching there stealthily-the only cool one of the three-he saw Carlton seize the knife; and the poor bey's mad frenzy must have flashed into his mind the terrible idea which he afterwards made use of. The last insult and its effect upon Vivienne and myself gave him his opportunity; and like lightning he seized it. By his hand. By his hand, at the entrance to the room, was the button of the electric light. At the instant when I sprang forward to strike Carlten; when Vivienne, maddened by the insult of her mother and herself flashed round on him; when Carlton, himself. looked wildly about, realizing too late what he had said, he pressed the button, and the room was in darkness. Carlton was not too yards from him; at his hand was the table with the knife, which the unfortunate boy had just thrown down; he seized the weapon, stabbed furiously through the darkness, and darted from the room. Carlton was out of his way for ever, with any luck, and with any luck, too, he had a hundred chances of escaping suspicion. For an instant he may have hesitated between flight and remaining; I know not. He did not hesitate long, but with an infernal calculation he dared all. Returning to the door, he turned on the light, and looked al us. Carlton was dead; my hands were covered with blood, and in Vivienne's eyes-I can see it now-was the fear and horror of what, as she then thought it. was my deed. I, fool that I was, know- fou your side or not. They will find us, ing myself innocent, and misled by her words, could not doubt that it was she that had been carried beyond herself and struck the blow.

"It had probably-I am, of course, only guessing, with the help of what that villain let out while torturing me to-day-it had probably been Usher's idea that we should put the poor boy's death down to the act of his own hand. He had already seized the knife with the intention | of striking himself; why, when he realized what he had said, should he not and the expression on our faces, must ing outside, and Gordon opened the door. in the room. have given him a better idea still, an idea which might make his pursuit of or two. "Are you the gent that's going and turned away, while Usher stood for After straining the cream, butter color, Mr. Baxter." Vivienne a certainty. The only thing to set father up in business?" he asked. a second looking into Vivienne's eyes. if used, is put into the cream and then necessary was to prevent any possible explanation between Vivienne and my- rett?" he said. "You look like one. But pale and stagger for a moment like a The churn should not be turned too self. He suggested instant flight, and I think, my Loy, your father would have drunken man. Then he passed his hand rapidly but at a speed that will produce forced it on us. Vivienne's fainting done better to keep that little business across his forehead quickly. "Miss the most concussion. A churn should might have spoiled his plans even then, matter to himself." which he gave me, and I have never seen his head. Vivienne since. When Usher returned to | "Father don't mind me," he said. "He | who murdered Claude Carlton, and you he was sure of finding her again, I sup- a cab for the lame gentleman." pose, and he did. The secoundrel, he de- "To Pentonville I" exclaimed Gordon. ceived me all along, and I was a fool to | "But why? what has happened?" believe in him. Yet, believe in him as I The boy shook his head, "I don't said, and Gordon in spite of his dislike, cerk in the churn and add a half pailflid, I must confess it was a surprise to know," he said. "He didn't have time to could not help feeling how extraordinary ful of well water to every fifteen me when I received a letter from Vivi- tell me. He was after someone. That's handsome the man was; and involuntar- pounds of butter, put the cover on the enne, informing me that she was en- all he said. Come on at once to Pengaged to marry him."

asked quickly.

Mr. Gaunt mentioned a date, and Gor- that gentleman?" he asked.

Vivienne at his house in the Park. "I think you would not be surprised | Mr. Gaunt started when he heard Gorput her still more into his power. Mr. | Gordon did not reply, but as he and | Gaunt, after that night in Regent Street, the boy labored to get the huge man | then. My God, is there anything I who struck the fatal blow?" ..

pould have thought so, but I did."

guilty " you mean to say that---'

"That Usher traded on that belief, and every-day performance. used her love for you for his own pur- Both Gaunt and Gordon were very poses? Yes i I am sure of it, sure as restless as they drove along. Gaunt es-I am that not any liking for him, but a pecially seemed almost unable to redesire to save you, made her accept him strain his impatience. "Since I know as her flancee. But I have reason to that scoundrel, I am devilishly afraid of know that the sacrifice has proven be- him," he said, anxiously. "Yet Vivienne he cried. youd her strength, and she has taken is a clever girl. What can he do, after

another alternative." "What do you mean?"

"I mean that, considering herself the again, do you?" he added. real cause of that tragedy in the flat; |

"And so save me?"

"And so, as she imagines, save you" Mr. Gaunt's eyes filled with tears. "That is like my little Vivienne," he said; "but, thank heaven, there is no necessity now for sacrifice. We know who it was that killed poor Carlton; and we car put our hands on him. But first to see Vivienne; where can your man have got to?"

CHAPTER XXI.

Gordon, startled, looked up quickly. It was true; where could the ex-corporal! have got to? Deeply interested in Mr. just leaving to join him at Liverpool." Gaunt's story, he had taken no count of time; and when he looked at his watch he saw that Sterrett had been gone nearly an hour.

"I cannot understand it," he said. hope nothing has happened to him." "Is it possible that he can have seen Dear, dear papa!"

Usher again?" said Mr. Gaunt. "It is certainly possible. He is a very sharp fellow. It is entirely owing to him that I found you to-day. But yet I

not that man.' "To find us? Good heavens! then | the house awaiting her. what is he?"

stupid of me. I need have said nothing entered the room where he had spoken a temperature it is apt to become bitabout it," he returned. "But he was in the delective force. He is now, however, sion. entirely on my side."

"They were looking for us, then?" "Yes; but merely, I think, with the idea known you were present that night | wards the door.

when Carlton was murdered——' our arrest? Good heavens, what fools jously, but he said nothing for a mowe were to let that scoundrel go. If ment. they are looking for us, they will find us, whether this man of yours is now we prove?"

"We must find him, that's all," said his hand on him, and I have faith in the "I don't think you can go so easily as

At that moment a step was heard on you fired at me." the stairs, and the two men looked up anxiously. They heard someone fumbling at the door, and then there was "Let me go, or-" silence for a moment.

The boy stared at him for a moment

but Fate again stepped in and helped | The boy, a thin, pale individual, with steady his voice. him in the person of that drunken friend a remarkable resemblance in his manof his. I went off alone to the address ner and expression to the "Stoat," shook dignant motion of her hand.

the flat you had, of course, been there, knows I don't talk. I'm going to be in who tried to make my father believeand Vivienne had gone. He must have the office with him. He wants you to but, oh, how can I talk to you! I never wondered what had become of her, but come on after him to Pentonville, he thought such men existed; I never he never gave a sign to me. He knew says, as quick as ever you can. I've got dreamed the world could contain any-

tonville." "When did you receive that?" Gordon | Gordon turned back to Mr. Gaunt, and temptuous. then stopping: "Can you help me carry

right.

ii you knew all the facts I know," he don's news. "Let us go at once," he said. "Miss Gaunt does not like or trust | said. "If only you can get me into the this man, I am certain; nay, she has al- cab. Good heavens! I hope nothing is father a murderer; I would have even— tures begin to fail. For the transition my last penny. I put a huge card on

you thought that it was your daughter down the narrow and shaky stairs, his would not have done to win you, andmind worked anxiously. The same and, by Heaven, you are not worth it "Yes, yes; I don't know how I ever | thought had come to him, too, and made | him tremble. Had Usher gone to her? "Has it never struck you that she, in | And, desperate, in danger, as he must her turn, might have considered you know himself now to be, what had he gene there for?

poor child, she must have done so! My as they got Mr. Gaunt into the fourhands were covered with blood; I had wheeler, which was waiting at the waremust have believed me guilty! And do | Sterrett's boy taking his seat by the driver, with an air of accomplishing an

all, but frighten her, poor child? You little," she said. "See!" and she raised quarters.

"Oh, no," said Gordon. "He must considering that it was she that brought know that he is in danger of pursuit. wound was not dangerous, though had call or barley straw may be used also tent, for her that you struck, as she has gone there at all." But in his heart right she must have been killed. thinks. the blow, she has determined, he did think so really. Something fold

up and down outside the house as they drove up, and Gordon sprang quickly on the scene, and the little crowd atout of the cab.

"He is here, that man?" he asked. You have got him?"

"Yes, he is there, sir. I saw him again, and I thought it better not to lose sight of him. Luckily, I met my boy, who's sharp enough for half-a-dozen, and I thought you would do well to gloomily. "I hit him; but he's got away. come on after me as quickly as you could. But, no, sir, I haven't got him. It's nothing to do with me, you see. I've no warrant for his arrest. All I could do was to follow him and let you know where he went."

"Very good," said Gordon. "You have done well. But help Mr. Gaunt out of the cab, while I go inside."

And he sprang up the sleps of the house, and entered the hall, the door of which was open.

Scattered about in the passage were some boxes, and coming down the stairs towards him he saw Miss Gaunt, with her hat and gloves on.

She started and gave a little cry as she saw him. "Colonel Gordon?" she exclaimed. "You? Why, what does this mean ?"

"I have brought your father back to you, Miss Gaunt.'

"My father! Oh, impossible! I was "To join him at Liverpool?"

"He sent Mr. Usher to take me-but what am I saying? I see by your face that there has been some mistake; and my father is here himself, you say? Oir, where? Let me see him quickly. | **************

But Mr. Gaunt was already in the hall, supported by Sterrett and his son; and Miss Gaunt flew into his arms.

There was a moment or two of affechardly see why he should follow Usher, | tionate conversation and mutual quesreally. He was put on to find you, and tioning, before either Gordon or Miss is ripened and churned at high tem-Gaunt remembered that Usher was in peratures. In summer more care is

Gordon hesitated for a second. "It was swiftly by Vivienne and her father, he cream is kept too long and at too high to the young girl on the former occa- ter.

Usher must have heard and guessed what was happening, for he was standling, as if at bay, with his back against of getting information. But if they had the wall and his look turned eagerly to-

As he saw Gordon his white face turn-"There would be a warrant out for ed paler and his green eyes glared fur-

Then he moved towards Gordon. "Let me pass," he said, with a contemptuous gesture. "I am going. You have done and with Usher gone, why, what could me this time, but you have not won 30 minutes to churn a bath of butter

Gordon. "Sterrett said that he could put arms folded, and looked at him quietly. of the cream; (2) the temperature of noon. What have you to say for yourthat," he said. "If only for that shot

Usher raised his hand. "Curse you! I was a fool not to kill you," he said.

He had raised his hand, but Gordon "I must see who il s," said Gordon, seized it quickly, and in another moend creeping to the door, he looked ment there would have been a struggle, have completed the resolve? But the through one of the cracks. There was when suddenly a little cry made them blood on my hands, Vivienne's words, only a small boy standing on the land- both turn. Vivienne and her father were

Gordon bit his lip. "Are you a Ster- The expression in them made him grow the cover to the churn is securely fixed. Gaunt," he said, with an attempt to never be filled more than half full 'f

But Vivienne stopped him with an in-

"I know all," she said. "It was you one so wicked, so cruel, so horrible!"

Usher listened to her silently, with his | 55 degrees F. eyes fixed on hers. "I love you," he After this is drained away put the by he glanced with a little pang at Vivi- churn and revolve it slowly at least enne. But her face was cold and con- six times, then draw off the water and

"I love you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you," the gambler went don thought rapidly. It was the day The boy nodded. "Yes, sir; I am very on. "Yes, I did kill Carlton; it was for FALL AND WINTER FEED FOR SHEEP. after Usher's unceremonious visit to strong. We can get him down all you! I wrote those letters; I sent that -have let you give yourself up for your father's sake, and have saved you even after all! But you shall belong to no

other man, I swear it!" He was standing between Gordon and Vivienne, and before Gordon could move, he had drawn a revolver and wet with dew or rain there is danger stasies of joy. I contemplated renting "Me? Good God! Why, of course, A few people stared curiously at them fired straight at the young girl. He of bloating; but such troubles may be the next house and hiring ten new raised the weapon again; but Gordon avoided by keeping the flock on a struck it from his hand, and almost in- near-by pasture and turning into the this delirium of delight I was again, sprung forward to strike Carlton. She house doors, but nothing occurred to de-stantly another shot rang out. Sterrett rape patch for a few hours daily dur-hurled from the highest pinnacle of could have no more suspected the real lay them, and they were soon making had drawn a pistol, and firing, had hit ing the middle of the day, returning hepe to the lowest depths of despair truth than I did-why, of course, she their way in the direction of Pentonville, the gambler. The man screamed and to the pasture in the evening. Later the stumbled, but did not fall; and as Gor- sheep may be allowed to remain in the don and Sterrett turned to catch Vivi- rope patch all the time confining them enne, he dashed to the window, flung it during the night in portions previously with my room full of waiters and my open, leaped six feet on to the pave- eaten off and supplying a small feed of kitchen crowded with toothsome viands, ment and ran limping down the street. hay in racks Gordon had caught Vivienne as she

> fell almost into her father's arms. "You are hurt? You are wounded?"

She shook her head. "A little; a very den't think he will try to get her away the dark hair from her temple. The

in time, or that his presentiments might to them when Miss Wrent, the lady of grains, such as oats, bran and corn, the house, appeared, startled by the They caught sight of Sterrett pacing shooting, and took her in charge. Fortunately a policeman had not appeared tracted by the noise to the scene, finding nothing to amuse them, vanished.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Gaunt, as they were left together downstairs. "What a terribly narrow escape. That scoundrel! And he has got off."

"He was struck, sir," said Sterrett, never thought of running after him. Hullo, here's the boy!"

For at that moment Sterrett's son entered the passage and beckoned to his

"I lost him, father," he said. "I went after him when I saw him run, but he took a hansom. I heard where he told the cabman to go-to the place where the animals are.'

"Are you sure?" cried Mr. Gaunt. "Then we shall get him yet, with any luck. How I curse my useless legs that won't carry me, just when I need them Gordon, I shall need your help again." But Gordon had disappeared.

(To be continued).

MAKING BUTTER IN WINTER.

Buttermaking in winter is not very different from making butter in summer. It might be said that in winter cream needed to keep the cream from becom-Gordon was the first; and, passing ing too warm and sour; in winter if

After the cream is ripened it is ready to churn. The first step is to cool the cream from 65 degrees F., the temperature at which the cream is ripened, to about 55 degrees in winter. If at these temperatures the butter should come in 10 minutes and the butter is soft the next churning should be cooled somewhat lower; say two degrees. On the other hand, if the cream is slow in coming the temperature should be raised. It should not take over 20 to

The time that it takes to churn decream; (3) the thickness of the fat in | self?" il; (4) the length of time the cows have the cows are being fed. A gallon of cream should be heavy enough to churn three pounds of butter.

When the cream is cooled to proper temperature i should be strained through a hair sieve into the churn. Doing this will remove the large chunks of curd from the cream and prevent Gordon dropped the gambler's arm, the butter from having white specks.

> When the cream begins to break considerable care should be exercised not to gather the butter granules into one lump. Churning should cease when the butter particles are about the size of wheat kernels. When the butter is well drained from buttermilk rinse it with a little water at a temperature of

let the butter drain for fifteen minutes.

crop on which the flock may be folded thin man I put another sign: 'I don't.' for a few hours daily until fully ac- "Then I started them down the street customed to the change, after which arm-in-arm. The effect was prodigious. time. For this purpose, rape forms a the populace at once began to say, relable crop. Care is necessary not to Where is Baxter's? Let us go to this allow too free access at first, as when wonderfu restaurant.' I was in ec-

to be eaten off on the ground, with an But I shall be revenged on Lobster." allowance of hay, will put the flock in good condition for going into winter last time?" inquired the magistrate.

For the winter ration, as far as rough. oner; "he changed the signs!" blood was flowing freely, but Gordon age goes, there is none better than and Mr. Gaunt saw to their joy that the good clover hay, or than corn fodder: the climatic conditions admit of winas they hurried along, that they might be the men could see; and it was a relief nourishment, though the addition of of singedness.

will benefit.

Corn never should form but a small pertion of the ration for breeding ewes.

Ensilage, though not generally fedto sheep has been used with success' by many in wintering their flocks, and no doubt by judicious use of this succulent and roots better results would be obtained than in feeding an entirely dry ration. Wintering the flocks on! straw and a little hay without grain or roots of any kind is certain to perpetuate a degenerated animal.

WINTER FEEDING OF HORSES.

A mistake in feeding that is generally criticised by farm journals and institute speakers is the giving of too much hay to working horses. During the time they are idle in the winter, the rations may well contain a larger proportion of hay and bulky food than when they are working, but even at this time it is well to remember the limitations of the horse's stomach and to give him merely what bulky food he will clean up in about an hour and athalf.

The grain ration is cut down to suit. the amount of work done. It is a mistaken kindness to keep the horse on a heavy grain ration when he is idle. Such ills as Monday morning disease! (lymphangitls), azoturia, and various blood froubles, are apt to follow such a course. But on the other hand, it is also poor policy to feed the horses less than is required to keep them in first-class condition.

With generous but judicious feeding, the horses will take a good deal cl exercise, and should be given it in

the yard if not on the road. The bran mash once or twice at week should not be overlooked, and the horses will be still better for carrots, if they are available, or for othervegetables cooked with the mash.

ADOLPHUS BAXTER'S GREAT IDEA.

How He Proposed to Get Even With the Opposition Restaurant.

'Adolphus Baxler?' queried the magistrate, looking over his glasses at the! prisoner in the box.

"Yes, your worship," humbly replied! that individual.

"Is that your right name?" "Yes, your worship." responded the prisoner, with dignity. "You don't think I would play any tricks on the

Court, I hope?" Gordon barred his way, with his pends upon five things: (1) the ripeness state of intoxication yesterday after-

"Quite true, your worship. I certain-Leen milking; (5) the kind of feed that by was intoxicated; but I had an excuse. Listen before you convict me. I am a restaurant keeper by profession. Across the street just opposite my placel is an eating den kept by a miserable, red-headed man by the name of Lobster, who has been an obstruction to my business ever since I opened."

"Well, well, interrupted the magistrate, "what about it? I'm in a hurry,

"One moment longer, your worship," replied the prisoner, "and I've done. Last week I found that my expenses were \$75, and my receipts were \$17.07. I had only \$100 left. I had to make a stir in some way, so I hired a young man, bought him a new suit of clothes, end started him out with a big placard fastened to his coat tail, which read: 'I eat my lunch at Baxter's Palace Restaurant,

"As he walked up the street he attracted universal attention, and business began to pour in. About noon ! noticed that it suddenly stopped. On going out I discovered the cause of the trouble. Lobster had got hold of my man, made him quite drunk, and stood him up in front of my door. His clothes were covered with mud, and his hat was jammed over his head down to his chin. Of course, no one would come in to my place with such an inducement as that at the door. That experiment cost me \$10. The next day a brilliant idea came to me, and I hastgirl to you with her story; it was for | So long as there is a fair supply of ened to seize upon it. I went to a you! It was I who brought about the grass, little else is needed for the flock show which had come for a week's quarrel that night-for you! And to win | though some additional feed may be | stay, and engaged the fat man and the you, I would have let you think your supplied with advantage as the pas living skeleton. I paid them \$30 each, most told me so. But he has deceived wrong with Vivienne. Can Usher have if I could have won you in no other way from pasture to winter feed there the fat man's back, which read: 'I eat should be in readiness some succulent at Adolphus Baxter's.' And on the

> they may remain on the ground all the Crowds followed in their wake. And waiters. When I was in the midst of -from the summit of my prosperity into an abyss of ruin. It was the work of Lobster. I waited all the morning, but no one came. Then your worship, Following rape, a patch of turnips I took to drink to drown my sorrow. "What did he do to injure you the

"What did he do?' repeated the pris-

One of the saddest sights in life is that it about, and that it was, to a great ex- And, after all, we do not know that he the bullet gone an inch nearer to the with good results. In England where of a young man who has spent six months in coaxing a moustache into a She bore herself with great courage, tering the flock in the open, roots form the act of lighting a cigar with a slip of rather than accept the help of that man, him that Usher, driven to desperation, for the shock must have been great, but the greater portion of the diet. These paper, burns and scorches the whole and the consequences of his aid, to ac- would make a last effort, and he prayed, she was on the point of giving way, as and clover hay will supply all needed institution into an unrecognizable mass