

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel leaguers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall, where she becomes the idol of the household. A letter given in her honor at Vyne Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Caryl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carrington. He visits the Duke of Belgrave at the Duke of Belgrave and is disconcerted by the loss of their Romeo. He is persuaded to act as substitute.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

They stood aside with a movement of curiosity. The tall, graceful figure in its magnificent costume came in, carrying his domino and mask in his hand, and looking around with a searching gaze, so natural to him. He was certainly another who showed neither apprehension nor nervousness.

"Come on," said Lord Algy in his gentle voice, now tremulous with excitement, "I want to introduce you to Juliet."

At this moment Guy came into the room and announced that all was ready.

"We are ready, too," answered Lord Algy. "Where is Miss Hartleigh?"

"There."

"Oh, Constance, let me introduce my friend who has so kindly consented to come to the rescue and save us all from failure. Mr. Caryl Wilton, Miss Constance Hartleigh."

She was still talking to the Mercutio, and turned gracefully with some light remark upon her lips. They were all looking at her, and they all, without exception saw the mask slip from the hand that went with a quick movement to the heaving bosom, as the face, a moment ago so smilingly, so girlishly serene, turned a deathly white, from which the dark eyes gleamed as might those of a doe at bay.

A certain expression as of incredulous horror, faintly defined, passed over the white face, and she stood silently staring at the man before her, who had not yet taken the trouble to lift his languid eyes.

But the silence, the stillness aroused him, and he coolly lifted his eyes to ascertain the reason. With a well-bred insolence, far enough removed from insolence, yet all indifference, he let his eyes run from the little satin slippers to the frozen lake.

With a start he made a half step backward, and his dark face turned white underneath the rouge. Moments are ages sometimes; and this was one of the times. The two stood regarding each other for a moment in silence; then, as summer clouds fit over the sky, there passed across her face a look as of a hunted animal—of dread and of defiance. And then the actress was herself again; and had taken up her part. Her only glance, and that a valied one, was of keen inquiry.

Caryl had been the first to recover himself, and, as if he had read and understood each flashing glance of the other, had answered it. His first expression had been one of fierce exultation, his next had been one of doubt, and then had succeeded a calm cold smile of composure and waiting.

As long as it had taken to record this meeting, it had taken but a moment for it to take place, and ere any one there to witness it had fully realized that anything was amiss. Caryl Wilton had bowed low, and in his most natural tone had said:

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting, Miss Hartleigh—an unpardonable sin behind the scenes. I dare not hope for forgiveness, though I am filled with remorse."

With a mechanical smile her eyes fell upon his, and she inclined her head, struggling for the voice which would not come. Then, with an effort not the less strenuous than no one was cognizant of, she said:

"I do not think you have kept us waiting. It is very much better late than never in such a case."

Her voice, though low, was as steady as his own, and her eyes met his unflinchingly. And this was all, only two polite, conversational sentences, while the heart of each throbbled wildly under the strain of a sudden recognition. And if the outward eye of each was cold and steady, the inward eye was none the less feverish with the far away visions of another theatre far distant, where a Romeo had stood one night before a Juliet, of a lonely house and of a passionate declaration of love.

What of the boasted stoicism of the red Indian in the face of self-restraint such as this?

With his white fingers playing with apparent carelessness with the jeweled handle of his sword, stood a man who had suddenly, without a hint of warning, come upon the woman whose face had haunted him for weary weeks, and whom he had longed to see as only such a man could long stand carelessly waiting and talking, his heart on fire, his brain reeling with astonishment, delight, wonder.

And almost touching him, erect and composed, with her delicate lips

curved in a faint, sweet smile, stood a girl face to face with the detector of her crime, face to face with one who must either be a passionate lover or a deadly foe. And before her was a task sufficient to try the strongest to the uttermost—a task requiring all the delicate fire of genius, all the calm composure of trained talent.

How was it possible that she could go through it with this man—this relentless pursuer, watching her every word and looking for some sign of weakness?

Realize it! Words cannot even describe it.

"Well," said Lord Algy in a commonplace tone that seemed all out of tune with the passions hidden in those two breasts, "are you ready?"

Caryl Wilton glanced at the face opposite him, and then, in his most indolent tone, answered:

"Oh, yes; but give me a drop of champagne to drive away the nervousness of an amateur. My knees are trembling."

"You look frightened," said Lord Algy, laughing. "But here is the champagne," and he handed him a glass.

Caryl took it and appeared as if about to drink it, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he offered it to Maida. She shook her head with a smiling negative, but he did not take back his hand.

He still held the glass before her, and bowing courteously, said, in a tone audible to every one:

"Take the advice, Miss Hartleigh, of one who has had the misfortune to go through this sort of thing several times, whereas you, probably, have never had a taste of amateur theatricals before. You would be wiser to take a glass of champagne."

Only Lord Algy notices the change which has come over the willow indolent man. The indifferent drawl has gone from his voice, the dark-gray eyes flash with a new fire, and there is something imperative in the poise of his head.

Maida hesitated a moment and then took the glass. Did he know that her throat was parched and burning, that her heart was beating so that it took all her strength to speak? What did he mean? Was he covering a threat under his proffer of aid? Was he merely playing with his victim? Or was he trying to encourage her?

She drank the wine slowly in order to collect her forces as well as to profit by the liquid refreshment. Her eyes sought his face and studied it.

It was a face handsome enough at all times, but made particularly so now by the long, flowing hair, which set it off in a Titian-like modeling. There was no weakness in it, and though it was inscrutable even to her sharpened eyes, she seemed to feel that it held her fate with a conscious power. Should she defy him, deny him, or yield to him? Neither. She would be woman-like and wait. And if light she must, then, woman-like again, she would fight to the last gasp.

"Another glass?" he asked politely, as she took the empty glass from her lips and held it out to him.

"No more, thank you," she answered, as calmly as he.

"Better be persuaded. It will not hurt you."

"No more."

"Will you not drink yourself?" demanded Lord Algy, seeing that he was about to put the glass down.

"Oh, I was forgetting. My nervousness, you see," and he held out the glass to Lord Algy to be filled.

And when the glass was filled he raised it to his lips, and, with a smile which only Maida could understand, said, carelessly:

"If it were not bad manners to propose a toast to a lady at such a time, I would drink this to Miss Hartleigh's success in Juliet—or in that other part she may play." He drank the wine. "Now I am ready to do poor Romeo to his death. Have no concern Miss Hartleigh; should your lines fail you, you may rely on me, for I have played the part quite recently." He leaned a little nearer, so that only she could catch his words, and when she saw a light smile: "I don't mind telling you that the last time I played it was with a professional actress in America. Her name was Maida Carrington. You must have heard of her, though I know you have never seen her, for she was killed on the overland route during a stage robbery."

CHAPTER XIV.

The curtain rose, and there was a delighted ripple of applause at the beautiful scene disclosed; another and still another, as each actor made an appearance.

Then Romeo, with moody, abstracted step, entered. At sight of the tall, richly dressed figure there was a loud welcome—then a little buzz and hum of surprise.

"Why—why," said the duke, "that is not Manville! Who can it be?"

"It is—no, it isn't—yes, it is. Why it is Caryl Wilton!" whispered her grace.

"Eh?" muttered Sir Richard, leaning forward. His only interest in the matter was its bearing on his daughter. If it was anything to affect her he was anxious to know.

"Who is it? Caryl Wilton? Wouldn't I hope he will do as well."

"I know he was here. I'll wager Algy is delighted."

If Algy was, so was the audience. They had been well enough satisfied to get a handsome Romeo, but here they had the looks and much more besides.

Composed and self-possessed, Caryl Wilton played as if he was earning his daily bread. Letter-perfect, action perfect, but rather like an admirable machine than a real Romeo. He was playing mechanically, and for there ran constantly through his brain the query, How comes Maida Carrington to be Constance Hartleigh?

He went off to a hearty round of applause, and Lord Algy caught him by the hand and thanked him eagerly for having done so well.

"I see you have forgiven me, old fellow," he said. "How well you did it!"

"Did I?" asked Caryl as a peculiar smile passed over his face.

He looked around for Maida, but she was not to be seen. She had retired to her room. But presently she came out, and when he looked at her he saw that she had fought the battle with herself and had conquered. A calm smile was on her face, and her eyes rested on Caryl Wilton as unconcernedly as if she had never been caught by Constance Hartleigh.

"Have I been called?" she asked of him.

"Not yet," he answered; "they are shifting the scene. Will you not take a seat?"

She declined with a slight gesture, and stood looking past him toward the wings, and his eyes watched her with only half-concealed earnestness.

They were standing thus when Guy, covered with perspiration, came suddenly upon them. A puzzled expression flashed over his face, and he dropped into a chair, looking at Maida with admiring, wistful eyes.

"All ready?" he asked. "Now for your boasted courage, Constance. Are you sure you feel calm?"

"Quite," she answered, but she did not look at him. Her eyes were full on Caryl Wilton. "I have courage enough to carry it through. Of that I am confident."

And Caryl Wilton, looking straight back into her eyes, saw a gleam there which told him that she was prepared to hold the position in which he had found her.

"I, too, am confident of it," he said.

Guy turned to him with a sort of apologetic smile, and said, in his frank way:

"We have not been introduced. I am Guy Hartleigh, and stage carpenter, at your service. I want to congratulate you on your performance. I never saw a professional do it so well."

"I suppose I may thank you for the compliment without fear of being understood as believing it," replied Caryl, with his careless smile.

"Oh, but I meant it literally," Caryl bowed with an air that might be construed any way but as one of acceptance.

"Juliet! the nurse! Lady Capulet!" shouted the call-boy.

With a composed glance around, Maida moved away, followed by the other characters. Guy looked after her for a moment, and then turned to find Caryl also gazing after her. And he was struck by the singular expression on his face, and said abruptly:

"Have you met my cousin—Miss Hartleigh, you know—before, Mr. Wilton?"

Caryl turned a cool, composed, absent gaze on the frank, handsome face of his questioner, and, without the least show of consciousness, answered:

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hartleigh before to-night. Why do you ask?"

Guy hesitated a moment.

"I fancied—I don't know, either—that you seemed to recognize her. Foolish, of course, but I had the notion."

Caryl watched him narrowly to see if there was any hidden meaning; but the honesty and openness of Guy was unimpeachable, and he answered, slowly:

"One does not meet such beauty as Miss Hartleigh's every day, and, to confess the truth, I was startled by it."

longer stood there. Maida Carrington had sunk her identity into that of Juliet, and those who sat there heard fall from the cherry lips only the artless prattle of the child-woman of old Florence.

It was Juliet herself who stood there, Juliet who spoke; and she had not uttered a half dozen words ere all had forgotten that she was anything else. The audience sat spell-bound.

But, there was still a further surprise in store for them. Presently there came the meeting between Romeo and Juliet. For an instant Maida grew cold and merged into the Constance Hartleigh they all knew, but, as if Caryl Wilton's spirit had caught the fire from hers, his acting was quite different from that in the first act, when he had been alone. It was all intense, earnest, passionate, now.

And so it went on, she cold and he passionate, until her nature could stand it no longer, and the actress once more conquered the woman. Then there came such acting as none in that audience had ever seen or heard of. Romeo and Juliet in the body seemed to be before them, talking and moving about, instinct with the life great Shakespeare had given them.

To be Continued.

TOY INTO TORPEDO.

Reel of Cotton Suggested the Deadly Naval Engine.

Everyone must be familiar with the ingenious locomotive animals to be bought in the London streets for a penny, miniature mice, lizards, and spiders that, on being dropped from the hand, at once begin to run by merely slackening the string that is fastened through the creature's back on to a bobbin.

But probably very few people are aware that the simple contrivance that makes the animal move was the means of giving the War Office the Brennan Torpedo—an expensive toy indeed—as it gave Mr. Brennan £250,000.

The manufacturers of locomotive animals noticed that if an ordinary reel of cotton was put upon the ground, and pulled towards the holder of one end of the thread—the unwound thread being underneath the reel—the reel did not come towards the person pulling, but at once ran in an opposite direction. Consequently a string was wound round a wheel inside the dummy of a diminutive animal, with the result that the toy mentioned above was produced.

The mechanism that propels the Brennan torpedo is in the main nothing more than a wire rope coiled round a drum in a steel case, a more elaborate version of the penny street toy.

The technical working of the Brennan torpedo is as follows: Two wires are rapidly unwound from two reels placed in the interior of the torpedo, and connected to the two propeller shafts of the weapon. The unwinding of these two wires is effected by means of a winding engine placed at the starting point on shore, for the Brennan is particularly useful for harbor or coast defence, for which purpose it was practically invented. The unwinding of the wires causes the two propellers to revolve at a very high rate of speed, and forces the torpedo through the water.

Twelve miles of steel wire are necessary for a two mile run of the torpedo, six miles being wound on each reel.

The curious part of the Brennan lies in the apparent paradox in its method of propulsion, the harder the torpedo is pulled back the faster it will go. And yet a reel of cotton will do the same.

The explanation of the torpedo's vagaries is easy enough in reality. By hauling at the wires a corresponding rate of revolution is imparted to the reels which are fixed to the propeller shafts in the torpedo and thus to the two propellers themselves. This gives a contrary power to the propellers, and in this way the torpedo is strong enough to resist the retarding strain on the wires—as it is—must urge the torpedo through the water.

The Brennan torpedo will travel at twenty miles an hour and has a range of two miles. It weighs, when fully "dressed" with its deadly explosive about twenty-five hundredweight, being twenty-five feet long. And this formidable "toy" comes from the same source as the penny crocodiles you can buy in the London streets.

SWEET REVENGE.

Nobb—You must like to hear that dreadful grind organ, since you pay the man to play under your window every day.

Nobb—No, I don't like it any more than that girl over the way who is taking vocal lessons.

PUNISHMENT IN ADVANCE.

Mother—Johnnie, I am going to whip you for taking that piece of pie.

Johnnie—All right, maw; whip me real hard; there's another piece left.

AT THE ZOO.

Johnnie—Look at the elephant moving his great big fins, mamma.

Mamma—Those are his ears, dear. What use has an elephant for fins?

Johnnie—Huh! I guess he can use them when his head swims, can't he?

HIS REAL REASON.

Bilkins—I tell you I hate to think of my wife going away on a vacation.

Bilkins—I dare say you will be lonely, old man.

Bilkins—It isn't that, but she always mowed our lawn.

PROOF.

Diggs—There goes a newly married couple.

Diggs—How do you know?

Diggs—I saw him give her a \$5 bill to buy some chocolates with.

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES.

The principles which underlie successful crop growing in Canada may, said Dr. Saunders to the Parliamentary Committee on Agriculture, be thus summarized:

Maintaining the fertility of the land, mainly by the proper care and use of barnyard manure, and the ploughing under of green clover, thus adding fertility and humus.

Adopting a judicious rotation of crops.

Following the best methods of preparing the land.

Early sowing.

Choosing the best and most productive varieties for growing.

The selection of plump and well ripened seed for planting.

Along these several lines many experiments have been conducted.

Continued efforts have been made to gain knowledge as to the best methods of maintaining and adding to the fertility of the land, which is so essential to the continuance of good crops. Special attention has been given to investigations to determine the best methods of handling barnyard manure, the universal fertilizer which is most readily available everywhere to the Canadian farmer. Experiments continued for eleven years have shown that a given weight of manure taken fresh from the barnyard is equal in crop-producing power to the same weight of rotted manure. It has also been shown by repeated tests that fresh manure loses during the process of rotting from 50 to 60 per cent. of its weight.

The effective use of the barnyard manure, so as to obtain the best results with the least waste is one of the most important problems connected with agriculture, for on this material the farmer's hopes of maintaining the fertility of his land and thus providing for a succession of good crops are mainly based.

During the past twelve years annual tests have been made to gain insight into the relative value of artificial manures used separately and in combination, on nearly all the important farm crops, and the results obtained have been published. Long continued experiments with artificial fertilizers used alone have given results which are disappointing considering the large amount of available plant food they contain.

One reason for this lies probably in the fact that these fertilizers contain no humus, and that the proportion of vegetable matter in the soil has been much reduced by constant cropping. Thus the capacity of the soil for holding the moisture has been lessened to the detriment of its crop-producing power.

Experiments have been conducted for several years in plowing under green clover to enrich the land, and it has been shown that clover seed can be sown in all the eastern Provinces of Canada and in the coast climate of British Columbia to advantage with all cereal crops, without lessening the grain crop for the current year, and that after the grain is cut the clover grows luxuriantly, acting as a catch crop during the latter part of the season. Green clover turned under is especially valuable to the land for the reason that it absorbs while growing large quantities from the air which is stored up in its tissues. A heavy mat of growth is produced by the autumn, which, when plowed under, adds considerably to the available nitrogen in the soil, as well as to the amount of humus. The proportion of nitrogen thus added to the land has been found equal to that obtained from a dressing of ten tons of barnyard manure to the acre. Considerable supplies of potash, phosphoric acid and lime are also taken up by the clover plant during its growth, a part of which is gathered from depths in the soil not reached by some other farm crops.

In this way the clover practically enriches the soil to some extent in these other important elements. That the land has been much improved by this treatment has been shown in increased crops on many plots, when compared with adjoining plots on which no clover has been sown. In one series of experiments with oats, the average increase for the first year was 28 per cent. in the weight of the grain produced and 78 per cent. in the weight of straw. In the second year, when the barley was sown on the same series of plots without any additional fertilizer the increase of the weight of the grain produced on the plots which had been treated with clover was 29 per cent., and the increase in weight of the straw was 35 per cent. In a similar series of experiments conducted with potatoes, the plots treated with clover gave an average increase in the weight of the tubers of 28 per cent. These experiments are being continued from year to year. The tests made in 1900 with oats, wheat, barley and potatoes, confirm those of the preceding years, and further establish the value of this method of adding to the fertility of the soil.

In preparing the land for crops, different methods are adopted in different parts of the Dominion. In the eastern Provinces the advantages arising from fall ploughing have been repeatedly shown. The exposure of the soil to the influence of frost, sunlight and air is beneficial. Spring work is materially advanced and the crops can be got in earlier by the adoption of this practice.

WORLD'S BIGGEST TREE.

What is probably the biggest tree in the world has been discovered to belong to the cypress family, and was found in Mexico. Its circumference 6ft. from the ground is 154ft. 2in., and to see the top of it one must stand many yards away. It is near the famous ruins of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca. It is called the "big tree of Yule," and its age is variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000 years.

The weeds, briars and bushes cut from fence corners and out-of-the-way places had better be burned. If put in the pig-pen or barnyard they seed the farm with weeds, and a portion will not rot inside of five years.

Rather shallow ploughing should be practiced in the spring, but during the summer, in July and August, deeper culture is preferable. Conditions being favorable at this time for nitrification the subsoil can be brought to the surface and rendered a part of the cultivated portion. Thus a deeper soil produced.

Every farm should be supplied with gypsum. Scattered over manure heaps it saves the escaping ammonia to be given up to the land when applied later on. Beside this, gypsum itself is a valuable fertilizer to most soils. Considering the value to the farm of a ton of gypsum it is comparatively inexpensive.

Just how to make a strong and durable whiffletree: Do not weaken it anywhere by the anger or drawing knife. Plan it smooth and have the hooks welded to a band that goes around the stick. Shrink on these bands, then drill and put through a small rivet. This will prevent slipping off if the stick ever shrinks.

It often happens that a farmer is caught in a shower with his wagon full of grain, vegetables or fruit of some kind, and cannot reach shelter. At such a time a few square yards of tarpaulin or oiled cloth is worth many times its cost to him. The farmer on his way to market with his produce can laugh at the rain if his wagon is covered with a waterproof.

If the ground is properly prepared before planting the work is more than half done. The farmer who has starved his soil is afraid to work a seed bed enough to get it in order for fear it will run together. He keeps clods to hold it up. Soil that is filled with humus has some life about it. It will bear working to one's heart's delight. It is possible to improve land so that it is easier farmed year by year. If the seed bed gets poor more tillage is required.

A WATER CURTAIN.

The public library building in Chicago is protected against the invasion of fire from the outside by means of a so-called "water curtain." At the top of the building is a system of tubes through which water, supplied from a tank, can be caused to flow over the outside walls. Some time back the efficiency of the water curtain was tested by the occurrence of a fire in a spice mill adjoining the library building. The water being turned on, the outer walls were immediately covered with a liquid sheet, which, as the temperature was low, became eventually a sheet of ice.

WOOL FROM TURF.

Artificial wool made from turf fibres is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, and so forth. Ten years have elapsed since the first attempts to make turf wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production of a soft fibrous material, which can be spun as readily as sheep's wool, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED.

Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business, said the longer in the store, and think of the small margin on most of the goods. Where does the profit come in? The profit, said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty-six customers.

SUPEPFLUOUS.

Summer Boarder—You didn't mention having so many mosquitoes.

Uncle Extra—No, I knowed it wasn't no use, cuz you'd find them out soon as y' got here.

ALL ALIKE.

Farmer Dunk—How's your new hired man, Ezzy?

Farmer Hornback—Just like all the rest of 'em. I've ever had—so lazy that he gets tired restin'.

A CELESTIAL BATTERY.

They claim that hailstones weighing three pounds apiece recently fell in Russia.

Oh, comeoffsky!

First Burglar—Did you make a big haul last night? Second Burglar—Didn't get a thing; somebody had been there before me. First Burglar—That's just it, competition is killing our business.

Mrs. Starvem—How do you like the chicken salad, Mr. Joaksmith? Mr. Joaksmith—Oh, that reminds me; I bought a book that was to be sent home to-day. Did it come? Mrs. Starvem—Yes, but why should the chicken salad remind you of it? Mr. Joaksmith—Well, the book is half-cold.

Milton—Gibson doesn't seem to be getting rich at poultry raising. Bilton—No; but he says his hens have taken to eating their own eggs, and he hopes that they'll become self-supporting.

He (wildly)—May I not then fall prostrate to the ground and weep at thy feet? She (practically)—Yes, if you wait till I put on my waterproof boots.

OVER THE WIDE WORLD.

PEEP INTO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

Facts Gathered from the Corners of This Great Big Earth.

Next to Great Britain, Russia is the largest exhibitor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Lord Kitchener is now in his 52nd year. His military service is one of 30 years.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves.

France has 60 cities with more than 30,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce \$50,000,000 a year.

The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The punishment for bigamy in Hungary is compelling the man to live with both wives in one house.

The Egyptian Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 103 million people.

Patented processes have been devised in Germany for converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born in sea.

The Empress of Russia operates a typewriter, and assists hands by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

London uses one hundred and ten pounds of ice yearly per inhabitant. New York one thousand three hundred pounds a year.

Germany, with one thousand and eighty-three paper mills, makes only half as much paper as England with but three hundred.

Four hundred and forty-eight British gales blew from the southwest in the last fifteen years, only ninety-six from the