The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

Henson shook his head uneasily.

"The young lady persisted in taking me for a burglar," he groaned.

"And why not?" Christabel demanded. "I was just going to bed when I heard voices in the fore-court below and footsteps creeping along. I came into the corridor with my revolver. Presently one of the men climed up the ivy and got into the corridor. I covered him with my revolver and fairly drove him into a bedroom and locked him in."

"So you killed with both barrels?" Littimer cried, with infinite enjoyment.

"Then the other one came. He came to steal the Rembrandt."

"Nothing of the kind," the wretched Henson cried. "I came to give you a lesson, Lord Littimer. My idea was to get in through the window, steal the Rembrandt, and, when you had missed it, confess the whole story. My character is safe."

"Giddy," Littimer said, reproachfully. "You are so young, so boyish, so buoyant, Reginald. What would your future constituents have said had they seen you creeping up the ivy? They are a grave people who take themselves seriously. Egad, this would be a lovely story for one of those prying society papers, 'The Philanthropist and the Picture.' I've a good mind to send it to the Press myself."

Littimer sat down and laughed with pure enjoyment.

"And where is the other partridge?" he asked, presently.

Christabel seemed to hesitate for a moment, her sense of humor of the situation had departed. Her hand shook as she turned the key in the door.

"I am afraid you are going to have a rather unpleasant surprise," Henson said.

Littimer glanced keenly at the speaker. All the laughter died out of his eyes; his face grew set and stern as Frank Littimer emerged into the light.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked, hoarsely. "What do you expect to gain by taking part in a fool's trick like this? Did I not tell you never to show your face here again?"

The young man said nothing. He stood there looking down, dogged, quiet, like one tongue-tied. Littimer thundered but his question again. He crossed over, laying his hands on his son's shoulders and shook him as a terrier might shake a rat. "Did you come for anything?" he demanded. "Did you expect any mercy from——"

Frank Littimer shook off his grasp gently. He looked up for the first time.

"I expected nothing," he said, "I—I did not come of my own free will. I am silent now for the sake of myself and others. But the time may come—God knows it has been long delayed. For the present, I am bound in honor to hold my tongue."

He flashed one little glance at Henson, a long, angry glance. Littimer looked from one to the other in hesitation for a moment. The hard lines between his brows softened.

"Perhaps I am wrong," he muttered. "Perhaps there has been a mistake somewhere. And if ever I find out I have——pshaw, I am talking like a sentimental schoolgirl. Have I not had evidence strong as proof of Holy Writ that—— Get out of my sight, your presence angers me. Go, and never let me see you again. Reginald, you were a fool to bring that boy here to-night. See him off the premises and fasten the door again."

"Surely," Christabel interfered, "surely at this time of the night—"

"You should be in bed," Littimer said, tartly. "My dear young lady, if you and I are to remain friends I must ask you to mind your own business. It is a dreadfully difficult thing for a woman to do, but you must try. You understand?"

Christabel was evidently putting a strong constraint on her tongue, for she merely bowed and said nothing. She had her own good reasons for the diplomacy of silence. Henson and Frank Littimer were disappearing in the direction of the staircase.

"I say nothing," Christabel said. "But at the same time I don't fancy I shall care very much for your distinguished friend Reginald Henson."

Littimer smiled. All his good humor seemed to have returned to him. Only the dark lines under his eyes were more accentuated.

"A slimy, fawning hound," he whispered. "A mean fellow. And the best of it is that he imagines that I hold the highest regard for him. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A little later, and Christabel sat before her looking-glass with her lovely hair about her shoulders. The glasses were gone and her magnificent eyes gleamed and sparkled.

"Good night's work," she said to her smiling reflection. "Now the danger is passed and now that I am away from that dreadful house I feel a different being. Strange what a difference a few hours has made! And I hardly need my disguise—even at this moment I believe that Enid would not recognize me. She will be pleased to know that her telegram came in so usefully. Well, here I am, and I don't fancy that anybody will recognise Christabel Lee and Chris Henson for one and the same person."

She sat there brushing her hair and letting her thoughts drift along idly over the events of the evening. Reginald Henson would have felt less easy in his mind had he known what those thoughts were. Up to now that oily scoundrel hugged himself with the delusion that nobody besides Frank Littimer and himself knew that the second copy of "The Crimson Blind" had passed into Bell's possession.

But Chris was quite aware of the fact. And Chris as Chris was supposed by Henson to be dead and buried, and was, therefore, in a position to play her cards as she pleased. Up to now it seemed to her that she had played them very well indeed. A cipher telegram from Longdean had warned her that Henson was coming there, had given her no more to say; but—[illegible] soon pay the engagement [illegible] had too have her opinion, as [illegible] the Rer She returns this.

Precisely here he wanted the picture she had not discovered yet. But she knew that she would before long. And she knew also that Henson would try to obtain the print without making his presence at Littimer Castle obvious. He was bringing Frank Littimer along, and was therefore going to use the younger man in some cunning way.

That Henson would try and get into the castle surreptitiously Chris had felt from the first. Once he did so the rest would be easy, as he knew exactly where to lay his hand on the picture. Therefore he could have no better time than the dead of night. If his presence were betrayed he could turn the matter aside as a joke and trust to his native wit later on. If he had obtained the picture by stealth he would have discreetly disappeared covering his tracks as he retreated.

Still, it had all fallen out very fortunately. Henson had been made to look ridiculous; he had been forced to admit that he was giving Littimer a lesson over the Rembrandt, and though the thing appeared innocent enough on the surface, Chris was sanguine later on that she could bring this up in evidence against him.

"So far so good," she told herself. "Watch, watch, watch, and act when the time comes. But it was hard to meet Frank to-night and be able to say nothing. And how abjectly miserable he looked! Well, let us hope that the good time is coming."

Chris was up betimes in the morning and out on the terrace. She felt no further uneasiness on the score of the disguise now. Henson was certain to be inquisitive, it was part of his nature, but he was not going to learn anything. Chris smiled as she saw Henson lumbering towards her. He seemed all the better for his night's rest.

"The rose blooms early here," he said gallantly. "Let me express the hope that you have quite forgiven me for the fright I gave you last night."

"I guess I don't recollect the fright," Chris drawled. "And if there was any fright I calculate it was on the other side. And how are you this morning? You look as if you had been in the wars. Got some trouble with your throat, or what?"

"A slight operation," Henson said airily. "I have been speaking too much in public lately and a little something had to be removed. I am much better."

The ready lie tripped off his tongue. Chris smiled slightly.

"Do you know, you remind me very much of somebody," he went on. "And yet I don't know why, because you are quite different. Lord Littimer tells me you are an American."

"The Stars and Stripes," Chris laughed. "I guess our nation is the first on earth. Now, if you happen to know anything about Boston——"

"I never was in Boston in my life," Henson replied hastily. The name seemed to render him uneasy. "Have you been in England very long?"

Chris replied that she was enjoying England for the first time. But she was not there to answer questions her role was to ask them. But she was dealing with a past-master in the art of gleaning information, and Henson was getting on her nerves. She gave a little cry of pleasure as a magnificent specimen of a bloodhound came trotting down the terrace and paused in friendly fashion before her.

"What a lovely dog," she exclaimed. "Do you like dogs, Mr. Henson?"

She looked up beamingly into his face as she spoke; she saw the heavy features darken and the eyes grow small with anger.

"I loathe them, and they loathe me," Henson growled. "Look at him!"

He pointed to the dog, who showed his teeth with an angry growl. And yet the great sleek head lay against the girl's knee in perfect confidence. Henson looked on uneasily and backed a little way. The dog marked his every movement.

"See how the brute shows his teeth at me," he said. "Please send him away, Miss Lee. I am certain he is getting ready for a spring."

Henson's face was white and hot and wet, his lips trembled. He was horribly afraid. Chris patted the silky head and [illegible] dog with a curt command, and went off instantly with a wistful backward look in his eye.

"We are going to be great friends, that doggie and I," Chris said, gaily. "And I don't like you any the better, Mr. Henson, because you don't like dogs and they don't like you. Dogs are far better judges of character than you imagine. Dr. Bell says——"

"What Dr. Bell?" Henson demanded, swiftly.

Chris had paused just in time; perhaps her successful disguise had made her a trifle reckless.

"Dr. Hatherly Bell," she said. "He used to be a famous man before he fell into disgrace over something or another. I heard him lecture on the animal instinct in Boston once, and he said—but as you don't care for dogs it doesn't matter what he said."

"Do you happen to know anything about him?" Henson asked.

"Very little. I never met him, if that is what you mean. But I heard that he had done something particularly disgraceful. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing more than a mere coincidence," Henson replied. "It is just a little strange that you should mention his name here, especially after what happened last night. I suppose that, being an American, you fell in love with the Rembrandt. It was you who suggested securing it in its place, and then preventing my little jest from being successfully carried out. Of course you have heard that the print was stolen once?"

"The knowledge is as general as the spiriting away of the Gainsborough Duchess."

"Quite so. Well, the man who stole the Rembrandt was Dr. Hatherly Bell. He stole it so that he might pay a gambling debt, and it was subsequently found in his luggage before he could pass it on to the purchaser. I am glad you mentioned it, because the name of Bell is not exactly a favorite at the castle."

"I am much obliged to you," said Chris, gravely. "Was Dr. Bell a favorite once?"

"Oh, immense. He had great influence over Lord Littimer. Ho—but here comes Littimer in one of his moods. He appears to be angry about something."

Littimer strode up, with a frown on his face and a telegram in his hand. Henson assumed to be mildly sympathetic.

"I hope it is nothing serious?" he murmured.

"Serious," Littimer cried. "The acme of audacity—yes. The telegram has just come. 'Must see you tonight on important business affecting the past. Shall hope to be with you some time after dinner!'"

"And who is the audacious aspirant to an interview?" Chris asked, demurely.

"A man I expect you never heard of," said Littimer, "but who is quite familiar to Henson here. I am alluding to that scoundrel Hatherly Bell."

"Good heavens!" Henson burst out. "I—Imean, what colossal impudence!"

(To be Continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Interesting Information From the World's Four Quarters.

Of 10,000 British seamen, sixty-six are lost at sea every year.

There are four times as many words in the English language as there are in the French.

Between 70,000 and 80,000 stamps are found loose every year in the pillar-boxes of Great Britain.

In the farming districts of Russia it costs 39 cents to hire a horse for one day, and 35 cents to hire a man.

Persons bearing the same surname, although they may not be related in any way, are forbidden to marry in China.

The Swedish town of Hafanger has set a graduated tax on all stout persons weighing upwards of 135 lb.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,250 ft. through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

The armies and navies of the nine largest European Powers cost altogether just over $1,000,000 yearly.

The banana produces per acre forty-five times more food than the potato and one hundred and thirty-one times more than wheat.

Sundays and fixed holidays excepted, it is estimated that $100,000 worth of fish is daily dragged out of the sea by British fishermen.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 123 tons of water.

Straw, pressed into blocks and made hard enough to use as pavement, is in use for this purpose in some of the streets of Warsaw, Poland.

The tallest inhabited house in the world is the Park Row building in New York. From the kerbing to the top of the towers the height is 390 feet.

Excluding Egypt and the Soudan, Britain has 2,585,000 square miles of Africa, an area equal to more than fifty Englands, and inhabited by about 45,000,000 people.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often 7 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and from 4 in. to 6 in. thick.

The crater of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, the largest volcano in the world, is twenty miles in diameter. Sometimes the stream of lava issuing from it is fifty miles long.

There is one stately chamber in Stafford House, the Duke of Sutherland's splendid London mansion, which they never open save when the Sovereign visits or when a bride departs.

The building operations of the new War Office in Whitehall, London, will absorb 26,000 tons of Portland stone, 25,000,000 ordinary and 1,500,000 glazed bricks, and nine miles of chimney-flues.

An American has invented safety reins for run-away horses, by means of which two small rollers can be made to press the horse's windpipe when desired. The animal must stop at once for want of breath.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Pupils of ten years are taught to remember the multiplication table up to forty times forty.

By Cape Horn the distance between New York and San Francisco is about 14,840 miles. The Panama Canal will reduce this to something less than 5,000, a difference of nearly 10,000 miles.

At a sale of shorthorn cattle in the capital of the Argentine Republic sensational prices were recently paid for Scottish shorthorns; $13,050 was given for Newron Stone, a Morayshire-bred bull.

One reason why the little Japanese soldier can march twenty-five miles a day with a burden of 100lb. is that his lung-power, and hence his whole physical system, is developed by habitual deep breathing.

The Source of Health

Strength and Vitality Is the Food System.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Ensures Perfect Digestion and Assimilation.

[illegible]tters little how much food [illegible] so long as the digestive [illegible]s not in condition to con[illegible] into blood and nerve force. [illegible] the nervous energy is con[illegible] by disease or by excessive [illegible] or physical exertion the [illegible] muscles which control [illegible] are unable to do their work and the food is allowed to ferment and become a burden instead of a benefit to the system.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD IS THE MOST RATIONAL TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA THAT WAS EVER CONCEIVED.

By forming new blood and creating new nerve force it strengthens and invigorates the nerves and muscles which control the flow of gastric juices and the contracting motion of the stomach which is necessary to digestion.

It would be impossible for any treatment to go more directly to the cause of trouble.

While revitalizing and re-energizing the principle organ of digestion—the stomach—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food also sharpens the appetite, enlivens the action of the liver and has a gentle laxative effect on the bowels.

MRS. E. J. FORSYTH, 62 Elm street, Toronto, says:—"My trouble has been acute indigestion and severe attacks of headache, as well as nervousness, and at times spells of dizziness. After having thoroughly tested Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I can say that it has cured my stomach troubles, and, as a result, the other symptoms have also disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best treatment for indigestion, as well as being a splendid general tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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FARM · FIELD AND GARDEN

APPLYING MANURE.

The two mistakes most frequently met with in spreading manure are that the applications are too heavy and it is not pulverized finely enough, writes Mr. E. L. Jones. I have seen many loads thrown out on the ground in large chunks, some the size of a man's head, and from 3 to 5 feet apart. I cannot imagine a worse way. Manure should be pulverized and applied evenly. The amount to be used will depend on the kind of soil, the crop to be raised, and the quality of the fertilizer. Clay soils, for instance, will retain the strength of the manure for several years, while a sandy soil will lose all the benefit in one year. Therefore, on sandy soils I use manure sparingly. On corn land, with the right kind of soil, there is no danger of too heavy applications, but on small grain a heavy coating will often cause it to fall. When sowing grass seed on grain land, I sow before the manure is spread. In this way I am sure of a good stand of grass.

If you have a large shed to be cleared of manure, it will be well to plow it with a turning plow and either run a spike-toothed harrow over it or scatter some corn on it and let the hogs in to pulverize it. It can then be loaded with a fork and is ready to spread. If the bottom is packed hard, it should be dug up with a grubbing hoe, and pulverized in the shed before it is loaded. In handling heavy manure a large shovel, about 14 inches square, will be more satisfactory than the fork. On my waggon, I use a platform and two or more removable side boards. These are superior to a wagon box for this purpose. If to be hauled only a short distance, over level roads, end gates will not be needed, thus greatly facilitating the work. The longer the time it be spread evenly from the wagon, the covering the entire ground.

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

Mr. L. A. Goodman says there is no business that requires a greater amount of intelligence than orchard growing. Experience is a prime requisite to success; that is, knowing what certain treatment will produce.

The climate being suitable, profitable orcharding depends more on the subsoil than on any other one thing. You can make the soil richer if it is not rich enough, but you cannot change the subsoil without great expense. Congenial subsoil and success. Improper subsoil and failure. These two sentences should be burned upon the memory of every fruit grower. Dig down under your soil in a hundred different places on the land you intend to plant and see what is below. A few dollars spent in this way may save you thousands in your orchard. The best subsoil is the loess formation. It allows the rains to sink deep into its bosom and there holds it until called for by the droughts of summer and the cold of winter. A fertile, porous subsoil is important above all other considerations. A gravelly shale or clay loam is next in order as to value, and can be found in many of our apple districts. A red clay shale with limestone soil and subsoil is also valuable. After subsoil, a good fertile soil, porous, loamy, with plenty of humus, potash and lime, so as to give fairly good crops of grain or grass, should be chosen. One that dries out quickly so that it can be plowed soon after a rain, that works easily so as to get best results with least labor, that will give a good crop of corn while growing the trees, one that will not bake too easily, is always desirable. Next comes a rocky or gravelly soil, which is good, but takes more work to get results. These are found in abundance in all mountain districts.

LOCATION AND EXPOSURE.

are not so important as elevation, although they should not be underestimated. Elevation above surrounding lands so as to get good air drainage cannot be ignored. Elevation above the sea, as you go south of 40 degrees, is important, because you get into the cooler, drier, purer air. But this is not enough, if you have not also elevation above the surrounding lands, for you then have trouble with the cold air the same as on lower lands. The northern slopes and exposures are always considered best. I think this is true because the best soils and subsoils are on these northern slopes, and not because of the location itself.

Unless varieties are adapted to climate, soil, location, exposure and market, you plant in vain. This study of adaptability can reach conclusions only by actual experience. It is well to make the experience of others serve you. If variety is at its best in one locality, then you should abide by this decision. But the fact that one variety does best in one part of our orchard and another variety in another part demands closest study. Watch for these variations and note why they are so, seeing if valuable, accurate conclusions cannot be drawn.

PREPARATION OF THE LAND

and the distance of planting must be directed by climate, condition of soil and surrounding circumstances. I believe the virgin timber land best in every way. Cutting this timber in August and September, burning up all the brush in October and November, plowing the land in December and January, where conditions will permit, and cross-plowing again in March and April, are the best courses to pursue. It pays to prepare the land well where trees are to be planted, especially where they are to stand, for it will be many a year before that part is plowed again. All trees should be carefully selected. Three-year-old trees, 5 feet high, with an even spread of at least seven to nine branches at right angles from the body, and a centre stem as a leader, are in my opinion best. Whole or piece root, long or short root, has nothing to do with the vigor, life, health or productiveness of the tree. It all depends on the kind of stock and scion used. Double working is often a great advantage. Digging, handling and planting are matters not considered sufficiently. Most of our planters forget that trees begin to die as soon as they are out of the ground, and it is only a question of time before they wither or succumb. If they are taken up carefully, without bruising either roots or tops, and intelligently planted, not more than 1 per cent. should be lost.

Wooden tree wrappers are put on our trees just as soon as they are planted. These wrappers are made 18 inches long, 10 inches wide and 1½ inches thick. They are put on with two wires, No. 20 annealed, fastened through the wrapper so they will slip down. These wrappers are worth all they cost for the protection of the body of the tree during the first summer in the increase of growth secured. They pay for themselves in keeping out the flat and round headed borers. They protect the bodies of the trees from injury during cultivation and pay for themselves a fourth time in protecting the trees from rabbits. Their cost is about $4 per 1,000. They are left on the trees for three years without any injury resulting. Get out of your trees all you can as quickly as possible, and when they fail to pay, cut them down and have others coming into bearing to take their places. This is the quickest, easiest and most profitable plan to pursue.

Cowpeas or clover is used as summer fallow and often rye is sown as a cover crop in the fall, to be plowed up the next spring and the ground sowed to cowpeas. Further care of the orchard after bearing will be a repetition of last year's work before bearing. Rotation of crops is essential. Our succession is corn, cowpeas, summer fallow, and clover two years, repeating this every five years. Prune little or much each year, according to the place the orchard is located. In the south and west there is very little pruning. Better too little than too much. In the north and east cut and thin, always keeping the ideal tree in mind, with its centre stem and branches at right angles, and then no serious mistakes will occur. In the spraying of apple orchards experiments are still necessary, to know just when, how and with what, but spray you must, is the almost universal verdict of successful apple growers.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The brief operations of the wireless telegraph service undertaken for the London Times at the seat of the Russo-Japanese War, and ended by the interference of the Japanese government, throw much light on the detective powers of wireless telegraphy. In this case the De Forest system was employed. The land station was at Weihaiwei, with a mast 170 feet high. The mast on the telegraph-ship was 90 feet high. Both Russian and Japanese messages were received by the operator, who could easily recognize the difference in the systems employed. He could tell if a Russian ship was at sea by listening to the answering messages from shore. He could also tell whether the Japanese messages were transmitted from a relay base, or whether the fleet itself was at sea.

WHERE BACHELORS PAY.

While the Benedict sometimes has to pay dearly for a wife, in at least one country it scarcely pays to remain celibate. In Argentina the man who prefers single to duplicated bliss has to pay a substantion and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his twenty-fifth birthday he must pay a fine of $6.25 a month to the Exchequer; if at thirty-five he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to $12.50 a month, and at this figure it remains for fifteen years. If at fifty he still keeps from the altar he is looked on as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until, at eighty, he is exempt.

Curing Consumption

When SCOTT'S EMULSION makes a consumptive gain flesh it is curing his consumption.

The weight is the measure of the consumptive's condition. Every pound of weight gained is a matter for congratulation, and

Scott's Emulsion

makes the consumptive gain flesh.

Scott's Emulsion does something to the lungs, too, that reduces the cough and the inflammation.

More weight and less cough always mean that consumption is losing its influence over the system.

For all stages of the disease Scott's Emulsion is a reliable help.

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