

# The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

## CHAPTER XLII.

Whist events were moving rapidly outside, time at Longcan Grange seemed to stand still. The dust and the desolation were ever there, the gloom brooded like an evil spirit. And yet it was but the calm before the storm that was coming to banish the hoary old spectres for good. Still, Enid felt the monotony to be as maddening as ever. There were times when she rebelled passionately against the solitude of the place. There were moments to her when it seemed that her mind couldn't stand the strain much longer.

But she had hope, that blessed legacy to the sanguine and the young. And there were times when she would creep out and see Ruth Gates, who found the Rottingdean Road very convenient for cycling just now. And there was always the anticipation of a telephone message from Chris. Originally the telephone had been established so that the household could be run without the intrusion of tradesmen and other strangers. It had seemed a great anomaly at the time, but now Enid blessed it every moment of the day. And she was, perhaps, not quite so unhappy as she deemed herself to be. She had her lover back again, now, with his character free from every imputation.

The sun struggled in through the dim, dusty panes; the monotonous voice of Mrs. Henson droned in the drawing-room. It was what Williams called one of the unhappy lady's "days." Sometimes she was quiet and reasonable, at other times the dark mood hung heavily upon her. She was pacing up and down the drawing-room, wringing her hands and whispering to herself. Enid had slipped into the grounds for a little fresh air, the house oppressed her terribly to-day. The trim lawns and blazing flower-beds were a pleasing contrast to the misery and disorder of the house.

Enid passed on into the shadow of the plantation. A little farther on nearer the wall the dogs seemed to be excited about something. Williams' rusty voice could be heard expostulating with some intruder. By him stood a man who, though fairly well dressed, looked as if he had slept in his garments for days. There was a dazed, puzzled, absent expression on his face.

"You might have been killed," Williams croaked. "If you hadn't stood still the dogs would have pulled you to pieces. How did you get here?"

"I've lost it," the stranger muttered. "I've lost it somewhere, and I shall have no rest till I find it." "Well, go and look in the road," Williams suggested, smoothly. "Nothing ever gets lost here. Just you hop over that wall and try your luck outside."

Enid came forward. Evidently the intruder was no stranger to her. Williams started to explain volubly. But Enid cut him short at once.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened," she said. "It is amazing that this man should come here of all places. Williams, this is the man Van Sneek."

"What, the chap as was wounded in the hospital, miss?"

"The same. The man is not in full possession of his senses. And if Reginald Henson finds him now it is likely to go hard with him. He must be taken into the house and looked after until I can communicate with somebody I can trust. Mr. Steel, I think. He must be got back to the hospital. It is the only place where he is safe."

Van Sneek seemed to be looking on with the vacant stare of the mindless. He suffered himself to be led to the house, where he was fed like a child. It was in vain that Enid piled him with all kinds of questions. He had lost something—he would have no peace till he had found it. This was the one burden of his cry. Enid crossed to the

window in some perplexity. The next moment she had something else to occupy her mind. Reginald Henson was coming up the drive. Just for an instant Enid felt inclined to despair.

"Williams," she cried, "Mr. Henson is here. On no account must he see our unfortunate visitor. He cannot possibly know that Van Sneek is here; the whole thing is an accident. I am going down into the hall. I shall contrive to get Mr. Henson into the drawing-room. Without delay you must smuggle Mr. Van Sneek into your apartments over the stable. You will be perfectly safe if you go down the back staircase. As soon as the drawing-room door closes, go."

Williams nodded. He was essentially a man of action rather than words. With all the coolness she could summon up Enid descended to the hall. She gave a little gesture of surprise and disdain as she caught sight of Henson.

"So you came down to welcome me?" Enid said, coldly.

A sudden light of rage lit up Henson's blue eyes. He caught Enid almost roughly by the shoulders and pushed her into the drawing-room. There was something coming, she knew. It was a relief a minute or two later to hear Williams' whistle as he crossed the courtyard. Henson knew nothing of Van Sneek's presence, nor was he likely to do so now.

"You are forgetting yourself," Enid said. "How dare you touch me like that?"

"By heavens," Henson whispered, "when I consider how I have been fooled by you I wonder that I do not strike the life out of you. Where is your sister?"

Enid assumed an air of puzzled surprise. She raised her eyebrows, coldly. But it needed no very brilliant intelligence to tell her that Henson had discovered something.

"I had only one sister," she said, "and she is—"

"Dead? Rot. No more dead than I am. A nice little scheme you had set up together with that scribbling ass David Steel. But Steel is going to get a lesson not to interfere in my affairs and you are going to get one also. Where is your sister?"

Despite his bullying triumph there was something nervous and anxious about the tone of the question. It was not quite like Henson to let his adversary see that he had scored a point. But since the affair of the dogs Henson had not been quite his old self. It was easy to see that he had found out a great deal, but he had not found out where Chris was yet.

"I know nothing," said Enid. "I shall answer no questions."

"Very well. But I shall find out. Accident put me on the trail first. And I have been to see that man Walker. He never saw your sister after her 'death,' nor did the undertaker. And I might have met my death at the fangs of that dog you put upon me. What a fool Walker was."

Enid looked up anxiously. Had Walker said anything about a second opinion? Had he betrayed to Henson the fact that he had been backed up by Hatherly Bell? Because they had taken a deal of trouble to conceal the fact that Bell had been in the house.

"Dr. Walker should have called in another opinion," she said, mockingly. "The man was too conceited for that, and you know it," Henson growled; "and finely you played up on his vanity."

Enid was satisfied. Walker had evidently said nothing about Bell; and Henson, though he had just come from Littimer, knew nothing about Chris.

"You have made a statement," she said, "and in reply I say nothing. You have chosen to assume that my sister is still alive. Well, it is a

free country, and you are at liberty to think as you please. If we had anything to gain by the course you suggest—"

"Anything to gain!" Henson burst out angrily. "Everything to gain. One whom I deemed to be dead is free to follow me to pry into my affairs, scheme, I presume. If you and your sister and Miss Gates hadn't talked so loudly that day in the garden I might not—"

"Have listened," said Chris, coldly. "Ears like a hare and head like a cat. But you don't know everything, and you never will. You scoundrel, you creeping, crawling scoundrel! If I only dared to speak. If I cared less for the honor of this unhappy family—"

"If you could only get the ring," said Henson, with a malicious sneer. "But the ring is gone. The ruby ring lies at the bottom of the North Sea."

Some passionate, heedless words rose to Enid's lips, but she checked them. All she could do now was to watch and wait till darkness. Van Sneek must be got out of the way before anything else was done. She did not dare to use the telephone yet, though she had made up her mind to ask Steel to come over and take Van Sneek away. Later on she could send the message.

Van Sneek had eaten a fairly good meal, so Williams said, and had fallen into a heavy sleep. There was nothing for it but to wait and watch. Dinner came in due course, with Mrs. Henson, ragged and unkept as usual, taking no notice of Henson, who watched her furtively during the meal. Enid escaped to her own room directly afterwards, and Henson followed his hostess to the drawing-room.

Once there his manner changed entirely. His lips grew firm, his eyes were like points of steel. Mrs. Henson was pacing the dusty floor, muttering and crooning to herself. Henson touched her arm, at the same time holding some glittering object before her eyes. It was a massive ruby ring with four black pearls on either side.

"Look here," he whispered. "Do you recognize it? Have you seen it before?"

A pitiful, wailing cry came from Mrs. Henson's lips. She was trembling from head to foot with a strange agitation. She gazed at the ring as a thirsty man in a desert might have looked on a draught of cold spring water. She stretched out her hand, but Henson drew back.

"I thought you had not forgotten it," he smiled. "It means much to you, honor, peace, happiness—your restored place in the world. Last time I was here I wanted money, a mere bagatelle to you. Now I want £10,000."

"No, no," Mrs. Henson cried. "You will ruin me—£10,000! What do you do with all the money? You profess to give it all to charity. But I know better. Much you give away that more may come back from it. But that money you get from a creditous public. And I could expose you, ah, how I could expose you, Reginald Henson."

"Instead of which you will let me have that £10,000."

"I cannot. You will ruin me. Have you not had enough? Give me the ring."

Henson smilingly held the gem aloft. Mrs. Henson raised her arm with the dust rising in choking clouds around her. There with an activity astonishing in one of her years she sprang upon Henson and tore the ring from his grasp. The thing was so totally unexpected from the usually gentle lady that Henson could only gasp in astonishment.

"I have it," Mrs. Henson cried. "I have it, and I am free!"

Henson sprang towards her. With a quick, fleet step she crossed to the window and fled out into the night. A raging madman seemed to have come over her again; she laughed and she cried as she sped on into the bushes, followed by Henson. In his fear and desperation the latter had quite forgotten the dogs. He was in the midst of them, they were clustered round himself and Mrs. Henson before he was aware of the fact.

"Give me the ring," he said. "You can't have it yet. Some day I will restore it to you. Be sensible if anybody should happen to see you." Mrs. Henson merely laughed. The dogs were gambolling around like so many kittens. They did not seem to heed Henson in the joy of her presence. He came on again, he made a grab for her dress, but the rotten fabric parted like a cobweb in his hand. A warning grunt came from one of the dogs, but Henson gave no heed.

"Give it me," he hissed; "or I will tear it from you."

(To be Continued.)

## SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY.

Miss Hurryup—"Ah, Mr. Holdoff, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman."

Mr. Holdoff—"Troubles, Miss Hurryup? Of what nature pray?"

Miss H.—"Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying 'When is it to come off?' as if the marriage was a prize-fight. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents; they want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constant asking such questions as 'Carrie what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions?' Why does he call on you so regularly, and stay so late when he does call? And he sometimes looks so angry when he asks those questions that I actually tremble."

Mr. H.—"And what answers do you make to his questions, Miss Hurryup?"

Miss H.—"I can't make any answers at all, for, you see, you haven't said anything to me, and—"

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

## FARM-FIELD GARDEN

### MONEY IN FALL PIGS.

Many farmers claim there is no money in fall pigs. I believe I can make as much growth for the same feed with a fall pig as I can with a spring pig, writes Colon C. Little. Of course, a man must provide suitable feed and shelter and know how to take care of fall pigs or he will not be satisfied. The fall pig cannot hustle for himself around the barn yard, eat out in the snow, sleep in a cold nest, and thrive very well. A pig several months old may do this if he has plenty of corn and a little slop. But the young pig, farrowed say in October, must have special care and feed in order to make a reasonable growth.

Mine is a winter dairy. I have more skim milk to dispose of during the cold months than during the warm ones. During September and October a large number of my pigs are farrowed. I must have them to utilize this by-product of the dairy profitably. In my case, I proved that necessity is the mother of invention. I will admit that I had to solve the problem of growing fall pigs.

For mature hogs, the temporary, outdoor hog house works very well, but it is not the place for the fall-farrowed pig. He needs a good roomy pen, that is warm and dry. For weeks at a time he ought not to go out of doors. Every pleasant day the doors of our pen are opened to give the hog house an airing and to allow the pigs to take outdoor exercise if they choose, yet they prefer to remain in the pen most of the time. Some days they go out in their yards for a short time. But they act as if they were pleased when the doors are shut and the pen again assumes its normal temperature.

The fall pig should have a balanced ration. He should not be allowed to eat too much corn or too large a proportion of skim milk. My experience is that the milk should be in about the ratio of three pounds to one pound of corn. I never feed the skim milk clear, but make a slop of it by mixing wheat middlings and dried beet pulp. The former is splendid food for growing young pigs. It contains the protein and the carbohydrates in just about the right proportion. There is nothing that a young pig likes better than a slop made in this way.

About once a week the pigs are given a feed of charcoal, which helps keep the digestive organs in good condition and sweetens the stomach. Every little while, also, wood ashes are put into their troughs. This also helps to keep the digestive organs in good condition and guards against intestinal worms.

### CHOOSING A BROOD SOW.

When selecting the brood sow, go to a pen where a number of gilts are kept and the fattest and best developed ones will always come to the trough first. From these select a brood sow. The gilt selected should come from a large litter and from a sow that is a good feeder, gentle and easy to handle. For if she is gentle and kind and a good feeder, she will usually be a good milker, a very essential point in a brood sow. One cannot judge accurately of the milking qualities of a gilt, but a chunky, heavy boned, short legged sow is not as good a milker as one with a longer body and legs, and less rounded sides. Under all circumstances avoid line that is wild, or nervous, or has a low back. The legs must be strong and straight. The sow must stand entirely on her toes and should show ten or 12 teats.

The age at which to breed depends on the maturity more than the age. A gilt that has been properly handled will weigh 200 pounds or more at eight months, and ought to raise a good litter of pigs if bred then. When a young sow has only a few pigs, or is a poor milker or a careless mother, she should be sent to the meat barrel at once. But if she is a good milker, and attentive to her young, she should be tried again, for the second litter will usually be larger than the first. If her second litter shows increased numbers, and the first one developed into good hogs, she might be retained for a breeder until a better sow can be obtained.

### FEEDING ORCHARD TREES.

While this is done by some in a systematic way, the great mass of fruit trees are not receiving any special attention as to feeding. Often the orchard has to produce crops in the farm rotation with only about as much plant food as the rest of the farm received. This is better than no feeding for the trees will appropriate to themselves at least a portion. Too often orchards get about the same attention as forest trees. Many state crop correspondents say that stable manure has proven the most satisfactory. This may be due to the fact that by the use of it, both humus and plant food are given to the soil. There may be soils so rich in plant food that fertilizing would be wasteful, but they are unquestionably rare. Heavy crops of fruit are a severe drain upon the fertility of the soil.

Full crops are the ones that make fruit growing profitable and unless the fertility is maintained exhaustion will follow, and the result will be unproductive and unprofitable orchards. Give to the soil such plant food as is required for the development of the tree, or fruit and the feeding question is solved. But a soil rich in all the elements of plant food, but deficient in humus or neglected as to cultivation, will not bring the desired results. To sup-

## "IT'S SUCCESS"

Is no romance but simply an evidence of what incomparable quality will do.

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the purest and sweetest nature can yield. Sold only in sealed lead packets. Black, Mixed or GREEN. By all grocers. Given the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

## SURGEON'S TAKE CHANCES

OPERATIONS PERFORMED IN CURIOUS PLACES.

Children's Legs Amputated in the Street—Saving a Life in a Restaurant.

Many a man's life has been saved by the quick use of the surgeon's knife, and so it is not very astonishing to learn that serious operations are sometimes conducted in queer places. In the streets of New York, for instance, where statistics go to prove that a serious accident occurs every ten minutes, operations in public thoroughfares and in the presence of crowds of onlookers have become so frequent as to cease to be looked upon as remarkable.

A curious coincidence occurred a couple of months ago, when Ambulance-Surgeon Joseph Samenfeld, of St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, amputated the legs of two children who had been caught under different trolley-cars. The first case was that of little four-year-old Isaac Williams, who lives at 345 Brunswick Avenue, and who fell in front of a trolley-car. Dr. Samenfeld arrived as the railroad employees were jacking the car up, but they said it would be twenty minutes before they could get the boy out.

On hearing this Dr. Samenfeld threw off his coat and, crawling under the car, made an operation-table of the street, and in a few minutes appeared with the unconscious boy, having amputated the leg and left it still pinned to the rail by the car.

### THE COURAGEOUS SURGEON

was busy making out his report at the hospital when a similar call came from Leonard Street, saying that Bertha Sigissoe, of 109 Johnson Avenue, had been run over in almost the same manner as the Williams boy. Dr. Samenfeld rushed off and cut off the child's leg, leaving the limb still under the wheel, and took the girl to the hospital. Both children recovered, though had they been permitted to lie under the car a few minutes longer they would undoubtedly have died.

In one of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris, last spring, a man's life was saved through the skill and quickness of one of the guests. It appears that a gentleman, with three friends, was dining at one of the small tables, when a piece of meat lodged in his throat and he found it impossible to get rid of it. The physicians in a vain slapped him on the back, but the unfortunate man became black in the face and fell to the floor.

A surgeon from the German Hospital, who happened to be dining to the café, pushed his way through the crowd. He saw at once that the man was dying, and if prompt measures were not taken he would quickly succumb. He ordered one of the waiters to bring him a small funnel such as is used in bottling wine, and then, without a moment's hesitation took out a sharp knife.

### CUT THE MAN'S THROAT.

removed the piece of meat, and the waiter having returned quickly inserted the funnel in the opening. The man was then hastily conveyed to the hospital, where a silver tube was inserted in the place of the funnel, and a few hours later he was pronounced out of danger.

Last July Oliver Holmes, while at work on the Postal Building in New York, one of the modern skyscrapers, was crushed by a mass of steel falling from a derrick. His fellow-workmen sketched a warning to him, but it was too late and he was struck down. They laid him on the roof and sent for the ambulance. When the surgeon arrived he saw at once that the only chance of saving the man's life was by a speedy operation. With the assistance of several of the workmen, who brought dishes of water, etc., Holmes' leg was quickly severed, and he was then gently carried down to the street, put in an ambulance, and driven to the hospital. In this instance however, the operation did not save the man's life, as he died before the journey was over.

### A ROYAL TREASURE-HOUSE.

The plate-room at Marlborough House contains what is probably the most valuable collection of treasures in any private house in England. The room is underground and is lighted by electricity, the walls being lined by bookcases containing many rare volumes presented to King Edward and the Prince of Wales from time to time, forming a very valuable library. In big iron safes in the centre of the room is stored away a wonderful collection of gold and silver plate, including two enormous silver pilgrim bottles presented by Alexander III. of Russia to King Edward and a priceless solid gold embossed shield, which was a present to the Sovereign from a number of Indian princes.

Young Lady (on board the liner)—"What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?" Captain—"The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder." Young Lady—"I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is under water, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it."

## You Must Look to the Liver

If You Would Have Good Digestion and Good Health. It is Kept Active by

### DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Bile in the blood is poison. Bile in the intestines is necessary to digestion and the healthful action of the bowels.

Bile in the blood causes biliousness, headache, jaundice, muddy complexion and is the source of innumerable pains and aches.

The lack of bile in the intestines brings on indigestion, constipation, kidney derangements and a clogging of the whole digestive and excretory systems.

The liver separates bile from the blood, where it is poison, and pours it into the intestines, where it is of inestimable worth.

For this reason the health of the body is dependent on the health and activity of the liver.

By making the liver active, when it becomes torpid and sluggish, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure a healthful flow of bile into the intestines and the cure of all ailments arising from "bile poison," indigestion and constipation.

See the liver right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you will remove the cause of many pains and aches, of many annoying symptoms of irritable temper and depressed spirits.

There is no liver regulator so certain of action, so quick to relieve, so lastingly beneficial.

Mrs. James Griffiths, Geneva Street south, St. Catharines, writes: "It gives me great pleasure to speak in commendation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For some years prior to the spring of 1900 I was afflicted with serious derangements of the digestive functions and liver and kidney disorders. I tried many remedies without the desired results, until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After taking a few boxes of this medicine I was again enjoying all my former health and vigor, and, in fact, feeling better than for ten years. Other members of our family have also received the best results from the use of this medicine, and I shall always consider myself under lasting obligation to Dr. Chase for what it has done for me and mine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmarson, Bates & Company, Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipient book author, are on every box.