

DR. WILBUR'S NOTE BOOK
BY DR. N.T. OLIVER
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CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]
"This is indeed sad," he says. "More to me, from the fact that you have said that it was the news of my fall as it is generally called, which has done this. I loved my aunt in the days of childhood, even in early manhood—happy days, long departed. He sighs. "It shall be proven that I am not guilty of the crime," he adds almost fiercely.

"I hope so. As I was saying, your friend, Mr. Taker, is working for you. It was in your interests that he visited Adrian Dyke."

"Has he discovered anything?" speaks, tell me quickly.

The doctor hesitates; he does not know how to answer. He has promised the detective that he would not speak to any one. He is about to give an evasive answer when he is spared the trouble by the door being opened. Silas Watson appears in the opening.

"Mr. Adrian Dyke would like to see you."

"Ah! his brother has come."

"In a moment," then to Dr. Gareau. "You did not answer my question."

"Taker will tell you; I have no time. Be of good heart, I am willing to be your friend," and he leaves the cell.

"Taker will tell me. Perhaps he has discovered something; I wonder what it can be. Show my brother in," he says to Silas Watson, who has stepped aside to allow the doctor to pass, but who is now waiting in the doorway.

"Your brother does not care about coming to your cell. I have given him permission to speak to you in the parlor."

"Does not want to see the iron bars, perhaps," bitterly. "Very well; lead on."

The Sheriff stands back, allowing the prisoner to step out of his cell, and then conducts him along the corridor to the front part of the house. He throws open a door to the left, and Franklin Dyke, entering, sees his brother awaiting him.

"I shall be outside," announces the Sheriff, and leaves them. The brother is sitting, as the door opens he rises. "Franklin," he murmurs, "this is awful!"

"Meaning the death of Dr. Wilbur?" sarcastically.

"Yes, all—your incarceration, the evidence against you—"

"Your double-faced treachery," adds Franklin, fiercely. "You and night, the circumstance of your visit to me, I feared it would go against you when I first heard of the discovery of the dead man."

"I have heard all this before. Perhaps your conscience did cause you to try and shield me a little, as long as it did not affect your own safety. But why did you not tell all the truth? If you had done so, I should not be here. Some one else would have been continued behind the iron bars of the West Chester jail."

"The brother does not grow angry—only wonder, sorrow in his eyes depicted upon his face."

"I told the truth," he says, quietly, firmly. "I did not do so willingly, but I did speak truly."

The brother seems astonished. He looks upon the face of the other with suspicious eyes.

"I cannot understand you," he says. "At last you know, you knew at the time you testified, that I was an innocent man. You could have proven, beyond doubt, that I did not commit this deed, but not to shield yourself, you allowed them to fasten the crime upon me. You sacrificed your brother to save yourself."

"Franklin Dyke! what do you mean? You say I know, knew at the time that you were innocent. How should I know? Why should I try to hang you, my brother? To save myself. Explain; if you did not murder Dr. Wilbur, who did?"

"You!"

"The word is out. With a groan and a white, horrified face, Adrian Dyke staggers back and catches at a chair for support. His eye-balls are turned toward the ceiling, showing only the whites; his lips are trembling. The brother looks down upon him with bitter triumph displayed upon his countenance.

"So! my words strike home, do they? They strike terror to your coward heart. You see, I know. Your guilt shows itself upon your face."

The agitated man arises with difficulty to his feet. His face is haggard. He seems to have grown old in those few moments. His lips move, but the words come with difficulty. In a forced tone, hardly more than a whisper, he says:

"Do you—really believe me guilty of this—crime?"

"It could have benefitted no one else."

"But how? How could the death of this good old man be of benefit to me?" He is still trembling, still speaks with difficulty.

"You told me, upon the occasion of our interview—that last conversation which I shall never forget—that the birth of a son alone could save you from ruin. You were anxiously expecting the birth of the child at the very time you spoke. The child was born, and as the news was brought you, you saw that your hopes had fled, that ruin stared you in the face—the infant was a female."

He is interrupted by the violent agitation which seizes his brother. His face already white, now grows livid. He breathes comes in short gasps.

"How do you know this?" he barely articulates.

"I know it. I will prove it to you.

Upon leaving your house that night I determined to return at once to the city. I could have caught the train that leaves at 10:30 and had made up my mind to take it. But as I reached the gate Dr. Wilbur passed me. I knew he was coming to attend your wife. A feeling of curiosity came to me, a feeling that I should like to know the sex of your child, to see if your hopes would be realized. An idle curiosity, perhaps, but it caused me to retrace my footsteps all the way back to your house. I had gone nearly to West Chester after the doctor had passed me. Walking along, I passed the house of Conrad Gardner. There was a light in the window. I looked in. The man was filling the place of nurse. He was washing his infant child. I became aware of the sex of the new-born babe—a fine, healthy boy! Then I continued my way to your house. I saw lights in the windows of the room upon the second floor—your wife's room. I knew it to be. I am familiar with the old house; I know every nook and corner in it. There is a narrow iron stair used by my mother—our mother, Adrian—during her life, to train running roses upon. It passes close to the windows of your wife's room. This I climbed, and standing upon it, hanging on with first one hand, then the other, I was enabled to look into the room as the shades were not drawn. The way down. But I could not see what I came for. For two or perhaps three hours, I hung on. I could see the bed, the weak woman upon it, the child in the arms of Mary Calder, but the sun was all.

"At last I grew so tired from my uncomfortable position that I was obliged to descend to the ground, I



believe I would have fallen if I had not done so. I was leaning against the house recovering my breath, when Potter passed me. He saw and recognized me. It is not necessary to go into detail now, as to what passed between us; you already know it. After leaving James Potter, I hurried along the road toward town. I knew there was no train until six o'clock, but I preferred to wait in the station, rather than in the vicinity of your house. I walked rapidly for awhile, but remembering I had plenty of time, I finally checked my rapid pace, and walked along more slowly. As I fell into an easy, lounging gait, I heard footsteps behind me—some one going toward West Chester. A companion I thought, and halted to allow the person to overtake me. It was Dr. Wilbur.

"And you met him on the road?"

"No, he came up behind me. I recognized him, even before he had reached me. I made myself known. He seemed delighted to see me. 'You are out rather late tonight,' I said. 'Yes, much later than I usually care about being out,' he answered. 'But these women must be attended to.' I questioned him about your wife—your child. He told me. I actually felt sorry for you, Adrian. I knew what a bitter disappointment it must have been. I said as much to the doctor. 'My brother will be greatly disappointed. He had his heart set on a boy.'"

"We can't rule these things, we must take them as they come," he said. Then he made some remark to the effect that he had spoken to you about passing me upon the path, and that you had denied my being at your house. I gave some explanation. I don't remember what. I asked him about what hour your child had been born. 'A little after 10,' he answered. 'I can tell you positively,' he added, and took a little note-book from his pocket. 'I have it all here,' he said, tapping the little book, 'everything about it—time of birth, sex and all.' He struck a match upon the head of his cane, and glancing at the book, said: 'Ten-twenty or thirty. I will not be sure.' We walked along a little further. I was thinking how strangely fate deals with us—Gardner, the proud father of a son, you the disappointed parent of a little girl. Why could not it have been vice versa? Suddenly the doctor stopped.

"I actually believe I have lost my pocket thermometer," he cried. 'I used it at Gardner's house. I have either left it there, or dropped it by the roadside. It is too bad, but I must return to Gardner's house, and if it is not there, borrow a lantern and search for it. It is a valuable one.'

"He seemed much put out over his loss and left me, not caring to return. I reached the depot, and after a few hours' waiting, took the early train into the city."

"The brother heaves a sigh.

"Well, go on," he says, "explain why you think me guilty of this man's death."

"It can be done in a few words. I heard that you had deliberately lied at the inquest, that you had said, the sex of your child was male. I know differently. It all

came to me. You arranged with Conrad Gardner, a poor weak fool, to exchange the infants, he taking your daughter, you his son. You did this to save yourself from the threatened disgrace—you knew you could trust Mary Calder's tongue (I know all about that affair) but not the doctor. He could not be so easily managed. You knew the note-book contained the record of the births and sex of the children. You made up your mind to obtain possession of it. You followed Dr. Wilbur, you met him returning to Gardner's house. You set upon him to obtain possession of the book, and, probably, in your desperation, struck the blow that ended his life. You got what you had staked for, the note-book. It was missing, you know. It could not have been of value to any one but you—and in order to cover the robbery, you rifled the pockets of the corpse to make it appear that it was for that purpose that the crime had been committed. That is my ground for belief. If it were told a jury, they would hang you."

With dilated eyes, Adrian Dyke hears his brother's tale. Then as he finishes, as he stands with an expression of convincing belief upon his countenance, his breast heaving, his hands working, he says feebly:

"It is surely damning evidence, but, Franklin, you are wrong. Right in one thing, wrong in another. I am guilty of the crime of exchanging my child for that of Conrad Gardner. You know why I was tempted to do that: I will confess to you that I did follow Dr. Wilbur to Gardner's cottage that night, not to do him harm. God knows I did not intend to injure him, but to see, if I could not in some way obtain possession of the book, and change the entries. They were written in lead pencil. When I reached the cottage Dr. Wilbur had gone. I followed him a short distance up the road, but as I hurried along, the thought came to me, 'Suppose I overtake him, what then. It will be useless. I cannot force the book from him.' With a heavy heart, I retraced my foot steps. I went home. I felt that all was over; that in the morning all would be known."

"In the morning I heard of the murder. The thought occurred to me that you had committed it. I remembered your words, your desperation. Going into my library or study, I found that some one had made a forcible entry in the dining-room. Several articles of silver-ware had been stolen from the dining-room which adjoins the library."

"Franklin's work," I said, with a heavy feeling at my heart. James Potter, who had shown curious agitation the night before, heard my muttered words. He fell on his knees before me and begged me not to punish you. I forced from him the fact that you had been seen by him at about midnight, near the house. He said you had nothing with you at that time. I concluded that you had hidden your plunder, but had returned for it, and made away with it, after he had left you, later in the day. An hour or so after this, I found I was right in one thing, wrong in another. The plate was found tied up in a table-cloth in the recess of a cellar window, near the spot where you were standing. You had not returned for your plunder. You know what happened at the inquest, at least, you have said so. I did not mention the fact of my house having been burglarized. I did not wish to make you out such a desperate wretch as all that. Up to this time, I did not know that the note-book was missing. When I heard of it, it filled my heart. I could still hear your plans. The doctor was dead, the note-book missing! That night the children were changed."

"Not until the night after the murder?"

"No; I felt assured that you had the note-book. I even thought it was to negotiate with me in some way for that book that you had sent for me to visit you to-day."

"Then you claim that you actually thought me guilty?"

"Up to the time I heard you speak—up to the time you accused me—until this morning."

The brothers are silent. Adrian Dyke looks upon his brother's face with eager eyes; Franklin Dyke, with a grave face, a look of bewilderment in his eyes. Had his brother spoken the truth? Can it be possible that he is innocent? His action, when accused of the crime, had been one of horror. Was it one of guilt?

"You say you do not know anything about this murder?" he asks at last, deliberately.

"Nothing."

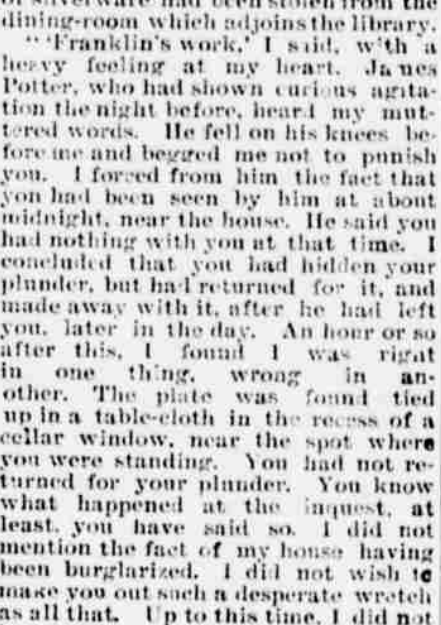
"You are in no way concerned in it?" his voice is doubtful.

The brother stretches out one hand to heaven.

"As God is my judge, and is looking down upon me where I stand, I am in no way concerned in the death of Ezra Wilbur. I knew nothing of it until the following morning."

His tone is impressive.

To be Continued.



The story of a Norwegian servant, who, when asked by a German housekeeper to state her qualifications, naively mentioned her ability to milk reindeer, has found a parallel in a recently-landed daughter of Erin, engaged as a cook by a Washington woman. When dinner-time arrived and dessert was served the cook brought in a dilapidated looking watermelon, for the toughness of which she made profuse apologies, stating that she had kept it on the stove boiling hot since breakfast.—Kate Field's Washington.

The teacher had been giving a class of youngsters some ideas of adages and how to make them, and to test their training she put a few questions.

"What is an idle brain?" was one.

"The devil's workshop," was the prompt response.

"Then there were several more till this one came:

"Birds of a feather do what?"

"Lay eggs," piped a small boy before anybody else had a chance to speak.—Exchange.

"What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man.

"I speculate a little."

"How speculate?"

"Sells chickens."

"Where do you get the chickens?"

"My boys fetch 'em in."

"Here do they get 'em?"

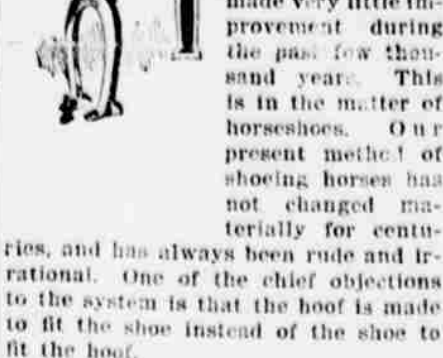
"I don't know, sah. I've allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax wid me wime to inquire the udder day, but a rival come on an' tuck up all my time."

At a medical college in Pennsylvania the question was asked, "What are some of the causes of natural death?" A fresh and earnest young man answered, "Hanging, disease and old age."

NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION WILL PROVE A BOON.

Will Not Pull Off in Accident—Has Been Put to Numerous Trials and Is a Success.—Notes of Science and Industry.



IN ONE RESPECT the human race has made very little improvement during the past few thousand years. This is in the matter of horseshoes. Our present method of shoeing horses has not changed materially for centuries, and has always been rude and irrational. One of the chief objections to the system is that the hoof is made to fit the shoe instead of the shoe to fit the hoof.

This involves a lot of cutting and scraping, and is the chief cause of lameness and stumbling. The use of nails is also a serious objection, as, no matter how careful the blacksmith may be, there are cases when a tender spot will be penetrated. It is quite obvious that nature never intended nails to be driven into a horse's hoof.

Thousands of schemes are put forward every year for improving the present horseshoe, but none of them has as yet proved successful. Many of them seem plausible enough on paper, but are absolutely worthless when put to the test. The inventors fail to properly appreciate the tremendous striking force in the horse's foot.

The accompanying illustrations show a novel horseshoe that has been subjected to careful and thorough trial on half a dozen horses. In every instance it has worked to perfection.

Like a great many works of genius, the one in question is extremely simple. It consists of a band of metal about an inch high, which fits around the lower edge of the hoof. At the base of this band there is a sort of projecting shelf, or flange, which is made to fit into a groove which runs around the inside of the shoe. The latter is made of steel, of the usual shape and style. The only difference between it and the ordinary shoe is the presence of the groove and the absence of nail holes.

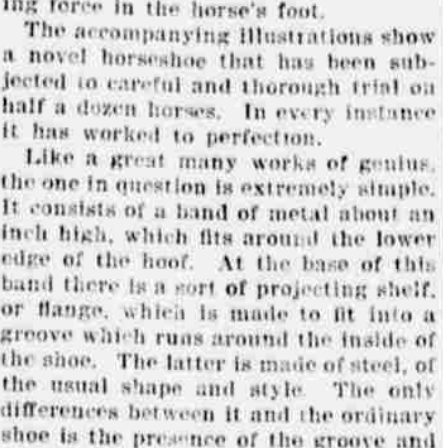
When the band is fitted to the hoof (which is done very readily), the shoe in turn is attached by slipping the flange into the groove. It now remains to clamp the arrangement by two screws in the rear. These may be turned to any degree of tightness desired, and a moderate degree is sufficient to prevent the shoe from coming off. The whole arrangement may be put on or taken off in a moment.

As the shoe is not nailed to the hoof, there is a perfect freedom for expansion and contraction. This is a very essential point, as all horsemen know. The growth of the hoof is not prevented, and if there is any growth, instead of splitting the hoof, it serves only to tighten the shoe. All the strain on the band as it is tightened comes over the toe and around the lower edge of the hoof at the point where it is the hardest.

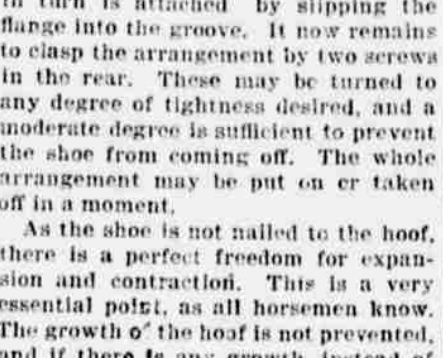
The ease with which the shoe may be put on and taken off permits its fortunate wearer to enjoy a luxury that has been denied him up to the present time, for now the horse may remove his shoes before retiring for the night. We all know what a relief it is to take off our footgear, especially in damp weather. There is no reason why the horse should not feel equally relieved when deprived of his heavy iron clogs.

Another point of advantage on which the inventor properly lays much stress, is the fact that the shoe is grasped firmly to the hoof at every point. Under the nailing system the nails toward the rear are driven about half way between the heel and toe. This leaves one-half of the shoe on either side unfastened. There is thus a considerable leverage, and it is for this reason that so many shoes come off. If this shoe is caught in a track, at the rear end, it is almost sure to come off. This difficulty is obviated in this shoe. In fact, some persons have objected to this shoe on the ground that it will never pull off in an accident, thus rendering the hoof itself liable to injury.

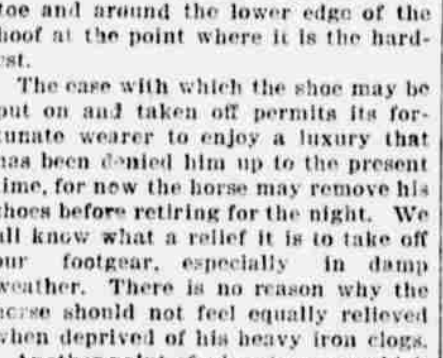
The fastening in the rear is made by



UPPER PART OF SHOE.



THE HORSESHOE WITHOUT NAILS.



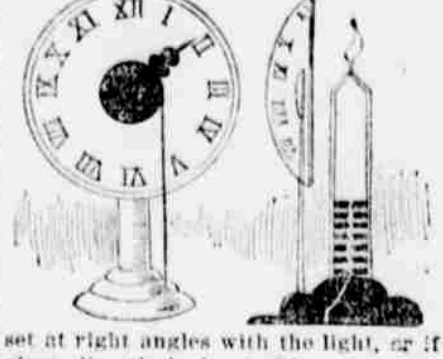
THE HORSESHOE WITH NAILS.

means of a spring clinch, which may be of any strength desired. It has one end fast to the foot of the rear upright extension of the calk, and the other end has a metallic bearing, attached to the hoof at a inch or more further back than where the last nail is usually driven. The point of the screws, as they are turned in, press upon the center of this spring, and thus, while the screw presses the clinch firmly down to hold the shoe and hoof tightly together, the spring reacts upon the screw with equal pressure. This spring causes this solid, dead blow that is ordinarily given by the hoof when the shoe is fastened by means of nails.

A Cheap Night Lamp.

A cheap night lamp, susceptible of construction by any one with a little ingenuity, can be made as represented in the following cuts, all the material necessary being a tin tube, into the base of which is fitted three or four inches of spiral spring, a candle, a piece of string, and a dial with the figures from one to twelve marked on, as in a clock.

The candle is inserted in the tube over and resting on the spring; the wick is lighted through an aperture left for the purpose on the top of the tube; the string is attached to the lower end of the candle, and passes from thence through a hole in the base and up a hand on the dial. As fast as the candle burns out the spiral spring operates to raise it, which, in turn, acts upon the hand on the dial; hence, it is obvious that after, by experiment, determining how far a candle will burn in a given time, you have an "illuminated" clock accurate enough for ordinary purposes. The dial can be



set at right angles with the light, or if glass, directly in front of it.

A Discovery of Importance to All People.

It is announced that a German scientist has patented a process by which a tissue is made that will take the place of the natural skin and be absorbed as the injury heals. He takes the muscular portion of the intestines of animals. Both the inner and outer layers of membrane are removed. The middle portion is then permitted to remain for a suitable time in a solution of pepsin, when the fibers are found to be semi-digested. The substance is then treated with gallic acid and tannin. Large surfaces from which the skin has been removed by disease or accident may be healed in a short time by means of this tissue. It is prepared and laid upon the raw surface, which has previously been sterilized, and is very lightly bandaged in place. The union of the tissue and the surface takes place in a little while, and the tissue forms a coating that answers the purpose of the skin to a degree better than any known substance, and is likely, when still further perfected, entirely to remove the necessity for skin grafting.

Water-Repellent Walls.

To be able to make walls that will entirely resist moisture is of great importance in localities where the earth is damp and sodden. Experiments have been made with brick and sandstone, saturated with oils of various kinds. It is proven that raw and boiled linseed oil are the best substances with which to treat such wall materials. If bricks are heated as hot as they can be handled with bare hands, then dropped into oil and allowed to remain there until cold, then placed where they will drain and laid in a wall with good Portland cement mortar, they are practically impervious to water. Of course, a great deal of expense attends this work, but there are places where nothing else seems to answer as well. For ordinary cellars and walls, where such extreme nicety of handling is not required, a thick coating of Portland cement mortar laid on very smoothly and washed over with several very thin coats of almost all Portland will secure the utmost dryness and cleanliness. The qualities of Portland cement are not fully appreciated by the average householder.

A New Headache Cure.

A medical authority says that a never-failing cure for a nervous headache is to walk backward. He states that ten minutes is as long as is required to secure relief in ordinary cases. If the nerves are seriously disturbed, a little more time may be necessary. It is not imperative that one walk in a straight line, but that the feet are placed one behind the other slowly and deliberately. First put the foot back, place the ball on the floor, then settle back upon the heel. Besides the beneficial effects in curing headache, it is asserted that this gives great grace and suppleness to the figure and improves the appearance amazingly.

One Way to Keep Warm.

Not all of us know that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thin one may be clad. A physician declares this to be a fact worth remembering. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations stimulate the blood current by a direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly-generated heat.

Need of Some New Women.

No propaganda of theories will ever make life without man possible to woman any more than life is possible to man without woman. Any kind of woman in whose scheme marriage is despised is pathological and what she needs is not the ballot but the doctor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Good Company.

Doughhead—Your cane is good company when you're walking alone, I suppose.

Jazley—Yes, and when I'm walking with you, too.—Roxbury Gazette.

A Midway Diplomat.

"Great exposition," said the Shabby Man to the gentleman with the gold eyeglasses.

"Yes."

"Be a prime factor in the development of the South."

"Yes."

"Attract foreign capital."

"Yes."

"Grant assistance in the work of immigration."

"Yes."

"My friend," said the Shabby Man, "there only seems to be one word in your vocabulary, but it is a word I like extremely. And now I am going to put it to the test: I have not eaten a mouthful in three days. Could you lend me a quarter?"

"Yes."

And the Shabby Man pocketed the silver and was lost in the crowd.—Atlanta Constitution.

Realistic Illustrations.

She, the sweet girl graduate, was sitting by the seashore, unconscious of all this living world, totally absorbed in a thrilling love story. It was an elegantly bound and profusely illustrated volume.

He, the rising young artist, stole softly up behind her, wholly unobserved.

"O, how aggravating!" she exclaimed; "the heroine just kissed by the hero, and no illustration!"—A slight struggle followed, and now the unadorned fifty cent love series are quite good enough for her.—Truth.



They Never Speak.

Bell—"Today is my birthday. I've seen but eighteen winters."

Neil—"You ought to consult an oculist."

A Commotion.

There was considerable commotion in the carpenter shop. Voices were being raised angrily.

"You're a screw!"

"You're a bore!"

"Ain't he plane!"

"Think I'll reduce myself to your level!"

"Well, get on the square then!"

"Oh, go and read adze!"

At that moment the hammer hit the nail on the head, which so amused the fool rule that it doubled up.—New York Recorder.

It's Against the Law.

Mr. Fort Greene—Where are you off to now?

Mr. Cheatem—I'm going down to business.

"Why, this is Sunday."

"I know it."

"And you're a broker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't you know there is a law against shaving people on Sunday?"—Volkens Statesman.

Dishonest Politicians.

"Is it really true," said the boy, "that politicians are sometimes not strictly honest?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, sadly; "I am sorry to say that it is. I have known politicians who got votes years ago and have not paid for them yet."—Washington Star.

Absent-Minded.

A story is told of a veteran professor in a western college who rivals Sir Isaac Newton in absent-mindedness, that he walked under a sprinkler on his lawn without noticing it until he got indoors, when he found that his hat and coat were wet, and looked out in surprise to see whether it were raining.

A Marked Man.

"There goes a man who has a great pull," said the drummer.

"Ah!" answered the visitor to town with heightened interest; "one of your local politicians, probably?"

"No," the drummer replied, with a drummer's rigid adherence to truth, "he's a barber."—New York Recorder.

Providing for the Future.

Mrs. De Brush—What a peculiar creature! What is it made of?

Attendant—That is made of fine Japanese rice strung on strings. Only \$1.

Mr. De Brush—Better buy that, Louise; when the exchequer gets low, we can make soup of the portiere.—Mercury.

Food for Thought.

He pressed a mad kiss upon her lips. "How can you?" she exclaimed.

"Ah, love is blind," he answered.

And, when, four hours later, he took his departure, she was still thinking.—Detroit Tribune.

His Station.

Employer—Now, young man, if you want this situation, you must tell me something about yourself. What is your station in life?

Clerk—I generally get off at Twenty-third street, sir.—New York Recorder.

Slobbs—Jenkins told me Miss Beaconstreet was an old flame of yours. Slobbs—An old flame? Impossible! "Why impossible?" "She's from Boston."—Philadelphia Record.