

CHAPTER X.

Max Brett was now convinced that his cousin Emily had been married to Harry Spencer, and he had very few doubts as to the identity of Henry Richards. But he still had two objects in view in remaining at Chesham—possibly three. His own personal affairs required much explanation from his uncle and erstwhile guardian, John Satterthwaite, who might be able to inform him of the whereabouts of Spencer or Richards. And then, could his cousin Emily intend to marry Handford without first having proof positive of the death of Spencer? Surely not. And yet, the landlady had assured him that Handford was the only man who had probably gained her affection, and that he had certainly spent much of his time in her company.

During his retirement in Rosedale, which had been more or less enforced, Max had held no communication whatever with the outside world. All his business had been transacted with the rascal De Watts, acting as John Satterthwaite's confidential agent, and Brett had been totally unaware of the movements of his uncle and cousin until magnanimously informed by De Watts when that individual paid an undisguised visit to Rosedale about a month prior to the night of the murder of Sarah Browne.

One thing he was determined upon. He would see his uncle at all hazards and expose De Watts' true character. At the same time he would attempt to establish his own rectitude in the eyes of John Satterthwaite. Max did not doubt that he would also find an opportunity to learn something of Emily's plans and, if necessary, put in a good word for his friend Richards.

Max was compelled to admit to himself that he was in a very awkward position, and but for his love for Annette Spencer, and the solemn promise which that love had prompted, he would certainly have backed out.

While arguing in his own mind as to the best course to pursue, Brett had walked all the way to Chesham Park, and when he called a mental halt he was passing through a grove of venerable beech trees.

The moon that had lighted his way now disappeared behind a black cloud and left him in darkness. When, only a hundred yards distant, he beheld the well-lit Hall, Max realized that he was in his uncle's private premises, and knew that if discovered by the gardeners or game keepers he was liable to be treated rather harshly. As he thought of retracing his steps he noticed that some people were moving about the lower rooms of the great house. These moved toward the main door, which they opened and closed, again. A few moments elapsed, and Max heard foot-steps approaching, and as they came nearer he could distinguish voices engaged in conversation. He remained quietly behind a giant beech tree, and presently made out the outlines of an elderly gentleman, evidently enjoying his post-prandial cigar, and a graceful young woman. Just as they were almost directly opposite the young American, the moon again appeared and lit up the scene with her silvery beams. Max was thus enabled to look upon his uncle and cousin for the first time in six years. To him they seemed but slightly altered, except that Mr. Satterthwaite had grown a trifle more corpulent. But, however much interested he was in their appearance, their conversation attracted Brett's attention the most. Having already heard his own name mentioned, he craned forward as far as possible that he might hear better.

"Who, then," said his uncle, "who, then, do you suppose the young man is? If he came this afternoon he must have run against Handford at the hotel. I think myself he is from across the water, but who is he?"

"I'll tell you, father, who I think it is. I believe it is none other than Cousin Max."

"He's a confoundedly impudent young scoundrel, if it is he," growled the old gentleman. "But I have my doubts."

"Are you not a little bit hard on Max, father? He has been rather wild, perhaps—but I really believe he has not been wicked. You will see, now, if I am not right. For his foolishness he will call up here and ask your forgiveness."

"No!" exclaimed the squire. "No, he will not see me, unless—"

But the wind rustled the leaves of the trees, and the balance of the sentence was lost to Max.

"You will see me, and that to-morrow," muttered Max, as he emerged from his place of concealment and retraced his steps to the hotel. He entered the parlor of the Arms fifteen minutes later, in time to catch the garrulous landlady in the act of entertaining a liveried servant with an elaborate description of his latest guest "from America." Brett took in the situation at a glance, and surmised that the funky was part of the Chesham Hall furniture, who was possibly seeking information for his cousin Emily.

Max was ever ready for work or for fun, and if he could combine the two he felt it was so much the better, and a clear gain of time. So he tapped the landlady on the shoulder and quietly said:

"Just another smoke before we go to bed, landlady—and bring your friend along. I feel like a bit of gossip to-night; anything to live on up."

"But," said the astonished boniface, "my friend is one of the Hall servants!"

"My dear fellow," replied Brett, "I come from a democratic country, where we live under a Republican form of government and, on paper at least, believe one man to be as good as another. At any

rate, when I am in the humor I don't care a continental whether I hobnob with a lackey or his employer. And surely, if the honorable secretary of state to his excellency the President of Utah chooses to enjoy the society of an English servant, I see no reason why the servant should object—do you?"

The landlady shuffled off, considerably overwhelmed by his guest's startling announcement. He had supposed Max to be an ordinary young man, perhaps possessed of ample means, but when he was informed, for he drank in what Brett had said as gospel truth, that he was in the presence of a live cabinet minister in the person of the honorable secretary of state to the President of Utah, he completely "wilted." And if the landlady was surprised, the footman was still more so, and the starch which is supposed to abound in liveried clothes speedily disappeared.

Our friend's object was to detain the servant at the inn until morning, a stroke of policy which he proposed to carry out by making the man sleepy. This he could do by a judicious combination of strong cigars, late hours and much talking.

The servant was very shy and awkward at first, but when he was compelled to admit, in his own mind, that "the honorable gent" was a "no end social chap," and "if he ain't," the fellow became as talkative as Max himself—which on that particular occasion meant a good deal.

Before one hour had passed Max had learned all the traditions and stock gossip of Chesham from the old inn keeper, and had been favored with all the family history of the Satterthwaites from the footman. The clock in the steeple of the ancient parish church struck one when Brett gained his point and, with keen satisfaction gazed upon the vanquished servant, as that worthy fell into a heavy sleep with his head upon the table. Pretty soon the landlady toddled off and Max, after turning the key in the lock of the parlor, made his way to his bed chamber. But, late, or early, as it was, before he retired he addressed an envelope to a certain young lady at Chicago.

CHAPTER XI.

Max Brett was up and on his way to Chesham Hall before either landlady or servant had slept off the effects of the wine. His uncle had, from his youth up, ever been an early riser, and Max rightly concluded that the morning would be the best time to call. If circumstances permitted, he proposed to obtain an interview with his cousin Emily, but his uncle he wished to see first. The large Hall door was opened by a servant who had not yet rubbed all the sleepiness from his small eyes.

"Is Mr. Satterthwaite about?" asked Max.

"Yes, sir. Your card, please."

Brett was taken by surprise. He had no cards with him save the business cards of Rose and Company. These were all more or less soiled, but he handed one of them to the man.

"Tell him," said Max, "that I will detain him but a few moments—that I leave the town this afternoon and must see him now."

The servant was gone several moments before he returned to Max and motioned to that individual to follow him. He led the way to a richly furnished reception room and said that his master would be down shortly. Max had not long to wait, for presently the massive oak door swung open and the squire, clad in a long embroidered dressing gown, appeared.

For some moments the two men gazed at each other in silence, and Max was the first to break the ice, which he did by proffering his hand, as he exclaimed:

"Hi!"

"Hi!" was the cold reply.

But Max was not in a mood to be repulsed.

"I suppose, Uncle John, you forgot all about me when you settled in England?"

The older man interrupted him, impatiently.

"You have obtained this interview under false pretenses," he said. "If you had sent up your own card instead of that of your employers, I could have spared the annoyance of meeting you. Now that you are here, please state your business briefly. If you have no business, I will wish you good morning."

But Max had fully expected this kind of treatment, and he was quite ready for the fight to commence.

"Yes, sir, I have business with you, as you must very well know."

"Then kindly state it as quickly as possible."

"No, uncle. Why should there be any haste on my part when you have been so outrageously tardy in dealing with me?"

questions, and I will leave you immediately."

At the mention of his daughter's husband, John Satterthwaite completely lost his temper. His countenance became fierce, his eyes flashed and he could scarce control himself.

"Sir," said he in a shaky voice, "be careful! I made a final settlement with you more than a year ago."

"How?"

"In cash."

"Through whom?"

"De Watts."

"The amount?"

"Twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars."

"No, sir; no such settlement has been made with me."

"Ah—what is that you say?"

"I repeat that I have received no such sum or anything like it."

"But I hold your receipt."

"If you do, you hold a rank piece of forgery."

"You are making a wild assertion—a wicked assertion, that you may have to prove."

"I am stating a fact, nevertheless. If you hold a receipt, purporting to be signed by me, for twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars, you hold a forged document. For I have never in all my life given a receipt for so large a sum of money."

"So far as I know," said the squire, "De Watts has always acted in an honest and straightforward manner. However, if you will put into writing what you have just stated, I will see that your charges are properly and thoroughly investigated."

"Thank you, uncle; you need not trouble. I will do all the investigating that is necessary. I would like to reserve for myself the satisfaction of hunting down that accomplished scoundrel. Indeed, I left Rosedale with that fixed intention, and had I not been hampered through lack of means, should have run him down long since."

"Go slowly, if you please. Remember that a blow at De Watts is apt to strike me also," said Mr. Satterthwaite, rather agitated.

"That I cannot help. The blow must fall, no matter who it strikes. But, my dear sir, why did you appoint that dyed-in-the-wool rascal as your accredited agent, giving him power of attorney and entrusting him with cash and valuable papers? Where are the old business principles that made you so successful in New York?"

"De Watts was an old friend, whom I had frequently tried without finding him wanting. It was not convenient for me to travel West, and so, thinking it for the best and being anxious to get rid of my affairs, I selected De Watts to act between us."

"Well, he's a nice confidential agent, he is!" retorted Max. "The citizens of Rosedale would like to amuse themselves with him for about fifteen minutes!"

"Why?"

"For the simple reason that De Watts' crowning rascality was the committal of a most revolting murder."

"No, not murder!"

"Yes, murder—the murder of a woman young and beautiful as such villains."

"Who was the woman?"

"One Sarah Browne."

"Heavens, man! So that poor woman is murdered—and by De Watts?"

"Yes, by your old and tried friend. So you knew Sarah Browne?"

"Yes—er—no—no, that is, I did not know her. What more have you to say? I am not at all well this morning."

"Only a few words about Emily's husband. Will you listen?"

John Satterthwaite gave a start as though he had been stabbed by an unseen dagger.

"What do you mean," he gasped, "is he dead?"

"On the contrary, he is alive and mending his ways considerably. He is now a sober, upright man, deserving of any one's esteem."

"You know him?"

"Of course I do."

"Does he know where Emily is—that she is here?"

"I guess so, for I judge he has been to Chesham once, at least."

"So! Did he see Emily?"

"I think not—at least, I think she did not see him."

"What was he after?"

"That I do not know. He is a friend of mine, so that I would not abuse his confidence by carrying his private affairs to you, even if I had them to carry."

"You say," said the squire, "that you wish for my friendship?"

"Certainly, but not at the expense of my other friends. Harry Spencer is my friend and, I am proud to say, so is his sister, who will be my wife as soon as we can place Harry on his feet once more. His mother and sister take his disgrace and banishment from society very much to heart."

"You really mean all this—you will positively marry that girl—into that family, knowing all that you do know?"

"Most certainly."

"You know that Harry is a scamp. You are prejudiced in his favor just now, but in fact he is a worthless character, and I have a notion that his sister—"

But if the squire was a Satterthwaite, so was Max. At his uncle's words the hot blood rushed through his veins and he seized a chair which he held threateningly over the head of the older man.

John Satterthwaite was held at bay, but his passion was so great that the blood rushed in a torrent to his face and head, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Max rang a bell and servants soon arrived, who were speedily followed by Emily and the doctor. Brett rendered all the assistance he could, and then strolled out on to the pleasant terrace, where he lit a cigar and waited for news of his uncle.

In half an hour Emily herself appeared.

ceeded more than a mile on its way towards London, when the driver was hailed by a horseman following at full speed. This was no other than the servant whom Max had sent to sleep the night before at the Arms. He recognized Brett, and without uttering a word handed him a large and bulky envelope, fastened with a profusion of sealing wax. Then the man turned his horse about and was soon lost in the distance.

(To be continued.)

WHY THEY HUNG BILL.

He Was a Gentleman and They Were Jealous of Him.

Back of Duvall's Bluff, in Arkansas, is a country where schools are scarce and civilization of the most primitive type. A prominent attorney of Washington had occasion to go down there a short time ago to look after some land titles, and stopped over night at a log cabin, which contained one room and a loft. The only occupant was a white-haired old man, too feeble to walk without the aid of a heavy cane.

"Are you not lonely here?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes."

"Have you no friends to whom you can go?"

"I reckon my darter 'd keef for me, in Memphis, but bein' sartin Providence air my way, I'm stayin', hopin' ter git about by spring."

"How long have you lived alone?"

"'Bout a y'ar. Yo' see, my son Bill war with me. He went to Texas, an' cum home one of the mos' puffes' gentlemen yo' ever seed. An' that high-spereded yo' could see he war diffrent from the low-down trash 'roun' hyar. So a passel of 'em got together an' hung 'im right down thar by the spring."

"Hung him! What for?" asked the astonished disciple of Blackstone.

"Jes 'cause they war jealous of his livin' like a gentleman an' bein' high-spereded. One of 'em come an' stole Bill's best 'oun' pup, an' in cose Bill, bein' a gentleman, war in honor bound ter shoot the thief, which he did. As purty a shot as yo' ever seed. Feller never batted an eye. Then his low-down fren's come an' hung Bill. I'm jes stayin' here till rheumatiz gits o' k in stomp 'roun' a leetle, and git a few of 'em, and then I'll go to my darter's. I've been thar po'ly, I ain't had no shot at none of 'em yet, but I'll git 'em in the spring."

Bit a Spike in Two.

There is a man named Louis Essex, who resides at 224 Broome street, who called at the Mercury office yesterday and remarked that he understood that some other man was bragging because he could bite a ten-penny nail in two without any trouble.

Mr. Essex explained that he was 23 years old and learned to bite nails, and finally railroad spikes, into sections through his habit of eating breakfast at certain East Side restaurants.

"It was good training, I tell you," remarked the man with the mighty teeth, as he drew from his pockets a spike big enough to hold down a house during a blizzard.

"Are you going to bite that?" was asked.

"Certainly, if you want me to. That's what I came for, and I want to prove that biting off pieces of ten-penny nails ain't in it with this sort of mastication. If I'd only thought, I'd have brought down one of those beefsteaks I used to practice on."

"Well, go ahead with your biting."

Essex whistled for his assistant, who appeared carrying a piece of beam, and a hammer.

"You see," explained the biter, "it would be impossible to hold the nail stiff enough to chew a chunk off, so I hammer it in this beam," and the assistant proceeded to hammer, to the great discomfiture of the brain-workers within earshot.

Then Mr. Essex grabbed himself firmly by the hips and bending over brought his teeth down on the spike about an inch and a half from the head.

He wrestled with it for about fifteen seconds and then the cracking sound made it a question as to whether it was caused by teeth or iron.—New York Mercury.

Hits the Mark.

Sir Charles Dilke has informed a Berlin newspaper that England has no fear of Germany's rivalry in the manufacturing industries or in foreign trade, in both of which "England fears but one rival, the United States." This long-headed Englishman is astute. This country has already beaten England in some of the manufacturing industries, and is her rival in nearly all of them. It has beaten her in some of the world's markets and will beat her in more of them. It is not in the interest of mankind that England should control foreign trade.—New York Sun.

Must Please the Bride.

In Dakota queer wedding gifts are in vogue. Following is a list of presents received at a recent wedding: A bull pup, a yellow dog, a water spaniel, a meerschaum pipe and tobacco pouch, a good shotgun, a bowie knife, a rifle, three dogs, a game rooster, one fiddle, one banjo, one spotted pup, one English mastiff and a pair of silver-mounted pistols.

Canada's Militia.

The active Canadian militia, on its present peace footing, consists of 1,087 cavalry, 1,440 field artillery, 2,342 garrison artillery, 243 engineers, and 31,388 infantry, giving a total of 37,400 men, all of whom are taken from the first class.

Not Informed Anatomically.

Mrs. Outenke—Silas, why do they call these clams "little necks?"

Farmer Outenke (cautiously)—I dunno, Nancy; I wasn't around when he cut the heads off o' them!—New York Herald.

When a woman gives a party, she also gives the neighbors an opportunity to talk about her.



RIVALRY IN CYCLING SUITS.

QUITE a trade is being built up by the fashionable tailors and habit-makers in the line of cycle costumes for ladies, and the trend of style is nearly altogether toward the skirt. Women themselves are giving the movement for the ultra-bloomer and the knickerbocker costumes the go-by, and any man who has persuaded his wife to ride the bicycle with the idea of educating her up to a simpler and less expensive, if less attractive, way of dressing is getting most wofully fooled. Society having taken up the sport, women who lead the cotton in the winter have to make a decent appearance in the cycle paths of the town. That means rivalries as bad as those which spring up in the season of Easter hats. Whereby the man with the slim purse is made sad and the ladies' tailor waxes opulent.

The simple bloomer costume and the more pronounced knickerbocker rig have taken a sad drop. According to all the authorities no woman wishing to be in the cycling upper ten can afford to discard the short skirt. Knickerbockers of the same material are worn under the skirt, but bloomers are quite "outré." Women who like the diamond frames may appear to wear the skirt by adopting the latest thing in "divided garments," a skirt falling in knitted folds behind to conceal the bifurcation, but undivided in front. On top the skirt seems to be of the regulation kind and on the diamond frame wheel only expert observers would know that the garment really is divided.

Cycling offers, or will offer, as much or more chance for the display of taste and differences in fashion, as far as dress is concerned, as horseback riding

not without keeping a detailed account of her expenditures. In her magnificent home on the banks of the Pel-He she lives in great splendor, surrounded by song birds, peacocks, aquaria, pottery, gems and botanical collections. One thousand attendants and servants answer her beck and call. In her wardrobe are guarded 2,000 coats, 1,200 pairs of "trouserettes," and 500 fur robes, made from the finest skins. Her feet have been compressed until they are quite inefficient for the original purpose, and the Marchioness is unable to walk more than a few yards at a time.

Four Varieties of Stitching.

Buttonholing, feather, satin, and cross stitches are called in requisition for this useful edging on white or col-

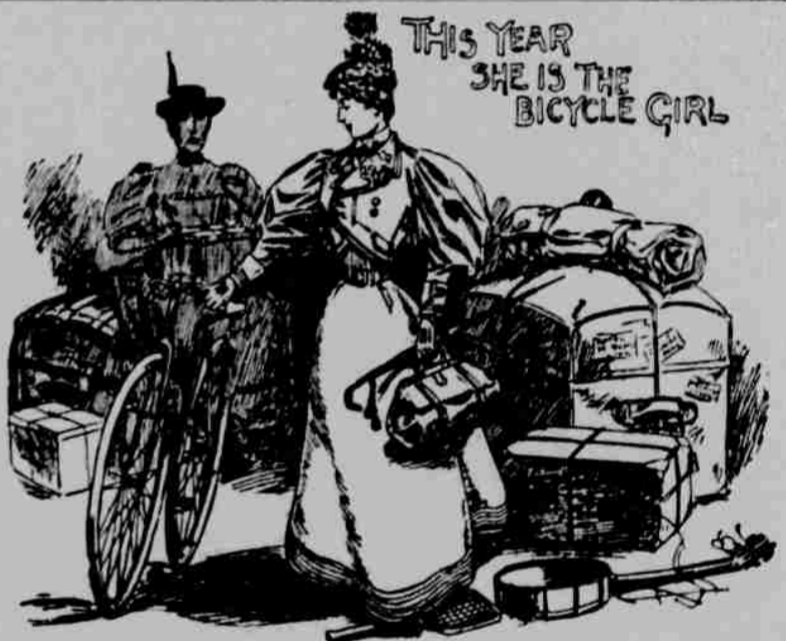


USEFUL VANDYKED EDGING.

ored flannel, linen or cambric, wrought with colored silks, shetland wool, or embroidery cotton, and suitable for underlinen, flannel petticoats, knickerbockers, children's pinafores and slips.

Women Stick to the Cities.

Excess of females seems to go with density of population. Of twelve States which have an excess of females, eight are States that have the densest population. It is, in fact, found that the seven States having the greatest excess of females have also the largest proportionate city folk. The last census shows that seven-tenths of the 1,252 cities in the United States hav-



THIS YEAR SHE IS THE BICYCLE GIRL

or any other sport or creation, and the tailors and costumers are not slow to take note of the fact.

World's Greatest Heiress.

The Baroness Hirsch, who is nominally the legatee of the Hirsch millions, was instructed by her late husband to make this grandchild, Lucienne, her heiress. Lucienne is the daughter of the Baroness' only son. She is a handsome girl, in her teens. The future heiress is being educated in Belgium in royal state. She has her own chapel, a private chaplain and all the appur-



HEIRESS OF THE HIRSCH MILLIONS.

tenances of a princess, and a very rich princess at that. Lucienne will be the greatest heiress in the world when she is in possession of the late Baron Hirsch's millions.

Building for the New Woman.

The new woman in New York has secured a large lot on Broadway, New York, on which to erect an immense building. The lower stories will be used for business, while above it will be set apart for the accommodation of women, and include banquet hall, parlors, clubrooms, music-rooms, gymnasium, tennis court, bicycle stable, and studios. The women's clubs and societies of the city originated the enterprise and will carry it through.

Li Hung Chang's Wife.

Of the wife of Li Hung Chang, millionaire of millionaires, a writer says: "Marchioness Li is very beautiful, and compared with her fellow countrywomen, an exceedingly learned lady. Her age is more—possibly a great deal more—than 50, yet she looks 30, or even less. The wife of the richest man in the world, she spends royally, although

Hints of All Sorts. Darken mahogany or any other carved woods with cold drawn linseed oil. Brush it well in.

A good remedy for damp walls is to make a strong solution of alum and wash the walls down with it.

Do not soak fresh fish in water before cooking, as this treatment only ruins the flavor and makes it soft.

To clean oilcloths wash always with warm milk. Once in six months scrub with hot soapuds, dry thoroughly and apply a coat of varnish. They will last as long again.

Oranges should be eaten freely as long as they are in season, for, besides being a delicious fruit, they contain a large quantity of citric acid, so valuable for its medicinal qualities.

For stopping leaks in a cask beat up some whiting with common yellow soap. If this mixture is well rubbed into a leak it will be found to stop it, after everything else has failed.

Rice flour paste makes a delicate cement, suitable for use on satin, silk or thin paper. To make it stir rice flour into a smooth paste with cold water and then gently boil over the fire, stirring all the while.

To shrink woollen goods, such as jerseys, is not difficult. The knotty point generally is how to prevent flannels shrinking. If you wash the jersey in a hot lather you will find it shrinks to any extent, according to the heat of the water.

Rain water is by far the best for washing the face in, as it has a softening effect. If possible never use hard water, but when you are obliged to do so throw a handful of oatmeal into it or a little pure borax. If your face is inclined to be hard and dry, wash it in hot water before going to bed and then rub in some emollient cream, or glycerin and rosewater.