

# Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

## CHAPTER XX.

On the following day the especial favor which the Emperor had shown to Helene was the subject of conversation in the Paris clubs. Of course, all the papers reported it, and Adams on the following morning brought to Helen quite a little batch of extracts from the Paris journals concerning herself.

Helen read two or three of them coldly, then pushed the rest aside. Her chocolate remained untouched, and Mrs. Roberts Beringuy, who acted the part of chaperone in Helene's household, sat at the head of the table, rubbing her plump white hands against each other and looking extremely miserable.

Helene had barely taken any notice of her, and the old lady was as peevish as any offended aunt can be. The reader will wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Beringuy came to be so closely connected with Helene's household, but the matter is very simple.

When Helene arrived in Europe and found her nearest relatives struggling in the meshes of the direst distress, threatened by the terrors of the law, criminal and civil, she persuaded Adams to grant immediate help to her unfortunate uncle and aunt.

Mr. Roberts Beringuy accepted assistance with lofty condescension. He knew that it was useless to struggle against the evidences of title which Helen, through Walter's untiring help, was able to produce, and he therefore most generously consented not to impede Helene's ease, upon being assured of the payment of all his debts and liabilities, and of a comfortable income for himself and Mrs. Beringuy.

He forgot with the most benign grace that he had for years attempted to procure Helene's assassination through Quayle, and he received her with a benevolent good-will which a kindly parent might extend toward a long-lost daughter. Helene could not go about in English society alone. A chaperone had to be found for her, and who better suited to that purpose than Mrs. Roberts Beringuy?

"Well," said Adams, "that is pleasant reading, I suppose?"

For a reply, Helen pushed toward him the letter she had received on the previous evening. Adams read the letter. "It can't be helped," he said. "We ought not to have delayed so long."

"I would not mind it," rejoined Helen; "but it is that man Roberts again. Whenever I want a thing particularly, I cannot get it because that man Roberts has got it, or has bought it. Who is he, do you know?"

"I know that he is an American gentleman, and a very rich one," said Adams. "He owns gold and silver mines in Colorado of fabulous value. Here," he added, pointing to a gentleman who had just entered the room, "perhaps General Denon will be able to give you more precise information. Who is Mr. Roberts of Colorado?" he asked, with a smile, which had a taint of satire in it.

"I cannot tell you much, I am afraid," replied Denon. "About the gentleman's early antecedents nothing is known. People say that he came to Colorado as a bullock driver, not more than five or six years ago. One night, so people say, he won two hundred dollars at poker. With these two hundred dollars, so further said popular information, he set up a gambling den in a log hut. The two hundred dollars grew to two thousand, and the two thousand to twenty thousand, and with these twenty thousand dollars he bought a mountain which turned out to be partly of gold and partly of silver. They have been digging it out by the wagon loads these four or five years past, and they say that if they go on digging for six hundred years more they won't come to the bottom of it. A pleasant prospect for Mr. Roberts, is it not?"

"Then he has more money than I?" exclaimed Helen, bitterly.

"I suppose he has, or will have it when he wants it," was Denon's answer.

Helen sat back in her chair and breathed a long sigh.

"What does he look like?" she said at last.

"He looks like a man who can take care of himself and of what he possesses," replied Denon.

"But is he tall—short? an antelope or a hippopotamus?" questioned Helene, a little more acridly.

"He is of middling height, rather stout," said Denon, "and between forty and fifty, I should say. Not an unpleasant face, rather dark of complexion, and with dark eyes. His hair is iron gray, and he wears a huge mustache and a close-cut, pointed beard of the same color. He affects an easy nonchalance, dresses in rather Bohemian fashion, and seems to know Paris exceedingly well. He came here with letters of introduction to the Duchesse de Freney, and that amiable scandal monger has opened the doors of many of the best saloons for him. You seem interested in the gentleman. May I ask why?"

"He buys everything that I want," was Helene's answer. "He has bought that house over there, and I want it."

"Well, surely," exclaimed Denon, "if Mr. Roberts knew you wanted that house he would relinquish his bargain, and let you have it."

"Do you think so?" questioned Helen.

"Of course he would," Denon answered. "Who could refuse you anything, if you asked? Mr. Roberts may be very rich, but he is only a man after all, and he certainly will not be able to deny himself the pleasure of doing a favor to Miss Beringuy. Write to him. Write to him closely, and ask him to come and see you for the purpose of talking this business over. You might present your

"best" compliments, and you might say that it would give you pleasure if Mr. Roberts would call and take a cup of tea with you at five o'clock. A cup of tea, a spoonful of cream, and two lumps of sugar cost little, but you will find that their power is magnetic."

"Very well," said Helene. "I will go out of the way and be specially pleasant to this Rocky Mountain bear."

Five o'clock tea is a pleasant function, much honored in Paris. It is the appointed hour for all the tittle-tattle, the fragile confidences, which flit from salon to salon, and then are reported in the fashionable papers under the guise of rumor. It was therefore nothing unusual for Helene to ask Mr. Roberts to call on her at that hour, especially as he was invited for the most formal business purposes.

At the same time Helene argued that anybody would consider it an honor of the highest degree to be so invited, and that Mr. Roberts was bound to feel correspondingly influenced by the distinction bestowed upon him.

She was peculiarly absent-minded during the whole of the morning, and when Walter called to take her for an hour's canter he had to wait an hour before the lady was ready to accompany him.

Walter, however, was well accustomed to Helene's idiosyncrasies, and to his mind she could not do wrong. Her slightest wish was law. Had she chosen to keep him waiting for sixty days and sixty nights, he would have waited uncomplainingly. No goddess of mythology ever had a more obedient mortal slave than Helen found in soft-hearted, unselfishly devoted Walter Glyades.

Walter and Denon both stayed to luncheon, and then the lady disappeared in the privacy of her own apartments. She looked not only lovely, but majestic when she entered the drawing room, and the friends who had already assembled there could not help expressing their admiration.

"You have made yourself too pretty for this world, my dear," said a voluble baroness—an expert and professed match maker. "No man will dare to propose to a goddess."

Helene's eyes traveled round the room, and she saw, surrounded by a bevy of fair ladies, a prince, a statesman of European reputation, and half a dozen noblemen of minor degree. But the man whom she had specially invited, and for whose sake she had taken such pains to look her best, was not there.

"Surely he will not dare to ignore my invitation," she said to herself. "That would be adding insult to injury."

Her eyes wandered toward the door whenever it opened to admit a newcomer; but the hour passed and Mr. Roberts came not. The time usually allotted for the five o'clock tea was over, and her guests had all gone away again. That awful man Roberts had not come, nor had he sent the slightest word of explanation. Was there ever such indignity heaped upon a woman?

She hated all men, but she especially hated General Denon for having suggested the invitation, and she hated that man Roberts, above all. She thought she could have poisoned him, had he been there at that moment. When she returned to her room she stood for a moment before her mirror gnashing her gleaming teeth, and just one solitary tear stole down her cheek. She wiped it away angrily with her handkerchief, which afterward she crushed between her little fingers.

"That is the first man to whom I have ever held out an invitation, and who has ignored me. He thwarts me at every turn, but I will make him suffer for it."

On a sudden a seemingly mad thought shot into her mind. She repeated to herself Denon's description of that man Roberts.

"Middling height, rather stout, between forty and fifty. Not an unpleasant face. Rather dark complexion, with dark eyes. Iron-gray hair, huge mustache, and close cut pointed beard. Seems to know Paris exceedingly well."

"Great heavens!" she said to herself. "What if it were Henri?"

She turned white as a sheet, and had to sit down to suppress her emotion. Her woman's intuition had not misled her. It was Henri Sainton, returned to Paris after an adventurous career in America, rich beyond the dream of avarice. She came face to face with him sooner than she dreamed of ever doing so.

One afternoon she was taking her usual drive, accompanied by Mrs. Beringuy. The fashionable promenade was crowded with the Paris world of fashion. Interminable rows of carriages plodded their ways up and down beneath the acacias.

Helene grew weary of acknowledging the courteous salutes with which she was greeted on every side, and sat in her landau, staring into vacancy, when the carriage came to a stop, being blocked by the vehicles ahead.

A gentleman was leaning against the iron railing which separated the foot walk from the carriage road, and Helene recognized him. He was a French nobleman who had considerable possessions in America, and had been introduced to her by Denon.

A conversation sprang up, when Helene, for the first time, noticed a stoutish, hale and hearty, good-looking, middle-aged man standing next to the gentleman who was conversing with her. As she looked the color faded from her cheeks and neck, and she stared so curiously that the count said, blantly:

"You seem to know my friend, Miss Beringuy. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Henry Roberts."

Helene's eyes were fixed upon the man's face. Never was a bird more

helpless under the fascination of a snake than Helene at that moment.

"Miss Beringuy and myself have met before," said Mr. Henry Roberts, in good English, with the barest tinge of a French accent in it.

There was no mistaking the voice. There was no mistaking the face. Both were Henri's.

CHAPTER XXI.

With the sight of Henri's face, the memory of Henri rushed into Helene's mind, as she had seen him on that fateful night when Quayle was about to murder her, and Henri had flung himself, barely in the nick of time, upon her would-be assassin.

There is a saying "Money makes the man." Henri Sainton, the reckless defender of the barricades during those terrible days of June, 1848; Henry Roberts, the soldier of the Louisiana battalion, and Henry Roberts, the Colorado millionaire, were no more like one another than a chimpanzee is like a lion.

Henri Sainton, if not a gentleman in the stern and full meaning of the word, was as near the real article as the best of veneer could make him. There was one thing he wished for, that he would have prayed for if such a thing had been possible to him, namely, to meet Helene, to stand on an equal pinnacle with her, to be able to remind her of the past. He touched her outstretched hand with his fingers, and felt it icy cold. His eyes met Helene's, and he saw her quail beneath her gaze.

Helene's perturbation, however, was momentary only. The next few seconds restored her equanimity of mind, and with a quick resolve she dashed the distressing reminiscences out of her mind.

"I am glad to meet Mr. Roberts," she said, "even if it is only to chide him. I invited you to my five-o'clock, and you did not come."

"I will prove my repentance," said Henri. "If I may, I will come uninvited."

"That would be to reward you for having sinned," she said. "No, no; I shall have to be the judge, and I will dictate the fine."

At that moment the line of carriages began to move, and Helene's coachman, following those in front of him, drove away. Helene was wrapped in a delicious reverie. She knew not whether she had hoped or dreaded that Henry Roberts might prove to be Henri Sainton, but now, as she knew him to be Henri Sainton, her heart felt warmer for the discovery.

When Helene reached home, she found Lord Yorley waiting for her in the drawing room. The old nobleman bore his eighty years with a sturdy vigor. He was a portly gentleman, staid and grave. His life had been one of many troubles, first for his sister, then about his son Walter, and the long and wearying trials had saddened and softened him. Helene noticed immediately that Lord Yorley was less at his ease than was his habit.

"Now you are not going to scold me this afternoon," she said, pointingly, as she held out her hand.

"I have not come to scold you, my child," said Lord Yorley, placing a chair by her side, and seating himself there. "I have come to speak to you about a matter that concerns me deeply, and in which I hope to interest you."

Helene opened her big blue eyes wide. The preamble seemed so very serious, and she was not at all seriously inclined at that moment.

"I have come, my dear child," said Lord Yorley, "to speak to you about my boy Walter. He is now my only son. On poor Alfred's death, six months ago, he became my heir. He will one day, when I am gone, be Lord Yorley. His fortune, when he will take my place, will be ample, though not quite as large as yours. My dear child, Walter loves you. You are his goddess on earth. He has loved you for many years. He has loved you so truly that he has never dared to tell you about his love."

"I have known that for many years," she replied, in a mere whisper, and with her eyes on the ground. "I have known all along that Walter loved me."

"I know," continued Lord Yorley, "that if your dear dead father or my poor Agatha were alive now, they would join me in pleading my boy's cause. I know they would wish that my Walter and you may become man and wife."

Had Lord Yorley come to her a week ago—had he even come to her two days ago—the chances were even that Helene would have said to herself, "After all, Walter is the best among the men I know. He is true. He risked his life to find me years ago. I know that no man in this world loves me better, or can love me more truly." She would have hesitated perhaps for a moment or two, but she might have consented, and perhaps would have consented.

Now the case was different. Another figure had stepped in between her and Walter's love. Henri had sprung up like a mocking sprite out of a cavern of fable. And he skipped and romped through the picture of her life, and all her finer sentiments shrunk shivering beneath the uncouth whirlwind. Helene was deliberating what to say, when she was roused by a knock at the door, and Adams' voice was heard asking:

"May I come in?"

Lord Yorley turned on his chair with a nearly angry movement when Helene replied, "Come in, of course," to Adams.

"I have news that may interest you, my dear," said Adams, after the customary apology to Lord Yorley. "That wretched man Roberts, as you call him, has just been thrown from his horse. He has been taken to a chemist's shop, and they say he is badly hurt."

Helene jumped up with her face as white as a sheet and darted at the bell with one sweep.

"Tell Jacqueline to bring me my hat and shawl immediately," she said to the servant.

"What are you going to do?" asked Adams.

"I am going to Mr. Roberts, and you must come with me, and try to save the life of the man who saved mine."

(To be continued.)



Arrange to afford the ewes plenty of opportunity to exercise.

Feed the fleece and, at the same time feed the body which is to produce it.

The flocks which conduce most to bodily growth will make the best wool.

Don't buy a ram unless he has a good length of wool on his belly and legs.

In order to get a good fleece the sheep must be kept in a vigorous condition.

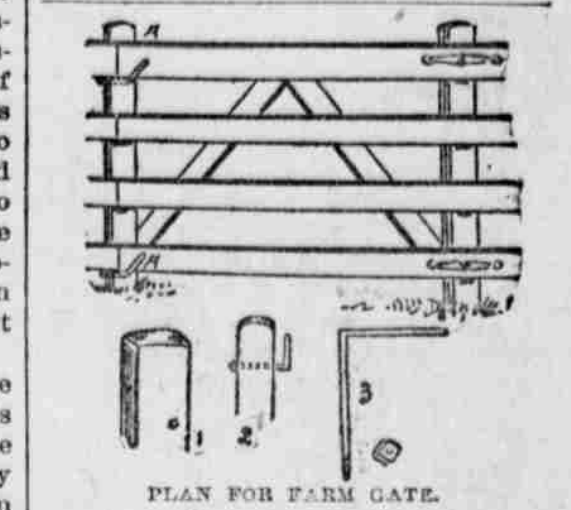
### FOWLS FOR MARKET.

While the main consideration to the consumer is that the fowl should be reasonably plump and properly picked, the large city merchants demand certain things in the way of packing which the poultry raiser must carry out if he would be successful in such markets. One of the things is that the fowls be "shaped" before they are packed, and while this process makes a form that is not particularly pleasing, it is, perhaps, better than the misshapen fowls which would result if they were placed in boxes or barrels without any sign of packing. To make a shaper, first build a frame and then in this frame construct two troughs, each ten feet long. These troughs are constructed by nailing together two boards, seven-eighths of an inch thick and six inches wide, at right angles.

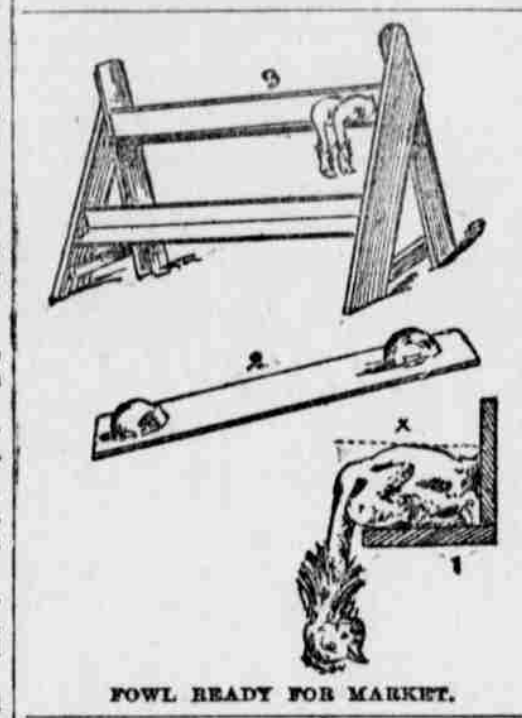
After plucking the fowls, lay the carcasses in the trough, with the heads hanging down, the legs alongside the breast and the breast downward. By gentle pressure force the carcass down into the angle of the trough. Cover each carcass with oiled paper; then have an inch board six inches wide to lay on the carcasses, and weight this board down with a brick or heavy stone at either end. As the carcass of the bird is slipped under the board, move the lower brick or stone to obtain the weight. The carcasses should be kept in this position for six or seven hours, and they will then be shaped and ready for packing in crates. The illustration shows the construction of this shaper in detail, and, as will

### Making a Farm Gate.

When a gate is of considerable length, as farm gates must be to let a wagon pass through, there is always danger that they will sag, and mainly because the device used for the latch is faulty. Try the following plan of constructing a latch and see if it does not work well: Have the blacksmith bend a piece of half-inch round iron in L shape, making one arm one-quarter



PLAN FOR FARM GATE.



FOWL READY FOR MARKET.

be seen, any handy man can construct it readily.—Indianapolis News.

### EGG FACTS.

In order to furnish more definite information about the poultry business Secretary Wilson recently directed one of his men to get together all the facts available regarding the subject. The results of this inquiry present some surprising facts. According to the latest available tables, the value of all fowls on farms is \$85,794,000. About \$15,000,000 is deducted from this sum to represent the fowls under the age of three months, so that the balance embraces the stock that is kept for breeding and laying. The estimated number of chickens in the country is 250,000,000, producing for market in one year poultry worth \$130,000,000 and eggs worth \$144,000,000, a total value of about \$280,000,000. This represents an income of 40 per cent.

### Use For Old Axes.

Cast-off axes can be made useful, as shown in the cut. The best use for this tool is for loading and unloading ties off a truck. It will save a lot of heavy lifting and tugging. A slight blow will sink it in to a tie. The part shown by dotted line, is cut out, while the remaining part is hammered out and pointed. I am a blacksmith by trade, and made twenty-five of these useful implements last winter.—W. B. Kelley, in Farm and Home.

### Sheep Notes.

Feed only what the sheep will eat up clean.

Divide the flock according to age, size and sex.

A well-growing and vigorous condition in the sheep is best for wool growing.

Following the careful selection in buying and judicious breeding come the factors of care and feed.

Wool is very nitrogenous, and to grow a good fleece of wool with a strong fiber and of good quality, feed something rich in nitrogen.

Sheep are rustlers, gleaners, scavengers and quarterly dividend payers, for they give you wool, lambs and mutton.

ter of an inch longer than the thickness of the post and the gate-board; the other arm should be about ten inches long. Bore a hole through the post under the board near the edge of the post, put the threaded end of the bent iron through and screw on the nut. Have the same arrangement at the lower part of the gate. When the gate is to be closed, turn the bar so that it will not be in the way and so when the gate is closed it will rest on the bar. Then turn the bar back so that the upright piece will be in position over the board. If, after a while, the bar works too readily, a nail may be placed in position, against which the bar will rest when it is turned.

The illustration, with the drawn details, shows the whole plan in such a clear manner that anyone can construct such a gate and attach the latches.

### Measuring Corn in Crib.

The common practice is to call two bushels of corn on the cob a bushel of shelled corn. This is not strictly correct, and in some States the legal bushel of ears is seventy pounds. But assuming that two bushels make but one, it will be easy to multiply the length, breadth and height of the crib in inches and thus get the number of cubic inches it contains. Then divide this by 2,150, the number of cubic inches in a bushel, and you have the number of bushels of ears. This divided by two will give you the approximate shelled corn. Another rule is that two cubic feet of dry corn on the cob will make a bushel of shelled corn. Then measure the length, breadth and height of the crib and divide these cubic feet by two to get bushels of shelled corn. These two methods will give a wide difference, for in a crib measuring twenty feet long, ten feet high and ten feet wide there should be by the first method a little over 800 bushels, while by the last method there would be 1,000 bushels. We do not believe that either method is perfectly accurate, and that the true measure lies between the two, the first being too small and the last too large.—St. Louis Republic.

### Loss in Cured Fodder.

It has been found at the Ontario Experiment Station that the smallest necessary loss in curing occurs when the corn is fairly well matured and well cared, and contains not less than 30 to 35 per cent of dry matter. For clover the results indicate that 23 to 32 per cent of dry matter is better than a lower or higher per cent. Corn well matured and just in the glazing stage with the leaves still green is in the proper condition for the silo, and clover in full bloom, or a trifle past and in good condition for hay, but not too dry, is the proper stage for this.

### English Wheat.

The wheat crop of England is the smallest on record, surpassing even the previous lowest record of 1895. The trouble is not wholly due to an unfavorable season, but is the result of the steady shrinkage in acreage caused by the land being used for other crops.

### Great Cranberry Marsh.

The largest cranberry marsh in the world is to be located in Burnett County, Wis. It will cover 4,000 acres. The tract is along the east bank of the St. Croix, extending from Norway Point fifteen miles southeast of Hinckley, to near the mouth of Crooked creek, twenty miles east of Hinckley. It is about eight miles in length, and is from half a mile to two miles in width. The nearest point of the completed marsh will be within twelve miles of Grantsburg, Wis.—Exchange.