

Belgrave Mystery.

BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER V.

He and She.

On the night of this same day, Sir Keith and Lady Denham (so let us still call her) stood facing each other in the latter's dressing room.

Denham was leaning against the mantelpiece pale and silent, a kind of stunned hopelessness in face and attitude. It was in his voice, too, as after a long silence he said heavily:

"You wanted to see me, Olive?"

"Yes, Keith," was the almost inaudible answer, as she moved slowly toward him. "I—wanted you."

Since the night of the murder she had not spoken to him; indeed she had seemed to shun him with a strange feverish persistence. But to-night she had sent to ask him to come to her; and now that he had come she felt a vague undefined fear of him. It was so long since there had been anything but bitter words and looks and scornful recriminations between them. And now—

But as their eyes met, she saw that his were full of almost passionate sadness; her own eyes filled with burning tears.

"Are we to be friends, Olive?" he said unsteadily. As he spoke he held out his hand and drew her gently toward him.

With a low sobbing cry she laid her head down on his breast; and his arms clasped her closely.

This was their reconciliation.

After a long silence Denham bent his head over hers and for the first time in many months he kissed her lips. She clung to him, sobbing wildly, for a long time, while he vainly tried to soothe her.

"Oh, Keith," she moaned. "I did not know—I did not know—I swear it. Say that you believe me. Say it—or I shall go mad!"

He clasped her closer and touched her hair with his lips.

"My dear," he murmured agitatedly. "You do not need to ask me to believe you. How should you know, my poor darling?"

"Say that I am your wife still," she cried deliriously. "Say that they can't take me away from you. I am your wife—not his, but yours! I have been your wife for six long years. Say I am your wife still!"

She felt his arms tighten around her as he muttered passionately:

"My love you shall be! You are my wife now, in the sight of God. By to-morrow you shall be my wife before all the world. I have already arranged all that."

"You have forgiven me, then, for all my cruel, bitter words of the last few months?" she said, pushing her hair feverishly off her forehead, as she withdrew herself from his arms.

"Dear," he answered, sadly. "I was as much to blame as you. I was madly jealous and almost heartbroken at the thought that though we were bound together, my wife did not love me—but another."

"And now that we are no longer bound together," she said, lifting her eyes to his with a strange intensity in their depths. "I want you to know, Keith, that I love you—that I love you so well that I—" she broke off, trembling violently.

"Olive, do you mean that?" he said passionately, catching her to his heart again.

"I mean it—yes," she answered. Her voice sounded hoarse and broken; her eyes were glittering strangely; a bright flush burned on her usually pale cheeks.

Denham looked at her anxiously.

"Olive," he said, in a distressed voice. "My darling, all this terrible anxiety and horror have been too much for you. Your hands are burning, and you are trembling all over. I will go now. You must be worn out."

"No—no," she whispered, pressing her hands to her forehead. "I am well—quite well." Then she said, with an almost agonized anxiety in her voice: "Keith, will they say our boy is—will they say he is—" she broke off, her breath coming short and quick.

Denham, with a half groan, laid his head down on his arm on the mantelpiece.

"Hush, for heaven's sake," he muttered.

"Answer me," and her voice was almost a wail. "Will they—can they?"

He made a silent gesture of assent.

"What—now?" she panted, letting her fingers close with unconscious force upon his arm. "Now that he is dead?—now that you say I shall be your wife? After all, will our boy be nameless and disgraced?"

Denham, seeing how terribly excited and distressed she was, took her hands in his and said in a voice that shook slightly:

"My poor Olive, what can I say to you? I can make you my wife but I cannot—cannot—" He stopped and hid his face in his hands.

Olive stood quite still for a moment or two, then she took hold of his arm, and pulled his hands down from his face.

"I don't believe it!" she said, in a strange, hard voice. "You are saying it to try me." Then as his eyes met hers she let her hands fall to her sides with a low, inarticulate moan.

"Ah! no, it is true," she whispered. "I know by your face that it is true! Come with me," she added, after a minute, taking his hand in hers and moving toward the door. "Come!"

He looked down at her with his brown eyes full of an infinite compassion.

"Poor child!" he said, soothingly. "You are excited and over-strung. Rest here quietly, and I will send Felise to you."

But she only repeated feverishly. "Come!"

He folded a wrap over her dressing-

gown; and together, hand in hand, they went up to the nurseries.

Denham dismissed the nurse with a wave of his hand; and the father and mother with a bitter pain at their hearts stood silently beside the bed where their idolized boy lay sleeping. His rosy lips half parted, showing the tiny teeth within. Olive was pale and tearless; almost mechanically she stooped, and covered up the chubby little arm flung out on the coverlet. Denham, far more agitated than she, stood biting his lips nervously. Suddenly the child stirred in his sleep, opened his great dark eyes with a drowsy smile, then closed them again. With an inarticulate exclamation Denham flung himself into a chair and hid his face.

Olive looked at him for a few moments, her lips quivering painfully; then she bent over him, and silently encircled his neck with her arms. He turned toward her with a passionate, despairing gesture almost as a child might, and leaned his head against her breast.

"Oh, Olive! this has almost broken my heart," he muttered, after a long silence. "It is a terrible blow."

At that moment a knock came to his door as well as to his heart. He was the last of a proud old race; and the knowledge that his little son—the only child they had ever had—could never inherit his father's name and title, and estates, was inconceivably bitter to him.

Olive did not answer; and they remained thus, silent and heart-broken, for a long, long time while a stray moonbeam, struggling with the faint gaslight, stole in and lighted up their boy's face with an unearthly radiance.

CHAPTER VI.

"For Her Sake!"

Late that night, Felise Devorne was walking rapidly up and down her own room; her lips pressed tightly together, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves feverishly.

"It shall never be!" she muttered at last. "No—never! And yet I dare not—I dare not!—Ah! what a miserable coward I am!" She stopped suddenly and pressed her hands to her heart with a sharp, agonized cry. An awful expression of physical pain contracted her face; her lips grew pinched and almost black.

For a long time she sat with her head resting against the back of her chair, hardly daring to move.

At last she drew a long breath, and sat up.

"Ah—that was terrible," she gasped. Then she rose and began to pace uncertainly about the room again.

"My mistress," she whispered. "My dearly-loved mistress—they shall never accuse you. If I thought it would be so I would not hesitate. But—there is another way!"

She stopped her eyes dilating, and full of an almost fierce intensity.

"Sacre!" came slowly from between her pale lips—"I will do it. You shall be happy, my adored one. You shall not suffer for the crime of which you are innocent. You shall not enter into another bondage. There shall be no sorrow for you any more!"

On the following forenoon, in the presence of a few old and valued friends, Sir Keith made Olive once more his wife.

It seemed a strange, unreal ceremony. The bridegroom was deathly pale, and looked almost passionately relieved when it was all over. The bride was like a marble statue. She shivered at her husband's kiss; but when they were alone again she threw herself into his arms in a fit of wild, terrified sobbing.

"My wife, my wife—be comforted," he murmured unsteadily.

But she clung to him hysterically.

"Keith, Keith, don't let them take me away from you!" she cried, her voice rising almost to a shriek. "A terrible haunting fear is upon me—my head seems bursting. Save me, Keith—my husband—save me!"

There was such an awful terror in her eyes that Denham felt seriously alarmed, fearing, poor fellow, that the terrible strain of the past few days had unsettled her reason. He soothed her as best he could, and when she was calmer made her rest in an easy chair, placed a cushion behind her head, and persuaded her to drink the wine he brought her. Then he rang for Felise.

But Felise had gone out some time ago, the man who answered the summons said, and had not yet returned.

Some hours later Sir Keith Denham was arrested in his own study, on suspicion of the murder of Edgar Verschoyle.

"There is some mistake, my men," he said regarding the officers of the law in haughty amazement. "It is utterly—"

"You must remember, sir," said one of the men civilly enough, "that any statements you make now will be used against you. We have a cab waiting, and it would be a pity to make any disturbance."

At that moment the door opened and Lady Denham entered. With a sudden quick intuition of something wrong, she glanced quickly from her husband's pale and indignant face to the stolid countenances of the two strange men who stood confronting him.

"Something is the matter," she said, in a voice that bore no resemblance to her own. "What is it?"

Denham turned toward her with a harsh laugh.

"I am arrested for murder, Olive—the murder of Edgar Verschoyle!"

Her face blanched suddenly; she swayed and would have fallen, had not her husband sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Olive, Olive," he said, hastily. "do not fear, my darling; it is only some stupid mistake which can be— which must be cleared up at once. Why, Olive, I shall be with you in a few hours."

But she drew herself out of his arms and looked up at him with eyes full of a shrieking, incredulous horror; her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Something in her expression chilled Denham's heart with a vague, nameless fear.

"Olive," he said hoarsely. "why do you look like that? Surely I need not tell you that I am innocent? My wife!" he went on almost imploringly. "you do not—you cannot believe me guilty of this thing?"

For a sudden, overwhelming sickening sense of the presumptive evidence against him flashed across his consciousness, and made his heart stand still.

But with a wild, gasping cry, Olive flung up her arms, and fell senseless on his breast.

He carried her to a sofa, and, kneeling down, bent over her with broken, passionate words. He had forgotten that they were not alone. He had forgotten everything but his wife.

"Leave her to me, Sir Keith," said the voice of Felise at his ear. "I will see to my mistress."

"Take care of her," he muttered agitatedly, as he rose to his feet. "Do not let her imagine that—there is anything serious in this business—"

His voice faltered; then he drew himself up with a haughty gesture, and said quietly to the men. "I am ready!"

CHAPTER VII.

Tightening Coils.

London society was almost wild with excitement and curiosity. The opinions regarding Sir Keith's innocence were many and conflicting. His own friends scoffed at the idea of his guilt to be sure; but there was not wanting those who saw the whole chain of evidence "as clear as print."

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Horrible Practices Resorted to in Order to Attract the Generous.

We may thank the framers of the act for the prevention of cruelty to children that they have placed an effectual check upon those who in this country were wont to abuse the infirmities of children for beggary purposes says the London Lancet.

The miserable show infant cannot now be exposed in our streets without entailing serious risk upon the exhibitor in the event of detection.

Anything like a wholesale manufacture of human objects of pity could not fail to draw down upon the perpetrators a penalty severe enough to prohibit its continuance.

We have not indeed in this fact any occasion for boastfulness. Our assumption of preventive powers in the matter is far too recent even to encourage such an attitude. We cannot, however, be wrong in mentioning the circumstance by way of suggestion to authorities elsewhere who have still to witness but apparently without power to punish, the monstrous practice in question. Taken by way of illustration, the frequent exhibition at French fairs of those artificially produced cripples known as cils de jatte the term implying a shriveled condition of both legs deliberately induced in childhood by means of ligatures which interfere with the circulation in the limbs.

The cripple farmer pays the parents of his victim, usually a delicate child to begin with, a few centimes daily, and keeps his miserable charge as a means of lining his own pocket with the coppers of the compassionate. It is a proof of the extraordinary ignorance, credulity and heartlessness of the Spanish peasantry, to whom these wretched creatures belong, that they should be allowed because born weak thus to suffer at the hands of impostors under the sorry pretense that only so can they make a living. It is evidently high time for preventive action on the part of the Spanish and French governments, and no circumstance could provide a fuller justification for the introduction by either authority of a children's act which would deal effectively with instances of such tyrannous cruelty.

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor. "wasn't young Mr. Gasket here last night?"

"Yes, papa. Why do you ask?" Did you and he have a quarrel?"

"No papa—not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?"

"Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?"

"Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed suicide?"

"What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?"

"No, papa. Has his body been discovered?"

"Did you give him any encouragement whatever?"

"No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or—"

"Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa isn't it awful?"

"Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day."

"Oh, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?"

"Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you."

"But tell me what has he done, papa?"

"He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Press.

This is Odd.

Two locomotives built on the same plan, exactly alike and of similar material, will have different rates of speed and drawing power. The difference in speed in twin engines has been known to reach fifteen miles an hour.

He Was Equal to It.

He—"I wish that I could say things as sweet as the soft strains of that waltz." She—"Well, you seem to have no difficulty in saying things as soft as the sweet strains of the waltz."—Brooklyn Life.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

MANY ACRES, FEW HANDS, SLIM POCKETBOOKS.

Don't Undertake More Than You Can Do—Making and Applying Manure in the Winter—Ensilage in the Ground—Dairy Notes and Household Hints.

Mixed Farming.

Take a ride with me and I will show you corn fields that have scarcely been cultivated at all, and where the drills are solid rows of grass and weeds, says T. B. Terry in Practical Farmer. I will show you potatoes cared for, or rather not cared for, in about the same way.

Yes, I will show you fields where they are so stripped by bugs and overgrown with weeds, and the cultivation between the drills so neglected, that you can scarcely see a potato leaf.

And this shall not be on some shiftless farmer's place, an exceptional case, but on farms managed by good farmers, in some cases our best farmers. They are not lazy or shiftless. They undertake to do too much, that is all, and something must suffer. I could not take their places and do any better, perhaps not as well.

The trouble is not in the men, but in the system they are following. We have had a dry season, which of course, is favorable for taking care of crops, and doing the haying and harvesting, and still, while they have been securing hay and grain, corn and potatoes have suffered severely. In some cases they will not pay for the labor put on them and the use of the land.

They will be grown at a loss. Years ago I did just this way myself, but seeing it was not business-like I gradually worked out of it, and undertook to do less and less until there was little enough to do, so we could usually do about our best and make everything we did, pay.

The above named farmers are making a little money, doing pretty well, but they might do better. As little as we undertake to do, we sometimes get caught. One day our wheat was all cut and dry enough to get in; there were six acres of potatoes that should have been cultivated at once, the rest were too large. But it might come on catching weather and the wheat would then be damaged, and so it must go in the barn. This took three days, and then my son did not feel well, and there was other jobs that must be done, and those potatoes were neglected for some time. It did not rain, but was hot and dry. If we had tended to the potatoes we should have been quite a few dollars ahead, but we were afraid to risk leaving the wheat out. But there is very little loss of this kind on our farm, not that we are any smarter than others, but simply that we do not undertake to do any more things than we are quite sure we can handle.

Friends, let me urge you to work in this same direction. There is less worry and more profit. I can take you to farms to-day, where the owner has tried to grow corn and potatoes. If he had put out but the one crop, and no more acres of it, and put all the labor on it that has been spread over the two, it would show a fine profit and be something to be proud of. Now there is no profit in either crop, and if they are near the road, the farmer wishes they were back out of sight, and he never would invite any friends to go and see them either. Would that all could throw aside all inherited notions, that were sound once, but behind the times now, and run their farms on sound business principles, as far as circumstances will permit them to do so.

Manure in Winter.

As it will be an exceptional case when the land will be so rich that no manure is necessary, all reasonable care should be taken to secure all that is possible. On the majority of farms winter is by far the best season for making manure; and generally, there is more time to haul out and properly apply. But in order to secure the best results it is very important that the preparation be made in advance. One important matter in doing this is to have feeding places where the stock can be fed and the manure accumulated in one or more places. A supply of bedding is also essential, so as to absorb and retain the liquid soiling, and at the same time help to keep the stock clean and comfortable. With all classes of stock it is very important in maintaining the best health and thrift to do this, at the same time avoiding using too much, as this adds to the cost of handling without an increase in value.

One of the best ways of applying manure is on plowed land intended for spring crops. By applying on the surface during the winter, the action of the rain and the melting snow will tend to carry the more valuable portions into the soil, while the necessary preparation of the soil in the spring, the cultivating and harrowing that will need to be given to properly fit it for the feed, will be sufficient to thoroughly incorporate the manure into the soil.

One of the best plans of management is to use what bedding is needed to keep the stock clean, and then as it accumulates, both in the stables, sheds or feeding lots, load directly into the wagon, haul to the field, and scatter where it is needed. This avoids all unnecessary handling, and is an item in getting the work done at the lowest cost. Another thing should also be remembered, that it pays better in the end to manure thoroughly, than to scatter over too large a surface. With a little planning of the work, nearly or quite all of the manure made during the winter can be hauled out and

applied upon the land to benefit the next season's crop, and generally will give better results than to apply on unplowed land and plow under; while there will be much less loss of the valuable pastures. In applying the manure, should distribute as evenly as possible, gauging the quantity largely by the needs of the soil, remembering that there is little danger of applying too much.—Journal of Agriculture.

Ensilage in the Ground.

The building of silos prevent many farmers and small dairymen from ensilaging green crops. It is well enough, perhaps, to have a good, substantial silo, if one can build it just as well as not, and where lumber is plenty it does not cost very much to build a practical silo. But when the ensilaging of green crops was first begun the silo was simply a hole in the ground, and where the drainage is good that is as good a way as any. My silo is of that kind. I have dug a hole with slanting sides on a little raise of the ground, and I fill this with my corn with whole corn stalks, heaping them up above the ground and covering first with straw and then with earth. The plan is similar to that of preserving roots in the pit. My ensilage is always good, as good as anybody's can be.—Farmers Voice.

Dairy Notes.

A creamery should not be started until 300 cows are guaranteed.

No matter what breed the cow is, she requires good care to produce profitable results.

It is a good plan to keep a good milking cow in the dairy as long as she is a good milker.

The wise dairyman provides soiling crops to patch out the dry pastures during the summer time.

No calf should be raised for dairy purposes from a cow of weak constitution or one with organic disease.

The best dairymen practice the best economy in feeding when they feed all the cow will eat up clean and no more.

Bulky food should always be fed with concentrated food, to avoid possible discomfort and injury from the latter.

The cream should be set as soon as possible after milking. It will not separate rapidly when subjected to jarring and shaking.

It is poor economy to turn a herd of cows into a large pasture and allow them to roam about all day, when all they get is exercise.

The milk tester and the separator are important factors in dairying. The milk tester in the near future will be a sine qua non in dairying.

Cows should be trained so that they will let any kind of person milk them, but they do better when the same person milks them each time.

Uncleanliness in milking, not cooling the milk quickly after milking, bad fodder, bad air in stables and disease in cows are causes of tainted milk.

In order to get the fat all out of the butter the churn should not be filled too full. It is necessary to have room in the churn to give the cream concussion.

It costs less to feed and care for one cow than it does for two, therefore every farmer who is keeping two cows and getting really but what one should produce is losing money.

Household Hints.

To keep ice in the sickroom over night set the pitcher in a newspaper, gather up the ends, twist them tight, and snap on a rubber band.

Covers for cups and glasses used in a sick room can be made of cardboard and covered with a crocheted cover of either white silk wool or cotton, as preferred, a small loop being put in the middle of the top to lift it by.

If celery were eaten freely, sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely, an alkaline blood is the result, and where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked.

Carrot pudding is said by those who have eaten it to be very nice. Boil and mash fine six ounces of carrot, add six ounces of suet chopped fine, half a pound of currants, two large tablespoonsful of sugar, half a nutmeg, a saltspoonful of salt and three large tablespoonsful of flour. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, put them in a greased pot and boil the pudding for three hours. This receipt is from a correspondent who has tried it.

A home way to repair garden hose when you are at a distance from the supply shop: Take two ounces or more of naphtha, into which drop as much shellac as it will absorb till of the consistency of thin gum. Cut some bandages of canvas or thick leather, spread the composition on one side of them, bind tightly round the hose and fasten firmly with twine. The hose must be kept dry before the plasters are applied. Keep the cement in a glass-stoppered bottle.

The floor of the kitchen and dining room should be brushed after every meal, the sideboard rearranged, and the table prepared for the coming meal. This is an important matter when the housekeeper attends personally to the dining room. The receptacles for sugar, salt, the various table sauces, etc., the glasses, silver, napkins and cutlery may be placed ready for use, and the table prepared ready for the water, bread, etc., and then covered with a clean cloth large enough to protect it entirely from dust and disarrangement.

A Shadowless Lamp.

The latest reported improvement in lamps is a device intended to obviate the objectionable shadow thrown on the ceiling by most regenerative lamps, and to overcome some other features which detract from the value of the principle. The difficulty of the shade thrown upward is met by forming the upper part of the lamp of etched ornamental glass instead of having a metallic dome, as is ordinarily the case. A good illumination is thus obtained without the loss of any downward light—two streams of hot air are supplied to the burners, one being heated by means of the regenerator, which is of cast iron, the other being warmed in its passage through the lamp casing. Another point dealt with, in this construction, is the deposit of carbon on the ceiling, which is usual with such lamps; this is practically reduced to nothing, first by the small amount of gas burned per hour and the perfect combustion obtained, and the next by the products of combustion being emitted from the lamp laterally instead of being projected upward toward the ceiling. This arrangement has the merit of simplicity, and the effect is very satisfactory.

A New Concrete.

A successful application has been made, it appears, of the newly invented road concrete, some time ago described in the papers of Germany, and its usefulness in various directions seems to be assured. Curious enough, shavings and planing mill chips, either of common or fancy woods, and which may be stained before use if desired, are mixed with cheese—or rather, casein—calcined magnesium limestone—glycerine, silicate of soda, and a little linseed oil, and this combination of substances is forced by hydraulic pressure into molds where it is allowed sufficient time to harden. When dry, the composition is strong and solid, and can be sawed, planed, polished and varnished. Among its various proposed uses are ornamental panels and wall surface coverings, etc.

A He always has a dagger in his hand, no matter how well meaning it may look.

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