BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED. "What more do you want?" the trepressible Fothergill (who, for some unknown reason, had a bitter grudge against Denham) was heard to say at one of the clubs. .I don't want to say anything against the fellow; but hang it all, the thing seems clear enough. Man suddenly turns up who has been supposed to be dead. and who turns out to be Lady Denham's first husband. Has stormy interview with Donham, who is heard to threaten to kill him if he makes a certain statement again. Statement turns out to be that the fellow wants his wife-and very natural too. Next thing is that later on the same night he is found stabbed in the fernery leading out of Denham's library. Denham himself looks queer both on that night and at the inquest, and is altogether as unlike an innocent man as he can well be. In my opinion he hasn't a leg to stand on.

As a matter of fact things did look black against Denham. The presumptive evidence against him. coupled with his own statements at inquest were compromising The butler's evidence too (well-meaning though that functionary was), corroborated by that of Felise Devorne, was damnatory in no small degree; and lastly, (and chiefly), certain private information given the authorities on the day following the inquest, by Lady Denham's maid, the above-mentioned Felise Devorne. Her statement was to the effect that on the night of the murder. half an hour or so before the body was discovered, she had gone into the library to fetch a wrap her mistress had left there. As she was about to leave the room she heard voices in angry dispute in the fernery, one of which she recognized as Sir Keith Denham's and the other as that of the decensed. She distinctly heard Fir Keith say, "I offer you ten— twenty thousand pounds for your silence. Will you take it?" Deceased answered. No nor a hundred thousand. I want my wife." Sir Keith then said, with a terribic oath. "You shall never have her. I will kill you Then there was a struggle and the sound of a smothered cry. followed by a deep groan. She. (Felise) tried to scream but could not, and trembling with horror. hid herself behind a window curtain. few minutes later she saw Sir Keith come out of the fernery, closing the door after him. He was panting for breath, his hair was disordered. his clothes were pulled about and she particularly noticed that he held in his right hand a handkerchief literally soaked with blood, and that that my shirt-cuff had a stain of blood there was a large stain of blood on his right hand cuff. This she saw distinctly, as he passed quite close to her. He went hurriedly out of the room and ran upstairs. She followed him at a distance, and saw him enter his dressing-room. She saw him some little time afterward dressed as usual speaking to some of the guests. All this she absolutely swore to; and her statement did not vary in the slightest degree, even under the most rigid cross-examination. When asked why she did not give this evidence at the inquest, she said she had not wished to get Sir Keith into trouble. but since then she had been distressed in her mind lest some innocent person might be accused. She repeated her statement at the adjourned inquest passionate oath. n took place three days later) with the result that the jury returned a unanimous verdict of wilful murder against Sir Keith Denham. On, the morning after his arrest

Denham had been brought up for examination, had tendered a plea of not you my word that I am thoroughly guilty, and after some formal evidence, had been remanded for a week. When two days of that week had yet to run, he was visited by Harcourt Kennard who was keenly interested in the case, both personally and professionally, and was determined to employ all his skill and experience (and they were not inconsiderable) in the endeavor to clear his friend from the terrible charge brought against him. Hitherto however his efforts had been disheartingly futile.

, Denham was lying on his bed. one arm flung across his face, when Kennard entered; but as the door opened and shut, he rose to his feet. looked worn and haggard, and as if sleep had long been a stranger to him. which indeed it had. A kind of dull despair had taken possession of him. During these long weary days and nights of solitude it had seemed to him that all chance of proving his innocence had been taken from him. and as though escape from the net of evidence surrounding him was impossible. The two men shook hands in silence.

After a somewhat long pause Kennard said with an attempt at cheerfulness:

"Now, old fellow you mustn't let yourself get into the blues you know. We shall soon have you out of this, if I know myself."

.You still do not believe me guilty. then?" said Denham with a faint smile.

"Of course I don't " returned Ken-

nard, somewhat sharply.

"Thanks, old chap," said Sir Keith. and his voice shook slightly. Upon nard found hi my soul, during the last few days in he was before this desolate hole. I have half come to the conclusion that I haven't a friend in the world. 'Sometimes when realize that I-Keith Denham-am here on the charge of murder-by heaven! I think I must be mad and the whole thing a hallucination of my brain. But tell me," he went on, with a feverish impatience in his voice, how is my wife?—where is she:"

the has been ill, you know." said Kennard, slowly; and she is still On the following day Denham had very far from well. She is staying a brief interview with his wife. It was doctor?"

with us just now. We thought it their first meeting since his arrest "Appendicitia sin is the would be be fer for her poor child." for Olive had been very ill. Even from which you are suffering.

"And—the boy?" continued the

Denham gave him a quick look of gratitude. Then, with a muttered exclamation. he began to walk rapidly up and down.

'Oh my God. It is hardl' he burst out suddenly. Bitterly, cruelly hard!" There was a fierce ring of despair in the poor fellow's voice as he spoke; and leaning heavily against the wall. he buried his face in his hands. It was not of himself he was thinking now. Kennard knew instinctively. nor of his wife-but of their son.

After a few minutes Denham looked up, and pushing his hair impatiently off his forehead, he said abruptly, as though trying to change the current of his thoughts:

·Have they found the knife-or whatever the fellow was stabbed

. No. Had it not been for that, should incline to the belief that Verchoyle committed suicide, for Lady Denham tells me that he was most erratic and peculiar for about a year before his supposed death, and that the doctors told her he might become insane any day.".

"Yes. I know," was Denham's gloomy answer. 'The poor child was terrified to death of him; and as I've told you he acknowledged to having been in a lunatic asylum for

nearly eight years ' Yes, that's all been inquired into and found to be true" said Kennard. pulling his mustache thoughtfully. "I wish to heaven they had kept h m there. For my part, I think he was insane when you saw him, but of course that can't very well be proved. However, he couldn't stab himself unless he had some weapon; and he couldn't make away with the weapon altogether. And the whole place has been thoroughly searched. The most extraordinary thing to me. Keith is the evidence of your wife's ma'd. That was what turned the scale in favor of your guilt. It was utterly damning."

·I swear to you." burst out Denham, excitedly, "that that woman's story is the most infernal tissue of I never saw Verschoyle from the time he left my study until I saw him lying dead in the fernery, and I nover was in the fernery the whole night until then."

How about the stains of blood on the cuff o' your shirt and on your handkerchief, both of which one of the housemaids testified at the adjourned inquest to finding in a corner of your dressing room?"

Oh. that? said Denham con-temptuously. They might have found half-a-do en blood-stained handkerchief. I dare say. My nose bled awfully several times that night. It always does, you know, if I've been in a passion. It came on suddenly just after dinner, and I recollect seeing on it. That was why I changed it."

"Well, it is a most unfortunate co-incidenca" said Kennard, with a frown. and equally unfortunate that the things should have been sent to be washed before Felise thought fit to give her extraordinary information. The worst of it is everything seems to corroborate the woman's story. You see your butler also swears to your threatening Verschoyle. and there is no denying that you had presumably very strong reasons for wishing him out of the way before his claim upon Lady Denham became known. Even the fact of your hurried re-marriage, which of course prevents

Denham sprang to his feet with a

What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely. . Do you too ___''

Now don't excite yoursel! my dear fellow," interrupted Kennard. very quietly. "I am speaking simply as a lawyer. I have already given down, and let us talk the matter over calm'y. It's certainly the most mysterious affair I ever had anything to do with. Clearly the man was murdered—but by whom? Another un-fortunate point against you is that no one, so far as I can gather, either knew verschoyle or had any cause of resentment against him except yourself and Lady Denham-and she of course, is out of the question."

"That will do hennard" broke in Denham with flashing eyes. "I should say Lady Denham is out of the question. What are you trying to in-sinuite? By Heaven! if I'm not already mad. I soon shall be! Leave me alone!" he went on wildly. "I know as well as you do that circumstances are all against me. If it were not for my wife—" He stopped suddenly, and threw himself on his bed, burying his face in his arms Then he said, without changing his position, and speaking in a dull, mechanical sort of way: . Does she -does my wife believe me guilty. then?"
She does not " answered the other.

'She is most vehement in her pro-testations of your innocence."

"Thank God for that!" murmured "Now look here, old man," said

Kennard, seating himself on the bed and taking out his note-book. "I want you, to give me as nearly as you can, the whole of your conversation with Verschoyle on that night. Take your time, but tell me everything."

But at the end of balf an hour Kennard found himself about as wise as

As he walked homeward his thoughts were both troubled and perplexed. In his own mind he had no doubt of Denham's innocence. But that appearances were terribly against him he could not but confess. Men have been hanged before now on less

CHAPTER VIII.

News.

now she was hardly in a state to undergo any further agitation.

Denham felt inexpressibly shocked at the terrible alteration in her beautiful little face; she seemed to have grown years older. He himself was looking thin and ill, as though from months of suffering. For a moment they stood silent, motionless, looking into each other's eyes. Then, with a sobbing, bitter cry. Olive threw herself into his arms. threw herself into his arms, and they closed round her almost fiercely. His whole being trobbed with the passionate consciousness that she believed in his innocence.

Neither spoke. Some scenes are too sacred for description, however reverent, however sympathetic. This was one.

When Lady Denham returned from this sad interview with her unfortunate husband, she sent for Felise, and in a few bitter, stinging words dismissed her from her service. To all the faithful creature's entreaties and prayers she turned a deaf ear. She was relentless, inexorable.

"I never knew until to-day," she said, with slow, laboring breath, "the lying accusations you have made against my husband. No—do not try to excuse your lies." she went on turning on her terrified listener a look almost startling in its passionate hatred. "I will not listen. Go! let me never see your face again."

And other words, many and bitter. she heaped upon the head of the broken-hearted and half-incredulous Felise-words which cost Her dear, for they transformed a faithful, adoring slave, into an implacable enemy.

That evening, between eight and nine o'clock. Harcourt Kennard was in his study. He was feeling balled and irritable, and intensely anxious for Denham's safety besides; for the chain of evidence against the accused man appeared, if anything, more incontrovertible than ever.

Suddenly the door bell rang loudly. and a few minutes later a slimly-built, quiet-looking man, with keen black eyes and iron-gray hair, was ushered in. This was Simon Scott, at that time one of the cleverest detectives in Scotland Yard. He had been employed by Coringham, who was passionately indignant at the terrible charge against his cous n. but hitherto all his (Scott's) efforts had been vain. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN S. G. G

Graduated First From School, Then From Girlhood to Matrimony.

Mrs. Electa Jones, a fashionable society woman, without any young people, sent down to Maine for a seveneen-year-old niece to visit her, says the Rural Collaborator, promising her sister that she would most carefully chaperone the young girl. When the pretty little Down-Easter arrived she brought with her a long letter from her country mother, charging her aunt not to let her sit up late, go out alone or in the company of young men, or to be brought out in society. as she was too young.

The appended correspondence. though it gives only one side, tells the rest of the story.

Mrs. Electa Jones to Mrs. Katherine

DEAR COUSIN KATE: Marcia arrived safely and her uncle and I met her at the depot. She is a beautiful girl; as you say, a mere child, sweet and innocent. I shall keep her so. I quite agree with you about bringing her out this season. COUSIN ELECTA JONES.

A week later. DEAR COUSIN: Send Marcia's graduating to the opera. We have a box, and there will only be ourselves and Lieutenant Black, who comes from your place and says he had permission to call on Marcia. Tho dear child is amused with every thing and so happy.

COUSIN ELECTA. so happy. Cou Three days later still:

COUSIN KATE: Lieutenant Black has given Marcia an engagement ring. It is a diamond, but I told him you would not think of such a thing. Come up at ones and take Marcia home. Hastily.

This closed the correspondence. Before Mrs. Smythe could leave for the city she recived a telegram:

We are married and on our way to Europe. Will cable you when we arrive. All is forgiven. Bless you! Your children.

MARCIA AND HAROLD.

Why Dentists Use Gold Filling.

Feople seem said a practical dentist recently, to wonder why it is that dentists use gold for stopping teeth. and are inclined to believe that it is because they wish to run up the bills. As is well known, silver would resist the acids found in the mouth quite as well, and I have been asked at least twenty times why I did not use silver. If those who are so anxious to cast aspersions on the dentists would only study metallurgy they would find that the reason we em-ploy only gold is that it is the only metal that will weld while cold. Silver will not do so; nor will any-thing else. The cohesive properties of perfectly smooth and clear gold are astonishing. If you take a sheet of gold foil and let it fall upon another. both will be so firmly joined that it will be impossible to separate them. It is this property that makes gold valuable to dentists and not the desire to increase bills. -- Saturday Evening

An English Invention. An English firm has invented an ingenious device for turning on the currents for electric lamps at a certain hour. An ordinary clock is so adusted that at the desired moment a spring is released. permitting a pair of pivoted contacts to fall into mercury cups, thus completing the cir-

A Full Explanation.

'H'm'' said the doctor. 'the symptoms are unmistakable. You have

Dear me, what is appendicitis,

append citis."

"Appendicitis sin is the disease

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

FRUIT IS AS EASY TO RAISE AS ANY GARDEN CRUP.

Every Farmer Needs to Plant Fruit-How Tobacco Is Cared-A Test With Laying Hens and the Result-Stock Notes-Household Helps.

Fruit for the Family.

Apparently one great reason why farmers neglect to provide many of the most desirable articles for home consumption is that some writers who attempt to give directions for cultivation make such a long story and give such minute descriptions of their particular methods, as if every item was absolutely necessary in all cases, that farmers are led to think there is too much to it for them to ever learn or practice, says the Mirror and Farmer. Take strawberries. for instance. The printed directions have given those who have never tried it to understand that the business was as delicate as trimming hats, and required as much skill as surgery and as much care as growing tropical fruits. If the plain statement had been

made at first that strawberries could

be grown on any soil that would produce corn or potatoes, and that extra care and preparation would pay just as well on one as the other, there would have been more of the fruit grown, and cultivators would have learned for themselves by degrees what looked so formidable when spread before them all at once. People should stop and think that good soil, well manured and prepared, is what is needed for any crop, and that little extras may be added at pleasure, and favorable locations and qualities of soil taken advantage of as occasion offers. Every farmer knows how to prepare a patch of ground for carrots or parsnips, and seems to think it necessary to use a little more care than he would for corn or potatoes, and thinks there is no mystery about it; the same preparation is enough for strawberries or anything else, and the extra care in preparing the soil and expense in fer-tilizing it would pay as well on the field crops as in the garden, and the area can and should be reduced in proportion. Strawberries were only taken for an example, but the same conditions exist in regard to other small fruits and even tree fruits. Many men who have fine shade trees and productive apple orchards have been led to think they could not raise cherries or plums by seeing all the ills and drawbacks which they might meet in the life of a tree arrayed together in one article. which was of great value to the cultivator who had made a start. By studying the natural requirements of trees or of those most nearly like them, much may be learned, and it is not always safe to assume that a change is an improvement. Shading the roots is very import-

ant for some trees and shrubs, but this is often forgotten when shrubs which grow well in forests or hedgerows or among the ferns in the pasture are transplanted to the rich soil of the garden and expected to do much better. These little things which are not thought of often cause a serious failure, which is charged to luck or left a mystery.

Farmers have learned pretty thoroughly that the kitchen garden supplies the most healthful and enjoyable part of the subsistence of the family, and by the addition of such fruits as might be grown with but little extra effort, the pleasures of the season would be largely increased and the health of the family protected. An experienced cultivator says the expense of setting out and caring for a quarter of an-acre of strawberries is not far from \$10 a year, not counting the plants, and these can be found in abundance after the bed is once started. A plot of a sixteenth of an acre would supply a large family during the season of ripening, and enough more to put up for winter or supply a few poor neighbors. Get a spot ready and set the plants next spring, and take care of them.

Curing Tobacco.

Tobacco as it ripens, changes color, assuming a piebald or spotted appearance, and the leaves feel sticky, and when bent break off short. These appearances indicate that it is ready to cut. The dry house should be in order, and sticks provided. The plants are cut close to the ground and allowed to wilt, so as to toughen them, when they are taken to the dry house. All the handling must be done with the utmost care, se as not to bruise or break the leaves. Some growers practice splitting the stem down to within six inches of the ground before cutting, claiming that the tobacco cures better. When thus split the plants are hung astride the sticks; when not split the plants are sometimes nailed to the sticks and sometimes hung with strings. A tobacco barn, to hold two and a half acres, should be twenty-four feet square, and with posts high enough to give five tiers, the lowest six feet from the ground. Some practice fire-curing, which is done by building fires in holes dug in the ground under the tobacco, and allowing the heat and smoke to pass up through it; and this is necessary when the buildings are crowded, especially in expense and risk of fire, as there is always danger of burning the building. When the tobacco is thoroughly cured, so that the stem of the leaf shows no sap, it is ready to strip. This must be done in damp weather. balls and dry The leaves are stripped from the some weeks.

stem and assorted into their grades. Ten to fifteen leaves are put in a bunch and tied together at the butts. and this makes what is called a "hand of tobacco."—Farmers Voice.

A Test With Laying Hens.

A large majority of those who keep poultry are of the opinion that in order to have the hens under the best condition for laying, a male must be in the yard with them. If eggs are desired with the object of hatching chicks it is necessary to have a male with the hens, but as hens will lay as many eggs when no males are present as when with them, the feeding of a lot of useless males may be discarded. Recent experiments by Mr. W. P. Wheeler, at the New York experiment station, Geneva, in which he selected four yards of pullets, in order to test the value of the males, demonstrated that males are entirely unnecessary. In fact, the pullets in yards containing no males not only layed more eggs than did the pullets that were with males, but also produced eggs at less cost. A writer says:

The demonstration of this fact by

an actual test will effect a revolution in the keeping of laying hens. It means a saving of food, less disposition to quarrel, better keeping qualities of the eggs, and a cheapening of the cost of the eggs, as well as a saving of the space occupied by males which should be given to hens or pullets. Those who desire to hatch chicks can select a dozen of the best females and confine them in a vard with a pure-bred male. As one male can sire a thousand chicks in one year, it is plain that but few males are necessary. The usual practice is to allow one male with ten hens, which compels the feeding of a hundred males if as many as a thousand hens are retained.

The greatest advantage derived, in addition to the increase of eggs and the saving of food, labor and space is that eggs from hens not with males will keep three or four times as long as will eggs from hens that are with males. If eggs are to be preserved it is detrimental to keep males in the flocks. When it is considered that a large number of males become expensive, and that the hens will produce more eggs when the males are not present, and also that the problem of preserving eggs is solved by keeping no males, the farmer should hereafter make it a rule to do away with males entirely. unless chicks are to be hatched. With the non-sitting breeds, where eggs only are desired, and not chicks the male is a useless member of the flock. -Journal of Agriculture.

Stock Notes.

It is throwing away food to feed animals more than they can digest. Good breeding must be acompanied with good care, or it will be a fail-

One redeeming feature of the hedge fence is that stock are never seriously injured by it.

Feed the low-priced crops and sell them at better prices in the form of beef, pork, poultry, etc.

It costs more in the beginning to start with thoroughbred stock but it generally pays in the end.

It will not pay to have a hired hand with an uncontrollable temper to manage the horses, even if he does work for a small price. He will make fools of every horse on the place.

keeping an animal through the winter than the hope of getting a higher price for it in the spring, it may be better for you to sell it as soon as you can.

Stock raisers should keep well posted on the markets. While it is all right for the middleman to have a reasonable margin for his trouble, it is not right for him to make more in a few hours than the man who raised the stock gets for a year or two of care and labor.

Household Helps.

The seeds of dates may be removed and replaced by freshly roasted peanuis, shelled and skinned. The date should then be dusted with pulverized sugar.

Felt is desirable for decorative purposes. A pretty table cover may be made of white felt, painted in old rose, bow-knot and yellow chrysan-themum design. The border may be of fringe or done in ribbon loops.

In hand-sewing, if the work is stiff and hard, rubbing soap on one's needle and fingers will be found helpful. A thin edged piece of white soap is much better than chalk for making fine lines on cloth to cut by.

Whatever a house does or does not contain, it should have a pientiful supply of footstools. There is nothing so fatiguing as a never lifted pressure on the feet, and nothing more refreshing than to get the weight of the body from them by resting on something above the level of the floor.

A good furniture polish, which gives a soft, oily finish to furniture and woodwork, is made of one scant ounce of linseed oil, one full ounce of turpentine and three-fourths of an ounce of eider vinegar. Shake it until thoroughly mixed. Then rub the furniture with the mixture, allow it to stand a short time and polish it well with a soft, dry flannel cloth.

The following is an excellent fordamp weather. Others prefer to build larger barns, and give the soap, one-half ounce; boiling water sufficient to cover the soap when shred up finely, and leave until dissolved. Then beat up, adding rather more than half an ounce of finely powdered camphor, make into round balls and dry in a dry, cool place for

Every now and then a coroner's quest has to be held on the body some unfortunate individual who swallowed the contents of a be which was intended for external such mishans are impossible. which was intended for external use only. Such mishaps are impossible in Germany, where the law requires the druggists to put up all medicines and drugs in round bottles, and sill lotions for external use, in ribbed or hexagonal bottles. Hence, any one can tell for a certainty, even in the dark and even if he cannot read a word, whether the bottle he takes contains medicine or something to be applied externally only something to be applied externally only.

Some druggists in this and other coun-Some druggists in this and other countries adopt some such classification, but the absence of any enactment making it obligatory takes away from the device or prescription almost its entimerit. If the legislature were to establish the rule, no inconvenience would be caused any one, and the liability of fatal mistakes would be greatly reduced.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

A man should find all women in his wife

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