



CHAPTER XIX—(Continued)

Whether the young man in the ulster had come there with the intention of watching Barney Hughes—having some knowledge of that individual's evil designs—or whether he had come there merely prompted by a sentimental desire to be near, and perchance to see, one or more of the inmates of that car, will never be known.

It was a sharp, chilly night, but Hughes deliberately removed his shoes and steadily walked around the side-tracked car, listening and endeavoring to peer through the windows and doors. When he returned to his hiding place and, striking a noiseless sulphur match, proceeded to light a cigar, which he smoked until the ashes on the end were so long as to entirely hide the red light of the burning tobacco.

The detective, who noted his man's every movement, was somewhat puzzled at Barney's actions—his wonder being in no way lessened when Hughes drew on his shoes and faced them carefully.

Again, with his shoes on, the engineer walked over to the car and bent down. What he did when he stooped Mr. Sharp could not see, or even guess. But when Barney Hughes started to run like the wind along the track the Chicago police officer evidently thought it about time to act.

So he nimbly emerged from his hiding place, and, by an adroit movement of his foot in the very nick of time, tripped Barney Hughes, and in less than two seconds had that worthy's wrists securely fastened in a very neat pair of handcuffs.

At that same moment the giant hills reverberated with the echoes of a deafening crash.

The young man in the ulster had seen what had been beyond the line of vision of Detective Sharp. He had seen that when Barney Hughes bent under the private car of President Handford, the vicious fellow took his cigar from his mouth, knocked off the white ashes, and held the burning end closely to a small object which he had laid underneath the car.

The young man noticed, too, that Hughes tossed the cigar into the grass at the side of the track, but left a bright spark smoldering under the car of sleeping people. As Hughes started to run the young man also darted forward, but not in pursuit of Hughes. He grabbed the small metallic object to which the spark was attached and sped with amazing rapidity in the exactly opposite direction to that taken by Hughes.

But he had gone no more than eighty yards when the fuse burned away, and the deadly explosive shell burst with a loud crash into a hundred fragments, transforming into a lifeless, shapeless mass the plucky but unfortunate Harry Spencer.

CHAPTER XX.

It is a crisp, bracing day in December. The huntsman's horns, the clatter of horses' feet, the merry voices of men and women, as they follow the pack over hill and dale, are to be heard all around Chesden; but Chesden itself never changes its dull routine of daily life.

Particularly so is this true of the institution now well known to the reader as the Satterthwaite Arms. Three years previously the host had chucked himself under his well-protected ribs when he was called upon to entertain a visitor from "Ameriky." On this cheery December day he sat in front of a blazing log fire, endeavoring to comprehend what brought so many Americans at this wintry season to see the squire.

The reader may learn what remained an unanswered conundrum to the landlord of the Arms. Soon after Max Brett met Harry Spencer in Chicago he received a letter from his uncle, John Satterthwaite, requesting him to travel to Chesden Hall at his earliest convenience. Max was somewhat surprised, but he concluded to go and to take with him his wife—not forgetting every document that would aid in demonstrating De Watts' guilt and general rascality. But it was late in November before Brett's business affairs finally permitted him to sail from New York.

Handford had also gone to Chesden. Emily had, of course, heard the explosion on the night that Barney Hughes had attempted to wreck the private car. By that time her health was vastly improved, so when she asked for particulars of the explosion and of the brave fellow who had saved them from a horrible death, Handford had deemed it desirable to tell her everything that he knew about Harry Spencer. He felt that he owed to Spencer his own life twice over, as well as the life of his wife. So he told Emily, in glowing terms, the story of the Pacific Mail—told her of Spencer's visit to him in his office, and then handed to her all the papers and trinkets which Spencer had entrusted to him. But Handford lost nothing by his maudlinness, for he knew then and there that Emily's love had been and was still for him alone.

Of course, the shock was a severe one to Emily, and Handford resolved upon extending his journeyings to the extent of a voyage to England, especially as Emily expressed a desire to spend Christmas with her father at his Buckinghamshire home.

move them from their hiding place, he turned his face eastward.

De Watts still cherished the idea that he could continue to influence John Satterthwaite, and perhaps control to a large degree that gentleman's actions; so, laboring under this impression, he sailed for Europe. He arrived at Chesden Hall several days in advance of Handford and Emily, who were followed a week later by Max Brett and his wife.

John Satterthwaite received his old companion and confidential agent with every mark of kindness and regard, and even requested De Watts to remain as his guest all through the holiday season, especially as he had some important business matter to consult him about. This was just what De Watts was after, and he gladly acquiesced in the old gentleman's plans. Possibly he would not have been so eager in his acceptance of the squire's invitation had he known that Mr. Satterthwaite's only object in detaining him was to bring him face to face with Max Brett.

As a matter of fact, the old man had relented in his former hard opinion of his nephew, and really began to think that he had done the young man a grievous injustice. But of this he said never a word to De Watts, and did not so much as hint that he expected Max to visit him.

On the second day of his visit De Watts was stricken down with sickness, sufficiently severe to confine him to his room. This aided the squire very much in his plans. The old man was highly delighted when he received a telegram from Liverpool announcing the arrival of his daughter, Emily, and her husband, John Satterthwaite.

John Satterthwaite really liked Handford—a liking which was born of a general regard and admiration for the man himself. And this respect for his son-in-law was no whit lessened when, on their first evening together, Handford related to the squire, as he had already related to Emily, the strange story of Harry Spencer. John Satterthwaite was much shocked, and although he had from the very first conceived an ardent dislike for Spencer, he was much affected by all that Handford told him.

Many recent events, and perhaps the general atmosphere of Christmas were mellowing the squire's heart, so, when Max Brett and Annette arrived they met with such a cordial reception as very much surprised them. No reference whatever was made to the past. Max and his wife met as friends.

It was a strange house party that was assembled under the old and historic roof of Chesden Hall, but as the days wore on it became a very happy party. Meanwhile Mr. Satterthwaite never informed Max that De Watts was at the Hall, and sick.

The squire's plans were not yet ripe. The host at the Arms awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him rather sheepishly. What he saw was a stranger, small and slim, with short hair and a stubby, fierce moustache.

"Another one of 'em!" said the landlord, under his breath, meaning Americans in general and American visitors to Chesden in particular.

"How-de-do, sir? Sit down, now, and warm yourself," said the landlord aloud. The dapper visitor complied, and proved that he was not as fierce as his moustache would seem to betoken, by at once making himself at home.

"Any visitors up to Mr. Satterthwaite?" he asked in a casual way.

"A lot of 'em, sir."

"Oh, a lot of 'em. Well, who are they—English big-wigs, or Yankee small-fry?"

"Can't just tell you that, sir. Seen one or two of 'em before, but I think they all of 'em be from Ameriky."

"Don't know their names?"

"Well, there's Mr. Handford, but I don't know no more of 'em."

"Oh, you don't? Well, give me some dinner; there's a good fellow."

It was along towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Emily and Annette were in one of the parlors, talking as cheerily and confidentially as though nothing had ever happened to blight their happiness. In the library the men were following their example, only that they supplemented their conversation with fumes puffed from fragrant Havanas. Upstairs, by a window, sat De Watts, who was now well aware that Max Brett was in the house, his uncle's guest.

Now, De Watts knew that he had every opportunity to escape without being brought face to face with the one man who knew of the full extent of his rascality and guilt. And yet, by some strange perversity, the fellow felt impelled to meet Brett. It seemed to him as though he must fight for his life, for he was a stubborn fellow, and in his then state of mind preferred being cornered and beaten to slinking off unheard and unseen to remain unknown forever.

Besides, and his mind was brightened with a wild glow as he thought it, he might still prejudice John Satterthwaite against his nephew. For the moment De Watts believed the chances to be about evenly balanced, and if Brett should defeat him, he knew one way out of possible danger.

He went to a dressing case and took a revolver out of one of the drawers. He saw that it was fully loaded, slipped it into his pocket and walked out into the broad and heavily carpeted corridor.

"Every man has to meet death just once," said he to himself, "and if my shoes begin to pinch, Messrs. Brett and De Watts will reach that interesting point this afternoon. Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said, very blandly, as he opened the door of the library.

The three occupants of the room all arose to their feet, but not one of them

extended a word of welcome to the newcomer.

The silence was very awkward, and it was not much improved when De Watts, turning to Max, said: "I would like a word or two with you, Brett."

"All right," said Max, with an eagerness prompted by the pent-up anger and disgust of years. "All right, and I with you. Perhaps we might, right here, find it convenient to go over some old scores, eh?"

De Watts had expected this; nevertheless he winced a little.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you do me a grave injustice, evidently. You know that, when I left Rosedale, I—"

"You robbed me of my inheritance and murdered your own wife—a woman too good for you, De Watts, and who lived there, as Sarah Browne, for no other reason than to be beyond your reach."

"You lie!" hissed De Watts.

John Satterthwaite and Handford were eager spectators, but the squire motioned Handford not to interfere just yet.

"No," said Brett, "I do not lie. My word is better than yours, anyhow—but I have the bonds which you buried, and other documents to prove you guilty of embezzlement and forgery. As to the murder—well, a long and strong chain of evidence will be on hand at the proper time."

"You are very free with your accusations," cried De Watts, now livid with rage so much so that he forgot all about his pistol, and clenched his fists instead.

"Where are your documents?"



Homemade Potato Sprayer.

The sprayer illustrated herewith is inexpensive and easily made. First, a heavy iron rod about 1 1/2 inches thick and 6 1/2 feet long must be procured for an axle. This may be taken from an old grain drill, or elsewhere, and adapted to the present use. For wheels, take those of the hay-rake, as a high wheel makes the flow stronger. The shafts should be about eight feet long. They are bolted to the axle, five feet apart, and fastened securely, that the rod may not turn. Two pieces of wood, three by three inches and three and one-half feet long, are bolted across the shafts 12 or 15 inches apart, one of them being placed a trifle back of the axle, and the other farther in front of it. The singletree is attached to a third crosspiece farther forward. Two more pieces, two by six inches and two feet long, are bolted edge-wise across the 3x3-inch pieces, two feet apart. These pieces are hollowed out at the top so that a barrel will rest on them securely. Two stopcocks are inserted into the barrel opposite the bung, and two pieces of hose six feet long, terminating in a fine spray nozzle, attached to them. The bunghole is turned upward and a funnel used in filling it. The horse walks between the rows of potatoes, the man following and holding a nozzle in each hand above the row, on either side. When turning at the end of a row, the hose may be laid across the barrel to stop the flow. The pressure of the liquid in the barrel, if well elevated, is sufficient to produce a steady flow, and the jolting of the machine will keep the

paris green in solution. With a sprayer of this kind one person can easily spray ten acres of potatoes in a day.—American Agriculturist.

The Nooning Time.

In the longest days of the year, and when on the farm the hardest work of the year has to be done, there should be generally a longer rest at noon than is usually taken. The early morning and toward evening are the most comfortable times to work out of doors. But with a day nearly, or quite, fifteen hours long, there must be a considerable resting place in the middle of the day if health is to be preserved. The noon dinner may take half an hour or more, but after that should be a rest of a full hour or two, and if part of that time be spent in sleep both body and brain will be refreshed. Few know how great is the dependence of the nerves on sleep for their continuance in vigorous health. A noonday rest of not less than two hours will enable more work to be done than can be secured without it. If storms threaten when crops have to be secured the noon rest may be omitted, for in such case when rain comes there will be longer opportunities for resting and even for sleeping than will be desirable.

Killing Rose Flugs with Hot Water.

It is very slow and difficult work thinning off the rose and pear slugs when they are found on pear and grape leaves. Not many people know that they can be easily killed by drenching the leaves with water heated to 130 to 140 degrees. This is death to nearly all kinds of bugs, and the water can be applied 10 to 20 degrees hotter than this without injuring the leaves either of the pear or grape vine. If the water is applied by spraying, it should be some hotter than is required, so that it may reach the slugs at the temperature that is surely fatal to them. Very cold water or that which has had ice dissolved in it will kill the rose slugs if dashed violently against them, but it knocks off many more, and they are soon found at their work again.

Fences Around Gardens.

There should be no fences except those put up for temporary protection, and that can be easily taken down around the garden. If a permanent fence is built it is always in the way, and becomes a harbor for weeds, which will grow at all the more luxuriantly because the garden is rich. Neither should fruit trees be planted around the garden for like reason. The fruit garden ought to be by itself, and on the farm it is better to grow all the tree fruits in the main orchard, that can then be fenced in and used as a pasture for pigs.

By Products of the Dairy.

Almost all great manufacturing enterprises now derive a great part of their profits from the careful saving

and use of by products that were formerly wasted. It is much the same with the dairy. There is no large margin of profit in making butter and cheese at present prices, and the question how to dispose of the by products left after these are made usually decides whether the result shall be on the loss or on the profit side. Making curd cheese without rennet from the skim milk is a profitable way to use it where a near market can be had for it. Almost every city or village would dispose of a large quantity every day if it were placed on market. Besides this, feeding skim milk to fowls, to pigs and to the cows are good ways to dispose of it. Which will be most profitable must depend on circumstances.

Removing Foul Seeds from Grain.

As long as it remains true that a man sows, so shall he reap, it behooves him to get all foul weed seed out of his seed grain. Some practice "swimming" it out, but the heaviest seeds

will not float—only the seed pods of weeds and the lighter stuff. Better sift the weed seed out, and the illustration shows how to do it easily and quickly. Removable wire mesh bottoms may be used and thus a choice made in the size of mesh to use with any particular grain or beans, peas, etc. It will pay to use a mesh coarse enough to permit all small and inferior kernels of grain to fall through with the weed seed. Then only the best and most vigorous kernels will be sown. Such selection of the best seed year after year will bring up the quality of the grain wonderfully.—Farm and Home.

Selling Young Pigs.

There is always profit in breeding pigs, providing the breeder is not too greedy, and is willing to sell his stock at reasonable rates. Live and let live should always be the rule. In nothing is this more true than in the breeding and sale of stock. It is very easy to get a surplus of stock greater than can be either kept or fattened with profit. As the pigs grow older it costs more to produce a pound additional growth, and what is worse, this extra weight is not worth so much per pound as is that of the smaller pig. The sow pigs may be worth more as they grow older if set to breeding, but the farmer who breeds pigs largely to sell while young does not wait for the sows to get to breeding age before disposing of them. He leaves some of the profit to the purchaser of his stock, as every stock seller ought to do. If no one did this the race of buyers would quickly run out, and then the grower of young pigs would be worse off than ever.

ALASKA'S HUMAN BIRDS.

A Strange Race Who Chatter and Chirrup.

People who talk like birds, who whistle and chirrup in their speech, with notes varying from those of the wren to the harsh guttural of the cockatoo—a tribe of such people has actually been discovered by Dr. Franz Bonz.

He was the first white man to locate these chirruping savages, which he did near the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, though many travelers have heard them spoken of by other Indians. Once a tribe of some importance, only about twelve individuals now survive, and they are perpetual fugitives—hunted like wild beasts, in fact, and possessing no permanent homes.

It has long been a practice among the coast Indians of Alaska, when a chief died, to go and kill a few of the Tsutsoot—as the people who talk like birds are called—the object being that the chief might have servants to wait on him while on his way to the aboriginal Paradise. In the course of time the pursuit of this good old custom greatly reduced the number of the Tsutsoot, and the latter during the last fifty years, being too few to fight, have been kept continually on the jump. The last of them would have been killed some time ago but for the fact that they have retreated to the highest mountains, where they live chiefly by hunting marmots. These little animals dwell among the rocks, and may often be seen sitting erect at the mouths of their holes, whistling shrilly. The Tsutsoot capture them by means of "dead-fall" traps set at the hole mouth.

Dr. Boaz had much trouble in finding these people owing to their mode of life. At length he came upon a Tsutsoot boy, and, obtaining his confidence, was introduced to other members of the tribe. The bird-like language of which he had heard so much appeared to owe its peculiarity to an extraordinary richness in sibilant and guttural sounds. When spoken it had actually a remarkable likeness to the chirruping of birds.

The Tsutsoot tribe formerly consisted of two clans, and among them the common aboriginal law against marriage within the clan was rigidly enforced. That is to say, no maiden could take a husband from her own clan, or vice versa. But now one of the clans has been wholly wiped out, not a single member surviving, and on this account the men have taken wives within the last few years from the Nass River Indians of Northern British Columbia. Once a year they come down from the mountains and spend a fortnight with the Nass River people, in order to see their wives' folks. It is an odd fact that the Tsutsoot are hunters exclusively, whereas all other tribes in their region are fishermen.

In Public Places.

"When I was 10 years old," a lady is quoted in the New York Times as saying to some children, "I took a short railroad journey with my grandfather, a dignified, yet tender and affectionate, whom we were all most anxious to please.

"I sat in the car seat just in front of him while he talked with a friend sitting beside him. Pretty soon, having nothing to do, I began to sing in rather a low voice, indeed, but still loud enough to be heard two or three seats away, and, as I was rather proud of my voice, I thought that my grandfather was probably thinking to himself that his little granddaughter.

"By and by the friend got out at a station and I was called back to sit with my grandfather. He greeted me with a smile.

"You've been lonesome, my dear, I'm afraid; I heard you singing. Now, you are a little girl, and it did not matter, but you will be a woman one of these days, and then it will. Let me tell you just one thing to remember all your life."

"Never do anything in a public place, like a car or steamboat or anywhere among strangers, that will attract attention to you." And, though I was deeply mortified at the time, for I saw at once that my grandfather had not liked my singing, I have always remembered his words and thanked him in my heart for them."

Oldest West Point Graduate.

General George S. Greene, the oldest living graduate of West Point, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday on Wednesday last. He was born in Rhode Island, and graduated from West Point in 1823. He was engaged in government engineering until the war broke out, when he went to the front and rose to the rank of brigadier general. After a brilliant war record he was promoted to brevet major general in 1865, and retired from active service a year later. He then returned to his engineering work. While holding the post of chief engineer of public works he planned all the Washington, D. C., sewerage, and afterward helped to lay out the annexed district of the city. He now spends his winters in New York City, and his summers at Morristown. Although nearly 100 years old he looks little more than 80 years old.

Product of a Walnut Tree.

In the Badlar Valley, near Balaklava, in the Crimea, there stands a walnut tree which must be at least 1,000 years old. It yields annually from 80,000 to 100,000 nuts, and is the property of five Tartar families, who share its products equally.

When a girl writes a letter to another girl, she thinks she is bound by courtesy to extend an invitation to make her a visit.

Mothers are becoming so kind that boys needn't go to school unless they want to.