CHAPTER XIV.-Continued. I took refuge in silence. I closed my eyes wearily.

"Before I bid you good night, sir, I think it right that you should know Castle of Happiness?" that your mother and sister are in this impertinent I dare to hope that your ingly as she poured my coffee. meeting with them to-morrow may be free from any embarrassment or unhappiness."

He bowed stiffly and left the room. I stared after him vacantly. The dispatch he had left, gorgeous

and brave with its royal crest and embossing, lay passively in my hand.

And now a new dilemma confronted me. I was supposed to be under the influence of an oplate; they would not me ruefully. "I think I prefer an inscruple to take from me the dispatch. sincere compliment to an awkward and windows. To allow that might give them such in- truth." formation as would make their conspiracy, whatever its nature, the more effective. To resist would tell them that I had been feigning.

I must hide the papers. But where? It was a bare little chamber; my heart sank as I noted how bare.

I leaped out of bed. Again I threw Forbes speaking sternly; if he could but hold them half a minute!

In the garden below the marble caught my eyes. I tore the corner of the envelope, inserted my penknife to weight the say the least, to be a guest that one member me with love."

packet, leaned over the balcony and dropped it. It fell squarely into the basin among

the leaves and moss. To regain the room was the work of

an instant. I heard Captain Forbes wish them

a cold good night, and Madame de Varnier answer him mockingly. Then the bedroom door was opened and Starva shuffled into the room. "Who was that man?" I demanded

languidly, and regarded him with listless eyes, my hand to my forehead. He shrugged his shoulders, disdaining to answer.

mistake." "Perhaps," I muttered indifferently,

and pretended to sleep. I heard him moving about the room for some time. Madame de Varnier and he whispered together. I felt so little concerned as to the result of this search that I actually fell asleep. The strain of the evening had exhausted me. No doubt the search was extended to me personally; I believe I was vaguely conscious of it.

CHAPTER XV.

The Castle of Happiness. "You sleep soundly, my friend." Dr. Starva was looking down at me with grim intentness.

It was not yet dawn. His immense figure seemed even more huge than it was in this uncertain light. It appeared to threaten, to menace me. And yet I welcomed his presence; at least they had not made their escape. I looked up at him with cool assurance.

"A light conscience gives deep slumber. Do we start so early?" "Yes. Your coffee is waiting for you in the salon."

I dressed rapidly. A certain depression would have been natural. The night is the time of follies; with the morning come clear thought and prudence. But not so with me. It is true that I detested Dr. Starva. His methods were too gross; his eyes were too closely set together; his mouth too cruel and sensual. I could have wished lieved that I was a match for him.

pitied! This woman whose beauty fascinated and whose treachery repelled! This woman who lied and prayed in the same breath!

As I thought of her I was at once furious and eager. I was ashamed to think how eager. I had pledged giveness I craved.

ing the flame and the glamour of the other woman—this warm, mysterious me, the journey itself was long and a mere passageway just wide enough creature of diverse moods.

Her fantastic chateau held out a promise, not of happiness, indeed, but much to relieve its monotony. of the joy of doing, of daring,

buoyant. The little garden below, teau. half hidden in the mist that came from the lake, was fresh and charming in the morning dew. Patches of ing about the mountainside. Forests flowers, brave in scarlet and purple of fir were on either side. From far and blue, opened their eyes to the below came the impetuous murmur of dawn. I followed mechanically the a stream. High above the forests of graveled paths, geometric and straight. fir trees there were herds of cattle. threading the sparkling lawns. I looked eagerly down at the bat-

tered fountain choked with refuse. I could see no trace of the long, white mosphere told me that the altitude envelope. It was completely concealed must be considerable. But this sylvan by the leaves.

little packet from its hiding place. My purple and pink in the dusk, were too hostess and her cousin kept too care far away. frankly I was not sorry to leave the view of the chateau across a green proof of my complicity behind me.

of the mountains, fanned my cheek. ghostly as a fairy fabric. try to meet them. But before they did quaint dormer windows. come why should I not enjoy the pres- A wild river, fed by the turbulent

I was not blind to the cool glance that | ing the castle, it spent its fury on the | tales from the Old Testament. They | friends; you buy them. - London

made an abrupt half circle about the comed by Madame de Varnier with base and continued its stormy career, seeking a less powerful fce.'

"At last," breathed Madame de Var-nier. "Well, my friend, does it psomise diversion for you?" "The village and the castle breathe

the spirit of romance," I cried with animation. "Ah, romance! What if I say you," she whispered, "that your day

of romance has come?" I glanced toward Dr. Starva whose shaggy head was nodding. "Even we Americans, madam, are not indifferent to its glamour. But too often the romance of medievalism suggests dishonor."

Mons," the eyes said, while the line She looked at me startled, then shrugged her shoulders. "One must asked how I had slept. take the world as one finds it." she "Admirably." I answered gayly. said indifferently. "And we are to start at once for your

"Why not?" I cried mockingly, in

"Pas des banalites, monsieur," she

"Since I am resolved to hear your

"Madam, it is not I who made the

leap," I returned with composture.

my turn. "Is it not happiness to

some journey will repay you?"

with you, madam?"

secret, yes."

condition."

We were making the last steen "You have a sublime faith to still ascent to the village. We crossed the hotel. At the risk that you think me believe it that?" she questioned mock- noisy stream; the driver cracked his long whip; we passed under a dilanidated arch: we were rattling over the cobblestones of a winding street."

> It was too dark for me to see much of the quaint beauty of this picturesque village. I caught a glimpse of replied with an impatient gesture. "But you really believe that the tirethe timbered Rathaus, its gilt clock proudly conspicuous on the squat tower, and of the fountain in front of it. its basin radiant with scarlet flowers. "Oh. ungracious!" She smiled at There were little shops dimly lighted, their wares heaped about the doors

As we passed, women and children dropped delighted courtesies, and the men took pipes from broadly grinning "Ah, you are a very cautious friend, mouths and doffed their hats. Evidently Madame de Varnier was loved "I generally try to look before I by this simple folk.

"You seem to be very welcome said smiling, surprised that the vil-I was not unwilling that she think it curiosity that prompted me to accept lagers should have greeted her so coropen the shutters. I could hear Capt. the extraordinary invitation given with dially. "You are the Lady Bountiful so little heed to convention. She had to these simple people, I suppose." hinted that we were to be of mutual She smiled faintly. "I have been use to each other: but of this I was here for two summers. I am the event basin of a disused fountain at once skeptical. I accepted the invitation of the year in their stupid lives. I try precisely in the spirit in which it was to bring them a little pleasure. When given. It would be shocking form, to I leave I like to think that they re-

> might have the opportunity to play "Then I should not have said that the detective. But she and I had the glamour of romance is always as-



But I Was Not Blind to the Cool Glance That Measured. him out of the game. And yet I be- placed ourselves beyond the pale of sociated with dishonor," I ventured

lage?" I persisted.

"I can see no glamour in this ob-

You weary me with senseless ques-

I smiled quietly. I wished Madame

de Varnier to know definitely that it

We turned at an abrupt angle from

lage; over the arch, too, was a dwell-

yard large enough to permit a squad-

roa of cavalry to perform its evolu-

conventionality. Either distrusted the boldly. But this woman who tempted and other. An armed truce—that was the word that described our relations, and scure village," she replied, yawning. she had suggested that word. Dr. Starva entered.

> "En route," he said gruffly. "The carriage is waiting."

It was very early, scarcely past five. | tions." The night porter, drowsy-eyed and sulmyself to the cold Diana of my dreams. len, took us down on the elevator and For her I ran these risks; for her I put our luggage in the carriage. I depended on her playing the part of might be disgraced and a felon. It confess I breathed more freely when Circe or Lady Bountiful whether the was her gratitude I coveted; her for- the hotel was some miles behind us armed truce was to continue, or and we had seen neither Helena Brett | whether there was to be open warfare. And yet for the moment I was seek- nor Captain Forbes.

As Madame de Varnier had warned the village street. We were entering tiresome; nor did Madame de Vernier for the carriage. It was flanked on and her companion exert themselves either side by the houses of the vil-

It was almost dusk when she pointed ing. Suddenly we emerged in a court-So as I dressed my spirits were out to me the pinnacles of her cha-

For the last hour the horses had tions. A low wall inclosed it. We been struggling up a dusty road wind- drew up at the doorway. I was wel-We could hear the faint jingle of the cow-bells. Only rarely had there been any view, but the clear and pure atscene suggested nothing of the hor?ors I found it impossible to rescue the of a few days ago. The mountains,

valley. In this vague light its towers A faint breeze, cold with the snow and turrets seemed as unreal and

The poetry of the dawn thrilled me. At the base of its white walls a trees, now gently swaving, might be carious foothold on the steep hillside, gather the outsiders from the glass bent and broken by the violence of There was a maze of red-tiled roofs. the storm. But now the sky was high-gabled and sloping, tier upon tier clear. When the storms came I would of them, each pierced by numbers of

ent? I threw open the door and streams of the mountain snows, flung Sunday school before, and as they did troit Pres Press. stepped into the salon where coffee itself in headlong rage down the slop- not take kindly to the reading of the and Madame de Varnier awaited me. ing valley, straight for the chateau, as Scriptures and the regular Sunday She greeted me with vivacity. But if to sweep it from its base. Reach- school methods, I began telling them measured. "The fool has no suspic- rocks, then, as if baffled of its prey, listened with much interest to the Truth.

attention. "I was an active worker in a local ship and received by the whale who Before the evening came the placid tiny village, crouching close to the Suliday school. I was pretty possilar afterwards cast him up on shore, one a chaw of terbacker.

> "One Sunday I gathered about 45 youngsters who had never attended attend Sunday school regularly."—De-English Friendship.

fall an eye on me for that. But it was a turn in the a tolerably secure hiding place; and road. Now we had an uninterrupted stories of Adam and Eve, and moses in the bullrushes, and so on, but when I came to the story of Jonah and the whale they listened with particular

"When I concluded the story of how Jonah was cast overboard from the fellow broke the silence by saying: "'I believe that's a d- lie. Give me

"Well, everybody joined in a laugh, and I passed over the remark. In time I got about 30 of those boys to

In London you seldom make

exaggerated deference. We were at her Castle of Happiness. I felt the insincerity of the welcome They looked on me as a puppet to move only when they pulled the strings. I saw, too, that I had not left in the hotel at Vitsnau the character of Sir Mortimer Brett.

But before the next day was past l determined to know once for all the reason of this deception. I was determined to put an end to this farce.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Death-Mask Again.

One does not expect to find in Switzerland grace and charm in architecture. There are no historic chateaux worthy of a pilgrimage. This castle of Alterhoffen gave one the simple impression of sheer strength. It was primitive and savage and bare of himself. pretense to beauty as its founder must have been.

A rather squat tower of immense solidity, the roof steeply sloping, the windows narrow and few, it would have been commonplace and ugly in the extreme had it not been for three smaller semicircular towers placed at each angle of the larger one. The effect of this triangular-shaped tower, with its three supporting towers, was bigarre, but not unpleasing. It prepared one for an interior unique and

interesting. We passed beneath the arched doorway, severe and bare of ornament, into the great hall. At the left was the grand stairway, the balustrades of oak massive and dark with age, but admirably carved. At the end of the hall, on the right, a fire of logs was blazing brightly. The hooded mantel, Gothic in design, was also of oak and blackened with the smoke of centuries. A stand of banners stood near the foot of the stairway. Not far from the fireplace was a curious spiral staircase leading to the gallery that ran the length of the room above. Tapestries covered the bare walls and filled the spaces between the narrow windows that looked out on the courtyard. The furniture was of the period

of gold and dull red. I could not repress a cry of delight as I entered. I had passed in an instant from the world of commonplace hotels and railway trains into an atmosphere of charm and beauty. For no matter how industriously the connoisseur in America may gather about him exquisite and beautiful things, he cannot shut out the scream of the railroad train; he cannot transplant as the charm of me ism that clings to castle walls. It is the present stable more sanitary. one thing to see the Cluny with a

of the French Renaissance covered

for the most part with stamped leather

guide book; it is quite another to find one's self a guest at the Cluny. "You like my Castle of Happiness?" asked Madame de Varnier, pleased at

the pleasure I showed. "It promises its adventures," I re-

plied meaningly. "I have told you that your hour of romance has come. But remember, romance in these prosaic days is a gift of the gods given only to children and poets, a few women and lovers, and to the very bold. If you would claim the gift, monsieur, you must "'re something of the nature of 21 of these. The sincere trust of the child, you must certainly know what this is, monsieur. The poet's imagination, his delightful power of make-believe, you must not despise that. A woman's tenderness, and a lover's ardor, these, too, are necessary. And last of all, the daring

of the hero." She had whispered these rather comprehensive attributes as I walked across the hall to the staircase, follow-

ing the servant with my bag. "A rather large bill, madam," I suggested humorously.

"Oh, but I am serious, very serious. assure you that it is not sentimental talk."

"I am afraid I must contradict you. The daring of the hero, for instance, even one so optimistic as yourself could scarcely expect that of me."

"Monsieur," she protested earnestly. "I have already told you that I refuse to believe you a coward. Do you believe it yourself? You know you do not. The task I am to give you would appall any but the bravest heart. It "But the chateau is a part of the vilrequires audacity, absolute assurance. and a clever brain. But I believe in "Monsieur!" she cried passionately. you. You will not disappoint me. We

> dine in half an hour." Dr. Starva had stood with his back to the fire. He called after me, scowling, as I ascended the stairs:

"You will find, as I have said, that madam is an admirable host. But if the guest is to be quite happy he must accept the diversions madam offers

and when they are offered." It was not the words so much as the tone that menaced. It emphasized the conviction I already felt: Dr. Starva did not welcome my coming to the castle. As I reached the gallery I saw Madame de Varnier address him almost fiercely. I was not blind to his sullen contempt, though evidently the woman was the ruling spirit here. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

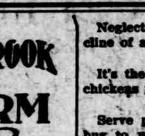


Did Not Believe the Story

"When I was a youth in Zanesville," said E. S. Timms, clerk at the Hotel Normandie, the other day, lake might be lashed into fury. The chateau for protection, found a pre- with the boys, I was delegated to works district together in a vacant storeroom and begin their religious

instruction.

stories of Adam and Eve, and Moses





It's easy to be shiftless but it loesn't pay.

Raise poultry whether you like it or not and learn to like it.

Fresh, clean water is essential to logs as it is to other stock.

Timely and judicious spraying good and cheap fruit insurance.

See that the collars fit the horse and keep them soft by proper care.

The best time to dock lambs is when they are about two weeks old. Keep ahead of the weeds or it will be a tail end race with them all sea-

Regularity in the care of farm animals has much to do with obtaining the best results.

Never let the horse stand whe heated without blanketing no matter how warm the weather.

It takes more skill to market a crop profitably than it does to grow it, at least often times it does.

Broadcast rape in the corn after the last cultivation and it will afford good

You may not be able to afford a new sanitary stable but you can af-

The sore places on your horse should be kept clean by washing every day with carbolated water and then

Be sure that the new trees you set | conditions during that period. this spring have no label wires left about the trunks, as they will cut haps kill it.

feeds. july of the contract of the

that the former does make good pot- and with an eye to their market value. pie, while the lazy man is good for nothing.

tionally good for his milch cows.

the weeds and shade the ground, but the tassels of all the barren stalks. do not interfere with the growth of the asparagus. The pea and asparatil the following spring and then

thought.

Another serious scale pest has scale, more conspicuously marked pest. than any other of the genus, is the most generally injurious one. In sene emulsion is the remedy recom- tinue. mended for fighting this pest.

cultivate generously.

Neglected agriculture marks the de cline of a nation.

It's the chickens you raise not th

Serve prompt notice on the potato

It spoils the grind stone to let !! stand in the trough partly filled with

Use pea ground for late potatoes poppers, tomátoes, or any other suitble crop.

Clean out the nest boxes occasionally and burn the straw. It helps keep down the lice.

Extra rush in farm work should not be allowed to interfere with the regular milking hour.

Cultivate the corn through June and July but don't run too deep. Severed roots limits the capacity of the plant to mature its ears.

The fine delicate aroma of freshlymade butter is quickly lost and for this reason it should be gotten to the consumer as quickly as possible.

The price of eggs keeps up which makes the outlook for the poultry business good. It seems at the present time as if there was little danger of overdoing the poultry business.

How much did your careiessness contribute to the following figures: Two million two hundred and twenty thousand nine hundred and ninetyfive cattle. 3,342,769 sheep and 2,681,-Feed grain to the ewes in pasture 166 swine were lost by disease and if extra growth on the lambs is de exposure in the United States in the year ending March 31, 1907.

> As an indication of the ever-increasing demand for the services of competent instructors and investigators of horticultural we have but to state that a foremost western college has received within three weeks requests from three different states and one foreign country for such horticultural experts. Remember to give the cow a little of the milk of human kindness while she is filling the milk pail.

Every effort towards more cleanly pasturage in the fall after the corn is dairying is commendable and for this reason we take pleasure in telling of the plan of the patrons of the Arcata creamery in California, and which is worthy of emulation in other dairying been entered into among the patrons that each will deposit a dollar in the bank every time he cashes his check from the creamery, this money to constitute a fund which will be awarded dressed with a little good tar oint- by a committee at the end of the year to the three men who have made the best showing in sanitary

Experiments have shown that 60 off the circulation of the tree and per- per cent. of all the feed a dairy cow can eat is appropriated to sustain her body. If a cow is fed to 70 per cent. Turpentine soaked rags fastened to of her capacity only ten per cent. of the horse manger will do much toward | the ration can be used for milk procuring the animal of cough or dis- duction. Liberal feeding is necessary temper, as he will have to inhale the but its profitable extent depends on fumes of the turpentine while he the individual animal. Successful dairying depends fully as much on the feeder as on the cow. A propor-The lazy hen, it has been said, tion of two-fifths concentrates to bears the same relation to the hen. three-fifths roughage is widely and nery that the lazy man does in the successfully used. Of course feed community. The only difference is stuffs must be chosen to balance well

Take a "corn ear census" on your farm this summer. It takes but lit-Oats cut in the milk and cured as the time to walk through the rows hay makes the finest kind of hay. One and count the stalks that have no farmer says that last season his hay cars, and find what percentage they crop being short he cut three acres bear to the fruitful stalks. One farmof oats for hay and found that the er, who took a census last year, found stock ate it more greedily than any that the barren stalks averaged about other hay, and that it proved excep- 20 in 100. It is a good thing to know. It means a loss of one-fifth in the yield of corn. Now it is claimed A successful asparagus grower says that these barren stalks will fertilize he keeps rust out of his asparagus the ears of the other stalks and so and saves cultivation, by sowing two breed more and more barrenness in bushels of cow-peas to the acre at the years to come. If this is true, it the first cultivation after the cutting would pay us well to go through our season is over. The peas keen down corn just before it silks and cut off

During the trying heat of the sumgus stalks are left on the ground un- mer remember that hog cholera is a germ disease, and spread by bacteria. Contagion can spread from one animal to another and from herd to herd There is no doubt that there are only by these minute organisms. They many portions of the country which at are carried in every way—by swine. the present time are practically under by the clothes of persons, by veloped agriculturally which have a vehicles, feed, dogs, birds and by great future before them, but do not streams. Poor care may weaken the let the alluring advertisements of hog's constitution and make him more such localities turn your head. Re- susceptible to disease than he would member that the man who has writ- be otherwise. Diseases may be preten them has something he wants to vented largely through disinfection. sell, and that he may be just stretch- Bacteria are preserved in filth; hence, ing it a little. Go slow in considering entire cleanliness will go far to prea change of location. Don't sell the vent disease. Hogs should have dry, old farm and rush off to the new loca- well-ventilated quarters, with the tion. Investigate first. Inspect the sleeping room raised a little above land personally, and then don't make the others. Feeding and drinking the move until after the sober second places must be clean and the water pure.

Nearly all sheep have worms in the made its appearance and is the sub- liver, but they do no harm unless ject of investigation by the govern- they are in such numbers as to cause ment agricultural department. It is sickness and death. The treatment known as the terrapin scale (Eule- for sheep thus afflicted is a tonic. canium nigrofascinatum), and au- made up as follows: Linseed meal thentic specimens have been received or coarse wheat four, 40 pounds; by the bureau of entomology from powdered anise or gentian, and sulevery state east of the Mississippi phate or oxide of iron, four pounds tario. Further detailed information move the affected animals to a perhas just been made public in a special fectly dry pasture or salt marsh, on bulletin prepared by J. G. Sanders of either of which the parasites will perthe department of agriculture. The ish. To turn them on a fresh pasture bulletin says that this species of that is not dry, is to stock it with the

An atmosphere of fault-finding on consequence of its wide range of food | the farm is one of the fruitful sources plants, including both wild and culti- of dissatisfaction and discontent on vated trees, "it must be considered a the part of the children with farm dangerous pest, which may be con- life. Be patient, and instill love for trolled, but never eradicated." Kero- that which you would have them con-

Too much work and too little read-Remember, in order to make the ing and study of farm topics makes richness of your soil available you of farmer John an unprogressive agrimust put the ground in good tilth and culturist. Read up and then work out



The Fourth

The hope of the Nation, the pride of the free, Our fleets bear it outward to harbors And dear to the eye is the gleam of

Old Glory is waving on land and on

each star; In beauty it floats over hemlock and Adown to our orange-fringed tropical

Our fathers beneath it were willing to die. And new luster it gets on the Fourth of July. The Old Continentals! methinks that

they come Out of the past at the tap of the drum, Their swords are aloft and their bayonets shine

And Washington rides at the head of the line: There Sumter and Schuvler are fighting again, And yonder is charging "Mad An-

thony" Wayne! They fought and they fell 'neath the Union's blue sky, And gave to Columbia her Fourth of July.

We reach out from ocean to ocean afar. A nation of freemen all matchless in

Our eagle's a-wing, of his grandeur unshorn. For never by foe has his plumage been torn: And woe to the hand that would fetter!

Or sully the banner he guards in his might: He watches our land from his eirle on high, And our flag waves for him on the

his flight,

Our forefathers gave us this home of And tenderly guarded young Liberty's

Undaunted in battle heroic they stood And nourished the soil with the best of their blood: Blow, blow the wild bugles, but not for the fray,

The morning has dawned upon Liberty's day; Unfurl the proud emblem that kisses the sky For this is the world's only Fourth of July.

The rollicking drums! let them sound in their might, And rally the people, but not for the fight:

The land is aflame, and the rocket's

fierce fire Will show where our eagle mounts higher and high'r; And listen! o'er Brandywine's historic

plain The old Continentals are swarming again: With the tread of the brave and the soldier's true eye. They march, as it were, to our Fourth

The Past is our pride and the cycles of fate Await us inside of the Century's gate: We dress to the colors that flutter and

of July.

shine, While Liberty's stands at the head of the line; Look up at the Flag that will never grow old

As long as the tale of our fathers is As long as our land is our home may, it fly



DONT'S FOR THE FOURTH

Don't allow the firecrackers to go off: in the grass unless you want the lawn

Don't wear a thin inflammable frock. Put on a cloth skirt if there are firecrackers, about. Don't attempt to set off complicated

pyrotechnics without thoroughly comprehending the process. Don't lay away left-over fireworks for another year. They are dangerous

things to pack away where mice can get at them. Buy only so many as can be used on the day appointed. Torpedoes. Torpedoes or "throw-downs" are

chlorates and sulphur, with gravel to

give the device weight, all wrapped in

tissue paper. Some genius has in-

vented a firecracker of compressed air to take the place of the present giant crackers, which contain dynamite.

Mere Pleasantries. Sky Rocket-Ah! I'm going off on the Fourth, and have a high old time. Pin Wheel-Bah! You're always shooting off about yourself. I never blow about it, but generally have a gay little whirl myself.

A Definition.

"Pa, what is refined cruelty?" "Reading the Declaration of Independence to a lot of people who are sching to get at the lunch baskets."