



CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

As fast as the express train can take him Sir Edward Llewellyn speeds down to Devonshire, and at noon next day he drives over from Colston to Beechampton. He is shown into a small room fitted up like a study, and there left to await the master of the house. It may be five or ten minutes when the opening of the door makes him turn around sharply. "Good heaven, Charteris, is it you?" he says, and then his outstretched hand falls to his side. "Is this Charteris—the man gaunt and worn and white as ashes, with a fierce light burning in his deep, dark eyes, the impress of a fearful misery on his haggard face? It is the look in those eyes that terrifies Sir Edward now, the look of madness, devil-wrought and murderous, that flashes over the face, till, with a quick-drawn breath and hand upraised to a frenzied blow, he gasps out: "Stay, Charteris, it is a lie—all!" The haggard face before him changes, the white lips part, yet no words come. Sir Edward takes his arm and leads him to a chair as though he were a child. "Listen," he says, in calm, steady tones that insensibly control the ear of the miserable being who hears them. "She came to stay at the Park with my sister, and met with an accident while driving. She has been very ill, and could not write. Some blundering fool sent a gossiping notice to one of the local papers. Have you seen it?" "Yes," he answers, hoarsely. "Then it is as I suspected!" cries Sir Edward. "This is all part of a scheme to ruin her happiness and yours. One word more, Charteris. You did not believe it?" "I did." "But you are not lost to her? You did not distrust her quite so easily? You are not—?" "Married? Yes!"—and he laughs a laugh as mad and fierce as ever left a man's lips in the solitude of his lonely cell. Sir Edward shudders as he hears the sound. "Then it is too late," he says, and sinks down into the opposite chair, with the misery of that opposite face reflected in his own. "How could you have doubted her so easily?" he groans aloud. "Could you not have waited, or written, or come, before putting this crowning barrier between her love and yours?" "She does not love me!" exclaims the wretched man, wildly. "I have her own letter, in which she told me she was about to wed you. And when the paper came, too, and I saw it printed there, I could doubt no longer." "Oh, heaven, what a net of misery you have woven!" cries Sir Edward, in despair. "The mistake, the letter, the doubts, all these could have been explained away; but nothing can undo the knot you have tied for yourself. Oh, Charteris, you were mad to throw away your happiness thus!" Denzil makes no answer. He only sits in stony, haggard misery, his senses coming slowly, uncertainly back, after the long and fearful strain of the past week. Piece by piece he puts together the framework of this puzzle; drop by drop does his cup of wretchedness fill with every added proof. He has been duped and deceived by the woman whose only fault till now he deemed her too great love for him. "O heaven!" he cries, "shall I never cross this gulf that lies between my love and me? Shall I yearn for her unceasingly, knowing that my own mad folly has lost her? Oh, that I might die! that I might die!" And, sobbing like a child, he falls upon his knees before the pitying, compassionate face of his friend. "Come, Charteris," says Sir Edward, "be a man—bear it bravely. We all have our troubles, heaven knows! I, too, have a heavy burden to bear, and I feel often as if it were beyond my strength." "But, oh, think of mine! think of mine!" moans the wretched, broken-down man before him. "And to know that I owe it all to—?" "Quite suddenly he springs to his feet. His face is ghastly pale, his burning eyes look wildly before him. "I forget," he says. "Ha, ha! I make but a sorry bridegroom, do I not, Llewellyn? Let me make amends at last. You shall come with me and be introduced—to my wife!" He makes one step forward toward the door; but ere he reaches it he throws his arms wildly forward and falls to the ground as senseless and helpless as the dead. Of all this Yolande knows nothing, nor of the real cause of the master of Llewellyn's absence, nor how for three days and nights he has watched beside the couch of the man who was once his rival. Dr. Deane declares that Charteris has had a narrow escape of brain fever, and that nothing but his friend's incessant care had saved it off. However, a heart-sick, gray, haggard man rises from the three "Bays" couch of agony and delirium, and, looking up at the face of the man who has saved him, cries passionately, "Could you not even let me die?" "It is but poor thanks to receive for the self-sacrifice entailed, but Sir Edward feels only pity, not anger, and says compassionately: "Life and death are not in man's hands, Charteris. You have work yet to do in the world, be sure of that." On his return Sir Edward tells Yolande that Denzil Charteris is as busy as he can be with following up the line-and-ery after the supposed murderers of the unknown man found drowned in Dead Man's Pool.

A grunt was the only reply. "I've not seen her," says the gardener, thoughtfully. "And I don't s'pose you will now, if what the paper says be true," answers the landlord. "She won't be able to move off her couch again." "Serve her right, too!" The furious tones in which these words are uttered makes Dowling and his host stare in unqualified amazement at the speaker. "Why, Job," exclaims the latter, "what are you a-talkin' of? How do you know aught of Mrs. Charteris? Have you ever seen her?" But the old man only grunts some unintelligible remark, and relapses into impenetrable silence once more. "So your theater's going to open next week?" remarks Dowling presently. "Yes," grunts the landlord. "There's a queer set-out a-comin' on at the Town Hall. A magician, or wizard, or something, he calls himself. He does a power of wonderful things—makes people go to sleep and tell him all he wants them to tell, and sends watches through hats, and rings through handkerchiefs, and goldfishes come into a bowl of water, and I dunno what all." "Indeed!" says the young man thoughtfully, "that must be nigh as good as the theater. Have you got it there in the paper?" "Yes," answers the other, stretching out his hand for the greasy, well-thumbed journal and handing it to Dowling. The latter looks carelessly at the ostentatious advertisements of the wonderful and renowned Wizard of the West, who will give his marvellous entertainment, comprising mesmerism, ventriloquism, magic and legerdemain, at the Town Hall, Colston, for three nights only. Then follows a description of the advertiser's feats and accomplishments, which Dowling peruses with a smile of incredulity. He turns next to the theater, and reads the program of that fascinating abode which is rarely open more than three months in the year, and has been the ruin of many an enterprising manager and starting company. "The Bells," he says; "I never heard or saw that before. A queer enough name, isn't it?" "No more, no more!" cries the old man, huskily, as he shuffles off in his usual unceremonious fashion. "Don't be angry, Harris, don't be angry! I'll buy you another glass—oh, yes, I'll buy you another glass!" (To be continued.)

TOPICS FOR FARMERS.
A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.
Treatment of Frozen Fruit Trees—How to Grow Cucumbers—Feeding Bran with Corn Meal—Care of Setting Hens—General Farm Topics.
The cold weather killed some fruit trees completely and injured many others. Some of the tender varieties were killed back to the main trunk, while with varieties a little more hardy only the tips of the branches were destroyed. In calling attention to this, the Ohio experiment station states that the best thing that can be done is to remove all parts that are seriously affected. It is well to wait until it is possible to determine about how much injury has been done, as shown by the discolored wood and shriveled bark; usually one warm spell is sufficient. It is possible to defer the work too long, as the frozen wood seems to have a deleterious effect upon the sound parts if not removed before growth commences. The quantity of wood to be removed will be determined in most cases by the extent of the injury. Peach trees which are from three to five years old and have never been pruned to any extent need special attention. In case the injury to such trees does not extend beyond the twigs and small branches, the best thing that can be done is to cut off all the branches to within one to three feet of the body of the tree. A tree five years old may have long, slender branches six to ten feet in length, with most of the fruit-bearing wood near the extremities. Such a tree needs topping, even if a crop has to be sacrificed in order to get it into proper shape. Thus the pruning is to be done not merely to remove dead wood, but to get the trees into shape for future usefulness. They are to be so pruned that they can carry the next crop of fruit without breaking down. Of course it will be necessary to cut off limbs of considerable size in many cases, and it will not be possible to avoid naked stubs, yet this can be remedied the next season. This method of pruning peach trees has so many advantages that the loss of this season's crop will really prove to be a blessing to those who take advantage of the present opportunity to get their trees into proper shape. In case of young trees, one or two years old, it may be found that the injury extends to the trunk and possibly to near the ground. If there is life above the bud the best thing to do is to cut the entire top away. To prevent cracking the end should be covered with wax or some material that will prevent the escape of moisture. American and Japanese varieties of plums should be treated in the same manner as peach trees, and possibly sweet cherries also. Apple and pear trees will probably need no pruning of the kind mentioned.
To Grow Cucumbers.
Take a barrel and with an inch auger bore holes in the lower half, one or two in each stave. Dig a hole in the garden, saying the rich surface soil in a heap by itself; set the barrel a little more than half its depth in the ground and replace the soil. Fill the barrel almost full of manure from the cow stable, pressing it down firmly, and leaving it lower in the middle than on the sides. Make a nice rich circle two feet wide around the barrel, using one bushel of fine, well-rotted barnyard manure and the surface soil saved; fork it over until very fine and deep; make a ring one foot from the barrel, and an inch deep; drop in the cucumber seed, cover and press the soil firm with the hands. Before the plants begin to crowd, thin out all but six good, strong ones. Pour water into the barrel as soon as the cucumbers get started, and keep the contents thoroughly soaked all the time. The soil must be kept loose and free from grass and weeds. Never allow one to ripen on the vines. Be sure to give plenty of water, and you will be well supplied with good cucumbers. To have them very early make small sacks, from old "bone bags," five inches square when sewed up. Fill with fine, fresh earth and press close together in a shallow box. Plant two seeds, but allow only one to grow in each sack. Place the box in a sunny window. Keep moist and give plenty of air, or they will be "leggy." Set out in the sunshine every pleasant day, and as soon as the weather will permit plant six sacks around the barrel. Cover them on cool nights with old pans or boxes, and you will have cucumbers two weeks earlier than those who plant in the open ground. Gather the cucumbers early in the morning, but water may be added at any time during the day.—Epitomist.
Feeding Bran with Corn Meal.
Where cut feed is fed to horses a mixture of corn and oats ground together makes the best meal to put on the cut and moistened hay. If the oats are not to be had, grind the corn and mix the meal with twice its bulk of wheat bran. Cornmeal alone is too heavy a feed to put on cut hay, but mixed with bran and the whole chewed, as cut feed is sure to be, the saliva from the horse's mouth will be mixed with it and enable it to digest without fermenting in the stomach. When feeding corn and oatmeal on cut hay put in some bran also, as the combination of the three feeds gives the whole a very appetizing flavor, especially if hot water is used to moisten the hay.
Care of Hitting Hens.
The plan of placing a tobacco leaf in the nest is a good one, if the hen does not dislike it and go off, not to return. Every hen that knows her business as she ought to, comes off her nest every forenoon to roll, to eat and drink, and to exercise. If you love your hen,

and have an interest in her chicks, you will provide for her comfort and health. Be sure to have fresh, cool earth for her to scratch and roll in, as well as some ashes. Some soft food, with scraps of meat, vegetables, etc., from the table, and not forgetting a dish or earthen pan full of clean water. Do not compel your faithful hen to drink from a rusty tin pan. If you have not grass growing where she can get it herself, provide her with some along with her other food. But if she can have access to it freely, and will help herself to it freely, and then wipe her bill and slip back to her nest.—Indiana Farmer.
Seed Bed for Onions.
Land where onions are to be grown should always be fall plowed after at least one year's cultivation since it has been in sod. This will enable the sod to rot, and if it has been top dressed with manure, will turn both the rotted sod and manure to the surface, where repeated freezing and thawing will bring both to fine tilth. It is impossible to grow onions on a newly turned sod, no matter how rich it may be. The seed will start to grow all right, but the rotting of sod beneath it will cause the soil above to fall away, leaving it full of crevices, letting in air to the tender roots. There should be no deep cultivation in spring where onion seed is to be sown. The firmer the soil two or three inches below the surface the better for the crop. That will cause the roots to spread horizontally, growing large, flat onions. If the soil is deep and rich below the seed bed the roots will run down and produce a crop of scullions.
To Produce Great Crops.
Experiments at the Ohio station have demonstrated clearly that the apple scab is the chief factor in the destruction of the apple crop, and that the fungus can be kept under control by spraying. Four splendid successive crops were produced on the sprayed trees at the station, while the fruit on the unsprayed trees in the same and neighboring orchards was worthless. The director, Professor Thorne, however, calls attention to the fact that exhaustion of soil fertility, want of water and insect ravages may all cooperate with scab or other fungous growth in shortening the crop, and says: "If our orchards are again to produce the great crops of earlier days, we must, in so far as possible, restore the soil conditions of those days; we must avoid the waste of water in those sections where rainfall is scanty by preventing the growth under the trees of weeds or grass.
Keep Sheep in Apple Orchards.
Now that it is safe to talk sheep without any danger of being laughed at, we want to say something in favor of getting a few sheep and keeping them in the apple orchard. They will eat the small bitter apples that the pigs will not touch, and if fed a gill of oats each per day, they will after a summer in the orchard come out fat in the fall, besides leaving their manure evenly distributed under the trees. Care should be taken to prevent the pasture getting too poor, so the sheep do not get enough to eat. If they are at all starved, the sheep will gnaw at the apple bark, and once they get a taste of this, it will never be safe to put them in an apple orchard again. It is not best any way to place them in young and rapidly growing orchards whose bark is always tender. The rough bark of old bearing orchards does not tempt them unless they find sap sprouts growing out of it.
A Root-Feeding Experiment.
In a root-feeding experiment at the Oregon station last winter a sugar beet ration, a carrot ration and a mangal ration were tested for dairy cows. Very little difference was noticed in the quality of the butter from the different rations, especially between the carrot ration and the sugar beet ration. That produced by the mangels was not quite so highly flavored. Comparing the cost per pound of butter, the sugar beet ration at 13.2 cents and the mangels at 13.5 cents, or there was practically no difference in the cost.
A Durable and Cheap Drain.
How to make a durable and cheap drain is an important matter with those who do not desire open ditches. The French have a method which may be valuable to some. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar. On this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated. The trench is then filled with cement. As soon as the cement sets air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used in another location or section. By this method it is estimated that six-inch pipes can be made at a cost of not over 8 cents per foot.
Has No Protection.
Seedsmen and originators of new varieties of vegetables, flowers and fruits have no protection through the Patent Office. An inventor of some small contrivance, which may have been discovered by accident, is enabled to reap a fortune therefrom, but the originator of a new breed of animals or improved variety of fruit, which may have required years of experiment and labor, cannot prevent others from infringing upon his results.
Lean Pork.
In the foreign markets lean pork is preferred, and there is a growing demand for more lean pork at home. Lean pork can be produced at less cost than may be supposed, and the hogs will grow faster and give heavier weights than when the pork is produced solely from corn. It is done by feeding, in addition to corn, skim milk, bran, shorts, linseed meal, beans, peas, clover and other nitrogenous foods, which not only promote growth, but increase the weight also.

RECENT INVENTIONS.
A novel idea in the tea and coffee line recently patented consists in placing enough of the article for use brewing in a small porous sack and attaching it to a metal weight, which sinks to the bottom of the pot when dropped in.
A Frenchman has patented a composition for closing punctures in pneumatic tires, consisting of gutta-percha, a balsam, birdlime, turpentine, a saturated solution of celluloid and a solvent to prevent the mass from hardening inside the tire.
An Ohio woman has patented a kettle attachment which will prevent it from swinging around against the hand when tilted to pour out the water, a piece of wire being secured to the side of the kettle and extended to the handle.
A Canadian has designed an ice skate which has the foot plate pivoted to the center of the runner, with spring at the front and rear, which allows the foot to rock up and down at each stroke and cushion the skate in passing over rough ice.
Slipping on icy pavements is prevented by a handy shoe attachment made of wire, spring clamps being formed of a shape similar to the sole of the shoe, with short prongs set in the under side to sink into the ice and afford a secure hold for the foot.
Fish are easily caught by the use of a new spring hook, comprising a single piece of wire bent to form a spring at the center, with barbed hooks at the ends, the later being crossed when the hook is set and spreading apart when taken by the fish.
A Georgian has patented a driving bit which can be used to give medical treatment to the animal, the center of the bit being hollow, with screw-threaded ends, to which flexible bulbs can be attached to contain a medication, discharging it into the horse's mouth.
Flies and other insects are exterminated by a Missouriian's unique device, a small lamp being suspended over a tub of water, with vertical screens on opposite sides of the flame against which the insects strike as they attempt to circle around the light, falling into the water and drowning.
LONG TRIPS.
An Eight-Thousand-Mile Continuous Railway Journey.
Some idea of the immense extent of Russian territory may be gleaned from the enormous railway runs that are possible there.
In the latest edition of the Continental Bradshaw there may be found times of starting and arrival of a continuous series of railway trains making up a connected railway journey which would begin at Calais and would end at Kijutchi, the most easterly station at present open on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and about twenty hours' journey east of Krasnoyarsk, in Central Siberia. The length of this journey is, as nearly as possible, 5,100 miles, and of this distance some 3,500 miles are traversed in Russian railway carriages. The time occupied would be 12 days and 20 hours. It is possible to travel by rail as far as Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, which is 600 miles east of Krasnoyarsk. This exceeds the longest possible American run by nearly 1,000 miles. Our longest transcontinental trip is in Canada, from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the traveler may get into a Canadian Pacific car and go through to Vancouver, on the shores of the Pacific, 3,696 miles away. The longest possible run would be from Halifax to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, via New York, Montgomery and Mexico, a distance of about 4,200 miles. When the Trans-Manchurian Railway joins the Trans-Siberian, as it will do, at Onon, it will be possible to travel continuously by rail from Calais to Port Arthur. The latter part of the route has not yet been definitely decided upon, but the estimated total distance will not be much less than 8,000 miles, which will be performed in about twenty days.

LONG LIFE OF FARMERS.
The life of a tradesman is, on the average, about two-thirds as long as that of a farmer.