MURDER WILL OUT

By Edith Austin

I was a youth of 17 when my grandfather died, hence my recollections of him are quite distinct and mature.

I was orphaned in my infancy and from my earliest recollection my grandfather had made me his constant companion. He was an itinerant preacher of western England—his circuit calling him from walled Chester on the west to the hovels of the charcoal burners in mid-England; and during the years of his itinerancy I followed him in the pursuance of his duties through sun and rain and winter gale.

I repeat this in order to explain just how I regarded my grandfather in the light of a certain hereditament he left to me, his diary, but which he expressly forbade me opening until I had passed my twenty-fifth birthday.

There were many things I witnessed and heard in my boyhood for which I could find no explanation until I broke the seal of this book wherein the magnitude of my grandfather's very soul stands revealed. The first entry in the diary is as follows:

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My beloved grandson, in this diary are recorded events writ down for thy especial edification. Without comment I leave it with thee to judge whether I have been the victim of a terrible mind disorder, or whether I am gifted with perceptions beyond the usual ken of man.

It was in the first years of my study of the occult, long before thou hadst come to gladden thy grandsire's heart, that I was journeying to Blore Health. When night came down fate led me to the door of a desolate inn slowly dropping to ruin in the perpetual shadow of a grove of oak.

The aged host greeted me most cordially, for at his inn guests were not frequent and therefore the more welcome. In the parlor back of the denuded bar I found his old wife and his daughter, the only other persons about the place, moving silently here and there preparing the evening meal.

The daughter was young and tall and straight and strong and her hands were coarsened with outdoor work for, it appeared, she was now the burden-bearer of the family.

After the supper was cleared away, the aged parents entertained me with reminiscences of a past glory, of when the inn was new and the great tide of travel used to pass its door. Then in saddened tones they told of how the opening of a new thoroughfare had diverted custom to other hostelries. So when the daughter was married to a well-to-do young farmer they closed the inn, perforce, and went and made their home with her.

But one ill-fated day the newly-wedded husband rode away to a neighboring market town and never returned.

After due time the farm and tenements passed into the possession of the next heir-at-law, a cousin of the husband; and the old couple with their dowerless daughter returned to the deserted inn, now racked and wrecked with storm and long neglect.

"Thou canst see the gables of the farm over yon above the trees," said the mother, "and we might be living there now 'mid comfort and plenty if Lisbeth would only hearken to us and wed with Garver Hallard, the cousin who succeeded to the estate.

Then Lisbeth, lifting her sorrow-laden eyes to a portrait of her husband on the wall, said: "Mother, thou need'st not grieve for the rich living at the farm beyond Whitsuntide. That day I promise to give my hand to Garver Hallard an' he still desires it."

Then a gloomy silence fell like a funeral pall over us, and we sat about the fire absorbed in our own thoughts until there came the sound of a quick step up the pathway and an imperative knock at the door, and Garver Hallard entered. He was a dark, hard-featured, harsh-spoken man whom any tender young woman might well have shunned.

I could not understand it then but I intuitively felt that he was a man with a guilty conscience. And in the light of the recent narration, I fell to comparing his features with those of the picture hanging above his head. As my gaze wandered from one to the other there came to me a sense of a presence in the room, a conviction I could neither define nor evade; and while I strove to analyze critically this impression a strange metamorphosis seemed to come over my senses and I felt myself drifting, as it were, into a state of double consciousness.

Still with that sense of a divided ego, with the voices about me echoing vaguely through my brain, I thought myself riding along a country road, sunken and scarred deep with old cart ruts, a road I had never traveled before. Under the influence of this unseen force, I appeared to come to where the crumbling shell of an ancient oak spanned the path. I reached into the hollow trunk and drew forth a spade corroded with rust, and rolling the log away I began to dig into the damp, soft earth. In my trance I continued to throw the dirt to the right and to the left until from out the brown loam appeared the face in the picture. Then the feverish vision broke, and I emerged as from an hypnotic spell to find the old couple discussing eagerly with Garver Hallard concerning the wedding settlement,

This synthesis of psychic suggestions—I dared not call them more—so deeply impressed my mind and so harassed me that I thought of scarce aught else when the next morning I started out to follow my itineracy, preaching the peace on earth of which this world knows little until the time was come for me to return to read the marriage service over Lisbeth and Garver Hallard.

I had stopped the night at the market town of Oswestry, a day's journey from the inn, and when I rode away in the morning I galloped over a goodly number of miles before I gave small heed to my surroundings. Gradually I became aware of something familiar in the landscape though to my ken I had never passed that way before, and I began to think that for me memory and madness must be moving hand in hand for here was the deeply rutted cart-road I had traveled in my vision of the inn, and before me lay the steep ascent.

Again, as in my vision, I felt my volition chained by some higher power, and in obedience to an overwhelming impulse I turned aside from the highway.

When I came upon the fallen oak, in a tremor of mingled awe and expectancy, I reached into the hollow trunk and searched among the dead

I Reached Into the Hollow Trunk.

leaves and woody fragments for the spade which I did not doubt but I should find concealed therein; and after I drew it forth I paused to verify each stamp which time and the elements had set upon blade and handle, as I had remarked them erstwhile in my vision. As I rolled the log back from its hollowed bed I espied among the crumbling bits of bark the remnant of a glove, with the initial H embroidered upon the wrist. I hastened back to Oswestry and raised a hue and cry that murder had been committed.

Accompanied by a sheriff and posse and a motley crowd of excited citizens, I returned to the spot—my absence of explanation unnoticed in the frenzy of the hour.

With the exhuming of the body an unusual phenomenon was discovered to have taken place. The waters of the little brook close by had permeated through the soil to the corpse of the murdered man and, acting upon the tissues, had preserved it with life-like features. Both I, and those with me who had known him in life, recognized in him Lisbeth's husband who had so mysteriously disappeared four years before. A stab in the back that penetrated to the heart told how he had met his death.

When I went on to the inn to prepare the widow and her parents for the bringing home of the husband so long dead, I found Garver Hallard, and a few guests who had been invited to the wedding, impatiently awaiting me. Lisbeth had been tricked out in bridal white, but her expression was that of deepest despair.

"In view of the news I bring, the marriage would better be postponed awhile," I said low yet so that all might understand. "Lisbeth, I bring thee sad tidings of thy last husband."

Then I said that the body was found and Hallard staggered back against the bar as though I had dealt him a blow. There came a great fear into his narrow eyes, his swarthy features grew livid; and after I had told my tale he asked with quivering lips and voice if any clue to the assassin had been discovered; and I, bearing the glove in mind, did look him level in the eye and answer him shortly "yes."

In the confusion of the laying out of the dead man and the impanelling of a corner's jury, Garver Hallard escaped from the house and from the vengeance of man. But his account is with God! He keeps it, and He will settle it when the dial points the hour!

With the disappearance of Hallard, Lisbeth, as the only heir-at-law again came into the estate that her husband haunted the earth to restore to her; and now that his body was laid in a consecrated grave, his restless wrath seemed to find peace beyond the portcullis of the Borderland, in that Heaven, that Nirvana of our hopes, we pray.

Here ended the first entry in my grandfather's diary.

Scent and Its Uses.

New York furnishes the field in which many earn a living in ways that are odd. But the oddest of all has been selected by the young woman who calls herself the perfume girl. Her mission is to make the society woman smell like a flower garden.

"There is no need of trying to scent a house all in a day nor is there any use trying to scent one's robes all in an hour," she says. "Scent in the house is like spice in the cake, it takes days and days for it to ripen and it takes weeks and weeks for it to mature.

"There are only a few scents that are good in a hurry. Orris is clean and sweet smelling, ladylike and desirable always. And the ready-made perfumes are always ready for use. But the woman who is going to carry around with her a lot of garments, all beautifully and tastefully scented, must manage in some other manner.

"I remember one case of artistic perfumery which I have always considered a success. In all her jackets there were pockets and in each pocket I put a sachet bag. The bags were made of Japanese paper and were very tough. I had them folded and sewed just to fit the pockets and I filled each bag with an oriental perfume as heavy as I could procure. The coats were street coats and could stand a great deal of scent. If there were three pockets in the coat I put in three sachets; if there were four I put in four. Positively each pocket had its own little fitted paper sachet lining.

"Next I tackled the dress skirts, which needed the sachet badly enough, for they smelt of tapes, braid, lining and all sorts of things. Many of them had never been worn. As the young woman was slender, I made countless little bags which I hung from narrow ribbons. These I made up as one would make a shower bouquet. Some of the ribbons were long and some were short. But I attached them all at the belt line and sewed them fast.

"But the real secret of the perfumed atmosphere lies in one's locks and in one's lingerie. And also in one's bath.

"There is a girl who takes a bath daily in a tub into which there has been dropped one scented tablet. There is another girl who pours a cup of home-made perfume in her tub before letting the hot water run into it. When partly full she adds a handful of pine needles sewn in a bag and she stirs in some orris powder. It makes a very sweet bath.

"I make a little scented cap for fastidious young women to wear. They put it on at night to scent the locks. It makes the hair deliciously sweet. There should be enough scent in it to make the hair very fragrant. A cap of this kind is made of taffeta, of the suggestion of the scent that is used. In this way it is easy to remember the odor.

"I advise my patrons to use a dozen scents. One is heavy and disagreeable. But where many are used the results are pretty sure to be good. It is like stepping into a flower garden to enter a boudoir that has been perfumed with different and harmonizing scents. Each is faint, yet each is distinct. It is like the Ruskin garden—just sweet enough to smell like a flower."

Some of the Latest Dictates of Fashion.

Musquash is no mean imitation of mink and it promises to be deservedly popular among autumn furs.

For wear with these black and white stoles are pretty marabou muffs, with three tails, tipped with white, laid on the top.

Old-fashioned bottle-green and puce-colored velvets are trimmed with mink or sable for directoire coats to be worn with cloth skirts of the same shade.

A pretty arrangement of the bridal coiffure is to have a nest of little curls right on top, encircled by a wreath of orange blossoms, from which the veil is draped.

Brown furs look exceptionally well against brown or blue, although mink shows off well against certain shades of pink and soft green, white, cream, and biscuit tints.

A short coat, much on the pony order, in beautiful mink skins, is in the wardrobe of a bride-to-be. The stripes of the fur are so arranged as to form a regular pattern and to this and also to the appliques of embroidered velvet the jacket owes its novelty.

A very novel button is of black set in silver and striped in silver bands, studded with rhinestones. Another has a latticework of rhinestones. These brilliant stones are more used than ever, and are combined with oxidized silver, gilt mother-of-pearl and smoked pearl in waving stripes, scrolls and circles.

Frock for Child.

Muffs Decorated with Tails.

The new muffs that have been introduced are as large as the "grannies" of last winter plus a waterfall of most lengthy tails, which falls over the muff from the front.

So long do the tails appear that the fact that they are joined together is very apparent, though there is no obvious proof of it. A sable muff lined with white fur will have brown and white tails alternately upon it, with the heads of the sable and the fox at the top of each tail.

Worn in a carriage or locomobile, the effect of this extraordinary muff is striking, while for the promenade it is not less so, though the weight the tails add to it is not inconsiderable, and therefore somewhat of a deterrent to the ease of the pedestrian.

The Decorative Button.

One of the pretty things of the year is the wooden button. It comes in many diffeernt styles of wood and some are painted and some are natural. One debutante wears a gown trimmed with wooden buttons in the natural shade of wood, which in this case is a pale tan. Set into the buttons are tiny glistening bits of steel. And this fashion of setting steel into buttons is observable upon many of the imported frocks.

Another gown is made of turquoise blue, and trimmed with pale blue enamel buttons, rimmed with silver and set with steel. These buttons are very attractive and it can be stated that they play a very important part in the trimming of the dress.