

# Through a Woman's Heart.

By Sidney Warwick.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A Change of Plan.

The car shot swiftly forward from the gates of the Grange, leaving Hilda Ruthen standing white and almost dazed in those first few moments of bewildered pain, as the cool, insolent words of the girl sitting by the side of the man Hilda had recognized as Jack Latham struck her almost like a blow in the face—those words that, without a protest and in silence, he had suffered to be spoken, ignoring her as utterly as though she had been a stranger.

For Hilda could not know that the moment the car had swept past her, at the touch of the girl's hand on the lever, Margaret Strangways had turned quickly to the man by her side.

"You understood, didn't you?" she said, quickly, in a low voice that was very different from the cool, insolent tones she had used towards Hilda. "I hated to speak as I did—hated the necessity; but it was the only way. For you to have recognized Miss Ruthen then would have been fatal; and I had to take the course I did, or her manner would have betrayed you to the watching eyes—for there were eyes watching us! I am only glad you were able to curb your first natural impulse."

It cost Jack Latham an almost incredible effort to hold back the cry that had risen to his lips at the sight of Hilda, here at the gates of Mr. Strangways' house.

But for the swift warning words of his companion, who had seen his sudden excitement at the appearance of the girl at the gate—had caught his low, amazed exclamation: "Hilda!"—he must have obeyed that first instinctive impulse to betray himself by speaking. Margaret Strangways had realized the danger in a flash, and had whispered insistently:—

"You must not recognize her by word or look! Everything depends on your acting as though she were a stranger; your safety—and mine, too, for having aided your escape."

She had added the last words less from any personal considerations than to lend further weight to her injunction. Latham might be reckless so far as his own safety was concerned; he would not be reckless about hers.

"Then you think that the man breaking stones by the road—"

"He may have been a spy set there by the police; and that cyclist, too, who dismounted just by the gates," Miss Strangways said. "Dr. Brewer's warning that the police would have the gates watched impressed itself too strongly on my mind for me to dare to run any risks. You remember what he called it—the danger zone? But we shan't be out of the danger zone till we are out of Lendal." It had seemed the only way of getting the fugitive out of the Grange, for Jack Latham to pass out disguised as the man whom he had impersonated two nights ago sufficiently well to deceive the detective and Mr. Hume. The muffled-up form, leaning back in the shadow of the hood of the car, of whose face little could be seen except the iron-grey moustache, dressed in the conspicuously old-fashioned mode that Mr. Strangways had always followed, was wonderfully like the Squire, who until lately had been one of the most familiar figures in Lendal, as the motor car drove swiftly through the streets.

A group of loafers standing on the pavement outside of King's Arms started at the red and white car flashing past; and then a man shouted: "Why, it's the Squire out again! Good old Squire!" For Ralph Strangways had always been a popular man. Tradesmen standing by their shop doors gossiping in their shirt-sleeves looked in amazement after the car; within an hour not a soul in Lendal who took the slightest interest in racing matters but had heard that the owner of Pride o' Life had emerged from his seclusion again.

"That Dr. Brewer must be a marvel; here's the Squire out again, though Dr. Hill said as he couldn't live to the day of the big race. He wouldn't be driving out if he was at the point of death, no fear! Well, it's good enough for me to have my little bit on Pride o' Life before the day's out and the odds shorten. Shouldn't wonder if the horse isn't second favorite tomorrow; the race is a gift for Pride o' Life if she runs. It'll be a treat to see the old Squire's colors in front again!" was a specimen of the sort of talk to be heard at every bar in Lendal that afternoon.

It was a ruse that had been neces-

sary in Jack Latham's interests; but the deception hurt Miss Strangways more than the man she was helping to escape knew. Not only her innate sense of honesty, but her grief for the father she loved, deeply rebelled instinctively; but she had with characteristic impulsiveness constituted herself this hunted man's friend, and whatever Miss Strangways undertook she always carried through in no half-hearted fashion.

Latham had to be got through the danger zone. The suspicions of the police centered round the Grange, and so long as the fugitive remained there he was in peril. It had been arranged that today she should get him through the gates in disguise and drive him to the house at Westham where the old servant of the Thorntons lived, where he had sheltered on the night after his escape from Wildfell. Dr. Brewer, unlike Miss Strangways, had been glad that this deception was necessary. His efforts on Latham's behalf had not been altogether disinterested; it suited his own purposes admirably for it to be supposed that his patient, the owner of Pride o' Life, was sufficiently improved in health to drive out.

"What a pity that my first meeting with Miss Ruthen should be so unfortunate!" said Miss Strangways presently. The car was thudding along the open country, through deep-cut lanes splashed with the pink and white of mayblossom; Lendal was left behind. "How hateful she must have thought me!" with a faint laugh. "Only I think she will forgive me when she knows what my reason was."

"How could she be anything but very grateful?" said Latham, earnestly.

He owed so much to this girl; but for her warning he would have been arrested at the theatre; and this kindness touched him all the more deeply that he was practically a stranger to her—and he a man with a terrible suspicion hanging over him.

He had spoken of this on the night he had found himself at the Grange, after Bonholt Hume and the detective had taken their departure.

"Oh, but I never for a moment thought you guilty," she had said, looking at him with her frank, clear eyes. "You see, you were hardly a stranger to me after coming to my assistance when those two ruffians tried to force their way through the gate; and a woman trusts to her instincts, you know."

"I feel very much inclined," Margaret Strangways went on now, "after driving you to Westham, to go as far as Wildfell to see Miss Ruthen and explain. It's not so very far for a fast car. I want to remove the impression left on her mind as soon as possible."

She remembered the look of pain on the girl's face—the girl who had recognized her lover in the car thru his disguise, and would be quite in the dark as to the urgent necessity for the reception that must have wounded her to the quick. The thought of the man she herself loved, Jim Hughes, away in far-off India, added to Margaret's sympathetic understanding of Hilda Ruthen's feelings, and made her eager to clear away the misconception at once.

Latham made an eager movement. "It would be awfully good of you!" he cried. The thought of Hilda's wounded feelings had tortured him. "I can't be sufficiently grateful."

Then he added suddenly, as a thought struck him: "Miss Strangways, will you add yet another kindness? Let me go with you—"

"Go with me? To Wildfell?" she cried, surprised. He nodded. "But wouldn't that be putting your head into the lion's mouth with a vengeance?"

"I think not. For one thing, I am disguised; and Wildfell is the last place where the police are likely to dream of looking for me," he said. "You see, they will be under the impression I am still at the Grange; they are watching the gates, little dreaming I have been smuggled through."

Miss Strangways laughed. She was in love herself, and like him separated from the being she loved, and she understood his feelings. And the thought of making two lovers happy appealed to her.

"Well, it seems very mad and reckless—only I suppose you have made up your mind, Mr. Latham!" she cried. "Then we'll drive into the lion's mouth!"

The white ribbon of the road slipped away beneath them; the distant landscape, cottages, and farms,

and the tall gray spire of a village church, seemed to leap forward to meet them; the humming wind sang past them like a gale, as the car swung along, with fifty miles to cover, as though they were racing the train that was carrying Hilda back to Wildfell.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### The Time to Speak.

There was nothing to keep her further in Lendal. Hilda's step was listless, and there was a dull, weary look in her eyes as she made her way back to the station to wait for the next train back to Fellgarth that afternoon.

It was after six o'clock when she reached Wildfell. At the rectory she found Mr. Grate, the organist in the study with her brother—rather to her surprise; of late Mr. Grate seemed to have absented himself from the rectory. The girl sat in the drawing-room, listening to the faint hum of voices that reached her, conscious of a growing impatience for the blind man to go, that Stephen might be free to listen to what she had to tell him.

The room seemed full of memories of her lover. It was in this room that she had been sitting when he had made his way there on the night of their last meeting, risking his newly-snatched liberty for a glimpse of her. Why had Jack's manner been so utterly changed today? He was a hunted man, of course, and in disguise; Hilda understood the necessity for prudence—but the road had been almost deserted; and at least he might have whispered one word. But only his companion had spoken.

"Neither this gentleman nor I have anything to say to you, or any wish to prolong this interview."

And his silence had tacitly endorsed the other's words!

The insolent tones in which the rebuff had been delivered were in Hilda's ears now, as the sound of a knock on the hall door drew her out of the aching perplexity of her thoughts; then, a minute later, when Martha had opened the door, she heard the same voice asking for her row—Miss Strangways' voice:—

"Is Miss Ruthen at home? I wish to see her most urgently."

Hilda had started to her feet, with her heart beating faster in the sudden excitement. She felt herself trembling. Why had Miss Strangways come? She opened the door; Margaret Strangways had walked into the hall, and through the open outer door behind her, just before Martha closed it, Hilda saw the red and white motor-car just within the rectory gates, and the muffled-up figure of a man in it that she knew with a swift upleaping of her heart was Jack Latham.

"A lady to see you, miss," the old servant said.

Hilda's lips moved, but at first they could not frame any words. Miss Strangways came forward with a smile and as Martha disappeared into the kitchen, said in a low voice, speaking hurriedly:—

"Miss Ruthen, I have brought Mr. Latham to you; he was anxious to explain, what you could not have understood, why I had to treat you so unceremoniously; why I had to enjoin him not to betray by a hint that he knew you this afternoon. It was necessary for all our sakes. There was no time to explain, and hesitation might have been fatal; I had to cut the knot in that one way, with police spies watching—"

"Then you mean—"

A flash of comprehension had suddenly dawned in Hilda's mind.

"The cyclist, the man breaking stones near the gates—they were watching all our movements. I was in dread lest they should suspect that my companion was not what he seemed. Is it safe for him to come here?" But Hilda could not speak. She burst into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing in the revulsion of feeling that had swept over her.

"How can I thank you?" she faltered, brokenly.

Margaret Strangways touched the girl's hand gently.

"You must try to control yourself," she whispered. "I will bring Mr. Latham in, if it is safe. No, don't come; one cannot be too cautious in playing one's part. Is it safe? Who is in that room?"—hearing the sound of voices.

"Only my brother and a man who is blind."

"But the blind have quick hearing. I will bring him to you in that room you have just come from," said Miss Strangways, in a low voice.

## To Be Continued.

### The Plane.

Man forsakes Christianity in his labors; woman cherishes it in her solitudes and trials. Man lives by repelling, woman by enduring and here Christianity meets her.—William Ellery Channing.

### Called for Hard Thinking.

Little Mary sat seriously thinking out some hard problem, when she remarked: "Grandma, I don't know yet which I'll be, a nurse, or a storekeeper, or get married, and be nothing."

### Archery by Mail.

Playing chess by cable is a thoroughly familiar feature of that game in this part of the world, but playing active outdoor match games by mail is a new thing in the way of sporting contests. Out in Atchison, Kan., there is an archery club that recently played a match game with the Chicago Archery club by mail, each team shooting on its own grounds and mailing the scores to their opponents on the following day. And they found it exciting at that!

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Clover is a good orchard crop.

Cut out the old cane from the raspberry bushes and burn.

Lambs need plenty of clean cool water. See that they get it.

The fence corners often tell what kind of a farmer is running the farm.

Well-bred and well-kept are two important considerations when considering a horse.

Treat the surplus runners on the strawberry vines as weeds. Don't forget to cultivate.

Good tillage not only increases the available supply of food of the soil, but it conserves the moisture.

Look after the young trees you set out this spring. Keep them growing right. Care now will prevent troubles later.

Pasture the cows at night and keep in the barn during the heat of the day. Needless to say the barn should be screened.

The profitable orchard must be the well-kept orchard, for nothing is apt to prove profitable on the farm if it is not properly managed.

The garden is now yielding its daily offering to the table and how good things taste! My, aren't you glad you took the time to get it started?

Feed the young chickens well. Almost impossible to overfeed. However, do not waste the feed by giving more than they will eat up clean.

Sheep return more fertility to the soil than any other animal, and when you consider that they distribute the fertilizer without additional cost you can give the sheep an extra credit mark.

Make it a point to leave the farm machines under cover after finishing the day's work. A storm may come up and a few days of exposure to bad weather cuts short their days of usefulness.

Rape sown in the cornfield at its last cultivation, using about four pounds of seed per acre, will provide an immense amount of good sheep forage in a normal season and until November or later.

Provide a shelter for the sheep where they can take refuge from the rain, or bring them to the barn and feed them there. In this way you will prevent colds which cause diarrhoea and consumption, and cause loss to the farmer.

When we were at the state fair last year an auto did the lively stunt of dragging the race course before every race. This suggests the idea of setting the autos to work on the country roads and letting them pull the log drags. They can do the work quicker and better than a team. Might be a good idea to penalize some of these speeders by making them drag a stretch of road instead of paying a fine.

To keep butter in good condition while driving to market take a crock of sufficient size to hold the butter. Place the crock in a box deep enough to come up quite to the top of the crock and big enough to leave several inches of space between the crock and the sides of the box. Pack wet sand in this space and after placing your butter in the crock place over the top a wet cloth and cover with another cloth wet or dry. The heat will not bother your butter then, and it will be in good condition when delivered to your customers.

In feeding the calves cleanliness is essential to thrifty growth. Together with a proper supply of skim milk and a little grain the growing calf should have access to a good grass plot, one that provides in plenty a variety of grasses and clovers if possible. If two or more pastures can be used, so much the better, for then the growing grass can be kept in the thriftiest and most palatable condition for the youngster. Shade of some kind should always be handy for the calf. He will not do well if obliged to endure the tortures of the sun. Bodily comfort has much to do with thrift in any animal. It requires care and attention to details to properly grow a calf by hand. But when properly done, hand feeding will keep him in a thrifty growing condition and at the end of the year he will not compare unfavorably with his brethren that ran with their dams.

Orchard trees don't like wet feet.

Careful that you do not overfeed the young pigs.

Give the livestock relief from the fly pest by the use of some kind of spray.

Half-starved hens show a poor idea of economy. Better overfed than underfed.

A small grain ration to pigs on pasture will more than pay by extra rapid growth.

If the chickens are confined to a run, be sure that grits and lime are provided for them.

Prof. Bailey says the trinity of orthodox apple growing is cultivation, fertilization and spraying.

During the threshing time gather up the chaff and keep for the chickens to scratch in next winter.

The sow pigs should be gone over and selections made for future breeders. Pick only the biggest and the most thrifty looking.

At the Wisconsin experiment station lambs of fed pea silage made large profits during an experiment last winter. Worth a trial by farmers.

Begin to cull out the old stock. Don't wait too long. If you do there will be little sale for them, for the young stock will command the market.

The drinking water for the fowls should be kept in the shade and should be so arranged as to prevent the chickens from fouling it in any way.

It is said that an old horse collar buckled snugly around the neck of the cow that sucks herself will prove an effectual check to the pernicious practice.

The well-fed horse ought to be sleek if properly brushed. A little linseed meal fed occasionally helps to smooth the coat. Wipe with a damp cloth after brushing.

Now do keep the hen house clean. It may make the lice and mites uncomfortable, but not so the hens. They will return you good pay in increased egg yield.

It is a good plan to water the horses as soon as they come in from the field, if not too warm, then let them eat hay for half an hour or so and then give the grain feed.

A good cultivation during the dry spell is as good as a rain storm, for it puts a mulch upon the top which keeps the moisture in the soil from evaporating and makes it more available for the plants.

Barn manures are generally more economically used when applied to farm crops than when applied to orchards; yet they can be used with good results, particularly when rejuvenating old orchards.

If you want to keep the boy on the farm make it a point to enlist his interest. Ask his advice, talk things over and make him feel that he is an active factor in the responsibilities of the farm and a sharer in the profits and benefits.

In cleaning milk dishes try the following method: First wash them with warm water, containing a good washing powder. A brush should be used. Then they should be scalded with boiling water and turned upside down to dry. Wiping the dish with the ordinary dish-towel should be condemned, as it undoes the effects of the boiling water, and the heat of the dishes immersed in hot water is sufficient to dry them. The rays of the sun will also dry the dishes and destroy any bacteria.

Leghorns are good foragers because they are light birds and get about quickly. They roam much farther afield than some of the heavier breeds. They are thus cheaper to keep on a farm than some of the breeds that show an inclination to hang about the barns and sheds and wait for feeding time. Besides, they are more useful from the standpoint of insect destroyers. This is a matter of considerable importance in some years when the grasshoppers are very numerous. The foragers get a better quality food than the birds that depend on getting grain feed, for the reason that insects are very rich in nitrogen. For the general farm, it is doubtful if any breeds excel the Leghorns, so far as looking out for themselves is concerned.

Frequently you will see cows standing in a pool of stagnant, dirty water, and they will cover their sides, flanks and udders with germ-laden water, which finds its way into the milk in the shape of fine dust, unless the attendant is extremely careful in milking. It should not be too much trouble to wipe with a damp cloth the udder and flank of the cow before she is milked, for the old saying, "What was crooked the Lord made straight," does not apply to milk. If you get bacteria into the milk by unsanitary methods you cannot remove them. You know the consuming public has the right to object to milk containing fertilizing material, rich in phosphoric acid and ammonia, and that they have the right to demand milk rich in butter fat and other milk solids.



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## YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK.



She—Yes, they are engaged. I know she refused him twice, but the third time he proposed she accepted him.

Her Husband—Served him right.

### A City Clerk's Garden.

A city clerk never misses a chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all aglowing and a-blooming. On being taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about 12 feet by ten feet. One bold spirit ventured that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man, alive, look at the height of it!"—Chicago Daily Socialist.

### And the Old Man Grinned.

"Duke," said the heiress, eagerly, "did you see father?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We talked about the weather."

"What? Lose your nerve again? Why don't you brace up and talk like a man?—a subject of a king on whose domain the sun never sets!"

"Can't," moaned the duke. "All the time I was in your father's office he kept grinning at a big painting."

"What painting?"

"The battle of Bunker Hill."

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## A Suggested Revision

"Richly endowed, we are gathered together here in the sight of the elite, and on the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is commanded of Saint Bradstreet to be enviable among all men, and, therefore, not to be entered into rashly or unadvisedly, but discreetly, carefully and in the fear of bankruptcy. For the

sake of this town and country estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why these interests may not be lawfully merged, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever accept their invitations."—Puck.

Precaution is better than repentance.—Greek Proverb.