



CHAPTER XXV.

READY FOR THE WORST.

June roses were opening in the flower-garden at Davenant, and Gilbert Sinclair had been leading a life of the purest domesticity for the last three weeks. It hung rather heavily upon him, that domestic life, for, though he loved his wife after his own fashion, he was not fond of home joys or exclusively feminine society. But what will not a jealous man endure when once his suspicions are aroused? Patient as the spider watching his prey, he waits for the unguarded moment which shall betray the horrid secret he fears yet longs to discover.

Except to see Goblin win the Derby—afeat which that estimable animal performed with the grace of and satisfaction over every one save the barmen—Gilbert had not been away from Davenant since the Two Thousand. He had been told to look for treachery at home, and he was there ready to seize the traitor. No mouchard in the secret service of the Parisian police was ever a closer spy than the husband, who doubts yet dots; suspects yet fondly loves.

He had seen nothing in all this time to confirm his doubts was not enough to convince Mr. Sinclair that those doubts were baseless. He was willing to imagine profoundest hypocrisy in the wife of his bosom, a brazen front under the semblance of a pure and innocent brow. Even the devotion to her child might be a cover for a guilty love. Her happiness, her tenderness, gave him new ground for suspicion, as there are no more certain source of delight, masked behind this fair show of maternal affection?

The world of the doubts which Gilbert Sinclair was perpetually revolving in his mind during this period of domestic bliss, and this was the aspect of affairs up to June 15. Ascot races were to begin on the 15th, and Goblin was to fulfill his third great engagement. This was an occasion before which even a husband's jealous fears must give way, and Gilbert had made up his mind to see the horse run. He had not carried out his idea of selling Goblin after the Derby. Jackson, the trainer, had protested vehemently against such a breach of faith with him, who had made the horse.

What "oss is to win the Derby," said the indignant Jackson. "I don't eat him, pig-skin and all." Gilbert felt that to part with such a horse for ever so high a price would be to cut up the goose that laid the golden eggs. "A horse can't go on winning great races forever, though. There must come a turn in the tide," suggested Gilbert, sagely. "We should get a pot of money for him now."

"A gentleman couldn't sell a 'oss that had just won him the blue ribbon of the turf," retorted Jackson, with a burst of chivalrous feeling. "It would be to mean."

Gilbert gave way to the finer feelings of his trainer, and took no step toward cutting short his career on the turf. Things were looking livelier in the coal-pit district, he told himself, and a few thousand a year more or less could not hurt him. He would carry out his original idea, take a place somewhere near Newmarket, and establish his wife and—the child there.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken a house at Ascot during the race week for the accommodation of himself and a selection of choice spirits with sporting tastes, where the nights might have been enlivened by blind hookey, or poker, or some equally enlightened recreation. But on this occasion Mr. Sinclair made no such comfortable arrangement, and determined to sleep at his hotel in town on the night after the race.

He was smoking his after dinner cigar on the evening of the 15th, pacing slowly up and down the terrace in front of the open drawing-room windows, when a servant brought him his letters.

The first opened was from his trainer, who was in high spirits about Goblin. The next two or three were business letters of no importance. The last was in a strange hand, a niggling, scratchy little hand, which, if there was any expression in penmanship, was sure of a mean and crafty nature.

Gilbert tore open the envelope, expecting to find some insinuating "tip" from a gentleman of the genus "tout," but the letter was not even so honest as a tip; it was that snake in the grass, an anonymous warning:

"If Mr. Sinclair is away to-morrow he will miss an opportunity to learn something he ought to know. If he wants to know a secret let me watch the balloons of his wife's room to win ten and even to-morrow. A FRIEND."

Such a letter falling into the hands of a generous-minded man would have aroused only contempt; but coming to a man who had given himself up as a prey to suspicion and jealousy, who had long been on the watch for domestic treachery, even this venomous "craw" became significant as the voice of fate—an oracle to be obeyed at any cost.

"She has taken advantage of my intended absence already, and has made an appointment with her lover," thought Gilbert Sinclair. "This warning comes from one of my servants. I dare say some scullery-maid, who has found out my wife's infamy, and pitied the dejected husband. Rather hard to swallow, my from the quarter."

Then came the natural reaction:

"Is it a hoax, I wonder? a trick played up to me by some dim-witted neighbor? Yet how should any one know how to put his finger on the spot that galls? Unless it were that colonel Wyatt, who hates me like poison. Well, at least, I can take the hit, and be on the watch. God help Cyprian Davenant if he crosses my threshold with evil intent. He may have deceived me once. He shall not deceive me again."

Mr. Sinclair went to Ascot next day as he had intended. Any change in his plans would have put his wife upon

light of summer all things were dimly defined—not dark, but shadowy.

The quarter chimed from the church tower belling the trees yonder, and still there was no movement in the garden. Gilbert stood motionless, his watch divided between the old Dutch garden with its geometrical flower-beds and stone sun-dial, and the windows of the balcony room. As the sound of the church clock dwindled slowly into silence, a light appeared slowly at the window, a candle held in a woman's hand, and faded above her head. Gilbert could but faintly distinguish the dark figure in the feeble glimmer of that single candle before figure and light vanished.

A signal, evidently, for a minute later a man's figure appeared from the angle of the hedge, where it had been hidden in shadow. A man—tall, strongly built—it was just the figure that patient watcher expected—stepped lightly across the garden, carefully keeping to the narrow gravel-path, leaving no tell-tale footprint on flower-bed or box-border. He reached the iron stairs mount! It swiftly had his foot on the balcony, when Gilbert Sinclair fired, with the unerring aim of a practical sportsman and the hand of a man who has made up his mind for the worst.

The figure reeled, swayed for a moment on the topmost step, and rolled back down the light iron stair, shaking it with the force of the fall, and sunk in a heap on the gravel-path below.

Gilbert waited, expecting to be thrilled by a woman's piercing shriek, the despairing cry of a guilty soul, but no such cry came. All was darkness in the balcony room. He fancied he saw a figure approach the window and look out, but whatever that shape was it vanished before he could verify his doubts.

He went over to the chimney-piece and put away his gun as coolly as if the purpose for which he had just used it were the most ordinary business of daily life, but this mechanical tranquillity had very little significance. It was rather the stillness of a sleep-walker than the calmness of a mind that realizes the weight and measure of its act. He went back to the window, where lay the figure, huddled in a formless heap, as had fallen helpless, foreshaken from Gilbert's point of sight. The open hands clutched the loose gravel. No sound, no light yet in the balcony room.

"She does not know what has happened," said Gilbert, grimly. "I had better go and tell her."

He unlocked his door and went out in the corridor. His wife's bedroom opened out of the balcony room. The child slept in a smaller room adjoining that. He went into the bairn's room and found it empty, then opened the bedroom door and paused on the threshold, looking in.

Impossible to imagine a more peaceful picture than that which met the husband's eyes. A night-lamp shed a faint light over the white-curtained bed, an open book an extinguished candle on a little table by the bedside, a small stool and chair, and Gilbert could see the little white crib, and the sleeping child. The mother's face was hardly less placid in its repose than the child's.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Cream Ripening by Bacteria.

The chief object of the ripening of cream is to produce the buttery aroma, and this aroma, though very evanescent, controls the price of the butter.

This flavor the butter-maker owes to the bacteria, for by their growth the materials in the cream are decomposed and the cream forms which produce the flavors and odors of high quality butter. Different species of bacteria vary much as to the flavors which they produce, some giving rise to good, some to extra fine, and others to a very poor quality of butter.

Different species of bacteria produce good, but not the highest quality of butter. Up to the present

time the butter-maker has no means of controlling this species of his cream, but has had to use those of the farmer.

The bacterialist can isolate and obtain pure culture the species of bacteria which produce the best-flavored butter. He can then turn them to the creamer to use as starters in cream ripening.

The artificial ripening of cream promises much for the near future, although it has been applied only on a small scale at the present time.

The use of a pure culture of a species from Uruguay improd the flavor of the butter of a Connecticut creamery over 20 per cent, according to experiments.

Most species of bacteria in bad butter are probably associated with filthiness. Hence a proper inspection of the barns and dairies to insure proper conditions, especially cleanliness, will be a means of avoiding much of the trouble in cream ripening, and will in many cases result in improvement of the butter.—Mark Lane Express.

The Typewriter on the Battlefield.

Military authorities appear to be exhausting every resource that will add to the rapidity of communication between the field of battle and the commanding officer. For a long time the telegraph was mainly relied on for the instant transmission of intelligence, and then the telephone was brought into active use. It has been recently seriously proposed that aids-de-camp and other carriers of information in the field of war should be taught shorthand, in order to write down important communications with all possible speed, and the like a move in this direction

is the introduction of the typewriter on the score of military operations.

One of the novel features of a recent

military tournament in England was

the use of the typewriter in the bat-

terfield for the purpose of recording messages from signalers.

It is stated that the typewriter operator was also an expert cyclist and had his Remington mounted on the handle of his machine. Riding in and out among the horses and gun carriages, which he did without the slightest mishap, whenever he came to a standstill he instantly braced up the cycle by a handy entrainment, and bounded away at the typewriter while in the saddle. The message, when completed, was sent to the commanding officer in the rear by means of a trained dog.

To Cure a Horse of Balking.

An officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails,

but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go take the front foot by the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes and let it down and the horse will go promptly. The only way in which I can account for this effective

mastery of the horse is that he can

think of but one thing at a time, and

my theory is that the bending of the leg takes his mind from the original

thought. There have been some bar-

barously cruel methods resorted to to

make a balky horse go its way, such

as filling its mouth with sand,

severely beating the horse, or, as in

one recent case, cutting out his tongue.

The humane societies would

have their hands full to care for all

these cruelties to animals. If they

only knew, the owners of horses

would adopt my treatment, and there

would be no trouble with the first

white troublesome balky horse."

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Convenient Contrivance for Topping Haystacks—A New Fodder Plant—Slovenly Farming is Disgusting—To Cure a Horse of Balking—Farm Notes.

Tepping Haystacks.

Those who are obliged to store a portion of their hay in stacks, from lack of storage room in the barns, know how difficult it is to build a stack that will remain good until it is drawn to the barn in the winter, writes C. E. Benton in the American Agriculturist. This is because it continues to settle while the hay is going through the process of fermentation, known as "sweating." Hence it is better to top the stacks after baying, using for the purpose swale grass when that can be obtained, not only because it is of small value for fodder, but also because the broad, tough leaves mat together and shed the rains better than upland grass.

When the stacks are of considerable size, I have found great convenience in using what is called a "ladder bracket." In the illustration, Fig. 1 shows the manner in which it is constructed. The upper pieces are of spruce or other strong wood, two inches square. Across their top is bolted a light plank six feet long, which makes a convenient platform. At A are pins put through each piece, which serve for hooks. By this means the bracket is

quite effective and handsome. Corn stalks and their leaves make a particularly suitable and effective design where a tall panel is to be decorated. Hard wood picture frames and almost any kind of hardwood amateur work, can be decorated in this way.

Cow or Care.

Quite a good many people have the belief that food, cleanliness, intelligence in compounding rations and in feeding them, pure water, and skill exercised in the manufacture of butter have more to do with it all than has the cow, since there are comparatively worthless cows in all breeds, says a correspondent of "Hoards Dairyman." It is said that Jersey butter will "stand up" better than will any other. That all depends. There are Jerseys and Jerseys, and some of their butter will "stand up" and some will "sit down" or run away, if you give it a chance.

Ninety-nine out of every 100 pounds of milk drawn from healthy, properly fed and cared for cows, will make butter that will "stand up" and possess good body flavor and texture." If the conductor of the train is an artist. If he is a "dab" as many of them are, he'll spoil it. That's about all there is of it, and the attempts to make the dairymen of this country, or the world, believe that all this depends on the cow and that no other cow than the Jersey can do it, will fail.

The Early Harvest Apple.

The early harvest apple is very likely to overbear, but it is quite good for pies when not fully grown, provided enough sweetening is added to take off the surplus acidity. It is best to shake off some from all the trees, even though there is no market for them, for those left to ripen will be greatly improved in size and flavor, besides making sure that the tree will perfect fruit buds for bearing the next season. Usually the early harvest tree allowed to ripen all its fruit in years of abundance bears nothing the following year.

Wagner's Flat Pea.

Great interest is manifested in the new fodder plant Lathyrus Silvestris Wagneri, otherwise known as Wagner's flat pea. Some thirty years ago the celebrated agronomist, Herr Wagner, of Munich, Germany, began crossing and improving varieties of Lathyrus, until from a bitter, worthless weed he has succeeded in developing

the plant.

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

The building is of wood, frame sheathed, and lower or first story clapboarded and shingled above, roof slated. The ventilator is connected with stable below by means of wooden vent pipes, and thoroughly ventilates the whole building. Harness-room has an open fire-place, the chimney running up through man's room on second floor. The hay-racks, mangers and stable fixtures are of iron. Water supplied on first floor. The har-

ness-room is fitted up with the necessary hooks, pins, etc., for hanging and storing harness. The whole

built in a first-class manner at a cost of \$850, and makes a neat building for the purpose.

PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

The building is of wood, frame sheathed, and lower or first story clapboarded and shingled above, roof slated. The ventilator is connected with stable below by means of wooden vent pipes, and thoroughly ventilates the whole building. Harness-room has an open fire-place, the chimney running up through man's room on second floor. The hay-racks, mangers and stable fixtures are of iron. Water supplied on first floor. The har-

ness-room is fitted up with the necessary hooks, pins, etc., for hanging and storing harness. The whole

built in a first-class manner at a cost of \$850, and makes a neat building for the purpose.

Irrigation in "Drouthy" Kansas.

A large individual irrigation plant in Kansas is described as follows by a paper in that state:

"Among the irrigation plants in course of construction in Kansas probably the most extensive is that of Mr. G. M. Munger, of Eureka, Greenwood county. He is constructing a reservoir which will cover about 160 acres with water. This is done by building a dam 2,800 feet long and 38 feet high at its greatest height. This, as described by the Irrigation Farmer, will catch the storm waters from a large area and will be used primarily for the irrigation of a 500-acre orchard now just beginning to bear. The water will be raised by two compound duplex steam pumps, the water cylinders of which are twelve by fifteen inches. Each pump has ten inch suction and eight inch discharge. These pumps will elevate the water to a height of sixty-five feet, delivering it on the highest part of Mr. Munger's farm. The estimated cost of the plant complete, including ditches for distribution of the water is \$15,000.

When to Stop.

The following answers were received by an English paper in response to a request for opinions as to when to stop advertising:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never heard of you stop coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the direct use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the direct use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

Too much turkey to-day may result in a dinner of feathers to-morrow.

IS A MIGHTY POWER.

The Review of Reviews.

The increase in new mileage brought into operation during the fiscal year 1892 was less than during any year since 1880, while the percentage increase stood lower than for any previous year since the beginning of railways in this country.

Thus