



CHAPTER XXVI—Continued

Gilbert since air felt as if this world and this life were one inextricable confusion. The anonymous letter had told him where and when to watch—and the writer of that letter had kept faith with him so far, for he had not watched in vain, but this spectacle of innocent respect, the mother sleeping near the child, was hardly in keeping; Gilbert paused irresolute, and then went to his wife's bedside and roused her roughly with his strong hand upon her arm. The dark blue eyes opened suddenly and looked at him in a daze of bewilderment.

"Gilbert, back to-night? I didn't expect you. Why do you look at me like that? What has happened?"

"Can't you guess? You didn't expect me. You had made your plans accordingly. You had made an appointment with your lover."

"Gilbert, are you mad?"

"He has not disappointed you—he is here. Get up and come and see him. Quick. He is waiting."

"Gilbert, what have you been doing? Where have you been? Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake."

"Come," he said, grasping her wrist, "I am too much a gentleman to let your lover wait yonder—on the threshold of his own house, too. Strange that he should try to sneak in like a burglar, when he will be master here in a few days."

He dragged her into the next room, and to the balcony.

"Pray, don't be so violent, Gilbert. I will come anywhere you please," she said, gravely.

From the balcony she saw that posture figure at the foot of the stairs, and gave a faint cry of horror.

"Gilbert, what have you done?"

"My duty as a man. I should loathe myself if I had done less."

She followed him down the stairs, trembling in every limb and clung to him as he knelt by the motionless figure, and turned the face upward to the faint light of the new risen moon.

"Gilbert, what have you done?" repeated Constance, sobbing hysterically.

"Murder," answered her husband, with a stolid despair. "I hated this fellow badly enough, but I didn't mean to kill him. I meant to kill Sir Cyprian Davenport, with whom you had made an appointment to night, counting on my absence."

"Gilbert, what have I ever done that you should think me the vilest of women? I have never wronged you by one thought about Cyprian Davenport which you might not know. I have never spoken a word to him which might not hear you and all the world. Your jealousy of him has ended in murder."

"I have been trapped somehow. Some enemy has set a snare for me."

"What are you to do? Oh, Gilbert is he dead?"

"Yes, the bullet finished him. I aimed under his shoulder, where I knew it would be fatal. What am I to do?—cut and run, I suppose."

"—Yes, go, go; it is your only chance. No one knows yet. Go, for God's sake, this moment."

"And leave you with a corpse on the premises—rather cowardly that."

"Don't think of me—it is life or death for you. You must go, Gilbert. There is no help. Go, or you will be taken and tried and hanged," cried Constance, clinging to the iron rail, trembling, very cold, the ground reeling under her feet.

"Yes, that's the natural sequence. Fool, fool, fool! An anonymous scribbler. What can have brought him here, and to the windows of your room? Constance, what does it mean? Do you know why this man came?"

But Constance could not answer him. She had fallen, fainting, on the iron stair.

It was not quite midnight when Mr. Sinclair drove up to his hotel—a small house in St. James', chiefly affected by men about town.

"Room ready, James? Yes, of course it is. You got my telegram yesterday. Been dining with some fellows. You bring me a brandy and soda up stairs. That's all."

"Sorry the horse lost, sir," said the man, with respectful sympathy.

"What horse?" asked Gilbert with a vacant look.

"Beg your pardon, sir—Goblin. Sir. Thought he was safe to win the cup. Took the liberty to make my little venture on you. You bein' an old customer, you see, sir, and all of us feelin' interested in him on that account."

"That was a good fellow. The ground was too hard for him—goes better in the dirt."

He went up to his bed-room after this brief colloquy, leaving the head waiter under the impression that Mr. Sinclair had been dining rather more freely than usual.

"Didn't seem to understand me when I spoke to him about his own loss," said the waiter to his friends in council: "stared at me, he's a regular mazed."

"Ah, poor fellow, he's a little hard to-day, you may decide."

Mr. Sinclair's last order to the waiter who carried the brandy and soda to his bed-room was to be called at half-past six next morning.

"You'll have a cab at the door at a quarter past seven," he said; "I want to catch the 7:30 into Kent. I ought to have got home to-night if I could have done it."

"Yes, sir—half-past seven, sir. Anything particular you would like for breakfast?"

"Oh, anything."

"A bit of fish, sir, and a spatch-cock, or a devil?" suggested the waiter, pertinaciously. "Nothing can subdue that solicitude to obtain an order which is the waiter's ruling passion."

"Fish—fish—anything," cried Gilbert, kicking off his boots.

"A salmon cutlet, sir, with Dutch sauce."

"An elephant, if you like. Get me the cab at a quarter past seven. A hansom, with a good horse."

"Yes, sir, an anson and a fast horse. Yes, sir. Tea, sir, coffee, sir."

Mr. Sinclair banged his door in the waiter's face.

"The Baron Ozy" starts at eight to-

try, but I am not base enough to leave you in the lurch. Who can tell what scandal might arise against you? No, my dear, I shall stop, even if the end shall be a rope."

"Gilbert, for mercy's sake! Oh, Gilbert!" she cried, wringing her hands, "how could you do this dreadful thing?"

"How could I? I thought I was doing my duty as a man. I was told that a man was to be here—your secret visitor. The man was here at the very hour I had been told to expect him. I saw him entering your room by stealth. What could I think but the worst? And thinking as I did, I had a right to kill him."

"No, Gilbert, no. God has given me no more the right to shed his brother's blood."

"Except Jack Ketch, I suppose. God has given men the instinct of honor, and honor teaches every honest man to kill the seducer of his wife or daughter."

The inquest was held at three. Gilbert and several of his household, notably the gardener who found the body, were examined. Dr. Webb gave his evidence as to the nature of the wound, and the hour at which death must, in all probability, have occurred.

"Did you sleep at Davenport last night, Mr. Sinclair?" asked the coroner.

"No; I only came up from Ascot yesterday evening, and spent the night in London."

"Where?"

"At Hildred's Hotel, Jermyn Street."

"Did you dine at the hotel?"

"No; I dined at Francatelli's."

This was a venture. Francatelli's would doubtless have been crowded on the night after Ascot, and it would be difficult for the waiter to assert that Mr. Sinclair had not dined there.

"You dined at Francatelli's. Where is that?" asked one of the jury with rural innocence.

"It is a hotel and restaurant in Piccadilly."

"How long were you at Francatelli's?" asked the coroner.

"I really can't tell. My horse had been running at Ascot, and losing, I was somewhat excited. I may have gone into Francatelli's at eight, and come out again between nine and ten."

"And from Francatelli's you went to your hotel?"

"No," said Gilbert, "feeling that there was a hiatus of a couple of hours here, I went into the Haymarket Theatre for an hour or two."

"If this fellow asks me what I saw there, I'm done for," he thought; but happily the coroner was not so much on the alert as to put that question.

"Have you any idea what brought the deceased to your house last night, when you were known to be absent?"

"I have a very clear idea."

"Be kind enough to tell us all you can."

"Coming from the station this morning by a foot-path through the park, the way by which the deceased always came to my house when he did not drive from the station, I found a man, which it seems to me that he must have dropped there last night."

"You found a man?"

"Yes, I found a man who had been dropped by him last night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Elaborate Traps.

On nothing has the inventor more frequently exercised his ingenuity than in the making of traps to catch mischievous insects, animals and men. The rat has received especial attention. Some of the contrivances made for his undoing are so elaborate that no full-witted rodent would go near them. A trap recently seen consisted of a double chamber. One chamber has a glass end through which Mr. Rat sees two or three imitation rats having a nice time with a bit of cheese. Wishing to get into the other chamber and get at the cheese, he goes in, and is caught. There are numerous devices which employ mirrors for the purpose of alluring the rat to his fate. He mounts on top of a barrel and sees a toothsome bit of cheese. As he approaches it he beholds another rodent, who is in reality his own reflection in a piece of looking-glass—coming for the cheese from the opposite direction. He makes a dash to get there first, and a pivoted board drops him into the case, which is half full of water. The chances for catching thieves are more interesting. One of them is designed to discourage bank sneaks. The sneak puts his hand in through the teller's window, and unintentionally a hastes a mechanism which causes a side with spikes to close suddenly upon his paw and in a moment it is a trap of a somewhat similar character is a steel shutter for a house window, so disguised with covering and fringe as to look like an ordinary curtain. When a thief enters at night, it shuts down upon him, the spikes hidden by the fringe helping to hold him fast.

The Last of the Miamis.

The only surviving son of the last of the chiefs of the famous Miami tribe of Indians, James R. Godfrey by name, died the other day on the reservation of 1,900 acres of land given him by the government in 1854, and on which he lived and farmed with his children and grandchildren for the past sixty years. His father was Francis, a chief who succeeded Little Turtle in the command of the Indian forces in the Maumee and Wabash valleys. His mother was also the daughter of a chief, John Baptiste Richardville. The deceased left a large family, and seventy-two of his descendants are now occupying the reservation, which is a valuable tract of land four miles south of Fort Wayne, and is the home of the Miami people. In the face of this revelation what was he to do? Carry out his intention; go to South America, and leave his wife in the power of this fiend. Gilbert Sinclair was not bad enough for that.

"I'll risk it, and go back to Davenport," he said.

"How do I know what this wretch might do? She might lay her lover's death at my wife's door, drag my wife's name in the gutter. No; at any hazard to myself I must be there, and if necessary, this letter must be shown at the inquest."

CHAPTER XXVII

CROWNSHIRT

"What a queer thing," said one house-maid, and "What a queer thing," ejaculated another, as the news of the catastrophe spread through the house.

Who was to tell Mrs. Sinclair?

Martha Briggs took that office upon herself. She had just filled the Christel's bath, but the darling was not awake yet, and Mrs. Sinclair was most likely still asleep.

"I'll tell her when I take her cup of tea at half past seven," said Martha, looking up at her hand.

"Where's Melancton?" asked the upper house-maid.

"She asked leave to go to London early this morning to get herself some things, as if Macdonald wasn't good enough for her. She's going to go by the first train to have a long day of it, she said. The first train goes at six. She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyatt here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs.

"Why didn't he go to the hall-door as usual? It seems so strange."

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's discovery with a calmness which astonished her hand-maid.

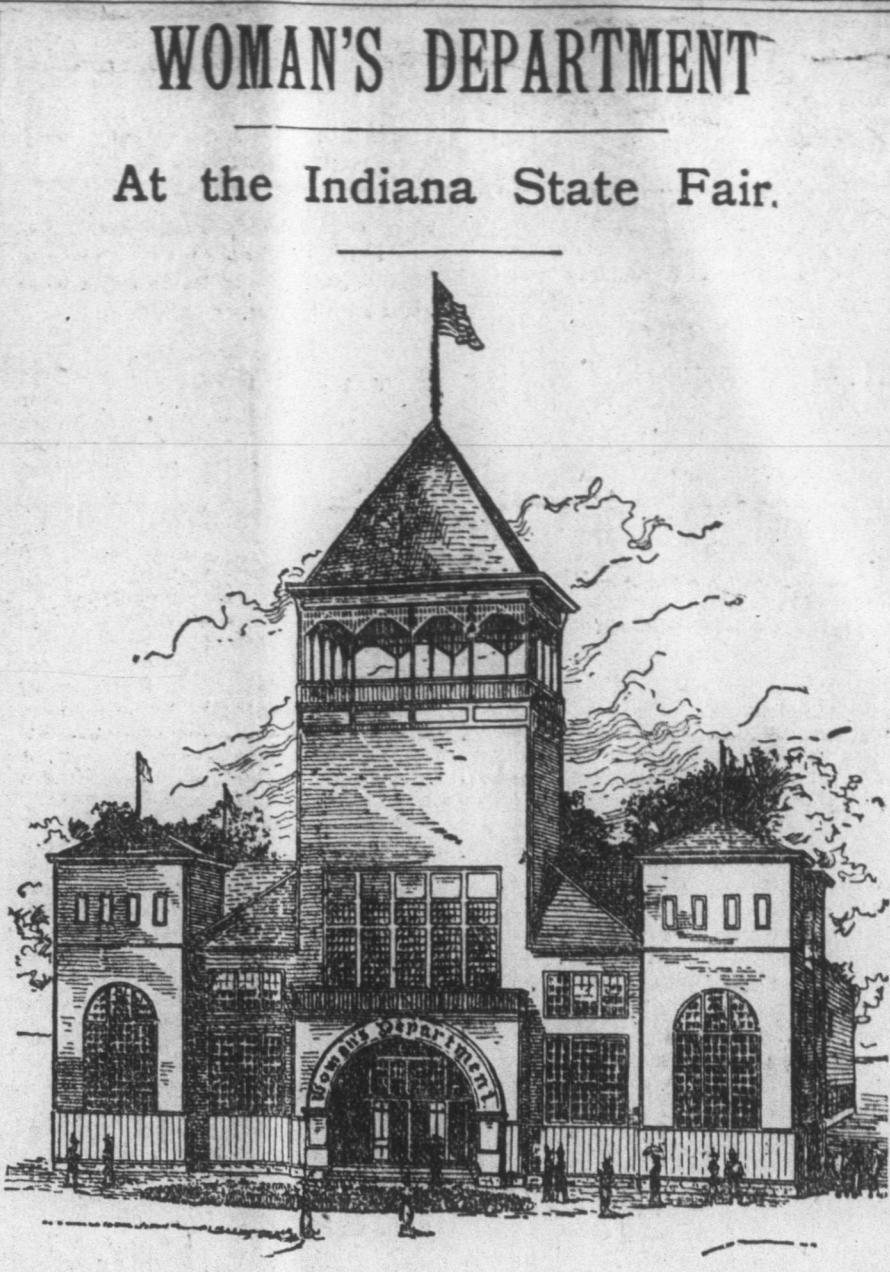
"I must telegraph for my husband," she said, and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James'.

The police were on the alert by this time, examining the scene of the murder. The coroner appointed 3 o'clock in the afternoon for his inquiry, which was to be held in the hall at Davenport. This would give time for summoning the jury.

Constance was sitting at breakfast, very pale but quite self-possessed, when Gilbert Sinclair walked in from the lawn.

"Gilbert," she cried, "what folly! I thought you were miles away—across the channel by this time."

"No, Constance, I am not such a poltroon. We are not even a very happy couple, you and I, and God knows I am heartily tired of my life in this country."



The Woman's Department of the Indiana State Fair, which will be held this year September 17 to 23, promises to be more interesting than ever before in the history of the State. Many new features will be added to the already beautiful and commodious building, and the arrangements of the exhibits will be made with a view to the pleasure of the visitors. This department is always full of interest to the ladies of the State, and many competitors for premiums reside outside of our great commonwealth. The building is one of the finest of its kind in the country. It is large and constructed with a view to the best and most comprehensive exhibit of woman's handiwork.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

A WEEK AMONG THE HUSTLING HOOSIERS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Pointers About Our Own People.

Minor State Items.

JAMES COOLEY, aged 68, of Columbus, was struck by a J. M. & I. train, and was badly injured.

MRS. SARAH LOVELL's dress caught fire from a cook stove at Noblesville, and she was burned to death.

CLIFF MASON's house, at Dublin, was burned, including so much of his household goods and a out \$50 in money.

FARMERS near Goshen are organizing to protect themselves against hunters who trail over the premises without permission.

A SERIOUS head end collision between a passenger and freight train occurred on the C. E. & I. road, near Hill-dale. Both engines were wrecked. No one injured.

SECRETARY W. E. O'HAVEN of Greenfield, announces that Company A, Fifty-third Regiment, will hold its annual reunion at Greenfield on Sept. 19. All members of company and regiment are especially invited to meet. Half-price tickets have been granted from Indianapolis and return.

WILLIAM ADAMS, a carpenter residing at Fort Wayne, boarded west-bound passenger train No. 43 on the Wabash to go to Huntington, but changed his mind. While the train was passing through a tunnel, he jumped off, rolled under the train and was almost instantly killed. He leaves a large family.

GOTLIEB FRICKE was killed by the accidental discharge of an old musket near Fort Wayne. With a party of friends he started on a shooting trip. The musket, which he was carrying, went off at night, it shut down upon him, the spikes hidden by the fringe helping to hold him fast.

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Raising Corn in a Day.

The Navajo Indians are wonderful adepts at juggling," says an Arizona man, "and sometimes perform feats quite as wonderful as those of the famous Hindu magicians. The crowning achievement that I ever saw performed by the Navajo magician was the growing of sacred corn. At sunrise he planted the enchanted corn, and by noon he was in full view of the audience, and sat solemnly in his place, before it singing a weird song. Presently the corn stalks appeared, and the tender green shoot pushed forth. As the magician sang on, the young plants grew visibly, reaching a height of several inches in an hour, waxing thick, and putting out their drooping blades. If the juggler stopped his song, the growth of the corn stopped, and resumed only when he recommenced his chant. By noon the corn was tall and vigorous, and by sunset it was a mat of plant, with tall stalks, sedgy leaves and silk-topped ears of corn."

A Murderous Thing.

A retired French naval officer has invented a rifle which is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets at once.

The first square books are said to have been made by order of King Attalus, of Pergamos, who directed this plan to be followed for the greater convenience of readers.

REAL RURAL READING

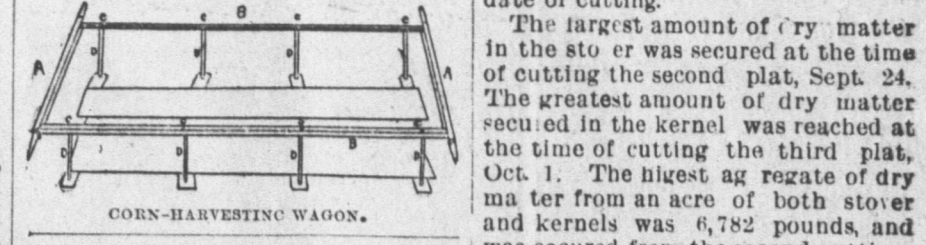
WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Good Method of Gathering the Corn Crop—Quadruple Stepladder for Picking Fruit—Conditions Under Which Cereal Crops are Profitable—Nitrate of Soda Free.

Harvesting the Corn Crop.

I plant my corn in sections of twelve rows, skip three, plant twelve more, skip three and so on, writes A. H. Watts, in Farm and Home. I plant potatoes, peas, or anything that can be harvested before the corn in those three rows.

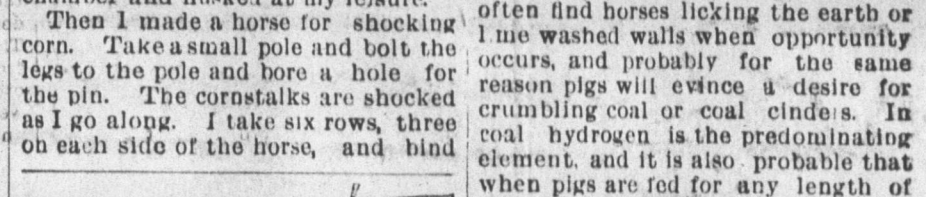
For a harvesting wagon I take the axle A A and wheels of my hay rig, and attach them to the rocker and hind axle the same as to a hay rigging and then tore four C C C



CORN-HARVESTING WAGON.

C in each pole. I then put four stakes D D D D in each pole underneath and let them hang down eighteen inches from the top of the poles, then put the cross pieces on from one stake to the other and pin them fast, and lay a couple of boards on the cross pieces for the bottom and put one on each side. Put a piece in front and one behind, and that forms a box. Use wooden pins or bolts to fasten the pieces together. This rigging is drawn to the first gangway, a bar driven in the ground and the horse hitched. I pick the ears of corn first and put them in this rigging. I take six rows on each side of the gangway and when I come to the next gangway I do the same and so until the piece is covered. The ears of corn are put in a large open chamber and husked at my leisure.

Then I made a horse for shocking corn. Take a small pole and bolt the legs to the pole and bore a hole in the pin. The cornstalks are shocked as I go along. I take six rows, three on each side of the horse, and bind



HORSE FOR SHOCKING CORN.

the shocks with rope. There will be two rows of shocks in a set on. I use the same rigging to draw my cornstalks to the barn and the shocks are easily taken off. I put my corn stalks just where I want them and do not disturb them until fed out. There is no waste in feeding. I do my work all alone without any help. This is the cheapest way and best to harvest the corn crop that I know of.

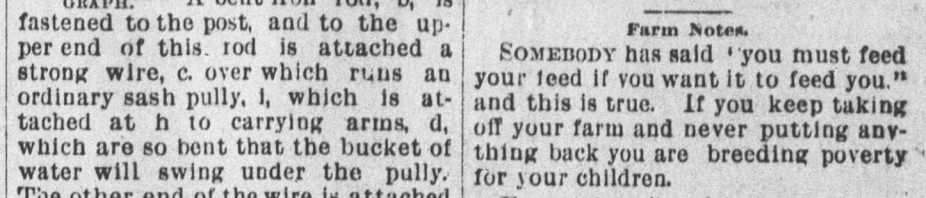


Wire Cable for Carrying Water.

In the mountain regions of Virginia an ingenious contrivance is used to bring water from distant springs to the house.

The springs are often at a long distance down very steep hills, but the water is very pure and good, they are preferred to wells close by, which would have to be deep. The illustration, which is from the American Agriculturist, shows the different parts of this "water telegraph" as it is called. A large post, a is set in the ground near the house.

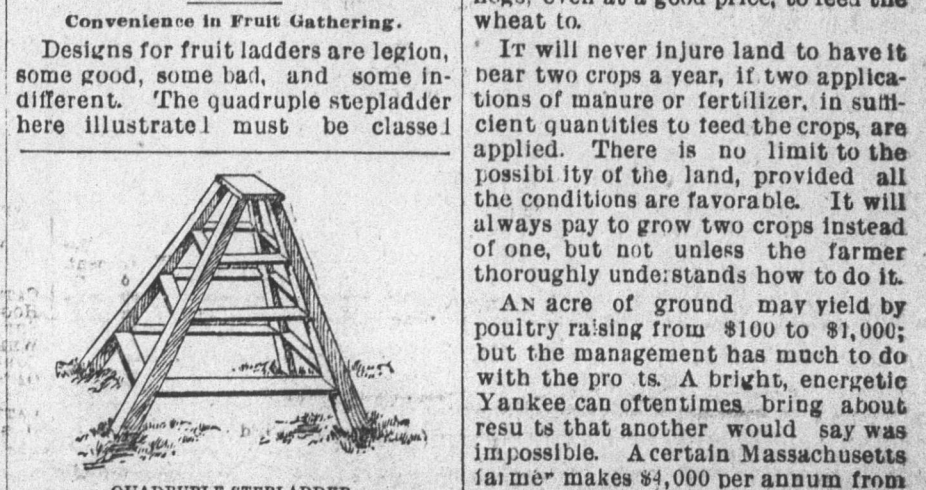
A bent iron rod, b, is fastened to the post, and to the upper end of this rod is attached a strong wire, c, over which runs an ordinary sash pulley, i, which is attached at h to carrying arms, d, which are so bent that the bucket of water will swing under the pulley. The other end of the wire is attached to a similar post at the spring. To a bale on the pulley is attached a small rope, which is wound upon a windlass at the house, and being unwound allows the bucket to go down hill on the wire and reach the spring, into which it dips by its own weight and is filled. The windlass is turned, and winding the rope brings the bucket full of water up to the house. A similar contrivance is often used to carry coal and ore from mines down the mountain side, or across gulches.



QUADRUPLE STEPLADDER.

Convenience in Fruit Gathering.

Designs for fruit ladders are legion, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. The quadruple stepladder here illustrated must be classed



QUADRUPLE STEPLADDER.

among the good designs, for obvious reasons. Placed under low, branching trees its use permits one to move about within reach of a large portion of the whole side of a tree, because of its four sides, about which one can freely step. Moreover, when not occupied as "standing ground," the top of the ladder is an excellent resting place for the basket. It should not be made strong, but light, so as to be readily moved about.

Cereal Crops.

As a result of five years' continuous culture of wheat and oats, eight trials of wheat and twenty-one of corn on soils varying widely in character, the Ohio Station has reached the conclusion that at present prices of cereal crops and of fertilizing materials respectively, the profitable production of corn, wheat, and oats upon chemical or commercial fertilizers or upon barnyard manure, is less cost profitable than that of the chemical constituents of fertility

found in commercial fertilizers, is a hopeless undertaking, unless these crops be grown in a systematic rotation with clover or a similar nitrogen-storing crop; and the poorer the soil in natural fertility the smaller the probability of profitable crop production by means of artificial fertilizers.

Experiments with Corn.

The experiments at the Iowa experiment station last season as to the proper time for cutting corn may be worth remembering. Plots of corn were cut Sept. 17 and 24 and Oct. 1, 8, and 15, respectively, and shocked in the field. An adjoining plot of equal size was left standing until Sept. 17, when it was cut. The corn from all plots was husked Dec. 17 and brought in, at which time samples were taken of the corn and fodder from each cutting and analyzed. The yields of the different plots ranged from forty-three and a half to sixty-four bushels per acre, increasing gradually up to the fourth date of cutting.

The largest amount of dry matter in the stalks was secured at the time of cutting the second plot, Sept. 24. The greatest amount of dry matter secured in the kernel was reached at the time of cutting the third plot, Oct. 1. The highest acreage of dry matter from an acre of both stover and kernels was 6,782 pounds, and was secured from the second cutting, Sept. 24, and the next highest, 6,515 pounds from the third cutting. The above results indicate that the best time for cutting corn according to these experiments is between Sept. 24 and Oct. 1. The loss resulting from leaving corn in the field until December amounted to nearly half the total yield in weight besides in deterioration in feeding matter.—Hartford Courant.

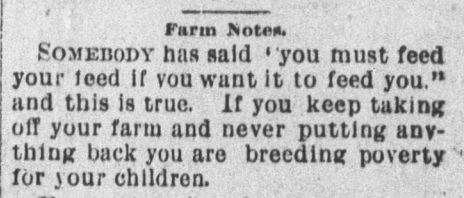
Coal-Chewing Pig.

Pigs like to chew coal, and they do it from a natural instinct. Among the causes of indigestion, diarrhea, and other functional disturbances of the digestive organs, is a state of abnormal acidity. To satisfy a consequent craving for an anti acid, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, we often find horses licking the earth or lime washed walls when opportunity occurs, and probably for the same reason pigs will evince a desire for crumbling coal or coal cinders. In coal hydrogen is the predominating element, and it is also probable that when pigs are fed for any length of time on food which is deficient in nitrogen, instinct prompts the animal to evince a desire for bituminous coal. Coal also contains sulphur, which, to some extent, serves a beneficial purpose in the animal economy. A desire to consume indigestible material is not infrequently met with in all our domestic animals, but this evidence of a depraved appetite is due to some functional derangement or disturbance of the digestive organs.



A Convenient Table.

The cut herewith shows a table that some son or father might well undertake to make for the mother of the family. The construction is simple, and the convenience to be thus secured for the sewer are many. White wood is the best material for such a purpose, as it is



A Convenient Table.

Farm Notes.

SOMEBODY has said "you must feed your feed if you want it to feed you," and this is true. If you keep taking off your farm and never putting anything back you are breeding poverty for your children.

FARMING is largely experimental, and must be so long as soils differ. We learn successful cropping in part from others' experience, but largely from our own. Where such a course brings profitable results we know that it is good practice.

An Ohio man who fed twelve hogs on wheat estimates that he got 167.0 for fifty bushels of wheat by marketing it in the form of pork, whereas if he had sold it he would only have received 82.6. He advises buying hogs, even at a good price, to feed the wheat to.

It will never injure land to have it bear two crops a year, if two applications of manure or fertilizer, in sufficient quantities to feed the crops, are applied. There is no limit to the possibility of the land, provided all the conditions are favorable. It will always pay to grow wheat instead of one, but not unless the farmer thoroughly understands how to do it.

An acre of ground may yield by poultry raising from \$100 to \$1,000; but the management has much to do with the profit. A bright, energetic Yankee can oftentimes bring about results that another would say was impossible. A certain Massachusetts farmer makes \$4,000 per annum from poultry because he knows how to go about it. He makes it pay better than farming, and keeps his flocks on the land that used to feed his cattle.

If you pull out the feathers of a fowl new ones will grow in their place; but if they are cut off next month it will not be the case till next month. Sometimes it is necessary when a sick fowl requires brooding, that the tail feathers be pulled out, which stimulates blood action, and the fowl usually improves and picks up. If a hen dies much then the wing primaries should be cut with a scissors.

An interesting contest recently took place in Rochester, N. Y. public schools. Prizes were offered for the students and the school which could collect the greatest number of cocoons of the tent caterpillars. One school actually collected 4,914,49 of these cocoons. Some expert has figured out that that means the destruction of 7,500,000 eggs! The pupils who collected these cocoons received handsome prizes, which were well deserved.