

## DISTRUST.

It is not the mountain, it is not the land;  
And it is not the deep, wide sea;  
And not the stretch of the desert sand  
Can separate you and me,  
Sweetheart,  
Can separate you and me,  
Hands may clasp and tighten and hold,  
And heart be pressed to heart,  
Yet only shadows the arms enfold,  
If souls have grown apart,  
Sweetheart,  
If souls have grown apart,  
Nor yet the gallop of racing horse  
Can make the distance wide,  
And not the steam of electric force  
Can banish us side from side,  
Sweetheart,  
Can banish us side from side,  
But the cruel thought, the harsh distrust,  
The word that blithely said,  
Each from each apart could thrust  
So far we could meet no more,  
Sweetheart,  
In this world never more,  
—Blanche Nevill, in N. Y. Independent.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"I shall be grateful to you all my life for the service you have rendered me," I replied. "But how did you manage to gain admittance to this house?"

"It was quite easy; the birds had flown," he answered. "Has the suspicion not struck you that they were going to clear out and leave you there to starve?"

"The brutes," I answered. "But I'll be even with their leader yet. And now let us get away from here as quickly as possible. Have you any idea where our man has gone?"

"To Naples," Lepallard replied. "I disguised myself as a pompous old bourgeois, and I was behind him when he asked for his ticket and distinctly heard what he said."

"Then I shall go after him at once," I replied. "He will in all probability be off his guard. He will imagine me to be still locked up in this room, you see."

"And I shall accompany you, if you will permit me," said Leglosse.

"But why?" I asked in surprise.

"What have you got to do with him? You have no case against him, and you cannot spare the time to do it simply out of kindness to me."

"It's not kindness, it's business, my friend," he replied. "You may not believe it, but I have a warrant for your man's arrest."

"On what charge?"

"On a charge of being concerned in a big embezzlement in Cochinchina," he answered. "We laid the other two men by the heels at the time, but the Englishman, who was the prime mover in it, we have never been able to lay our hands upon. I felt certain that day when I met him in Amsterdam that I had seen him somewhere before. Ever since then I have been puzzling my brains to discover where it was, and why it was so familiar to me. A photograph was eventually sent me of the Englishman by the colonial authorities, but in that photograph he, the person I suspect, wears a beard and a heavy mustache. It is the same man, however, and the description, even to the mark upon the face, exactly tallies with Hayle. Now I think I can help you to obtain a rather unique revenge upon the man, that is to say, if you want it. From what you have so far told me, I understand that you have no evidence against him strong enough to justify the issue of a warrant. Well, I have that evidence, and between us you may be sure we'll bring him back to Paris."

"This was delightful hearing after all we had been through lately; at any rate I greeted the prospect of Leglosse's cooperation with acclamation. It would be hard if between us we could not find Hayle and bring him to the justice he so richly deserved."

"Now, let us get out of this," I said. "I must obtain something to eat if I perish in the attempt. I am mighty starving. A basin of soup, a roll and a cup of coffee are all that I have had to-day."

"You shall dine at once," he answered, "and here. There is an excellent little restaurant further down the street, and one of my men shall go there and tell them to bring you up a meal. After that you shall go home and change your costume, and then we will arrange what shall be done about the traveling."

"This programme was carried out to the letter. We made a good meal, at least I knew that I did, and when it was eaten, a cab was procured, and in company with Leglosse I said good-bye to the house in which I had spent so short a time, yet in which I had been so miserable."

"I shall never know how to repay you for your kindness," I said to my companion as we drove down the street. "Had it not been for you and your men I should now be starving in that wretched place. I'll certainly forgive Hayle if he is ever successful enough to take me in again by one of his rascally tricks."

"You must not let him do that," returned the Frenchman, shaking his head. "Our reputations are at stake."

When I reached my own apartments the concierge was much relieved to see me. She had been told that I was dead, perhaps murdered, and Leglosse's visit to find me had not helped to reassure her. A packet of letters and telegrams were handed to me, which I carried up to my room to read them while I was changing my attire. Never before had I been so glad to get out of a dress suit.

I had just finished my toilette and was in the act of commencing the packing of the bag I intended taking with me, when there was a tap at the door.

I opened it, to find the concierge there.

"There is a lady in the parlor to see monsieur," she said. "She has a maid with her."

"A lady to see me?" I asked, incredulously. "Who on earth can she be?"

The concierge shook her head. In my own mind I had arrived at the conclusion that it was Mlle. Beaumarais, and that Hayle had sent her to discover, if possible, whether I had escaped from my confinement or not. On finding out that I had, she would telegraph to him, and once more he would be placed on his guard. At first I felt almost inclined not to see her, but on second thought I saw the folly of this proceeding. I accordingly entered the room where the lady was awaiting me. The light was not very good, but it was sufficient for me to see two figures standing by the window.

"To whom am I indebted for the honor of this visit, mademoiselles?" I began.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Fairfax?" the taller of them answered. "You forget your friends very quickly."

"Miss Kitwater?" I cried, "what does this mean?"

"It is a long story," she answered, "but I feel sure that you will have time to hear it now. I am in terrible trouble."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that," I answered, and then glanced at her maid, as if to inquire whether it were safe to speak before her. She interpreted the look correctly and nodded her head.

"Yes, Mr. Fairfax," she said, "you can say what you please before Nelly."

"Then am I right in interpreting your trouble as being connected with your uncle?" I asked.

"Yes, that is it," she answered. "You have guessed correctly. Do you know that he and Mr. Codd have disappeared?"

"Disappeared?" I repeated. "Have you any idea where they have disappeared to?"

"No, but I can hazard a very shrewd guess," she replied. "I believe they have crossed to Paris in search of Mr. Hayle. Since last Sunday my uncle has been more depressed than ever, while the paroxysms of rage, to which he is so subject, have been even more frequent than ever. If the truth must be told, I fear his troubles have turned his brain, for he talks to himself in such a queer way, and asks every few minutes if I have received news from you, so that I cannot help thinking his mind is not what it should be. You must understand that on Saturday last, thinking it might possibly be required for the case, I drew a large sum of money from the bank; more than £100, in fact. I securely locked it up in my writing table, and thought no one knew anything about it. Yesterday my uncle and Mr. Codd went for a walk, and did not return, though I watched for them several hours. While I was thus waiting I opened the drawer in the writing

table to procure something I wanted, and discovered that the money was missing. Only one construction could be placed upon it, Mr. Fairfax. They had wearied of their inactive life, and had set off in search of Hayle."

"They are aware of his address in Paris, are they not?"

"Yes, my uncle repeated it from morning until night," she answered. "In point of fact he did little else. Oh! it is terrifying me beyond measure to think what may happen should they meet."

"You need not fear that," I replied. "Hayle has tired of Paris and has bolted again. Very probably to a place where they cannot hope to find him."

I believe she said "God be thanked" under her breath, but I am not quite certain upon that point. I did not feel her of the trick Hayle had so lately played upon myself. If the telling were necessary it would be able to come later on.

"May I ask what brought you to Paris, Miss Kitwater?" I inquired, after a pause.

"My great fear," she answered. "I wired to you from Charing Cross to say that I was coming. Did you not receive my message?"

I remember the fact that, not having time to open them all before I was called away, I had put some of the telegrams on one side. As ill luck would have it Miss Kitwater's must have been amongst these. I explained that I had been away from the house all day, and only that moment returned.

"I felt," she said, ignoring my excuses, "that I must come to you and tell you all that has transpired. Also that I might implore you to keep the men apart at any cost."

"We can easily find out whether they have arrived in Paris, and also whether they have been to Hayle's apartments," I said. "That would

certainly be one of the places which they would try first."

While I was speaking there was the sound of a step in the corridor outside, and the next moment Leglosse entered the room. He was in the highest spirits, as he always was when he was about to undertake a new piece of work. Seeing that I had visitors he came to a sudden standstill.

"A thousand pardons," he said in French. "I had no idea that you were engaged. I will wait outside."

"Don't do anything of the kind," I returned in the same language. "Come in, and let me introduce you to Miss Kitwater, who has just arrived from England."

"Miss Kitwater?" he repeated, in some surprise. "Surely I understood you to say that your client, the gentleman who had lost his sight through Hayle's treachery, was M. Kitwater?"

"That is quite right, and this lady is his niece," I returned. "She has brought me extraordinary intelligence. Her uncle and his companion have suddenly disappeared from the little village of Surrey, where they have been staying some time with her. It is her belief that they have come to Paris in search of Hayle. There would be trouble had they met, but, fortunately for them, and for Hayle, he has given them the slip once more. It would be possible for you to find out whether they arrived by the morning train, and also whether they have made inquiries at Hayle's apartments, would it not?"

"Quite possible," he answered. "It shall be done at once. I will let you know in less than an hour what I have discovered."

I thanked him, whereupon he bowed to Miss Kitwater, and then disappeared.

"M. Leglosse is also in pursuit of Hayle," I explained. "He holds a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement in Cochinchina. For that reason we are following him to Naples to-morrow morning."

"To Naples. Has the wretched man gone there?"

"So we have been led to believe," I answered.

"Then do you think my uncle will find it out and follow him?" she asked, wringing her hands. "Oh it is all too terrible. What shall I do?"

"Well, if I might be allowed to be like David Copperfield's Mr. Dick, I should be practical, and say, 'dine.' I suppose you have had nothing to eat since you left England?"

She gave a little wan smile.

"We have not had very much, certainly," she answered. "Poor Nelly, you must be nearly starving."

The maid, however, protested that she was not; but was not to be denied. Bidding them remain where they were, I went downstairs and interviewed my faithful friend, the concierge. With her I arranged that Miss Kitwater and her maid should be provided with rooms in the house for that night, and having done so went on to the nearest restaurant. In something less than ten minutes all was settled, and in under 20 they were seated at their meal. At first the girl would not sit down with her mistress, but, with her usual thoughtfulness, Miss Kitwater ordered her to do so.

"And now, Mr. Fairfax," she said, when she had finished, "we must discover the hotel where we can stay the night. At present we know of no place in which to lay our heads."

"You need not trouble about that," I said. "I have already arranged that you shall have rooms in this house if you care to occupy them. The old lady to whom it belongs is a particular friend of mine, and will certainly do her best to make you comfortable. I presume that it was your bag I saw in the concierge's office, when I was there just now?"

"We left it there," she answered, and then gave me my reward by adding: "It is very kind of you, Mr. Fairfax, to have taken so much trouble. I cannot thank you sufficiently."

"You must not thank me at all," I replied. "In helping you I am only doing my duty to my client."

I had scarcely said the words before I regretted them. It was a foolish speech, and a churlish one as well. She pretended not to notice it, however, but bade her maid go down to the concierge's office, and take the bag to the room that had been allotted to her. The girl disappeared, and when she had gone Miss Kitwater turned to me.

"Mr. Fairfax," she said, "I have another favor to ask you. I assure you it concerns me vitally. I want to know if you will let me go with you to Naples. In order that I might not be in your way, we might travel in different compartments; but go I must. I am so frightened about my uncle. If I follow him to Naples, it is just possible I might be able to dissuade him from pursuing Hayle. If he were to kill me for preventing them, I would not let them meet. Believe me when I say that I am terribly anxious about him. Besides—"

Here she paused for a moment, as if she did not quite know how to continue what she had to say to me.

"As I have said, you and M.—I mean the French gentleman—could travel in your own way. All that I want to be assured of is that I may be in Naples and at hand should anything happen."

"If you really wish it, I do not see why you should not go?" I replied meditatively. "But if you desire my candid opinion, I must say that I think you would be far better off at home. Still, if you desire to come, it's not for me to gainsay your wishes. We will arrange therefore that, unless you decide to the contrary in the meantime, you accompany us by the 8:50 train to-morrow morning."

"I thank you," she said.

A few moments later Leglosse returned with the information that it was as we suspected. Kitwater and Codd had arrived in Paris that morning, and had visited Hayle's lodgings only to find him gone.

"What is more important still,"

he continued, "they have managed to learn that Hayle had gone to Naples, and they will probably leave by the 2:50 train to-morrow morning for that city. It is as well, perhaps, that we arrange to travel by the next."

"Courage, courage, Miss Kitwater," I said, seeing that she was trembling. "Try not to be frightened. There is nothing to fear." Then turning to Leglosse, I added: "Miss Kitwater has decided to accompany us to Naples. As a matter of fact, my position in the case has undergone a change since I last saw you."

He looked from one to the other of us as if in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Hitherto," I replied, "I have been acting against Hayle, with the intention of securing him, in order that my clients might have a most important meeting with him. For the future, however, my endeavors will be used in the contrary direction. They must never meet!"

"Then the best way to bring about what you desire is to assist me," returned Leglosse. "Let me once get my hands upon him in the name of France, and they will never meet."

"But we have to catch him before we do that," I said.

"Never fear, we will do it," he answered, confidently, and that seemed to settle it.

Next morning at 8:50 we left Paris for Naples.

## [To Be Continued.]

## WHEN THE PREMIER DOZES.

Scenes in the British Parliament That Afford Great Amusement to the Spectators.

It may not be becoming in the premiers of Great Britain that they sometimes fall into a doze during the sessions of parliament, but they nevertheless do, though on rare occasions, says a London paper. Lord North was the duke of Devonshire of the eighteenth century. His parliamentary epiphany might have been: "He yawned and yawned and yawned and fell asleep." Indignant orators were constantly complaining of his refusal to listen to their speeches, and the premier had a way of humiliating them.

"Even now, in these perils, the noble lord is asleep," burst out an angry member of the opposition, and Lord North, waking up, exclaimed: "I wish I was." "The physician should never quarrel with his own medicine," the sleepy minister retorted to another grumbler, and to a speaker who impeached him of all sorts of crimes and called attention to the fact that he was dozing Lord North complained that it was cruel to deny him the solace which other criminals enjoyed—that of a night's rest before they met their fate.

But the best of all the stories of the sleeping premier is that of the peer who bored parliament with a history of shipbuilding from the days of Noah and his ark. North dozed at the mention of the ark, and slept on till the speaker reached the Spanish armada, when a colleague awoke him. "Where are we now?" asked North, only to be told that they were then in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Dear, dear," exclaimed the prime minister, "why not let me sleep a century or two more?"

"Chicago is on the top limb of course," said the drummer who was just returning from a trip, says an exchange of that city, "but they have a graceful way of doing things farther west."

"I was staying at a hotel in an Iowa town a few nights ago when a bellboy woke me out of my first sleep to hand me in the card of a man I had never heard of and to ask me to come down to the office at once."

"Tell him I'm in bed," I replied.

"Yes, sah, but he wants to see you mighty bad."

"Then he may take it out in wanting. I'll see him in the morning."

"But he can't wait," persisted the boy.

"Then he can move on."

"But he dun won't, and de night clerk says you'd better come down. Needn't be in no great hurry, sah, but come down when you is all ready and bring your grip along."

"I saw that something was up," continued the drummer, "and I got out of bed and dressed myself. I began to smell smoke as I dressed, but the elevator was running, and there was no excitement."

"The night clerk was putting the books and valuables in the big safe, and as I walked up to the counter he smilingly said:

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Blank, and I didn't until the last minute, but as a matter of fact the hotel is on fire and has got to go. Nothing to pay, thank you, and may I kindly ask you to step outdoors before the ceiling comes down on your head?"

"Some years ago I visited an old friend of mine in Minneapolis," said a well-known Milwaukee railroad man, "and he spent considerable time taking me about to show me the many interesting places in that interesting city. One day he took me out to see the famous Minnehaha falls, and after I had feasted my eyes on this beautiful work of nature he invited me to accompany him down the gulch through which the little stream flows—at least half a mile—and there called my attention to a little cascade that is an exact miniature of Minnehaha falls."

"What do you call this cascade?" I asked of my friend.

"We call this Minne Giggles,"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS

## VALUE OF COW PEAS.

A Crop That Makes Poor Land So Fertile That It Afterward Is Good Enough for Anything.

We have shown pictures of the seed and the little cow-pea plants, now in the cut an idea is given of the full-sized plant! The way the crop grows when the conditions are right is enough to make a lazy man get up and beat the dust out of his own clothes. We do not all agree as to the best plan to follow with cow peas, as the following note from J. H. Hale will show: "I read with interest everything you print about the cow pea, and you are all right to feed it on poor land, but



PERFECT COWPEA VINES.

when you say 'no one should think of sowing cow peas on good soil' you are 'way' way off. They are worth many times their cost in the way they improve the mechanical condition of the soil, and I have seldom seen much of our good lands in the east that are not somewhat improved by the addition of a little nitrogen. I sow cow peas on every inch of good land, as well as poor, that I can find available for this plant during its season. Just now I am clearing up a rough, rocky, brush pasture that is too tough to plow, so with an extra heavy cut away I am chewing it up and seeding it thickly with cow peas." What we meant was that on the average farm it is better to grow corn or some similar crop when the soil is already good enough to grow it. Put the cow peas on poor land and make it good enough to grow what you need!—Rural New Yorker.

## THE ABUSE OF SHADE.

Too Many Trees and Shrubs Around the Farm House Produce Unhealthy Dampness.

For our hot summers shade around the house seems to be an absolute necessity. It is well to remember, however, that, like most other good things, we may use shade that it becomes absolutely harmful. It has often been observed that while a house is new and has little shade it is healthy, but after the house is buried under trees the family begins to suffer from various diseases, which when the trees were small and cast little shade they were entirely free from.

The explanation is this: When a house is buried in shade, it becomes dark and damp. Darkness and dampness are both favorable for the growth of molds, mildews and disease germs. Sunlight dries the house and kills out-right the germs of most of our formidable diseases. Rheumatism and consumption thrive especially in dark and damp houses.

In the dark dirt accumulates; disease runs rampant in dirt and dampness. And then in darkness and dirt the arch enemy of man, the devil, too is at home, and we have the quartet—darkness, dirt, disease and the devil.

Shade should be around the house, not over it. Let there be open places all around the house, so that the sun may shine directly upon it. This will keep it dry and wholesome.

Another evil which comes with too many trees is the shutting off of the currents of air so necessary when it is very hot. Heat is much more endurable with plenty of moving air than it is when there is no circulation whatever. Plant trees, plant them in abundance, but not too close to the house, and when they become too dense cut some of them out. Remember the injunctions: "Be temperate in all things."—Hold fast to that which is good.—G. G. Groff, in N. Y. Tribune.

Wearing Pigs Too Early.

A series of eight experiments recently demonstrated the advisability of keeping pigs on sows as long as possible, consistent with the healthy and strong condition of the mother says Farmers' Guide. This for many reasons, chief of which is that a sow and her pigs together will extract more nourishment from a given quantity of food than will the weaned pig alone. The sow and pigs were separately weighed each week and any loss or gain of the sow was deducted from or added to the increased weight of the pigs. The pigs were allowed to remain on the sow for ten weeks, then a similar course of feeding was carried on with the pigs for seven weeks. The sow and pigs consumed on an average 231 pounds of meal and 534 pounds of skim milk in making a similar increase.

Valuable Salve for Horses.

A salve valuable to horsemen, says the New York Tribune, may be made of equal quantities by measure of pine tar, sulphur and lard. Mix the sulphur with the tar and stir it well, then add the lard and stir again. Set it on the stove and simmer for six hours, occasionally stirring it. It will cure the scratches on horses, and galls from the harness. For scratches thoroughly wash and clean the parts with castile or some other good kind of soap, and then rub on the salve.

## PREPARE FOR DROUGHT.

Many Seasons That Begin with Copious Downpours of Rain End in Dry Spells.

A look ahead is worth more than a dozen glances behind, unless the latter are used to draw a lesson from. After the drought it is poor consolation to say that if we had done so and so the crops would have been saved. It is better to be prepared for a drought early in the season, and to do this is simply to give the crops the cultivation they actually need. First we should do our plowing as early as possible, and then the harrow and cultivator should follow the plow, at regular intervals. By giving early and deep and continued cultivation we accumulate moisture in the soil so that we have a surplus to withstand any ordinary droughts. But to retain a surplus of moisture the soil must be in a finely pulverized condition. Lumpy and cloddy soil soon parts with moisture, either through soaking down into the subsoil or being carried away by the winds and sun. Deep plowing is necessary at first, but surface cultivation thereafter is best. The few inches of topsoil that is finely pulverized may then dry out by the hot weather and winds, but the roots of the plants will find a moist subsoil which they can run down to. This is beneficial to the plants because it strengthens their power of resistance to drought and makes them sturdier and more vigorous growers. Surface feeding plants are always the first to succumb to drought.

One should use the roller more freely on soils to store up moisture against drought. This is particularly true on very light, loose soils where the capillary openings are always so large that water passes too readily upward and downward. The roller compresses this soil and makes it firmer, so the movement of the water is slower. Rapid movement of the water in the soil, either upward or downward, is to be avoided. The soil that holds it and refuses to part with it is what we need. We can get such mechanical conditions in almost any soil if we plow, harrow, cultivate and roll properly. Such preparations against drought are the best that can be done, for if the dry spell does not appear the plants will be benefited by the cultivation to such an extent as to pay for all the trouble.—W. E. Farmer, in Boston South.

## POPULAR IN SOUTH.

Outdoor Fresh-Air Closets for the Storage of All Sorts of Household Necessities.

It is common in the south for country folks to have a sort of outdoor fresh air closet, a small detached structure set in the shadiest place possible, standing upon four tall legs, with a flat shingled roof of barely enough slant to shed the rain. The floor is at least four feet

## from the ground and the whole structure only wide enough to reach well across one's arm. There are shelves all around and the weather boarding up near the roof is drilled with tiny augur holes for ventilation. The door fits tightly and fastens with a lock. Around each of the legs is fastened a tar bandage six inches above the ground, which traps ants, spiders and their ilk. The structure is whitewashed inside and out twice a year. In hot weather shelves and flooring are washed every morning and scoured twice a week. Such a fixture should not cost over three or four dollars, even if one hires it built.—Mrs. T. C. Cummings, in Good Housekeeping.

## TIMELY FARM NOTES.

The best way to keep weeds out of the fields is to keep fertility in. The grass will then assert itself and conquer the weeds.

Whether potatoes are to be grown on the level or in ridges depends largely on the soil and to some extent on the season. It would be a mistake to attempt to raise potatoes by level culture in a clay soil badly drained.

When once established alfalfa should be cut at least three times yearly, the first cutting occurring in June, well before the usual time of haying. If cutting be delayed quality suffers. It must, therefore, be grown by itself, unmixed with grass.

## Valuable Salve for Horses.

A salve valuable to horsemen, says the New York Tribune, may be made of equal quantities by measure of pine tar, sulphur and lard. Mix the sulphur with the tar and stir it well, then add the lard and stir again. Set it on the stove and simmer for six hours, occasionally stirring it. It will cure the scratches on horses, and galls from the harness. For scratches thoroughly wash and clean the parts with castile or some other good kind of soap, and then rub on the salve.

## Outdoor Fresh Air Closet.

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