

MURDER WILL OUT

By Edith Austin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This synthesis of psychic sugges-

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

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

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

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



I Reached into the Hollow Trunk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

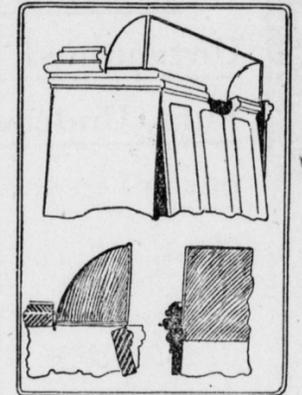
Here ended the first entry in my grandfather's diary.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

SOUND DEFLECTOR FOR PIANOS

Arrangement by Which the Sound Is Thrown Out Into the Room.

It does seem rather odd that the source of music in a piano should be completely boxed up in a case, so that the sound waves must first penetrate the case before they can reach our ears. To be sure, some pianos are provided with a swinging front, and a hinged lid at the top, which may be opened to prevent complete muffling of the sound; but the sound is deflected downward by the hinged front, or passes directly up to the ceiling when the top of the case is open. In the accompanying engraving, says the Scientific American, we illustrate a device which may be placed over the



Sound Deflector.

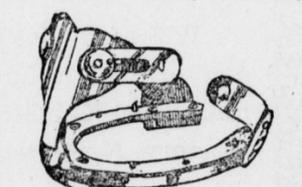
open top of the piano to deflect the sound waves issuing therefrom, and direct them to the audience in the room or concert hall. The deflector is a very simple device of light construction, comprising two end boards connected by a curved back of such form as properly to direct the sound into the room. The end boards are formed with cushioned flanges adapted to rest on the side wall and thus prevent lateral displacement. In consequence, the deflector does not need to be fastened in place, but may be readily set in position or removed without operating any fastening means. By its use the full volume of sound passes in concentrated form into the room without being diffused. A patent on this sound deflector has recently been secured by a Newport, R. I., man.

THE NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

New Invention by Which Every Man Can Do His Own Shoeing.

By means of this nailless horse shoe, the inventor declares, every farmer may become his own horse-shoer.

The base of the nailless horseshoe is made very much like the ordinary shoe, except that the toe and heel calks are removable. They are fastened by short, heavy screws from the upper side. If, in icy weather, a "rough shod" is desired, the smooth calks which are usually used in dry



The Nailless Horseshoe.

weather, may be taken off and replaced with sharp ones. The shoe is held in place by clamps made of rolled steel that is so pliable it may be doubled without breaking. The band, or clamp, touches the shoe at each heel and at the toe, but does not cross the back of the hoof, thus affording the natural expansion of the frog when the weight of the animal is thrown upon it. There are four short brads coming up from the sole of the shoe which extend into the shell of the hoof a quarter of an inch. They are merely to stay the shoe. The shoe is fastened on with the aid of a small wrench.

This shoe may be taken off or replaced at will. Every part of the years. All that is necessary is to have on hand a few extra calks, which any farmer or horseman may replace.

Hornets as Protection Against Flies.

A Maine woman owns the best protection against the ubiquitous fly. It is nothing but a simple hornet's nest, that hangs just outside the house door. Its inmates are so tamed by the kindness of their owner that they never molest or sting her. Not a fly has entered the house since the installation of this unique flytrap.

Troublesome Metal Nodules.

If metallic iron is melted along with copper or brass, it is said that part enters the alloy and becomes chemically combined, and the remainder separates in pellets or nodules of the hardness of steel. These nodules are the source of much trouble in brass, as they injure tools to an alarming extent.

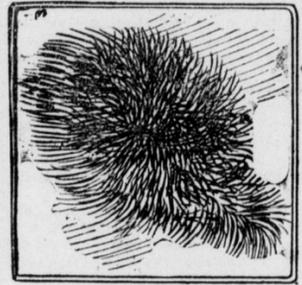
Underwater Bell.

Experiments are being made at the Ausenzjade lightship with a bell fixed beneath the surface of the water, to ascertain how far sound signals interfere with one another.

A DEADLY PLANT.

Sharp, Barbed Seed Vessels Which Penetrate Vitals of Animals.

A plant that is often fatal to animal life, not on account of any poisonous qualities, but because of the penetrating effect of its sharp barbed seed-vessels, is described by a French botanist, Mr. Blanchard, in the Archives de Parasitologie (Paris).



Mass of Stipa Grass.

We quote below, says the Literary Digest, from an abstract made for the Revue Scientifique. Says the writer: "In South America chiefly in Patagonia up to Bahia Blanca, and also in the province of Santa Fe and in Uruguay, there are large grasses of the genus Stipa, which grow in the spring, and whose misdeeds have been exposed by Mr. Blanchard.

"These grasses have a fruit about 75 millimeters (three inches) long, made up of three parts; first, a short basal portion formed of a conical axis with a very sharp point covered with sharp stiff hairs directed backward; second, a cylindrical part formed of a membrane enclosing the seed; and third, a shaft like that of an arrow.

"All the Stipas of South America have these arrows, which, when the wind blows, strike people in the face and hands, and produce very painful wounds; they are so abundant that they adhere to the fences, forming a continuous fringe miles in length, and giving the illusion of vast lines of loam. A man may get rid of the darts that light on his beard, hair or clothes, but if he neglects to pluck them off at once they penetrate the thickest garments and reach the skin; if an attempt is made to withdraw them they break, and the seed remains embedded in the cloth, being removed with great difficulty. In any case, although man may contend successfully against them, animals are unable to do so, and the sheep that are bred in such numbers on the pampas are their chief victims; the darts of the Stipa penetrate their eyeballs and blind them, so that, being no longer able to find their way about, they die of hunger and thirst. The seeds also form amid the hair of the feet, and over the whole cutaneous surface a mass of sharp points which every movement pushes into the flesh, giving rise to ulcers, to which the animal generally succumbs.

"The darts also penetrate into the salivary glands of herbivorous animals, where they accumulate in great masses; these form especially under the tongue, where they render difficult the movements of the organ and the prehension of food.

"The genus Stipa is disseminated throughout warm and temperate regions, but is rarely found in Europe. There are about a hundred species, of which four are found in France, but as these grasses are driven out by cultivation, they are seldom found in gardens and fields, and are not at all dangerous to cattle in France."

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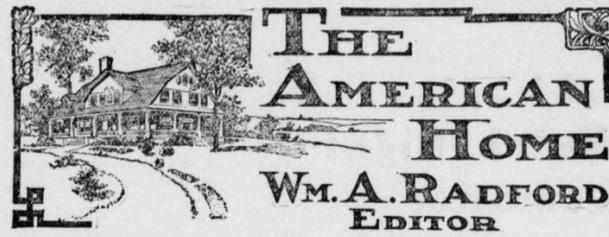
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MIMICRY IN NATURE.

How Birds and Insects Protect Themselves from Notice and Attack.

An official of the National museum at Washington, who has made many trips abroad in the interest of that institution, states that in South American forests the butterflies and the birds are equally brilliant in their colors, but that the butterflies, being weaker, fall a prey to the birds. One very bright-hued species of butterfly, however, is not disturbed by the birds, on account of the disagreeable odor that it emits. Singularly enough, some other groups of butterflies, which resemble in color the species just described, also escape persecution by the birds, although they emit no odor. It is evident that the similarity of color deceives the birds, and thus serves as a shield for the butterflies. This sort of mimicry of color and form, which naturalists call "protective resemblance," is not very uncommon among insects.

Another form of "protective resemblance" which exhibits much contrivance and skill is sometimes found among birds. Some birds hide their eggs among stones that resemble the eggs in form and color. The little "bottle tit" in England weaves a bottle shaped nest out of moss, lichens and spiders' webs, and when placed in a tree or bush the nest so closely resembles its surroundings that it can hardly be detected. The color and appearance of the nest are imitations of the prevailing color and appearance of the particular tree in which it is placed.

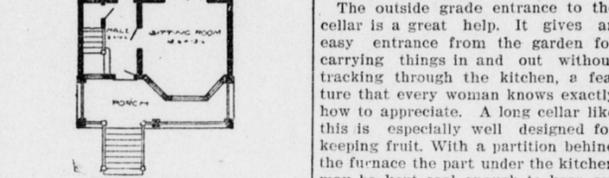


THE AMERICAN HOME

Wm. A. Radford
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 154 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Building a house for a home is one of the most interesting propositions that a man can undertake. Every married man expects to build a house and every single man hopes to do so some time. If he doesn't he is not constructed on the right plan. It often



First Floor Plan.

happens that a man has a small family which may consist of himself and wife and possibly one small child. They don't want a large house, they don't need it and they don't want the care of it, but at the same time it is only business to build in such a way that the house may be sold if occasion should require. But no matter how small the house may be, a woman wants the down stairs to appear right. She naturally takes pride in having a well-arranged house neatly furnished



and well kept. If the plan suits her she is perfectly happy in working out the details.

In this plan only two rooms are finished off upstairs. About one-third of the upper floor is left unfinished to be used as an attic store room. This saves expense when building, and the housewife has fewer rooms to take care of afterwards. Two rooms may be added here any time in the future at very little expense.

Two bedrooms and bathroom upstairs makes a very nice arrangement for a family of two, and leaves a spare bedroom for use when required. The bedroom downstairs may be made into a library, if so desired. It is really more appropriate for this purpose than it is for a bedroom, if so wanted by the family. Families are different; their tastes and requirements are different; what suits one would not suit another, but this room would make a very nice library or smoking den, and that is what every man should have. If he doesn't smoke, some of his friends do, and most women object to having tobacco smoke scattered promiscuously through any other part of the house, and they cannot be blamed for this objection. The house means more to a woman than it does to a man, and it is her pride and ambition to have it exactly right and to have things as nice and delicate as her keen sense of propriety suggests.

The sitting room and dining room in this plan are almost like one long room. The archway between may be fitted with portieres or not. If portieres are used and looped well back the view is not obstructed to any great extent, and a company of a dozen or two may comfortably occupy the two rooms. The general plan of this house is what used to be called the Boston style. It is rather after the long and narrow order, being 22 feet wide and 38 feet long, exclusive of porches.

There are some advantages in a house of this shape. You get more light and better air. The rooms may be placed to better advantage without using diagonal partitions, which are objectionable because they do not leave nice corners to place good pieces of furniture. Every corner in this house is square, except the bay windows, and nobody wants a square corner in a place of this kind. The

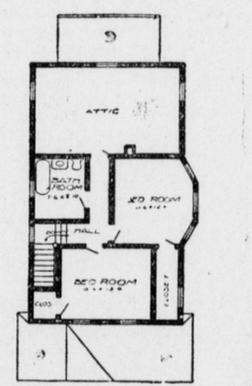
display here is principally composed of curtains and a nice chair or two designed for looks as well as comfort. The general air of this house is what may be called "tony." It has a neat, clean, dignified appearance, rather on the prosperous order, but the beauty is in the design rather than in the expensive finish. The materials are good but ordinary, no unnecessary work or expense is specified, but everything is plain and substantial.

The back porch is a feature a little out of the ordinary. It is intended for a sort of a summer addition to the kitchen, an out door work room that may be enclosed with climbing vines and furnished with a couple of old-fashioned rocking chairs, with gingham-covered cushions, somewhat on the grandmother order, but comfortable as everyone knows. This back porch offers a good place for an ice box, especially in the summer time, which is the only time in the year when an ice box in this kind of a house is really necessary. The cellar is cool enough at other times, and is fairly convenient to the kitchen.

The outside grade entrance to the cellar is a great help. It gives an easy entrance from the garden for carrying things in and out without tracking through the kitchen, a feature that every woman knows exactly how to appreciate. A long cellar like this is especially well designed for keeping fruit. With a partition behind the furnace the part under the kitchen may be kept cool enough to keep apples and vegetables without drying up. The cellar walls are built with cement mortar and broken stone or rubble. All stone wall surfaces are plastered outside and the joints filled and beaded with black beading, which gives the wall an attractive finish. If the house faces the north it would be better to put the fruit room in the front end of the cellar. The north end is several degrees cooler than the run furnace pipes past the partition south end, and it is not necessary to in the sitting room.

the sitting room and the next hottest pipe in the bathroom.

The old-fashioned way of heating a house was to lead the biggest pipe to the lower hall and let the air float upstairs naturally, but natural conditions cannot always be depended upon to furnish good results. A good furnace man, if given plans before the building is started, can lay out a system of pipes that will heat every room without passing the air through the front hall. There is another extreme to this proposition, and that is to keep the front hall shut off and not have any air carried in that direction. This is as much of a mistake as the other. Ventilation is just as important as heat and you cannot have good ventilation with the hallway shut off.



Second Floor Plan.