One Thing George Didn't Know. They were walking on a hillside over-looking Lake Champlain.

"George, dear," she said, "how charming

it is to get away from the heated city and its artificial life and spend a few weeks among these simple rustics. What are those little green things growing on those

trees? They look like gooseberries."
"Those are apples, Mabel."
"George, how absurd you are! Apples!

Those little things? I'm going to ask this

wee country girl and see."
"Nonsense, Mabel: don't display your

ignorance. Don't you think I know? Those

are apples in their first stage, far from ripe

yet, small and green. Gooseberries don't

What is the reason of that, dear?"

one tree ripen so far ahead of the other?"

"What a little tease it is," said be. "Per

haps the wind shook them off; perhaps

caterpi are destroyed the buds; perhaps a

"Now, George, dear, just let me see if

"Little girl, can you tell me why this tree has not a single apple on it, while the

"Canth itth not an apple tree, ma'am."

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

shoes or the method in which they are

utilized. A few of the more respectable

east off shoes are sometimes repaired and

sold again for a no amai price to some per-

son who is not fast admis; but as a general

In France children's shoes are cut from

the larger pieces which are obtained by

ripping up old boots, but in this country

as well as abroad the practice now is to

substitute for the real article, cheap and

Of late the manufacture of an artificial

leather wall covering, selling under a high

sounding name, makes a market for all

the wornout boots and shoes of the Amer-

ican people, so that in its revised form the

discarded foot wear of the most wretched

years upon the scenes of splendor such as

the forlorn wearer saw not even in dreams.

the manufacture of buttons, combs, knife

handles and other articles which are inter-

esting, but of which the public know little.

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frame makers consume this artificial

leather to a certain extent for their cheap

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er grades of work .- Youth's Companion.

There are other uses as well, including

comparatively worthless of course.

rule they are not to older uses.

Few persons know what becomes of old

And it wasn't .- New York Tribune.

dozen things, dear. Agriculture is a pre-carious pursuit."

"Perhaps he likes them green."

this little girl knows."

row on trees, anyway, they grown on



CHAPTER V.

After that momentons interview I presented myself to my astonished relatives. These were two lovable old maids, sisters of my mother, who had passed the best part of their existence in the Cathedral square of Marshminster. They knew everybody and "labout everybody and pottered it life with the assistance of a como. ...ore income which they shared in common, a trifle of gossip and a series of afternoon teas. At the daily services of the cathedral they were always to be seen and were intimately acquainted with the dean and chapter. Even the bishop condescended to take tea with them on occasions, and they held their heads high in consequence. Moreover, they loved me greatly, though I was but a graceless nephew

to the good souls. When I made my appearance, the Misses Durrant received me with open arms. They had not expected me till much later in the month, but had already prepared for my reception. My portmantean width I had ordered to be sent down, I am handen, and arrived, the bestale of the remains theremolely weil sired, and Rachel, their bandmaiden, special for me a sumpruous meal. When I washed and clothed myself anew, I made an excellent meal, for the long tramp from the Fen inn made me hungry. I then sat down for a chat and a smoke.

"I think he may, Jane," hinted So-

"If he sits near the open window, Sophia, " was the firm reply, whereupon, this little comedy having been gone through, as usual, I produced my pipe and took my appointed station. Thus settled, I made inquiries about Bellin Hall and its inmates.

"I see you have the London beauty down here, aunt." "Olivia Bellin," said they both in a

breath and then sighed. "Is there anything to mourn about, Aunt Jane?" I asked, pricking up my

ears for useful information which I knew these gossips could supply. "Ah." sighed Annt Jane, folding her withered hands, "who knows the wick-

edness of the heart?" "Olivia's heart." "Dear me, no, Lionel," said Aunt Sophia scandalized. "She is a good girl -as good as she is lovely-and not so

silly as her mother," concluded the old lady, with feminine spite. "Then to whose heart do you allude?" This question started a duet between the two old ladies.

Francis Briarfield! You remember. Jane?" "Yes, Sophia. That hussy with the

feather boa"-"Was seen speaking to him in the cathedral by Bishop Jevon's tomb." "And he seemed very intimate with

"Still, Jane, he was glad when she

left Marshminster." "Rather relieved, I think, Sophia." "And poor Olivia Bellin knew nothing about his wickedness," they con-

cluded together. My heart beat rapidly. In this idle talk I saw a link which would bind Felix Briarfield to the girl at the Fen inn. "Was she a pretty girl?" I asked with

well simulated carelessness." "Handsome is as handsome does," snorted Aunt Jane, who was remarksbly plain herself.

Sure, sister, she was not ill looking," said the gentler Sophia, who had been a toast in her youth. "She had a good figure and dark hair and eyes. I admired her complexion, Jane. It was like cream and a dimple here," finished Sophia, touching her chin. "A pretty, pretty dimple." "Sophia!"

"Well, it was a pretty dimple, Jane. No one can deny that."

In this description I espied Rose Strent, especially as regards the dimple. I had noticed it myself. Evidently there was an understanding between this woman and Felix which had led her to taking up her quarters in the Fen inn with her father, if indeed the landlord was her father-a fact I was beginning to doubt. I set the garrulous ladies off on another tack.

"Do you know anything about the

Fen inn, Aunt Jane?" "The lone inu, child? Never name it! In my youth it was the scene of a terrible murder, and since that time ing. no one has lived in it save one man."

"It is now in ruins," said Sophia, with bated breath, "and is said to be

"Does any one go near it?" "No one. I don't think there is a near the lone inn after dark. Two years it, but he did not stay longer than a week.

"What became of him?" "He disappeared," said Aunt Sophia, nodding her head solemnly, "vanished altogether. It was supposed that he was drowned in the marshes. The house is still furnished, I believe, but no one goes near it."

"What about the landlord?"

"It's in chancery," said Aunt Jane wisely. "It has no landlord." After this discussion I went to bed with plenty to think about. I saw well enough that Strent and his daughter had taken up their abode in the ruined house for a certain purpose. That purpose was, I verily believed, to encompass the death of Francis Briarfield, and now that it was accomplished they disappeared. As Aunt Sophia said, the furniture of the former proprietor was still there, so a touch or two had rendered the house habitable. This accounted for their unwillingness to receive me as a guest and for the mildewed aspect of the rooms which had struck me so forcibly. A second tragedy had accentuated the evil reputation of the house. But, while the first tragedy was known to all, the second was known only to my-

self and to-Felix Briarfield. I felt certain that he was conn

in some way with the unexpected death of his brother. Francis had been lured to that lonely inn for the purpose of being murdered, and the crime had been secomplished by Street and his daughter. So far as I knew, Felix had not been near the house on the night in question, yet he was without doubt morally guilty of the crime. Olivia, believing him to be her lover Francis, did not place much faith in my story, but surely, when she was convinced by the sight of the dead body and I had torn the mask from the face of Felix, she would let me deal with him as he deserved.

Next morning I was up betimes, and telling my aunts I would not be back till late went round to the sole livery stables possessed by Marshminster. These were kept by Bob Fundy, a bow legged little man, who had been a jockey in his youthful days and who was a great friend of mine. He expressed great toy at my reappearance in Marshminster and mounted me on the best of his steeds. I was in too great a harry to exchange a words with the sel out at once won I regretted no ds of explanation we saved memuca

At 10 o'clock I was at the park gates, but Felix and Olivia had not yet put in an appearance. I intended to denounce Felix as a murderer in the presence of his brother's dead body and to tell Miss Bellin of his friendship with Rose Strent. Jealousy, if nothing else, might make her guess the truth and prevent Felix carrying on the shameless imposture in which he now indulged so inso lently. Once I proved the identity of the dead man by means of the pearl ring, which Olivia would recognize, I hoped to make short work of the pretensions of Felix. It was a difficult task, but I was now seized with what is known as detective fever and determined to run the assassin to earth. His name, I firmly believed, was Edward Strent and that Felix was an accomplice. It was questionable whether Rose Strent had taken any active part in the commission of the crime.

In a few minutes I saw them riding



In a few minutes I saw them riding down

the avenue. some couple, and I sighed to think how the outward appearance of Felix belied his foul pirit. Olivia looked remarkably beautiful and managed her horse to perfection As they drew near I noticed their haggard looks, as though they had passed the night without sleep, and again the thought flashed through my mind that there might be an understanding between them.

But, however much Olivia knew, I felt sure she was ignorant that Francis had been done to death by his brother.

else even she would have recoiled from so base a scoundrel. "Here we are, you see," said Felix defiantly as I raised my hat to Miss

Bellin, "quite ready to set out on this wild goose chase." "I am afraid you will find it more se

rious than you think, Briarfield." "At all events, we won't find that body you speak of." "I am certain you will, Mr. Felix Bri-

arfield." "You still insist that Francis is Fe

lix?" said Olivia as we rode on together "I am absolutely certain of it."

"What about this?" interposed Felix, reining up his horse and handing in a "Olivia received it this mount

I glanced at the telegram. I: from Felix in Paris to Olivia at 1. minster and stated that he was going to Italy in a few days, but hoped to return for the wedding. I handed it back without remark, but it struck me as man in the country who would venture strange that such matter should have been sent by wire instead of by post. ago a stranger refurnished and repaired The telegram, to my mind, was another move in the game Felix was playing so

"Well, Denham," he said, restoring it to his pocket, "you see by that telegram that Felix is in Paris, and, if so, I

must be Francis." "In that case," said I, looking at him keenly, "who is the dead man at the Fen inn."

"There is none there," he answered jestingly, yet with a lurking anxiety which I was quick to note. "I have no third brother. We are twins, not trip-

lets." I vouchsafed no reply to this witticism, which I judged to be in bad taste, but rode on rapidly. By this time we had left the town far behind and were some way on the winding road which crossed the marshes. Miss Bellin evidently did not desire to talk, for she pushed forward well in front, and as Felix also relapsed into silence we rode on smartly without uttering a word. A more dismal riding party I never saw. The keen wind brought a touch of color into the pale cheeks of Olivia, but she had dark circles under her eyes and looked considerably worried. Felix rode by her side and addressed her every now and then, but I was too far in the rear to know what they said. I felt anything but comfortable while in their compa-

ny, as they regarded me with great dis-

"Never mind," I thought, touching my horse with the whip, "Once I bring Felix face to face with his dead brother, and he will be forced to abandon these airs. At whatever cost, I must tear the mask off him, if only for the sake of that poor girl, who believes so firmly in such a villain." There was no change in the appearance of the Fen inn as we rode up to it save that it looked more ruinous than ever. The solitary building had a sinister aspect, and even in the bright sunshine hinted at secret murder. I noticed how thick grew the grass around the house, thereby marking more strongly its desertion and desolation. Sure enough, it had not been inhabited for a considerable period, and this fact alone roused my suspicious as to the motives of Strent and his daughter. They could have no good design in staying in so haggard a dwelling.

"You see, the inn is a ruin," said Olivia, pointing toward it with her riding whip. "No one oguld find shelter there even for one night."

"I did, Miss Bellin." "It was a dream, " she answered-"an idle dream. You may have slept there, but you never met Francis within its

"We are on a fool's errand," said Felix derisively. "I thought so all along."
"Come and see," I said, dismounting at the door of the inn. "He laughs best

who laughs last." It seemed to me that Olivia made as though to turn her horse's head away others are fairly loaded?" from the house, but by this time the hand of Felix was already on the bridle rein, and she suppressed the momentary inclination to fice. The action revived my suspiciona. With a half sigh she dismounted with the aid of Felix, and we entered the house.

All was as I had left it. The blinds were down, the room mildewed and desolate, the fireplace filled with heaps of gray ashos. Olivia drew her riding skirts closely round her and shuddered. I led up stairs to the room of Francis. Here the door had fallen down, and we convert the scraps into a leather pulp, walked on it into the room. To my sur- which may be so treated as to produce a prise, the bed was empty.

"Well, Denham," said Felix after a pause, "where is the dead body to whom you have given my name?" "Some one has been here and taken it

"I don't think so. The absence of the body only proves the truth of what I of earth's children may look down for said from the first. You dreamed your

adventure." Before I could reply Olivia burst into hysterical tears. The strain on her nerves was very great, and now that the climax was reached she broke down utterly. Felix took her in his arms and soothed her as he best could, while I, utterly bewildered by the turn events had taken, carefully searched the room. All was in vain. I could find neither body nor clothes nor aught pertaining to Francis Briarfield. I began to think to myself that I must be dreaming. But that was out of the question. The only conclusion I could come to was that Strent had watched me leave the house and then returned to make away with the body. Without doubt it was Strent who had slain my unfortunate friend and now had hidden the corpse in some

quaking bog. When Olivia broke down, Felix her from the room, and I went to the front door, there to find them mounted on their horses.

"We are going back to Marshminster," said Felix, gathering up his reins. 'Thanks to this wild goose chase, Miss Bellin is quite ill. I trust now, sir, that you are convinced.' "I am not convinced that you are

Francis," I answered doggedly. "You still think I am Felix?" he asked, with a sneer. "I do, notwithstanding the disappear-

ance of the body, which has been made away with by Strent. I firmly believe that Francis is dead and that you are Felix Briarfield." "As we have seen nothing, Mr. Den-

ham," said Miss Bellin coldly, "I must decline to believe your statement. This gentleman is Francis, and Felix is in Paris."

"Very good," said I quietly. "Then I leave for Paris tomorrow.' "For what reason?"

"I go to seek Felix. You say he is in Paris. I say he is now before me on that horse. You came to the Fen inn and found nobody, Miss Bellin. I go to Paris-to the Hotel des Etrangers-and I'll wager that I shall find no Felix." They looked at one another in silence

for a few moments. My remark evidently scared them. "Are you going to put this matter in the hands of the police?" asked Felix. "It is useless to do so now, as the body of your brother has disappeared. I

shall go to Paris, and if I do not find Felix there"-"Well?" she said, seeing I hesitated. "I will tell the police all and have this neighborhood searched," I said,

concluding my sentence. Olivia laughed scornfully and rode away, while Felix, preparing to follow,

uttered a last word: "Consult a doctor, Denham, at once. You are mad or subject to hallucina-

And with that he set off at a smart

trot, and I was left alone at the door of the inn. After the extraordinary experiences I had undergone I began to think there migh be something in what he said. Nevertheless I determined for my own satisfaction to go to Paris and see if Felix Briarfield was at the Hotel dos Etrangers. If he were not, the my suspicions might prove to be correct, but if he were then I might believe that

my adventure at the inu was a dream. TO B CONTINUED

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