

# THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

## CHAPTER XXXII.—(Cont'd.)

"You have become famous," she said. "Do you know that you are going to be made a lion?"

"I suppose the papers have been talking a lot of rot," he answered bluntly. "I've had a fairly rough time, and I'm glad to tell you this, Miss Wendermott—I don't believe I'd ever have succeeded but for your nephew Fred. He's the pluckiest boy I ever knew."

"I am very pleased to hear it," she answered. "He's a dear boy."

"He's a brick," Trent answered. "We've been in some queer scrapes together—I've lots of messages for you! By the by, are you alone?"

"For the moment," she answered; "Mr. Davenant left me as you came up. I'm with my cousin, Lady Tresham. She's on the lawn somewhere."

He looked down the paddock and back to her.

"Walk with me a little way," he said, "and I will show you Iris before she starts."

"You!" she exclaimed.

He pointed to the card. It was surely an accident that she had not noticed it before. Mr. Trent's Iris was amongst the entries for the Gold Cup.

"Why, Iris is the favorite!"

He nodded.

"So they tell me! I've been rather lucky, haven't I, for a beginner? I found a good trainer and I had second call on Cannon, who's riding him. If you care to back him for a trifle I think you'll be all right, although the odds are nothing to speak of."

She was walking by his side now towards the quieter end of the paddock.

"I hear you have been to Torquay," he said, looking at her critically, "it seems to have agreed with you. You are looking well!"

She returned his glance with slightly uplifted eyebrows, intending to convey by that and her silence a rebuke to his boldness. He was blandly unconscious, however, of her intent, being occupied just then in returning the greetings of passers-by. She bit her lip and looked straight ahead.

"After all," he said, "unless you are very better on seeing Iris, I think we'd better give it up. There are too many people around her already."

"Just as you like," she answered, "only it seems a shame that you shouldn't look over your own horse before the race if you want to. Would you like to try alone?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "I shall see plenty of her later. Are you fond of horses?"

"Very."

"Go to many race-meetings?"

"Whenever I get the chance—I always come here."

"It is a great sight," he said thoughtfully looking around him. "Are you here just for the pleasure of it, or are you going to write about it?"

She laughed.

"I'm going to write about some of the dresses," she said. "I'm afraid no one would read my racing notes."

"I hope you'll mention your own," he said coolly. "It's quite the prettiest here."

She scarcely knew whether to be amused or offended.

"You are a very downright person, Mr. Trent," she said.

"You don't expect me to have acquired manners yet, do you?" he answered drily.

"You have acquired a great many things," she said, "with surprising facility. Why not manners?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No doubt they will come, but I shall want a lot of polishing. I wonder—"

"Well?"

"Whether any one will ever think it worth while to undertake the task."

She raised her eyes and looked him full in the face. She had made up her mind exactly what to express—and she failed altogether to do it. There was a fire and a strength in the clear, grey eyes fixed so earnestly upon hers which disconcerted her altogether. She was desperately angry with herself and desperately uneasy.

"You have the power," she said with slight coldness, "to buy most things. By the by, I was thinking just now how sad it was that your partner did not live. He shared the work with you, didn't he? It seems such hard lines that he could not have shared the reward!"

He showed no sign of emotion such as she had expected, and for which she had been narrowly watching him. Only he grew at once more serious, and he led her a little further still from the crush of people. It was the luncheon interval, and though the next race was the most important of the day, the stream of promenaders had thinned off a little.

"It is strange," he said, "that you should have spoken to me of my partner. I have been thinking about him a good deal lately."

"Well, first of all, I am not sure that our agreement was altogether a fair one," he said. "He had a daughter and I am very anxious to find her! I feel that she is entitled to a certain

number of shares in the company, and I want her to accept them."

"Have you tried to find her?" she asked.

He looked steadily at her for a moment, but her parasol had dropped a little upon his side and he could not see her face.

"Yes, I have tried," he said slowly, "and I have suffered a great disappointment. She knows quite well that I am searching for her, and she prefers to remain undiscovered."

"That sounds strange," she remarked, with her eye fixed on the distant Surrey hills. "Do you know her reason?"

"I am afraid," he said deliberately, "that there can be only one. . . . It's a miserable thing to believe of any woman, and I'd be glad—"

He hesitated. She kept her eyes turned away from him, but her manner denoted impatience.

"Over on this side," he continued, "it seems that Monty was a gentleman in his day, and his people were—well, of your order! There was an Earl I believe in the family, and no doubt they are highly respectable. He went wrong once, and of course they never gave him another chance. It isn't their way—that sort of people! I'll admit he was pretty low down when I came across him, but I reckon that was the fault of those who sent him adrift—and after all there was good in him even then. I am going to tell you something, now, Miss Wendermott, which I've often wanted to hear it is, if you're interested enough to hear it."

All the time she was asking herself how much he knew. She motioned him to proceed.

"Monty had few things left in the world worth possessing, but there was one which he had never parted with, which he carried with him always. It was the picture of his little girl, as she had been when his trouble happened."

He stooped a little, as though to see over the white rails, but she was too admiring. Her face remained hidden from him by that little cloud of white lace.

"It is an odd thing about that picture," he went on slowly, "but he showed it to me once or twice, and I too got very fond of it! It was just a little girl's face, very bright and very winsome, and over there we were lonely, and it got to mean a good deal to both of us. And one night Monty would gamble—it was one of his faults, poor chap—and he had nothing left but his picture, and I played him for it—and won!"

"Brute!" she murmured in an odd, choked tone.

"Sounds so, doesn't it? But I wanted that picture. Afterwards came our terrible journey back to the Coast, when I carried the poor old chap on my back day by day, and stood over him at night potting those black beasts when they crept up too close—for they were on our track all the time. I wouldn't tell you the whole story of those days, Miss Wendermott, but it would keep you awake at night; but I've a fancy for telling you this. I'd like you to believe it, for it's gospel truth. I didn't leave him until I felt absolutely and actually certain that he couldn't live an hour. He was passing into unconsciousness, and a crowd of those natives were close upon our heels. So I left him and took the picture with me—and I think since then that it has meant almost as much to me as ever it had been to him."

"That," she remarked, "sounds a little far-fetched—not to say impossible."

"Some day," he answered boldly, "I shall speak to you of this again, and I shall try to convince you that it is truth!"

He could not see her face, but he knew very well in some occult manner that she had parted with some at least of her usual composure. As a matter of fact she was nervous and ill-at-ease.

"You have not yet told me," she said abruptly, "what you imagine can be this girl's reason for remaining unknown."

"I can only guess them," he said gravely; "I can only suppose that she is ashamed of her father and declines to meet any one connected with him. It is very wrong and very narrow of her. If I could talk to her for ten minutes and tell her how the poor old chap used to dream about her and kiss her picture, I can't think but she'd be sorry."

"Try and think," she said, looking still away from him, "that she must have another reason. You say that you liked her picture! Try and be generous in your thought of her for its sake."

"I will try," he answered, "especially—"

"Yes?"

"Especially—because the picture makes me think—sometimes—of you!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Trent had done many brave things in his life, but he had never been conscious of such a distinct thrill of nervousness as he experienced during those few minutes' silence. Ernestine, for her part, was curiously exercised



To Dowager Queen Alexandra, Marlborough House, London, England, born at Copenhagen, Denmark, Dec. 1, 1844.

in her mind. He had shaken her faith in his guilt—he had admitted her to his point of view, and the result was unpleasant. She had a sudden impulse to tell him the truth, to reveal her identity, tell him her reasons for concealment. Perhaps her personal note in his last speech had produced a serious effect on her, and all the time she felt that her silence was emboldening him, as indeed it was.

"The first time I saw you," he went on, "the likeness struck me. I felt as though I were meeting someone whom I had known all my life."

She laughed a little uneasily.

"And you found yourself the victim of an interviewer! What a drop from the romantic to the prosaic!"

"There has never been any drop at all," he answered firmly, "and you have always seemed to me the same as that picture—something quite precious and apart from my life. It's been a poor sort of thing perhaps. I came from the people, I never had any education, I was as rough as most men of my sort, and I have done many things which I would sooner cut off my right hand than do again. But that was when I lived in the darkness. It was before you came."

"Mr. Trent, will you take me back to Lady Tresham, please?"

"In a moment," he answered gravely. "Don't think that I am going to be too rash. I know the time hasn't come yet. I am not going to say any more. Only I want you to know this. The whole success of my life is as nothing compared with the hope of one day—"

"I will not hear another word," she interrupted hastily, and underneath her white veil he could see a scarlet spot of color in her cheeks; in her speech, too, there was a certain tremulousness. "If you will not come with me I must find Lady Tresham alone."

They turned round, but as they neared the middle of the paddock progress became almost impossible. The bell had rung for the principal race of the day and the numbers were going up. The paddock was crowded with others, beside loiterers, looking the horses over and stolidly pushing their way through the little groups to the front rank. From Tattersall's came the roar of clamorous voices. All around were evidences of that excitement which always precedes a great race.

"I think," he said, "that we had better watch the race from the railings. Your gown will be spoilt in the crowd if we try to get out of the paddock, and you probably wouldn't get anywhere in time to see it."

She acquiesced silently, recognizing that, although he had not alluded to it in words, he had no intention of saying anything further at present. Trent, who had been looking forward to the next few minutes with all the eagerness of a man who, for the first time in his life, runs the favorite in a great race, smiled as he realized how very content he was to stay where nothing could be seen until the final struggle was over. They took up their places side by side and leaned over the railing.

"Have you much money on Iris?" she asked.

"A thousand both ways," he answered. "I don't plunge, but as I backed her very early, I got 10 to 1 and 7 to 2. Listen! They're off!"

There was a roar from across the course, followed by a moment's breathless silence. The clamor of voices from Tattersall's subsided, and in its place rose the buzz of excitement from the stands, the murmur of many voices gradually growing in volume. Far away down the straight Ernestine and Trent, leaning over the rail, could see the little colored specks come dancing into sight. The roar of voices once more beat upon the air.

"Nero the Second wins!"

"The favorite's done!"

"Nero the Second for a monkey!"

"Nero the Second romps in!"

"Iris! Iris wins!"

It was evident from the last shout and the gathering storm of excitement that after all it was to be a race. They were well in sight now; Nero the Second and Iris, racing neck and

# PRACTICAL FARMING



## Disinfecting Stables.

In any outbreak of infectious diseases among animals thorough disinfection of the premises is essential to prevent the spread of the contagion. Certain substances, such as fresh slaked lime or unslaked lime in powder form, chloride of lime, carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, formalin, formaldehyde gas, and compound solution of cresol possess the power of destroying bacteria with which they come in contact. To make the use of such substances of value, however, the work must be done with the utmost thoroughness. Careless disinfection is probably worse than none, for it merely serves to give a false sense of security.

The disinfection of stables and premises the following directions should be carefully observed:

First—Sweep ceilings, side walls, stall partitions, floors and other surfaces until free from cobwebs and dust.

Second—Remove all accumulations of filth by scraping, and if woodwork has become decayed, porous or absorbent it should be removed, burned and replaced with new material.

Third—If the floor is of earth remove four inches from the surface and in places where it shows staining with urine a sufficient depth should be replaced to expose fresh earth. All earth removed should be replaced with earth from an uncontaminated source, or a new floor of concrete may be laid, which is very durable and easily cleaned.

Fourth—All refuse and material from stable and barnyard should be removed to a place not accessible to cattle or hogs and covered with freshly slaked lime. If this manure is spread on fields it should be turned under immediately, while the wood should be burned.

Fifth—The entire interior of the stable, especially the feeding troughs and drains, should be saturated with a disinfectant, as a three per cent. solution of compound of cresol, which would be four ounces of the compound to every gallon of water.

The best method of applying the disinfectant is by means of a strong spray pump, such as those used by orchardists.

This method is efficient in disinfection against most of the contagious

and infectious diseases of animals and should be applied immediately following any outbreak, and, as a matter of precaution, it may be used once or twice yearly.

## Orchard Helps.

It takes about eight years to get an apple orchard into good bearing, but if during this time the work is well done, a permanent income is practically insured.

It is a mistake to set out trees more than two years old. Many good orchardists prefer yearlings, but two-year-olds generally produce the best results.

A young apple tree does not require much pruning until it is four or five years old, and the tree can be shaped better at that age than when early pruning is resorted to.

The orchard that has been properly cared for requires very little pruning after it comes into full bearing.

## New Alfalfa.

New seedlings of alfalfa should not be pastured. The ground in these fields is not firm and considerable damage is done by the trampling of the plants, especially during wet weather. Fields established a year or more may be pastured lightly in the fall, but should never be eaten down close.

If the growth of alfalfa is not very strong the field may be top-dressed any time during the fall, preferably just after the third cutting has been removed. New seedlings may be top-dressed at any time except during wet weather when the ground is soft.

## Clean Water Essential.

An important factor in dairy feeding is the supply of water. In the summer, with plenty of grass and green forage, and in the winter with roots and silage, the consumption of water is relatively less than when the cows are on dry feed, but cows must always have plenty of pure, fresh water if they are to produce pure milk. Unless the pastures and yards are watered by a brook or a spring, the water should be procured from a well, kept clean and not subject to surface drainage and free from foreign matter and taints of any kind.

neck, drawing rapidly away from the others. The air shook with the sound of hoarse and fiercely excited voices. "Nero the Second wins!"

"Iris wins!"

Neck-and-neck they passed the post. So it seemed at least to Ernestine and many others, but Trent shook his head and looked at her with a smile.

"Iris was beaten by a short neck," he said. "Good thing you didn't back her. That's a fine horse of the Prince's though!"

"I'm so sorry," she cried. "Are you sure?"

(To be continued.)

## MAIMED SOLDIERS.

Science Now Knows Why They Can Still "Feel" Their Lost Limbs.

A nurse recently returned from Paris said that soldiers who had lost a limb "frequently complained of feeling a touch upon it" though the limb was perhaps far removed from their sight—lying somewhere along the battle front.

A well-known English surgeon gives the reason for this peculiar sensation in an interesting article he has prepared on "Surgery in the Army." He says:

"It is a well-known fact that not merely for a few hours but for weeks and even months after a limb has been cut off or taken off, the person seems to feel sensations in it, or rather in the place where it once was and is conscious of it in different positions as though it were present. These sensations are very vivid for a time; the patient says that he feels his lost arm lying by his side, or on his breast

or even that he has a peculiar tingling or aching in the fingers that are gone, and the like.

"Precisely similar sensations are noticed when a leg has been amputated. But the common idea that these sensations have anything to do with the lost limb itself is very childish, for this may be thrown in the fire immediately after removal, or otherwise destroyed or mutilated, and the patient will know nothing of it if he is not told.

"The true explanation is very simple.

"We learn from infancy to associate certain local sensations with certain muscular movements. The nerve carries the impression of the sensation to the brain, and the brain becomes conscious of the feeling as belonging to a particular muscular action. After this muscular action is no longer possible the nerves may still, through irritation, weakness or disease, take an impression to the brain, which is intensely localized through habit with the remembered muscular action.

"This is one of the proofs of what physicians call a muscular sense. This is not to be regarded as an actively conscious sense, like sight or touch, but is rather of the nature of organic sense, giving its information and working its effect without definite consciousness. This internal sensibility corresponds to every changing condition of the muscles, and even after the removal of a limb, or any part of the body, the sensations associated with it by the consciousness may remain."

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## Fashion Hints

Among interesting novelties are handbags with translucent crystal tops, plain, tinted, jewelled; different from any mountings ever used on bags. There are bags with distinguished tops of antique sterling silver bags which open in entirely new ways; bags which clasp with an amber ball, a jewelled crown, a green cameo; bags with rhinestone frames, brilliant and sparkling.

"Such mountings are combined with soft chiffon velvet and rich silks."

A small patterned dotted Swiss makes an inexpensive guimpe, as it requires no trimming aside from the lace edge at the neck and sleeves. French muslin, which is wide and comparatively inexpensive, is a most satisfactory material to employ, as it may be readily matched at any time.

Feather stitching in straight lines makes a very satisfactory trimming. A more elaborate embellishment, however, may be obtained by feather stitching in circles or scrolls, which are drawn at the desired place, and these figures are outlined with heavy material.

Seen at the shop of a clever modiste is a hat of white silk veal; the crown is broad, flat and oval; the brim very narrow and straight; the crown is encircled with a band of white ribbon, with tiny tips at each side of white touched with gold. A turban with an oval white velvet crown and close brim of silk plush has the brim divided at the centre front and back. Rolling over the brim and extending through the division is a small white ostrich feather. There is also a large sailor of white hatters' plush; the crown is encircled with a white ribbon, trimmed with white dahlias.

In order to keep up the burden of the ever-widening skirts the word comes again from Paris bringing back petticoats, mostly more ornate in trimming than seen for many years. Many of the skirts for dancing are being made of tulle or similar transparent material. An ornament to the toilet is a necessary adjunct to the modern toilet. Petticoats for morning wear or for walking are of taffeta, while for afternoon or evening they are made of lace, crepe mousseline or lawn. All are trimmed with flounces, puffs, shirring and needlework to give them the necessary stiffness to support the overskirt.

## THE CZAR'S FAMILY.

Present Great War Has Greatly Benefited Them.

The war has made a great difference to the Russian royal family. In the days before the war the Czarina lived in constant dread of her husband and children being assassinated and could scarcely bear them out of her sight. Indeed, so ill did she become with worry that to please her the great ballroom at the Winter Palace in Petrograd was turned into a bedroom for the whole family, in order, to quote the Czarina, that in the case of an outrage they "might all die together."

That is all changed now, however. The Czarina cheerfully said "good-bye" to her husband when he went to take his place at the head of his armies, and she and her daughters are working indefatigably on behalf of the wounded. The Czarina has no time for morbid worrying and is consequently in splendid health, and is one of the most energetic and hard-working women in Russia.

The Russian Grand Duchesses are charming and clever girls, and have profited by the careful training of their mother. The Grand Duchess Olga is an excellent musician and the Grand Duchess Tatiana paints like a professional artist. Both sisters speak several languages with equal facility, and both are very fond of riding and of outdoor exercise. The Empress likes her children to practise every kind of sport and to spend as much time as they can in the open air, and she has tried to give them an education on strict English lines, like the one she received herself.

## Willing to Drop It.

A prisoner was in the dock on a serious charge of stealing, and the case having been presented to the Court by the prosecuting barrister he was ordered to stand up. "Have you a lawyer?" asked the judge. "No, sir." "Are you able to employ one?" "No, sir." "Do you want a lawyer to defend your case?" "Not particular, sir." "Well, what do you propose to do about the case?" "We'll-ll," with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing. "I'm willing to drop the case s'far as I'm concerned."