

MYSTERY OF A PULLMAN CAR.

AN INCIDENT OF RAILWAY TRAVEL ON THE G. T. R.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was time for the Western Express to leave the Bonaventure Station at Montreal. It was winter, the season was particularly blustery, the travelers were few, and only one Pullman was attached to the train. The first passenger to get on the car was an invalid gentleman, attended by his servant. He was so utterly helpless that his arrival created quite a commotion. A group of curious spectators gathered to watch him lifted on; the negro porters and two train hands were pressed into the service. With some difficulty he was at length settled in his berth. This Mr. Rathbon, from the accounts given of him by his attendants, appeared to be an object worthy of commiseration. He was an English gentleman of fortune and position, who had been terribly injured in a railway accident; he was paralyzed and almost blind, his eyes being screened from the light by a large green silk shade, and he constantly suffered excruciating agonies from his shattered nerves. He was traveling for his health, and was for some time in Montreal, and was now going West.

The other passengers consisted of two commercial travelers; a young girl of sixteen going to Toronto to school; Frank Carter, a young lawyer from Montreal, who was going up to attend his sister's wedding; and a very handsome, majestic English woman, attended by a younger lady. The older woman appeared to be about thirty, was dressed with simple elegance, her furs being superb. Her companion was an excessively pretty English girl. Frank Carter, the lawyer, recognized the pair, having often seen them at the Windsor Hotel, where Mrs. Mervyn had spent some months. Nothing was known of her except that she lived luxuriously and avoided making any acquaintances. This lady reserved for herself an entire section, her companion, Miss Travers, sleeping in a berth above that occupied by the young girl. Mr. Rathbon had the next section, his servant being located direct opposite, above one of the commercials. After the train had left Cornwall, the lights were turned out, and absolute quiet reigned in the Pullman.

It was a tempestuous night, the wind raved and howled, the snow drifted into massive banks and peaked drifts, the engine moved slowly. The gray winter's morning had broadened into daylight when Miss Alice Travers awakened. She rather wondered that the lady, who suffered greatly from insomnia, had not called her. In the meanwhile, one of the commercials, who, dressing, was engaged in a vigorous search for a boot, and feeling his hand come in contact with something slimy on the floor, sprang upright—his hand was covered with blood. Miss Travers drew back the curtains. Mrs. Mervyn orled she behaved with great courage; but when it was over, she began really to feel the effects of the shock. Her bewilderment was illuminated by flashes of consternation. She found herself without power to anticipate, much less decide, what was to come next. In this emergency young Carter showed himself a true friend. He brought his mother to visit the desolate girl, and the old lady invited Miss Travers to make her own house her home as long as it suited her to do so.

CHAPTER II.

It had been Alice Travers's intention at once to seek a new situation. When she announced her determination, Mrs. Carter, a kind, motherly soul, who had taken a violent fancy to the English girl, made her a proposal. Since her daughter's marriage, the old lady had decided upon making her home with her son in Montreal. She was in delicate health, and required a good deal of attention—would Miss Travers remain as her companion? She would be treated in all respects like a daughter.

For two years Alice lived in the Carters' pleasant home, and in the serenity of a tranquil existence somewhat recovered from the effect of the tragic occurrences of the past. Frank Carter, who from the first had been greatly attracted by the gentle girl, had decided upon asking her to become his wife, when a new character appeared upon the scene, abruptly shattering the young man's hopes of happiness and molding the fate of Alice in a fashion directly opposed to anything that she had ever imagined.

A French capitalist, who had come to Canada for the purpose of finding profitable investments, had business relations with Frank Carter, and in that way established a sort of intimacy with the family.

This Leon de Lery was said to have made an enormous fortune in South America. He brought excellent letters of introduction, and being an accomplished man of the world, clever, brilliant, fascinating, was much courted by both English and French society in Montreal. The surprise of his friends was very great when it was announced that the French millionaire was about to marry Mrs. Carter's companion. The engagement was a short one, and the turn of Fortune's wheel, which suddenly elevated the penniless English girl to a lofty pinnacle of worldly success, seemed very extraordinary. M. de Lery was the most ardent of lovers, the most indulgent and considerate of husbands. Alice's new existence appeared like a fairy tale; she had only to form a wish, instantly to have it realized.

"I am a genuine Cinderella. Shall I awaken some day to find myself in the ashes?" she once exclaimed, merrily. Then the first frown which she had yet seen darkened her husband's brow.

"The true philosophy is to accept the good of the moment," he replied, somewhat coldly.

A few days after, hunting in a cabinet belonging to her husband for an account which she wished to settle, Mme. de Lery found a ring. She carried it to the light and examined it curiously. She turned white as ashes. It was a ruby of great size, and exactly like one worn constantly by Mrs. Mervyn. She sought her husband, crying, impulsively:

"Leon, the sight of this ring has quite upset me. Is it yours?"

De Lery stretched out his hand for the jewel.

"Certainly."

Then, as he listened to her explanations, he smiled indulgently.

"Your imagination has played you a trick, little wife. It would require keener eyes than yours to detect differences in stones of equal size and weight."

Alice was silent. An unpleasant impression still lingered on her mind.

Mme. de Lery's grand ball was decidedly the social event of the season; indeed, it was said that so splendid an entertainment had never before been given in Montreal. The blonde English beauty of the hostess was heightened by her exquisite Parisian toilet. Her husband regarded her with an air of satisfied pride.

"My queen, you only require the glimmer of jewels to render you perfect."

He opened a jewel-case, and clasped a necklace of sparkling diamonds around her slender throat.

"Many an aristocratic dame in Europe would sell her soul for such diamonds as those!" he exclaimed, proudly.

Alice grew white to the lips; a convulsive shudder shook her from head to foot; it was on her lips to say that she hated diamonds, the recollections connected with them were so unpleasant; but it seemed such an ungracious manner in which to receive the princely gift, that she retained sufficient self-control to keep silent.

In the preoccupation which her duties as hostess entailed upon her, Mme. de Lery failed to notice the absence of her husband from the room. Later when the guests had departed, looking around the deserted rooms, still odorous with flowers and brilliant with lights, she remembered that she had not seen him since early in the evening. None of the servants could give any information concerning him. Tired and perplexed, the lady retired to her own room. As she was replacing her jewels in their case, she found pinned to the satin lining, a tiny scrap of paper, containing the following lines:

"DEAREST ALICE: Fate, which no man can control, obliges me to leave you. If I should not return within a week, never waste a thought on me. I do not blame myself for having sought your love; I have made you happy, and have endeavored to secure your future. For your own sake as well as mine, I earnestly conjure you to make no effort to penetrate the mystery of my disappearance. Trust nobody but the Carters, who will be good friends to you. Believe me, dear, I have loved you truly since the first moment my eyes rested upon your sweet face.

Yours, L. de L."

At first Alice utterly failed to realize the situation. Her first idea was that a practical joke was intended, but that was so entirely at variance with her husband's character, that she instantly dismissed the suspicion. The strangeness of it all smote her heart with a deeper pang than the hour's horror had yet given her. She had suddenly come to a dead pause. Past and future were dissociated by this dreadful event. Had her husband suddenly been stricken with madness? Was it a cruel hoax? An instinctive longing for some one to stand by her in this emergency came over the forlorn and desolate creature. Early next morning she sought Mrs. Carter. Days freighted with pain and anxiety passed on, but time brought no solution of the mystery. M. de Lery's conduct was inexplicable. His pecuniary affairs were in perfect order. Should he never return, his wife would be handsomely provided for.

Perhaps a month later, Frank Carter visited New York on business. While there, he was thrown into contact with a clever American detective, who was at the time much galled by the capture he had lately made of a band of "crooks," the most skillful criminals, he declared, who had ever entered the United States.

"Old countrymen, all of them," he insisted. "We don't produce that kind here. If it had not been for a woman's jealousy we should never have caught them at all. We missed the leader, the sharpest crook it has ever been my fortune to hear of. When he found he was trapped, he just disappeared as though he had slunk into the earth. He belonged to a good English family, and had had a university education. He trained a band of criminals, forgers, counterfeiter, burglars, and reigned over them like a king. Devil Dick he was called, because he seemed to have the devil's own luck. He had a positive genius for what actors term 'making up,' and the cool audacity of the fellow was something marvelous. Once, dressed as a workman, with his basket of tools on his arm, he walked into the Capitalists' Bank in New York, and throwing the basket upon the floor, stood upon it, coolly sweeping off \$5,000 before the teller's eyes, and disappeared before the bank official had recovered from his consternation. You must have heard of the Pullman-car murder, committed between Montreal and Toronto? It made a great sensation."

"I happened to be on the very car."

"Then you will be interested in hearing that we have at last found a clew to the mystery. Mrs. Mervyn had for years been a member of this very gang. I believe myself that she was Devil Dick's lawful wife; she certainly was the only one who ever ventured to defy his authority. He was a handsome fellow, irresistible with women and with a decided weakness for a pretty face, and his wife was furiously jealous. A very clever robbery had been carried out at the Hotel de Calliere in Paris. The Duchesse de Calliere was robbed of diamonds worth \$80,000. The jewels were given into this woman's keeping, and after a violent quarrel with her husband she disappeared with them. He tracked her all over the world. You remember the invalid Mr. Rathbon? That was no less than Devil Dick himself. His presence in Montreal was signaled by a series of the most daring and successful burglaries. Devil Dick punished his wife's treachery, and recovered possession of the jewels. The conductor and one of the train hands were members of the gang. The jewels once secured, they pinned them to a continental outside, at one of the way-stations. We caught five of these fellows; they all deserve hanging, but I don't know if they will get it. I have a conviction that we will never take Devil Dick alive. Handsome fellow isn't he?"

As Carter looked down upon the photograph, he turned pale and sick. In the delicate, almost effeminate features, the languid, supercilious smile, he instantly recognized Leon de Lery.

He never told Alice of the discovery he had made; he knew it would only add to her pain. The following Spring, when the ice on the St. Lawrence broke up, a body, recognized by the watch and the clothes as being that of M. de Lery, was brought to the surface by the Spring freshets. So Devil Dick was reverently buried, and mourned for as though he had been the best of men. Even after Alice became Frank Carter's happy wife, she still cherished a tender memory of her first love.

Laughing stock—the one worn by a low comedian.

AGRICULTURAL.

Beginning Spring Work

On every farm there are a multitude of odds and ends that deserve attention before the rush of summer work is on, and which if disposed of may save worry and time later. It will pay one to sit down and recall the minor repairs and improvements in implements and accessories of the farm that were needed the past season when these were stored away. If these have not been overhauled during the winter, let it be done at once. The time will be well spent, and may suggest further improvements. This is a strong reason for keeping a diary, for as every one knows, during the busy season a plow or machine, may have lost a bolt or two, or a piece is broken. The owner thinks it will do till the present season is past, but by next year he will undoubtedly replace the parts. The chances are that unless a memorandum has been made, he will entirely forget the need until he is ready to drive the implement to the field, when, of course, he berates himself for his thoughtlessness.

It is a good time now to look over the harness and give it a good oiling. This is very advantageous since it not only prolongs the wear, but this operation will make the harness more comfortable for the team. Horses will be soft and the harness hard, so to speak, therefore do not withhold the oil. The harness also will likely need some repairing. There will be some places that have begun to rip, and truly the value of a few stitches are verified here. For many years we have had the materials for sewing leather, and the entire outfit has paid for itself every year. It is convenient to have on hand a supply of rivets, for these may be used to great advantage in repairing certain parts of the harness. Substitute snaps for buckles wherever desirable and thereby save time. These are sold at so small a price that any one can afford to keep a supply, and use them for all purposes that may suggest themselves. Have an extra pair or two of traces for emergencies. In case a trace breaks it may yet do good service by uniting the parts with a double No. 12 fence wire. This wire is quite strong, but being soft it wears rapidly. Especial attention should be given to the collars, particularly of young animals. See that all dirt is removed from the parts near the shoulder, and make these pliable. If the team has been idle during the winter, do not begin arduous work too violently. Plow half a day and change the team until they are accustomed to work. This may prevent colic and derangement. The winter in this section has been so mild that considerable plowing has been done heretofore. Thus much of the strain incidental to preparation for work will be lightened, but let the farmer be not too anxious to seek his fishing rod, for unless this early plowed ground is deeply stirred, it will be difficult to keep down weeds during the summer.

Study to see if the fields can be arranged better when new fences are built. Be accurate in laying off the right angles and thereby save ground and do away with "point" rows. Make the fields long whenever it can be done, for this will save time in turning. The fields should also be arranged according to their natural productiveness. If half the field is low land and the balance up land, the former must lie unnecessarily idle while the latter is recuperating. Think a long time before you decide not to lay tiles in the open ditches; for these are something of an annoyance. They not only obstruct cultivation and occupy much land in time, but they must be cleaned out every few years.

The competition in agricultural products seems likely to continue close. It will not do to follow the methods of half a century ago as the margin of profit is too small. Study to produce the most for the outlay that you can. Anticipate possible drawbacks in the season, such as floods or drought. Somehow those men who deserve success are rarely thrust to the wall by the interference of nature's phenomena. Better still, produce, if you can find a market, something besides the great staples. Is there anything shipped into your town that might as well be raised by yourself? thereby giving you the profit and the cost of transportation. Think about this.

Do not undertake too much unless there is good reason for doing so. True, there are matters that need not a double expenditure of labor to accomplish twice the work or to double the profit, but there is a limit in both directions; keep within this limit. I know many farmers who undertake more than they can do or even superintend. Neglect is sure to follow, and that thoroughness which is in demand now-a-days is hardly possible. I do believe in thoroughness simply for its sake, but it should be a deep, underlying principle rather than a code of petty rules.

Let the farmer begin his year's work enthusiastically; let the unfolding beauty of a new year bring full cheer to him; let him rejoice in his newly planted crops and think only of a reasonable harvest; it is well to remember that though floods, insects, and frosts may come, there have been but few times that the crops in the end have not more than repaid him his toils. Since he is a farmer, let him rejoice in his calling. It will lighten his load and be more to those under his care than the thousands he might wish he possessed. Instead of covering himself with a veil of clouds as he journeys through life, let him carry a halo of sunshine. In addition to this he might read with profit Addison's dream on Discontent. Then he will be better prepared to right the wrongs that need righting.

Laws of Heredity.

Following are the six leading laws of heredity which we reprint by request:—

1. That from the male parent is mainly derived the external structure, configuration and outward characteristics, also the locomotive system of development.
2. From the female parent is derived the internal structure, the vital organs, and, in a much greater proportion than from the male, the constitution, temper and habits, in which endurance and bottom are included.
3. That the purer the race of the parent, the more certainty there is of its transmitting its qualities to the offspring; say if two animals are mated, if one is of purer descent than the other, he or she will exercise the influence in stamping the character of the progeny, particularly if the greater purity is on the side of the male.
4. That apart from certain disturbing influences or causes, the male, if of pure race and descended from a stock of uniform color, stamps the color of the offspring.
5. That the influence of the first male is not infrequently protracted beyond the birth of the offspring of which he is the parent and his mark is left upon subsequent progeny.

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6. That the transmission of diseases of the vital organs is more certain if on the side of the female, and diseases of the joints if on the side of the male parent.

The Draught Horse Society.

Four cases of considerable interest to horse breeders were tried at Goderich before Mayor Butler and Mr. P. Adamson, J. P. The complaints were against the parties for making false entries for registration of stock in the Dominion Draught Horse Breeders' Society. The entries were made with the secretary of the society here, Mr. James Mitchell. Two of the complaints were laid against Paul Reid, of Belfast, and J. W. Cook, V. S., Dunganon, for the registry of a stallion named Golden Shire as being sired by Oliver (180), when as a fact he was sired by a stallion named Uncle John. The defence was that the false pedigree was given by mistake. After considerable evidence had been taken the cases were adjourned for two weeks so as to get the evidence of the purchaser of the horse so registered, Mr. Richardson, of Quebec. Another complaint was against Henry G. Taylor, of Auburn, for the registration of a mare as being sired by imported Conqueror, which was not the fact. The other case was against Patrick Farr, of Goderich, for attempting to register a mare, the dam of which was said to have three registered crosses, she having only one such cross. In the two latter cases the objection was taken that the informations were not laid within three months from the commission of the offence, as provided by the Summary Convictions Act, which objection was held good and the prosecution failed. The society has now obtained a high standing, and it is the intention of the directors to prosecute all cases of fraudulent or false entries besides cancelling the certificates if issued.

Feeding the Horse.

An English veterinary surgeon recommends that those who have charge of horses, especially farm horses, should be taught that the stomach of a horse is not like the rumen of a cow, a mere receptacle for food, but an essential organ of digestion of a limited capacity, which does not need to be crammed in order to perform its proper functions, and that it cannot be so treated without danger to the animal; that the teeth of the horse are provided for the purpose of masticating the food, and that the food which does not require mastication should be sparingly, if ever used. He further recommends that no horse be put to work immediately after a full meal, and when a horse has done a heavy day's work it should be allowed to stand in the stable until it is cool and comfortable before being fed. A little water may be given, and if a little food may be put into the rack it will occupy his attention, and besides requiring proper mastication will further have the effect of slightly stimulating the stomach to secretion, and prepare it for the reception of the feed which is to follow. Should a horse require more food than usual to supply the extra waste of tissues caused by hard work, give it by all means, but let it be in excess in its albuminoids, and let the horse be fed oftener, and not in increased quantities at a time.

Maxims for Milkers.

A cow is very much like a barrel or a pantry; you must first put in something before you can take something out.

A milch cow should have all the feed she can digest and assimilate.

If you find cake in the bag of a cow it is incipient garget; milk her as clean as possible and bathe the udder with hot water applied with a large cloth, and hold the same to the udder, especially to the part affected, for thirty seconds at a time. If at the next milking a stringy substance comes with the milk draw it out; this is not puss, but cheese; not hurtful to the milk, as it will catch in the strainer. Repeat if necessary.

Always have a strainer pail and also an independent strainer; they ought not to be necessary, but a hayseed or a piece of straw or a hair may come in even when the utmost care is used. At our house we use a strainer cloth, besides the two strainers mentioned, and it does approved service.

If a cow is inclined to be restive—as in fly time—seat yourself so as to have the left fore-arm nearly against the cow's hind leg, just so that she can feel it there. If you milk one fore and one hind teat and have a firm hold she cannot possibly upset your pail of milk nor injure the milker.

Always milk your cows in exact rotation, and if more than one milker is engaged, let each milker attend to the same cows. Frequent changes in this respect act against a copious yield of milk.

In the heat of summer a clean, well-ventilated shed, which can be made dark, is a desirable place in which to do the milking. If necessary a very thin cotton cloth, large like a horse blanket, can be thrown over the cows to protect them from flies and mosquitoes, and thus both animal and man will enjoy peace and comfort.

Why the Hens do not Lay.

One of the puzzling questions that often arise in the experiences of persons raising fowls is why their hens are not laying as a neighbor's, who is far more fortunate in the weekly additions made to his egg basket. From the directions given in poultry journals and by manufacturers of specifics for egg production, many persons start out with the confident expectation of uninterrupted success in raising chickens and eggs, to find at last that the business has for some reason become unprofitable.

In purchasing hens for laying, particular attention should be given to the color and appearance of their combs, which should be bright and red. Where the comb has a dull sickly color, and a kind of flattened down appearance no amount of feeding or care will force the laying of eggs as long as these conditions exist. Again the legs should be smooth and clean and free from scales or the appearance of spurs, both of which indicate that the hen has passed the laying age. The cock should be brought out of a different flock and be as purely bred as possible. The principal causes of failure in egg production are believed to be, first, keeping hens that are old; second, breeding in and in, or a failure to introduce new blood from sources entirely outside of one's own flock, and third, keeping the flock too long in the same runs.