

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Darting, in possession of Dartington fortune, has to pay Haverton's silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxtoner gives her the Dartington locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartington.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Robert Baxtoner stopped suddenly. Into his mind had come the first glimmerings of doubt, the first suspicion that the owner of Adderbury Towers was not all that he claimed to be. Why had the man told him? If he had seen Stella in the "Prince's" pantomime, his statement to Robert—that when he came to the Strand office was his first visit to London—was false. Why had he not claimed the inheritance before?

Suppose in some way Darting had obtained knowledge of the document penned by old Adam Baxtoner? Could his late cousin have so far forgotten himself as to have shown it to anyone? But Robert knew well the man that Hubert had been, and that, to him, the family trust must have been a fetish and sacred to his honor.

Possibilities crowded thickly upon the solicitor. There was so much to explain away—Haverton—the lies of Darting—his cousin's murder, perhaps, had his explanation hidden somewhere in the maze of recent happenings. He looked out now for a cab; he would get home and marshal his facts on paper. How lucky it was that he had not declined the week-end at Adderbury Towers.

For close upon an hour after Robert had reached Craven street he sat at his desk, setting down with legal precision his array of facts. As he wrote the conviction that all was not as it should be grew upon him, and that the antecedents of friend Darting called for immediate attention. The man from Canada had at times shown a knowledge of London and its ways which had not always been to Robert's thinking, that of one newly arrived in the metropolis. Many little remembrances, trivial in themselves, but which in the light of later events had a new significance, crowded upon him.

Suddenly the man told him, and he took a square of faded paper—the scrap which Cattle had picked up in the room in Mortimer Terrace. It had lain forgotten in the old man's pocket for months before he had found it and had given it to his employer. It contained a few words only, and appeared to be the notes of the score of some game.

Robert had debated long with himself as to whether he should show this piece of evidence to the authorities, and had decided not to. In this he knew he was acting wrongly, but he felt that no useful object was to be served by reopening old wounds. He knew too, that Hubert, dear old fellow that he always had been, would have been the last to desire it.

Not Robert alone, but all the members of the Baxtoner family had suffered by the notoriety of the case. For weeks their offices and their homes had been open to the calls of officials and the incessant questionings of the police, and Robert told himself that, after all, the scrap of paper would only set these men at work again and very likely lead to nothing.

He took the piece of paper now and opened it eagerly, placing beside it Darting's letter of invitation. The handwriting had suddenly become of importance to him. As he scanned it he breathed a little sigh of disappointment.

Whoever had scrawled the few words and numerals that were before him, it certainly was not Mr. Baptiste Darting.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Eavesdropper.

Although there was no reason why the solicitor should have expected that the writing on the scrap of paper should be in Baptiste Darting's hand, he nevertheless experienced quite a sense of disappointment. The seed of suspicion, once sown in his mind, had grown amazingly, and Robert told himself that he had let this suspicious dominate him and to some extent bias his judgment.

After all, what direct evidence was there he could bring forward that could in any way incriminate the master of Adderbury Towers? The man's remark to Stella that he had seen her acting in the "Prince's" pantomime may have been just Darting's idea of

a compliment, the truth or otherwise of which did not matter. But Robert thought also of the particulars contained in the document left by his ancestor, old Adam Baxtoner, which seemed to be known so well to Baptiste Darting. It was not within the bounds of possibility that Hubert had either shown or spoken of it in the parchment to anyone; moreover, after his death it had been found, apparently unopened, with, together with the solicitor's will, in the hidden drawer of the bureau at the Regent's Park house.

No, Darting's knowledge of the doings of Marie Brissac de Dartington owed its source other than to the statement left by Adam Baxtoner.

Taking one thing with another, Robert was not easy in his mind and was far from being satisfied that all was as it should be. He felt convinced that in some manner underhand work was going on. Evidence or not against Darting, the matter had taken too firm a hold on the solicitor's brain for him to think of being able to let it drop.

He put the notes he had jotted down, together with the scrap of paper picked up in Mortimer Terrace, in a large envelope and placed it in his pocket-case. It was daylight when he at last rose to prepare for bed. He crossed to the window and pulled up the silken blind and looked out over the river. The sun had not dispersed the mists, but above his head the sky was blue and cloudless and gave promise of a glorious day.

The solicitor leaned on the sill and drew in big breaths of the delicious morning air. Curiously enough, he did not feel sleepy; the day that had passed had been so full, so fraught with interest, that fatigue seemed to have passed him by. His eyes roamed with a languid interest from point to point of the scene below him—the vivid patches of young green against the old gray of masonry, the scarlet of geraniums in the flower-beds of the gardens, the opal-tinted Surrey shore bristling with chimneys, from one of two of which thin spirals of smoke were now curling lazily into the still air. The noise of shunting trucks came clearly to him from the Waterloo terminus.

There came to him also the harsh clanking of buckets and the tap of hammers on wood. Looking down, Robert saw that the workmen had begun their daily toil on the erection of a new hotel on the corner site beneath him. A hoarding had been built up round the demolished houses, a structure of boards gray with posters. Robert found himself gazing at a gaudy picture of a spick-and-span, highly colored liner, cutting her way through the crystal waves of a very blue sea. On the horizon a brilliant orange sun was throwing out his rays, and the man saw that these rays were woven into a single word—"Canada."

He must have been looking fixedly at it for some minutes before he discovered that a meaning was being subconsciously conveyed to his brain from the advertisement on the hoarding. Canada—of course, Darting came from Canada; he had written from a hotel in Quebec, and in a flash the man leaning from the window saw that much useful knowledge might be gained from careful inquiries made in the Dominion.

His firm had had many dealings with Canadian houses, and Robert remembered that in Quebec was a solicitor to whom Baxtoner & Sons had been of service but a few months back. Robert left place by place, and sent him again at his desk composed a long cablegram addressed to Mr. Adolph Le Page, Nassau street, Quebec, in which he asked that gentleman to be so good as to make inquiries as to the antecedents and movements of a certain Mr. Baptiste Darting who was staying at the Dominion Hotel on or about the 2nd of June in the previous year.

The cablegram when finished was a formidable affair, as the sender did not wish to run the risk of mangling by use of a code. Mr. Le Page was not a regular correspondent of the firm, and Robert hoped by sending his message in the easiest and fullest manner to receive a reply of sorts before the end of the week, when he would be leaving for his visit to the subject of his inquiries.

Sleep seemed more than ever out of the question, now that the sun was fully up and sending his golden shafts into the cosy apartments. Robert could hear Jovett in the tiny dressing room preparing the bath, and a thrill of anticipation ran through him as he thought of the refreshing coolness of the limpid water. That, together

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system, and pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

with fresh linen, breakfast and a cigarette, was all that he needed. At five o'clock Mr. Robert Baxtoner, after dispatching his cablegram, entered his office feeling as fit as though he had retired to bed at ten the evening before.

And then for three days he went on in the even routine of the work of the law. Each evening found him at the little dingy suburban stage door, but after that first night he was able to time his river more precisely, thus avoiding the weary wait in the sordid surroundings, and a taxi soon ran them out into streets where it seemed possible to breathe. Each evening, too, a dainty little supper would be awaiting them at the flat, and Robert tried to, and in part succeeded in driving the problem of Mr. Darting and the Chauvillain inheritance from his mind, giving himself up unreservedly to his reunion with Stella and to taking up again the threads of his interrupted life affair.

The girl, too, feeling as though a weight had been suddenly lifted from her heart, became again the radiant creature she had been when the solicitor first met her and loved her at the river party. For her life was now a sunshine on which there was no shadow, and it seemed as though her cup of happiness was fully charged.

Her stage career was to her now a thing of no moment, and her evening work was as distasteful as it formerly had been fascinating. Her contract with Haverton had but another two months to run, and by its working could not well be set aside without a large monetary sacrifice; after its conclusion Stella hoped she would never see the inside of a theatre again—except from the other side of the footlights.

It was on Friday morning that Robert found the reply to his cablegram awaiting him when he entered his office. His Canadian correspondent stated that he was still pursuing his inquiries and was writing at length by the next mail.

The cable simply stated that a gentleman of the name of Baptiste Darting resided on the S. S. Touraine from Havre in February of last year, and had left for London by the Anconia, which sailed from Quebec on June 4. As far as Mr. Le Page was aware, he was previously unknown in the Dominion. He was said at the hotel to be a man of rather dissolute habits and one who possessed but few friends.

Robert sat with the slip of paper hanging limply in his hands. From the wall old Adam Baxtoner looked down upon him, and now the other fancied that he had read reproach in the scintillating eyes. He rose and nervously fell to pacing up and down the carpeted room. His suspicions took on a more definite shape as he read and re-read the message. Darting had not mentioned to him that he knew Paris, more Robert seemed to remember the man had distinctly said he had never been in France. Why, too, should he spend the time between February and June in Quebec? He must have had some reason for putting off the claiming of the inheritance.

Whatever game it was that the owner of Adderbury Towers was playing, it was certainly not altogether a straight one. Robert thought of, and bitterly resented, the many ways in which Darting had deceived him, and he registered a vow in his mind, then and there, that nothing should be allowed to stand in his way of probing the secret to the bottom.

It might not altogether be playing the game, on his part, to spy upon the man whose hospitality he was about to accept, but for Stella's sake, and for the sake of right, he could not afford to be nice in choosing the weapons with which to fight Mr. Baptiste Darting. If there was any fraud, then it should be met with fraud if need be. By 7 o'clock that evening he would be at Adderbury Towers; he would enter the enemy's camp as an honored guest, but with the firm resolve to miss no single chance that promised a solution of the matter in hand.

(To be continued.)

A Scholar's Idea of Education

Not all youthful intellectual prodigies remain remarkable in adult life. Among the precocious children who did not disappoint the expectations of their brilliant parents was Lord Kelvin, the famous physicist who entered the university at the age of eleven and who was a professor of natural philosophy at the age of twenty-two.

When he was eighty-three, writes Mr. Arthur Warren, he outlined, as probably he had often outlined before, the plan of a boy's education. "By the age of twelve," said he, "a boy should have learned to write his own language with accuracy and some elegance; he should have a reading knowledge of French, should be able to translate Latin and easy Greek authors and should have some acquaintance with German. Having learned the meaning of words, a boy should study logic. I never found that the small amount of Greek I learned was a hindrance to my acquiring some knowledge of natural philosophy."

Some knowledge of it! There indeed was modesty, for who had more knowledge of natural philosophy than Lord Kelvin?

But They Bark.

Have you ever noticed how polite the trees are? They always bough before leaving.



Woman's Interests

Money Out of Flowers.

The farm woman, or, in fact, any woman with a little plot of ground, who is looking for a way to make a bit of pin-money with a minimum of outlay and a maximum of pleasure and agreeable work, could not do better than to try her hand at growing hardy perennials. That is, if she loves flowers and is happy digging about outdoors in the dirt. Now don't right away begin to plant flower gardening as a rosy proposition and a sure thing money-maker after you buy your first bulbs or young plants. For nature is no respecter of persons, and would play hard on your young plants with as unholly a glee as she would your neighbor's strawberry crop.

And drought and insect pests are most impatient in their treatment of all forms of plant life. But take it by and large, and flowering for a living has no more uncertainties than any other trade or profession which you might choose for your means of a livelihood. And, as I say, it takes so little to start with in the beginning, that is, the raising of hardy perennials. No hothouses are necessary, no cold-frames, no anything but the outdoors and some plants for the initial start.

One successful flower-grower, Mrs. Lawson, who started with a plot 5 feet by 25 feet and is now cultivating five acres, has the following to say about the work:

"With hardy perennials your work begins in early spring, and keeps up until frost again. We have some flowers, arbutus for instance, that blossom before the snow is entirely gone in the spring. There are your young plants to start, and transplant, beds to clean out, perhaps new ones to plant, and the spring sale of plants for home gardens. The spring market is mostly plants. Everyone is fixing up the grounds, and plants for bedding are in demand. Later, during the summer, the trade is flowers. Just now the old-fashioned flowers are in demand, we have styles in flowers as well as in clothes. Larkspur, columbine—or honeysuckle—Lilium, forget-me-nots, baby's breath, and all the old favorites are now favorite again. Baby's breath is in great demand for its cloudy blossoms which are so effective in decorations."

"How did I learn about flowers? Mostly from the garden. Of course, I studied every book I could get hold of and subscribed to numerous garden magazines, but after all, my best knowledge is what I have gained from experience. The reading was all rather blind until I went out and tried to practice it. One mistake taught me more than twenty volumes. Oh, yes, you can make mistakes in gardening as well as in cooking. It isn't all sunshine and flowers. It needs infinite patience and observation, and much thought. But it is pleasant work, and one of the pleasant things about it is meeting the people who come to buy. Of course, folks who want plants and flowers will be the sort you're glad to meet."

Certainly the gardens look as though working in them would be as near a perfect human employment as any form of labor could be to a descendant of Adam. Just at the edge of a grove of virgin wood they stretch away in masses of color, the dominant tone changing with the days. To-day it is billows of Oriental poppies that command the attention, to-morrow it will be columbine, and next stately blue larkspur. Last week it was fleur de lis. And so it goes, as week follows week and the various beds come to blossom. The plants are set out in rows as he to a descendant of Adam. Just at the edge of a grove of virgin wood they stretch away in masses of color, the dominant tone changing with the days. To-day it is billows of Oriental poppies that command the attention, to-morrow it will be columbine, and next stately blue larkspur. Last week it was fleur de lis. And so it goes, as week follows week and the various beds come to blossom. The plants are set out in rows as he to a descendant of Adam. 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