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LOST MAN'S LANE
A SECOND EPISODE

OF THE
OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH
BY ANNA H. ROBERTS

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which I did not like to remember lay at
that very minute too nearly under our
feet for my own individual comfort.

However, this has nothing to do with
the reply I made to William.

"I hope," said I, "he does not run with
this baggy. I would have been able to
ride very much this morning and could get
small pleasure out of it if that dog must
be our companion."

"I cannot go out this morning,"
William began, but changed his sen-
tence, possibly at the touch of his sis-
ter's foot under the table, into: "But if
you say I must, why I must. I will ride
woman looks are so pliantly changeable.

Yesterday I wanted to go; today I
don't, but don't let that make any differ-
ence to you. A host must follow the
wishes of his guest."

Had he been ten years younger I
would have boxed his ears; had he been
that much older I would have taken care
and packed up my trunk before he could
have finished the cup of coffee he was
drinking. But he was just too old to
reprimand—that is, in that way, and not
old enough to appreciate any display
of personal dignity or self respect.

Besides, he was a knave; so I just let
his impertinence pass with the remark:
"I have purchased to appreciate any dis-
play of personal dignity or self respect.

One other small episode and then I
will take you with me to the village.
As we were leaving I saw a man who
ate less than common, notwithstanding
all my efforts to seem perfectly uncon-
cerned except at those demonstrations
of sarcasm, from which they all expect-
ed me to shrink. Lucretia, who had
waited for her brother to go out, took
the gunnily by the arm, and, looking at
me closely, said:

"Did you have any dreams last night,
Miss Butterworth? You know I promised
you some."

I was a little taken aback and for a
moment felt like taking those two girls
into my confidence and bidding them fly
from the shame and doom so soon to fall
upon their brother, but the first glimpse
underlying all such momentary impulses
on my part deterred me, and in as light
a tone as I could assume and not in an
absolute hypocrisy I replied that I was
not a subject to be handled by her. Yester-
day afternoon I made a search of her
cabin. Here Mr. Gryce passed and
eyed me quickly. His sometimes dole-
ful eyes, which I cannot say that I
was not a subject to be handled by her.

"What is it, then?" I urged.

"Well," said he, "my real reason for
doubting if you have been quite so suc-
cessful as you think is that you are not
not been for one thing. About which
there can be no question. Can you say
the same of yours?"

You will expect my answer to have
been a decided "Yes." I uttered with all
the positiveness of which you know me
to be capable. But for some reason,
perhaps because of the strange intima-
cies this man's personality exercised on
all-yes, all-no who do not absolutely
themselves against him, I faltered just
long enough for him to cry:

"I thought not. The view is outside
the Knollys house, not in it, Miss But-
terworth, for which, of course, you are
not to be blamed or for any serious com-
plaint. I have no objection if they have
been invaluable in unearthing a secret, if
not the secret."

"Thank you," was my quiet reply.
I thought his presumption beyond all
bounds and would at that moment have
felt justified in snapping my fingers
at the view that he had just had. Had
it not been for one thing, that I was
I am not ready yet to state.

"You and I have come to issue our
such matters before," said he, "and
therefore need not take too much ac-
count of the feelings it is likely to en-
gender. I will merely state that my
view points to Mother Jane and ask: if
you have found in the visit she paid at
the house last night anything which
would go to strengthen the suspicion
against her?"

"Perhaps," said I in a state of dis-
demeanor that was more or less unpar-
donable, considering that my own suspi-
cions previously to my discovery of the real
tragedy enacted under my eyes at the
Knollys mansion had played more or
less about this old crime.

"Only perhaps?" He smiled, with a
playful overbearance which my mood
for which I should have been truly grate-
ful to him.

"She was there for no good purpose,"
said I, "and yet if you had not charac-
terized her as the person most responsi-
ble for the crimes we are here to investi-
gate I should have said from all that
I saw that she had previously to her con-
duct that she acted as a supernumerary
rather than principal, and that it is to
you should look for the correct view of
the criminal, notwithstanding your
view as possible into a small hall, at the
end of which I saw the number 1 had
sailed for."

"If you will take a seat inside," said
he, "I will send you whatever you may
desire for your comfort."

"I think you know what that is,"
said I, "and yet if you had not charac-
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"The few minutes which elapsed be-
fore my quiet was disturbed were spent
by me in thinking. I had not only in-
formation to give to the police, but I
had many little questions to settle in
my own mind, for which a spell of un-
interrupted contemplation was neces-

any. One of these was whether, in the
event of finding the police amenable, I
should reveal or hide from these chil-
dren of my old friend the fact that it
was through my instrumentality that
their nefarious secret had been discov-
ered. I wished—I hoped—that the affair
might be so concluded, but it all seemed
so impossible, especially since Mr.
Gryce was not on hand to direct mat-
ters, that I spent very little time on this
subject, deep and important as it was
to me.

The thing to which I devoted my most
serious attention was the necessity of
telling my story so as to exonerate
the girls as much as possible. They
were mistaken in their devotion and
most unhappy in the course of it, but
they were not inately wicked and
should not be made to appear so. Per-
haps the one thing for which I should
yet have the best cause to congratulate
myself would be the opportunity I had
gained to give to their connection with
the affair its true and proper coloring.

I was still dwelling on this thought
when there came a knock at my door
which I had not expected. To open and
admit him was the work of a moment, but
it took more than a moment for me to
overcome my surprise at seeing in my
visitor no less a person than Mr. Gryce
himself, who in our parting had assured
me that he was too old and too feeble
for such affairs and must there-
fore delegate them to me.

"It is you, is it? Well, I am not surprised.
(I shouldn't have been.) When you say
you are old, you mean old enough to pull
the wool over other people's eyes, and
when you say you are lame you mean
that you only half long enough to let
others get far enough ahead for them
not to see how fast you hobble up
and down. But do not think I am not
glad enough to see you. I am, Mr.
Gryce, for I have discovered the secret
of Lost Man's Lane and find it some-
what of my own hand."

On the instant, knowing him now as
I do, I saw that this was more than he
expected.

"You have?" he asked, with just that
shade of incredulity which it is so tan-
talizing to encounter.

"Then I suppose congratulations are in
order for me, are they not, Miss But-
terworth, that you really have obtained a
clue to the most strange and fearful
disappearance which has given to this
age its name?"

"I don't not be sure," said I, "for I
have seen with my eyes and almost
touched with my hands the body of one
of the victims."

"Quite sure," I returned, nettled.

"Why do you doubt it? Because I have
kept so quiet and said nothing of it
to any one but my whistler?"

"No," said he. "Knowing your self
restraint so well, I cannot say that that
is my reason."

"What is it, then?" I urged.

"Well," said he, "my real reason for
doubting if you have been quite so suc-
cessful as you think is that you are not
not been for one thing. About which
there can be no question. Can you say
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by me in thinking. I had not only in-
formation to give to the police, but I
had many little questions to settle in
my own mind, for which a spell of un-
interrupted contemplation was neces-

He was evidently bursting with pain-
ful and justly merited grief. He had an
admirable temper, but Mr. Gryce, but he
did stop a minute to consider.

"Miss Butterworth," he said at last,
"most detectives would have held their
peace and let you go on with what you
have to tell without a hint that it was
either unwise or unnecessary, but I
have consideration for persons' feelings
and so I will not let you go on with what
you do not care to say in collision with
the law, and my opinion is, or was when I
entered this room, that such discoveries
as you have made at your old friend's
house (why need he emphasize friend-
ship did he think I forgot for a moment
that Althea was my friend?) were con-
fided rather than some of the results
that you have obtained with the dreadful
affair we are considering. This is why I
hesitated to tell you that we had found a
clue to the disappearance of Mother Jane's
cottage, which I wished to see this Miss
Knollys."

"If he had thought to mollify me by
his words, he did not succeed. He saw it
and he had to say:

"Not that I doubt your consideration
for them, only the justice of your con-
sideration."

"You have doubted those before and
with more reason," I replied, "yet they
were not altogether false."

"That I am willing to acknowledge,
so willing that you still think after I
have told my story that you are in ap-
proach and touches the case than I will
bring to it only too eagerly. My object is
to find the real criminal in this matter.
I say at the present moment it is Moth-
er Jane."

"God grant it is so," I said, induc-
ed in spite of myself by the calm as-
surance of his manner. "If she was at
the house night before last between 11
and 12, then perhaps she is. But I see
no reason to believe it—no you, Miss
Gryce. Supposing you give me one,
I would be better than all good as well."

"All I did not say what, but the flip it was
to his intention stood me in good stead,
for he launched immediately into the
matter with no further play upon my
curiosity, which was now, as you can
believe, thoroughly aroused, though I
could not believe that anything he had
to bring up against Mother Jane was
a moment stand against the death
and murder almost played a part in
it in Miss Knollys' house during the
two previous nights."

"I do not know," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

"You will tell me," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

"I do not know," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

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"I do not know," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

"I do not know," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

Truly you are a wonderful woman—
very wonderful woman."

"I know," I said, "if I give
you one more minute to do it in."

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you one more minute to do it in."

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Some London papers refer to the wife
of Lord Curzon as the 'Lioness of Asia.'

Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of the
president, spent the greater part of the
winter in southern California.

Mrs. Mary Anderson, now Mrs. Navarro, has
given a trifle trifle since she resigned
the office of the stage in this country, but
she appears in the best of health. Her
husband appears about her side.

Mrs. Sarah Storey of Philadelphia is
chief companion, while in the supreme
head of a woman's national organization
known as the Companions of the Forest,
which has 40,000 members and 500 circles.

Steady Cook & Co. have gone into the
stockbroking business in London, the
note of the firm being: "Never sell what
you had not bought; buy at the lowest figure;
be satisfied with quick returns and small
profits."

Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., who died
recently in New York from an overdose of
morphine, failed to relieve a fit of great
nervous depression and intense physical
pain, was a daughter of General Mercer of
Maryland.

Adeline Patti is not the only person in
artistic life with the title of Baroness
Cedernstrom. Mrs. Hartmann, a famous
swedish actress, is in private life a baro-
ness of the same name. Her husband and
Patti's are cousins.

Mrs. McKinley is a great dog fancier
and owns the largest St. Bernard in the
world. His name is Washington. A special
servant is appointed to take care of
the pet of the president's wife, and the
dogs are groomed every morning.

Mrs. Barbara Moon of Holywell, Eng-
land, has the distinction of being the only
baby that was present at the battle of
Waterloo. She was born in Gibraltar in
1792 and her father, a sergeant, took her
and her mother to Belgium with him, and
they were on the field during the fighting.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, whose
husband died in 1812, was the first woman
to live around the world in 1846. She
was born in 1792 and died in 1872. She
was the first woman to live around the
world in 1846.

Mrs. Daniel Manning will go to the
Paris exposition in 1900 as the president
of the Daughters of the American
Revolution. This society has appropriated
\$4,000 for her expenses. She will also
take a prominent part in the celebra-
tory exercises of the Lafayette monument, to
be held on United States day, July 4, 1900.

Mrs. Anna Bennett is said to have
reunited England altogether and to have
adopted eastern customs of living as well
as thinking. She is reported as sitting
cross-legged on a carpet, living and eating
like any Bengali in Calcutta and dressing
in a modification of the native costume.
This is starting a school and change at
Benares for Hindoo boys.

Orchard and Garden. Keeping the orchard
trimmed adds much to the beauty of the
farm. Give the first spraying on the apple
tree as soon as the leaves are out well.

Well rotted manure from the woodpile
is one of the best top dressings for
radishes.

For strawberries select land that has
been in cultivation two or three years.
Plow deep and harrow well.

Old tin cans with the tops and bottoms
taken off are good to set over plants as a
protection against cutworms.

On every warm, sunshiny day the hot-
beds should be opened so as to admit
plenty of pure air to the plants to
strengthen them.

When set out, if the trees are leaned
considerably to the southwest, they will be
strengthened by the time they come into
bearing.

Plants that have been growing in pots
during the winter may be set in the open
ground as soon as the danger of frost is
fully past.—Exchange.

THE JEWEL CASSET. No. The title and the
hat trust have no connection with each
other.—St. Louis Star.

Antimonopolists are frantically calling
upon Attorney General Griggs to sit down
on the newly formed chair trust.—New
York Press.

"Arm" is the newest designation of the
branch of the trust.—New York Post-Dispatch.

New comes the vinegar trust to sour
the spirits of the times. The concern ex-
pects to place its competitors in pickle.—New
York Mail and Express.

The defenders of the trusts may argue
that they are exhausted, and the fact re-
mains that it is not safe to place in the
hands of a few men the power to lower
wages and increase the price of necessary
articles when it is to their personal gain
to do so.—Chicago Herald.

THE JEWEL CASSET. Spinel, olivine, pearls and diamonds
are favorite stones for the enrichment of
gold belt clasps, which come in both solid
and openwork styles.

The new jeweled batons and hair
ornaments of every description continue to
be as strong as ever. The spider is the
"lucky" hair device.

Superb stones appearing in a few fine
rings just now are "orange" diamonds,
whose name exactly defines their mag-
nificent golden hue. These gems, when
absolutely clear and flawless, are both
rare and costly.

Chains much in favor and intended to
be worn at the throat or on the wrist are
very slender and