

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Dartn, in possession of Dartign's fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxenter gives her the Dartign locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the name as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartign. Baxenter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartign's invitation to Adderbury Towers. On the hall table ready for the post, Baxenter notices an envelope in the same handwriting as the scrap of paper picked up in Mortimer Terrace. Haverton, unobserved, and the two scoundrels are on their guard. They drug Baxenter, leaving him bound in a cellar. Two days later he manages to free himself.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

There had again been rain in the night, and the morning had broken dull and cheerless and the leaden sky seemed destitute of promise. To his left he could make out the lower bricks in the creeper-covered wall, and before him a few tree trunks, old and lichen patched. Between them he could see a kitchen garden, with its rows of pea-sticks and a partly ground-over potato patch, in the ground of which was a long-handled spade. The garden appeared to have been well tended, and a basket lay on the ground between the pea-rows. It seemed certain to the man behind the grating that the house in which he was had been recently occupied.

But now there was no sound save the ripple of water in some gutter, and the rattle of raindrops shaken by the wind from the trees. The garden was as deserted and silent as the house evidently was, and Robert commenced his attack upon the door regardless of the noise he made.

For over an hour he worked at the lock, using as a tool his pocket-knife, with which he whittled away the wood surrounding it until, striking on a hidden nail, the blade snapped off close to the handle. It was the square-ended appearance of Robert that suggested to him that he might be more successful using it as a screwdriver to take out the screws of the hinges. This proved to be a much simpler affair than his assault on the lock, but even then, the work was tedious and slow; it was near midday before the door was hinged.

The man levered with the handle of his knife until he obtained a finger-hold, then, exerting all his strength, he pulled, straining until at last the lock-fastenings, already weakened by Robert's early efforts, could no longer stand the pressure and parted, and, with a splintering of wood and a smother of dust, the door fell in.

Robert stepped over it and groped his way along the passage, which showed before him in the dim light which came through the grating. Then at the first turn, he was plunged into the blackness, and he had to proceed more cautiously. He felt in his pockets, but his match box had evidently been taken from him, or he had left it in the billiard room, and he had to feel his way with outstretched hands, one touching the wall as a guide, the other held out at arm's length before him.

The time seemed endless, until at last he made out a patch of diffused light, to which he groped his way. He found it to be the open door leading into the scullery, which Dartign had left ajar, perhaps by design, to assist the people who would come searching for the solicitor on Thursday.

The weather had evidently taken a turn for the better whilst Robert had been at work on the door, and he reeled a little and put a hand over his eyes as he came into the strong sunlight which was pouring in at the bright kitchen windows; then he crossed the room to the stairs and ascended to the floor above.

It came as no surprise to him that he was still in Adderbury Tower; he had not thought it likely that his enemies would have given themselves the trouble or taken the risk of his removal. He threw open the great front door and stood in the porch, drawing in great breaths of the summer air. The relief from the oppression of the shut-up house was very grateful, and the man felt his strength returning to him, and, with it, the recollection that he had not eaten a solid meal since dinner on Sunday evening.

He treated the dining-room as he had the hall, drawing up the blinds and pushing open the French windows. The sunlight showed him the room as he had last seen it—the oval table still strewn with the litter of Sunday

night's feast, the chairs pushed back as the diners had left them when they rose. Serviettes lay crumpled among the nutshells and cigar-ash, and in some of the glasses there still remained a little wine. Before the colonnade place was a litter of wooden matches, where the befuddled old gentleman had tried to show them some absurd trick.

The hungry man drew a chair up to the table and investigated. There was not much that a man might eat who had practically starved for three days. Sweet biscuits, chocolates and pressed ginger and fruits were hardly the fare for which Robert was looking, neither was his thirst to be slaked with Chartreuse of Kummel. And then he remembered that on his way through the kitchen he had seen a butler's tray containing what had been removed from the earlier courses of the banquet, and, taking a knife with him, he descended the stairs. He saw now that the kitchen was littered with the remains of cooking, and he told himself that, not only the master, but the servants of Adderbury Towers had left their posts at very short notice.

There was plenty on the butler's tray to stay Robert's appetite, the remains of a cold chicken, some salmon and bread and cheese. As he sat on the corner of the table, enjoying his impromptu feast, he saw for the first time the state he was in. The square mirror tilted over the mantelpiece above the range showed him the figure of a young man, indescribably dirty, and with chin and lips scored with cuts on which the blood had dried in ugly little brown patches.

His evening dress, torn and stained, with plaster and cobwebs, would have disgraced a scarecrow. On his face he had a soft-fronted shirt the blood had dripped from his chin, and he was without collar or tie. Evidently his butler had mercifully removed them. Robert paused in the act of eating and reviewed himself.

"I think, Robert," he nodded to his reflection, "a bath is what you want—and a three day's growth of beard does not suit your particular type of manly beauty."

He slipped off the kitchen table and returned to the dining-room, where he opened a bottle of Moselle. New life seemed to flow in his veins as he drained a glass of the sparkling beverage. Then, entirely refreshed, he set about making a search of the premises. He chose Dartign's study first as the room most likely to yield any information that might be useful to him. Here, as elsewhere, were signs of a hurried evacuation. The drawers of the desk had been ransacked, and in the wide heap of papers and ash showed how the late owner of the house had spent his last hours under its roof. Robert did not even glance through the papers left in the drawers; he knew too well that any incriminating documents would have been burnt or carried away.

The windows of the room were closed shut and curtained, and two candles which had stood on the table, had burnt completely out. The air was acrid from tobacco smoke and the smell of charred paper. Evidently the man had stayed long at their work of destruction. There were glasses and a half-empty whiskey bottle on the desk, and the little silver clock had stopped a few minutes after ten.

The other rooms Robert did not worry about. Falling on his knees, he carefully sifted over the heap in the grate, blowing upon them gently with a pair of brass bellows that he had found beside the fireplace. The black, charred paper scattered to left and right, leaving those which had in part escaped the flames. There were not many of these—Dartign had done his work too well for that—but, such as they were, the solicitor placed them carefully in an envelope to examine on his way to town. The words written on the scraps of paper were in French and English, but to Robert's casual glance they afforded no light on the secret of the Chauville inheritance.

It was a telegram which he found screwed into a ball and tossed into the wastepaper basket that decided him to lose no time in reaching London. It was addressed to him and was from Cantle, dated the previous afternoon and asking why he had not returned. Robert wondered what lies Dartign had made up about him and what excuse they had sent in reply to the wire.

Stella, too, would be anxious, and with this thought the solicitor turned to the timetable on the desk. There was a train which left Barchester at 3.30 that would just give him time to bathe, and change, and walk down to the town.

He never forgot the luxury of the next half hour, the cold lather of the water of his bath and the clean comfort of the shave. His kit-bag had been rifled, but his clothing was intact; he missed only his writing case with the "Dartign dossier," and Robert smiled as he thought what pleasure reading it had made for the filchers. The damage to his chin was slighter than the blood-stained first view had led him to believe, and, as he stood in a suit of gray flannel before the pier glass in the bathroom, there was little to point to his having passed through any adventure or experience such as his imprisonment in the cellars.

He packed all of his clothes and possessions into his bag, with the exception of the dress suit and the linen he had worn in the cellar. He glanced at the clock as he passed through the hall and found that he had barely time for the train, as it was, and snatching up his cap, he hurried down the gravelled drive to the lodge gates. Every-

where was desolation; there were no servants to be seen, from the stables came no sound of life, and the lodge was as silent and deserted as the house.

How quickly Dartign had moved in the matter when once he had seen that the game was up! Robert almost felt an admiration for the man who could so quickly and thoroughly adapt himself to changed conditions. He felt a distinct satisfaction that Dartign had elected not to kill him when he had him in his power, but the elation he experienced at having unmasked the man who had caused his cousin's death was tempered with the thought of the hours in the cellar, and the cool insolence of Baptiste Dartign.

Full of his thoughts Robert, on reaching the outskirts of the town, took the wrong road, and the time he lost recovering his bearings made it impossible for him to catch the train. By the time he reached the cathedral the great clock was showing the half of five, and from the distant station the whistle of the engine came clearly through the afternoon calm.

Robert slackened speed and looked around him. A little down the road the oak-timbered archway of the "Crown" yawned invitingly. The sun was hot and, after all, there were many worse places in which to consult a time-table than the dim coolness of the panelled smoke-room. He stopped at the post office and sent a message that would still any fears Stella might feel for him.

There was only one other occupant of the room when the solicitor entered and it took from the hook the local time-table. He crossed to a table by the window and, ordering tea, looked up his train. To his annoyance he found that there was none until 8 o'clock, and then only a local, which took some two hours and a half to reach the metropolis.

Perhaps his title of his annoyance showed in his face, for the man at the next table leaned over to him.

"You'll excuse me, sir; perhaps I can help you—I saw you looking at the London trains."

Robert turned to him with a smile. "Yes, I've just managed to miss the three-thirty—I see the next is eight—and that's a rotter."

"Oh, you're served very well at Barchester. You'll be quicker driving over to Mayfield, if you're in a hurry—that's on the main line; you'll find there's a train nearly every hour."

Baxenter thanked his informant, and while he waited for his tea they fell into conversation, in the course of which the solicitor mentioned his visit to the Towers, thinking perhaps to elicit a little useful information from one who was evidently well acquainted with Barchester and Barcastrian matters.

The other man was interested immediately. "You know Mr. Dartign, then, sir?"

"Oh yes; no very well, but—"

"Then perhaps you know why he has hurried off like this? My son, sir, is head gardener up at the Towers, or, rather, he was, because he's been shot out suddenly. All in a minute here's two months' money! Mr. Dartign told him; and he did the same to all of them, women as well."

Robert appeared to be mildly interested. "Then he has closed up the house?"

"Seems so, sir—can't make head or tail of it. They all had to leave, night before last—that is, them as hadn't already left during the day. The carrier went up and shifted their things in a batch. Mr. Dartign and another gentleman motored through here shortly afterward. They say he's sold all his horses to the vet for next to nothing. We'll miss him here in Barchester—an open-handed gentleman, and the life and soul of the market-dinner at the 'Lion.'"

And the Barcastrian went off, his head shaking dolefully, leaving Robert to his tea and toast.

(To be continued.)

The Way Home.

The question, How do birds find their way? is answered by many ingenious and speculative theories. Many have decided that birds possess a sense of direction, which is often very inaccurately called orientation. Biologically, this term does not imply any connection with the East, but is simply used to describe the power of finding the way back to a certain base, or of returning home. In the Migration of Birds, Mr. T. A. Coward quotes from Mr. John Burroughs's Ways of Nature a striking instance of this faculty.

Mr. Burroughs's son brought a drake home in a bag from a farm two miles away and shut it up in a barn with two ducks for a day and a night. As soon as it was released it turned its head homeward, but for three or four days its efforts were frustrated. Then Mr. Burroughs decided to see what the bird would do, and he set it free.

The homesick mallard started up through the highway, which he had never seen, and Mr. Burroughs followed fifty yards behind. A dog scared the bird and turned it up a lane, but after a detour it reached the road again; it stopped to bathe in a roadside pool, then started off refreshed. A lane leading in the right direction off the main road puzzled it, and it took a wrong turning, but, discovering its mistake, made for the road again, but not by actually retracing its steps. The false move seemed to put it out, for, after hesitating at the next and right turning, it actually overshot the mark. Mr. Burroughs, unable to spare him to continue the experiment, then headed it back, and when it reached the turning again it raced home with evident signs of joy.

The township of Elizabethtown, Leeds county, Ontario, is undertaking reforestation on a line of sand hills in order to stop the damage from shifting sand.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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. The pupils receive uniforms of the school, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

How the Pine Squirrel Fooled the Magpie

My grub stake was running low, and it was twenty-three miles to the nearest town. Since I did not relish the journey I began to conserve as much as possible.

On my last provision trip I had packed out a sack of potatoes—a delicacy when your fare consists mainly of game, sheep-herder's biscuit, and black coffee. Of the potatoes I had eaten sparingly. I counted the remaining ones, and, allowing myself two a day, estimated that I could postpone going to town at least another week.

Two days later I was surprised to find that I had only a few potatoes left. I would have been inclined to suspect pack rats had it not been for the fact that they had never been in evidence in my cabin on the North Fork. At any rate, I decided to keep an eye on my provisions.

The next afternoon, while cleaning my rifle, a slight noise in the kitchen attracted my attention, and I peered cautiously through a chink in the logs. On the edge of the potato basket sat a little pine squirrel, tugging away at a potato much larger than himself. After repeated attempts, he dragged it to the edge of the basket and dropped it to the floor. The noise frightened him. He ran to the door, hesitated on the step, and then peered back. Apparently reassured, he came in again and, sinking his teeth into the potato, began to back slowly, pulling his load after him.

Once at the base of a hollow tree a new problem confronted him. A squirrel can come down a tree head first, but cannot back up it, especially with a heavy load. He considered the problem, and then made a few unsuccessful attempts to carry his burden up the tree. Finally he buried it in a niche under a flat rock, probably to be left until he could devise a way to take it to the main base of supplies. Upon investigation I found that the hollow tree contained several bushels of cones, leaves, and seeds. That store, representing tremendous work, convinced me that the four or five pine squirrels around my cabin were working with definite plans from morning to night.

They are as industrious, cheerful little animals as one will find in the West. During their busy season, from July or August until after the first blizzard, they waste practically no time in useless occupations, except to scold and bark at human beings who cross their pathway. In this they take keen delight.

A few days later I opened a box of dried apples, and, finding them moldy, decided to donate them to my little friend. I placed the box under a tree close to the door of my cabin, where I could sit and watch without being observed. It did not take one of them long to locate the apples, nor to notify his family and friends that they must store this delicacy before the magpies found it.

Magpies are great rivals of the pine squirrel in their uncanny ability to locate a store of provisions. Indeed, I believe they take delight in hindering the pine squirrels' storing of food. However, the squirrels are not beyond reproach, for in the spring they spend most of their time robbing the nests of magpies and other birds.

When the squirrels began to carry away the apples, I noticed that they did not go to the hollow tree, but, in order to make haste, took each piece out to the end of a pine branch and hid it at the base of the pine needles, which were proof against the thieving magpies. It was a clever idea, indicative of logic rather than instinct.

The next morning the clusters of pine needles near my cabin were loaded with dried apples. By night the industrious squirrels had transferred the whole stock to the main base of supplies.

I believed that my potatoes would go un molested in the future, as apples were certain to be more palatable; yet, in order to remove temptation, I hung the basket where they could not reach it.—J. Clinton Shepherd.

There is no greater self-protection from all that is low, ordinary, and inferior than the cultivation of a lofty, grand estimate of oneself and one's possibilities. All the forces within you will then work together to help you realize your ideals, for the life always follows the aim; we always take the direction of the life purpose.

300 MILE BREAKKEY

The used car dealer who shows you how they run instead of talking about what they are like.

USED AUTOS
100 Actually in stock
Percy Breakey 402 YONGE ST. TORONTO
Mention this paper.



Woman's Interests

Health and Beauty.

Young people are frequently troubled with eruptions of the skin, particularly on the face and neck. The eruptions take various forms but all are annoying; most of them are outgrown after a time, but are usually at their worst during the most sensitive and self-conscious years.

Regular habits, free perspiration, good circulation of the blood, fresh air and proper diet are necessary if we would have a smooth, clear skin; for without these, it is impossible to attain cleanliness of the body, both within and without.

Constipation, so general in this country because of our food habits, is a foe to health and beauty. We need more roughage in our food, and for this purpose there is nothing better than bran in one form or another—bran bread, bran muffins, or a spoon-ful of bran sprinkled over the breakfast cereal. Graham, corn and entire wheat bread are also good. Such vegetables as peas, beans and corn also provide roughage, while pop-corn is excellent for the purpose. Fruit and vegetables should be eaten freely, as they provide the vitamins and act as laxatives. When fresh fruit is unobtainable, raisins, figs, dates and prunes should be freely used.

The pores of the skin are also of use in carrying off impurities, so must be kept open by means of frequent baths and brisk rubbing. You have probably noticed that people who perspire freely, usually have fine, clear skin. It is essential then that the pores be kept open and not clogged with either dirt, dead skin or powder. If you must use powder, wash it off at night.

Exercise and fresh air will help the circulation, so they are also essential to good health. Care should be taken to ventilate the bedrooms; we need fresh air at all times, but especially do we need it at night.

Blackheads, one of the most annoying skin troubles, are due to the clogging of the pores with sebaceous matter, a cheese-like substance. The pores become filled with this substance and the part which is exposed to the air becomes blackened because of the dust with which it comes in contact.

Clogged pores should be emptied, but it must be done carefully in order to avoid injury to the delicate tissues of the skin. Once a week, preferably at night, the face should be steamed by applications of cloths wrung out of hot water; then, in front of a good mirror and a good light, the blackheads should be pressed out. This can be done by means of a watch-key or the tips of the fingers. Then bathe the face, rinse well and either rub in a good cream, or rinse the face with water containing a few drops of tincture of benzoin or toilet water.

If the weekly treatment of blackheads seems insufficient, use this blackhead cleansing powder: Cornstarch, two parts; powdered borax, one part; almond meal, one part. Mix these ingredients and keep in a wide-mouthed jar or box. Hold hot wet cloths over the face until it is wet and warm and the pores are open, then rub in some of this powder. You'll feel the skin absorb it. Rinse off with hot water, dry, then rub on a little cold cream. This powder is quite drying, necessarily, since it must mix with and absorb the blackheads; the cream, however, prevents any chapping of the skin. You can use the powder instead of soap.

When the skin must be cleaned in a hurry or when traveling, use bay rum or toilet water. Bay rum is used full strength, toilet water is diluted; one-third toilet water and two-thirds plain water will do. Use either remedy on a bit of absorbent cotton and rub on the black spots until they have disappeared. The tiny black spots which appear on the nose and on the neck and shoulders are easily removed by this method.

As blackheads are usually accompanied by an oily skin, greasy and indigestible foods should be avoided. Chocolate should be eaten sparingly, but pure ice-cream, plain cake and simple candies are allowed, if eaten at meal-time, not between meals. Those who favor fudge and rich cake at any time or all times must pay the price.

Timely Recipes.

A spicy salad for a company dinner is made thus: Arrange nasturtiums in a shallow glass dish, the leaves and flowers forming a border. Cover the stems in the middle of the dish with slices of cold boiled potato, over these lay sliced tomatoes sprinkled with finely minced onion and parsley. Dress with French dressing and serve very cold.

Corn powder: Fry out a large slice of fat salt pork. When crisp remove from the pan, put in six potatoes and one small onion, cut in slices. Cover with boiling water and cook until the potatoes are done, then add a pint of grated sweet corn and a quart of rich milk. Season with butter, salt and pepper, then add the pork cut in small pieces, and when the milk comes to the boiling point, serve.

Tomato olives: The little yellow plum or pear-shaped tomatoes are nicest for this; but any small green ones will do. Wash clean a half-bushel of the tomatoes, pack in a jar or tub, mix with them two and one-

half pounds of fine salt and one-fourth of a pound of whole mixed spices. Weigh down and cover with clear cold water. In two weeks they are ready to use, but will keep for a year if kept under the brine.

Tomato pulp, used for soups, sauces and flavoring, can be made of the surplus or imperfect fruit. To can this pulp, wash and stem the tomatoes, place in a kettle over the fire and cook until the tomatoes break up. Rub through a strainer to remove seeds and skins and return the tomatoes to the kettle. Cook down until the mass is as thick as catsup, then pour into jars, put rubbers and lids in position and partially seal the jars. Sterilize the jars in a wash-boiler or steamer for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Remove the jars, tighten the covers and allow to cool, then store in a dark place.

Apple and elderberry jam require two pounds of windfall apples, one pound of elderberries, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of syrup. Wash, peel and core the apples, cut them into quarters and weigh. Wash, drain and pick the elderberries. Put the apples and elderberries into an agateware kettle with just sufficient water to cover them. Bring to a boil and stew gently until the fruit is tender. Add the syrup and sugar, bring to boiling point and boil rapidly until the syrup sets when tested on a cold plate. Put into glasses, cover, seal with paraffin and store in the usual way. The thimble-cut rind of a lemon may be stewed with the fruit and removed before the sugar is added.

Spiced cantaloupe: An old recipe for this dainty calls for seven pounds of cantaloupe, pared and cut in pieces of convenient size, three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Melt the sugar in the vinegar, bring to a boil, pour over the cantaloupe and allow to stand over night. The next day pour off the vinegar, bring to a boil and again pour over the cantaloupe. Repeat the process the third day. On the fourth day pour off the vinegar; into a muslin bag put one tablespoonful of cloves and one stick of cinnamon, place the bag into the vinegar, bring to boiling point, then add cantaloupe, and when the fruit has reached the boiling point, remove from fire, pack in jars and seal.

When You Invest Money.

The large prices received for farm products during the war made the farmer the target for all sorts of investment propositions. Because of his location away from the business world and because he had little surplus to invest, until war-time prices made the money available, farmers as a class have not been trained to select the best sort of investments. The best investments must be diligently searched for because the man who has large funds snaps them up. The profitable investments are the ones that are peddled. This explains why the oil promoters, the packing-house salesmen and all other investment sharks, so diligently endeavor to get the farmer's money.

When there is money in your family chest to invest, it is well to remember that there is practically no method of magically increasing it beyond its usual conservative interest-bearing power; also, that it should be put to work either in a responsible bank or as a mortgage or as a good bond; furthermore, that one of the best investments may be found right on the home farm. It may be a new barn that will make extra profits possible. Better yet, it may be a new house that will bring increased comfort and happiness. Or it may be the installation of the conveniences and home comforts that should be added to the old home. When all these investments have been made and not until then, the farmer and his wife will do well to smile at the get-rich-quick stock salesman who calls at their door and tell him good-bye.

What He Was Losing.

A British destroyer lay close inland near a small African village, and the sailors were lounging near the rails and throwing pennies into the water for a crowd of dusky, naked youngsters to dive for.

It was a lively scene. No sooner was a penny thrown into the water than a native boy dived and brought it to the surface. Many times a penny did not reach the bottom before a boy caught it.

On the jetty the native king, surrounded by his fellow-townsmen, was awaiting the arrival of the British naval officers, to whom he was going to tender a grand reception. He watched the diving with evident interest.

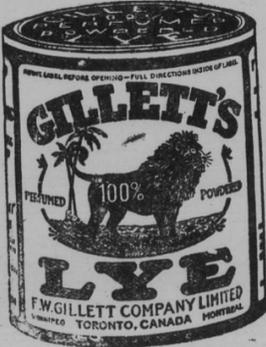
A reckless sailor began throwing shillings and half-crowns into the water. Then someone threw over a handful of small silver. What a scrambling! It seemed as if every native from the village was either in the air or in the water.

Suddenly a dusky messenger came dashing alongside the destroyer in a native canoe.

"Will you jads please stop throwing money? The king's botting restless; he's already taken off his coat!"

The man who sells his health for wealth makes a poor bargain.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



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