

on "Three of my favorite historical characters." You have a wide range of choice, from 4000 B.C. to 1905 A.D., and you may write about any men, women or children you please—except the one Man, our Lord Jesus Christ, who stands by Himself. I would rather have you speak to Him than of Him—at least in print—until you are older.

All who are not over seventeen may compete, and, if possible, the competitors will be divided into classes according to age.

Write your name, age and address clearly at the foot of your essay, and don't forget that all MSS. should be written on one side of the paper only. Don't use a pencil if you want to win a prize. All MSS. should reach me not later than Sept. 25th. Address to  
COUSIN DOROTHY,  
Box 70, Newcastle, Ont.

## THE LEAVENWORTH CASE.

By A. K. Green.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

A light such as had never visited her face before passed slowly over it. "Then God forgive me the wrong I have done this noble heart, for I can never forgive myself! Wait!" said she, as he opened his lips. "Before I accept any further tokens of your generous confidence, let me show you what I am. You shall know the worst of the woman you have taken to your heart. Mr. Raymond"—and she turned toward me for the first time—"in those days when you sought to induce me to speak out and tell all I knew concerning this dreadful deed, I did not do it because I was afraid. I knew the case looked dark against me; Eleanor had told me so. Eleanor herself believed me guilty. She had her reasons. She knew first, from the directed envelope she had found lying underneath my uncle's dead body on the library table, that he had been engaged at the moment of death in summoning his lawyer to make the change in his will which would transfer my claims to her; secondly, that I had been down to his room the night before, though I denied it, for she had heard my door open and my dress rustle as I passed out. But that was not all: the key that every one felt to be a positive proof of guilt, wherever found, had been picked up by her from the floor of my room; the letter written by Mr. Clavering to my uncle was found in my fire; and the handkerchief which she had seen me take from the basket of clean clothes, was produced at the inquest, stained with pistol-grease. I could not account for these things. A web seemed tangled about my feet. I knew I was innocent, but if I failed to satisfy one who loved me of it, how could I hope to convince the general public if once called upon to do so. Worse still, if pure-faced Eleanor, with every apparent motive for desiring long life to our uncle, was held in such suspicion because of a few circumstantial evidences against her, what would I not have to fear if the truth concerning these things was told! When, therefore, Eleanor, true to her heart's generous instincts, closed her lips and refused to speak when speech would have been my ruin, I let her do it. Fear of the ignominy, suspense, and danger that would follow confession, sealed my lips. Only once did I hesitate. That was when, in the last conversation we had, I saw that, notwithstanding appearances, you believed in Eleanor's innocence, and the thought crossed me you might be induced to believe in mine if I threw myself upon your mercy. But just then Mr. Clavering came, and as in a flash I seemed to realize what my future life would be, stained by suspicion, and instead of yielding to my impulse, went so far in the other direction as to threaten Mr. Clavering with a denial of our marriage if he approached me again till all danger was over.

"Yes, he will tell you that was my welcome to him when, racked by long suspense, he came to my door for one word of assurance that the peril I was in was not of my own making. But he forgives me; I see it in his eyes; and you—oh! if in the long years to come

you can forget what I have made Eleanor suffer by my selfish fears, if, with the shadow of her wrong before you, you can by the grace of some sweet hope think a little less hardly of me, do. As for this man—torture could not be worse to me than this standing with him in the same room—let him come forward and declare if I by look or word have given him reason to believe I understood his passion, much less returned it."

"Why ask!" gasped he. "Don't you see it was indifference that drove me mad? It was that which made my life a hell. I was determined you should understand. If I had to leap into a pit of flame, you should know what my passion for you was. And you do. Shrink as you will from my presence, you can never forget the love of Trueman Harwell; never forget that love, burning love for your beauty, was the force which led me down into your uncle's room that night, and lent me will to pull the trigger which poured all the wealth you hold this day into your lap. Yes," he went on, "every dollar that clinks from your purse shall talk of me. Every gewgaw which flashes on that haughty head shall shriek my name into your ears. Fashion, pomp, luxury, you will have them all; but, till gold loses its glitter, you will never forget the hand that gave it to you!"

With a look whose evil triumph I cannot describe, he put his hand into the arm of the waiting detective, and in another moment would have been led from the room; when Mary, crushing down the emotions that were seething in her breast, said: "No, Trueman Harwell, I cannot give you even that thought for your comfort. Wealth that is laden with such a burden were torture. I cannot accept the torture, so must release the wealth, even if it were mine to dispose of, which it is not. From this day Mary Clavering owns nothing but that which comes to her from her husband she has so basely wronged." And raising her hands to her ears, she tore out the diamonds which hung there, and flung them at the feet of the unfortunate man.

It was the final wrench of the rack. With a yell such as I never thought to listen to from the lips of a man, he flung up his arms, while all the lurid light of madness glared on his face. "And I have given my soul to hell for a shadow!" moaned he—"for a shadow!"

"Well, that is the best day's work I ever did! Your congratulations, Mr. Raymond, upon the success of the most daring game ever played in a detective's office."

I looked at the triumphant face of Mr. Gryce in amazement. "What do you mean?" I cried; "did you plan all this?"

"Did I plan it?" he repeated. "Could I stand here, seeing how things have turned out, if I had not? Mr. Raymond, you are a gentleman, but we can well shake hands over this."

We did shake hands long and fervently, and then I asked him to explain himself.

"Well," said he, "there has always been one thing that plagued me, even in the very moment of my strongest suspicion against this woman, and that was the pistol-cleaning business. Did you ever know a woman who cleaned a pistol, or who knew the object or use of doing so? No. They can fire them and do; but after firing them they do not clean them. Recognizing this, I hesitated when it came to the point of arrest. The chain was complete, but one link was of a different size and material from the rest, and in this argued a break in the chain. I resolved to give her a final chance. Summoning Mr. Clavering and Mr. Harwell, two persons whom I had no reason to suspect, but who were the only individuals besides herself who could have committed this crime, being the only persons of intellect who were in the house at the time of the murder, I notified them separately, that the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth was about to be arrested in my house, and that if they wished to hear the confession which would be sure to follow, they might have the opportunity of doing so, by coming here at such an hour. They were both too much interested to refuse; and I succeeded in inducing them to conceal themselves in the two rooms from which you saw them issue, knowing that if either of them had committed this deed, he had done it for the love of Mary Lea-

venworth, and consequently could not hear her charged with crime and threatened with arrest, without betraying himself."

### XXXVIII.

#### A Full Confession.

I am not a bad man; I am only an intense one. Ambition, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge—transitory emotions with some—are terrific passions with me.

Those who have known me best have not known this. My own mother was ignorant of it. Often and often have I heard her say: "If Trueman only had more sensibility! If Trueman were not so indifferent to everything!"

It was the same at school. No one understood me. They thought me meek; called me Dough-face. For three years they called me this, then I turned upon them. Choosing out their ringleader, I felled him to the ground, laid him on his back, and stamped upon him. He was handsome before my foot came down; afterward—well, it is enough he never called me Dough-face again. In the store I entered soon after I met with even less appreciation. Regular at my work and exact in my performance of it, they thought me a good machine and nothing more. I let them think so. The fact was, I loved nobody well enough, not even myself, to care for any man's opinion. Life was welling a blank to me, and such it might have continued to this day if I had never met Mary Leavenworth. But when I left my desk in the counting-house for a seat in Mr. Leavenworth's library, a blazing torch fell into my soul, whose flame has never gone out and never will, till my doom is accomplished.

She was so beautiful! When on that first evening I followed my new employer into the parlor, and saw this woman standing before me in her half-alluring, half-appalling charm, I knew what my future would be if I remained in that house. She was in one of her haughty moods, and bestowed upon me little more than a passing glance. But her indifference made slight impression upon me. It was enough that I was allowed to stand in her presence and look upon her loveliness.

And so it was always. Unspeakable pain as well as pleasure was in the emotion with which I regarded her. Yet for all that I did not cease to study her hour by hour and day by day. I soon found I was nothing to her, could not be anything unless—and this thought came slowly—I could in some way become her master.

Six months went by; I had learned two things: first, that Mary Leavenworth loved her position as prospective heiress to a large fortune above every other earthly consideration; and, secondly, that she was in the possession of a secret which endangered that position. What this was I had for some time no means of knowing. But when, later, I became convinced it was one of love, I grew hopeful, strange as it may seem. For by this time I had learned Mr. Leavenworth's disposition almost as perfectly as that of his niece, and knew that in a matter of this kind he would be uncompromising; and that in the clashing of these two wills something might occur which would give me a hold upon her. The only thing that troubled me was the fact that I did not know the name of the man in whom she was interested. But chance soon favored me here. One day—a month ago now—I sat down to open Mr. Leavenworth's mail as usual. One letter—shall I ever forget it?—ran thus:—

"Hoffman House,

"March 1, 1876.

"Mr. Horatio Leavenworth: Dear Sir,—You have a niece whom you love and trust; one, too, who seems worthy of all the love and trust that you or any other man can give her; so beautiful, so charming, so tender is she in face, form, manner, and conversation. But, dear sir, every rose has its thorn, and your rose is no exception to this rule. Lovely as she is, charming as she is, tender as she is, she is not only capable of trampling on the rights of one who trusted her, but of bruising the heart and breaking the spirit of him to whom she owes all duty, honor, and observance.

"If you don't believe this, ask her who and what is her humble servant and yours,

"Henry Ritchie Clavering."  
(To be continued.)

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to the "Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd.—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1 must be enclosed.

### Miscellaneous.

#### FOUL BROOD INFECTION THROUGH EXTRACTOR.

One of my neighbor's bees have all died of foul brood. Would there be any danger of infection to my bees by me using the same extractor?

Ans.—Yes, the spores of the microbe (*Bacillus alvei*) are readily transported in honey, frames, and many other ways. Like all germ diseases, this is most insidious, and cannot be shunned too vigilantly. If the foul-brood inspector has not already been notified of the presence of this disease in your neighborhood, write him at once. Address, Mr. Wm. McEvoy, Woodburn, Ont.

#### BORDEAUX FOR POTATOES.

I see in the "Farmer's Advocate," Bordeaux is advised for potato rot. Would you please let me know as soon as possible where I can purchase it, and what it costs; also how to mix and use it?

J. D. L.

Grey Co., Ont.

Ans.—Bordeaux mixture is not a proprietary article, but a homemade mixture, of bluestone, lime and water. Directions for preparation have often been given in this paper, and may be found in issue of March 30th, 1905. Bluestone varies in price, but should be obtainable at six cents a pound. About five to six pounds of bluestone are required for a barrel of mixture. Bordeaux is used for a great many purposes, and varies in composition. The standard formula, based on Canadian measurements, is five pounds bluestone, five pounds lime and 40 (Imperial) gallons of water, but for potatoes a larger proportion of bluestone is advised. Prof. W. T. Macoun, of Ottawa, for instance, recommends six pounds bluestone, four pounds lime and 40 gallons water. In an estimate on the cost of potato culture, Prof. Macoun allowed 72 pounds of bluestone for spraying an acre four times. At six cents a pound this would amount to \$4.32, or \$1.08 per spraying. These are rather high figures. In a bulletin by the New York Experiment Station, the cost of labor and everything is put at \$1.07 per spraying. The exact amount of spraying mixture needed will depend upon the size of the vines, care used in application, and other conditions.

#### BUSINESS COLLEGE COURSES.

We call attention to the new announcements in this issue of the various business colleges, and at the same time would drop the hint that no young man can afford to miss the business training obtainable at these institutions.

THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE OF TORONTO.—No institution of learning in Canada enjoys greater publicity or stronger public confidence than the Central Business College of Toronto. The Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, is a believer in the use of the press, and by supporting his announcements by the most thorough work possible on behalf of his patrons, who are so universally successful, he has brought his school into well-deserved prominence. The fall session begins on Sept. 5th, as per card in this issue.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.—The well-known Elliott Business College of Toronto has enjoyed a splendid patronage during the present year, and this is, no doubt, due to the superior training that the college imparts. The fall term opens on Sept. 5th, and already many have signified their intention of being present on the opening day. "Thoroughness is the keynote of this institution" is the motto of the Elliott Business College, Toronto. All the graduates secure positions, and the demand for students to fill good positions has, during several months of the year, been fully six times the supply.