A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Wililamson ***

brain fever. Sintra nursed me through the illness as no one else could have dene. But I was never the same man again. The blood in my veins seemed turned to gall. I believed that I hated Ermyntrude as much as once I had loved her: and I thought of nothing but

some way of making her feel as I felt. "Perhaps if her parents, who had been like father and mother to me, had lived, I would after all have done nothing against their daughter. But while Sintra and I traveled, trying to forget, they died. A year or two later, my chance came, and - with Sintra's promptings in my ears-I took it."

CHAPTER XXV.

For a moment the speaker was silent. He had forgotten me, and gone back into the past. But my patience was short, and in my eager wish to hear the sequel, I broke in upon his reverle. "The chance came-you took it," I prompted him. "What was it that you

Vincent and Ermyntrude were at Arrish Mell Court," he said in a weary, toneless voice. "They had been married three years when Sintra and I came back to England from the land where my wife and I were to have been happy together-if another man hadn t stolen her away. Their boy was two years old. Sintra and I made our plans; we had thought of the punish-ment which would hurt the mother most. One day the child ran away from his nurse, who was gossiping with a friend, and was not seen again. But his little hat and toy he had been playing with were found hours afterwards close by the water on a lonely part of the sea beach, a mile or two from the gates of Arrish Mell Court.

"From that day to the night on which you tell me she died, Ermyntrude believed her son had been drowned, and that I was his murderer. There was no proof of any kind against Sintra or me; we had managed the affair far too carefully for that. But we were known to be in the neighborhood, and it was easy to imagine the suspicion in Ermyntrude's mind. For a time I rejoiced in it. I wished her to think that her great sorrow had come through the man she had injured, yet to feel that she was able to do nothing-nothing " "You have not told me yet what you

did with the boy," I breathlessly reminded him.

"The plan was Sintra's," he answered, dully. "It was all her idea through my nerves. from the first-for she can hate well, "I did not know," myntrude first for taking my love, and fore I did not know that Roger afterwards for throwing it away. She had anything more than his title grow up as a child of the streets-a certain poetic justice, to my mind, in him ourselves, she said, so that, in no | will?" circumstances whatever, would it be

"I agreed. But when I saw the littie fellow, and he looked at me with Vineyes, already I half repented what I had done, and what I was about to do. Unknown to Sintra, I put on had once symbolized so much to his

mother and me--" "The heart-shaped scar!" I exclaimed aloud, springing up from the chair by the bedside. "Oh! then the boy is found-he's found!"

Walter Leigh stared at me as if I had gone mad; for in the joy and exnent of the knowledge that he had suddenly given I was laughing and cry-

"It is true," I assured him. "Unless unless, indeed, there are others in the world whose arms wear the same mark. I know the heart-shaped scarso well-too well. I saw it many times on Lady Cope's arm. I saw it on your sister's, and -on one other. All three were exactly the same, as if one hand out a will. If he was her solicitor he had made them."

"Tell me about that other," he commanded, almost fiercely.

I told him about John Bourke-told him in as few words as I could the story of the young man's life as I had heard it from Mrs. Jennett. "The mark is near the left wrist, on the inside of the arm," I said at last.

"It was there that I placed it on the the sick man answered. "He was a brave little chap, and would not take the bribe that I offered him, though he was only two years old. I remember that he hardly winced, though I must have hurt him, and he did not shed a tear. I believe, child that you have done Ermyntrude's bidding. You have found her boy."

"If you were sorry for what you had done, why did you never search for thim?" I demanded, reproachfully.

"I did: I even advertised, and en gaged a private detective to find the child if he could. But that was years after the thing was done; and there was little enough I could tell. A dozen years before, a little boy, with a pur-ple heart tattooed on his left arm, had been set down to play with some ragamuffins in a street in Whitechapel—a far worse neighborhood then than now There he had been abandoned, and nothing had been heard of him since The detective spent a good deal of money, but he made no discoveries. The child's fate remained a mystery; and though years have passed since I made those few spasmodic efforts to atone for my sin, it was a mystery still, until you told me to-night of this young man of the people, John Bourke. I would give all the life I have left in me—save enough to look once in his face—if he could be brought here. I should know even more surely then."

"Somehow you shall see him!" I ex-claimed. "I don't see yet how I am to sister brought me to please Roger Cope But I know that I shall do it. And shall meet John Bourke again—there can be no wrong in that now—I shall can be no wrong in that now a sharing tell him the truth about himself. Why?" I exclaimed, in the surprise of a new thought which had come to me suddenly for the first time. "Why, everything is really his! This placewhich was his father's. Sir

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Cope's. Arrish Mell Court, and-ever the title. All-all that Roger Cope thinks belongs to him!"

"Pray Heaven that Roger Cope does not find out the truth before the rightful heir knows it!" Walter Leigh ex-

"Why?" I asked him, breathlessly. "Because I believe there is nothing Roger Cope would not do to keep what

I drew in my breath sharply, and was silent, intently thinking. I, speaking out on some unreasoning impulse, had told Sintra Leigh of the heart-shaped scar on John Bourke's arm. No wonder she had shown emo-I understood the meaning of it now; for doubtless I had given her as great a shock of enlightenment as I had given her twin-brother to-night. How she had come into communication with Roger Cope and why she and Walter Leigh were living in this house I did not yet know. But I did know that the woman in black was on friendly terms with Roger; that she had seen him since I had told my all-important piece of news; and that Roger had today gone off to some place unknown, carrying with him a portmanteau With these things shaping strangely together in my mind, Walter Leigh's words sent an ominous creeping chill

"I did not know," he continued, slow-

proposed that the petted darling of this house, which came to him lo those who had spoilt my life should ago on his cousin Vincent's most untimely death. But you say that Arwaif, a vagabond. And there seemed a rish Mell Court is his-that everything ts his. Does that mean that Ermynthe thought. We would lose sight of trude left him all that was hers in a

possible for us to restore the child to Roger was her solicitor, and he told me that he had often advised her to make a will, but she kept putting it off. If I had been her daughter, as I believed, I should have expected the dear old home and the money to be mine if I had ever thought of such things at all. But Roger undeceived me. And, rather than marry him, as he asked me to do, I went away and lived for a while with my own people." Walter Leigh-looked at me more closely than he had done yet. "So Rog-Cope wished to marry you, in spite knowing that you would have nothng but yourself to give?"

"Yes, I suppose," I admitted, reluctantly, "that he must really have cared

"That is not hard to believe," said the sick man, in the curious hollow voice that seemed somehow to put him outside the world of living human beings. "You are no ordinary girl. But his head may have prompted the wish as well as his heart. I don't believe for a moment that Ermyntrude died withmay have made the will and destroyed Besides, she kept a diary, I know. I knew it of old, and she spoke of it on that last night in April when we

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fetch her because I was very ill and longed that she should know the truth about the past. The book was padlocked, and there was a tiny key-that is, if it was the same book which I knew years ago." "Could it have been the key I found in the pocket of her tea-gown?" I ex-

claimed, speaking to myself, not him "Find the book and try the key," he

"The book would have been in the octagon room, in the escritoire, where she used so often to write," I murmured, reflectively. "And, oh! the escritoire, or one like it, is here, in this house! Perhaps Roger brought it back from

Arrish Mell Court."

Even as I spoke I remembered the night of the storm, when I had gone to the octagon room, hearing and see-ing certain strange things which my superstitious fears had tried to explain according to their own way. Now my reason began to explain them different-

ly. What if Roger had come secretly to the house from the inn where he was staying in the village of Lull, and, surprised by me in an attempt to find this same diary, had chosen to play the ghost?" "If there was a will," Walter Leigh

was saying, "Ermyntrude would pro-bably have mentioned making it in her diary. Roger Cope would have thought of that, for he is clever—hatefully clev-er—or he could never have gained his present influence over my sister. Perhaps there was a secret drawer in that escritoire of which you speak, and, not being able to find it, he may have brought the thing here to be under his own eye, lest something was hidden which none but he ought to find." "I shall try hard to find it." I said.

To be Continued. Insoluble Phosphates,

The use of insoluble phosphates, whether in the form of phosphatic rock or of the so called Thomas slag, has long been a bone of contention or debatable matter not ony among the scientific men, but the practical farmers. The former have questioned whether the insoluble phosphate could be of any value as plant food, and some of the farmers have claimed that their crops were very much benefited by it. Although we have not tested it, our opinion leads us to believe that the farmers are right, and those who rely only on scientific principles may be wrong. We do not place sufficient confidence in the power of the soil and the action of frosts, rain and summer heat upon what are sometimes called insoluble fertilizers.

We know little of the power that these elements may exert, and when to the natural elements of the soil there may be added the effect of decomposing vegetable matter, either as stable manure or as green manure, plowed under, we can only say that we think they have much effect in making soluble not only phosphatic but other mineral elements in the oil Those who have used the finely ground rock or Thomas slag upor fields which had received a liberal dressing of stable manure or had been treated with a green crop plowed unler are so unanimously in its favor that we cannot doubt but that the so called insoluble phosphates do be come soluble in the soil under certain conditions, depending upon the soil or the treatment it has received,-American Cultivator.

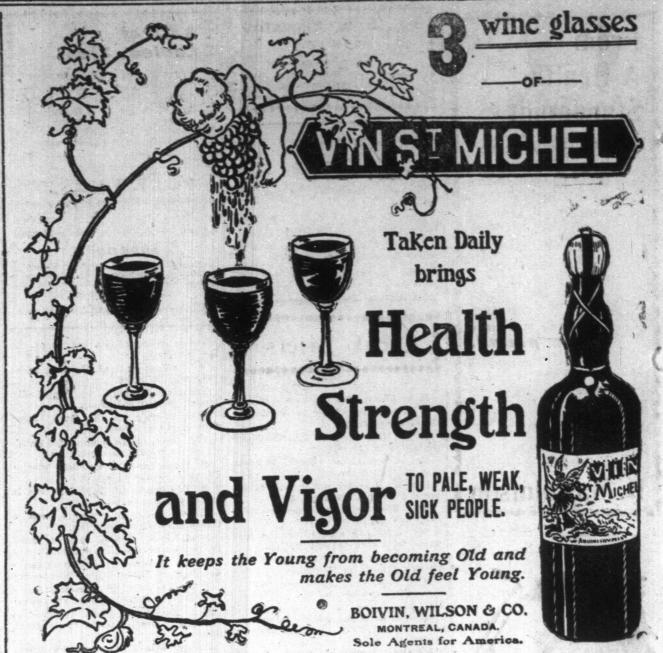
Handling Strawberry Runners. As soon as the leaf is well formed on the new runners we pass along

apidly and layer them in a straight ine between the mother plants, about 6 to 10 inches apart. that the rolling runner-cutter clips off the subsequent runners and no others are allowed to root. This tool is not perfect, but the best device I have yet seen, and with a little hand work it does nicely. It permits the cultivator to stir and maintain the oose earth mulch over nearly the enire surface, conserving moisture perectly and reducing the hand work to the minimum. It allows the foliage of each plant to adjust itself so as to give full exposure to sunshine and have a free circulation of air to each crown where the fruit buds are forming. The plants stool up beautifully, often exceeding the size of a bushel basket, yielding over 4 quarts large, even-sized berries.

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