

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XL.

"Burton," said Deane, as they were seated at breakfast next morning, "I am going to London by the express, and I shall have a day in town. It would be a trifle dull for you, the investigation I have on hand. The river runs close here, and the fishing is good—I sampled it some two or three years ago; amuse yourself with a rod till I return, will you?"

When Deane reached Waterloo, he took a cab to Gray's Inn Square. He entered the office of a firm of solicitors there, and, sending in his card, was at once accorded an interview with one of the principals. That interview lasted about five minutes, and, coming out, his waiting cab took him to Finsbury Pavement, to the office of a money-lender there.

"Isaacs," he said to the proprietor, "I went out of my way to render you a service once. I don't agree with the judges of the High Courts that because you are a money-lender you should be altogether denied common justice. On that particular occasion I saw you got it. You then said you hankered after an opportunity of repaying me."

"Jumpin' Moses, Mr. Deane! I'd do anything in the world for you! You saved me nearly five hundred quid. Do you want anything to that amount now—on a slip of paper without sureties even?"

"No," replied Deane laughingly; "I did not know your gratitude could take so material a form. No, I do not want to borrow anything; I want some information which you can give, or gain for me."

"Anything in the—"

"You are a subscriber to Perry's Inquiry Office, aren't you—loan office section? I want a list of the loans a certain person has obtained. Will you get it for me?"

"With pleasure."

"There's the name and address, then," said Deane, as he pencilled it on paper. "I will come back for the report in an hour if that will suit you."

"I'll send a clerk at once, Mister Deane; always glad to 'blige you.' Deane's cab took him to Guy's Hospital, and he had a long interview with the nearly convalescent Lucy. She told him all she knew: of the conversation she had listened to; of the attempted murder of the gipsy; how she had caught the last train up because it was late; of her seeing the Frenchman get out of the train at Waterloo, and Ashley's being on the platform with his bicycle to catch the midnight train home.

That interview finished, back to Finsbury Pavement and the money-lender's office.

"A lick on this, Mr. Deane. Up to the neck in loans," and the Jew handed over the Inquiry Office report.

It may not be general knowledge, but Deane knew, that when a man applies to a loan office for an advance, he is "put through"—that is to say, an inquiry is made. That particular inquiry is registered, and the next time the would-be borrower makes application to any loan office, that registered information stands against him when he is again inquired about. It is a marvellous system.

Deane cast his eyes down the long list of applications to loan offices made during the preceding twelve months by the person he had inquired about, thanked Isaacs for the service he had rendered, and the cab carried him to Waterloo again. There he discharged it, and sought out the superintendent of the line.

His card secured him an interview, and books were fetched, reports looked into, and time-sheets gone over, and in fact all the information he needed given him; for Deane was well known to the company's officers. He had rendered certain valuable services which placed them under a deep obligation to him.

"Give me a line to the Graynewood station-master, will you?" he said, "directing him to let me see the working of the signal-box at that station."

"Certainly."

It was done, and, armed with that letter, Deane journeyed to Graynewood. Production of the letter from headquarters ensured all the attention he required. In the signal-box he inquired into the working of the home and distant signals, and examined the time-book kept there. Then he departed, leaving the signal-man and station-master wondering what could be the object of his inquiries.

Deane did not go to the hotel, but kept along the main road which ran close to the line. Out of sight, and at some distance from the station, he leaped the separating fence, and got into the six-foot way.

He walked along till he reached the one-armed distance signal close to the garden of Grayne Hall, and here he examined things very closely. With his magnifying glass he went to work on the earth beside the signal, and carefully examined the hedge over which he could look into the garden of the Hall.

The soft, clay soil of the bank

under the hedge showed the marks of boots, and, as they led up the bank in the direction of the Hall gardens, they were sufficiently interesting to Deane to make him desire a cast of them; being sheltered, the recent light rains had not affected their clearness.

Deane had come prepared. From one pocket he drew a flask of water, and from another a packet of powder; these he mixed in a folding rubber bowl, and carefully poured into one of them indentations made by a boot. He left it to harden whilst he continued his investigations.

Two pieces of rope two or three yards long gave him food for thought. It had always been an axiom of his that little things were infinitely the most important. He stood with the pieces of rope in his hand some minutes; then further away he saw another piece. Picking it up, he found it to be much longer—many yards. He did not pull it, but followed its course. A gleam of triumph came into his eyes as he saw to what it was attached.

Up the iron step-ladder he climbed till he reached the semaphore and colored glasses worked by the lever from the station signal box. He examined that carefully, and what he saw satisfied him, for the gleam came into his eyes again.

By the time he had descended, his plaster cast had set. Wrapping it carefully in paper, he put it in his pocket, and, coiling the rope and things he had found attached to it into a compact mass he journeyed back along the line.

Regaining the road, and with his light coat over his arm—what he had found, beneath it—Deane entered the hotel and his own room unnoticed. He pulled the pillows and bolster from their proper positions on the bed and sat, in an odd particular way, in and amidst them, bringing into play that brilliant, incisive reasoning power which had enabled him to solve so many curious problems.

He sat there hour after hour, dead to the world, the only movement he made being the refilling and lighting of his pipe and an occasional upward glance at the rings of smoke which issued from its bowl; and even the pipe went unattended to at last, so deep was the train of thought upon which he had embarked.

"There you are, Deane," said Burton, as he entered his friend's room. "I wondered what on earth had become of you! Dinner is just on the point of being served."

Deane rose instantly, and accompanied his friend to the room below. On the sideboard was a bunch of bananas. Deane seized it, tore one off, and, hurriedly peeling it, started eating it as if famished.

"You will spoil your dinner," said his friend; "you are commencing at the wrong end of it. Are you so hungry?"

"Haven't tasted food since breakfast, forgotten it, in fact."

"You have been absorbed, then. A clue? Have you found the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Arrested?"

"No."

"When?"

"After to-morrow's examination before the Graynewood magistrates. I must let things go to that length."

"There is, pardon me, no doubt?"

"Absolutely none."

"I congratulate you; but you must be tired of hearing me say that. It is a satisfaction to know that the real murderer will hang for the crime."

"I doubt if that will happen."

"You surprise me! And yet you said there was no doubt?"

"There is none—there will be none. You shall hear the murderer confess in this very room to-morrow night. What sport did you have? Were the fish biting? I remember once, when I was fishing—"

And Deane started off on a piscatorial anecdote. The other saw that the subject of the murder was done with for that night; he knew Deane's moods. Once he buried a subject no living conversationalist had power to exhumate it.

CHAPTER XLI.

"There's a remarkable instance of police intelligence," said Deane as he sat at breakfast next morning. "I've read in the Telegraph. A man found insensible in the streets is taken to a cell as a 'drunk,' kept there all night, and in the morning it is discovered that he has been drugged and robbed of securities he had about him to the extent of £5,000."

"Certainly a hard thing," replied Burton, "because the thieves have had so long a time in which to cover their traces. At the same time, I do not quite see how it is to be avoided. You cannot expect that an expert in drugs is to be appointed to every little police station, or that the active and intelligent twenty-two-shilling-a-week constable is to be selected for his brain power."

"Yet you think I am signing for Utopia?"

"I think anything which entailed greater outlay in the crime department of the country's administration would raise a storm in the Commons?"

"A House which sees as far as its nose only—if houses have noses. How ever, to our muttons. The examination before the magistrates is at eleven o'clock; they are sitting earlier to-day. You will go?"

"Oh yes, I am interested; I shall go with you."

"No, my dear Burton, you will go alone. You are interested, I am not. Go by all means. There will be a little performance in this room this evening which will give you an insight into the methods of what Janson is good enough to call my 'fads' and 'theories.'"

"Here?"

"Yes. Attend the police examination by all means. The matinee will sharpen your appetite for the evening bill."

"And you?"

"Whilst you are so occupied, I shall pay one more of my final visits to the Hall. All the servants are witnesses, and I shall therefore, practically, have the place to myself."

"You think to discover—"

"Merely a confirmation of what I already know. Still, the police are ever reluctant to admit a mistake. They have made one with Dubois and Grayne. They will need the strongest evidence; they shall have it."

At this moment a boy knocked and entered the room, and, inquiring, said:

"Mr. Deane?"

"Well, boy," inquired the detective, "what is it?"

"Are you Mr. Deane?"

"I am."

"I was to give you this 'ere letter."

"Thank you."

Deane read it and shrugged his shoulders, gave the boy sixpence, and dismissed him.

"I shall go with you to the court, after all, Burton. This letter is from Reginald Grayne. It throws no light on the matter, but it introduces an amusing and sentimental element. The affair, so far, has lacked humor. I suppose one should welcome it."

Burton and Deane went out together. Deane's object was an interview with Reginald before the court sat. As a matter of fact, he did not stay for the Court's sitting. But before he left he had set Reginald and Vere's hearts beating the faster; he had told them that before another twenty-four hours has passed the prisoner should be free. When Deane said a thing, he had such a way of speaking that people believed him, hence that accelerated beating of hearts.

To Lawyer Causton he said the same thing, and urged him to pray the court for another adjournment—say, only for two days, rather than suffer a committal for trial. Once committed, difficulty in liberation would arise, where as before committal the thing was in the magistrates' hands.

Janson listened to the request and promised not to oppose the application. For the first time he felt nervous. No man likes to be covered with defeat, and somehow that positive manner of Deane's told; that, coupled with Causton's continually pouring his suspicions of Evelyn Westcar in his ear, was shaking his belief.

"You speak confidently, Mr. Deane," he said, "and I don't deny that if you say a thing, it's likely to have a bottom. Do I understand that within this two days you propose asking for you are going to charge some one else with the murder?"

"Charging, my dear Janson, is in your line. I merely point out the individual. I press the button, as it were, and you do the rest."

"You are going to point out some one else as the murderer in two days?"

"In less time than that."

"Oh!"

"To-night—Wednesday—is the theatre-train night. You can leave here for London as late as 10.25, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you able to stop down till then? I want you to dine with Mr. Burton and myself, just we three."

"I can, of course."

"But you are doubtful of the good of it, eh? Well, mistrust is natural, I suppose. Still, I have never led you a wild-goose chase, have I?"

"No."

"Then shelve that mistrust. Dine with us this evening, and I will promise you excellent dessert."

"Dessert?"

"Yes; in the shape of an introduction to the real person who committed the murder. That shall follow your dinner."

"I should want strong evidence."

"Dear Janson, it shall be served you; and, lest even positive evidence you should doubt, from the murderer's own lips you shall hear confession of the crime."

Janson was visibly perturbed. He did not like the turn affairs were taking; he had been so emphatic in his opinion of the Frenchman's guilt. The proof had seemed so positive. Still, Deane was a factor to be reckoned with.

"I'll dine with you to-night."

"Good. You will not be sorry, I promise you. I have in my possession the proofs which I will then hand over to you. For the present, good-bye."

The prisoners were remanded again at seven o'clock in the hotel the

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

BOX STALL FOR COWS.

Speaking practically from the standpoint of the inmate, B. L. Vincent offers these admirable suggestions as to the stalling of cows in winter. It is a pity that his excellent ideas are not followed throughout the length and breadth of the land. He writes:

I would like to give every one of my cows a separate box-stall to live in through the long winter months. It seems to me there would be far more comfort in having such a home, where the creature could turn about at will, have the free use of her body, and thoroughly enjoy herself. Without doubt she would do better for herself and for her owner than if she were shut up tightly by the neck, in the rigid stanchions we find even in this day and age of the world in most parts of the country. But it is a fact that not many farmers think they can afford the expense of giving their cows such a stall. It does take more barn-room. It costs to buy lumber when hemlock boards are worth from \$15 to \$18 a thousand, as they are in the section where I live at the present time. So that more than nine-tenths of the cows of the country are confined all through the long winter, fastened up so closely that they can not even reach their sides until they are let out after hours of imprisonment. Notice how often the first thing the cows do upon being let out is to turn and lick themselves. This shows how they have

SUFFERED WHILE CONFINED.

There are to-day some fine devices for fastening cows where they can not have a separate stall. These are not expensive nor difficult to put in. And I believe it would pay big returns to us all if we would make the change to these ways of fastening. I am using in one of my barns a stanchion that we put in ourselves, consisting of a light wooden frame that rises and falls as the cow lifts or lowers her head to eat, from which a chain comes up to snap about the neck. That this affords a high degree of comfort compared with the old fashioned stanchion, no one who could see the cattle in their places would doubt.

Now, if we are compelled, or think we are, to use the old way of confining our stock, we surely ought to do all we can to make them as comfortable as possible while so shut in. There are some things we might do to this end, but which many of us forget to do. Look at a large percentage of the cows of this country when they come out of the stable in the spring. They are fairly loaded with filth that has accumulated during the winter months. The cows can not help themselves in this regard. They are by nature cleanly animals, but as long as they are tied up by the neck firmly in one place how can we expect that they shall avoid the filth of the stable?

But can not we do something to assist the cows in keeping clean? Suppose, for instance, that we have a good drop behind the cows. Suppose we put the stanchions a little diagonally across the floor, so that the space above the drop will not be the same all the way, and that we then stanchion the cows where the floor is longest above the drop and so on along down to the short space where the

YOUNG STOCK WILL STAND.

Suppose we strew along in the drop, horse-manure to take up the liquid manure. Suppose we bed the cows well with straw. Suppose we take the time every day to curry off every cow, yearling and calf that stands in the barn. Does any one suppose this would not do much towards helping the cows to keep neat and clean?

I do, and what is more, I know it, for I have tried it. For several years I have followed this method of caring for my cows in winter. It has cost me something to do it, of course. It does take time to go over a lot of cattle regularly every day with comb and brush. A man must stick to it until the habit is firmly settled upon him, and after that it will all come easy enough. And the cows do look so much better! Any farmer will admit that.

Most of us think we never can spend the time to do it, but is not this part of our business, to look out for the bodily comfort of the stock? We spend far more time at things that do not amount to a tenth part

three men sat down to dinner. Janson tried in vain to draw Deane on the subject of the murder.

"My dear Janson," he said, "there is a time for all things. We have dined. We now enjoy our cigars. Let us continue to enjoy them untroubled by the mental odour of blood. Presently the murderer will come here, by appointment, then let us have an atmosphere of gore; till then, let all things end in smoke."

Presently there came a knocking at the door, and the waiter entered.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Deane."

Evelyn Westcar entered. She came straight into the centre of the room, and, addressing Deane, said:

"I have come to give myself up for the murder of Sir George Grayne."

(To be Continued.)

as much every day of the year. It would pay well from a money point of view and most of us need to keep that in mind.

The time may never come when lumber will be cheap again. The prospect for that is decidedly dark. With our forests being cut up so rapidly and burned down by the million feet every year, it is not likely that we will ever see prices where they were even ten or fifteen years ago. So that it is not at all likely that any of us will ever live to see every cow have her own stall; but we may in the ways I have suggested, and in others perhaps more feasible, be a great deal to make up for the want of the roomy stall. Suppose we try it.

SIBERIA'S BUTTER INDUSTRY.

At present there are about two thousand butter-manufacturing establishments, the output of which is over 90,270,000 pounds per annum, of which 18,056,000 pounds are exported, value at \$10,800,000. The Siberian railroad promptly offered inducements to this business, and within three years of its completion one thousand butter manufactories were erected.

Owing to the lack of experienced managers and workmen the butter is not of an entirely satisfactory quality. Its value in London is less than that of butter coming from Denmark and Finland. The government is assisting the manufacturers by sending special butter-making instructors, who not only show the people a more efficient and satisfactory way of making butter but induce them to form co-operative associations. In former years only melted butter was made, which brought only \$4.12 per thirty-six pounds, and the price of milk averaged 10.3 cents per thirty-six pounds. Now, when butter is prepared in the new manner for export, the price of milk is twenty-three cents per thirty-six pounds.

The first foreign butter-making firm made its appearance in Kurgan in 1896. The firm imported the necessary machinery and started business of buying up butter. At present there are in Kurgan alone about twenty export offices and as many in Omsk. They have branch offices in villages and at several railroad stations. All but one of these firms are Danish. Among the exporters there is not a single Russian firm. Last year the government was rushing the manufacture of refrigerator cars, but the demand therefore is still much greater than the supply.

Co-operative butter-producing establishments are increasing. The producers have come to recognize the efficiency and advantage of co-operative associations, and many private butter-making establishments are joining the co-operative associations. In order to disseminate the knowledge of modern and improved appliances in the business of butter making in western Siberia the government is opening free courses on the subject.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

It never injures an orchard to manure it.

Judicious annual pruning is essential with the peach.

Low headed trees resist the wind better, and the fruit is more easily picked.

In grafting a large tree it is best not to try to graft the whole tree in one season.

Budding on certain slow growing and somewhat incongruous stock is the best way of dwarfing.

In some cause of moss appearing on the stems of apple and other fruit trees is wet, cold, undrained land. The soil from roses should be rich and of such tenacity that it will hold together when pressed. Sandy and clay mixed is good.

All wood that is more than two years old should be cut out from the currants and gooseberries. They will produce more fruits, even if the vines are not so large.

HEALTH AND ECONOMY.

Hints That Are as Rational as the Average Free Advice.

Don't drink. You'll get thirsty again.

Don't remember anything—especially your debts.

Don't work. It is very bad for the health to tire yourself.

Don't lend—borrow.

Don't want anything. If you should want anything, don't buy it; beg or steal it.

Don't try to say anything when you talk. It consumes brain power.

Don't eat anything. Your stomach may get out of order.

Don't wear clothes. They retard the free movement of the body.

Don't marry young. Don't marry old. Don't marry at all. If you are tempted to marry, attend court on a divorce day.

Don't get sick. If you think you are sick, whistle or turn somersaults. This is nature's cure.

Don't go to law. Choose the lunatic asylum.

Don't get excited. Keep ice in your mouth.

Don't read. It may affect your eyesight.

Don't fret, don't cry, don't laugh, don't buy, don't sell, don't grieve, don't love, don't play, don't humor yourself in anything, don't breathe.

Don't even be displeased. If your favorite corn is stepped on, say

"Thank you."