

# The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

## CHAPTER XIX.

The blinds were all down at Long-dean Grange, a new desolation seemed to be added to the gloom of the place. Out in the village it had by some means become known that there was somebody dead in the house, either madam herself or one of those beautiful young ladies whom nobody had ever seen. Children loitering about the great lodge-gates regarded Williams with respectful awe and Dr. Walker with curiosity. The doctor was the link connecting the Grange with the outside world.

To add to the gloom of it all the bell over the stables clanged mournfully. The noise made Walker quite nervous as he walked up the drive by Williams's side. Not for a pension would he have dared approach the house alone. Williams, in the sequestered and most dilapidated rusty black, had a face of deepest melancholy.

"But why that confound—Why do they ring that bell?" Walker asked, irritably.

"Madam ordered it, sir," Williams replied. "She's queerer than ever, is mistress. She don't say much, but Miss Christiana's death is a great shock to her. She ordered the bell to be tolled, and she carried on awful when Miss Enid tried to stop it."

Walker murmured vaguely something doubtless representing sympathy. "And my other patient, Williams?" he asked. "How is he getting along? Really, you ought to keep those dogs under better control. It's a dreadful business altogether. Fancy a man of Mr. Henson's high character and gentle disposition being attacked by a savage dog in the very house! I hope the hound is securely kennelled."

"Well, he isn't, sir," Williams said, with just the glint of a grin on his dry features. "And it wasn't altogether Rollo's fault. That dog was so devoted to Miss Christiana as you never see. And he got to know as the poor young lady was dying. He creeps into the house and lies before her bedroom door, and when Mr. Henson comes along the dog takes it in his head as he wants to go in there. And now Rollo's got inside, and nobody except Miss Enid dare go near. I pity that there undertaker when he comes."

Walker shuddered slightly. Long-dean Grange was a fearful place for the nerves. Nothing of the routine or the decorous ever happened there. The fees were high and the remuneration prompt, or Walker would have handed over his patient cheerfully to somebody else. Not for a moment did he imagine that Williams was laughing at him. Well, he need not see the body, which was a comfort. With a perfectly easy conscience he could give a certificate of death. And if only somebody would stop that hideous bell! Someone was singing quietly in the drawing-room, and the music seemed to be strangely bizarre and out of place.

Inside it seemed like a veritable house of the dead—the shadow of tragedy loomed everywhere. The dust rose in clouds from the floor as the servants passed to and fro. They were all clad in black, and shuffle uneasily, as if conscious that their clothes did not belong to them. Enid came out into the hall to meet the doctor. Her face seemed terribly white and drawn; there was something in her eyes that suggested anxiety more than grief.

"I suppose you have come principally to see Mr. Henson?" she said. "But my sister—"

"No occasion to intrude upon your grief for a moment, Miss Henson," Walker said, quietly. "As I have told you before, there was very little hope for your sister from the first. It was a melancholy satisfaction to me to find my diagnosis confirmed in every detail by so eminent an authority as Dr. Hatherly Bell. I will give you a certificate with pleasure—at once."

"You would like to see my sister?" Enid suggested.

The quivering anxiety was in her eyes again, the strained look on her face. Walker was discreetly silent as to what he had heard about that bloodhound, but he had by no means forgotten it.

"Not the least occasion, I assure you," he said, fervently. "Your sister had practically passed away when I last saw her. There are times when—er—you see—but really there is no necessity."

"Mr. Henson is terribly fastidious about these things."

"Then he shall be satisfied. I shall tell him that I have—er—seen the body. And I have, you know. In these matters a medical man cannot be too careful. If you will provide me with pen and ink—"

"Thank you very much. Will you come this way, please?"

Walker followed into the drawing-room. Mrs. Henson, wearing something faded and dishevelled in the way of a mourning dress, was crooning some dirge at the piano. Her white hair was streaming loosely

over her shoulders; there was a vacant stare in her eyes. The intruders might have been statues for all the heed she took of them. Presently the discordant music ceased and she began to pace noiselessly up and down the room.

"Another one gone," she murmured; "the best-beloved. It is always the best-beloved that dies, and the one we hate that is left. Take all those coaches away, send the guests back home. Why do they come chattering and feasting here? She shall be drawn by four black horses to Churchfield in the dead of the night, and there laid in the family vault."

"Mrs. Henson's residence," Enid explained, in a whisper. "It is some fifteen miles away. She has made up her mind that my sister shall be taken away as she says—to-morrow night. Is this paper all that is necessary for the—you understand? I have telephoned to the undertaker in Brighton."

Walker hastened to assure the girl that what little further formality was required he would see to himself. All he desired now was to visit Henson and get out of the house as soon as possible. As he hurried from the drawing-room he heard Mrs. Henson crooning and muttering, he saw the vacant glare in her eyes, and vaguely wondered how soon he should have another patient here.

Reginald Henson sat propped up in his bed, white and exhausted. Beyond doubt he had had a terrible shock and fright, and the droop of his eyelids told of shattered nerves. There was a thick white bandage round his throat, his left shoulder was strapped tightly. He spoke with difficulty.

"Do we feel any better this morning?" Walker asked, cheerfully.

"No, we don't," said Henson, with a total absence of his usual graciousness of manner. "We feel confoundedly weak, and sick, and dizzy. Every time I drop off to sleep I wake with a start and a feeling that that infernal dog is smothering me. Has the brute been shot yet?"

"I don't fancy so; in fact, he is still at his post upstairs, and therefore—"

"Therefore you have not seen the body of my poor dear cousin?"

"Otherwise I could have given no certificate," Walker said, with dignity. "If I have satisfied myself, sir, and the requirements of the law, why, then, everybody is satisfied. I have seen the body."

Technically the little doctor spoke the truth. Henson muttered something that sounded like an apology. Walker smiled graciously and suggested that rest and a plain diet were all that his patient needed.

Rest was the great thing. The bandages need not be removed for a day or two, at the expiration of which time he would look in again. Once the road was reached in safety Walker took off his hat and wiped the beads from his forehead.

"What a house," he muttered. "What a life to lead. Thank goodness I need not go there again before Saturday. If anybody were to offer me a small glass of brandy with a little soda now, I should feel tempted to break through my rule and drink it."

Meanwhile the long terror of the day dragged on inside the house. The servants crept about the place on tiptoe, the hideous bell clanged out, Mrs. Henson paced wearily up and down the drawing-room, singing and muttering to herself, until Enid was fain to fly or break down and yell hysterically. It was one of Margaret Henson's worst days.

The death of Christiana seemed to affect her terribly. Enid had watched her in terror. More than once she was fearful that the frail thread would snap—the last faint glimmer of reason go out for ever. And yet it would be madness to tell Margaret Henson the truth. In the first place she would not have understood and on the other hand she might have comprehended enough to betray to Reginald Henson. As it was, her grief was obvious and sincere enough. The whole thing was refinedly cruel, but really there was no help for it. And things had gone on splendidly.

Henson was powerless to interfere and the doctor was satisfied. Once she had put her hand to the plough Enid's quick brain saw her through. But she would have been hard put to it to deceive Henson under his very nose without the help of the bloodhound. Now she could see her way still farther. She waited nervously for a ring from the lodge-gates to the house, and about four o'clock it came. The undertaker was at the gates waiting for an escort to the Grange.

Enid passed her tongue over a pair of dry lips. The critical moment was at hand. If she could get through the next hour she was safe. If not—but there must be no "if not," she told herself. The undertaker came, suave, quiet, respectful, but he dropped back from the bedroom door as he saw two gleaming

amber eyes regarding him menacingly.

"The dog loved my sister," Enid explained, quietly. "But he found his way to her room, and he refuses to move. He fancies that we have done something with her. Oh no, I couldn't poison him! And it would be a dreadful thing if there were to be anything like a struggle here. Come, Rollo."

Evidently the dog had learned his lesson well. He wagged his great tail, but refused to move. The undertaker took a couple of steps forward and Rollo's crest rose. There was a flash of white teeth and a growl. At the end of half an hour no progress had been made.

"There's only one thing for it," Williams suggested, in a rusty voice. "We can get the dog away for ten minutes at midnight. He likes a run then, and I'll bring the other dogs to fetch him, like."

"My time is very valuable just now," the undertaker suggested, humbly.

"Then you had better measure me," said Enid, turning a face absolutely flaming red and deadly white to the speaker. "It is a dreadful, ghastly business altogether, but I cannot possibly think of any other way. The idea of anything like a struggle here is abhorrent. And the dog's fidelity is so touching. My sister and I were exactly alike, except that she was fairer than me."

The undertaker was understood to demur slightly on professional grounds. It was very irregular and not in the least likely to give satisfaction.

"What does it matter?" Enid cried, passionately. She was acting none the less magnificently because her nerves were quivering like harp-strings. "When I am dead you can find me in a ditch, for all I care. We are a strange family and do strange things. The question of satisfaction need not bother you. Take my measure and send the coffin home to-morrow, and we will manage to do the rest. Then to-morrow night you will have a four-horse hearse here at seven o'clock and drive the coffin to Churchfield Church, where you will be expected. After that your work will be finished."

The bewildered young man responded that things should be exactly as the lady required. He had seen many strange and wild things in his time, but none so strange and weird as this. It was all utterly irregular of course, but people after all had a right to demand what they paid for. Enid watched the demure young man in black down the corridor, and then everything seemed to be enveloped in a dense purple mist, the world was spinning under her feet, there was a great noise like the rust of mighty waters in her brain. With a great effort she threw off the weakness and came to herself trembling from head to foot.

"Courage," she murmured, "courage. This life has told on me more than I thought. With Christ's example before me I must not break down now."

(To be Continued.)

## DIED OF HICCUGHS.

Fate of Clergyman of Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Greenwich, Conn., despatch says: The Rev. Dr. Galen A. Spencer, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dies here at his home in Church street on Wednesday night, after an illness of only a few days. He was seventy-three years old. He had not held any regular charge for several years, but had frequently preached here in Congregational and Presbyterian as well as Methodist churches.

Dr. Spencer was taken with hiccoughs last Thursday, and when home remedies were unavailing to check them Dr. W. L. Griswold was summoned. All known medical means were tried unsuccessfully until Friday afternoon, when the patient appeared relieved for a few hours, after which the trouble returned with much greater violence.

A council of physicians decided Sunday evening that an operation was imperative, as their diagnosis of the case was that Mr. Spencer was suffering from internal complications that could be relieved in no other way. The operation resulted successfully for a time, but on Tuesday the hiccoughs returned and with them came death.

## BURNED TO DEATH.

Young Lady Meets Terrible Death at Toronto.

A Toronto despatch says:—Miss Catharine Hess, who roomed at 45 Gould Street, was burned to death on Sunday afternoon. She had washed her hair, and in order to dry it, lighted a small gas stove she had in her room. In some way the flames from the stove caught Miss Hess' hair, and in a moment she was enveloped in flames, which spread to her light clothing. Her screams attracted William Poutney, who rushed upstairs and wrapped Miss Hess in a quilt, thus extinguishing the flames. Doctor were summoned, and after doing all they could to lessen the woman's sufferings, called to the ambulance to have her removed to the hospital. She was put on the stretcher and passed away as she was being placed in the ambulance.

The steamer City of Seattle arrived at Seattle from Skaguay, on Saturday, with \$320,000 in gold and 204 passengers.

Note.—The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

## LEVELERS.

The Mission of Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

If so, He must have made these. We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee? They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whiskey, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whiskey, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history testified to by literally millions of people, that Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee are smiling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get firm hold enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell (and "under the spell" is correct), of any one of these drugs, frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggles through a week fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whiskey) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off, and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to) breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whiskey, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, a sturdy, steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is fixed by the Infinite and will not be quickened out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whiskey, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling, or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him. Keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work. Luxury, over-eating and drinking, licentiousness,

waste and extravagance indulgences of all kinds, then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness (in childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery, disease, and the wreck follows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left too far behind.

And yet we must admit that same all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean cut steady mind and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I will not deaden my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself cheap, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whiskey, tobacco or coffee. My life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things, without any sort of handicap, so a man is certainly a "fool trader" when he trades strength, health, money, and the good things that come with power, for the half-asleep condition of the "druggers" with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead."

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certainly it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to be foolish and stupid, he seems to select others (perhaps those he intends for some special work) and allows them to be threshed and castigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flirting with these levelers awhile, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint of a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober, and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within" for every highly organized man and woman has times when they feel a something calling from within for them to press to the front and "be about the Father's business," don't mistake it; the spark of the Infinite is there and it pays in every way, health, happiness, peace, and even worldly prosperity, to break off the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit and be assured of a return to health and all of the good things that brings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good cream, for the color and flavor is there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by Nature are in Postum and they quickly set about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than 2 days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles or complaints of kidneys, heart, head or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better and ten days time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain-working Americans to-day use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

## TIBET MISSION SNOWBOUND

Road From Gyantse Southward Is Obliterated.

A Phari Jong, Tibet, despatch says: Gen. Macdonald, his staff, and the rear column of the British expedition returning to India from Lhasa, are snowbound here. The road southward from Gyantse to this place is obliterated. It is impossible to say when an advance can be made. The expedition crossed Tanga Pass on Monday last in a blizzard. Seventy-two men fell exhausted. When the troops encamped at night the blizzard was still raging and two men died.

## A NEGRO'S REVENGE.

Shoots the Man Who Struck Him With a Shovel.

A North Portal, Assa., despatch says: A negro named D. Gusty, deliberately shot and killed Walter Gates a few miles from Portal, North Dakota, on Thursday. The parties quarrelled and Gates struck the negro with a shovel. The negro ran half a mile, got a rifle and shot Gates, killing him instantly.