

## THE MYSTERY OF THE INN BY THE SHORE



Florence Warden,  
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

about this; I didn't tell her why I came."

"Oh, but she's come back!" replied Meg, quickly, with the idea that there was reproach to her young mistress implied in the suggestion that she had been frightened away. "She didn't wait long after the master sent for her, I can tell you!"

"And she's in the house now?" asked the detective, with interest.

"Yes, but not for you to see," returned Meg, rudely. "You can worry me with your questions, if you like, but you don't get at her, if I can help it!"

At that moment a window was opened above their heads, and the detective, without answering the servant, looked quickly up. He saw Nell standing at the easement, crumpling a piece of bread which she put on the ledge for the birds. Noticing something with a quick eye he started up silently, until Nell, whose head was turned away, moved and perceived him. She blushed crimson, and was about to shut the window hastily when he stopped her by an imperious gesture.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but could I speak to you a minute?"

For an instant she seemed to hesitate, and in that instant he could see that she grew deadly pale. At last, however, she made a movement to signify assent, closed the window and disappeared.

The detective, who thought he had reason to fear that she would attempt to escape him, pushed brusquely past Meg, and opened the side door.

"What are you going in like that for, without so much as take your leave, or by your leave?" asked she promptly.

"You heard the young lady say she'd see me?" replied the detective, as, without further ceremony he passed into the house.

At the foot of the stairs he met Nell. "What do you wish to say to me?" she asked, in a very tranquil tone.

It was now so dark in the passage that they could hardly see each other's faces.

"Well, in the first place, Miss, I should like to speak to you in a better light," replied the man.

"In here, then," said she, leading the way, after another moment of apparent hesitation, into the little sitting room at the back of the house.

There was a fire and there was a lamp. The detective turned up the wick.

"You'll excuse me, Miss, but I want very particularly to see you while I speak."

She had gone round the little table, and was standing at the other side of it. With a sudden movement the detective swooped round upon her, and seizing her by the wrist in a firm grip, pointed to the back of her right hand.

"On the soft, white skin there was a little blister freshly made with a pink line of inflammation round the base."

CHAPTER X.

"That is a burn, is it not?" he asked, quietly.

The girl was white, and she trembled from head to foot. Her white forehead grew dark, and glistened in the lamplight. Her lips seemed scarcely able to form the answer, which she uttered in a mechanical fashion.

"Yes."

"May I ask you to oblige me by telling how it happened?"

She glanced up at him with a face which was rigid with fear.

"What—what does it matter? Why do you want to know?"

She seemed to the detective to be turning something over in her mind, and he at once assumed that she was trying to invent a plausible story to account for the mark on her hand.

"I'm sure you may guess, Miss, that it is not my business to put you to inconvenience by asking unnecessary questions; but, of course, if you refuse to answer, I can't make you. Do you refuse?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," she replied, quickly. "I was doing some ironing, and the iron touched my hand, and burned it."

"And when did this happen, Miss?"

Again the girl hesitated. The detective took note of this fact, also. He repeated his question.

"To-day, this morning."

"I believe, Miss, you were not here this morning?"

"I was not in this house."

"Have you any objection to tell me where you were, Miss?"

Her white face flushed.

"I would rather not." Then, at once perceiving that he noted this fact against her she added: "My only reason is that I was in the house of a friend, and I don't want her to be disturbed by your making inquiries of her about—about—me."

The man smiled dryly.

"I'm afraid, Miss, it's too late to trouble yourself about that. As I want to save you all the trouble and annoyance I can, perhaps you'll let me suggest where you were. Wasn't it at Colonel Bostals's, Miss, at the house they call 'Shingle End'?"

"Yes. But she doesn't know anything,

horse, leering laugh. Then he saw the girl dart forward, with the evident intention of escaping her unwelcome notice by means of a foot.

"That's the very movement by which she got away from me!" thought the detective, as he saw the slight figure bend suddenly to the right, avoiding the rough touch with which she was threatened.

But Jim Stickle knew with whom he had to deal. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he contented himself with baring her passage with his person, skillfully baffling each attempt she made to pass him. These attempts on her side, and the successful movements by which Jim frustrated them, brought both the young people near enough to the detective in his place of concealment for him to hear the words which the fisherman addressed to the girl.

"Look here," he said roughly, and in no very subdued voice, "you had better listen to what I've got to say, and so I tell you. For if you don't, I'll just take myself off and say it to somebody else instead."

"Indeed, that is just what I want you to do," answered Nell, indignantly. "You know very well that I don't wish to talk to you now or at any other time, but especially now."

"What do you mean by especially now?" asked Miss Fine-Lady Porecock, who Jim, who had evidently been drinking, although he knew what he was doing.

But for answer the girl turned suddenly and started to run back to the inn. Jim, however, being prepared for such attempt, soon caught her, and this time they were too far away from the detective to hear what he said, although he could distinguish the tones of their respective voices.

It was evident that the very next words uttered by Jim made a great and terrible impression upon Nell. Her face, which had at first expressed nothing but loathing and disgust, became in a moment bright with horror, as the young man, standing just close to her and speaking in a hoarse whisper, said something to her in an excited and earnest manner.

So anxious was the detective to learn what it was which produced so strong an effect upon the girl, that he crawled from his hiding place to the ditch which ran alongside the road and kept about, sometimes in the water, and sometimes only in the mud, until he was close enough to the two speakers to catch most of their words. When he stopped, the girl was referring some request of the man's, with all the energy of loathing and detestation.

"Of course I will not," she was saying vehemently. "Of course, nobody would believe you for a moment. And I don't suppose you would dare to tell them to anybody else, for fear of being taken for a liar."

"Don't you?" "Oh, all right, then," sneered Jim. "I'm just telling that honest truth, that's been spying round here lately, and that's put your necks back up so by the questions he's been asking. I may tell him, eh, Miss?"

The detective could not see the girl's face as she answered, after a little pause.

"You may come up with me to Shingle End, and tell your story to the colonel and Miss Theobald; that's what you may do—if you dare."

There was another pause, and the detective knew, from the way in which she had uttered these words, as well as from the attitude in which she waited for the fisherman's answer, that she was less than than her words. At last the fisherman spoke again. And it was clear that the proposal was not to his taste.

"Look here, Miss Nell!" said he, in an argumentative tone. "do you really dare me to do that? Come, you know as I shouldn't have dared to have spoken to you so open if I hadn't got proof positive. Now, come, should I? Why, your face told us how you knowed I knowed, and so what's the good of braving me? And knowing what I know, isn't it plain I mean no harm, when I would easily earn a pound or two out of you?"

"Come and see it, then, before witnesses. I dare you to do it!" retorted Nell, with a little more assurance as she noted the man's reluctance to make this step.

"No, I shouldn't," he replied, sullenly. "I shall go to work my own way. And I say this, if you choose to speak evil to me, I don't ask for much more, and to ask me to go to tea with you and your inn, just how you asked the young swells as were down here three months back, why, I hold my tongue, and I'll go no farther than you and me. But I don't choose to do this."

"I don't choose!" retorted Nell, quite fiercely. "I tell you the whole story is absurd, and that nobody would believe you for a moment, and you can tell it to whom you please."

And the suddenly springing away from Jim and entering the road with rapid steps, walked quickly in the direction of Shingle End.

"All right!" sneered Jim, threateningly, in a sullen tone, as he kept walking with her, walking towards the colonel's house, by the fields, as she went by the road. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll make a clean breast of it to your good friends, and see if they don't say you'd best keep in with me."

As he shouted the last words, Jim Stickle passed the spot where the detective was in hiding. Within a few moments the latter took the opportunity of leaving from his uncomfortable shelter, and following Jim at a quick pace, came up with him before he reached the fence which surrounded the colonel's garden.

"Is that you, Stickle?" asked he, as if he were not quite certain of his man. "Here I want to have a word with you!"

To be Continued.

## AGRICULTURAL.

**Feeding Salt to Cows.**  
The feeding of salt to dairy cows should be done regularly and not occasionally. It may be given as a seasoning to the ground grain, or placed where they can have access to it. Cows have been known to fall off one-third in loss of milk when deprived of salt. There are some who do not believe in the use of salt by allowing stock to help themselves, but it is beneficial to season their food with it, which makes the food more palatable and better relished.

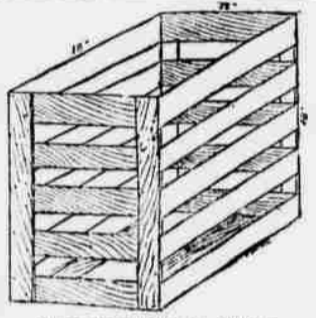
**Raising Chickens on Old Ground.**  
Those who have had considerable experience in raising chickens, whether in cages or on the ground, will be glad to hear that the old ground is not so good as the new ground each year. Of course, the poultry houses proper are not changed as to their location, but the coops for the chickens are placed so far as possible on ground which has not before been permanently occupied by chickens. The chicks raised on the new ground will be much healthier and not so contaminated with germs from any filth left from the hatchlings of the year before. It is always a good plan to plow up the old ground, on which a batch of chicks have been raised, doing the work in the fall if possible, and seed it down in the spring with a crop of vegetables or if it is then sown it. After it is turned into a grass plot it may then be used for the poultry, horse or small.

**Plaster and Strate on Clover.**  
Sulphate of potash and plaster, about ten pounds each per acre, should give good results on clover. The use of potash will be better if applied before seeding, as it may injure young plants that are just appearing, but the plaster will prove beneficial on clover if used alone. But even the plaster will give little benefit. A mixture of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda, 150 pounds of bone meal and 125 pounds sulphate of potash, for general crops, will prove excellent, but if the nitrate is doubled in quantity it will be better. Broadcast the mixture over the surface after harrowing for corn, and then harrow it in before planting. The correct proportions of each substance largely depend upon the fertility of the soil and the kind of crop. Nitrate of soda gives excellent results on all kinds of grain crops, while plaster is a special fertilizer for clover, as it is sparingly soluble in water, providing lime in a soluble form for the plants.

**Utilizing the Early Sitter.**  
Sitting is the greatest of expensive incubators and hatching, while at the same time admitting their destructibility, if our purpose would admit of their possession, we should try to utilize the early sitters. The latter is either an early hatched hen or an early hatched

should ripen at the same time. About September 1 it should be ready for the harvest. By all means leave the stalks until you can pull the top off with the fingers without much effort. The tools necessary for the harvest in the old way are the hands only. The tools used by me are a wheel hoe with a circular cutter, a five-toothed wooden rake, plenty of crates, two strong men, and for a plot of one acre about ten boys. With these appliances and help I should expect to harvest in one day a crop of from 700 to 1000 bushels.

My crates are made from one-half inch lumber of the following dimensions: Eighteen inches long, eighteen inches high and twelve inches through, inside measurements. They are made thus: The ends, which are two strips two and a half inches wide, are laid twelve inches apart on iron plates. Take cross strips twelve inches long and any width handy from one and a half to four inches, have nails just long



CRATE FOR HANDLING ONIONS.

enough to go through and clinch well, and nail your strips on, leaving a space between each strip of one inch, except the top strip, which make one and a half inches, for here is where you will grip the crate in handling. Nail well.

Nail on the sides and bottom pieces any narrow width you choose, leaving the same space on sides as is provided for the ends. The bottom spaces should be about three-quarters of an inch. The complete year crate, as shown in the cut, and if it has been properly put together and well nailed you will have a firm and inflexible crate which will last for years and will stand a lot of handling. Also have in your good condition and are in fairly good condition and they have been left to my customers and have had lots of hard usage.

These crates are very useful not only in the onion harvest, but the basket article you ever use for harvesting potatoes, apples, corn cobs of all kinds, cabbage and in fact useful at all times and all seasons. They hold exactly one and a half bushels even full and weigh empty from seven to ten pounds; when full of onions, potatoes or apples from thirty-five to 400 pounds. These crates put into it common market, and they are just the thing. John H. George, in New England Home-stead.

**Preparing the Garden Soil.**  
The most essential portion of the garden work is the working of the soil as fine as possible. The manure should be evenly spread over the ground and then well incorporated with the soil. This is done with a harrow in large gardens, but the spade, hoe and rake are used on small plots. One mistake made with gardens is in using manure that is not well decomposed. The seeds of vegetables are very small, and where the manure is coarse and containing portions of cornstalks, many of the seeds are covered in a manner to destroy them. When the rake is used the little remaining on the surface should be raked off and thrown back on the manure heap. Another advantage in using fine and thoroughly decomposed manure is that seeds of weeds and grass are usually destroyed during the process of decomposition, and less work will thus be required in the garden. The plowing or grading should be deep, which will be a partial protection against them, and the ground before the rows should be hoed after every rain, which not only destroys weeds, but serves to prevent loss of moisture from the soil. Many gardeners now have onions and peas on and growing, but it is not too late to put more outdoors. Use the sets and lay off the rows two feet apart, as the sets are usually worked with the garden hoe or wheel hoe. The sets may be placed six inches apart in the rows. Make the bed deep and fine, and use well rotted manure, as coarse manure will be an obstruction. Keep the ground between the rows worked and always clean. For the garden the white or silver silk variety is a favorite, as it is of mild flavor; but the red and yellow varieties are also excellent as an addition. Beans, carrots and parsnips are other crops that are necessary to complete all crops. Beets and cabbages are also good crops, as they are excellent additions to hay and grain in winter. The seed should not go into the ground until the soil is warm, but the earlier the better, as they should be given the whole season during which to grow and mature. They are tender when very young, being easily destroyed by weeds and grass, but when well under growth are hardy and can stand any weather fairly well. The manure to the surface the seed is placed the better as many failures of the germination of seed is due to deep sowing. If the ground is rich large yields will result. For table use the Egyptian and Blood Red varieties of beets will be found excellent, though there are also other good varieties in this seed catalogue. An early and a late crop of beets may be planted for table use. Cabbages are subject to the effects of cold weather should be delayed until May. Philadelphia Record.

**Woman and the Weather.**  
"If I want to know anything about the weather prospects," said Professor Von Jeckeloff, "I look out over the range of backyards that my study window commands."

On fair Mondays the people all put on their washlines there, while in bad weather the yards, so to speak, all appear muddy bare poles. It's sailing day, but they don't sail; the landladies can't make their feet in any such weather as that.

"If it's threatening weather, but not raining, some put their washlines out and some don't," the wisdom of the several washers being determined by the event, but I know the yards pretty well now in which the washers are guided by the windiness of temperament and those in which they are guided rather by the very eye of experience on the weather knowledge of intuition, and I am concerned accordingly, for I don't know much about the weather myself, I confess."

"While some of them get it wrong, the bulk of those amateur weather sharps, who are all too deeply interested in the weather, usually get it right."

"Then on a bright Tuesday after a rainy Monday you ought to see them all around then, from the skyscraping lines on the roof of the lofty apartment

## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

### HOW TO BECOME ATTRACTIVE.

Every Woman May Be This, Even If She Cannot Be Beautiful.

"Take care of your expression," said a woman who has been giving a series of practical talks on beauty; "take care of your expression, and the rest of your beauty will take care of itself."

"You smile at the word 'beauty,'" and I confess at the outset that it is not in the power of every woman to be beautiful, or even pretty. But every woman can be, within her own limits, attractive. The statement is common, and I only repeat it in order to constantly urge to take care of the skin, of the hair, of the features; we are enjoined to keep healthy and happy, well dressed and clean; to take exercise and avoid excesses. All these things—except happiness, which is contingent—are of great use in preserving the sort of beauty which is skin deep. But there is a beauty which is both skin deep and soul deep, and its outward manifestation is that indefinable thing which we call expression, and which is one of the strongest factors in a woman's charm. You have often seen a girl with both features and complexion beautiful. Yet the whole face was spoiled by the petulant, proud or discontented expression.

Of course, character should be cultivated for a deeper reason than its outward manifestation in beauty. An attractive expression is an involuntary result of an attractive character. If expression were studied for its own sake, it would become mere facial posing, and result in disfiguring affectations.

If a woman is constantly thinking of her expression her face becomes as hard to manage as a schoolboy's obstreperous limbs and feet. A pose is always unnatural and unattractive, either in expression or in attitude. Our aim, of course, is not to seem good, but to be good, and the best manifestation of high and sweet thoughts is involuntary and unobtrusive.

But we can take care of our expression in a lighter and more negative way. We can avoid bad habits and muscular contractions, such as scowling, peering, frowning, the lips, "scuffing" the chin and wrinkling the forehead. A kind, cheerful person may thoughtlessly acquire the habit of frowning, perhaps in the effort to see clearly, or by allowing the features to express too freely the workings of the mind. We may cultivate wrinkles by adding up columns, or by planning the day's work, if we get the habit of moving and contracting the muscles of the face in unison with the activities of the brain. We should relax the face.

We are frequently told of the value of relaxing the body, and we know that much nerve force is expended in unnecessary tension. This habit of tension extends to the face, and hardens the expression. Many a good woman who wouldn't hurt a fly, contracts her face until she looks as fierce as a growler. And many a beautiful girl who isn't a beauty, believes that she has succeeded in concealing her faults of disposition from the world, while in fact they are written all over her face. She has forgotten the inevitable lines which care and petulance and anger are sure to carve upon the yielding tissues. Good temper tends naturally to relax the face, but a little watchfulness in that direction assists in the process. If the muscles and tissues are kept soft, the air of youthfulness is preserved more effectively than by any other means. And if the heart is kept warm by affection and enthusiasm, and the mind bright by intelligent interest in all that is worthy of interest, the eyes and lips will respond to the impulse of the soul, and keep much of their force and softness even into old age.

To sum up what has been said, first, as a matter of course, and for better reasons, cultivate self-control and self-reliance of character; second, for the sake of outward attractiveness, relax the face and teach it to respond to your sweeter and finer impulses. And then, though you may have no claims whatever on beauty, you will be pronounced a sweet, attractive woman—a compliment by no means to be despised.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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down through all the pulley lines and across all the yards that come within my view; studding sails set aloft and aloft, and all plain sail, and all manner of stary sails, everything set on all hands, washing everywhere. Welcome the good drying day!"

"But as a general proposition women are more weatherwise than men, I think. The weather is a matter of more importance to them in many ways, from a question of whether they should wear their finery abroad, for one thing, and there is always the question of whether it is safe for the children to go out; they have more reasons than men do for wanting to know the weather; and—yes, I should say that women are more weatherwise than men. I find it so in my experience."—New York Sun.

**Smart Touches For Smart Girls.**  
For the girl who can handle her needle more skillfully than the palm-branch, a pretty effect can be obtained by embroidering her parasol instead of painting it. A white parasol embroidered with clusters of red cherries and a few green leaves would be extremely smart, especially if the top of the wooden handle is shaped and colored to represent a big cluster of cherries. Odd as it may seem, little pink-checked apples look well used in this way, either hand-painted or embroidered.

Another new idea for the summer girl's parasol is to trim a plain silk parasol with a band of embroidered lace, cutting away the silk beneath to give it a transparent effect. A pale pink silk parasol which was specially approved by a New York smart girl was made with a border of black Chiny lace, the design embroidered in pink, pale green and light blue silk threads. The long, narrow wood handle was tied with a big bow of ribbon in which the three shades of pink, green and blue appeared.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Lovely Summer Muslin.**  
The summer girl will have no trouble in finding lovely muslin gowns. The child's temple will be in crying to make a selection from the wonderful variety offered. Silk muslin is exquisitely dainty, and a girl gowned in it could not be called thin charming to gaze upon. A new and pretty design is shown this season. It is a little silk dot of the same color as the muslin and looks more like a gleam of light than an actual pattern. Another one shows a half-blown rose with a bit of foliage. The hue is a rose pink, the leaves being a vivid green. Still another pattern shows pale pink stripes on a white background powdered with tiny clusters of forget-me-nots. Last, but not least, is a pale buff ground with a design of yellow roses and dandelion leaves. They are all ravishingly pretty.—New York Journal.

**PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR**

White wash blond waists are the latest for evening wear.

Plateness is still the order of the day in the millinery world.

Small blossoms are in the majority of the smartest hats.

After black and white, burnt straw is most stylish for hats.

The very loveliest lace motifs are seen applied on the sheerest stuffs.

The pointed dress waist is one of the prettiest modes for the late summer.

Low rims that everywhere, and seemingly to unimpaired costume is complete without it.

For street wear tobacco brown, gun-metal greens and black are the most fashionable.

This year's black silk coats are in the fitted or semi-fitted shapes in medium length.

The Paris idea of fuller, straighter skirts is gradually permeating all the fashionable modes.

Bustons are the great trimming fad from the large, saucer-like pearl ones to the tiniest gilt dots.

The shirt-waist suit of heavy white flannel is both pretty and becoming, and exceedingly smart as well.

Every complete wardrobe this summer must contain at least one gown of cream tulle or mohair.

A very flat effect from throat to bust, with the fullest below, is a prominent feature of this season's blouses.

The open coat, so-called, with its multiplicity of small gowns making it fit so truly, is seen on every hand.

The severely plain mannish tailor gown is conspicuous by its absence. This year's tailor gowns are all much trimmed.

The most popular summer corset model of the hour has an Empire top and dip-by-skirt and is made of ribbon or batiste.

The new drawn-work stitches are among the latest and most desirable patterns in trimming embroideries, in Swiss and lawn.

The punctuated sloping shoulder effect, fashion's latest whim, requires the proper broad lace collar of the moment to fall well down off the shoulders over the arms.

The correct shades for silks this summer are very subdued, the familiar fawn hue is quite superseded by an almost black blue, an odd greenish blue of yellow is chosen as a background for Oriental figures, and others of neutral tint—and when not really neutral, of very soft pastel tints rather than color of higher grade—are the mode.