

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENDY VERSEY
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CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"Then where?" I demanded impatiently.

"It must be from one of the windows of the story below."

"Well, we shall soon see."

I poised myself to clamber through the window on the broad stone gutter, along which Captain Forbes must have made his way. Then I hesitated.

"What! You are afraid?" cried the woman fiercely. "If so, I will go myself."

"No, I am not afraid," I replied with deliberation. "I am wondering what they will think when they come from the oratory presently, to find me gone. She will think that I am your accomplice."

"I can easily tell the truth."

"They will scarcely believe you. Shall I, or shall I not, tell them of Ferdinand's danger?"

"But will they believe you? While you hesitate Prince Ferdinand may be assassinated. Is this a time for explanations? Say that the fool perished round; still I could not touch it. Then I laughed aloud in the ecstasy of my relief. I had reached the last round of the ladder."

"My arms ached. Merciful heavens, how they ached! But I was full of courage in spite of my exhaustion. I lowered myself by my arms still another round, and slipped the nose over the last of the stones I could reach. Then I trusted myself to the rope.

over the last stone of my ladder when I should reach it. Then taking the cord between my teeth, I lowered myself cautiously over the gutter.

The wind was still blowing in stirl gusts. I had been reluctant to avail myself of the few extra feet of rope necessary to keep the flag aloft. I fastened the end of the cord about the stone gutter, leaving the flag still flying at half-mast. There seemed a certain amount of my carelessness in cutting the rope had seen to it that the dead ambassador be fittingly honored.

It seemed ages before my feet touched the first block of granite projecting from the smooth masonry. But once on my way the first part of my descent was made with no great difficulty.

Step by step I neared the terrace. Suddenly the parapet broke out on my forehead. I had felt for my next step, and it was missing.

Frantically my feet reached down for it. I lowered myself one more round; still I could not touch it. Then I laughed aloud in the ecstasy of my relief. I had reached the last round of the ladder."

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shadow of an angle of the wall. He listened intently.

There was a heavy footfall on the terrace. A creak came to the edge of the head of moonlight. He also was listening. Presently he stole softly to the parapet, and looked down at the village. Neither of us spoke until he had resumed his beat before the great point of the chateau.

"Who is he?" I whispered.

Locke led me out of hearing, hugging the wall.

"You know as well as I now, then, for our deferred talk. This morning I asked you for some explanation of your extraordinary conduct. You chose not to give it me. Well, I mean to have it now. Come, what is this errand that sends you flying through the air for a hundred feet at the risk of your neck? It appears to be pressing."

"The death-mist!" I began incoherently. "Prince Ferdinand—"

His grasp tightened. He drew me roughly toward him in his surprise.

"The death-mist! What of it?"

"Starr has lured Prince Ferdinand to the chateau. Already he has gone to meet him at the station. When he returns with him here—"

"Ferdinand comes to meet Sir Mortimer?"

"Sir Mortimer, man, is dead."

"Dead! And you have undertaken to fill his place? It is very considerable of you."

His voice vibrated with distrust. But I tried to keep my temper.

"If Ferdinand enters that door with Starr he will never leave it alive, unless help is summoned."

For a moment Locke's suspicions wavered. I had spoken with a solemnity that touched even his skepticism.

"And who has told you this?" he asked slowly.

"Madame de Varanier, the Countess Sarahof."

"Where is she?"

"I pointed upward.

"In the tower there. The four of us, Captain Forbes, Miss Brett, that

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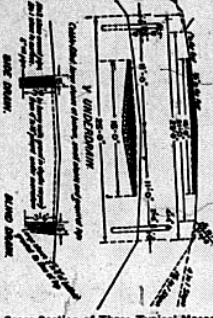
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ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

ROAD DRAINAGE.

Importance Which it Sustains to the Durability of Macadam Construction.

Water should never be permitted to remain under a macadam road. It softens the foundation so that the broken stones are forced down into it by the wheels of vehicles, thus causing ruts to develop in the macadam. In freezing it expands and "heaves" the broken stones, destroying the bond between the stones and causing the larger stones to rise to the surface. As a result the material in the subgrade is forced up into the interstices between the stones, and in the spring the macadam will be found to be rough, irregular in shape, and weakened. There are several ways of removing the difficulties with subsurface water, at least in part:



Cross Section of Three Typical Macadam Roads.

Sometimes if the grade is raised in wet places the trouble will be lessened, particularly if porous materials are used.

Side drains may be constructed in the cuts on each side of the road, just outside of the limits of the macadam. These drains consist of narrow trenches, filled with broken stones or small gravel stones, with a pipe five or six inches in diameter near the bottom. The pipe is laid with open joints, true to grade, and is carried to a proper outlet. Sometimes the pipe is omitted and the entire trench filled with stones, in which case it is called a blind drain. Such drains serve to cut off the subsurface water before it can get under the macadam.

A trench of a width identical with the width of the macadam may be excavated to a depth of from 12 to 18 inches in the center and to a depth of from six to eight inches on the sides, shaped on the bottom like flattened letter V. This trench is filled with field or any sort of stones, varying in size from the smallest obtainable to such as are eight or ten inches in diameter, the largest stones being placed at the bottom. The stones need not be placed with special care, but yet so as to permit their consolidation by a roller. The bottom of the trench should be tolerably true to grade, and "cut-or" lateral trenches filled with stones are necessary to carry the water to proper outlets. Such a drain is usually made, and ordinarily costs less than two side or blind drains.

BETTER FEED, BETTER MEAT.

A Very Close Relationship Exists Between Feed and Flavor in Pork.

But few farmers think of the importance of feeding on the quality of the bacon or pork. It is a well-known fact that "mud" makes soft, oily bacon, as do peanuts and other light feeds. Corn is not always best for an exclusive diet, but it is a pig has been growing and has had plenty of good pasture till it is six months old and weighs say 150 to 200 pounds, it will be well to feed it on corn altogether till another 100 pounds is gained. After a pig is fat it is best to finish off by feeding a mixed ration of skim milk and oats or barley for a few weeks before butchering. Skim milk has a tendency to make the pork more firm. As has likewise both oats and barley. Pigs that have not had proper pasturage while growing will not make as good bacon as those that have been properly cared for, declares Farmers' Voice. Before the subject of curing bacon is touched it is well to look so far ahead as the growing of the pig.

Farm Figures.

These figures are large, but interesting: There are 10,438,219 farmers in the United States, with 6,739,447 farms, worth \$1,218,622,000. The average of which are worth \$274,117, 704, and who feed not only themselves and the rest of the eighty-four million Americans, but send 118,617 bushels of wheat to say nothing of 12,131,916 barrels of flour, to foreigners. The foreigners pay \$2,061,356 for the corn and \$28,757,411 and \$45,194,989 for the wheat and flour.

Caring for Potatoes When Dug. I let my potatoes lay where they are dug until they are dry and then put them in the cellar, unless I expect to sell at once.

LAND DRAINAGE.

Result of Investigations by Wisconsin Experiment Station.

Of all the conditions which influence the growth of crops none is more important than the amount of moisture in the soil. While water is absolutely essential to plants, an excess is as bad as a deficiency.

There are two kinds of conditions which require drainage: First, land which is wet or marshy, because it is too flat to allow surface drainage; second, land which has sufficient slope to give good surface drainage but which on account of the large amount of vegetable matter or humus it contains and of its impervious clay subsoil, does not have good underdrainage.

The lack of drainage in the first case is readily seen and understood, but the importance of drainage in the second case was not generally recognized, although its benefits are as great as in the cases of marshes.

Replies from 129 assessors, selected at random throughout the state, show that there are 132,191 acres of land in their respective counties which are practically worthless for agricultural purposes because of lack of drainage. This is over 100 acres per township, at which rate there are but 1,600,000 acres in the entire state of this class of land. There are at least 1,000,000 acres of marshy land which are only partially productive on account of too much surface water which are practically valueless. In addition to this, there are at least 3,000,000 acres of upland clay soil which require underdrainage to allow it to produce maximum crops.

We believe that the thorough drainage of this four and a half million acres would increase its value one hundred million dollars.

In the case of the drainage of clay land already under cultivation, the increase in yield varies from 15 to 50 per cent. This is a net profit on the cost of drainage, since there is no increase in expense of cultivation of the land. In fact, it is easier to work drained land than undrained land. Experience shows that drainage usually pays for itself in from two to four years. Considered in detail, the benefits from drainage are as follows:

- Allows cultivation of hard other crops not suitable for farming.
- Allows earlier working in spring.
- Allows the soil to warm up more rapidly in the spring, thus increasing the length of the growing season and lessening the danger of frost.
- Produces good ventilation and tilth in the soil.
- Increases the amount of water available to crops.
- Aids nitrification, retards denitrification.
- Lessens surface washing.
- Lessens the need for manure.

HANDY FARM TOOL BOX.

Makes it Easy to Carry Tools to Place Where Needed.



We show herewith a sketch of a tool box which is recommended for every day use. The box is about 18 inches long, eight inches wide and five or six inches deep. A general idea is furnished in the sketch taken from Prairie Farmer. Loops are shown on one side for holding chisels, etc.

CULLING.

Time to begin to cull the pigs. During 1904 26,335,000 pounds of flower bulbs were exported from the Netherlands.

Corn is best suited to animals at plain steady work. Its supply should be limited with colts and growing hogs, because of its lack of ash and potash.

Richard grass is an excellent pasture plant when properly managed, but is not so nutritious or palatable as blue grass, although it furnishes more grazing during the summer and it also makes good for nutritive qualities.

Have you ever treated with a stubborn lid of a fruit jar? There is no need to do it when once you know how to remove it. With a knife, first loosen the rubber from the glass; after that a child can unseal it.

Nodules on clover are all right; they help the plants to grow and are profitable. But lice and mites on hens and chicks don't work that way; just the opposite. Fenty of stiffed codfish to eat is best.

Country Fare.

When a town fellow visits a country home and they set him down in a table laden with a turkey, smoked ham as sweet as nectar, fried eggs, fresh from the chickens, factory home-made bread, butter, churned, before breakfast, as an extra treat, and a bowl of tea or water, with a score of sweetmeats and pastries and fruits, and then apologizes to him for not having something to eat, he cannot help but wonder why he has not had any when they are expecting company—Whether it is.

CHAPTER XXXII.

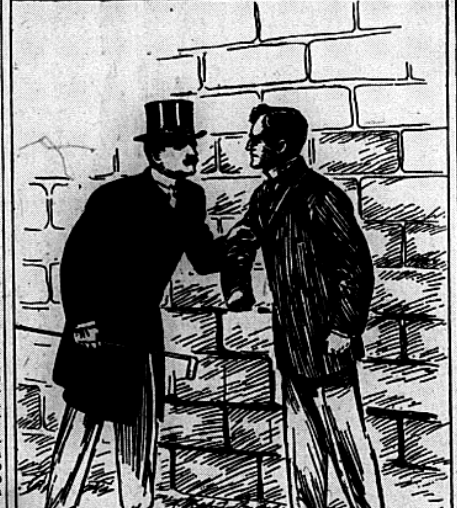
I Escape from the Tower.

I clung to my precarious support, lying prostrate on the broad stone gutter. The roar of the swirling river beat at my senses confusedly; the dizzy height made my head swim. Something of the light had felt in rounding the overhanging shoulder of the mountain with Willoughby that fatal day came to me now.

But presently that gladness passed. The extraordinary promise of Madame de Varanier rang in my ears. How it was possible for her to explain away Sir Mortimer's damning words if the letters were genuine, I could not see. But this had been a day of miracles. Slowly I made my way toward the first of the flanking towers. The wind struck me with redoubled force as I turned the corner. I heard the eagles above fluttering loudly in the gale.

I looked up. I could see it now. It floated bravely in the spanking breeze. The moon, shining equally as brightly as it ever could, seemed to distinguish its design. It was the national flag of England, the royal arms in its center. Then I remembered the quotation from the Blue Book that had flashed in the morning; just before Captain Forbes had signalled to Helena:

"The flag to be used by His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants, whether on shore or embarked, is the flag of the Union, with the Royal Arms in the center thereof, surrounded by a green garland."



I had reached my goal now. For some minutes I was compelled to lie inactive, however; for the flag, billowing in the gale, made it impossible for me to grasp the cords.

"As I lay there impatient, waiting my chance, I glanced below. I could see plainly the ladder of stones, as Madame de Varanier had called it, the ragged edges of the granite sparkling brightly in the moonlight. I leaned over as far as I dared; they extended as far as I could see.

"As my eyes traveled the line to the terrace below, the door of the great hall opened. I started to fall a portion of the terrace. I saw distinctly two figures conversing a moment at the doorway. One of these figures entered the chateau again, but the other, and I had recognized Dr. Starr by his great bulk before the door was shut, stood across the terrace and entered a brougham that stood waiting.

"As the carriage disappeared under the covered archway of the passage leading to the village street I made renewed efforts to reach the cords. I could readily guess Dr. Starr's mission. He had gone to meet Prince Ferdinand at the station. Heaven knows how eager I was to be one of the mission's companions!

"When at last I reached the end of the cords, I severed it thoughtlessly with my penknife. I had not counted on the strength necessary to hold so large a flag. The cord slipped from my hand. I expected the light to fall and reached out frantically for the other rope. But in some way the rope I had severed, and to which the flag was fastened, and the flag, billowing down the pole, remained at half-mast."

I now reached up as far as I could, standing on the stone gutter. I was about to sever the second cord that with the flag was fastened, when it occurred to me to attempt to disengage the ropes from their fastenings at the window below. I was completely successful. I estimated that I had had a length of at least 50 feet.

When I had plaited the cords doubled, and knotted them at intervals to prevent them from slipping through my hand, I made a topknot to slip

"Haddon!" he cried, as he made out my features. "Where in hell did you come from?"

"Not here, Locke; say rather heaven," I pointed upward to the tower.

"You must be in a desperate hurry when you come flying through the air," he said grimly, and the hold on my arm tightened. "Suppose you tell me your errand."

"My arms were seized not too gently. As I had wished to make an outcry I should have been prevented by the hand placed at my mouth. I peered into the face of the man who had made me more restless than any man I had ever known to recognize Locke as we stood in the shadow.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Prince Ferdinand Comes to the Chateau.

"Locke!" I called, leaning breathless against the wall, for God's sake let me go. 'Tis a matter of life or death."

"Gently—not so loud."

"Alas! his hand was placed at my throat. He pulled me back into the

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