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CHAPTER XIX .-- (Continued.) The effect of the discovery that they distinctly formed a group apart was barely visible to the keenest glance. Helen's slow, gentle eyes were turned toward the center of the house, bent vaguely on the

brightly dressed occupants of the stalls. "I suppose," said Helen, closing her fan, "that all this is rather trivial for you. The interest you take in it must be superficial now that you are so busy."

"Oh, no !" Tyars hastened to begin ; he was looking past her in that strangely persistent way into the theater, and some thing he saw there made him turn his head quickly toward the stage.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed. Then he caught her wrist in his grasp. "Keep "Keep still," he whispered.

The painted curtain was bellying right forward like the mainsail of a bark, and from the space at either side a sudden volume of smoke poured forth in huge. uneven clouds.

In a second the whole audience was on lence reigned-the breathless silence of supreme fear.

Then a single form appeared on the stage. It was that of the man referred to by Claud Tyars a moment before ; he who played the villain's part so unconsciously. He was still in his dark wig and pallid Grace, who was in his turn followed by make-up. On his arm he carried the coat he had just taken off, and the other arm. clad in white shirt sleeve, was raised in a gesture of command.

I must ask you," he cried, in a full. clear voice, "to leave your seats as-

And his tones were drowned, completely overwhelmed by a strange, unearthly roar ; the roar of a thousand human voices raised in one surging wail of despair, like the din of surf upon a shingle shore.

The man shouted, and his gestures were almost ludicrous, even at that supreme moment, for no sound could be heard from his lips.

Then the gas was turned out, and in the darkness a terrible struggle began. Some who came out of it could liken it to nothing on earth. Women shricked and men forgot themselves.

As the gas flickered and finally collapsed those in the stage box caught a momentary vision of wild, distorted faces coming toward them. The pit had overflowed the stalls. Strong barriers crumbled like matchwood. Into a hundred minds at once there had flashed the hope of escape through the stage boxes.

"Grace ! Easton !" It was Tyar's voice raised, and yet not shouting. The crisis had come, the danger was at hand, and Helen knew who it was that would take the lead. She heard the two men answer.

"Keep the people back. I will break open the door on the stage. It is our pest chance."

The girl felt herself lifted from the ground and carried to the back of the box.

"Helen !" whispered Tyars. "Yes."

"Are you all right?" "Yes."

"I thought you had fainted, you were so quiet! Hold on to my coat! Never leave go of that !"

He turned away from her, and above the din and uproar came the sound of his blows upon the woodwork of the door. It seemed impossible that such strokes could have been dealt by an unarmed human hand.

original occupants of the box was that they knew the position of the small door.

The subsequent recollection of such individuals as survived were so fragmentary and vague that no connected story of the terrible tragedy in the stage box of the Epic Theater was ever given to the pub-

Miss Winter remembered finding herself caught up in a strong pair of arms, which she presumed to be those of Oswin Grace. Almost at the same moment she and her protector were thrown to the ground. After that the next thing she could remember was the touch of a hand over her face and hair and a whispered voice in her ear:

"Agnes Winter-is this you?" She recognized the peculiar American wang which was never unpleasant. At that moment, she almost laughed. "Yes-yes," she answered.

"Then crawl to your feet. Don't try to get up; crawl over this man. I don't its feet, and for a moment a sickening si- know who he is, but I surmise he is dead."

She obeyed, and found her way out of the narrow door and up some steps. Close behind her followed some one, whom she took to be Matthew Mark Easton, but it ultimately turned out to be Oswin the American, but not until later.

Helen Grace heard the word "Come," and submitted obediently to the supporting arm, which half dragged, half carried ber up some steps. She remembered being carried like a child through some darksome place where the atmosphere was cold and damp. Then she was conscious of a halt, followed closely by the sound of breaking wood and the tearing of some material-probably canvas, for they were among the scenery. After that she probably fainted, and was only brought to consciousness by the shock of a violent fall in which her companion was under-

most. Then she heard a voice calling out : "This way, sir; this way." She recollected seeing a fireman standing in a narrow passage waving a lantern. By the time that she reached the

open air she was quite conscious. "Let me walk," she said, "I am all right. Where is Agnes?"

"They are behind," answered Tyars. 'She is all right. She has two men to look after her. You have only me."

"Wait for them," said the girl. "I will not go home without them."

"All right; we shall wait outside. Let is get out first."

They were standing in a small room, probably the office of the theater, and a policeman stationed near the window, of which the framework had been broken away, called to them impatiently. The window was about four feet from

the ground, and Helen wondered momentarily why Claud Tyars accomplished the drop so clumsily. In the narrow street he turned to a police inspector and pointed to the window.

"Lift the lady down," he said.

A cab was near at hand, and in it they waited-seated side by side in silence for what seemed hours. The crowd dropped away, seking some more interesting spot. At last there was a movement at the window, and Tyars got out of the cab and went away, leaving Helen in an agony of mute suspense. In a few moments it was over and the girl breathed freely. It seemed strangely unreal and dream like to hear Agnes Winter's voice again ; to see her standing on the pavement be neath the yellow gas lamp, drawing together the gay little opera cloak round her shoulders.

questions put to him with a reassuring smile.

"It happened," he said, "during the first rush. We fell down somewhere through some scenery, and my arm same underneath."

"You put it underneath," corrected Helen, almost coldly, "to-save me, suppose."

"Instinct," he exclaimed, tersely.

"Shall I fetch a doctor, or will you come with me?" asked the practical Oswin, gently forcing his friend into a chair. "We are surrounded by them in Brook street."

"I will go with you," answered Tyars. Refusing all offers of hospitality made by Oswin and his sister, Claud Tyars went off with his friend to the doctor's, leaving the ladies comfortably installed

in arm chairs by the fire. They protested that they could not possibly sleep, and that, as it was only welve o'clock, they would await Oswin's return.

And the two ladies left there sat, each in her deep arm chair, toasting her neatly shod toes on the fender, and said never a word. They both stared into the fire with such a marked persistence that one might almost have suspected them of fearing to meet each other's glance.

care for to do it with economy. The At last Helen moved. She had evident large cooling tanks or refrigerators ly just become aware of a black mark which dairymen on a large scale can on the soft mauve material of her dress. afford are not for the man with the With her gloved hand she attempted to single can, hence he must resort to brush it off, and as this had no effect she some plan on the home-made idea. began rubbing it with a tiny handker-Take a box, which may be bought at chief. Then she raised her eyes. Miss Winter was watching her with a curious smile—a smile much more suggestive of pain than of pleasure.

Their eyes met, and for some moments both seemed on the verge of saying something which was never said. Then suddenly Helen leaned forward and covered her face with her two hands.

Helen recovered herself as suddenly as she had given way, and, rising from her chair, stood with her shoulder turned toward her friend, her two hands upon the mantel-piece, looking down into the fire. Her attitude, moral and physical, was reflective. "I wonder," she said, "if every one

got out of the theater?"

"Mr. Easton phomised to come and tell us," answered Miss Winter.

Helen raised her head and looked critany store for a low price, high enough ically at her own reflection in the oldto contain a barrel of good dimenfashioned mirror over the fireplace. The sions. Fill in the bottom of the box trace of tears had almost vanished from her young eyes-it is only older counteseveral inches deep with sawdust, and nances that bear the marks for long. when a milk can is set into it it will

Before she moved again the sound of cab wheels made itself audible in the street, and the vehicle was heard to stop at the door. Miss Winter rose and went to let in the newcomer.

It was Matthew Mark Easton. He followed Miss Winter into the dining room, walking lightly-an unnecessary precaution, for his step was like that of a child.

"I do not know," he was saying, "the etiquette observed in England on these points, but I could not resist coming along to see if you had arrived safely No one hurt, I trust?" continued he.

"Yes," answered the girl, gently; "Mr Tyars is hurt-his arm is broken.'

Easton's mobile lips closed together with a snap, betraying the fact that he had allowed himself the luxury of an expletive in his reprehensible American way. He turned aside, and walked backward and forward for a few minutes, like a man made restless by the receipt of very bad news.

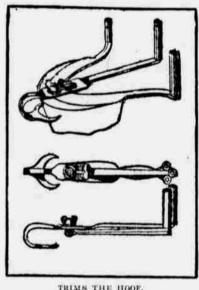
It was a matter of a second only. Like a serpent's fang the man's keen eyes flashed toward her and away again. The peculiarly nervous face instantly assumed an expression as near stolidity as could be expressed by features each and all laden with an exceptional intelligence. Then he turned away, and took up a glass as a preservative. The eggs were tenderly and critically. But Miss Winter was as quick as he. She knew then that he had guessed. Whatever he might have suspected before, Mark Easton knew that Helen loved shells of the eggs which were sunken she had no doubt now that Matthew Claud Tyars.

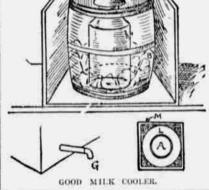


The object of an experiment at the Ohio station was to determine whether sliage might not be substituted for a considerable portion of the grain usually fed to dairy cows. Two rations were fed carrying practically the same amount of dry matter. In one ration over 50 per cent of this dry matter was derived from silage, and less than 18 per cent was derived from grain. In the other ration over 57 per cent of the dry matter was derived from grain, no silage being fed. The cows fed the silage ration produced 96.7 pounds of milk and 5.08 pounds of butter fat a hundred pounds of dry matter. The cows fed the grain ration produced S1.3 pounds of milk and 3.9 pounds of butter fat a hundred pounds of dry matter. The cost of feed a hundred pounds of milk was \$0.687 with the silage ration and \$1.05 with the grain ration. The cost of feed a hundred pounds of butter fat was 13.1 cents with the silage ration and 22.1 cents with the grain ration. The average net profit a cow a month (over cost of labor) was \$5,864 with the sliage ration, and \$2.465 with the grain ration.

## Horse-Hoof Cutter.

If in reshoeing a horse the horseshoer does not trim the hoof smoothly, and the shoe consequently does not fit the foot perfectly, the horse thereby feels uncomfortable, would be a question very difficult to answer. It is natural to infer, nevertheless, that when such is the case the horse is uncer more or less strain. To accomplish a more uniform and even paring of the hoof a Canadian inventor has devised the hoof-cutter shown in the illustration. In this cutter two knives are pivoted to a central bar, which terminates into a hook. This hook is clamped in position on the hoof as shown. The operator then grasps the center handle and one of the knife handles firmly in one hand. With the other hand he swings the remaining handle back to the point indicated by the dotted lines. Thus with one stroke he is able to pare one side of the hoof from heel to toe. The other knife is then swung back in the





Home-Made Milk Cooler.

It is not an easy task for those who

have but a small quantity of milk to

only one of keeping eggs in fairly good condition for quite a long period. Some years ago the Rhode Island Experiment Station tested a number of different methods, and found that salt brine and lime water stood second only to waterbroken fan lying on the table, opening it held over a year in the pickle, and all came out good. The station reported as follows: The surface of the liquid was crusted, and considerable silt had settled to the bottom of the jar. The in this silt appeared very fresh. The exteriors of the shells were clean and in size. The whites and yolks were normal in appearance. The whites beat up nicely, but had a slightly saline taste. Several used as dropped eggs appeared to be nice, but had a slightly sharp taste. This old-fashioned method of preserving eggs is thus again proved

come just below the level of the top of the barrel. Around this barrel, eight inches deep, pack sawdust. Set the can of milk in the barrel and pour in cold water and, if possible, add several large pieces of ice. Arrange a faucet which shall run through the barrel and the box so that the water may be drawn off when it gets warm. The illustration shows the idea plainly. In the small drawings at the bottom "M" represents the box, "L" the barrel and "A" the can of milk, and ip the drawing to the left "G" shows how the faucet is placed near the bottom of the box. Any one can readily make this milk cooler at small expense .-- Indianapolis News.

on this set a barrel cut down so that

Lime and Salt Keep Eggs. The water-glass method is not the

Between the blows came the sickening sound of the struggle at the front of the box. Imprecations and supplications, mingled with groans and the dull thud of merciless fists upon human faces. Shoulder to shoulder the two men-the American and the Englishman-fought for the lives of the women placed by the hand of God under their protection. It was a terrible task, though few women reached the front of the box. Each man struck down, each assailant beaten back was doomed, and the defenders knew it. Once down, once under foot, and it was a matter of moments.

Fresh assailants came crowding on, treading on the fallen and consequently obtaining an ever-increasing advantage as they rose on a level with the defenders. Neither seemed to question the wisdom of Tyars' command. It was a matter of life or death. Those already in the stage box would only be crushed by the ourush of the others were they allowed to enter. With a dazed desperation the two men faced the frightful odds, hammering wildly with both fists. Their arms ached from sheer hard work and they panted hoarsely. Their eyeballs throbbed with the effort to pierce unfathomable darkness.. It was quite certain that their de fense could not last long.

"Stick to it !" yelled Tyars. He might have been on the deck of the Martial during a white squall, so great was the uproar all around him. At last there was the sound of breaking wood.

"Grace !" shouted the voice of Tyars. "Yes."

"Look after Miss Winter when we go.'

"Easton !" he cried again.

"Yes, old man !"

"Come last, and keep them back if you can." Then a minute later he should, 'Come !'

At the same instant the roaring crowd of madmen poured in over the front of the box, like soldiers storming a bastion. The door which Tyars had succeeded in opening was so narrow as to admit of the passage of only one person at a time. but at this instant the larger door leading into a narrow passage, the real exit from the stage box, broke down before a pressure from without, and from this point also a stream of half-demented beings tried to force an entrance.

The only advantage possessed by the

As Miss Winter stepped into the cab she leaned forward and kissed Helen. That was all; no word was said. But the two women sat hand in hand during the drive home.

Tyars and Oswin spoke together a few words in a lowered tone quite overwhelmed by the rattle of the cab, and then sat silently. The light of occasional lamps flashed in through the unwashed window, and showed that the men's clothes were covered with dirt and dust, which neither attempted to brush off.

When the cab stopped in Brook street, Oswin got out first, and going up the steps opened the front door noiselessly with a latch key. Tyars paid the cabman, and followed the ladies into the house.

The gas in the hall and dining room had been lowered, and they all stood for a moment in the gloom round the daintily dressed table. When Oswin Grace turned up the gas they looked at each other curiously.

Miss Winter kept her opera-cloak closed, simply stating that her dress was torn. Her hair was becomingly untidy, but she showed no sign of scratch or hurt. Helen was hardly ruffled beyond a few little stray curls, almost golden in color,

stealing down beside her ears. She doubtless owed her immunity from harm, and in all human probability the safety of her life to the enormous bodily strength of Claud Tyars. It was she who spoke first.

"Your arm !" she said, pointing to Tyar's right sleeve. "Have you hurt it?" He looked down at the limb, which was

hanging in a peculiar way very close to his body, with a vague and questioning smile, as if it were not his property. "Yes," he said, "it is broken.

Miss Winter and Oswin went to his side at once. Helen alone remained standing at the table. She said no word, but continued looking at him with very bright eyes, her lips slightly parted, breathing deeply.

He avoided meeting her glance in the ame awkward, embarrassed way which she had not noticed before ; answering the

"The worst of it," he broke out, with sudden airiness, "is that there was no clear. The air cells were not increased fire at all. It was extinguished on the stage. The performance might have been continued."

"It only makes it more horrible," said Miss Winter; "for I suppose there-were some killed." "That is so," he answered. "They took

forty-two corpses out of our box alone." "I did not knowi" said Helen, after a effective.

painful pause, "that it was so bad as that.'

Oswin Grace came in, opening the front Miss Winter.

"He is all right," he answered. "It was a simple fracture. Old Barker set it very nicely, and I sent him off to his club in a cab.'

a soft lullaby over his pillow. Good pounds and the clover only fourteen night, Miss Winter. Good night, Miss Grace."

(To be continued.)

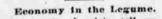
## As It Is in Chicago.

Jack Beacon-Yes, in Boston we a young man goes wooing in the Hub power, as it were, of making its own he must embrace all foreign phrases and poetical quotations. You don't see anything like that in prosale Chicago. Dick Lakeside-I should say not. Here a fellow is satisfied to embrace the girl.

# Best He Could Do.

bread and cheese and kisses?"

"Yes," replied the fair maid, but can work your father for the bread and about one-tenth of the daily ration concheese and I'll attend to the rest."



Agricultural chemists tell us that door with his latch-key. He was greeted while two tons of timothy hay, or a good average crop from an acre, takes away fifty pounds of nitrogen, a crop of clover of same weight takes over eighty pounds; likewise while the tim-"Then," said Easton, holding out his potash, the clover takes nearly ninety hand to say good-by, "I shall go and pounds. With phosphoric acid it is dif-help him into bed-tuck him in, and sing ferent; the timothy takes twenty-one pounds. But the nitrogen which is the most expensive element is drawn from the air, to a large extent, in the case of clover, and so need not be supplied in the fertilizer. Here is the economy in have all cultured love making. When growing the legume, which has the fertilizer, or most of it.

## Summer Grain for Poultry.

It is not to be expected that the fowls can be taken care of wholly on the range during the summer no matter how extensive it may be so that the grain must be fed in a greater or less "You know," said the young man in amount. During the summer we do the case, "that I am poor, but don't without the mashes and the corn, feedyou think we might be able to live on ing wheat and buckwheat and, beginning in June, more or less cottonseed meal, adding it in very small quantisists of the oil meal.

same manner, trimming the other side of the hoof. A quicker or more efficient maner of trimming a horse's hoof would be hard to imagine,

### Manure Aid to Fruit Trees.

A Pennsylvanian states that he has sever used commercial fertilizers in an apple orchard. If the ground is too poor to produce apples, nothing is better than barnyard manure, which answers every purpose, both for a mulch or for enriching the ground. In planting an apple orchard the ground should be farmed every year for about ten years, growing such crops as potatoes, truck, etc., so that the ground will get manure as often as the crops will require it, and that will be sufficient for othy hay takes off thirty-six pounds of the growth of the apple trees and fruit. After that time the land may be seeded down and occasionally farmed and ferent; the timothy takes twenty-one manured sufficiently to keep the land in a fertile condition.

### Greatest Alfalfa Field.

Kansas has the largest continuous alfalfa field in the world. This belongs to Colonel J. W. Robinson, Eldorado, and includes more than 2,500 acres, the product of which brings a small fortune to its owner each year.

## Save Ammonia from Manure.

All stable manure will be improved if potash in some form is added, especially of the potash salt. Kanit has been found useful for this purpose. It is crude sulphate of potash and contains a large proportion of salt. It will arrest the escape of ammonia and prove valuable of itself when applied to the land. It is also excellent on land infested with grubs, though not a com-"Then," he interrupted, "see if you ties and increasing it gradually until plete remedy for such pests. It is cheap and should be used more extensively where manure is being saved.