SERIAL STORY

LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

By

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scene at a box party. Miss Henrietta Winstanley, sister of Bishop Winstanley, overheard Banker Ankony propose to Barbara Hemingray, whose brother Dan was in his employ. Dan was one of the town's popular young men. He showed some nervousness when Attorney Tom Twining told him Barbara refused Ankony. Ankony the following day, summoning Twining, accused Dan of looting the bank. Twining refused to prosecute. Barbara persuaded Ankony to postpone starting prosecution. Twining learned of the engagement of Ankony and Barbara. He congratulated both.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Then you won't—you won't—oh, will you—" she cried chaotically.

"I won't," I declared. "It's all right. Why, Barbara, bless you, you knew that, didn't you?"

She nodded slowly. "Of course there never was—oh why do you make me say such things?—there never was anything, anything between us, Mr. Twining. You don't care for me, really, I am sure. You never told me so, and—"

"No, I never told you so," I repeated. "I was waiting—"

"Don't," she begged. "But, you see, I didn't know. And, oh, it couldn't have—"

I stooped and touched her hair with my lips.

"Never mind," said I. "Tell me about who has been to see you. I want to know everything, you know."

She lifted me a grateful glance.

"Mrs. Tyson Potter was here," she said, and a new, stinging smile touched her lips. "She came to say pleasantly unpleasant things. She told me quite frankly that it was a wise thing for a poor girl like me to marry rich. You wouldn't—"

"I am not a Mrs. Tyson Potter. The old heathen!"

Barbara flashed me a smile.

"But it's rather the natural thing for people to say of such an engagement," she protested a moment later. "You know it is."

"Nonsense! It isn't. And what do you care what they say? Was there ever a betrothal that was not the signal for a perfect volley of silly chatter?"

She smoothed a crumpled frill of lace.

"Miss Winstanley has not been here," she said significantly.

"She's not in town. She left the day before your engagement was announced. Didn't you know?"

"No. Oh, I'm so glad. I thought she disapproved. And I'm so very fond of her I couldn't bear—"

"Nothing of the sort. She'll write you the minute she hears, of course. She has gone off somewhere with a sick friend and probably hasn't heard the news yet."

"How comforting you are! It's such a relief to hear it. I couldn't bear to feel estranged from her. The bishop was very kind. He sent me those beautiful roses there."

"Where?" questioned I eagerly.

"There on the table. Wasn't it odd he should have chosen Soleil d'Or beauties? Why, where are they?" she asked, as she turned to look at them, and so to avoid looking at me.

"They are in the south drawing room," I replied gravely. "I'll go and get them."

I caught the glimmer in her eyes as I passed her.

When I came back she was stooping so I could not see her face, but she spoke softly. "I have asked Mr. Ankony always to send me the paler roses."

It was the point beyond which I could not keep my head, nor my lips.

"Barbara!" I cried out foolishly.

"You know how I dislike reminders," she said quietly. "And ours has been a pleasant—friendship."

I had got hold of myself again.

"What did the bishop write you?" I asked.

"Oh, a charming little note. He said the most beautiful things in it."

"It is a part of his mission—to say beautiful things."

"And how well he fills it! He is such a dear!"

"So Mrs. Ankony says," I remarked.

"Mrs. Ankony?"

"Mrs. Jack—when he rides in the park with Miss Streeter."

"Oh," and she smiled politely. How many women smile politely when their husband's relatives are mentioned!

"Oh, perhaps you don't like her. Is that it?"

"I suppose you will go to the Canadian Rockies for your bridal trip?" I suggested presently.

"No, no!" she cried sharply.

"You always said you would like that, you know."

"I have changed my mind."—

I fingered an old Spanish cooking-pot of copper that stood on the table between us. That old Spanish cooking-pot! How many times, in crucial moments, we have bent to examine it, Barbara and I. There is not a scratch or dent on its polished surface that I cannot see with my eyes shut.

"There is something I want you to understand," I said slowly, "and then we won't talk any more about it."

"Ye—es?" she encouraged, rather doubtfully.

"It is only that, no matter what comes, you are to remember that I have not changed."

She put her hand to her throat with a gesture new to me, and full of pain. "Why will you?" she pleaded. "Don't, please don't!"

"I don't want to hurt you, dear. It can't matter to you one way or the other now. And you are to understand that I don't blame you one bit. Jove! how could I? You couldn't care for me if you couldn't. And heaven knows I don't wonder that you couldn't. But I want you to know, that's all. I think perhaps you have always known, a little—haven't you? Such things between some people don't have to be put into words. Voicing them seems somehow to rob them of their exquisiteness. You know what I mean, don't you? 'I love you' sounds so empty, while it is so overflowingly replete. I fancied you felt as I did about it, dear. I was waiting, indeed, to know a little better just how you did feel. I wanted not to lose your friendship if you could not give me your love. Failing that, I was determined to have for my own the perfect relationship that has so long endured between us, and I knew I should spoil it by declaring my love for you prematurely."

"Yes," she breathed.

"So I never told you I loved you, Barbara, and I am telling you now that you may be sure that, little as it amounts to, my devotion is yours to command, if you need it. If you can ever lean a little on it, won't you? Do, dear. I want so much to serve you—if I may, at any time, in any way. No, don't say anything, please. I know you would like to say something kind. Bless your heart! Let me take it for granted. I'm going now."

She lifted her head, with a gesture for silence.

"Some one is coming," she whispered.

There were voices in the hall. Ankony's and that of his sister-in-law, and others that I did not stop to recognize. I was in a distinctly un-Ankony mood, and I caught up my hat and moved toward the side door; by that same side door had I made many exits.

"A Most Remarkable Document," I Observed.

Barbara followed me, her hand extended.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "How can you desert me so?"

"I would do anything else for you," I murmured. "Anything but stay."

Then I let myself out as they came down the hall, and found my way to the street through the familiar rose garden.

CHAPTER V.

Bishop Winstanley sent for me the next day. His unexpected summons came late in the afternoon, when I was very busy, and I could not answer it at once. I drove promptly to his house the moment I was released from my last engagement, but it was late and the lights were on. He sent word down that he was dressing for dinner, but that he would be glad to have me come directly to his dressing room. I went up, to find him in a rather flamboyant gown, sitting incongruously beside his sister's dainty little dressing table, with its pink-shaded candles.

He put down a silver-backed brush and rose to greet me. I knew him better in canonicals and broadcloth than in this bizarre attire, and he rather embarrassed me; but, as usual, he was serene and apparently quite undisturbed, as if he were as accustomed to granting audiences here as in the stately rooms below.

"They are doing over my suite while my sister is away," he explained, "and I have taken possession here. Sit down, if you can find room for the pillows. Such trifling pillows as they are," with a smile. "For so sensible a woman as my sister, she amazes me with her furbelows."

"I suppose she would call them comforts," I suggested.

"Oh, doubtless," said he. "They are more like little pink and yellow cotton puffs than anything that might give real comfort." He tossed a couple of them out of a brocaded armchair and, indicating it, drew up another for himself.

"I hope my summons did not inconvenience you, arriving at such an hour?" he remarked. "But my mind has been greatly perturbed, and I wished to have it put at peace one way or the other. The matter upon which I wish you to advise me is one of exceeding delicacy and unusualness."

I bowed.

"Perhaps you know Mrs. Anson Dines," he remarked, by way of beginning.

"I have the misfortune not to," said I.

"Well, I don't know that I should put it quite like that, Mr. Twining," he said, with a smile; "but she is certainly a most estimable person, of—I think I may truthfully say—the most original and startling ideas, particularly as to—but we shall touch upon that later. Mrs. Dines has long been a friend of my sister's."

"Ah, so I recall," I interrupted. Mrs. Dines was the widow whom I heard Miss Winstanley speak of to the bishop the evening at the opera when his glasses had been so persistently leveled where she thought they ought not to be. I imagined something interesting was about to be unfolded, but I was in no way prepared for what came.

"You have—ah, seen Mrs. Dines?" the bishop asked.

"Once," said I; "a somewhat stout lady with copious—"

"Chins," supplied he gravely.

"Dear me," said I.

The bishop nodded solemnly.

"A trifle elderly?" I ventured, encouraged by something in his eyes.

"A trifle! She is 60."

"Ah, is it possible?"

"Mrs. Dines admits 60," he replied. "She may be more. But 60—is enough."

I nodded, not quite understanding, and waiting for that which I knew would make it plain.

"Mrs. Dines is a lady of very large means and equally generous inclinations," he continued. "A woman who has done much good and should continue to do more. Charitable work is her passion. She is an enthusiast along that particular line. My sister finds in her a most beautiful and commendable character.

"I have often heard her called so."

"There are undoubtedly many admirable things about the lady."

"As a young woman I imagine she may have been attractive," I ventured, watching the bishop out of the tail of my eye.

"As a young woman," he repeated.

"And clever," said I.

He smiled. "She is still clever enough," he commented.

There was a long pause, during which his shapely fingers caressed the tassel of his dressing gown.

"Mrs. Dines is in Africa at present," he continued. "She says she desires to remain there indefinitely. Wishing to further to its utmost the work she has undertaken, and to be entirely unhampered and unharassed by restrictions, she has sent this most remarkable proposition to my sister, who in turn has indorsed it and sent it on to me with all promptness. I wish you to tell me what you think of it, sir."

He handed me a decorous-looking document, which I opened with much interest. It was exceedingly direct and simple—as unadorned and simple as the lady who had indited it: Mrs. Anson Dines, for the privilege of using the powerful name of Bishop Charles Winstanley, would dedicate her undivided effort and her undivided fortune to the church which the bishop so brilliantly adorned, especially to that portion of it which she had taken under her special care and loving direction, there in a country so far from her home. The marriage should be performed by proxy, and Bishop Winstanley should continue then and always, at perfect liberty to pursue his own helpful and shining career in his own land, and in his own manner, quite as if she did not bear his name.

I finished what was so curiously and so plainly set forth, and looked up to meet the bishop's questioning eyes.

"A most remarkable document," I observed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No More Use for Anthony

Saint Had Disregarded Small Girls' Appeal and Her Faith in Him Had Vanished.

There is one small girl in a New York school who has lost her faith in the saints—a faith that was implicit, says the New York Tribune. Her name is Elizabeth, and she can't learn to spell. She is always at the foot of the spelling class. She does her best to learn, but if a wrong letter can creep into a word it sneaks in when Elizabeth tries to spell that word. Tuesday she came into the class beaming, but inside of two minutes she had spelled innocent "inosent" and flew "flough." The teacher shook her head.

"Elizabeth, what shall I do with you?" she asked. Elizabeth looked at her with a hopeless gaze, two tears trickling down her nose.

"There ain't anything to do," she said in a tone of finality. "I did the last thing this morning. I offered St. Anthony 50 cents if he'd help me spell right, and he hasn't done it, and I've no more use for him."

Little Good Done by Kicking.

"De fact dat kickin' don' accomplish much," said Uncle Eben, "is proved by de climate. Folks has been findin' fault wif it ever since I kin remember, an' it's jes' as botheracious as ever."

COOK ARRIVES.

The Arctic Explorer Receives a Warm Welcome in New York.

The scene as Dr. Cook was welcomed to his family and friends was one long to be remembered. The returned explorer folded Mrs. Cook in his arms and held her without a single word passing between them.

While husband and wife greeted each other absolute silence prevailed among the onlooking passengers. Then Dr. Cook broke the silence.

"Where are the children?" he said.

His wife did not reply, but led him to the children, a few steps away. He kissed his eldest daughter, then seized the younger one in his arms and raised her to his shoulders. At this the spectators broke out into cheers.

"Bravo, Cook," "Welcome home," "We're proud of you," rang out across the water. Then the words "For he's a jolly good fellow," were sung in chorus by Dr. Cook's fellow-passengers on the Oscar II., as the tug left the ship's side.

Before landing Dr. Cook was questioned by reporters as to the "gold brick" charge of Commander Peary.

"I shall await events," was his reply.

"When my material has been got together and put into shape it will be submitted in the first instance to the University of Copenhagen. After that it will be laid before the geographical societies of the world. I will not consent to submit any fragmentary portions of my observations or of my records to any one.

"The report and all the data connected with my trip must be examined in their entirety together with my instruments, some of which I have in my possession now and others of which are on their way to America at the present moment. These will all be properly controlled and tested before submission to the scientific bodies."

"Have you your notes and data with you?" Dr. Cook was asked.

"Yes."

"Then what matter does Mr. Whitney hold?"

"Mr. Whitney has my instruments and some delicate data. Mr. Whitney is a noble gentleman and can be trusted to speak the truth."

The jury in the case of Harper C. Bennett, on trial in Los Angeles for the alleged poisoning of his wife in June last, reported a disagreement after being out about 36 hours and was discharged. The district attorney has announced that steps will be taken at once for another trial.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle—Dry-fed steers, $5@[illegible]; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, $4.50@5; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, $4@4.25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, $4@4.25; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, $3.25@3.50; choice fat cows, $4; good fat cows, $3.50; common cows, $2.50@3; canners, $1.75@2; choice heavy bulls, $3.50; fair to good bolognas bulls, $3@3.25; stock bulls, $2.75@3.25; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $4@4.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $3.50@4; choice stockers, 500 to 700, $3.50; fair stockers, 500 to 700, $3.25@[illegible]; stock heifers, $2.75; milkers, large, young, medium age, $40@50; common milkers, $25@35.

Veal calves—Market opened steady with last week, closing 50c lower; best $8.50@[illegible]; others $4@7.75; milch cows and springers $5 to $7 lower.

Sheep and lambs—Market quality common; prices average about steady with last week; will close lower; best lambs $6.25@6.50; fair to good lambs, $5.50@6; light to common lambs, $3.50@4.50; yearlings $4.50@5; fair to good sheep $3.50@4; culls and common, $2@2.50.

Hogs—Market very dull, 10c to 15c lower; quality common. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $8.15@8.25; pigs $7@7.50; light yorkers, $7.50@8; stags 1-3 off.

East Buffalo.—Cattle—The best heavy cattle sold at about steady prices, one load of good heavy steers selling as high as $7; stockers also sold lower, while fresh cows and springers were in good demand at last Monday's prices. Best export steers, $6.50@6.90; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, $5.75@6; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb shipping steers, $5.25@5.75; medium 1,050 to 1,150-lb steers, $4.75@5; light butcher steers, $4.25@4.50; best fat cows, $4@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@3.75; light cows, $3@3.25; trimmers, $2@2.25; best fat heifers, $4.50@5; fair to good, $3.75@4; common, $3.25@3.50; best feeding steers, $4@4.25; stockers, $3@3.75; best bulls, $4@4.25; bologna bulls, $3.25@3.50; stock bulls, $2.75@3; best fresh cows and springers, $45@55; fair to good fresh cows and springers, $30@40; common fresh cows and springers, $20@25.

Hogs—Market 10c lower; medium and heavy, $8.40@8.60; best yorkers, $8.15@8.30; light, $7.75@8; pigs, $7.60@7.70; closed steady.

Sheep—Slow; best lambs, $7.40@7.50; fair to good, $6.50@7.35; culls, $3@5.50; yearlings, $5.50@5.60; wethers, $4.75@5.25; ewes, $4.50@4.85.

Calves—Steady; best, $9.25@9.75; fair to good, $7@9; heavy, $4@5.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 1 car at $1.10¾, closing at $1.11¾; September opened at $1.10¾ and advanced to $1.11¾; December opened unchanged at $1.11¾, advanced to $1.12¾, declined to $1.12¼ and closed at $1.12½; May opened at $1.12¾, moved up to $1.13¼, dropped to $1.13⅛ and closed at $1.13¾; No. 1 white, 1 car at $1.09, closing at $1.09½.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 70½c; No. 2 yellow, 1 car at 72½c; No. 3 yellow 1 car at 72¼c.

Oats—Standard, 3 cars at 41½c; No. 3 white, 1 car at 40½c, closing at 40@40¼c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 70½c bid.

Beans—Cash, $2.20; October, $2.06; November, $2.01.

Cloverseed—Prime spot old, 100 bags at $8; sample, 20 bags at $8, 32 at $7.50, 12 at $7, 6 at $6.50; October, 100 bags at $8.70; March, 200 bags at $8.70; prime alsike, $7.85; sample alsike, 25 bags at $7.50, 20 at $7, 15 at $6.50, 9 at $6.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $25; coarse middlings, $26; fine middlings, $30; cracked corn, $30; coarse cornmeal, $30; corn and oat chop, $28 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $5.85; ordinary patent, $5.50; straight, $5.40; clear, $5.25; pure rye, $4.25; spring patent, $5.25 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

The Newport News Shipbuilding Co., building the battleship Delaware, has asked the navy department for a trial trip Oct. 20. The probability is that the ship will be delivered some months ahead of contract time. The battleship North Dakota is in a like stage of completion.

More than ten miles above the earth's surface is the hight attained by a registering balloon which was sent up by Prof. Hergesell from the Prince of Monaco's yacht on Sept. 1906, near Tromsoe, Norway. This beats all records.

WESTERN CANADA

During the early days in the period of the growth of the grain crop in Western Canada, as well as throughout the ripening and garnering period, there is yearly growing an increasing interest throughout the United States, as to the results when harvest is completed. These mean much to the thousands of Americans who have made their homes in some of the three Provinces that form that vast agricultural domain, and are of considerable interest to the friends they have left behind.

The year 1909 is no disappointment. The crops of wheat, oats and barley have been harvested and it is now safe to speak of results. Careful estimates place the yield of spring wheat at 30 bushels per acre, winter wheat at over 40 bushels, and oats exceed 50 bushels per acre. Barley also has proved an abundant yield. What will attract the reading public more than volumes of figures will be the fact that those who have been induced through the influence of the Government to accept of 160 acres of free grant land; or, by the persuasion of friends to leave their home State of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Nebraska or the other States from which people have gone, have done well. Financially, they are in a better position than many of them ever expected to be, and in the matter of health, in social conditions, they have lost nothing.

A Central Canada Farmer Finishing Cutting His 70-Acre Field of Wheat

One person who has just returned from a trip through the Lethbridge District, where winter wheat has a strong hold with farmers, says:

"We saw some magnificent sights. The crops were, in fact, all that could be desired."

In a few years from now these great plains over whose breadth for years roved hundreds of thousands of herds of cattle, following the millions of buffalo that once grazed their grasses, will be a solid grain field covering a territory of over 30,000 square miles, and very little of it but what will yet be worth from $40 to $60 per acre. Already the homestead and pre-emption lands are being well filled.

County School House

Town School House

City Church in Central Canada

In the district of Calgary, south, east and north, which comprises Nanton, High River and other equally important districts, a correspondent of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press says: (Aug. 21) "The grain in this district is going to make some money for the farmers this year. All the crop is now crowding along and is good on both irrigated and unirrigated lands."

There are to be found those who speak of a "pioneering" life in western Canada, but as one man said, "If this is pioneering I don't for the life of me see what our forefathers had to complain of." He didn't know, though, for the pioneering of his forefathers was discomfort and hardship. The opening up and development of western Canada, with its railroad lines to carry one to almost the uttermost part of it, the telegraph line to flash the news to the outside world, the telephone to talk to one's neighbor, the daily and weekly mail service which brings and carries letters to the friends in distant parts; the schools headed by college-bred and highly certificated teachers; the churches manned by brilliant divines; the clubs; the social and festive life; what is there about any of this to give to the man who goes there to make his home the credit of being a pioneer? Nothing! He might as well be in any of the old middle-west States. In other parts of the world the production of wheat is diminishing today; but as it diminishes Canada's will increase; therefore, it is safe to predict that in a few years from now a large part of the world will be looking to western Canada for its wheat supply, and especially will the United States. In many parts of western Canada it is possible to have a hundred-mile square of wheat, without a break. A writer says: "We were driven west and north of Moose Jaw through 20 miles of dead ripe wheat, acres of stocks and well-worked summer-fallows. One of these fields would yield 40 bushels to the acre, and another man had oats that would yield 90 or 100 bushels to the acre. In this district wheat will average 30 to 35 bushels. The conditions were never better and throughout the district the people are assured of a most prosperous year."

It would be unfair to close this article without quoting from an expert crop-correspondent regarding the two Battlefords in Central Saskatchewan, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Writing on August 18th of this year, he says:

"It is necessary to drive about six or seven miles out of the town of North Battleford in order to see the best crops of the district. This morning I was driven about 20 miles to the north and west of the town and in all the drive did not see a poor crop. I saw one wheat crop which the owner estimates will yield 40 bushels per acre, and I believe it."

He then crossed the Saskatchewan river to the South town, or Battleford proper, and continues his report:

"Conditions around the old town are as good if not better than those to the north of the river. This district has much the best wheat crop prospect of any I have inspected this year, considering sample and yield. The weather conditions for the whole season have been ideal and the result is what might easily be termed a bumper crop. A sample sheaf brought in from the farm of George Truscott was shown to me which spoke for itself. This farmer is said to have sixty acres which will yield 45 bushels per acre.

In stating an average for the district of South Battleford I would say that the wheat will yield 36 bushels per acre. The oats will yield about 45 and barley 35 bushels per acre."

A correspondent summing up a trip over the Canadian Northern Railway, from Dauphin to Battleford, says:

"As I inspected the crops in the various districts I found the farmers and other citizens without exception filled with expectant enthusiasm over this year's prospects. No district was found which could not boast of fields of 35 bushels per acre wheat, or 50 to 60 bushels per acre oats, and of 40 bushels per acre of barley."

A Specimen Group of Elevators That May Be Seen in Many Towns in Central Canada

It is not an unusual thing in many parts of western Canada for a farmer to have 10,000 to 30,000 bushels of wheat. In the Rouleau district it is said that there are several farmers who will have 20,000 bushels of oats any many fields will return one hundred bushels to the acre.

It takes an army of men to handle the Western Canada crop, and it is estimated that 30,000 people have been brought in this year to assist in the great undertaking; there being excursions from the outside world nearly every day for the past six weeks.