ATTEND THE INSTITUTE.

Program of Rare Interest Arranged for the Ladies as well as the men—How to Cook will be Practically Demonstrated.

A State Farmer's Institute will be held in Chestertown, on Monday from 1.30 to 10 P.M., and Tuesday from 10 A M. to 4 P. M., February 3 and 4, 1902, in the Court House. Every body is invited. Admission free. Ladies are invited to attend the afternoon and evening sessions.

—O—PROGRAM FOR MONDAY.—O—

Subject to change as conditions require.

Afternoon Session, 1.30.—
"Poultry for Profit.' C. E. Chapman.
Miss R. M. Purman, M. D., and trained nurse, Washington, D. C., will lecture in a room of, or near the Court House,—subject—"protecting Children and adults from infectious diseases."

Evening Session, 8.00.—
"Children's Lunch Basket" (Demonstrated) Miss Emma Suter Jacobs, Director Cooking Schools, of Washington.

Morning session, Tuesday 10,00—
"Swine Breeding" C. E. Chapman.
"Feeds and Feeding," H. P. Miller.

Afternoon Session, 1.30—
"Value of Water and its Conservation," C. E. Chapman
'Care and Feeding of young Animals," H. P. Miller.

Prepare to use the Question Box.

Our patrons know they have met at our institutes, some of the best informed men engaged in agricultural work, and that they seldom meet them again. No farmer can afford to miss one minute of a State Institute. Come early.

Where shall the institutes be held next season, in your county? Advise us by card, at once.

Suggestion to the patrons. Meet at 10 the first day and organize a farmer's club or league.

WM. L. AMOSS.
Director Farmers Institutes,
Maryland Agricultural College,
College Park.

Mr. C. E. Chapman, Pordville, N. Y., was born a farmer's son, and earned his first money in chasing a hen turkey. He earned his first big money teaching school, at 17 years of age. He never had any pecuniary assistance, and always managed a farm, for which he did not have a dollar to pay down when purchased. He has grown into small-fruit growing, poultry, stock breeding (cattle and swine) and the growing of seed potatoes; has a good farm and owes no man; has attended institutes in several states, and aided in the work 12 years more or less. Has studied some at Cornell University, short courses, and tried many experiments for others. Has written for agricultural papers for some years, and is now President of a Farmers Co-operative Fire Insurance company.

Mr. H. P. Miller, V. D. M., Sunbury, Ohio, is the oldest son of a very successful farmer and stock raiser, particularly of sheep. He and two brothers have remained in the stock business and developed it along other lines. Mr. Miller is a graduate of Antioch College and, also of the Ohio State Veterinary College. Is accepted as an expert judge of stock at fairs. Has charge of the sheep department of the "Ohio Farmer," and contributor on other topics to other leading agricultural papers. He is said to be, by the best authority, one of the best institute workers on the Ohio force. I visited his farm in June, and engaged him to help us this season as our live stock authority in all the counties of the State.

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THE KNIFE THROWERS

By FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY,
Author of "Not Like Other Men," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MEXICO.

CRAIG WYNDHAM had been only a few moments in the cafe of the club when a card was given to him by one of the servants. Upon it was engraved, "Carlos de Escudera y Romero, 4 Incarnaccion, Ciudad de Mejico."

"Ask the gentleman if he will not join me here," he said to the servant, and presently, approaching him, he discovered the same personage whom he had twice seen that evening and whom he verily believed to be the assassin of Burr Pendleton.

With a look of unrecognition in his eyes Wyndham rose from his chair to receive the stranger, extending his right hand as cordially as if he did not believe the one it grasped to be guilty of the foulest deed he had ever known.

"Mr. Craig Wyndham?" said the stranger interrogatively. "The friend of Mr. Burr Pendleton?"

"Yes," replied Wyndham, noticing that Escudera used perfect English. "Your name is not known to me, however. Will you be seated, sir?"

"Thank you. I also claim friendship with Mr. Pendleton. I made his acquaintance in Mexico, where we had many pleasant hours together. I met him here early this evening—before the dinner hour, in fact—and expected to see him again about this time. I have heard him speak of you so often that when the clerk at the desk told me your name—I entered the club immediately after you—I took the liberty of sending my card to you."

"I am very glad that you did so. Mr. Pendleton and I had only just met when he was called away, doubtless by you. I also expected him here about this time. We will wait for him together. In the meantime be my guest, Mr.—pardon me, but I am unused to Spanish names. May I ask how you pronounce your name?"

"I use the first one of the two, Escudera. Yes, I did leave the club with Pendleton. In fact, I went to his house with him, but I remained only a moment. I discovered that he was very tired and so agreed to meet him here later, where he did me the honor to say that he would present me to you."

Wyndham's eyes sparkled for one brief instant, for he knew that statement to be a lie. He knew that Pendleton did not intend to return to the club that night and that he had not promised such an introduction to the Mexican for the very reason that he expected to spend the evening in his rooms with Wyndham. It was the first tally in the score that he intended to make against the Mexican.

Refreshments and cigars were ordered and two hours passed while the men conversed upon every subject that either could think to introduce, and at last it was the stranger who suggested that the hour was so late that there was small chance that Pendleton would appear at the club that night.

It was Wyndham's suggestion that they should go out together, and they strolled along the avenue side by side as far as the hotel where the Mexican was stopping. After that Wyndham returned to the club and, finding a number of congenial friends engaged at one of the card tables, played with them until daylight.

It was rarely that he did such a thing, but that night he had especial reasons for it, and never had he appeared to better advantage or played the game with more scrupulous care.

Always during the game it seemed to him that he could see his friend as he saw him in the sleeping room of his apartment sitting dead in the chair in the corner, and at such moments deathly faintness stole over him, which required all his strength of will to conquer.

He knew that he was incurring a deadly risk in acting as he had done, for if it should appear that he had been to Pendleton's rooms suspicion, which might in any case attach to him, would in the minds of many take the form of certainty.

Still for the plan that he had formed during the few moments when he stood by the window while James wept near him he was pursuing the only logical course. He felt that he must take the chances.

What nervous force he was compelled to exert in order not to manifest the perturbation he felt during those hours of the night nobody but himself could ever know, and when he left the club in the full light of the early morning in the company of one of his companions in the game it brought the first moment of relief he had had from the terrible strain.

At his own door he left his friend and, saying that he would get two or three hours' sleep, entered the house where he lived. He knew that he was in a position to prove an alibi for every hour that had passed since he parted with Pendleton except those that were really the most vital—between 5 and 10 o'clock the preceding evening—and for those he must trust to nerve and chance in case the question should arise.

As soon as he was in his own room he carefully examined the papers that he had taken from the safe and in the interest he felt in them for the time partially forgot the awful reason for the examination.

From them he selected several which he concealed. The others he destroyed. But after he had bathed and refreshed himself, thus destroying all outward appearance of the effect of the events of the past night upon him, he returned to the club for his breakfast.

He had found among the papers the key to many things that he did not understand, and he felt certain that as soon as he could have a protracted talk with old James he would be enabled to see his way clearly before him. The mystery by which Pendleton was surrounded was beginning to unfold.

At the club he met Carleton Biggs, a character whose prototype may be found in almost every club of prominence in New York. They belong to the "has beens" in that they are among the oldest members, are always serving on some committee and have from some mysterious source income sufficient to pay their dues and purchase an occasional meal. But they are always ready to accept an invitation to breakfast or dine and regard their abilities to entertain as sufficient equivalent for the favor. More than that, they are ever ready to perform any slight gentlemanly service which will place one of their benefactors under obligations to repeat the invitation at the first opportune moment. Wyndham desired Biggs to perform just such a service for him, and for that reason invited him to take breakfast.

When they had lighted their cigars, Wyndham put out his feeler.

"By Jove!" he said. "It is too bad that Pendleton has not come in. Did you see him last night, Carleton?"

"No. I heard that he was back, but I did not see him."

"He was to meet me here during the evening and did not come. Then I supposed he would blow in for his breakfast. I really ought to get word to him before I go down town, and yet I haven't the time. I'll have to write a line and send it down by a messenger boy."

Biggs fidgeted an instant in his chair and then took the bait.

"I'm going down that way presently," he said. "I had it in mind to drop in and see Burr anyway, so if I can carry a message for you, old man"—

"Would you? That is just the thing. It will be a great favor, Carleton, if you will take the trouble."

"No trouble at all. I intended to stop there anyhow, you know. Will you write the message, or shall"—

"Certainly not. Just tell him that it is very important that he should

"You know what a lazy duffer he is."

meet me at the Lawyers' club at 2 o'clock sharp. That is all. It relates to some business matters that we talked about last night and had not time to finish. We were interrupted. A gentleman he knew in Mexico came in, and Burr left the club with him. I have not seen him since. Don't forget—at 2 sharp."

"All right, Wyndham."

"And I say, Carleton, make him come. You know what a lazy duffer he is. Come along with him if you will and lunch with us at the Savarin. I'll be at the Lawyers' at 2 precisely, but I'll be in a hundred places between now and then, so there'll be no chance to get word to me. You'll be there, eh?"

"If you have business matters to discuss, perhaps"—

"Bosh! There is nothing that you cannot hear—all the world, for that matter. I'll expect you. You'll see Burr soon, won't you?"

"Within half an hour."

Wyndham went down town then and during the remainder of the forenoon attended to his affairs as stoically and as systematically as he always did. Not once did he deviate from his usual habits. He went to the same places, saw the same people, cracked jokes, laughed and in every way was just the same as he always was to those who knew him intimately.

Fortune favored him in one respect. Shortly after noon he met on the street, near the corner of John, Senor Escudera.

They shook hands cordially, and Wyndham invited the Mexican to see the pictures at Stewart's. There he introduced him to a number of acquaintances, and, selecting two of them, he asked them, in company with the Mexican, to go with him to the Lawyers' club, where he expected to meet two friends.

"We'll all have lunch together," he said by way of clinching the invitation.

Thus it happened that just as both hands of old Trinity clock pointed at 2 the four gentlemen entered the Equitable building together.

They had hardly crossed the threshold of the entrance before Carleton Biggs rushed forward and confronted Wyndham.

"I thought you'd never come," he said, "although, as a matter of fact, you are on time. I have been here nearly an hour."

"That was foolish of you, Carleton," drawled Wyndham. "I told you that I would be here at 2 sharp. Where is Burr?"

"I could not find him."

"Couldn't find him, eh? Well, it doesn't much matter. Fortunately, I did not need him."

Then he introduced Biggs all around and added:

"Come into the Savarin. We'll have luncheon anyhow."

When they were seated at the table and the order had been given, he turned to Biggs again and asked:

"Did James tell you where he had gone?"

"I couldn't find James either."

"That's strange."

"I went back three times and rang repeatedly each time, but nobody answered. Perhaps he did not go to his own rooms last night."

During this conversation Wyndham had glanced in the direction of Escudera several times, but if the Mexican heard what was said he gave no indication of it.

"Oh, yes, he did," replied Wyndham in response to the last remark. "Senor Escudera went there with him from the club. Did I not so understand you, senor?" he continued politely, turning to the gentleman from Mexico.

"What did you ask, Mr. Wyndham?" said Escudera calmly.

Craig Wyndham smiled, but he found it difficult to conceal the gleam of satisfaction that came into his eyes, for he felt that the Mexican had slightly overdone his part in that counter move. When the question was repeated, Escudera replied:

"Why, yes. I went with Mr. Pendleton from the club to his place of residence. I believe it was his intention to remain there last night, although I do not know. Perhaps he has been called away again."

The subject was changed after that, and when luncheon was finished the party separated. But Craig Wyndham thrust his arm under Biggs' and drew him along with him.

"Come with me," he said. "I have one or two things more to attend to, and after that we will go up town together. If we do not find Burr at the club, then we will go around and look him up. I shouldn't wonder if he was sleeping and had given James orders to admit nobody. He has done that thing before, you know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shopping In Athens.

In his volume on "Modern Athens," George Horton says that shopping in the Greek capital is a more elaborate, time consuming and minute process even than with us. "The oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and often three or four hours of patient will contest pass before a compromise is reached. The patron asks, 'How much is this piece of silk?' 'One dollar a yard,' is the reply. 'Thirty cents' is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost 95 cents.

"The lady takes a seat with a sigh and after twenty minutes inquires innocently, 'Finally, 30 cents?' 'Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, 95 cents.' 'You poor thing!' sighs the lady sarcastically. There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring good naturedly that she had been swindled and that she will never come back again."

A Question of Ownership.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home?'" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the recipe."

"The what?"

"The recipe. The modus operandi. I want to know what to do to own my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion and muscles like Hercules. If you can, tell me how to dispossess her. Money's no object."—Washington Star.

As One Being.

Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertha—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times, and we never have quarreled, except two or three times when Fred was clearly in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

He Wasn't It.

"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson, "I return herewith your kind note, in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

Apropos of the money question, nary a man in public life or out has yet developed a scheme which will give everybody all the money he wants.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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