A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd).

As the son of Dandy Rafborough, Clive was intimately acquainted with the life aristocratic; he made himself as intimately acquainted with the life of the gutter; and he had cast in his lot once and for all with the people.

Lord Rafborough's amazement and indignation when he was informed of his son's intention to contest Brimfield as an out-and-out Radical became, in the commonplace phrase, more easily imagined than described; but he was always polished and courteous, even when suffering from the gout, an attack of which Clive's conduct promptly produced, and he dismissed and cut off his son with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders and the following words:

"Of course, my dear Clive, you are old enough to go your own way, and I would not be so rude as to suggest that you are a young fool; but you will permit me to remark, more in sorrow than in anger, that you cannot expect me to countenance this new departure of yours. It is more than wicked; it is—absurd. We Rafboroughs have, I admit, been guilty of some foolish things, but none of us have been quite so idiotic as to pose as a Radical and 'a friend of the people'—I believe that is the ridiculous title that they give you—and I am sure you will not be surprised when I hint, as delicately as possible, that we have no desire to be connected with your enterprise or to countenance your extravagant political opinions. I can't cut you off with a shilling, because I do not possess at this moment that useful coin; but I would suggest that while this insanity of yours lasts it would be as well if you avoided your people and Eaton Square, and confined yourself to your new friends. Good-bye, my dear Clive. I wish I could bid you God-speed; but the hackneyed benediction would be so completely inappropriate that I really must refrain from uttering it. The only hope I can express is—and I do so devoutly—that you will soon be clothed and in your right mind. When you return to this desirable condition we shall all, of course, be glad to see you. Until then—Don't let me detain you. Goodbye."

Clive possessed that which is a rarity in these days, a warm heart; and he felt the parting from his father and his brothers, Adolphus and Bertie, very keenly; but he had put his hand to the plough, and he was not the man to leave it and slink home to Eaton Square, crushed and beaten.

The money he had inherited from his mother provided him with only a small income; but notwithstanding a somewhat riotous time at Oxford, his tastes were very simple, and he cheerfully settled down in a couple of rooms in a back street in Chelsea, and as cheerfully denied himself the familiar luxuries of Carlton dinners, Bond Street clothes, and shilling cigars. Of course, he was ambitious; every man who is worth his salt desires to make his mark on the age in which he lives; but, strange as it may seem in these pushing, self-seeking days, Clive's ambition was subordinated to a genuine desire to help the people whose cause he had championed.

To-night he had scored a great, an amazing success; he had put his foot on the first rung of the ladder which leads to great things; the applause, the cheers were still ringing in his ears; but sweet as they were—and why shouldn't they have been?—the few words of praise from his leader, and from Lord Chesterleigh especially, were sweeter to him. His thoughts turned towards Lady Edith. He was not a susceptible man, but it would have been impossible that he should not have been struck by her youthful grace and beauty. His keen eye—and Clive Harvey's eye was very keen indeed—had noted the indications of the girl's proud and haughty spirit; but he was not inclined to dwell upon them; for you see, she had been very gracious to him. She had smiled upon him, as the youngest woman of her class knows how to smile when she wants to be sweet and to impress a man favorably. Her voice had softened when she spoke to him, and her words were still present with him.

Both father and daughter had given him a cordial invitation; should he avail himself of it? He had got to regard himself as an outcast from the exalted sphere in which they moved; would it be wise to go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; would it be prudent to place himself in the way of temptation; had he not better stick to "the people" with whom he had cast in his lot?

Pondering these questions, he had wandered on down Victoria Street and into Pimlico, so lost in thought that he paid no heed to the direction which he had taken; and suddenly looking round, he found that he had strolled into one of the shabby streets leading off the main thoroughfare. The street was nearly deserted, though it was not very late—the House had risen early—and the public-houses were still open. A drunken man, who was cheerfully zigzagging home, nearly collided with Clive; he hiccoughed an apology, which he made with difficulty, while he supported himself by clutching Clive's arm; and it was characteristic of Clive that he did not push the man away from him with impatience or disgust; for the Radical aristocrat had learned to tolerate and even to pity that which he loathed.

A little further on a sleek cat scratched at a door, and mewed plaintively, looking up at Clive and saying quite plainly, "You're taller than I am; do ring the bell, or I shall be shut out all night!" So Clive stroked the cat and rang the bell. As he walked on he heard the sounds of music, and, turning a corner of the street, came upon a public-house. It was a quiet one, no doubt "used" only by the inhabitants of the shabby, seedy houses, and outside on the kerb stood a man, a diminutive hunchback, playing a violin, and playing it well.

Beside him stood a young girl singing. It was not a strong voice, but it was so sweet a one and with such signs of careful training that Clive stood on the other side of the street and listened. The girl's back was turned to him, and she wore a shawl over her head, so that he could see no part of her face; but he was struck by a certain grace in her figure and her attitude. She was standing with her head slightly thrown back, her hands loosely clasped in front of her; and, as she sang, the slight girlish figure moved almost imperceptibly to the rhythm of the music.

Clive felt the pathos of her presence and her sweet, low voice, and he crossed the road, and stood just behind the pair, so that he might hear the song more distinctly. It came to an end presently, but the girl stood without changing her attitude until the hunchback touched her gently on the arm. She started slightly, and, drawing her shawl about her face, looked round, and, seeing Clive, came towards him with a little tambourine extended, while the hunchback went into the public-house to collect contributions.

Clive dropped half a crown in the tambourine; without raising her eyes, the girl made him a graceful little curtesy, and was turning away when Clive involuntarily spoke to her. Involuntarily, because he was even more touched by the sight of her face than he had been by the grace of her figure. It was a singular face, strangely out of keeping with the shabby surroundings and her humble calling. London is full of pretty girls, and they are almost as numerous in the slums and the byways of Pimlico and Whitechapel as they are in Mayfair; but this girl's face was not merely pretty; for though it was not yet quite beautiful, it was rich with the promise of a natural loveliness.

In the pure oval of its contour, the dark grey eyes, the long lashes, the soft, almost black hair, and delicately-shaped lips, there was a suggestion of Italy or even of Spain; but Clive knew, even before she spoke, that she was not foreign, and there was no relation between this girl with the downcast eyes and the timid demeanor and the over-ripe Italian young lady who accompanies the street organ.

"You sing very well, my child," he said; "but your voice is not strong enough for the streets; and I am afraid you will spoil it."

Up to the present she had, when she raised her eyes, looked past and beyond him, as if she were moving and acting in a kind of dream; but at the sound of his voice she met his gaze with a little startled look and a suggestion of fear in a half-shrinking movement; and Clive was sorry that he had frightened her by addressing her. He felt that it would be kind to walk away at once; but, with a mistaken idea of reassuring her, he said:

"I hope you are going home now. It is getting late. Perhaps you have had a bad day—I know what that means—let me give you a little more; your singing is worth it."

She looked down at the coin in the tambourine, no doubt expecting to see a penny, and she colored vividly as Clive dropped another half-crown on the parchment. Her lips moved with a whispered "Thank you," and with a swift, grateful glance up at his face—a face good to look upon at that moment, for it was full of a strong man's pity and tenderness—she was moving away, when the hunchback came out of the public-house, and, limping quickly towards them, caught her arm, and, looking angrily and suspiciously at Clive, muttered:

"Come away, Mina!"

Annoyed and distressed by the dwarf's distrust of him, Clive walked on. He had nearly reached the end of the street when he came upon four young men linked arm in arm, and walking, or rather dancing, unsteadily across the pavement. They were uproariously tipsy, and were obviously ready for anything in the way of a lark. Of course, Clive made way for them, and went into the road; one of the youths ungratefully acknowledging his polite consideration for their condition by calling out, truculently:

"Wot ho, 'Arry! Here's a blooming swell; let's knock 'is 'at off."

Clive did not wait for the adoption of this playful suggestion; but before he had gone many yards, he stopped and looked round thoughtfully. The hunchback and the girl would meet these vulgar votaries of Bacchus; it was just on the cards that they would be molested by them; the poor little dwarf was anything but an adequate protector for his companion; there might be trouble for them. Clive went back—and just in time. The tipsy hooligans had formed a ring round the dwarf and the girl, and, probably without meaning any serious harm, were dancing and howling round the victims of their hilarity.

The girl, with the shawl closely drawn round her face, was clinging affrightedly to the dwarf, while he, half-dazed by the noise and impish movements of their tormentors, was threatening and imploring them by turns.

As Clive came up, one of the young men, more daring than the others, was expressing a desire, with sundry oaths, that the girl should show her face; and he made a clutch at her shawl, and tore it from her head. The girl screamed, and clung still more tightly to her companion. Clive caught the youth by the back of his collar, and swung him on to the pavement; the others, startled by Clive's onslaught, drew back; but only for a moment. After all, they were three to one, and Englishmen. Their drunken hilarity gave way to angry resentment at what they no doubt considered an unprovoked attack upon their friend, and an impertinent interference with the rights of the citizen, by a perfect stranger, and, what was worse, a 'owling swell.

So they were unwise enough to set upon Clive with fist and hoof. At first Clive took the onslaught good-naturedly, and, keeping them at arm's length, earnestly advised them to be off before the police came; but suddenly one of them, the most sober of the party, and therefore the most capable of mischief, whipped off a heavy belt from his delectable person, and struck out viciously. It just caught Clive on the cheek; but unfortunately it fell, buckle end, on the girl's shoulder. Clive heard her moan, and saw her sink to the ground; and, of course, he grew angry, and lost his temper.

The gentleman with the belt suddenly struck the pavement with the back of his foolish head, another of his joyous companions was hurled with considerable force against the wall, and the third, in avoiding a blow straight from Clive's shoulder, tripped up, and sprawled over his fallen friend. The incident had now development into that form of row which the reporters are fond of describing as a "fracas"; and Clive, as he caught sight of a policeman tramping with orderly hurry towards them, saw himself figuring next morning, in company with a party of hooligans and a pair of street musicians, at the nearest police-court.

By this time, however, the troublesome young ruffians had become sober enough to notice the approach of their natural foe, and, gathering themselves to their feet, they made off with the unobtrusive speed and silence of the proverbial Arabs.

To the demand of the policeman that he should be informed of the nature of the trouble, Clive, who was bending beside the hunchback over the still prostrate form of the girl, replied that they had been attacked by a party of youths, and assuring him that the trouble was all over, begged him to follow them, and see that they did no more mischief. The policeman might have hesitated in complying with the request, and accepting this easy solution of the matter; but Clive very improperly backed it up with half a sovereign, and the policeman, murmuring:

"Yes; he'd better keep his eye on them," hurried in their direction.

By this time the girl had recovered consciousness, if, indeed, she had altogether lost it, and rising unsteadily with Clive's aid, stood trembling and swaying to and fro. She was as yet scarcely able to stand, and Clive put his arm round her to support her; for the hunchback seemed for the moment helpless and overwhelmed. Quite unconsciously she leant against Clive, and hid her face on his breast as if to shut out the sounds and the sights that had so terrified her; and almost as unconsciously Clive soothed her, and tried to reassure her.

"It's all over," he said. "They have gone, quite gone. You're all right! Oh, my child!" The exclamation was wrung from him by the sensation of something warm that was trickling over his hand. The cruel belt had struck her badly, and she was was bleeding. "I am afraid you are hurt! Are you far from home—have you far to go?" he asked the hunchback. "If we could get a cab——!"

The dwarf drew his hand across his brow confusedly.

"It's not far," he said quakingly. "In Benson's Rents—three streets off—there's no cabs in these parts—isn't she well enough to walk? Are you much hurt, Mina? I'm—I'm so upset. Is she hurt, badly hurt, do you think, sir? Oh, I'm afraid she is! She's half fainting now. I'll never get her home. I'm not strong—you see what I am, sir," with pathetic bitterness, "and I'm all of a shake still. God knows what would have happened to her if you hadn't come back and helped us! I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir! And you've hurt yourself! That young wretch has cut your cheek. Oh, if we were only home!"

"Pull yourself together," said Clive encouragingly. "I don't think she is much hurt; at least, I hope not. You must let me help her home. I can carry her quite easily, of course——"

The girl must have heard him; for she seemed to become suddenly aware that she was clinging to him; a vivid blush rose to her pale face, and, with a murmur of refusal, she shrank away from him, and looked round for her shawl. Clive picked it up, and gently put it round her head.

"You are better now?" he said. "That's right; you must let me help you home."

Her lips moved, and Clive caught a "No, no!" and an appealing glance at the hunchback; but it was impossible that he could leave the pair until he had seen them sheltered safely. He drew the girl's arm through his, she yielding reluctantly, and the three went slowly down the now quiet streets. Benson's Rents proved to be a block of small houses up an alley approached under an archway. It was a poor place enough; but it was neither so villainous, so dilapidated, nor so dirty as some of the slums with which Clive was acquainted. The dwarf stopped at the last house of the buildings, and knocked at the door.

Almost before the sound had ceased the door opened, and an extraordinarily quaint figure appeared. For a moment Clive could not tell whether it was a woman, or a girl in her teens, or a mere child; for, though the figure was girlish, it was clad in a woman's dress; the face had something of the look of a child, but its juvenility was counteracted by an expression of shrewdness, self-reliance, and worldly wisdom which would have befitted a woman of forty; and the quaint figure was rendered still more weird by the elfish, sharp little face being surrounded by rows of crackers, surmounted by a nightcap, the like of which Clive had seen in pictures of the early Victorian era.

This extraordinary mixture of childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and elf was flickeringly illuminated by a tallow candle in a ginger-beer bottle, which she held aloft, and by the light of which she surveyed the group with wrath and indignation darting from her black, bird-like eyes.

(To be continued.)

FLEET FOOT

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ASK YOUR DEALER. 1

THE ENGINEER'S BEAR.

How Lala Managed to Have Chicken For Dinner.

Lala was the name of a little black honey-bear with a white V-shaped mark on his chest, and he belonged to the engineer of the steamer on which Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, the author of "Through India and Burmah," was a passenger. They kept chickens on board in a coop, and one night Lala pulled a chicken out of it. The wheelman declared that Lala deliberately put a piece of bread in the chicken's trough outside the bars, and waited till the bird put its head out.

The wheelman was not the sort of person to make up such a story, but the engineer could hardly believe him, and asked to be called the next time that the wheelman saw the bear laying plans for a chicken dinner. Whether the engineer was in bed or not, Lala used to sleep not far from him on a mat by the engine-room door. One night the wheelman called the engineer up, and he actually saw the bear drop a piece of bread in the trough. He stood ready to cuff Lala if he touched a fowl, but the bear was too quick for him, and the very moment a hen put her head through the bars, the bear whipped her clean through.

The engineer never gave Lala meat, but some one fed him once or twice on "bully beef," and that seemed to make him restive. He never really bit anybody, but the engineer felt it was safest to get rid of the beast. He got off one day at the village near the defile, took the bear a mile and a half away into the jungle, and "lost" him.

Soon after, the villagers petitioned the engineer to take the bear on board again. It seemed that Lala haunted the village and stole chickens persistently. So there was nothing for it but to take him on board the steamer again. Then the engineer gave him to the Rangoon Zoo.

It was months afterward that he went to see Lala. He took with him a retriever, which had been the bear's chum and playfellow. When he asked about Lala, they said he had got very wild, and would not take his food. I give the rest of the story in the engineer's own words:

"They were just going to give him rations, so I said, 'Give me the food, and I'll go into the cage myself.' I took the retriever in with me, and I'll never forget the way that bear looked at me as long as I live. The poor thing just stood up and put his forepaws on my chest, and looked into my eyes as much as to say, 'Is this what you've done to me?' No. I'll never keep a wild animal again."

The Important Question.

"I can't live without your daughter."

"Well, can you live without her father?"

When some men feel like communing with the spirits they interview the man behind the white apron.

On the Farm

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box. 1

Quality of Dairy Products.

Quality is the keynote of a permanent success. Though the individual dairyman may doubt this, its truth is established when the dairy business, present and future, is considered. Failure to realize what constitutes success, refusal to meet the obligation which every dairyman owes to the dairy industry, and competition are at least three conditions which have brought upon dairymen the great problem of how quality can be raised, for the place has been reached where improved conditions must prevail, writes Mr. M. L. Davis.

Every person who handles milk or cream knows that they are perishable products which require special care. Failure to observe the necessary precautions in handling these products must, therefore, be considered as a disregard of the principles underlying quality. Were dairymen to apply themselves closely in two particulars over 90 per cent. of the quality troubles would disappear, and this raised standard would be accompanied by a corresponding gain in net results. Cleanliness and low temperatures are two features the abuse of which leads to low grade dairy products. A large percentage of the bad flavors in milk, cream and butter are the result of dirt, manure, hair and flies getting into milk during the milking process, and this becomes the more serious for the reason that 75 per cent. of these contaminating materials go into solution and can be removed in no way, but remain to cause the development of unfavorable fermentations which produce bad flavors in the market production.

Dairy conditions which need improvement include not only the maintaining of more sanitary barns, more attention in the matter of cleaning cows previous to milking, clean milkers, properly constructed and cleaned utensils and more care in washing separator bowls, but the length of time and the manner in which the milk and cream are held, along with cleanliness, must be the other desirable feature, low temperatures. While the market milk dairyman realizes this to some extent on account of his produce being more perishable, the dairyman who sells cream often fails to appreciate the advantage of cooling cream immediately after separating, and thus a condition most favorable to deterioration begins to exist shortly after the milk is drawn.

Freshly drawn milk is at an optimum temperature for bacterial growth, and unfavorable fermentation can be checked in no better way than by immediate cooling. If the milk is to be separated, skimming should take place directly after milking, but the cream should be cooled before being mixed with previous skimmings. A tank cooler is so inexpensively constructed and operated that there can be no reasonable objection to its use. Such a cooler may be made from a box or barrel, and should be provided with an inlet at the bottom and a discharge at the top. Ordinary milk cans are successfully used as containers, and the water used in cooling may be run into a stock tank. Low temperatures of themselves are effective in helping preserve quality, but an ideal product results when they are accompanied by cleanliness in production.

Careless practices in the dairy favor the adoption of burdensome regulations. With ideal methods in use such would be eliminated, and expensive, artificial processes, such as pasteurization, would be unnecessary.

Improvement in the quality of dairy products must begin with the producer, so the dairyman holds the key to the situation. Every effort of the consumer, the distributer or the manufacture will work to his ultimate benefit. While payment on the quality basis is established, a premium of three to five cents per pound of butter fat is given for cream of highest grade. Such cream can be produced best by paying close attention to cleanliness and immediate and thorough cooling.

The Horse's Collar.

The collar should fit—be just right in length and shape. If worn by the same horse all the time it will shape itself to the neck. But nothing can overcome a wrong size. It must be snug, but not tight, free, but not too loose. The hames must be adjusted right. If the top strap is too tight the neck is pinched, and the tugs raised too high. If the top strap is too long the tightening of the hame strap below causes a bad fit and may throw the pulling joint of the tugs too low down.

Horses' necks differ in shape and it is wrong to make them wear a collar that was fitted to another horse. You would have galled feet if you wore other than your own shoes. Much worse for the horse that pulls a load with a misfit collar.

CLIMBING A WALL OF ICE.

Terrible Experience in the Rocky Mountains.

At the close of a winter trip among the Rockies, Mr. Enos A. Mills and his collie, "Scotch," started across the continental divide in the face of weather conditions that indicated a snow-storm. He tells the story of their experience in "The Spell of the Rockies." While the wind blew a steady gale, they went forward over snowy, icy ledges, on which there was not the sign of a path, until they reached a cliff of ice that they must climb.

The last one hundred feet or so rose steep, jagged, and ice-covered before me. There was nothing to lay hold of; every point of vantage was plated and coated with ice. There was only one way to surmount this icy barrier, and that was to chop toe and hand-holes from the bottom to the top. Such a climb would not be especially difficult or dangerous for me, but could Scotch do it?

I grasped my ax and chopped my way to the top. Returning for Scotch, I started him climbing just ahead of me, so that I could boost and encourage him. We had ascended only a few feet when it became plain that sooner or plater he would slip, and bring disaster to us both. We stopped, and descended to the bottom for a new start.

I determined to carry him. His weight was forty pounds, and he would make a top-heavy load. But as there seemed to be nothing else to do, I threw him over my shoulder and started up.

When I came to a place where it was not very steep, I stopped to transfer Scotch from one shoulder to the other. The wind was at its worst; it would fall quiet one moment, and then bluster at me with the suddenness of an explosion. I was just moving Scotch, when it suddenly shifted, and rushed upon us with the force of an ocean breaker. It threw me off my balance, and tumbled me heavily against the icy slope. Fortunately I managed to get two fingers into one of the chopped holes, and held fast. I clung to Scotch with one arm; we came to a jarring stop, both saved.

Gripping Scotch with one hand and clinging to the icy hold with the other, I shuffled about until I got my feet into two holes in the wall. Standing in these, and leaning against the ice, with the wind pushing and tearing at me, I managed to lift Scotch again to my shoulder. A few minutes later we paused to breathe on the icy ridge of the summit, between two oceans and amid seas of snowy peaks.

Master (to Tommy, who is supposed to have been in the orchard)—I will not cane you this time, my boy, as there is no evidence against you. Tommy—Thank you, sir. And may I keep the apples?

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