A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

(CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Lady Edith shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think you will have a chance, Sara," she said, with a laugh that was a trifle wistful as well as scornful. "I'm not going to continue his acquaintance; and, for his part, he is too big a man to care to continue mine. He is not like the other men who have nothing to do.—And how bored I am with them!—" she broke off. "They have nothing to say but the old, old things, and they think of nothing but their clothes and their clubs, and— I don't care, I'll wear anything you like; you know best what goes with this dress—the pearls?. Very well."

She made a gesture of compliance, and sighed as Sara took the magnificent pearls from the jewel case.

"Am I ready? My fan. Oh, how I wish there were no dinner parties, no dances, no crowds, and hot rooms, and that I could go somewhere and be quiet, Sara!" she exclaimed, and, as Sara put her arm round her, carefully yet caressingly, Lady Edith let her head rest for a minute or two on the woman's bosom. Sara uttered a little cry, a crooning cry, the one with which she had soothed the girl when she was in her arms.

"Missie tired," she said pityingly. "Missie come home soon, and let Sara put her to bed early."

"Yes," said Lady Edith, "I should like to sleep for—oh, for ever." She put up her face for the woman to kiss, and the woman touched it with her lips as a devotee kisses the image of his patron saint, as a mother kisses the child who is all the world and more to her.

She went down to the carriage with her, and—the footman making way for her—arranged the beautiful dress so that it should not be crushed.

"Good night, my angel!" she murmured; then, with a kind of salaam to Lord Chesterleigh, she said in an undertone, "Missie not stay long to-night, sahib; she tired."

Lord Chesterleigh nodded pleasantly, much as he would have nodded to one of his own family.

"All right, Sara," he said.—"Are you tired, not well, Edith? Would you rather not go?"

"No, no!" she responded, with a touch of impatience. "Of course we are going! I am quite well and fit. Sara would fuss if I pricked my finger."

Sara watched the carriage until it had disappeared, then, ignoring the other servants as completely as if she were unconscious of their presence, she went up to Lady Edith's rooms, and began to put away her mistress's things. Once or twice she paused, and looked before her with an expression of anxiety, foreboding, and anger.

"He has come at last!" she muttered. "He always comes sooner or later. And this man she loves, this pig—" Her white teeth gleamed as she clicked them. "Pig as he is, she loves him—do I not know!—and she shall have him!"

CHAPTER VI.

"What is it, a masquerade ball, or are you going to do a little burgling?" asked Quilton, pausing on the stairs and looking up at Clive, who was just coming out of his room. Clive, who was dressed in a shabby old suit of checks, with a cloth cap that had seen a deal of service in the worst of English weather, laughed with satisfaction.

"Look like that, do I?" he said. "That's all right! I'm going on a little expedition. Ever hear of Paradise Gardens?"

"No," said Quilton in his impassive way. "Party on there?"

"Yes; there's always a party going on at the Gardens," said Clive; "and an especially good one on Saturday nights. It's a street in the slums, to be exact; and I want to see it. I'm told that I don't know what the slums are if I'm unacquainted with Paradise Gardens."

Quilton nodded. "I see. I will say this for you, that you do the thing thoroughly, Harvey. Going to take a bobby, 'tec, with you?"

"No," replied Clive. "I'm hoping to pass muster in this kit; besides, the police have plenty to do without playing escort to professional philanthropists."

Quilton was silent for a moment; then he said:

"Think I'll come with you, if you don't mind. I've a night off—Saturday, you know; and I'm inclined for a little beano."

Clive hesitated a moment. "It may be anything but a beano for us," he said significantly.

"Case of broken heads, or worse?" said Quilton nonchalantly. "Well, I've never had my head broken—not quite broken, you understand—and I'm pining for a new sensation."

"All right," said Clive. "But you'd better make yourself a little less respectable."

"Couldn't if I tried," said Quilton, glancing down at his tobacco-and-tea-stained coat, his corkscrew trousers, and his bulgy and ill-fitting boots.

Clive eyed him up and down. "Clean collars are barred at Paradise Gardens," he observed.

"Give me a minute," said Quilton; and he went up to his room, and returned presently with a dingy comforter round his neck in place of the offensively white collar.

"Let's get on a 'bus," said Clive. "Have you ever realized that, taking into consideration the wear of shoe leather and the elbows of your coat, its cheaper to ride than walk in London? This used to be the poor man's carriage," he resumed, as they climbed to the top of the omnibus; "but it is now that of the rich man also. I have seen several bishops on the top of an omnibus; and I spotted one of the directors of the Bank of England the other day."

"Nice to be acquainted with bank directors," murmured Quilton.

"Oh, I met him at my father's," explained Clive; "though what on earth he was doing there I don't know," he added candidly. "No director of even the most credulous and trustful of banks would negotiate a loan with the Rafboroughs."

"The old barriers have been broken down," observed Quilton. "This is a democratic age; the peasant treads closely on the heels of the peer, the mason travels in the twopenny Tube with the millionaire, the bishop rides on the knifeboard of the omnibus with a bricklayer—and Mr. Clive Harvey—I beg his pardon, the Hon. Clive Harvey, son of the Earl of Rafborough, whose ancestors came over with William the Norman—chooses as his companion on a slum-prowl the humble and seedy William Henry Quilton."

"Don't be an ass, Quilton," adjured Clive. "But you're right. It is a democratic age, and barristers are being levelled in every direction. Some of them ought to have come down long ago; for they are so high and so thick that men could not see each other over them or through them; they divide the classes, and one class does not know how the other class lives. Do you imagine that the upper classes, as they are called, and rightly, for they are on top, are aware of the misery, the abject misery in which so many of their fellow-creatures — their fellow-citizens, by Jove!—live, or rather, drag through an existence of which one of the lower animals would be ashamed?"

"They have every opportunity of reading about it," said Quilton. "The Beacon costs only a ha-penny—"

"They read about 'em, of course," assented Clive. "So do you and I read about the Esquimaux, and the Bakhs in Central Africa; but reading is no use. You want to know, you want to have it brought home to you—"

"As we are going to have it brought home to us two presently?"

"Quite so," said Clive. "The poor think the rich hard-hearted; they are not, they are light-hearted, careless, thoughtless—"

"'More harm is wrought by want of thought,'" quoted Quilton parenthetically.

"Ah, that's it!" said Clive. "It's want of thought. I know a round score of people, titled, rich people, who would not only be moved to tears by a description of the state of things we are going to see, but would shell out, and liberally too. But that isn't enough. Private charity has the effect of a drop in the ocean, and little more. We want legislation, we want to get at the root of the matter, to deal so with things that the denizens of the slums would be taught that it is a crime to drink, to herd together like pigs in a sty, to beat their wives and starve their children, in short, to live like wild beasts—I beg the wild beasts' pardon!—instead of self-respecting human beings."

"Hear, hear! 'Here the hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst prolonged cheering,'" said Quilton.

Clive laughed. "I beg your pardon, Quilton," he said; "but I wasn't making a speech. If you knew as much of the condition of the poor as I know—"

"How do you know I don't?" said Quilton dryly. "You talk of the slums here in London; do you know them in New York, in Chicago? Do you know the kind of place the meat-packer calls 'home' in the latter place? Do you know the backwaters in Paris, Berlin, Naples? I bet you don't; but I do.—Got a match upon you?—I have no doubt there were slums in the prehistoric period; you bet there were some in Rome and Jerusalem. You want to bring about the millennium. All right; don't mind me. But, clever as you are, I don't think you'll do it."

"Perhaps not," said Clive, checking a sigh; "the millennium is a big thing; but I am going to have a fair and square try to improve matters."

"Here's luck to you," said Quilton, lifting his pipe as if it were a glass. "Look at the thousands upon thousands of well-dressed and presumably well-to-do people in the streets. Have you ever gone into the suburbs of London?"

"Yes?" said Clive. "I have taken long walks in every direction."

"And been struck by the miles and miles of not only comfortable but expensive houses?" said Quilton. "They stretch right into the country. In every direction, mind you—not only in one. Did you ever ask yourself how the occupiers of those houses, ranging in rent from $200 to $1,250, paid their rent, to say nothing of getting their living?"

"Yes, it is wonderful. London is a Great Mystery, for, of course, it all comes out of London."

"Yes," drawled Quilton, "and you can understand how the present-day German must echo Blucher's famous aspiration: 'What a city to sack!'"

They got down at Whitechapel Church, and Clive led the way across the road into one of the streets that branch from the main thoroughfare. At first it was decent enough, though the signs of squalor and vice rapidly showed themselves; but Clive, asking his way to Paradise Gardens, was directed through a series of narrow streets, through which he and Quilton passed as travellers so to speak, not to Paradise, but to its extreme opposite; for these narrow streets grew ever narrower, more squalid, more filthy, and were thronged with people more squalid and filthy than the streets themselves. At every corner there was a flaring gin-palace or a shabbier but not less disreputable beer-shop, about which hung loafers of the lowest type, who stared at them with a resentful curiosity.

They reached their destination at last, and they found it to be anything but a paradise or a garden. It seemed to be the end of the world, the spot to which all the filth and mire of humanity had silted. There were no gin-palaces here, but low-browed beer-shops and grimy public-houses, about which congregated individuals to whom the loafers in the broader streets were princes and gentlemen. Children, scarcely clothed, were playing and wallowing in the black mud of the gutters. Frowsy women, scarcely more adequately clothed than the children, with unkempt hair, and dirt-laden faces, were leaning against the doors of the public-houses on squatting on the pavement; they were indifferent to, or only taking a languid interest in, a fight which was going on between two men at the end of the court; but presently a couple of women staggered and rolled out of one of the beer-shops. They were singing at the top of their voices, both madly drunk, and suddenly one of them "cheeked" the other.

In an instant they were both engaged tearing each other's hair and clawing at each other's bosoms. The loafers woke up, and formed a ring, not a keenly interested ring, but a limp and languid one; the little affair was too common in Paradise Gardens to cause excitement or anything but a lazy interest. And the women fought like tigers; blood flowed, hair was shed by handfuls. Clive looked on for a while with white face and a racked soul; Quilton as impassively as ever.

Clive was breaking through the ring of spectators, when a policeman thrust him aside and made his way through the ring. He separated the combatants, but made no arrest. Why should he? Such fights were as frequent in Paradise Gardens as "At Homes" in Mayfair.

The two women went off, still shrilling threats that savoured of the nether hell; the policeman dispelled the languid crowd, and in doing so confronted Clive and Quilton. He knew Paradise Gardens and all its denizens, and he saw that Clive and Quilton were strangers.

"Pass along," he said; then he looked at Clive keenly. He had been on duty in Palace Yard, and recognized Mr. Clive Harvey, "the people's friend." He saluted, but shook his head.

"Rum place this, sir," he said; "scarcely the place for a gentleman. Might get into trouble any moment. There ain't a worse place in London; better be going, sir."

"It's all right, constable," said Clive. "We've come to see what we can for ourselves."

"Then you'd better take me with you, sir," said the policeman, gravely. "It is not a fit place for gentlemen like you."

"No, no," said Clive; "we want to go alone. We shall be all right."

"Well," said the policeman reluctantly, "I shall be at the corner there if you call to me. But I hope you'll be careful, gentlemen, for we policemen get the blame if anything goes wrong."

He tramped off as reluctantly as he had spoken, and Clive and Quilton pursued their investigation. They entered one of the doorways—all the doors were open, as if the occupants of this fearful den invited inspection—and knocked at the room on the ground floor. A half-clad girl opened the door to them, and Clive and Quilton looked in upon a scene which would seem incredible to one of my ladies of Belgravia.

There were nine persons in the room, male and female, of all ages, from the grandfather of eighty to the child of six, to say nothing of three babies lying on a piece of sacking in the corner. They were matchbox-makers, and they were working against time. Some of them were bending into shape the thin pieces of wood, some were pasting the labels, others were fixing them to the shaped boxes. Work as they might, and as they did, with a feverish, wolfish eagerness, they could only earn a few pence apiece in the day of sixteen hours. They raised their heavy eyes and stared at Clive and Quilton; then fell to work again as if they grudged the moments their presence had stolen.

Clive asked a few questions, and they were answered grudgingly, with a subdued ferocity, as if the time demanded were so much lost.

"How much do we earn a day? Say one and nine.—Yus; and all of us works. Do we all sleep here? Where the blazes do yer think we sleep?—Is that child ill? Yus; mother thinks"—here the speaker indicated, with a jerk of the head, an old beldame with tangled grey hair and toothless jaws—"that it's scarlet fever. Perhaps it is. I don't know. Doctor? What's the use of a doctor? He'd cart her off to a hospital, and we shouldn't see her no more.—Water? O' course there's water—plenty of water; look at it!"

It was oozing from the cracked and broken ceiling of the room, and dripping into a washing basin.

"Why don't we complain to the lan'lord? We never see the lan'lord; we only see the agent. The lan'lord is a swell at the West End; so we've 'eard. Don't stand in the light, mister; I can't see what I'm doin' of."

Clive surreptitiously laid a modest coin on the corner of the crowded table, and he and Quilton passed out.

"Do you think that the world knows this kind of thing is going on?" asked Clive grimly.

"Of course they do," replied Quilton. "Our novelists have dealt with this kind of thing for a long time past, but it only gives the reader thrills, pleasant thrills, and makes him feel thankful that he doesn't live in Paradise Gardens and have to make matchboxes for a living. Want any more?"

Clive led the way up the rickety and filth-coated stairs to the first floor, and opening a door after several knockings, entered a grimy room, in which sat an idiot boy nursing a baby. Both were encrusted with filth, and the boy had so repulsive and demoniac an expression on his face that Clive for the moment recoiled. He asked a few questions, but the boy was quite incapable of understanding them, much less answering them; and when Clive pressed a coin into his hand his fingers scarcely closed over it—so unaccustomed was the imbecile to the sight and feel of money. Clive went outside sick at heart.

Quilton was not there, and, in search of him, Clive went up another flight of the dirty stairs. As he did so he saw Quilton coming out of a room. Quilton stood, holding the handle of the door which he had closed, his face paler than usual, his thick eyelids completely covering his expressionless eyes. His attitude, almost as of one on guard, his increased pallor, struck Clive.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Quilton, in his slow, impassive tone. "Only a women; and she's asleep; we had better not disturb her."

Clive nodded in assent, and they descended to the less impure and fetid atmosphere outside. Another fight was in progress, a fight in which two of the most prominent residents of Paradise Gardens were engaged. They were stripped to the waist, and blood was flowing freely, to the infinite delight of the crowd which pressed around them.

(To be continued.)

GRACEFUL COMPETITION.

The Egyptians Are In a Class by Themselves in Courtesy.

The cordial word between master and man, the mixture of unclouded assurance and deference with which the poorest and most unlettered approach the rich and the learned; the dignity on both sides, which permits equality and a happy fellowship, throughout the Egyptian villages visited by Mr. S. H. Leeder, he often comments on in "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt." He tells of the graceful habit of speech among the poor fellaheen, which lends a touch of poetry to lives of toil and drudgery.

It is extremely interesting, and sometimes amusing, to see the ingenuity and persistency with which two friends, especially after a long absence, will sustain a competition in courtesy. They heap one compliment upon the other, in obedience to the command of the Koran.

"Salaam Aleikum."

"Aleikum Salaam."

"With you be peace, and the mercy of God, and His blessing."

"May your day be blessed."

"May your day be blessed as yesterday."

"May your prosperity be increased."

And so on. There is something in the Arabic language which lends itself to a rhythmic repetition and phrase expansion. Mr. Talbot Kelly, who knows the out-of-the-way people of Egypt so well, from his travels as an artist, speaks of this "Old-World courtesy."

"I am frequently salaamed by a native," he says, "who asks, 'Does your work prosper?'

"'Thanks to Allah,' I reply.

"'God increase your prosperity! Our Lord and the Prophet know the good men.'"

A Linguist.

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang "boss," got a job with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Haiti.

One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse, he heard the Irishman shout:

"Allez!—you sons of guns!—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the day I iver learned their language."

UNANSWERABLE.

"Mother, do doors talk?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard you tell Mary to answer the door."

On the Farm

Hand Feeding for Small Calves.

If we start a calf out right in the first year of its life, it will ever be a profitable animal; but if we do not give him a fair, good start he will, at best, be a worthless scrub, consuming much more feed than he will ever pay for, writes Mr. Edward C. Glitzke.

It is much more profitable for the farmer to put flesh on a young calf than it is to half-feed him when he is young and expect to have him make all the gain when he is fitted for the market.

Nature never intended the calf to be raised by hand, and we must understand the calf's physical makeup quite well if we wish to succeed by hand feeding.

The calf is not made to consume coarse feed when it is young—in fact, it takes several weeks to get acquainted with grain. The only nourishment that a young calf takes is milk, and if this does not contain the necessary food elements the calf will suffer.

Where the calf is hand fed it is only natural to suppose that it receives skimmed milk, because the cream is the one object for which the cow is milked.

Now, in taking away the cream, we are taking away a very important food element—fat. But one need not hesitate to take this fat if it be supplied in another and cheaper form.

For a very young calf the only desirable substitute is linseed meal. This should be boiled, or rather, only scalded, in hot water and mixed with the milk as a kind of gruel for the calf.

It should be fed in such quantities as the size of the calf may require. Be sure you get the old process ground oil-cake. This differs from the new process in the fact that in the former the oil is pressed from the seed by hydraulic pressure, and, of course, a great amount of the oil remains in the meal.

The new process is a product that is left after crushing the seed and washing the oil out by a chemical known as naphtha. This is practically of very little value as feed and should be avoided.

Where any number of calves are to be raised by hand it is best to prepare a set of movable stanchions. These are quickly made from one by four-inch lumber, and where they are movable they can be changed from place to place to suit the convenience of the feeder.

After the calves are in the stanchions it is an easy matter to dish out a quantity of milk to each individual without continually being pestered by the others.

After they all have their milk they should be provided with finely ground cornmeal in troughs or boxes, they will soon form a habit of taking their chop after each meal and so forget about the awful habit of ear-sucking.

When they have finished their meal they should be turned out on a meadow or alfalfa field to exercise and they will soon begin to nibble grass and so get extra nourishment.

The main object in raising calves is to keep them continually growing. It is easier to put on a pound of gain when they are young than when they are older.

They should never have a stopping period in their growth. A calf that is once stunted never amounts to much except as a food consumer.

The Woodlot.

A good income may be obtained from a farm woodlot if it is properly handled. The main thing is to make it better all the time by eliminating the less valuable trees and improving the conditions so the other tres may make a better growth. Trees like elms ought always to be cut instead of trees like oak and walnut when they will serve the purpose equally well. Crooked trees make just as good firewood as straight trees. Grape vines and all similar pests injure the growth of the trees materially and it will pay big to cut them. Good management pays in woodlots.

Save the Manure.

In promptly handling barnyard manure, the farmers can save or lose hundreds of dollars annually. A manure heap is a hotbed of bacterial activities. Some of the nitrogen is formed into ammonia and passes into the air; this is a clear loss. Some is transformed into nitrates which are soluble. These are washed out by rains and sink into the soil, or run off into the ditch; this also is a direct loss. Some is formed by bacteria into nitrates and these nitrates attacked by another species of bacteria which change into nitrogen, which passes into the air and is lost.

SALT AND GOOD LOOKS.

German Physician Advises Its Use to Whiten Skin.

According to a German physician, salt taken with food has a whitening effect on the skin. This is accounted for by the fact that it is a compound containing the powerful bleaching agent, chlorine. At any rate, it is undoubted that white people eat much more common salt than dark races.

Fruit, on the other hand, darkens the skin, because it contains salts of manganese.

Besides whitening the skin it is probable that abundance of salt in the diet makes the face and the whole body plump. When a person eats salt freely the result is that the blood, skin, muscles, etc., retain a great quantity of fluid. Hence the effect on the face would be to make it full and rounded.

But it should be eaten with judgment and moderation. If a young girl eats a large quantity of salt and makes her face plump then the skin is stretched and, as she grows older and drier, wrinkles appear. But if she uses a saltless diet while young, then when the wrinkles come she should be able to disperse them by adding salt to her diet.

So far as observation goes salt has the virtue of preserving the health of the skin and preventing eruptions. But only when used in moderation is it of real service, and people with weak hearts or kidneys, or who have a tendency to dropsy, are better without any or with the smallest possible quantity.

Ready to Quit.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to 11 o'clock and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a smoke." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it, when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly moving his pipe from his mouth, he said, "Be-e-gorra, Oi've wor-rked wid Germans and Hengarians, and Oi've worked with Ooitalians, but if a man wid a face like that comes down to work beside me Oi gets up."

You would probably be surprised if you knew how much good has come out of your mistakes.

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