THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd).

The young man raised his head. Once more the pink spot was burning. Yet how hard to be dignified with the man from whom comes one's daily bread.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said. "I am quite happy and quite satisfied."

Scarlett Trent laughed scornfully.

"Then you don't look it," he exclaimed.

"I may not, sir," the young man continued, with a desperate courage, "but I am. After all happiness is spelt with different letters for all of us. You have denied yourself—worked hard, carried many burdens and run great risks to become a millionaire. I too have denied myself, have worked and struggled to make a home for the girl I cared for. You have succeeded and you are happy. I can hold Edith's—I beg your pardon, my wife's hand in mine and I am happy. I have no ambition to be a millionaire. I was very ambitious to win my wife."

Scarlett Trent looked at him for a moment open-mouthed and open-eyed. Then he laughed outright and a chill load fell from the heart of the man who for a moment had forgotten himself. The laugh was scornful perhaps, but it was not angry.

"Well, you've shut me up," he declared. "You seem a poor sort of a creature to me but if you're content it's no business of mine. Here, buy yourself an overcoat and drink a glass of wine. I'm off!"

He rose from his seat and threw a bank-note over the table. The clerk opened it and handed it back with a little start.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said humbly, "but you have made a mistake. This note is for fifty pounds."

Trent glanced at it and held out his hand. Then he paused.

"Never mind," he said, with a short laugh, "I meant to give you a fiver, but it don't make much odds. Only see that you buy some new clothes."

The clerk half closed his eyes and steadied himself by grasping the back of a chair. There was a lump in his throat in earnest now.

"You—you mean it, sir?" he gasped. "I—I'm afraid I can't thank you!"

"Don't try, unless you want me to take it back," Trent said, strolling to the side board. "Lord, how those City chaps can guzzle! Not a drop of champagne left. Two unopened bottles, though! Here, stick 'em in your bag and take 'em to the missis, young man. I paid for the lot, so there's no use leaving any. Now clear out as quick as you can. I'm off!"

"You will allow me, sir——"

Scarlet Trent closed the door with a slam and disappeared. The young man passed him a few moments later as he stood on the steps of the hotel lighting a cigar. He paused again, intent on stammering out some words of thanks. Trent turned his back upon him coldly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Trent, on leaving the hotel, turned for almost the first time in his life westwards. For years the narrow alleys, the thronged streets, the great buildings of the city had known him day by day, almost hour by hour. Its roar and clamor, the strife of tongues and keen measuring of wits had been the salt of his life. Steadily, sturdily, almost insolently, he had thrust his way through to the front ranks. In many respects those were singular and unusual elements which had gone to the making of his success. His had not been the victory of honied falsehoods, of suave deceit, of gentle, but legalized robbery. He had been a hard worker, a daring speculator with nerves of iron, and courage which would have glorified a nobler cause. Nor had his been the methods of good fellowship, the sharing of "good turns," the camaraderie of finance. The men with whom he had had large dealings he had treated as enemies rather than friends, ever watching them covertly with close but unslackening vigilance. And now, for the present at any rate, it was all over. There had come a pause in his life. His back was to the City and his face was set towards an unknown world. Half unconsciously he had undertaken a little voyage of exploration.

From the Strand he crossed Trafalgar Square into Pall Mall, and up the Haymarket into Piccadilly. He was very soon aware that he had wandered into a world whose ways were not his ways, and with whom he had no kinship. Yet he set himself sedulously to observe them, conscious that what he saw represented a very large side of life. From the first he was aware of a certain difference in himself and his ways. The careless glance of a lounger on the pavement at Pall Mall filled him with a sudden anger. The man was wearing gloves, an article of dress which Trent ignored, and smoking a cigarette, which he loathed. Trent was carelessly dressed in a tweed suit and red tie; his critic wore a silk hat and frock coat, patent leather boots, and a dark tie of invisible pattern. Yet Trent knew that he was a type of that class which would look upon him as an outsider, and a black sheep, until he had bought his standing. They would expect him to conform to their type, to learn to speak their jargon, to think with their puny brains and to see with their short-sighted eyes. At the "Criterion" he turned in and had a drink, and, bolder for the wine which he had swallowed at a gulp, he told himself that he would do nothing of the sort. He would not alter a jot. They must take him as he was or leave him. He suffered his thoughts to dwell for a moment upon his wealth, on the years which had gone to the winning of it, on a certain nameless day, the memory of which even now sent sometimes the blood running colder through his veins, on the weaker men who had gone under that he might prosper. Now that it was his, he wanted the best possible value for it: it was the natural desire of the man to be uppermost in the bargain. The delights of the world behind, it seemed to him that he had already drained. The crushing of his rivals, the homage of his less successful competitors, the grosser pleasures of wine, the music-halls, and the unlimited spending of money amongst people whom he despised had long since palled upon him. He had a keen, strong desire to escape once and for ever from his surroundings. He lounged along, smoking a large cigar, keen-eyed and observant, laying up for himself a store of impressions, unconsciously irritated at every step by a sense of ostracism, of being in some indefinable manner without kinship and wholly apart from this world in which it seemed natural now that he should find some place. He gazed at the great houses without respect or envy, at the men with a fierce contempt, at the women with a sore feeling that if by chance he should be brought into contact with any of them they would regard him as a sort of wild animal, to be humored or avoided purely as a matter of self-interest. The very brightness and brilliancy of their toilettes, the rustling of their dresses, the trim elegance and daintiness which he was able to appreciate without being able to understand, only served to deepen his consciousness of the gulf which lay between him and them. They were of a world to which, even if we were permitted to enter it, he could not possibly belong. He returned such glances as fell upon him with fierce insolence; he was indeed somewhat of a strange figure in his ill-fitting and inappropriate clothes amongst a gathering of smart people. A lady looking at him through raised lorgnettes turned and whispered something with a smile to her companion—once before he had heard an audible titter from a little group of loiterers. He returned the glance with a lightning-like look of diabolical fierceness, and, turning round, stood upon the curbstone and called a hansom.

A sense of depression swept over him as he was driven through the crowded streets towards Waterloo. The half-scornful, half-earnest, prophecy, to which he had listened years ago in a squalid African hut, flashed into his mind. For the first time he began to have dim apprehensions as to his future. All his life he had been a toiler, and joy had been with him in the fierce combat which he had waged that day. He had fought his battle and he had won—where were the fruits of his victory? A puny, miserable little creature like Dickenson could prate of happiness and turn a shining face to the future—Dickenson, who lived upon a pittance, who depended upon the whim of his employer, and who confessed to ambitions which were surely pitiable. Trent lit a fresh cigar and smiled; things would surely come right with him—they must. What Dickenson could gain was surely his by right a thousand times over.

He took the train for Walton, travelling first-class, and was treated with much deference by the officials on the line. As he alighted and passed through the booking-hall into the station-yard a voice hailed him. He looked up sharply. A carriage and pair of horses was waiting, and inside a young woman with a very smart hat and a profusion of yellow hair.

"Come on, General," she cried. "I've done a skip and driven down to meet you. Such jokes when they miss me. The old lady will be as sick as they make 'em. Can't we have a drive round for an hour, eh?"

Her voice was high-pitched and penetrating. Listening to it Trent unconsciously compared it with the voices of the women of that other world into which he had wandered earlier in the afternoon. He turned a frowning face towards her.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble," he said shortly. "I didn't order a carriage to meet me and I don't want one. I am going to walk home."

She tossed her head.

"What a beastly temper you're in!" she remarked. "I'm not particular about driving. Do you want to walk alone?"

"Exactly!" he answered. "I do!"

She leaned back in the carriage with heightened color.

"Well, there's one thing about me," she said acidly. "I never go where I ain't wanted."

Trent shrugged his shoulders and turned to the coachman.

"Drive home, Gregg," he said. "I'm walking."

The man touched his hat, the carriage drove off and Trent, with a grim smile upon his lips, walked along the dusty road. Soon he paused before a little white gate marked private, and, unlocking it with a key which he took from his pocket, passed through a little plantation into a large park-like field. He took off his hat and fanned himself thoughtfully as he walked. The one taste which his long and absorbing struggle with the glants of Capel Court had never weakened was his love for the country. He lifted his head to taste the breeze which came sweeping across from the Surrey Downs, keenly relishing the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the faint odor of pines from the distant dark-crested hill. As he came up the field towards the house he looked with pleasure at the great bed of gorgeous-colored rhododendrons which bordered his lawn, the dark cedars which drooped over the smooth shaven grass, and the faint flush of color from the rose-gardens beyond. The house itself was small, but picturesque. It was a grey stone building of two stories only, and from where he seemed was completely embowered in flowers and creepers. In a way, he thought he would be sorry to leave it. It had been a pleasant summer-house for him, although, of course, it was no fit dwelling-house for a millionaire. He must look out for something at once now—a country house and estate. All these things would come as a matter of course.

He opened another gate and passed into an inner plantation of pines and shrubs which bordered the grounds. A winding path led through it, and, coming round a bend, he stopped short with a little exclamation. A girl was standing with her back to him rapidly sketching upon a little block which she had in her left hand.

"Hullo!" he remarked, "another guest! and who brought you down, young lady, eh?"

She turned slowly round and looked at him in cold sprurise. Trent knew at once that he had made a mistake. She was plainly dressed in white linen and a cool muslin blouse, but there was something about her, unmistakably even to Trent, which placed her very far apart indeed from any woman likely to have become his unbidden guest. He knew at once that she was one of that class with whom he had never had any association. She was the first lady whom he had ever addressed, and he could have bitten out his tongue when he remembered the form of his doing so.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said confusedly, "my mistake! You see, your back was turned to me."

She nodded and smiled graciously.

"If you are Mr. Scarlett Trent," she said, "it is I who should apologise, for I am a flagrant trespasser. You must let me explain."

CHAPTER IX.

The girl had moved a step towards him as she spoke, and a gleam of sunlight which had found its way into the grove flashed for a moment on the stray little curls of her brown-gold hair and across her face. Her lips were parted in a delightful smile; she was very pretty, and inclined to be apologetic. But Scarlett Trent had seen nothing save that first glance, when the sun had touched her face with fire. A strong man at all times, and more than commonly self-masterful he felt himself now as helpless as a child. A sudden pallor had whitened his face to the lips, there were strange singings in his ears, and a mist before his eyes. It was she! There was no possibility of any mistake. It was the girl for whose picture he had gambled in the hut at Bekwando—Monty's baby-girl, of whom he had babbled even in death. He leaned against a tree, stricken dumb, and she was frightened.

"You are ill," she cried. "I'm so sorry. Let me run to the house and fetch some one!"

He had strength enough to stop her. A few deep breaths and he was himself again, shaken and with a heart beating like a steam engine, but at least able to talk intelligently.

(To be continued.)

A Canadian Nurse in London

A CANADIAN Red Cross Nurse selling flags in the street in London, England, on the day recently celebrated as French Flag Day.

COALING WARSHIPS AT SEA.

Collier and War Vessel Do It Sailing Twelve Miles an Hour.

How the British vessels of war are coaled, while sailing through heavy seas at a rate of twelve miles an hour, without hindering their activities in any way, is told in the Manchester Guardian.

A collier, packed to the hatches with coal, gets into touch by wireless with a battleship whose bunkers need to be replenished. On sighting the vessel, the supply ship manœuvres until it is within four hundred feet of the battleship. The collier then dispatches a small boat that carries two cables; one end of each is attached to the masthead of the supply vessel. The lines pay out as the boat advances, and when it reaches the warship the sailors fasten the cables to the stern of the ship on the port and starboard sides.

The two ships, therefore, travel in a straight line fastened together, while from the mast of the collier to the deck of the warship stretches a transport cable for carrying coal bags. Sacks of coal that weigh a ton are hoisted from the foot of the collier's mast to a platform at its head, below which there is a net to protect deck hands from falling pieces of coal. By means of wheels that run on the cable, automatic winches force the load along the sloping transport line at a rate of three thousand feet a minute. On reaching the deck of the battleship the load is automatically released, and the transport starts on its return journey.

By means of this apparatus sixty tons of coal can be carried every hour across the gap of water that separates the supply ship from the battleship. The great advantage is that both vessels can move at the rate of twelve knots an hour while the coaling goes on.

No sitting accommodation for the congregation was provided in churches before the 14th century. People sat on straw or rushes laid on the floor.

'Home Jam-Makers

This hint may Save your Jam!

No matter how fresh your berries, nor how thoroughly the jam is cooked, nor how clean the jars are, preserves are absolutely sure to spoil if the sugar used contains organic matter,—impurities—*and many sugars do*—

Home jam makers should profit by the experience of others and insist on being supplied with

St. Lawrence
Extra Granulated Sugar

which has always, and for many years, given satisfaction.

It tests over 99.99 per cent pure and is refined exclusively from cane sugar.—

Buy in refinery sealed packages to avoid mistakes and assure absolute cleanliness and correct weights—2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons; 10, 20, 25 and 100 lb. bags, and your choice of three sizes of grain: fine, medium, or coarse.

—*Any good dealer can fill your order.*

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, Montreal.

RUSHED FROM CEYLON

"SALADA"

TEA B 22

is electrically weighed, hermetically sealed and dispatched to your table fresh with all the fragrant odors of the Sunny Isle. Sample from Salada, Toronto.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Where Profit in Poultry Lies.

In order to make as great profit as possible we should use economy in the production as well as good judgment in the marketing of eggs and poultry, writes Mrs. A. J. Wilder.

The farmer has a great advantage here over the poultryman who has all the feed to buy and we must not forget to make the best use possible of this advantage.

At sowing and planting time is when we should make our plans for a variety of feed for the poultry through the year and especially for the winter.

You will want enough wheat, oats, rye and barley sown to supply these grains in the bundle for the hens to work on. Sow some millet also to add variety and to furnish seed for next year's little chicks. Mangle or stock beets make a very good green food for the hens in the winter, so you will need to plant plenty of them. Cabbage heads are a great treat for the fowls, so raise a few extra for them.

Plant mammoth Russian sunflowers in the corners and waste places and if there are not enough corners to raise a good many, plant a patch of them. Sunflower seeds are great egg-producers and also make the plumage of the fowls bright and beautiful. They are fine to feed through the moulting season as they nourish the feathers and cause them to grow rapidly.

Variety in the food is more than half the secret of egg-production and it is much cheaper to raise these different foods than it is to buy them, so do not forget the poultry at the planting time.

Grit and charcoal can be found and made on the farm and the expense of buying these necessary things can be saved. If there is a creek bed near haul gravel from that and place near the henhouses where the poultry can find it. Charcoal can be made by taking the live coals from the stove and pouring water over them. They will immediately turn to charcoal and can be ground or broken up into the right size for the chickens to swallow. Better do this work out of doors as steam and ashes will fly from the coals when the water is poured on them.

In these ways we can greatly reduce the cost of keeping poultry and it will pay us to give time and thought to our work as the profit in the poultry business, as in any other, lies between the cost of production and the amount received for the marketed products.

Besides comfortable quarters, the chick, to thrive, must have exercise, water, grit, a variety of grain food, green or succulent food and casein or meat foods.

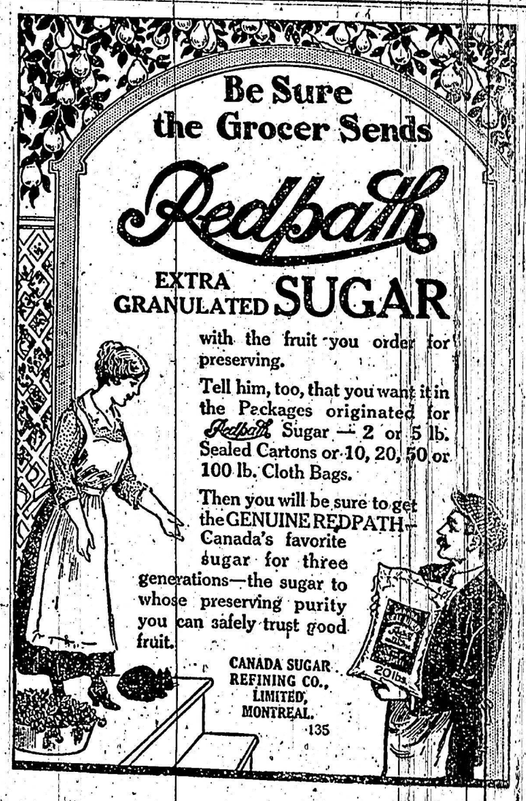
Exercise is as essential as food, and lack of it indicates wrong methods of rearing. The natural way for a chick to take its food is to scratch for it, taking a little at a time. If small chickens are put into a box with a bare floor and fed from a trough, they will become weak. Many will become clogged behind with the excrements accumulating on the down, and it is generally conceded that something has been fed to cause bowel trouble. As a matter of fact they are weak from lack of exercise, and the appearance of diarrhoea is only the inability of the chicken properly to expel its excrement.

If chicks cannot be out of doors, their feeding-floor should be covered with sand, and over this should be thrown some litter, such as chaff from the straw stack or leaves from an alfalfa loft. Place the feed in this litter. If small quantities are thus given, and given often, the question of exercise is solved. Brooder chicks need more care in this way than do chicks with hens, but even in the latter case it is worth while to make them scratch for their food when they are raised indoors.

The notion is prevalent that a chick should begin his diet on hard boiled eggs, bread and milk or some other soft food. This notion has arisen from the knowledge that most young animals cannot digest hard foods. But when we consider the fact that the natural food of the young mammal is milk, we see why this principle does not apply to chickens.

Little chicks should first be fed when 72 to 96 hours old. Feed small quantities and as often as is convenient. If the feed is buried in the litter they must work longer in getting it out. The idea is to have them always hungry enough to hunt for food, and always a little food for them to find. If the chickens are at liberty, feeding often is not so important—three times a day would be sufficient, while if they roam far in the fields, finding much food, morning and evening feeding is all that is necessary. It is not a matter of great importance just what grain a chicken is first fed. The important thing is that they be supplied with a variety of grain as well as with casein or meat, grit and green food.

Client—"You ought to have gone into the army, not the law." Solicitor—"Why?" Client—"By the charge there would be little left of the enemy."



Fashion Hints

What to Wear and How to Wear It.

The long, puffy handbags are known as "Juliets"

All of Shakespeare's ladies appear with little money purses of satin or velvet, and, so far as we have observed, they never carry anything more than a "hanky" in them. Not so the real woman. I saw a beautiful live Juliet the other day carrying a Juliet of satin brocade, and she took from its luscious and expensive depths more articles than were ever dug from the pocket of a busy small boy whose chief business was that of collecting.

Many women make the mistake of carrying these elaborate bags when they are attired in everyday costume. Such gaud affairs are really for teadances and other dress-up affairs. One looks overdecorated lingering about a gold-laced mined silken Juliet when one wears a serge gown and a plain sailor. Good dressing requires a little heavy thinking, and that is why it is desirable that the feminine parts shall pay heed. Anything that exercises the human mind is for the welfare and advancement of the human race. With that end of our editorial system we pass on to other subjects.

Puffy roses made of satin or velvet are used and make wonderfully effective trimmings on darking frocks. They are made to order for each costume and the same material is employed for pipings, bows or other forms of decoration.

A beautiful gown, showing these deftly contrived flowers, is of bronze colored chiffon, the skirt having tier upon tier of puffy ruffles, cut in Vandykes. To give irregularity to the flounces they are caught up here and there with huge roses of dull blue satin and velvet. The color effect is warm and living, and the entire costume takes on a flowerlike fullness that is beautiful.

The corsage is a mere wisp of chiffon—nothing more than a high girdle, in fact—with narrow shoulder bands, from which flutter bits of flowing chiffon caught with more blue roses. There is a narrow band at the waist of dull blue brocade, laced front and back, corset-fashion, a little vogue not that prevails just now and which is youthful and pretty and gives the little curve at the waist which is much sought after years of straight front and huge waist lines. Glory be!

Was there ever anything so prevalent as the new silk sweater jacket? It shows up everywhere, in every color, on every kind of a woman and of every kind of a silk that looms ever contrived to weave.

Glove silk sweaters are as thin as chiffon, almost, and in these the stripes predominate. There is certainly a madness for awning and rainbow stripes. Worn with white skirts they are very smart.

Crepe de chine is the latest and newest fabric for these absurd little coats and it comes in all colors. Taffeta and cretonne have been tried, but buyers won't have them. They possess not the clinging qualities of either fine or coarse ribbed silks. The corduroys are a bit gone by, having appeared early in the season. Voile coats are seen, too, and everyone knows how cobwebby they are. It is almost an absurdity to call such garments coats. Certainly they give neither warmth nor protection.

If your skirt is plain you must wear a striped jacket. If your skirt is striped, your jacket must be solid color. That goes without saying. To many stripes spoil the total ensemble. Also, they make your eyes go zigzag.

QUEEN MARY FROWNS.

Gay Entertainments in War Time Meet With Her Disapproval.

Those who have anything to do with Queen Mary just now are concerned with philanthropic and war subjects. marvel at the [illegible] way in which she [illegible] herself with various committees and societies which she [illegible] Her memory and capacity for [illegible] are extraordinary, and she [illegible] the details of every [illegible] at her head.

As a matter of fact she is bound to pull them up [illegible] part in a [illegible] Queen's history. In it she [illegible] sires to remove [illegible] her various [illegible] Her schemes [illegible] own. If these [illegible] books could be [illegible] in the London [illegible] House they would [illegible] ing additions [illegible]

The Queen has taken a very decided attitude with regard to entertaining in war times, and she has her strong [illegible] tain manner. In fact, it has been openly expressed that very few [illegible] esses have dared to send out invitations for dances for some time—and dinners, too, have not become numerous or popular of late.

Not Much.

"There's not much petticoat rule nowadays, in spite of votes for women," was said.

"No," smiled McFee, "there's not much petticoat."

Young Folks

A Question of Dinner Jackets.

"I hate Thursdays!" grumbled Jane, banging her skates under the kitchen table. "Seems to me it always Thursday!" she continued in a grieved voice, reaching for the paring knife.

You see, dears and ducks, on Thursday Ann, the cook, took her [illegible] a holiday leaving Jane to [illegible] table, but worse, oh, a thousand worse, to pare the potatoes.

"I don't believe I will [illegible] she exclaimed suddenly, "[illegible] will know," and taking [illegible] she dumped them [illegible] into a pot of boiling water.

Then it was that a strange [illegible] happened—so very strange [illegible] can hardly believe it myself. [illegible] speaks a husky voice. "[illegible] poor head!" "Who's [illegible]" Jane, dropping the [illegible] crash. "To think," [illegible] voice mournfully, "that [illegible] raised in rich earth and [illegible] this! For this—to be [illegible] jacket."

It was a potato!! [illegible] that had fallen to the floor [illegible] leaning miserably against [illegible] the table, the tears pouring [illegible] from his dozen eyes. [illegible] sorry for the poor fellow [illegible] forgot how surprised [illegible] you poor thing!" she [illegible] ing it up and wiping its [illegible] handkerchief.

"So you're the young [illegible] bumped my head," [illegible] sadly, seating himself on the dish pan and [illegible] eyes on Jane. "Oh [illegible] to!" apologized Jane, [illegible] red. "What were [illegible] jackets?" she added, [illegible] change the subject. At [illegible] to began weeping harder [illegible] "I'll turn black in the face [illegible] I shall," he choked out [illegible] "And disgrace the family [illegible] my poor mother—what would [illegible] if she knew. Boiled in oil [illegible]"

"Are you crying because [illegible] take off your dress? [illegible] will!" cried Jane all in [illegible] running for the potato [illegible]

"There, I knew you'd [illegible] the potato radiantly. [illegible] ters! do you hear what [illegible] "Hurrah!" cried all the [illegible] from their pot of boiling [illegible] was all so very interesting [illegible] quite forget that it was [illegible] first potato sat on the [illegible] pan while she helped [illegible] their jackets—which [illegible] what every one did to the [illegible] "How would you feel if [illegible] to a party in your hat?" [illegible] added earnestly. He said [illegible] more things, too, but I can [illegible] member them, but I do know [illegible] told her how terribly a [illegible] graced by appearing [illegible] his jacket, or after having [illegible] ed in his jacket was soiled [illegible] with a black face. Before [illegible] it all the potatoes were [illegible] the talkative one.

"Good-by!" he cried [illegible] popped him into the [illegible] rest. "See you at dinner [illegible] it hurt?" she asked, [illegible] him anxiously. "Not [illegible] potato. Great sport!"

"Good-by, see you at [illegible] ed all the other potatoes [illegible] bouncing about in the [illegible]

"They do look as if [illegible] ing fun!" murmured [illegible] fully. "And I don't [illegible] like to go to a party in [illegible] ter that Jane always [illegible] tes out of their jackets [illegible] —and I hope you will [illegible] should ever visit you!"

LADY COLONEL

Several Regiments [illegible] Mary.

Now that Princess Mary [illegible] of "full age" several [illegible] the army are anxious [illegible] should be identified [illegible] that there should be [illegible] Mary's Own." Among [illegible] to this distinction are [illegible] gon Guards. The [illegible] ment without the name [illegible] ber of the Royal Family [illegible] with it—the 6th Dragoons, the 13th Hussars, [illegible] Hussars. The Norfolk Regiment claims that as her Regiment [illegible] was born in that county [illegible] have the honor of being [illegible] To have a royal name [illegible] regiment is an ambition [illegible] the army, and particularly [illegible] the case in the cavalry. The regiments indeed now [illegible] ladies as their Colonel-in-Chief are the 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal), the 18th Hussars (the Queen), and the 19th [illegible] (Queen Alexandra). These were bestowed by the King [illegible] time ago.

Never Given.

"Pa," said Johnny, who [illegible] sistent knowledge-seeker, "what [illegible] law-giver?" "There ain't [illegible] thing, Johnny," replied the [illegible] tleman, who had been involved [illegible] considerable litigation in his time. "But this book says that Moses was a great law-giver," persisted the youngster. "Then it's a mistake," [illegible] joined the father. "Law is never given. It's retailed in mighty small quantities at mighty high figures."