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THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd).

After about fifty yards this gully ended in the shallow cup of the crater. A ring of jagged teeth of basalt made a complete circle, a quarter of a mile in diameter, broken only at the place where the two young men had entered. Below this black rampart the slopes were clothed with a green mantle of health and whortleberries; lower down there was a thick carpet of star-horn moss; and lower still, barrenness, bare earth and tones, with a scurfy incrustation of white upon them. The Caldeira itself was hardly more than ten yards across it now, but the white desolation round it marked the limits to which its waters sometimes rose. The waters themselves were white, like milk, and they were in constant curling, bubbling movement, like milk gently boiling. A cloud of steam rose from them in a dense column, expanding into a canopy, and twisted in ever thinning wreaths out over the toothed edge of the crater.

"It reminds me of the picture of the genie in the Arabian Nights, rising in a cloud from the braden jar," said Varney. "What's the smell?"

"Sulphuretted hydrogen," said Scarborough. "There generally is a little though the amount varies. The vapors are mostly carbon dioxide. I believe; but after an earthquake anywhere in the island, the sulphur fumes are in sufficient quantity to be dangerous."

"Does this often happen?"

"Yes, pretty often; but I haven't heard of any earthquake lately."

They were not the only visitors to the crater. A man was standing by the edge of the water, a blouse-clad Azorean peasant, with a wide hat on his head and a cigarette of maize-husk between his lips. A donkey quietly browzing on the herbage at the edge of the whitened circle was evidently his property. Presently the man bent down and lifted a dripping, steaming sack from the water.

"What's he doing?" Varney asked.

"Cooking," said Scarborough. "That sack is full of red lupin beans. They are a popular food here; you'll see sacks of them in every provision shop in Ponta Delgada."

"And they cook them in the Caldeira!" said Varney. "Is it hot enough for that."

"A few degrees below boiling point. Put your hand in and see."

"No, thanks. I'll take your word for it. That's the cheapest kind of wholesale cooking I ever heard of."

"Food needs to be cheap in a country where sixpence is a good wage," said Scarborough. "Fortunately, it is cheap. The lupin grows like a weed; steeping in the sea picks the beans; and the Caldeira cooks them. Our friend there probably comes here every day. It's his trade."

"Then he may have seen something of what happened yesterday," suggested Varney. "Ask him. You speak Portuguese."

The man had slung his sack across the donkey's back, and seated himself on the top of it. His seat was a hot and wet one but he seemed to find it comfortable. He relit his cigarette and urged his beast towards the narrow entrance between the walls of pumice.

Scarborough approached him and the man, with the real politeness of the Islanders, jumped to the ground and took his hat off.

"Bonas dias, senhorse," he said.

Scarborough returned his greeting, and asked whether he had heard anything of a dead man having been found there this morning.

"Sim, senhor," was the answer. "It was I who found him."

Then he went on to describe the episode with voluble earnestness and a wealth of dramatic gesture. The finding of a dead man was an event in his life, and he had the histrionic ability to make the most of his share in the occurrence. He entered into the explanations not only of what he had done in this alarming crisis, but also, minutely and comprehensively, of what he had thought. He explained that his first impulse had been to carry the news to the Corregidor at Ribeira Grande; for few Portuguese will touch a dead man or help a dying man, until officialdom has given the word, for fear lest, in foul play has been done, they may be summoned as accomplices. The peasantry have a firm belief that the last hand which touches a dying man, is by the law of the land presumed to be the hand which gave him death, and it is a belief which in one well authenticated instance left a man who had been injured by a train, the railway, a few miles from Coimbra, the intellectual capital of Portugal, to lie unaided through the heat of a long summer's day. He was conscious, and able to beg for water. But on one dared to give him any, for and nothing could be done till he came and nothing could be done till he came. And this is not an isolated case.

But this Azorean peasant explained, and took pride in explaining, that he had risen superior to this fear.

"I helped to carry him," he said proudly.

"You helped? Then you were not alone?"

"I was alone at first, but I went to the Casa Davis, which is near here, and summoned the Senhor Davis. We carried the dead man to Senhor Davis' cart, which waited at the end of the gorge, and Senhor Davis drove him to the house which is called As Chinelas. I did not go with him. I had done enough; for, Senhores, the Corregdior had not said that the body was to be moved."

"What is he saying?" asked Varney, in English.

"He is claiming to be a hero because he dared to touch a corpse," said Scarborough; and to the man added; "Was that all?".

"What does the Senhor mean?"

"Did you see anything which suggested how the dead man met his death?"

"I don't suspect you," said Scarborough, rather impatiently. "I only want to know what you saw. You say you saw nothing?"

A gleam came into the man's eye. He hesitated a moment, and then he said cunningly:

"I am a poor man, Senhor. A poor man cannot afford to keep his eyes so wide open as richer men may. I say that I saw nothing."

Scarborough put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a milreis note.

"Think again," he said, quietly. "Were your eyes quite shut?"

"No, Senhor, not quite," said the Azorean.

"What did you see?"

"I saw that the fingers of the dead man's right hand were tightly closed. There was something in the hand. I opened the fingers gently. It was only a flat stone with some scratches on it."

"Have you got the stone?"

"Sim, Senhor. It is a thing of no value. I keep it to remind me of the tragic affair in which I assisted this morning. A poor bean-seller's life is uneventful, Senhor."

"I will buy it from you," said Scarborough. "Two milreis."

The man put his hand into his pocket.

"Five," he said insinuatingly.

"Very well, five."

The bean-seller produced the stone and gave it to Scarborough. It was as he said, a small flat stone, about three inches square. It was covered with the white incrustation caused by the Calderia water, and there were marks on it where something had been written in pencil. But half a day's rubbing in the pocket of a peasant's blouse had obliterated most of them, and those that were still legible owed their preservation to the fact that they were in the hollows of the stone's surface.

"What is it?" said Varney.

"It was a message, but this fool has rubbed most of it out. Can you make sense of it?"

Varney examined the stone closely. "ache blue N drip" was all that remained of the writing.

"It isn't much," he said. "But it may be the clue we want."

"To the murderer?"

"No, to the diamonds. 'ache' looks uncommonly like the end of the word cache, and the rest tells where the cache is."

"Or did tell, before this idiot's blouse rubbed it out."

"Stay, though! There is another possibility," said Varney. "Mrs. Carrington's name is Rachel. Perhaps it is not a C that has gone, but an R and an L. This stone may have carried a dying man's last message to his wife. What next, Horace?"

"We'll go and see Davis."

CHAPTER IX.

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Davis, when he had heard what Scarborough had to tell him, "there is a woman in it."

His daughter, who was standing behind him, exchanged a quiet glance with the two young men, and shrugged her shoulders slightly. She was a dainty little blonde, with big eyes which tried to look earnest, and managed to look dreamy.

"That's what you always say, father," she said.

"Well, yes, Muriel," he admitted, smiling. "I believe it is a somewhat frequent remark of mine. Generally true, too."

Muriel frowned.

"I don't se why you should suppose that a woman had anything to do with it," she insisted.

"No? But you will find that, as usual, I shall turn out to be right."

Mr. Davis backed this confident judgment with the ghost of a wink to Varney, and laughed. This discussion which threatened was one which frequently arose in this household; for Muriel, having spent the thinking years of her life—not, as yet, a very long one—in the seclusion of a lonely pine-apple quinta, was an aggressive disputant, and made up by the violence of her views on the wrongs of her sex for her total lack of practical knowledge of her subject. Her daily life from the time she was fourteen had been almost conventual in its simplicity; she had had no opportunity of verifying by the observation of actualities the opinions which she held so strongly; therefore she was never troubled with doubts. If there was another side to the question, her favorite novels did not teach it, and no one had ever made her see it. To be perfectly frank, no one had ever seriously tried, except her father, and his efforts were chiefly aimed at drawing her out. He opposed her for the sake of seeing her eyes lose their dreamy look in a flash of temper, and her color rise with indignation; and when he had enticed her into saying something sufficiently cutting about the folly and brutality of men, he usually the good deeds that are done in the was right. He was almost absurdly proud of his fanatical little daughter.

Varney did not know that this exercise was part of the daily routine at the pine-apple quinta, and was enjoyed by both father and daughter; consequently he was inclined to be angry at that wink. For Muriel Davis was very pretty.

"If you mean," he said, "that there is a woman at the bottom of most of the good deeds that are done in the world, I am ready to agree with you."

"And Muriel will agree with you, and think you are a very sensible fellow," said Mr. Davis, laughing. "But I meant there is a woman in every piece of mischief that is done, and always will be—this side of the Golden River! And I won't say that the same state of things mayn't obtain on the other side, too!" he added chuckling.

"Have you any reason for thinking that there is a woman in this case?" said Scarborough. He knew the ennderey of all discussion at the Casa Davis, and experience told him that, if he was to get any useful information, both father and daughter would have to be kept to the point.

"Yes," said Mr. Davis.

"Father means that he has the same reason that he usually has," opined Muriel. "You know how prejudiced he is."

Scarborough made a slight movement of impatience, and Mr. Davis noted it. He became grave at once.

"You are quite right," he said, answering Scarborough's glance. "Muriel, our levity is rebuked, and I think we deserve it. I say that there is a woman in this case, because I saw her."

He went on to explain that last night, when Muriel came in to say that she had met Mr. Page, and that he seemed to have recovered from his gout, the news surprised him; for he had called at the Chinelas a few hours before, and had been told that the gout was very bad. He went out, therefore, to see the phenomenon for himself, and if possible to persuade Mr. Page to come back to supper. He did not succeed in giving this invitation, because, though he caught sight of Mr. Page in the distance, he could not get near to him. He shouted, and was heard, for he got a wave of the hand in reply; but that was all.

(To be Continued).

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On the Farm

To Make First-Class Butter.

Begin by having the milking done in a cleanly way and in a clean stable. Keep the separator in condition by washing and scalding thoroughly after each using. Cool the cream immediately to 50 degrees or lower, in a tub of ice and water and keep cool and sweet until the churning is gathered. Keep the cream covered securly, but not air-tight. Let the temperature rise to 60 degrees or therabouts, and add a good starter. There is nothing better for this purpose than well flavored butter milk. Stir frequently until the cream is thick, sour and has a glossy appearance, when it is ready for the churn.

Scald the churn and rinse with cold water before putting in the cream. The temperature should not be above 58 degrees in summer and 62 in winter and the butter should "come" in from 20 minutes to half an hour. Stop churning when, the butter is in granules about the size of small wheat, draw off the butter-milk, and rinse with cold water until no trace of milk remains. Care in this matter has much to do with the keeping qualities of the butter.

Remove the butter, (which should still be in grains) to a vessel in which it can be weighed. I use a shallow candy pail, weigh, turn out on the butter worker, and apply salt, from one pound to one and one-half ounces to a pound of butter. You will have to regulate the amount to suit the taste of your customers. Much of mine is sold unsalted. Work very gently, being careful not to spoil the texture of the butter by unnecessary pressure. Let stand half an hour, work again, and print or pack. In printing, make the prints full weight, perfectly shapeli and wrap neatly with a good quality of parchment, bearing your name and address, or farm name. Keep in a cool place until wanted for marketing, then place in a clean box or basket, having a clean white cloth around and over the butter, and paper over that and under the box lid. Never let cream or butter stand when there is an odor of any kind.

When you go to market be sure your butter is good and say so. Have it looking neat and clean, yourself (or salesman) ditto, and you'll have no trouble in making good sales.

No, I didn't forget the coloring. The above describes my way of making butter and I never use butter coloring.—Mrs. Alex. Agilary in Farm and Dairy.

Cutting Potato Seed.

In a bulletin issued by the South Dakota Agricultural College, it was shown the the yield of potatoes from pieces of large seed potatoes was 28 per cent. higher than from pieces of small seed potatoes. A more recent bulletin is now to hand from South Dakota, giving a series of experiments designed to determine the relative influence of the mere size of tuber and the strain of tuber in the increased yield obtained by planting pieces of larger tubers. Five series were arranged as follows:—

1. Seed pieces of a given size from selected tubers.
2. Seed pieces of this same size from small tubers or culls.
3. Small seed pieces from tubers of a given size.
4. Medium seed pieces from tubers of a given size.
5. Large seed pieces from tubers of a given size.

These series of plots were carried out with two varieties of potatoes Early Ohio and Carman No. 3.

With regard to the first two series, out of a total of nine pairs of rows, six gave differences in favor of the selected tubers, though the seed pieces were equal in size in all cases. This superiority for the two varieties averaged 5.53 bushels per acre.

In the series 3, 4 and 5 the size of the seed pieces was the only variable factor, each piece being reduced to one eye, only. In every instance there was a pronounced difference in favor of the large seed pieces and the increase in production varied with the increase in size of the seed pieces. The average results of the two varieties (8 plots) were :—

	Bushels per Acre	Per cent
Small seed pieces	174.73	100
Medium seed pieces	271.71	155.5
Large seed pieces	298.59	170.9

In order to determine the effect of strain of tuber on quality or crop, the crops of potatoes obtained in series 1 and 2 were weighed individually and from small seed, 64.8 per cent. weighed 2 ounces or more, whilst the percentage from large seed was 67.5 thus showing a slight superiority in the quality of the crop from selected tubers.

Warm Water for Cows.

Care and attention to the little things pay. Often, little improvements in our system of methods accomplish surprising results.

Milk is nearly 90 per cent. water. To make large quantities of milk a cow requires a large amount of water. In summer she usually has access to water at all times and helps herself at will, but when winter comes she is in the barn most of the time and is offered water only once, or possibly twice, a day. To make matters worse, the water is often at or near freezing temperature, the cold water chills the entire digestive system. The water must be warmed by some means and a considerable amount of heat energy is required to do it. This can be supplied either by feeding the cow plentifully and letting her warm the water, or by heating it with fire.

The question of warming water, then, resolves itself into which method is cheaper. Corn is a great heat-supplying food. It is not profitable, however, to burn it in a stove to heat a house, because coal accomplishes the same result at a small fraction of the cost. Then why use corn to warm water for the cow?

The amount of water that a cow drinks will be found to have a direct relation to the amount of milk she produces; in general, the more water, the more milk. It is essential, then, to provide all the water that a cow will drink at any season of the year. In the winter, especially in the northern states, water must be warmed in order to produce the best results. Probably the easiest and cheapest way to accomplish this is by using a tank heater.—Circular No. 21, United States Department of Agriculture.

What Piano Would Say.

So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say, 'Woman you have played me false.'"

THE KAISER'S LOST EMPIRE

Particulars of Captured German Colonies.

Mr. Bonar Law has furnished a table giving the following particulars of the German colonies captured, and the value of their revenue:—

S. W. Africa—Area, 322,450 square miles. In 1914 estimated revenue £1,175,000, and expenditure £[illegible]7,000. In 1913 imports valued at [illegible]3,000,000 marks, and exports at [illegible]0,300,000 marks.

Cameroons—Area, 300,000 square miles. In 1914 estimated revenue £665,000, and expenditure £[illegible]68,000. In 1913 imports valued at 33,[illegible]000,000 marks, and exports at 29,[illegible]000,000 marks.

Togoland — Area, 33,700 square miles. In 1914 estimated revenue £175,000, and expenditure £220,000. In 1913 imports were valued at [illegible]0,600,000 marks and exports at [illegible]0,000 marks.

In the Pacific—Samoa 650 square miles, and Upolu 340 square miles. In 1914 estimated revenue 250,000 and expenditure £690,000. In 1913 imports valued at 5,700,000 marks, and exports at 5,300,000 marks.

Kaiser Wilhelmsland and Pacific Islands—70,000 square miles. No details of revenue.

Bismarck Archipelago — 20,640 square miles. The chief towns are Rabaul and Herbertshöhe, both in New Pommern.

Caroline Islands, Pelew Islands, Marianne Islands, and Marshall Islands—Area, 1,000 square miles and estimated population 70,450. Revenue estimated at £1[illegible]5,000, and expenditure at £191,500.

Imports of Kaiser Wilhelmsland and the Bismarck Archipelago estimated at 5,872,000 marks, and those of Caroline and Marshall Islands at 3,335,000 marks, a total of 9,207,000 marks. Exports for the former estimated at 5,041,000 marks, and for the latter at 7,046,000 marks, a total of 12,087,000 marks.

Kiao-Chau — Area, 200 square miles. The principal town is Tsingtau. Revenue for 1914 estimated at 8,060,000 marks, and expenditure at 18,410,000 marks. In 1912, imports valued at 121,254,000 marks, and exports at 79,640,000 marks.

Probably the best way to get quick is to go slow.

PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND IN THE STOMACH—ACIDITY HEADACHES—CONSTIPATION

ARE SIGNS OF INDIGESTION

Indigestion—the complete or partial failure of the digestive processes—frequently throws out of gear the whole machinery of the body. You can't enjoy the vigour and vitality of good health unless your stomach, liver and bowels do their work regularly and efficiently.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

As a digestive tonic and stomach remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup is esteemed in tens of thousands of homes wherever the English language is spoken. If you suffer from indigestion or from disorders of the stomach, liver or bowels, try the effect of taking 20 to 30 drops of this famous remedy in water, after meals, for a few days and note its beneficial effect.

ASSISTS DIGESTION

The new 1.00 size contains *three times* as much as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

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AN IRON RING GRIPS GERMANY

PRIVATION AND MOURNING IN THE EMPIRE.

Deep Anxiety Also Felt Regarding the Finances of the Kaiser's Land.

Some part of the territory of France is occupied, to be sure, but von Bethmann-Hollweg seems to forget that the whole of Germany is occupied, says the New York Times. Not by an enemy; her credit military effectiveness has prevented that. But in every part of the empire there is privation, denial, want, not merely of comforts, those may be dispensed with, but of the common and necessary things of life. Actual distress may not as yet be extreme, but it is in men's thoughts as a thing foreseen. Throughout the empire there is mourning; it is a land of deep mourning for the unnumbered dead whom neither victory nor anything else could restore to friends and families and there is the horror and the dread, everywhere present, of new afflictions. There is deep anxiety, too, about the finances of the empire. Plausible talk and the assurances continually given to the German people cannot conceal the disorder and the increasing strain.

Power Exhausted.

Germany cannot rid herself of them. It is the intention of her foes that she shall not. The conviction grows that with her apparently certain defeat at Verdun she has exhausted her power of offensive. She is headed off in the east by Salonica by the disillusionment and despair of the Turks, by the Russian thrust toward Bagdad, by the British troops already perhaps on the move from Egypt, where the removal of the peril to the canal has released them from what we may call guard duty. The German navy is sealed up, it can come forth only to its destruction. There remains the possibility of another driver in Russia. It would be terribly costly, for not only is the country to be traversed exceedingly difficult, but the Russians are now well equipped for resistance as for offence. But a successful thrust in that quarter even for hundreds of miles, would not free Germany from her harrassments at home. Rather she penetrated into Russia she would be worse off she would be.

The Allies Can Wait.

This is beyond all question the view the allies hold of the present crisis of Germany. Plainly it is their resolve that conditions in the east shall not change save for the worse. Tardily it may be, but with enormous expenditure, nothing, neglecting nothing made their formidable preparation that end. These are the grounds believing that nothing short of any discussion of peace terms as those said to have been suggested by the German Chancellor allies have put the situation where they can afford to wait. Germany can still fight stoutly; there can be no question that. But the allies know that the ring of iron has closed upon and in the German body, the German people have been successfully deceived, can understand that victory is impossible must, as the only way of ending the unendurable suffering of government in a free country, discuss peace terms quite other those based upon the payment of an indemnity from Germany.

MANY ANIMALS IN WAR

Horses, Mules, Goats, Elephants, Camels Share in Strife.

It is doubtful if more animals have ever taken part in war than in the present European conflict, says London Answers. This includes horses, mules, elephants, goats and dogs, all of them the never weary camel, being used for carrying and draft purposes, as carriers of messages and as pets.

Goats are being used for the Indian troops. The elephant has been given the task of handling heavy timber, the most useful of all animals, however, the camel is most honored.

An Eastern legend has it that the camel was fashioned last by its Creator, and so it is held in esteem by the people of the East. Although a somewhat ungainly and perhaps a bad-tempered beast, the camel is an untiring worker.

He will travel on for an hour without appearing distressed in any way, and on this he has made a good name for himself. It is not the least doubt that he will come up to expectations whenever it is employed in the conflict.

His Receipt.

Casey—Hivins, Pat! How did you get the black eye?

O'Brien—Oi paid Casey a visit yesterday, an' that's the receipt he gave me.

When a man has no excuse for doing a thing he has a reason for doing it.