THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

This, then, was the answer. And had other things not happened meanwhile, he would have looked forward with eager hope to the letter which was coming; for from past experience he knew that his uncle's generosity, at the least, was not likely to fall short of his promises. 'Finances arranged' would mean all that he had asked for, and probably more. It was a highly satisfactory answer. But then other things had happened meanwhile.

One of the Station servants came into the room with a note. Scarborough read it, and got quickly out of his chair.

"Who is next on duty?" he asked Scott.

Scarborough turned to the servant.

"See if you can find Mr. Mason or Mr. Davitt," he said. "Ask one of them to be good enough to relieve me at once. Say that it is important."

The man went out, and Scott looked up with a grin.

"That puts it not unto the touch, to win or lose it all," he quoted again. "Changed your mind, Horace? Going to put it to the touch, after all?"

Scarborough looked at him with a frown, which slowly changed into a smile.

"Really, I don't know," he said. "There's just a chance that I may. But I don't think so."

"I would if I were you," said Scott with decision. "Think of 'Finances arranged!' Why, man, it would almost be worth it if she were an ogress! And she isn't that."

"No," said Scarborough, "she isn't. She's a girl in trouble. Shout to me if either of those men turn up. I'm going to my room for a hat."

The note which had caused this sudden commotion in the Instrument room, and had driven away completely Scarborough's mood of despondency, was from Elsa. "I want your help. Can you meet me on the road to the Caldeira? I am bicycling." That was all, but the receipt of it had put new life and hope into him. For what did it mean?

In the first place it meant that some new trouble had come to the girl, or she would never have asked for his help. He knew how stubborn her pride was, and he felt that if her pride had had to bow to her necessity, the need must be serious. The thought hardly so much as damped his elation, for she had appealed to him—that was the important thing! They would fight in common henceforth and between them he thought they had grit enough to conquer.

He found her waiting for him about half a mile from the Chinelas.

She received him with a curious shrinking, that was unlike her. He thought almost that she avoided looking in his face.

"What is the matter, Elsa?" he asked tenderly.

She raised her head, and looked into his eyes. She was deathly pale, and she seemed to be struggling to keep back her tears.

"The matter is," she said, "that I have been a fool. I want to beg your pardon."

"You have nothing to beg my pardon for," he said.

"I have. You told me the truth that morning when we were waiting for the doctor, and I did not believe you, I know now that it was the truth."

She spoke calmly, but it was easy to see that she had suffered and was suffering now and the note of misery in her voice wrung a cry from him.

"Elsa!"

She drew back from him, for he had stepped close to her. Had she not moved, he would have taken her in his arms.

"Do you think I blamed you?" he asked. "I accused your father of a crime. You defended him. Do you think I blamed you for that?"

"Yes, I thought you did," she answered.

"I honored you for it."

She shook her head. "You honored me for my loyalty, and despised me for my blindness," she said. "No, don't deny it. I know you did. But my blindness has been taken away—my eyes have been opened, cruelly opened, and I know that you were right."

"About the diamonds?" he asked gently.

"About the twenty thousand pounds which my father stole from Margaret Ryan," she said steadily. "I know now that he did steal that money. He deceived me—but I hope—I think—it was because he loved me."

Her voice quivered a little, and Scarborough looked away. He understood that she had to say these things, but he would not watch her while she said them. She was quick to see the delicacy of thought which prompted him to avert his eyes, and she was grateful. Presently in a firmer voice she went on:

"I continued to force myself to believe in his innocence, to trick myself into a blind disregard of all proofs to the contrary—till yesterday. Yesterday it became impossible to do so any longer."

She paused and Scarborough helped her out.

"What made it possible?" he asked.

"My eyes were opened," she repeated.

"Tell me how?"

Elsa looked up at him with a dreary little smile.

"They were opened by my mother," she said. "You knew that my mother had come, didn't you? Well, it was she who put the truth so plainly before me."

"What did she say?"

Elsa's eyes lighted up suddenly, and her next words were spoken with a cold bitterness. The tones were level, but anger rang in them.

"What did she say?" she repeated. "She said things that made me tell her that I hated her, though she was my mother. She was cruel; she said bitter things about my father whom I loved, and she sneered at the love which I know he had for me. Perhaps it was necessary that I should learn the truth about him. I hope for her conscience sake that it was. Perhaps it was right that she should be the one to make me see it; but she need not have done it with a sneer at him and a mocking laugh for me! I have tried to forget her tones, to forget her laugh, and the sneer on her face; because I want to forget that I told my own mother that I hated her. But I can't forget. And there was one thing that she said, Horace, which made me send that note to you to-day. She says that my father had those diamonds, here, in San Miguel!"

Scarborough started, and asked eagerly.

"Does she know where they are?"

"She thinks she can find them. She believes that he met his death in the effort to secure their safety. She means to get them. I want you to help me to prevent her."

"I will," said Scarborough. "But, Elsa, remember they are neither hers nor yours. If you and I find them we shall have to restore them to the people to whom they belong."

"Of course!" said Elsa, wonderingly. "Did you think I meant anything else? My mother means to get them for herself. I, too, mean to get them—for Margaret Ryan."

Scarborough looked at her in some surprise, then a smile of pleasure lighted his face.

"I am glad," he said, "because that hints that you and she have become friends at last."

"Does it?" asked Elsa, quietly. "Then it is a hint which I should advise you not to act upon. Margaret Ryan and I can never be friends."

"But you are going to work for her," Scarborough objected.

"My father stole from her. I want to make restitution to her—for my own sake, and for the sake of my father's memory, that is all. Afterwards, when I have discharged my debt to her, I shall count that my hands are free for other work."

Scarborough noted with wonder the hard, almost vindictive expression on the girl's face, and asked softly:

"What work, Elsa?"

"The work of bringing her guilt home to her, if she is guilty. She has yet to prove that her hands are not stained with blood."

CHAPTER XVI.

"I mean to restore the diamonds to Margaret Ryan," said Elsa again. "They were brought with her money. They are hers."

Scarborough hesitated.

"I am not so sure that you can," he said.

"I can, if you and I can recover them. If my mother is before us, perhaps I can't. But we must prevent that from happening."

"That is not what I mean," said Scarborough. "What I doubt is doubt is whether we have the right to dispose of them so, if we do get them. I hope we can, but I'm afraid we can't. I don't know how the law stands exactly, but I think they will be counted to belong to your father's creditors as a whole, and not to any creditor singly."

"But you told me yourself that it was proved that the girl's inheritance was stolen at the last moment, that it had nothing to do with the firm's bankruptcy. Your words were that it was taken after he became bankrupt, to swell his plunder."

"After he became bankrupt, but before he had been declared bankrupt," said Scarborough. "That is the point, I'm afraid."

Elsa made a gesture of impatience. "It may be the point later," she said. "But the point just now is that my mother means to repeat my father's theft, if she can. But she shan't! Horace, she shan't!"

"Where is she now?" asked Scarborough. "At the Chinelas?"

"No, at an hotel in Ponta Delgada. She went with me to the Ring-Rock yesterday, and afterwards she said that she was too tired to come back here. She went to an hotel, and I came back home alone."

"What were you doing at the Ring-Rock?"

Elsa handed him the last letter which her father had written to her, saying:

"Read that. It will explain."

Scarborough read the letter, and though he saw the falseness of it, he pitied the dead man who had written it. Moreover, he understood a little better why it was that Elsa had clung so firmly to her mistaken faith. To him the falseness in the letter was plain, but the love was plain too, for the wretched man had lied and struggled because of it; to his daughter's eyes, therefore, it was natural enough, since she too loved him, that the love alone should be visible.

He handed the letter back to her. "You hid the packet at the Ring-Rock," he said, "and recovered it yesterday? What did it contain?"

"Nothing that I had hoped it would contain," said Elsa, sadly.

He was silent. He knew what it was that she had hoped, and how impossible it had been that her hope should be realized.

"There was a long letter to my mother," said Elsa, "and a closely written roll of manuscript headed 'Some Notes on the "Palacies of Herbert Spencer."'"

(To be Continued.)

A Lesson in "Business."

"No, sir," said a wealthy merchant to his confidential clerk, who had asked for the hand of his daughter; "no, sir; if you were a rich man it would be different; but as it is——" He spread his hand out palm upwards to signify that the young man's chances were hopeless. But they were not altogether without hope. Some monthse later the wealthy merchant was astonished to find that his confidential clerk had bolted with practically the whole of his fortune. He was still more astonished to receive a telegram from the absconder, who was somewhere in South America, with the following message:—"Am rich—very rich, but regret to say am not in position to marry a poor man's daughter."

Elephants never use more than one tooth on each side of their jaws at once.

At Midland, (England), munition works now covering sixty-five acres was not very many months ago, green fields.

ON THE FARM

The Skim Milk Calf.

Calves raised upon skimmed milk can develop into first class dairy cows. On hundreds of farms, skimmed milk constitutes the main portion of the feed of the young calf and such calves make as good cows as those receiving whole milk.

It costs a great deal less to raise a calf on skimmed milk than on whole milk. By this plan the cream can be sold and made into butter and the proceeds added to the farm income.

Calves do well on skimmed milk whether it is skimmed by hand or with cream separator but skimmed milk from the separator has the advantage of being fresh and warm and sweet when fed. Where as many as three or four cows are milked regularly, a separator will prove a paying proposition. It saves a great deal of time and labor in setting the milk away for the cream to rise and in cleaning milk vessels.

Feeding skimmed milk develops a large stomach in the calf. This is exceedingly desirable because, after a big udder, the most valuable point in a cow is a large, capacious paunch in which she may store her feed. Every great milk cow, without exception, has a large barrel.

Wean Early.

The calf may be allowed to remain with its mother for five or six days, at which time the milk is usually fit to be saved. It should then be taken away from the cow and if possible out of her sight and hearing.

During the first week after removal from its mother, it should receive about 9 lbs. of milk a day, divided into two or three feeds, preferably into three. After this, skimmed milk should begin gradually to replace the whole milk, so that by the time the calf is three weeks old, it is getting getting skimmed milk only, the quantity varying from 12 to 18 lbs. a day according to the size and thriftiness of the calf. A teaspoonful of blood flour added to each feed of skimmed milk adds to its feeding value and prevents scours. The skimmed milk should always be fed warm, 98 to 100 degrees or blood heat, being about right.

The bucket from which the calf is fed should be washed and scalded after each feeding. The use of filthy slop buckets and unclean and sour milk will surely result in unthrifty calves and in a great deal of trouble with scours.

Get On Feed.

Within three or four weeks the calf will begin to eat bran and shelled corn, and will nibble at hay. A small amount of these materials should, therefore, be provided. Good clean clover or alfalfa hay gives the best results. Care should be taken not to give too much grain. A safe rule is to give a little less than the calf will clean up.

At the age of ten to twelve weeks, if a good pasture is available, the calf will be able to get a living from grass. When this is the case, the skimmed milk only, the quantity should be taken at this time to avoid stunting the calf, and enough grain should be given to keep it in a thrifty growing condition but not fat.

Teaching the calf to drink out of a bucket requires a little patience. Gently back the calf into a corner of the stall, stand astride the youngester, wet the fingers in the milk and let the calf get a taste of the milk. Then gently lower the head into the pail.—Canadian Farm.

The Farm Office.

Farming is a business and the manager of one is, or should be, a business man. Every city business man has an office because it has proven an asset to his business. A few farmers have also tried it and proven its efficiency.

A few reasons why every farmer should have a business office, even if it is no more than a space partitioned off in the tool house, are as follows:

1. Bulletins adapted to every phase of the farming business are now available, and unless these are filed away, they are never to be found when wanted.

2. He often has business callers who feel averse to walking into the house and talking freely before the women members of the family but who are at ease when alone with the farmer. An office fitted up comfortably with a stove and chairs is a fitting place to take them, especially in cold weather.

3. The time is fast approaching when the successful farmer will know something of science and an office or den is a good place to make his experiments on soils or other materials, or to keep his samples of seeding, soils or seeds.

4. There is no farmer but keeps some accounts, more or less correct, according to the business ability of the man. He should have a place to keep these account books. Neatly printed farm stationery, and a typewriter in his office will help the farmer to find a better market for his products.

The cost of fitting a farm office can depend upon the inclinations of the man. It should contain a desk, preferably roll top on account of its many drawers and pigeon holes, an extension of the phone from the house, shelves or cabinet for filing his books, pamphlets and samples, a stove and a table for his experiments. Other equipment may be added as is needed.—G. D. Fuller, in Farm and Dairy.

The Horse Collar.

The horse collar should fit snugly, it should not pinch at the crest of the neck and there should be room enough between the collar and lower part of the neck to admit the hand freely when not pulling. The contact surface of the collar should be smooth and plastic and distributed over as much bearing surface as possible. The incrustations that form on a collar should be removed daily to prevent increased friction. Sweat pads under collars should not be used except in cases where the animal has been galled or has a collar boil and in this case a window should be cut in the pad so as to prevent the bearing surface of the collar coming in contact with the injured part.—S. C. Tootle, North Dakota Experiment Station.

Any kind of shell is very expensive to produce.

RECTOR'S HEROISM WON VICTORIA CROSS

REV. EDWARD NOEL MELLISH WAS BRAVE MAN.

Risked Life in The [illegible] Wounded.

All England h[illegible] ing with the p[illegible] ward Noel Mel[illegible] to the front wa[illegible] in Deptford.

The Rev. Ma[illegible] awarded the Vic[illegible] Eloi when he [illegible] battle [illegible] wounded and d[illegible]

An officer of [illegible] Fusiliers who wa[illegible] tells of the in[illegible] rector risking [illegible] wounded.

"Nothing cou[illegible] way Chaplain M[illegible] and more than h[illegible] time he was [illegible] the officer. "The [illegible] day in which he [illegible] very trying. Imm[illegible] occupied the cent[illegible] while the wound[illegible] their way back [illegible] guns were turne[illegible]

Without [illegible]

"The in[illegible] luged with shell [illegible] bullets, to say n[illegible] grenades that can[illegible] the trench fill in[illegible] Into this tempes[illegible] parson walked, [illegible] under his arm, a[illegible] going to a churc[illegible] time. He reach[illegible] wounded and knel[illegible] he could for them.

"The first few [illegible] himself without an[illegible] us think a bit mor[illegible] see how he walked [illegible] assisting the slow[illegible] and thinking mor[illegible] wounded from disc[illegible] that for [illegible] own safety. It w[illegible] ambulance parties [illegible] out during the lull[illegible] he took a rest. N[illegible] on the job as un[illegible] and some men of [illegible] reason to be grat[illegible] tions to them in c[illegible]

A Convert.

"Some of the men would [illegible] survived the ordea[illegible] for the prompt ass[illegible] by Mr. Mellish. [illegible] ney who was a[illegible] worth repeating be[illegible] tribute to the pa[illegible] put on record. [illegible] man who had his h[illegible] his antireligious bi[illegible] base hospital he t[illegible] he had been saved [illegible] religion is?'e?

"He was told, [illegible] swer 'Well, I'm th[illegible] and the bloke wha[illegible] our Church will 'av[illegible] en' in.' "

Increase in Beet Sugar Industry.

A special effort [illegible] Canada to grow [illegible] With sugar now [illegible] per hundred, whole[illegible] go considerably h[illegible] excellent opportun[illegible] make money by gr[illegible] It is stated that [illegible] Western Ontario, [illegible] increased acreage [illegible] cases to 40 per [illegible] factories are pay[illegible] cents per ton on c[illegible] beets and the indic[illegible] higher prices will [illegible]

Previous to the [illegible] and France secure[illegible] beet sugar from [illegible] and Belgium, alth[illegible] considerable acrea[illegible] under cultivation [illegible] this land was loca[illegible] France and is now [illegible] Germans. This [illegible] Britain and the ot[illegible] pend upon sugar [illegible] ply, which has re[illegible] advances.

Ontario [illegible] normal acres under beet [illegible] producing about 8[illegible] year. At ordin[illegible] turns the farmer [illegible] out with the highe[illegible] paid, the farmers [illegible] reap a larger ret[illegible] keeping with the g[illegible] production and th[illegible] brings in an increa[illegible] farmers, but aids [illegible] fight against the [illegible] Commerce.

Receiving Stolen Property.

Men who buy st[illegible] boys should be ca[illegible] Junk dealers are o[illegible] and will buy brass [illegible] from children even [illegible] the material is stol[illegible] picking up scraps o[illegible] articles in alleys a[illegible] bolder and enter so[illegible] and strip the plumb[illegible] not sell the stuff t[illegible] before stealing it s[illegible] wrong-doing shoul[illegible] prosecuting those w[illegible] of these untrain[illegible] youths.—J. Kelso.

The Markda[illegible]
STANDAR[illegible]

is published on Thursday [illegible]
C. W. RUTLEDGE.

Markdale, [illegible]

Subscription, $1 a year; cou[illegible] ing to the U.S. fifty cents ext[illegible] postage. Twenty-five cents [illegible] when not paid in advance. No [illegible] discontinued until all arrears a[illegible] except at the option of the [illegible] lishers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

All Display Advertisement[illegible] charged at the following rat[illegible] inch for each insertion:

1 Year Contract ....
6 Months Contract ....
6 " ....
3 " ....
2 " ....
1 " ....
6 Weeks Contract ....
4 " ....
3 " ....
2 " ....
1 " ....

Preferred position, 10 per [illegible] ditional.

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Advts. of Farms and Rea[illegible] for sale, not exceeding [illegible] charged $1 for first month [illegible] each additional month.

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Memorial poetry, 10 cents.

Advts. without specified [illegible] will be inserted till forbid[illegible] ed accordingly.

All Advertisements subj[illegible] approval of the Publishers.

Information, coverings, S[illegible] sheets will be supplied [illegible] application.

All correspondence in[illegible] from should be ad[illegible] Markdale Standard, Mar[illegible]

Standard Clubbing [illegible]

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Saturday Globe ....
Christian Guardian ....
Daily Herald ....
Weekly Witness ....
Weekly Sentinel ....
Toronto Sun ....
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Daily News ....
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Canadian Farm ....
Canadian Poultry ....
Northern Messenger ....
The Canadian Courier ....

BUSINESS DIRE[illegible]
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Licenses. Business [illegible]

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The Painter and [illegible]
Markdale. Estimates [illegible]
ing done. The latest [illegible]
in Wall Paper kept and [illegible]

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cer, Valuator and Mo[illegible]
Deeds, Mortgages, [illegible]
drawn up and Valuat[illegible]
for sale or rent [illegible]
Money to Loan. [illegible]

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Barrister, Solicitor, [illegible]
Main street, Markdale. [illegible]

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Barristers, Solicitors, [illegible]
Offices—Lucas Block, [illegible]
Traders Bank, Owen [illegible]
B. Lucas, K.C., W. [illegible]
R. W. D. Henry, B. [illegible]

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please call up residence [illegible]
in reception room of dent[illegible]

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