THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Not at all," said Varney, unblushingly—he knew that his friend was chaffing him—"I've got a little capital, you know; my mother's money didn't go in the smash. Mr. Davis says that with a few more glass-houses for the pines, and an energetic manager to look after them, the trade with the Covent Garden can be worked up in a few years to something pretty big. I'm going to supply the glass houses, and fill the billet of energetic manager, on a partnership basis. There's nothing monstrous about that; it's a mere business arrangement, and the suggestion came from him. What do you think of it?"

"When is the wedding?" was Scarborough's answer.

Varney laughed. "You've put your finger on the weak spot," he said. "We haven't settled that yet, because we didn't feel justified in doing so without consulting Muriel in the subject first. I'm pretty sure she likes me, but she's got to swallow a lot of prejudices, which she thinks are principles, before she can be expected to marry a fellow like me. I haven't dared to ask her yet, and Davis thinks I had better wait a bit."

"He has swallowed his prejudices, it seems."

"Oh, he hadn't any. Curiously enough, I'm rather a favorite with him. Anyway, he's keen on the scheme; but, of course, if Muriel says no, it won't come off. That's down in our agreement."

"You've got an agreement already!"

"Yes, in black and white. Now, about you, old man? When's your wedding coming off?"

"I don't know," said Scarborough. "Like you, I haven't dared to ask yet. That's our rental, I think."

They had arrived at the wine-shop which Mona had described. Through the open front they saw a long counter running across the breadth of the shop; behind it were half a dozen great barrels and leaning in picturesque attitudes against the red wine of the district and smoking maize-husk cigarettes.

"Walk on a bit," said Varney. "Don't go in yet."

They went on a few yards, and then Varney said:

"I fancy I have met your Scotchman. Can you describe him?"

Scarborough gave him the description which Mona had given before Varney came in, and added:

"You came across him during the time he was Carrington's clerk, I suppose?"

"No, I've met him on the island. It was your speaking of John Knox a while ago that made me think of it. I won't mind giving you a hint about it now, but if we don't find our friend upstairs studying theology, I think I can give a guess where we can put a hand on his shoulder. Let's go back and ask for him. Got anything in your pocket, in case there's a row?"

"My fists," said Scarborough.

"I'm pretty handy with mine, too," said Varney, "but if Miss Carrington is right, he's the sort of chap who might carry a gun for emergencies. She was anxious that you shouldn't get hurt, and I feel absurdly responsible for seeing that you don't. Nothing to do with me, of course; but I do."

"I don't believe there's the slightest risk," said Scarborough.

"And if there is, we've got to take it? Right you are! Come on."

CHAPTER XX.

The two young men went into the venta. An animated discussion, which was in progress between the proprietor and three men, who were leaning over the counter, was broken off suddenly at their entrance. Varney stayed near the door, to watch the street, in case the inn had some other exit, which the man they were seeking might think it prudent to make use of suddenly. Scarborough went to the counter and asked in Portuguese for the Senhor Manoel Bernardo, the name which Mona had been told to use.

One of the loafers laughed, and the landlord frowned heavily.

"The Senor Manoel Bernardo," he repeated, sullenly. "What do you know of him, Senhor?"

"Very little," said Scarborough, smiling. "But I have come to improve my acquaintance. Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"No, Senhor."

Scarborough shrugged his shoulders. "Doubtless you have a reason for refusing," he said quietly.

"I have. A good one," said the Pedrao, and the loafer who had laughed before did so again.

"Then," said Scarborough, "I and my friend will go upstairs to the room which he hires from you. I shall be obliged, and it may save us all some trouble, if you will show us the way."

As he spoke, he moved towards a small door in the side wall, and signed to Varney to close up.

This time it was the landlord who laughed, and said:

"You can go up if you like, but he isn't there. Are your friends of his?"

"I don't think we can claim that honor," said Scarborough. "But we are very anxious to meet him."

"So am I, Senhor."

Scarborough looked at him sharply. "He owes you money?" he asked at a venture.

"Sim, senhor—a month's rent of my room and other things. He left me suddenly three days ago, without paying his bill, and I have not seen him since. We were talking of him when you entered, as possibly the senhores may have gathered from the fact that Pedro"—he indicated the loafer who had laughed—"was amused when you mentioned the name of Manoel Bernardo. I said I had a good reason for not telling you where you could find him; the senhor sees that I had, I do not know myself."

Scarborough stepped back from the little door, and came nearer to the pedrao.

"It would be to your profit to know?" he asked meaningly.

"Certainly, senhor. I should present my bill. The few things he left in his room will not repay me for what I spent on his meals. He had a dainty stomach, and would not dine on bacalhao and beans as we do. I had to buy chickens and fresh meat for him daily," complained the pedrao, indignantly.

Scarborough represented a simile. I amused him to learn that the theological Scotchman was something of an epicure, and refused olongas salt cod and lupin beans; he hated them both himself. Also it gave him an added respect for him as an antagonist; for to insist on getting his daily chicken or steak in a place like this must have meant a struggle, Scarborough knew. Moreover, he had not even paid for them. It was a small thing, but it indicated that Andrew Gillies was a man of some force of character.

"We also are anxious to find him," he said to the defrauded and indignant padrao. "Take us upstairs and show us his room."

"Certainly, Senhor. It is just as he left it."

The room was almost exactly as Mona had described it, bare save for a litter of books on the table, and a pile of English newspapers on a chair by the window. But almost as soon as they entered, Varney smothered an exclamation and pointed to a thing that was hanging on the hook behind the door. It was a long blue cloak, and near it on another chair was a large stiff hood.

Scarborough turned to the padrao.

"Did these things belong to Senhor Bernardo?" he asked.

"No, senhor, they are my wife's."

"How do they come to be here?"

"Senhor Bernardo was interested in the national costume, and the padrona brought these for him to see. I do not know why they have not been removed."

"How many days is it since he asked for them?"

"Seven or eight, senhor."

Scarborough turned to Varney, and in a low tone of excitement, said in English: "We've found our hooded woman, Phil!" And then again in Portuguese to the innkeeper: "Did Senhor Bernardo ever wear these?"

"The capote and capello?" said the man, laughing. "No, senhor; he would have been mocked by the children in the streets if he had."

"Nevertheless he did," said Scarborough to himself, and then added aloud: "There is one thing more. Does Senhor Bernardo speak Portuguese well?"

"Yes, senhor."

"Well enough to be mistaken for a native of the islands?"

"No, senhor, not well enough for that. When he came to my house first he knew only his own English tongue, and Spanish, which he said he had learned to help him in his business in London. But a Portuguese can understand Spanish if it is spoken slowly, and can make himself understood in return; so we were able to converse. The Senhor Bernardo is clever, however, and very soon he was able to speak Portuguese without making it sound like Spanish; but no, not as well as a native of the islands."

Scarborough nodded, and then held out his hand.

"Many thanks for your courtesy, Senhor padrao," he said. "You have helped me more than you know, and I hope you will get your money."

The man bowed, with the natural politeness which is instinctive with the islanders of the Azores in all ranks of life.

"I am happy to have been of service," he said. "If the senhor finds Senhor Bernardo, perhaps, in the course of conversation on more important things, he will remind him that my bill is still unpaid."

"I will if I get the chance," said Scarborough, laughing.

When they were in the street again and on their way back to Montagu's house, Scarborough said to Varney: "Now, Phil, you don't understand the lingo, so I shall have to tell you what the padrao and I were talking about. But first—where did you see Gillies?"

"In the geyser country, near Furnas," said Varney.

"How and when?"

"The day before yesterday. I was there with Muriel and her father."

He went on to explain that Davis and his daughter had taken him to see the geysers of Furnas, which make one of the show places of the island of Sao Miguel. They had taken food with them, and made a day of it, and it was while they were lunching under a tree by the roadside that Gillies had passed. He was riding a donkey in the universal fashion of the islands, perched sideways, and holding on to the cross bars of a great wooden framed saddle, which rested on two straw pads. He dressed like a peasant of the country, in a blue blouse and tight trousers; and with a maize husk cigarette between his lips, and a pillow covered with a piece of bright carpet under him for a seat, he looked the part to perfection. Davis hailed him with a "Viva" as he passed, and was answered with a surely "Bonas dias, senhor."

But there was something in the accent with which the words were spoken that made the mine grower say suddenly:

"That man isn't what he pretends to be. I'm going to speak to him. I'm interested in human curiosities."

He got up and followed the man, and was away for about half an hour. When he returned he told them with great glee that he had met a real original.

"I thought the fellow wasn't an Azorean," he said. "He's a Scotchman, though what he's doing masquerading in that get-up, I can't imagine. If he were an American or a journalist I should say he was studying the habits of the people with a view to writing a book, and had adopted native costume and was so as to get a closer view; but! don't think he's either. What do you think he and I have been talking about?"

(To be continued.)

MUNITION MAKERS SUFFER

Handling of Explosives Gives Rise to Diseases.

The high pressure under which the production of munitions has had to be performed in Great Britain has brought with it destructive maladies. These are particularly noticeable in connection with the manufacture of high explosives. Thus in handling trinitrotoluol after a prolonged period one becomes drowsy, suffers from frontal headache, loss of appetite and may even become afflicted with a distinctive eczema. Unless the operative takes a rest in time jaundice may supervene, with decided danger of life. In a few instances death has been directly traced to the handling of the explosive.

Tetryl throws off a slight dust which, unless timely precautions are taken, leads to troublesome eczema. Another medium inimical to health is the varnish with which the wings and bodies of aeroplanes are treated. Tetra-chlorethane enters largely into the preparation of this varnish, and this throws off a noxious vapor which produces drowsiness and loss of appetite, and if work is persisted in ultimately jaundice, liver complications and coma. In this case an alternative varnish has been discovered which is free from the evil constituents; but it has not come into general use for the simple reason that there are insufficient supplies of the necessary ingredients to meet demands.

DUKE'S GARDENERS.

Three Employed on the Eaton Estate Exempted.

Three married men employed on the Duke of Westminster's Eaton gardens have been exempted conditionally at Chester. It was stated that the duke wanted every available man liberated from the gardens and only the necessary labor retained. Of the original staff of 50, 30 had left for service. Their places were kept open and wages paid, less the army pay, making a yearly liability to the duke of £4,340. The head gardener said he had unsuccessfully tried to secure other labor. Eaton gardens were opened to the public for six months each year, and during the past 20 years admissions for viewing the gardens and hall had resulted in £16,00 for charities. The duke had lent the hall as a military hospital, and the demand for vegetables was heavier than ever. Lady Arthur Grosvenor, hospital nurses, and others helped in lighter work. They had a valuable collection of tulips, which were a national asset.

Visitor to Prison—"Do you really think there is honor among thieves?" Prison Chaplain—"No, no, my dear sir; thieves are just as bad as other people."

"We're all right, Bill. I expect the Navy will be up next week."—London Opinion.

"PAROWAXED"

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PRACTICAL FARMING

A Cement Walk to the Barn.

On the majority of farms no provision is made for a dry walk from house to barn, although the distance, whether it be long or short, must be traversed many times a day. On sandy soil it is possible to make and keep a fairly satisfactory earth walk, but in the clay districts the walk cut up every spring and fall and is sloppy after every rain. No one particularly desires to tramp through mud when going to work or coming to meals and yet thousands of families living on the farm must do that very thing. Blocks of wood or old boards are sometimes thrown down to walk on but at best they are only a temporary arrangement and soon break up or get displaced. A permanent concrete walk is within reach of most farmers. The gravel can be hauled in the winter when the teams are not busy and experts are not required to lay the walk. Any handy man could mix the gravel and put it down in a short time.

On a farm recently visited there was a three-foot concrete walk from house to barn and in the estimation of the writer it added many dollars to the value of the farm. One could go to the milk-house or barn in comfort, even in the wettest season. The walk also aided in keeping dirt from being carried into the house on the men's boots. The walk was about five inches thick. The bottom four inches was made of one part cement to four parts good gravel and the top inch was one part cement to three parts sand. It was blocked off in three-foot squares, except where the wagons crossed and there it was in six inch squares. There is always a danger of frost heaving a concrete walk, but this can be largely overcome by good drainage. In building a walk, a trench is dug about four inches wider than is desired, and four inches deep. Two by four scantlings are then staked in place and raised one inch from the bottom, to hold the concrete until it sets, then they should be removed. The cement and gravel should be thoroughly mixed before being placed in the trench. An iron or wooden block may be used to pack the concrete. A thin iron may be put across the walk every three feet to divide it into blocks. This can be removed when the concrete has set. Frequently heavy iron is used to cut the blocks after they have partially set. Either method is practicable. The expense of a walk for the average farm is not great. When the distance is one hundred yards, about eleven cubic yards of gravel, three cubic yards of sand and fifteen and one-half barrels of cement would be sufficient to put in a permanent walk. If the farm teams are used for hauling the gravel and sand, $1.50 per yard should be a fair price for that material laid down at the farm. The price of cement varies, but at $1.60 per barrel the total cost for cement, gravel and sand would not exceed $45. It would only cost a few dollars to mix the concrete and lay the walk. The cost would be considerably reduced if no account was taken of teaming. Many buildings are less than 100 yards apart, while others are a greater distance. The cost would be lessened or increased accordingly. Even if it does cost fifty or sixty dollars to put down a permanent walk, that will keep the feet dry and clean when going to and from the barn, those who have so invested their cash claim it was money well spent. A permanent walk may be a trifling thing, but it greatly improves the appearance of the farm home.—Farmer's Advocate.

When Building Barns.

Floors and Gutters.—Place layer of concrete 4 to 5 inches thick on well-drained cinders or gravel, and have the sub-base 6 inches thick.

All stall floors should have a slope of one-quarter inch to the foot. Feeding floors 1 inch to 60 feet.

Gutters should be 8 inches deep next to cow, 4 inches deep on the alley side and 16 inches to 18 inches wide. Finish all floors with a wooden trowel so that concrete will be left rough and there will be little danger of animals slipping on it.

Cow Stalls.—Have dairy cow stalls 3 feet 6 inches wide, 4 feet 8 inches in length from edge of manger to gutter. Single horse stalls should be 5 feet wide and double length for horse stalls 5 feet 7 feet from edge of manger to end of stall. Mangers for cow and horse stall should be 6 inches to 8 inches wide. Box stalls for hospital or maternity horses are 12 feet by 16 feet or 12 feet by 14 feet. Feed alleys should be at least 8 feet wide, wider if possible.

Silos.—Build to feed 30 pounds a day to each head. Make the silo two and one-half to three times as high as the diameter. Build small diameter and high rather than wide and low. Provide feed for at least 180 days.

A silo 12 x 30 feet will hold 67 tons and feed 15 to 30 cows 180 days.

A silo 14 x 36 feet will hold 94 tons and feed 35 to 40 cows 180 days.

A silo 14 x 42 feet will hold 138 tons and feed 45 to 50 cows 180 days.

A silo 16 x 48 feet will hold 236 tons and feed 60 to 70 cows 180 days.

Better-Bodied Butter

The people who buy the higher grades of butter are people who are familiar with the quality of food they appreciate but that will stand warm temperature and will hold its shape because it has a good body. The wants of the consumer should be closely studied by the producer and when they desire butter of a particular texture, color or salt, the producer should immediately fall in with the suggestion as though he were anxious and trying to increase his trade by catering to their demands.

The sooner that the small creameries which are receiving good cream awaken to this fact the better it will be for them. If we are going to accept this excuse or cream as one of the good qualities in butter making, and let it be recognized as a favor, we should then change the system of scoring, and instead of scoring the texture or body of butter low we should have overrun follow further to texture, color, and flavor. This, to me, would be ridiculous, for the simple reason that the consumer does not want any more water and salt in the butter than is necessary and he wants a good body. He is the final judge and must be pleased.—Extract from address by P. H. Kieffer.

Salting Hay.

As a rule when hay has been well saved there is not much advantage in salting hay, but if for any reason it is a little damp or has been much damaged by rain before being stacked or mowed away it is usually an advantage to add salt to it. The salt has three functions: it checks heating, prevents the growth of moulds and fungi, and makes bad hay more palatable.

A certain amount of heating in hay after it is moved away is desirable as it is considered to make the hay more relished by the stock, but if it is improperly cured—the heating be excessive and may result in spontaneous combustion. As a rule from 10 to 20 pounds of salt is used to every ton of hay. If the hay is a little damp when stored away or if it has been injured by rain salting is well worth considering. The prospects are that a lot of the hay-making will be done this year in anything but suitable weather.

Grain for Hogs on Pasture.

The pig is a pork-producing machine and like other machinery is most profitable when run at full capacity. A pig's stomach is so small that it will not digest enough alfalfa and to make a profitable growth. It cannot produce the best gain when on pasture alone or when on pasture supplemented by only a small amount of grain. Tests show clearly that two and one-half to three pounds of grain daily per 100 pounds of live weight of the pigs produced not only the greatest gain but the greatest profit. The higher the price of grain the smaller the profit in favor of the heavier ration.

Matrimonial Ices

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."

"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk just as you did."

PAST CENTURIES ARE DISCLOSED

SIR AUREL STEIN REEXPLORES DESERTS

Discovers Coins and Works of Buddhist Art Dating Back Many Hundreds of Years Ago.

Sir Aurel Stein, who has returned to England on the completion of a two and a half years' journey through Central Asia in order of the Government of India, the London Exploration Society, the Clarendon Laboratory, Oxford, and the Russian, Turkish, Persian and Afghan governments.

After crossing the Takla Makan, Sir Aurel Stein proceeded as rapidly as possible to the oasis of Khotan, where he found the dried up bed of a river on his way across the Takla Makan desert.

Finds Buried Cities.

Among the objects of interest he visited was a large area still showing the elaborate traces and vast quantities of dead wood. The abandoned channels of the river were marked by a belt of dead trees, marking the course of the river itself in the sand.

Perhaps the most important discovery was the discovery of the ancient route of the Chinese pilgrims, numerous ruins of which lay three miles from the river. It was by this route that the second Buddhist mission conveyed all the Buddhist literature from Asia and the Far East. The numerous pilgrims' accounts of the Chinese pilgrims are the same as those of the chapter in the history of Old Cathay.

In the ruins there was a wealth of Buddhist art, in the shape of some hundreds of coins and other objects, which were dropped in the course of pilgrimage. In one place was a collection of copper coins of copper encrusted and preserved untouched for hundred years.

The Hunt for Relics.

During another journey Sir Aurel Stein travels Sir Aurel Stein in the space of 250 miles, the armed forces which the Chinese Government sent to protect the caravans in Kansu against the raids from the Tibetan and Mongolian tribes. The wall be received as written records from the first century of Christ.

His travels have covered seven thousand miles over mountain and desert.

SIGHT FOR THE BLIND

Operation Will Enable Them to See for Some Time.

An Australian, who lost his sight in the war, has been operated on which will restore the effects of the sight for more than three months. According to London Opinion, "I was in the operating theatre, and meantime he had been in the room, which he is to enter, certainly, in Australia he had a certain place in his boyhood days, spent in the open air. Operation past, he bitterly grudged accustomed to be in the dark, however, at first glance will be struck by a man whose appearance described to him. A fellow's brief recital with its pathetic appeal advance of the upon him again, tragic a story of hard.

It seems to me I were the bell whistles like a clock don't sound and where there is real stillness low whispering. Brook's fall strangely, softly sometimes it cut the city I get out where and say "How do Eugene Field.

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O. R. MILLER, M.B.
Rockton, Ont.
Graduate of the Medical
Queen's University, Kin
Lake House, Surgeon in
and Marine Hospital,
Phone 213 and 613