THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd).

Mona became suddenly grave, and the moonlight flashed in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"I mean," said Scarborough, "would it be safe to tell him, not what you suggest, but the simple truth? Can we make him one of us in this matter?"

"It's safe to trust Val B. Montague in anything," said Mona. She drew herself up, and it seemed almost that she said it proudly. "He is eccentric, perhaps, but he is the truest-hearted gentleman I have ever met."

"Then I think I prefer to tell him the truth."

Mona hesitated, and then held out her hand. "You are right," she said with a straight look from her hazel eyes. "I am sorry I suggested that you should play upon one of his weaknesses. From me he doesn't deserve that. Elsa, shall we go back now."

"You will come back for us at half-past five, Horace," said Elsa.

The girls went back, and Scarborough rode on to the Cable Station. He found Montague in the billiard room, playing snooker-pool with Scott and another man. The Yankee circus-man welcomed him characteristically.

"Mr. Scarborough, sir," said he, "I would say I was glad to meet you if I dared. I told you I was not a superstitious man, but what is the crisis in my affairs this time? You and I never meet except when fate has been shaking something into my lap out of her bag of surprises. What is it, sir, this time? Any misfortunate happened to my schooner, or to any children of Val B. Montague's Combination? Or does your appearance merely portend that I am about to miss this easy shot that snooker?"

"Try the shot and see," said Scarborough.

"Is your game nearly over?" Scarborough asked Scott.

"Yes. Want to join in?"

"No, thanks; but will you bring Montague to my room when you've finished? There's something I want to tell you both."

Val B. Montague looked up quickly. "There is a crisis!" he said. "I was sure of it."

"Yes," said Scarborough, "there is a crisis. But not in your affairs this time, MoMntague. I'm going to ask for your help, that's all; and Miss de la Mar told me I should find you would give it. But finish your game first."

Montague had thrown down his cue. "No," he said. "If Miss de la Mar promised that I should help you, I opine that she did not calculate that I should let a game of snooker delay me. Lead the way to your room, sir! Mr. Scott and I will follow."

"Very well, if you prefer it."

"I do, sir."

Scarborough kept nothing back in what he told these two; he gave them the whole tale simply, and did not fear that he was violating confidences in so doing. He guessed that he probably had a clever adversary in Gillies, and he was quite sure that he had an extremely clever one in Mrs. Carrington; and he judged with a cool prudence that was characteristic, that the heavier the battalions which he could bring to bear against them, the more likely was he to win in the end. He would have liked, of course, to win without the heavy battalions, but it was safer if less glorious, to be as strong as possible. The best general is not he who brings off forlorn hopes by gallant fighting, but he who concentrates all available forces, leaves the leading of forlorn hopes to the enemy, and never requires to lead one himself. Scarborough did not despise the glory which is won by making a gallant fight against odds, but he was a good enough general to prefer safety to glory. Had he been fighting for his own hand he would probably have reasoned differently; but just now he was fighting for Elsa.

These two, then, would be staunch recruits. Scott he could vouch for himself, and Mona had vouched for Montague. It was all right.

When he had finished Montague said:

"That's all right, sonny. Of course we'll chip in and help you to beat the widow. You're boss in this show. Just tell us what you want us to do, and we'll do it. Is that right, Mr. Scott?"

"Oh, yes," said Scott, laughing. "But I see the part I'm cast for without being told. Extra spells in front of the siphon-recorder, while Scarborough goes treasure-hunting. That's the form of excitement I'm billed for, isn't it, Horace?"

"I do want you to relieve me tomorrow morning at five, if you will," said Scarborough. "I'm afraid it's a deadly slow part for you, old man."

"Never mind, I'll do it. I've just laid in a fresh stock of modern French fiction in paper-backs, so I'll yawn through an extra spell all right with their help. Give me a chance of being in at the death, as a reward, if you get any real fighting."

"Now, Mr. Scarborough, your orders to me!" said Montague. "I gather that I'm to look after the widow. Any particular way of doing it?"

"The most effective you can think of, please," said Scarborough. "I leave it to you to decide. Better wait till you see to-morrow what she means to do."

"No, sir," said the circus-man. "That's not my way of doing business. If I put my finger into this pie, it's going to be my pie. I shall arrange the programme, not the Widow Carrington. You give me a free hand?"

"Oh, yes; short of actual violence. We may come to that in the end, but I don't want our side to begin it."

"Then get up and go to that writing-table, and write me a letter of introduction to her."

"What's the good of that?" asked Scarborough laughing. "She will laugh at you."

"Maybe she will, but that's the way I'm going to do it. You said I could have a free hand, and I said it was going to be my pie. Don't know how to word it, don't you? I'll dictate. 'Dear Madam,—During my unavoidable absence on a picnic with your daughter and Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar, our Mr. Val. B. Montague, of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination, is fully empowered to represent me, and to make any arrangements that may be necessary for your comfort. He is a man in whose ability I have perfect confidence, and I have given him a free hand in the matter. He requests me to inform you that this is his pie, and though the metaphor is not very clear to me, he promises that you shall understand it before the day is over.—Horace Scarborough, Cable Station, Ribiera Grande!'—Sign it!"

Scarborough threw down his pen, and hear Scott burst into a roar of laughter. Val B. Montague gravely picked up the paper, blotted it, and put it into his pocket-book.

"Now tell us what you really mean to do," said Scott.

Montague turned to him solemnly. "Mr. Scott," he said, "you don't show the intelligence which I have gathered, from your conversation on other subjects, that you possess. I am going to call at the Chindas to-morrow morning early, and present this admirably worded letter of introduction to the widow of the late Richmond Carrington."

"Oh, nonsense, man!"

"I am sir. And I anticipate that as a result I shall enjoy a very pleasant day. It may be a somewhat strenuous one, thought, so I will wish you good-night. My room is two doors away, I think."

"By jove!" said Scott, when Montague had bowed himself out of the room, "he really means it! I don't think all the fun will be at Furna to-morrow, Horace!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Phil Varney, lying on his back under a golden roof formed by tollas of maize cobs, found the morning very pleasant. The drying maize, strung in bundles on three poles stacked in a tripod, whispered softly as the breeze crept through the air-spaces between the cobs. The sun was not yet hot enough to be unpleasant, and the view in front of him was perhaps the most beautiful in all the insland. He found nature's morning mood restful, his pipe was drawing well, and Muriel Davis had promised last night that she would ride over the course of the day. Everything, therefore, was peace; he indulged himself in dreams, and sentry though he was, he showed unmistakeable signs of a tendency to sleep at his post.

Beneath him in the valley lay the lake of Las Furnas, three miles in circumference; and the roofs of the long straggling village, half hidden by the trees which grew everywhere on the lower ground, made dots of darker color on the landscape. The village is situated in the bottom of a vast crater, and the steep pointed hills once active volcanoes, but clother now with a dense garment of pines, form a complete ring round it. Down the flanks of the great Peak of the Cedars, and its twin mountain the Peak of the Locust, waterfalls flashed in white spray; and the Ribeira Quente, the "Hot River," wound through the valley, changing color continually as it received the tinted waters of the many vocanic springs by which it is fed.

Nature was beautiful, but somnoleht; and Phil. Varney, feeling quite contented with his lot just now, was inclined to be somnelent too.

A voice hailing him from the lower level broke the reverie into which he was drifting. He raised himself on his elbow and saw Scarborough pushing a bicycle up the rough ground of the hillside.

"Any sign of Gillies yet?" asked Scarborough, when he reached the maize stack.

"No. Where is Muriel? She said she would ride over with you."

"She and the other two girls are behind. I left them at the Casa Davis, packing luncheon baskets, and came on first."

"The other two girls?" querried Varney. "Mona and Miss Carrington? They coming too? You've turned it into a regular picnic!"

"That is the idea," said Scarborough. "And Mrs. Carrington and Val B. will join us later, I fancy."

"Here, hold hard!" Varne yexclaimed. "I don't understand this. What's Mrs. Carrington coming for? Explain, please!"

"All right, but give me some breakfast first. Got anything?"

"Frogs' legs," said Varney with a grin: "I'll heat you a panful in no time. Ever tasted them?"

"No," said Scarborough, and added doubtfully: "Not sure that I want to now."

"Oh, they're capital! Wait till you taste! It was Davis who put me up to the idea. The place swarms with them, and they're the real edible kind, though the natives haven't found that out. Davis is thinking of starting a pickle factory and exporting them to Paris. By the way, did you show him the scratched stone?"

"Yes."

"Well? What's his idea?"

"He fancies that he can make some more of it logible. He's going to dust lycopodium powder over it, and then photograph it, and he thinks the powder may show up in the photograph where the pencil marks were. He's working at it now."

(To be continued).

NATURE GUARDS SECRETS

Centuries of Study Yield Little to Moon.

Greenwich, England, observatory was founded by Charles II. mainly for the purpose of investigating the movements of the moon in the interests of navigation, but though generations of astronomers have in the intervening two and a half centuries been working at the problem, the moon has not yet been amenable to their mathematics. The astronomer royal, in his report of the work at Greenwich during the last year, calls attention to the increasing by big deviation between the calculated position of the moon in the sky and its real position as shown by the Greenwich observations.

This deviation has lately been increasing in a serious manner, the error last year being more than 12 times as large as it was 20 years ago, the average annual increase amounting in the two decades to half a second of arc in longitude. The cause of the failure of astronomers to make the moon amenable to their exact mathematics, based on the dynamical laws of gravitation, is believed to be some attractive force of which we are at present ignorant, though in all probability one factor is the true shape of the earth, which still awaits accurate determination. Fortunately the chronometer and wireless telegraph have made seamen virtually independent of lunar observations in ascertaining their position in the trackless oceans.

A Happy Thought.

A member of a fashionable church had gone to her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"Do you know," she said, "that the man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing? Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

"Well," answered the pastor, reflectively, "I feel a little delicacy on that score, especially as I should have to give a reason. But I tell you what I might do—I might ask him to join the choir!"

DAUGHTER OF LATE PRESIDENT CLEVELAND NOW A NURSE IN EUROPE.

Miss Esther Cleveland (left), a daughter of the late Grover Cleveland, one time President of the United States, as she appears in the uniform of a nurse in the European war zone. On the right is Sister Pat, a nurse who has been decorated for bravery on the allied front.

PRACTICAL FARMING

The Cream Separator.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the progress that the cream separator has made during the last few years. There are now very few farms where dairying is carried on that have not their separator, even though the people running them may be antiquated in regard to their methods in other respects.

It requires very little demonstrating to convince anyone that a cream separator is a great saving over the old pan method of securing cream. A separator takes up much less room in the dairy than the setting pans, and it obtains a greater yield of butter from the milk used. Moreover, the cream from the separator is quite sweet, and therefore the ripening of it is more easily controlled than where pans are employed, which develop a certain amount of acidity or other ferments due to bacterial activity while the cream is rising.

When the cream separator is carefully managed the skim milk should not contain more than 0.1 per cent. of butter fat, and thus the butter yield is increased by 10 to 12 per cent. as compared with the old pan setting system. This makes a considerable difference in the course of a year where good dairy cows are employed, and would soon pay for the separator.

With care a separator will last for many years and it is generally through carelessness or ignorance that it breaks down. It is important that the separator bearings be well oiled in order to avoid friction and wearing out of parts. Before starting to separate all the sight feed lubricators should be full, and tested to see that they are in working order. The separated should always be started very slowly, and the speed worked up gradually, and no milk let into the bowl until it is running at full speed.

The milk should be separated as soon as it leaves the cow, as fat is lost in the skim milk when the milk is skimmed below a temperature of 85 deg. F. If cold milk has to be dealt with it should be warmed up to from 100 to 120 deg. F. first before being separated. The separator should be washed immediately after using. If left for some time, as is often done, it gives the slime a chance to dry on the interior of the bowl, and then more time and trouble are required to remove it, than if the cleaning were effected as soon as the milk has passed through the machine.

Immediately after use all the parts with which the milk comes into contact should be taken apart and washed with lukewarm water. Hot water should not be used, as it causes part of the milk to cake on and form a refuge for germs which taint milk. After this the parts should be washed in fairly hot water containing a little soda, and then dipped in scalding water.

The creamy matter left in the bowl may be put in the pig tub, and care must be taken to thoroughly clean the bowl of all the slime present after separating. The amount of slime in the bowl is a good indication as to whether the milk has been obtained in a cleanly manner or not. The dirtier the milk the more slime there will be present in the bowl.

In order to secure the best results the separator must be worked at the correct speed, which must be maintained at a uniform speed until all the milk is separated.

Cows Need Mineral Matter.

That pigs require a considerable amount of mineral matter in their food is pretty well known, but that cows will sometimes suffer from want of it is not so well known. Salt, of course, is always fed to the stock by careful feeders all the year round.

The late Herr Kellner estimated that a cow giving twenty pounds of milk per day should receive about three and a half ounces of lime per day. Many cases have been observed where cows had abnormal appetities and developed the habit of eating wood, etc., that when a sufficient amount of lime was fed the desire to gnaw wood and eat filth stopped.

In sections where the water is soft many good dairymen put lime in the water trough so as to make sure that the animals will get enough of this very important food constituent. The old saying that "a limestone country is a rich country" emphasizes the value of the lime, and it is a well known fact that the bigest bone and thriftiest cattle are raised where the soil has an abundance of lime.

Writing in Wallace's Farmer some time ago, Mr. C. H. Eckles, of the University of Missouri, wrote: "The use of clover, alfalfa, or cowpea hay, in the ration will make certain that this trouble (lack of lime in the feed) will not occur. These foods are the highest in lime content of any which we ordinarily feed. Corn, on the other hand, is the most deficient in lime of all grains ordinarily fed. A pound of alfalfa hay contains practically the same amount of lime as 100 pounds of corn.

"We found a herd of dairy cattle in this state suffering from a lack of lime—and on investigation it was discovered that the cows which were producing 35 pounds of milk a day, were actually giving off more lime in their feed. Probably no trouble would have resulted except for the fact that the preceding summer had been dry and the grass short, making it impossible for the cows to accumulate a reserve supply of lime."

Which of These is the Better?

Two men were leaning over the pasture bars.

"Yes, sir, that colt is for sale, but he belongs to my son in the field yonder. You'll have to bargain with him," said the farmer, motioning to the boy. "He'll be here presently and you can talk to him."

"That boy!" ejaculated the stranger.

"Yes, George is seventeen and a smarter boy never was raised on any farm—if I do say it. You ought to hear him in debate. He can hold his end with the best of 'em. He raised that colt and the sale money, saving for a course in an agricultural college, then I'll step down and out he'll run the old farm. Here George, this man is looking at your two-year-old."

The bargain was soon concluded, but not before the buyer had learned that the seventeen-year-old boy was a keen judge of horse flesh and knew the worth of his colt.

Two men were leaning over the pasture bars.

"Yes, sir, them steers are as good as ever was raised in this town. That boy over there calls 'em his, and has fussed with 'em ever since they were calves. Hey? Oh, that makes no difference when it comes to selling. They were fed from my mow, and I reckon the cash goes into my pocket. Boys are ungrateful nowadays. He keeps talking of quitting, and I can't keep him longer than he is twenty-one. He might take the old farm and let me have a rest, but he will not listen to that. Well—it can't be helped as I see. You don't offer quite what I consider the steers worth, but there's no use in feeding 'em any longer. They're yours. Which boy made a successful, contented farmer, and why?—Western Farmer.

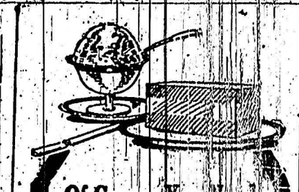
HUNS ARE GLUTTONS.

Eat Far More Than Other People When Possible.

Though the Huns are beginning to complain that they are being starved, yet what is starvation to them is plenty to most nations, says London Answers.

Before the war the Germans, both men and women, were the biggest eaters of any one the Continent. The average German begins with coffee and milk between seven and eight in the morning. About ten there is a meat breakfast, at one o'clock a really heavy meal, as a rule about twice as much as an English lunch, with beer or wine, or both. At tea, takes, chocolates and marzipans are invariably eaten.

At 8 p.m. comes supper, almost as heavy as the midday dinner, and consisting of cold ham, mutton, beef or veal with wine.



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PUT IN LAYER OF MAGGOTS

German Baker Also Mixed Rats and Bugs In His Cakes.

The Berlin Vorwaerts says the unscrupulous manner in which the preparation of various articles of food is being carried on has again been strikingly exemplified in Leipzig.

A master baker, C. B., owner of one of the foremost fashionable establishments in Leipzig, has been found guilty of the most shameless transgression of all existing laws and regulations. His work consists of all war to bake live maggots in his cakes.

On an assistant showing him that the dough was full of these vermin, Rabitz contented himself with covering them up beneath a layer of dough. "No need to remove the maggots," he observed, "people will eat the cakes all the same." The meat paste was thereupon duly baked into cakes.

Rabitz had also prepared another kind of confection, styled "desert cake," from ground wood and potato flour, in which quantities of lice and even bugs were present.

This infamous specimen of the baker tribe received five months' imprisonment besides being condemned to pay a fine of £31.

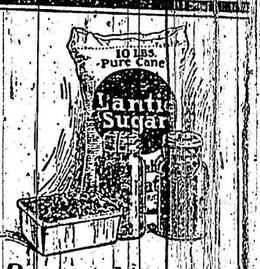
Kitchener Predicted Death.

When Lord Kitchener was in France some three months ago, visiting the British front, he met his friend the naval Capt. Testu de Balincourt, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aide if he should need one later during the war. Lord Kitchener told his friend now a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added "that did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."

Chickens Now $4 Apiece.

The London Times Berne correspondent quotes an American from Brussels as saying that the condition of that city is outwardly little changed; that the chief privation is the absence of news. Food commands extravagant prices, bread being thirteen cents and meat of all kinds a dollar a pound. Chickens are from $2 to $4 apiece. Butter is a dollar a pound. There is much distress and even starvation in the surrounding country.

Madge (reading letter from brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him." Old Auntie—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear."



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HISTORIC BATTLES FOUGHT IN PICARDY

THE BRITISH WON TWO GREAT VICTORIES.

Ancient French Province Produced Many Noted Names of Chivalry.

If historical associations inspire to brave deeds, the British forces in their offensive against the Germans along the Somme River should be heartened to extraordinary acts of valor by the thought that they are fighting in Picardy, says a war geography bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

This ancient province of France, now divided into four departments—the Somme, Oise, Pas de Calais, and Aisne—has two battlefields whose very names call to the minds of Englishmen, for it was at Crecy that the Black Prince won his spurs, and Agincourt that Henry V., commanding his yeomen with their cloth-yard bows, utterly overthrew the flower of French chivalry.

Valiant French Soldiers.

Picardy is a province whose name is romantic literature and French history. It had a [illegible] in the twelfth century and its soldiers were among the [illegible] in France, being known as the Gascons of the North.

The province was a natural battleground for the French and English during the Hundred Years' War, its shores extending along the English Channel from the River Authie, above Abbeville, below Dieppe. Fifteen miles north of Abbeville, one of the towns of Picardy, is Crecy, where, in the nineteenth century, stood the old windmill from which Edward III. of England watched his beloved son, the Prince of Wales, at the first battle of Crecy, at the age of sixteen years of age, triumph over the French forces of Philip of Valois. On this occasion the English, to one, were outnumbered four to one, but they wrought terrible havoc among the French knights and the cavalry, the enemy, the losses on the French being variously estimated at from 10,000 to 30,000. The French fell in this fight was the blind John, King of Bohemia, blind, led a heroic charge of his French ally. Some of the Prince of Wales' feathers, which "ich feathers and the motto "Ich dien" (I serve), to the Black Prince adopting the motto of his fallen John, in memory of the battle.

Henry Fifth's Great Victory.

Less than 20 miles from Crecy is Agincourt, where the archers, nearly 70 [illegible] strong, letting fly their arrows against the heavily armed French, attacked them with their clubs, floundered helplessly in the mud, thousand Frenchmen, including their commander, the constable of France, the flower of the French chivalry, while the English losses was astonishingly small, chroniclers giving it as 29 men-at-arms and 100 foot soldiers. Several towns in Picardy, such as Soissons, and Beauvais, bear names to the ancient tribes that inhabited this section, the latter being Secunda; when the Romans established camps along the banks of the Somme, the first Christianity was introduced. Quentin, from which the town 20 miles back of the Somme, was named, Picardy was the scene of the conversion of Clovis, King of France, in the fifth century, while Charlemagne, who made Picardy his principal residence, was one of the Carolingians in the treaty of Mersen, Lagn.

By the treaty of Arras, the royal towns of the Somme were ceded to Burgundy, but were taken after the death of Charles the Bold by Louis XI regained them. After a brief era of peace the province was made a centre of the Flemish immigration, which introduced the art.

He Was Wise.

He had been called [illegible] weeks for six months' imprisonment. He was a [illegible] and didn't think it [illegible]

"Father," he said [illegible] ing a stroll one [illegible] going to ask you a question."

"Oh, George," she [illegible] is so sudden. Why [illegible]

"What I want to [illegible] interrupted. "What [illegible] your mother [illegible] wedding?"

German Butcher.

A Cologne butcher has been sentenced to [illegible] years and fine 20,000 [illegible] for withholding from [illegible] amount of meat and [illegible] by selling meat assigned [illegible] Cologne to Dresden [illegible] profit. This is the heaviest [illegible] yet reported for violations [illegible] distribution laws.

Proving it—"I gave you a penny yesterday to be good, and today you are just as bad as can be." "While—Yes, I'm trying to show that you got your money's worth yesterday."

The Markdale STANDARD

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