THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XIII.

It is probable that Mrs. Da Souza, excellent wife and mother though she had proved herself to be, had never admired her husband more than when, followed by the malevolent glances of Miss Montressor and her friend, she, with her daughter and Da Souza, re-entered the gates of the Lodge. The young ladies had announced their intention of sitting in the fly until they were allowed speech with their late host; to which he had replied that they were welcome to sit there until doomsday so long as they remained outside his gates. Mr. Da Souza lingered for a moment and laid his finger upon his nose.

"It ain't no use, my dears," he whispered confidentially. "He's fairly got the hump. Between you and me he'd give a bit not to have us, but me and him being old friends—you see, we know a bit about one another."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Miss Montressor remarked, with a toss of her head. "Well, you and your wife and your little chit of a daughter are welcome to him so far as we are concerned, aren't they, Flossie?"

"Well, I should say so," agreed the young lady, who rather affected Americanisms.

Da Souza stroked his little imperial, and winked solemnly.

"You are young ladies of spirit," he declared. "Now——"

"Hiram!"

"I am coming, my dear," he called over his shoulder. "One word more, my charming young friends! No. 7, Racket's Court, City, is my address. Look in sometimes when you're that day, and we'll have a bit of lunch together, and just at present take my advice. Get back to London and write him from there. He is not in a good humor at present."

"We are much obliged, Mr. Da Souza," the young lady answered loftily. "As we have engagements in London this afternoon, we may as well go now—eh, Flossie?"

"Right along," answered the young lady, "I'm with you, but as to writing Mr. Trent, you can tell him from me, Mr. Da Souza, that we want to have nothing more to do with him. A fellow that can treat ladies as he has treated us is no gentleman. You can tell him that. He's an ignorant, common fellow, and for my part I despise him."

"Same here," echoed Miss Montressor, heartily. "We ain't used to associate with such as him!"

"Hiram!"

Mr. Da Souza raised his hat and bowed; the ladies were tolerably gracious and the fly drove off. Whereupon Mr. Da Souza followed his wife and daughter along the drive and caught them up upon the doorstep. With mingled feelings of apprehension and elation he ushered them into the morning-room where Trent was standing looking out of the window with his hands behind him. At their entrance he did not at once turn round. Mr. Da Souza coughed apologetically.

"Here we are, my friend," he remarked. "The ladies are anxious to wish you good morning."

Trent faced them with a sudden gesture of impatience. He seemed on the point of an angry exclamation, when his eyes met Julie Da Souza's. He held his breath for a moment and was silent. Her face was scarlet with shame, and her lips were trembling. For her sake Trent restrained himself.

"Glad to see you back again, Julie," he said, ignoring her mother's outstretched hand and beaming smile of welcome. "Going to be a hot day, I think. You must get out in the hayfield. Order what breakfast you please, Da Souza," he continued on his way to the door; "you must be hungry—after such an early start!"

Mrs. Da Souza sat down heavily and rang the bell.

"He was a little cool," she remarked, "but that was to be expected. Did you observe the notice he took of Julie? Dear child!"

Da Souza rubbed his hands and nodded meaningly. The girl, who between the two was miserable enough, sat down with a little sob. Her mother looked at her in amazement.

"My, Julie," she exclaimed, "my dear child! You see, Hiram, she is faint! She is overcome!"

The child, she was very little more, broke out at last in speech, passionately, yet with a miserable foreknowledge of the ineffectiveness of anything she might say.

"It is horrible," she cried, "it is maddening! Why do we do it? Are we paupers or adventurers? Oh, let me go away! I am ashamed to stay in this house!"

Her father, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and his legs far apart, looked at her in blank and speechless amazement; her mother, with more consideration but equal lack of sympathy, patted her gently on the back of her hand.

"Silly Julie," she murmured, "what is there that is horrible, little one?"

The dark eyes blazed with scorn, the delicately curved lips shook.

"Why, the way we thrust ourselves upon this man is horrible!" she cried. "Can you not see that we are not welcome, that he wishes us gone?"

Da Souza smiled in a superior manner; the smile of a man who, if only he would, could explain all things. He patted his daughter on the head with a touch which was meant to be playful.

"My little one," he said, "you are mistaken. Leave these matters to those who are older and wiser than you. It is but just now that my good friend said to me, 'Da Souza,' he say, 'I will not have you take your little daughter away!' Oh, we shall see! We shall see!"

Julie's tears crept through the fingers closely pressed over her eyes.

"I do not believe it," she sobbed. "He has scarcely looked at me all the time, and I do not want him to. He despises us all—and I don't blame him. It is horrid!"

Mrs. Da Souza, with a smile which was meant to be arch, had something to say, but the arrival of breakfast broke up for a while the conversation. Her husband, whom Nature had blessed with a hearty appetite at all times, was this morning after his triumph almost disposed to be boisterous. He praised the cooking, chaffed the servants to their infinite disgust, and continually urged his wife and daughter to keep pace with him in his onslaught upon the various dishes which were placed before him. Before the meal was over Julie had escaped from the table crying softly. Mr. Da Souza's face darkened as he looked up at the sound of her movement, only to see her skirt vanishing through the door.

"Shall you have trouble with her, my dear?" he asked his wife anxiously.

That estimable lady shook her head with a placid smile. "Julie is so sensitive," she muttered, "but she is not disobedient. When the time comes I can make her mind."

"But the time has come!" Da Souza exclaimed. "It is here now, and Julie is sulky. She will have red eyes and she is not gay! She will not attract him. You must speak with her, my dear."

"I will go now—this instant," she answered, rising. "But, Hiram, there is one thing I would much like to know!"

"Most women, Hiram—not me! Do I ever seek to know your secrets? But this time—yes, it would be wiser to tell me a little!"

"Well?"

"This Mr. Trent, he asked us here, but it is plain that our company is not pleasant to him. He does his best to get rid of us—he succeeds—he plans that we shall not return. You see him alone and all that is altered. His little scheme has been in vain. We remain! He does not look at our Julie. He speaks of marriage with contempt. Yet you say he will marry her—he, a millionaire! What does it mean, Hiram?"

"The man, he is in my power," Da Souza says in a ponderous and stealthy whisper. "I know something."

She rose and imprinted a solemn kiss upon his forehead. There was something sacramental about the deliberate caress.

"Hiram," she said, "you are a wonderful man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Scarlett Trent spent the first part of the morning, to which he had been looking forward so eagerly, alone in his study with locked door to keep out all intruders. He had come face to face with the first serious check in his career, and it had been dealt him, too, by the one man whom, of all his associates, he disliked and despised. In the half-open drawer by his side was the barrel of a loaded revolver. He drew it out, laid it on the table before him, and regarded it with moody, fascinated eyes. If only it could be safely done, if only for one moment he could find himself face to face with Da Souza in Bekwando village, where human life was cheap and the slaying of a man an incident scarcely worth noting in the day's events! The thing was easy enough there—here it was too risky! He thrust the weapon back into the drawer with a sigh of regret, just as Da Souza himself appeared upon the scene.

"You sent for me, Trent," the latter remarked timidly. "I am quite ready to answer any more questions."

"Answer this one, then," was the gruff reply. "In Buckomari village before we left for England, I was robbed of a letter. I don't think I need ask you who was the thief."

"Really, Trent—I——"

"Don't irritate me; I'm in no humor for anything of that sort. You stole it! I can see why now! Have you got it still?"

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes."

"Hand it over."

Da Souza drew a large folding case from his pocket, and after searching through it for several moments produced an envelope. The handwriting was shaky and irregular, and so faint that even in the strong, sweet light of the morning sunshine Trent had difficulty in reading it. He tore it open and drew out a half-sheet of coarse paper. It was a message from the man who for long he had counted dead.

"Bekwando.

"My dear Trent,—I have been drinking as usual! Some men see snakes, but I have seen death leering at me from the dark corners of this vile hut, and death is an evil thing to look at when one's life has been evil as mine has been. Never mind! I have sown and I must reap! But, my friend, a last word with you. I have a notion, and more than a notion, that I shall never pass back alive through these pestilential swamps. If you should arrive, as you doubtless will, here is a charge which I lay upon you. That agreement of ours is scarcely a fair one, is it, Trent? When I signed it, I wasn't quite myself. Never mind! I'll trust to you to do what's fair. If the thing turns out a great success, put some sort of a share at any rate to my credit and let my daughter have it. You will find her address from Messrs. Harris and Culsom, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields. You need only ask them for Monty's daughter and show them this letter. They will understand. I believe you to be a just man, Scarlett Trent, although I know you to be a hard one. Do then as I ask. "Monty."

Da Souza had left the room quietly. Trent read the letter through twice and locked it up in his desk. Then he rose and lit a pipe, knocking out the ashes carefully and filling the bowl with dark but fragrant tobacco. Presently he rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Da Souza I wish to see him here at once," he told the servant and, though the message was a trifle peremptory from a host to his guest, Da Souza promptly appeared sauve and cheerful.

"Shut the door," Trent said shortly.

Da Souza obeyed with unabashed amiability. Trent watched him with something like disgust. Da Souza caught the look, and felt compelled to protest.

"My dear Trent," he said, "I do not like the way you address me, or your manners towards me. You speak as though I were a servant. I do not like it at all, and it is not fair. I am your guest, am I not?"

"You are my guest by your own invitation," Trent answered roughly, "and if you don't like my manners you can turn out. I may have to endure you in the house till I have made up my mind how to get rid of you, but I want as little of your company as possible. Do you hear?"

Da Souza did hear it, and the worm turned. He sat down in the most comfortable easy-chair, and addressed Trent directly.

"My friend," he said, "you are out of temper, and that is a bad thing. Now listen to me! You are in my power. I have only to go into the City to-morrow and breathe here and there a word about a certain old gentleman who shall be nameless, and you would be a ruined man in something less than an hour; added to this, my friend, you would most certainly be arrested for conspiracy and fraud. That Syndicate of yours was a very smart stroke of business, no doubt, and it was clever of you to keep me in ignorance of it, but as things have turned out now, that will be your condemnation. They will say, why did you keep me in ignorance of this move, and the answer—why, it is very clear! I knew you were selling what was not yours to sell!"

"I kept you away," Trent said scornfully, "because I was dealing with men who would not have touched the thing if they had known that you were in it!"

"Who will believe it?" Da Souza asked, with a sneer. "They will say that it is but one more of the fairy tales of this wonderful Mr. Scarlett Trent."

The breath came through Trent's lips with a little hiss and his eyes were flashing with a dull fire. But Da Souza held his ground. He had nerved himself up to this and he meant going through with it.

"You think I dare not breathe a word for my own sake," he continued. "There is reason in that, but I have other monies. I am rich enough without my sixth share of that Bekwando Land and Mining Company which you and the Syndicate are going to bring out. But then, I am not a fool! I have no wish to throw away money. Now I propose to you therefore a friendly settlement. My daughter Julie is very charming. You admire her, I am sure. You shall marry her, and then we will all be one family. Our interests will be the same, and you may be sure that I shall look after them. Come! Is that not a friendly offer?"

For several minutes Trent smoked furiously, but he did not speak. At the end of that time he took the revolver once more from the drawer of his writing-table and fingered it.

"Da Souza," he said, "if I had you just for five minutes at Bekwando we would talk together of blackmail, you and I, we would talk of marrying your daughter. We would talk then to some purpose—you hound! Get out of the room as fast as your legs will carry you. This revolver is loaded, and I'm not quite master of myself!"

Da Souza made off with amazing celerity. Trent drew a short, quick breath. There was a great deal of the wild beast left in him still. At that moment the desire to kill was hot in his blood. His eyes glared as he walked up and down the room. The years of civilization seemed to have become as nothing. The veneer of the City speculator had fallen away. He was once more as he had been in those wilder days when men made their own laws, and a man's hold upon life was a slighter thing than his thirst for gold. As such, he found the atmosphere of the little room choking him, he drew open the French windows of his little study and strode out into the perfumed and sunlit morning. As such, he found himself face to face unexpectedly and without warning with the girl whom he had discovered sketching in the shrubbery the day before.

(To be continued.)

QUAINT INN NAMES.

Germany Holds the Record for Fantastic Names.

Scattered throughout England are some curious inn names, but Germany probably holds the record for out-of-the-way signs and fantastic names. The most absurd results are usually obtained by the name of some animal with a more or less unsuitable object. The Comfortable Chicken and the Cold Frog, both of them in Berlin, are certainly left in the shade by the Angry Ant (Ort, in Westphalia), and the Stiff Dog (Berlin). The Lame Louse is an inn in a suburb of Berlin, and not far from it is the thirsty Pelican, The Dirty Parlor, the Bloody Bones, the Musical Cats, the Four Hundredweight Man, and the Boxers' Den are all in Berlin or the neighborhood, and the Old Straw Bag in Leipzig. The Open Bunghole is in Stadtohen, in the Palatine, and the Shoulderblade in Jerichow. The Last Tear is a landlord's notion for the name of his inn, situated near a graveyard, visited by returning mourners, and is of frequent occurrence throughout the Fatherland.

"Before I married my wife I could have listened to her sweet voice for hours," said Smith to his friend. "Yes—and now?" asked the friend. "Now," said Smith, with moisture in his eyes, "I have to."

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About the Household

Selected Recipes.

Foamy Sauce.—One cup sugar, one cup milk, three egg whites; rind and juice one lemon. Heat milk. Beat egg whites stiff, adding sugar gradually. Add milk and flavoring, beating all the while. Serve when foamy.

Scalloped Parsnips.—Mix two cupfuls of cold mashed parsnips with two tablespoonfuls of butter and cream enough to make smooth. Put in a pudding dish, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs, and bake until brown.

Oyster Plant Fritters.—Scrape oyster plant and grate fine. Make batter of one cup milk, two beaten eggs and two tablespoons flour, beating hard. Add grated oyster plant. Season with salt and pepper, and drop from spoon into deep, boiling fat. Fry to golden brown.

Fried Summer Squash.—Wash and cut young summer squash into slices one-half inch thick. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and dip in fine crumbs. Then put the squash into a beaten egg diluted with one tablespoonful milk and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until lightly browned.

Crumb Tarts.—To one cup crumbs use one egg, two tablespoons milk, one-half cup sugar and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Line sides and bottoms of muffin tins with mixture made of foregoing, leaving space in centres. Fill spaces with apple sauce and a few raisins and bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Meat Pie.—One and one-half pounds neck of beef, three pints peeled potatoes, one large onion. Slice onion, and put to stew with beef. Cook and mash potatoes, adding one teaspoon salt and saltspoon pepper to each quart. Line baking dish with one-half the potatoes. Put in stewed meat, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Cover with rest of potatoes and bake fifty minutes.

Peppers Stuffed with Mushrooms.—Cut off the small end from young green peppers. Carefully remove the seeds and partitions and parboil five minutes. Mix two cupfuls of soft breadcrumbs with three-fourths cupful of cream. Add one cupful of chopped mushrooms and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Fill the peppers and stand them in a baking pan. Bake a half hour, basting with one-half cupful of water mixed with one tablespoonful butter.

Liver Loaf.—One calf's liver, one-half cup bread crumbs, four slices salt pork chopped, two tablespoons chopped onion, one cup water or stock, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon kitchen bouquet, one tablespoon vinegar, few grains cayenne, few gratings nutmeg. Wash liver, chop and cook in boiling water five minutes. Drain, add bread crumbs, chop, and add remaining ingredients. Press into pan, cover and bake one hour in slow oven.

Pittsburgh Potatoes.—Wash and pare potatoes, cut into one-half inch slices and slices into one-half inch cubes—there should be one quart. Add one small onion, finely chopped, and cook in boiling salted water to cover seven minutes. Add one-half can of pimentoes cut into strips and boil five minutes, then drain. Put in buttered baking dish, pour over two cups of white sauce, to which has been added one-half pound of grated cheese, and bake until potatoes are soft.

Pear Dumplings.—Pare, core and mince six large, ripe pears. Mix with them one-half nutmeg grated, two ounces clarified butter, sugar to taste and four well-beaten eggs. Add enough finely grated bread crumbs to make mixture stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with bowl of large spoon, dip into boiling water and simmer one-half hour. Serve in heated dish with sugar and dash of cinnamon. In separate dish, serve milk sauce or other pudding sauce, if liked.

Household Hints.

Lace continually cleaned with gasoline or naphtha will turn yellow quickly.

Good lard is much better than butter for basting roasted meat and for frying.

Starch is improved by long boiling, instead of being made in the usual hurried way.

If a pinch of salt be added to the sugar used for stewing sour fruit much less sugar will be required.

In making children's dresses which will need letting down, stitch them with 100 cotton thread, and you will have no trouble in ripping tucks or hems.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

When boiled and unboiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin quite fast, while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin round once.

The hair mattresses which are filled with black hair are much better than those filled with white hair, because the latter has generally been bleached and is deprived of its springiness.

When cooking haricot beans add salt to the water first, and they will cook in a third of the time, and will not need to be soaked overnight.

When pickling, boil the corks for bottling, and put into the bottles and jars while hot, when cold they will seal themselves tightly.

To make an old fowl tender rub the bird all over with lemon juice, then wrap in buttered paper, and steam for two or three hours, according to size.

Add a little ground ginger to rice puddings just before placing in the oven. Half a pint of water can then be mixed with the milk and the pudding will taste just as well.

A sandwich hint.—When buttering bread for sandwiches knead the butter on a plate and mix the mustard with it instead of spreading it on the meat.

A sure test of linen is to wet a portion of piece and if moisture is quickly absorbed and shows through to other side you will never be mistaken about linen. This is a never-fail test.

To revive withered flowers plunge the stalks in boiling water and leave them in it till it becomes cold. Then cut about one inch from the ends of the stalks.

If you wish to prevent green vegetables from boiling over, drop a piece of dripping the size of a walnut into the centre of them, just as they commence to boil.

To remove tea stains from woollen materials, cover with powdered fuller's earth, dry and leave for twenty-four hours. Then brush out, and the stain will have disappeared.

A home-made sauce for cold meat. Scrape a tablespoonful of horseradish, mix with one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

A use for an old leather belt.—Nail it right side down on a piece of wood about the same size so that the wrong side of the leather is uppermost. This makes an excellent knifeboard.

A RETRIEVED INDUSTRY.

British Now Control the Manufacture of Geographical Globes.

One of the many ramifications of British industry which suffered from German competition, but which has recovered remarkably since the outbreak of war, is the manufacture of geographical globes. The Germans succeeded in making great headway because the British article has always been somewhat expensive; but at the same time it is absolutely accurate, owing to the care taken in preparation while it is of great strength and capable of withstanding hard usage. The Germans, however, devoted the utmost attention to cheapness, fashioning their globes from inferior material, ignoring questions of accuracy, and depending rather upon gaudy coloring than the correct fitting of the maps to the spherical surface. But the cheaper article found a ready market; and as the dearer British globe was ousted and was seldom seen it was impossible for the prospective buyer to compare the two grades of manufacture. But the demand for globes is increasing rapidly, since now-a-days a school cannot possibly complete the geography lesson without one. The manufacture of a perfect globe of solid construction is a somewhat slow and tedious process. The shell is composed of several superimposed thicknesses of brown paper, upon which is laid a secretly prepared and special composition. When hard and dry this surface is trued in a gauge, smoothed and polished. This is a phase of the work which demands the greatest care and skill, since, if the sphere is not true to the smallest fraction of an inch, the gores of maps will not fit exactly. These are pasted on in such a manner that there is no overlapping whatever, the edges coming flush together. The globe completed it is colored and varnished, the final operation, after mounting on the stand, being the fitting of the meridian ring.

The Power of Cheerfulness.

Go forth to-day with cheer in your heart! And so, go forth on every day. Surprising will be the power of it. You will soon redeem the errors of the past; you will do better work and more work. And your cheerfulness and work will cheer, inspire and uplift everyone around you. Oh, wonderful is the power of cheerfulness! Oh, wonderful is the good it does.

His Habit.

"You'll have to quit smoking," said the physician.

"I don't smoke."

"Then you'll have to quit drinking."

"I don't drink."

"Haven't you any habits?"

"None at all—except taking medicine."

For Appearance Sake.

One day Pat appeared on the street with a huge tear in his coat sleeve.

"Look here, Pat," protested a friend, "why don't you get that hole mended?"

"Not O!, sir," said Pat, "a hole may be the result of an accident, but a patch is a sure sign of poverty."

The more some people tell you the less you believe.

ACQUISITION TO BRITISH EMPIRE

SOMETHING ABOUT GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

"Bothaland" Is One-and-a-Half Times as Large as Germany Itself.

We have not conquered Germany—yet. But we have conquered Germany's biggest colony—German South-West Africa—which is one-and-a-half times as large as Germany itself, and which now adds 322,450 square miles to our Empire, says London Answers.

What kind of a country is this new acquisition? What will you find if you go there?

Picture, if you can, eight hundred miles of coast without a single good, natural harbor. It is a low coast, a sea-bound desert, stretching inland over parched sand for about 35 miles towards the south and rather less towards the north. Beyond, if your eyes can pierce the dense fog which they are liable to encounter, you may discern the dim outlines of lofty mountains, rising as high as 9,000 feet above the sea.

But before you reach those mountains, you will have to cross innumerable sand dunes, and you will find it very thirsty work.

Rivers Without Water.

Most of the rivers which run seawards from the mountains are merely dry river-beds by the time they reach you. They are waiting thirstily for the rain which will set them flowing. When the rain comes they will swell out to a breadth of half a mile, perhaps, if the fall is heavy; but the arched land will absorb the water so rapidly that the bed lower down may never fill properly at all.

But even in dry river-beds water may be found by digging down into the sand. Many a man has died of thirst with water but a few feet away, had he only known it.

The sea-fogs which rise almost daily are the one regular source of moisture upon which the desert shore can rely. These fogs are not a bit pleasant, however, and the disease is not much worse than the remedy.

Despite all these drawbacks, "Bothaland" does possess one town which has possibilities as a sea-side resort—namely, Swakopund. Here a port and a harbor have been artificially engineered by man, since Nature treated the coast so sparingly in this respect. The artificial port of Swakopund is connected by rail with Walfish Bay.

The Inland Mountains.

Very likely, after the war, when the British emigrant seeks diamonds and other good things that lie beneath the surface of Bothaland, he will make merry in Swakopund during the holiday season, and try to convert it into an African Brighton or Blackpool.

If you should visit the resort at any time you'll find a harpoon more handy than a shrimping net. Whales are plentiful.

As you travel farther inland from the coast and reach the interior fringe of the barren belt, which even the animals avoid, the dreary desert and sand dunes disappear, giving place to gorgeous mountains, wonderful trees and luxuriant mountain valleys. The Okavango valley is especially rich, with its dwarf palms and papyrus. One mountain rises above the rest. It is Mount Omatako, more than twice as lofty as Snowdon. The climate improves, too. It is warmer and more genial, and water is more plentiful.

You may meet rock-rabbits, if you are lucky, or snakes, if you are not. Other living things you may encounter are monkeys, hyenas, jackals, springbok, crocodiles, and turtles, and any of 728 different varieties of birds.

From the emigrant's point of view the country offers the best prospects to the miner and the rancher.

Fortunes In and On the Land.

Seven years ago, in July of 1908, a great deal of excitement was caused by the recovery of diamonds in the district of Luderitzbucht. The stones were small but good, of the Brazilian type, and were discovered on the surface of the sandy soil. Big possibilities exist here, for the land has not yet been properly prospected. The most prolific diamondiferous areas are still left for the enterprising Britisher to locate.

The rancher should prosper with cattle, sheep, and ostriches. There are especially good prospects in ostrich farming. Angora goats do well also, as do camels, donkeys and mules. Horses, on the whole, do not thrive, owing to the great prevalence of horse-sickness.

This, briefly, is the country which Germany has been forced to hand over to us.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

TRICKING SUBMARINES.

They Seldom Attack a Vessel Unless It is Alone.

It is the surprise attack which in nearly every case enables a submarine to torpedo a hostile ship. Captain Turner, of the Lusitania, for instance, might have avoided the torpedo fired at his ship by the German submarine had he known of its proximity, but a brief glimpse of a periscope was the only warning he received before the liner was struck. There are several manœuvres by means of which a ship can trick a submarine. Several vessels have diverted torpedoes by swinging round their stern until it points in the direction of the under-sea craft. In this way the wash of the propellors has deflected the torpedo from his course, and it has sped harmlessly past its mark. Another successful ruse is to stoke up furnaces of a ship chased by a submarine and thick black smoke belches from its funnels and envelopes the vessel in a protective shroud. In this way the submarine gunners are confused, and cannot perceive the correct direction in which to send their torpedo.

A speedy ship which follows an erratic zigzag course is a poor mark to a submarine. When a torpedo is dispatched against a fast-travelling vessel it is directed to a point just ahead of its mark, and the craft literally runs into the death-dealing device. This obviously cannot happen, however, if ship is swinging rapidly from side to side, and alternatively pointing the narrow expanse of its bows or stern to the under-sea marksmen.

Ships in many cases now travel in pairs. A submarine seldom attacks a vessel unless it is alone, for it can only attack one at a time, and whilst it is launching a torpedo at its first mark the second vessel has an excellent opportunity of ramming the submarine, which can be located by the tell-tale periscope.

Tit for Tat.

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man; "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful, I proposed to you last night but really forgot whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note; "so glad to hear from you. I know I said yes to some one last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

He—"Marry me, Liza, an' I'll be as true to yer as me old donkey is ter me." She—"Go hon, 'Enery; don't be makin' an ass of yerself."

"What does this mean, Bridget?" exclaimed the lady of the house, returning from shopping. "The telephone's been taken out." "Sure, ma'am, the girl across the way come over and said her missus would like to use it for a little while, and I sint it over to her; but I had a terrible job getting it unscrewed from the wall, ma'am."

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