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THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Oost Her."

CHAPTER XV.

Probably nothing else in the world could so soon have transformed Scarlett Trent from the Gold Coast buccaneer to the law-abiding tenant of a Surrey villa.

He raised his hand to his forehead, only to find that he had come out without a hat, and he certainly appeared, as stood there, to his worst possible advantage.

"Good morning, Miss!" he stammered. "I'm afraid I started you."

"You did a little," she admitted. "Do you usually stride out of your windows like that, bareheaded and muttering to yourself?"

"I was in a beastly temper," he admitted. "If I had known who was outside—it would have been different."

She looked into his face with some interest. "What an odd thing!" she remarked. "Why, I should have thought that to-day you would have been amiability itself. I read at breakfast time that you had accomplished something in the City and made—I forget how many hundreds of thousands of pounds. When I showed the sketch of your house to my chief, and told him that you were going to let me interview you to-day, I really thought that he would have raised my salary at once."

"It's more luck than anything," he said. "I've stood next door to a millionaire to-day."

She looked at him curiously—at his ugly tweed suits, his yellow boots, and up into the strong, forceful face with eyes set in deep hollows under the protruding brows, at the heavy jaws that rippled with a certain coarseness to his expression, which his mouth and forehead, well-shaped though they were, could not altogether dispel.

At the same time he looked at her, slim, tall, and elegant, daintily clothed from her shapely shoes to her sailor hat, her brown hair, parted in the middle, escaping a little from its confinement to ripple about her forehead, and of which she was realizing it—her interest in him was, however, none the less deep. He was a type of those powerful which to-day hold the world in their hands, making kingdoms tremble, and change the fate of nations. Perhaps he was all the more interesting

to her because by all the ordinary standards of criticism, he would fall to be ranked, in the jargon of her class, as a gentleman. He represented something in flesh and blood which had never seemed more than half real to her—power without education. She liked to consider herself—being a fisher—something more than a student of human nature. Here was a specimen worth impaling, an original being, a creature of a new type such as had never come within the region of her experience. It was worth while ignoring small idiosyncrasies, which might offend, in order to annex him. Besides, from a journalistic point of view, the man was more than interesting—he was a veritable treasure.

"You are going to talk to me about Africa, are you not?" she reminded him. "Couldn't we sit in the shade somewhere? I got quite hot walking from the station."

He led the way across the lawn, and they sat under a cedar tree. He was awkward and ill at ease, but she had tact enough for both.

"I can't understand," he began, "how people are interested in the stuff which gets into papers now-a-days. If you want horrors though, I can supply you. For one man who succeeds over there, there are a dozen who find it a short cut down into hell. I can tell you if you like of my days of starvation."

"Go on!" Like many men who talk but seldom he had the gift when he chose to speak of reproducing his experiences in vivid and unpolished language. He told her of the days when he had worked on the banks of the Congo with the coolies, a slave in everything but name, when the sun had burned the back of his neck, and every night he had spent amongst them in that awful hut when their fate hung in the balance day by day, and every shout that went up from the warriors gathered round the house of the king was a cry of death. He spoke of the granting of the concession which had laid the foundation of his fortunes, and then of that terrible journey back through the bush, followed by the natives who had already repented of their action, and who dogged their footsteps hour after hour, waiting for them only to haul them back to Sekwando, prisoners for the sacrifice.

"It was only our revolvers which kept them away," he went on. "I shot eight or nine of them at different times when they came too close, and to hear them wailing over the bodies was one of the most hideous things you can imagine. Why, for months and months afterwards I couldn't

sleep. I'd wake up in the night and fancy that I heard that cursed yelling outside my window—ay, even on the steamer at night-time if I was on deck before moonlight, I'd seem to hear it rising up out of the water. Ugh!"

She shuddered. "But you both escaped?" she said. "There was a moment's silence. The shade of the cedar tree was deep and cool, but it brought little relief to Trent. The perspiration stood out on his forehead in great beads, he breathed for a moment in little gasps as though stifled.

"No," he answered, "my partner died within a mile or two of the coast. He was very ill when we started, and the whole of the last day, I did my best for him. I did, indeed, but it was no good. I had to leave him. There was no use sacrificing oneself for a dead man."

She inclined her head sympathetically. "Was he an Englishman?" she asked. "He faced the question just as he had faced death years before leaving him, a few feet from the muzzle of a revolver.

"He was an Englishman. The only name was 'Monty.' Some said he was broken down gentleman. I believe he was."

"She was unconscious of his passionate, breathless scrutiny, until utterly of the great wave of relief which swept into his face as he realized that his words were without any special meaning beyond that."

"It was very sad, indeed," she said. "If he had lived, he would have shared with you, I suppose, in the concession?"

Trent nodded. "Yes, we were equal partners. We had an arrangement by which if one died the other took the lot."

"He didn't want it, though, I'd rather he had pulled through. I would, indeed," he repeated with nervous force.

"I am quite sure of that," she answered. "And now tell me something about your career in the City after you came to England. Do you know, I have scarcely ever been in what you financiers call the City. In a way it must be interesting."

"You wouldn't find it so," he said. "It is not a place for such as you. It is a life of lies and gambling and deceit. 'The more I know, the more I hate it now.'"

She was unaffectedly surprised. What a speech for a millionaire of yesterday!

"I thought," she said, "that for those who took part in it, it possessed a fascination stronger than anything else in the world."

"It is an ugly fascination," he said. "You are in the swim and you must hold your own. You gamble with other men, and when you win you chuckle, and when you lose you whittle your conscience away—if ever you had any. You're quite dishonest, and you're never quite honest. You come out on top and afterwards you hate yourself. It's a dirty little life!"

"Well," she remarked after a moment's pause, "you have surprised me very much. At any rate you are rich now to have no more to do with it."

He kicked a fire cone savagely away. "If I could," he said, "I would shut up my office to-morrow, sell out, and live upon my money. The more you succeed the more involved you become. It's a sort of slavery."

"I have no friends," she asked. "I have never in my life," he answered, "had a friend in my life."

"You have guests at any rate?" "I sent 'em away last night!"

"What a young lady in blue?" she asked demurely. "Yes, and the other one, too. Packed them clean off, and they're not coming back either!"

"I am very pleased to hear it," she remarked. "There's a man and his wife and daughter here I can't get rid of so easily. All the time you're with us they've got to go."

"They would be less objectionable to the people round here who might like to come and see you," she remarked. "than two unattached ladies."

"May be," he answered, "yet I'd give a lot to be rid of them."

He had risen to his feet and was standing with his feet on the cedar-tree, looking away with fixed eyes, when the sunlight fell upon a distant hillside gorgeous with patches and streaks of yellow gorse and purple heather. Presently he noticed his abstraction and looked also through the gap in the trees.

"You have a beautiful view here," she said. "You are fond of the country, are you not?"

"Very," he answered. "It is not everyone," she remarked, "who is able to appreciate it, especially when their lives have been spent as yours must have been."

He looked at her curiously. "I wonder," he said, "if you have any idea how my life has been spent."

"You have given me," she said, "a very fair idea about some part of it at any rate."

He drew a long breath and looked down at her. "I have given you no idea at all," he said firmly. "I have told you of a few incidents that is all. You have talked to me as though I were an equal. Listen to me, I probably the first lady with whom I have ever spoken. I do not want to deceive you. I never had a scrap of education. My father was a carpenter who drank himself to death, and my mother was a factory girl. I was in the workhouse when I was a boy. I have never been to school. I don't know how to talk properly, but I should be worse even than I am, if I had not had to mix up with a lot of men in the city who had been properly educated. I am utterly and miserably ignorant. I've got low tastes and I've done most of the things men who are beasts do. There! Now, don't you want to run away?"

She shook her head, and smiled up at him. She was immensely interested.

"If that is the worst," she said gently, "I am not at all. You know that it is my profession to write about men and women. I belong to a world of worn-out types, and to meet anyone different is quite a luxury."

"The worst!" A sudden fear sent an icy coldness shivering through his veins. His heart seemed to stop beating, his cheeks were blanched. The worst of him. He had not told her that he was a robber, that the foundation of his fortunes was a lie; that there lived a man who might bring all this great triumph of his shabby life to a crashing end. A passionate fear lest she might ever know of these things was born in his heart

at that moment, never altogether to leave him.

"The sound of a footstep close at hand made them both turn their heads. Along the winding path, came Da Souza, with an ugly smirk upon his white face, smoking a cigar whose odor seemed to poison the air. Trent turned upon him with a look of thunder.

"What do you want here, Da Souza?" he asked fiercely. "Da Souza held up the palms of his hands.

"I was strolling about," he said, "and I saw you through the trees. I did not know that you were so pleasantly engaged," he added, with a wave of his hat to the girl, "or I would not have intruded."

Trent kicked open the little iron gate which led into the garden beyond. "Well, get out, and don't come here again," he said shortly. "There's plenty of room for you to wander about and poison the air with those without the slightest regard for anyone coming here."

Da Souza replaced his hat upon his head. "The cigars, my friend, are excellent. We cannot smoke the tobacco of a millionaire, can we, Miss?"

The girl, who was making some notes in her book, continued her work without the slightest appearance of having heard him.

Da Souza snorted, but at that moment he felt a grip like iron upon his shoulder, and deemed retreat expedient.

"If you don't go without another word," came a hot whisper in his ear, "I'll throw you into the horse-pond."

He rose, slipped her note-book into her pocket, and drew on her gloves. "I have taken up quite enough of your time," she said. "I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Trent, for all you have told me. It has been most interesting."

She held out her hand, and the touch of it sent his heart beating with a most unusual emotion. He was gazed at the idea of her imminent departure. He realized that, when she passed out of his gate, she passed into a world where she would be hopeless to him so he took "is courage into his hands, and was very bold indeed."

"You have not told me your name," he reminded her. "I have never heard of you."

"How very unprofessional of me! I ought to have given you a card! For all you know I may be an impostor, indulging an unparadise curiosity. My name is Wendermott—Ernestine Wendermott."

He repeated it after her. "Thank you," he said. "I am beginning to think of some more things which I might have told you."

"Why, I should have to write a novel then to get them all in," she said. "I am sure you have given me all the material I need here."

"I am going," he said abruptly, "to ask you something very strange and very presumptuous!"

She looked at him in surprise, scarcely understanding what he could mean. "May I come and see you some time?"

The earnestness of his gaze and the intense anxiety of his tone almost disconcerted her. He was obviously very much in earnest, and she had found him for from uninteresting.

"By all means," she answered pleasantly, "if you care to. I have a little flat in Colquhoun Street—No. 81. You must come and have tea with me one afternoon."

"Thank you," he said simply, with a sigh of immense relief. He walked with her to the gate, and they talked about rhododendrons.

Then he watched her till she became a speck in the dusty road—she had fused a carriage, and he had tact

enough not to press any hospitality upon her.

"His little girl!" he murmured. "Monty's little girl." (To be continued.)

NOTES OF THE BIG WAR. Electrified Wires Kill Animals—Bad Boys Make Good.

The number of special constables in the London Metropolitan area is 32,617.

The speed limit for motor-cars at the front is twenty-five miles an hour, and it is one of the duties of the military police to see that the speed is not exceeded.

Rheims holds the record of being the most heavily bombed town in France, having been bombed on 288 occasions.

"Two men with a machine-gun," a very distinguished British general has said, "can hold up a brigade" (6,000 men).

A sentry never gives up his rifle to anyone—not even to his general, no matter how persistently the latter may demand it.

Cats, dogs, rabbits, and chickens have been killed in such numbers by the electrified wires protecting the Dutch-Belgian frontier that the German soldiers have had to set to work to bury them.

The shrapnel that the enemy is using is filled with the most extraordinary collection of scraps of everything likely to hurt. Nuts, bolts, shrapnel of iron, even marbles and chips of flint are common.

No fewer than 19,648 boys who have received their training in Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Great Britain have served during the war in the naval or military forces. Three of them have won the Victoria Cross.

The high explosive favored by the Austrians is called ecrasite. The secret of its composition is known to only two men, who are natives of that country. It is an explosive of particularly destructive power against forts and earthworks.

The Italian private soldier's pay is one penny a day—but he is well fed. Besides ordinary rations he gets plenty of fruit and macaroni and other Italian dishes he loves so well. Cigars are regularly served out to him, and often also wine.

The Kaiser has conferred various orders and distinctions, from that of the Black Eagle to the silver signal service medal, on more than 500 civilians. The list includes the names of shoemakers, tailors, doctors, chemists, nurses, mechanics, teachers, and scores of other workers throughout Germany.

It is reported from Northern France that the Germans are using a metal-destroying liquid. It consists of a mixture contained in a cylinder under high pressure. By simply turning a screw the liquid can be thrown a few feet against barbed wire, which burns through more quickly than wire-cutters could possibly sever it.

All Cut-up. Laundry Proprietor (showing visitor through)—"This is the mangle-room for the clothes."

Visitor (sarcastically)—"Ah, that explains it. Some of the shirts that come back look as if they were sent through a half-dozen times."

They Were Even. Meud—"I'm through with you, Laura; your father keeps a pawnshop."

Maud—"I saw you, father coming out of it."

It is usually the man with the least to say that talks the most.

ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD Selected Dishes.

Current Jelly Sauce.—Make sauce of three tablespoons browned butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup milk or brown stock, and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Add one-half cup currant jelly and one teaspoon lemon juice.

Toasted Corn.—After boiling new corn six minutes to insure partial cooking, remove to bread toaster and toast over hot coals or in broiler of gas oven, until evenly browned. The delicious flavor imparted this way is worth the extra trouble.

Pineapple Pie.—Cream one-third cup butter with half a cup of sugar, add two cups grated pineapple which has been heated to the boiling point. Then add two beaten egg yolks mixed with half a cup of rich milk and one tablespoonful lemon juice and the grated peel of a lemon. Fill pie, bake and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs.

Vegetable Jardiniere.—For this dish use cauliflower, green string beans and carrots. Cook vegetables separately, seasoning each with butter, pepper and salt. Arrange on serving dish, with cauliflower in centre, carrot tubes at each end and beans at either side of cauliflower. Pass platter, allowing each person to help himself to vegetables desired.

Duck Stuffed With Potato.—Choose young, fat duck, with webbing of feet soft. Dress, stuff and truss for roasting, as chicken. For potato stuffing, have ready two cups hot mashed potato, one-half cup salt pork cubes, two tablespoons onion, one teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Cook onion in pork until yellow; add remaining ingredients.

Apple Soup.—Wash, quarter and remove cores of six tart apples, but do not peel. Put into saucepan with two quarts water, one teaspoon salt and one-half cup rice. Cook until tender, rub through sieve and return to fire, with one-half teaspoon ground cinnamon and one-half cup finely chopped citron added and sugar to taste. May be served hot or ice cold.

Cornmeal Muffins.—Sift together a cup of cornmeal and a half cup of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt; into a pint of milk whip three beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Make a hole in the meal mixture and gradually pour the liquid into this, beating steadily. Beat hard for about five minutes, pour into greased and heated muffin rings and bake in a good oven.

Bread Sauce.—Put crumbs from a stale loaf into a saucepan containing one pint of water. Tie in a cloth a few peppercorns and one small onion and a blade of mace. Boil a few moments and then remove them. The sauce must be very smooth. Add a piece of butter and a little salt. Add before taking from the fire a spoonful of milk; this will give it a nice thick. Serve in a sauce boat.

Baked Omelet.—Heat 6 tablespoonfuls of milk and melt a small piece of butter in it. Do not let it boil. Take 6 eggs, beat the yolks with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of flour. Stir into the hot milk, adding lastly the stiffly beaten whites and a little parsley. Pour into a well-buttered frying pan, put into a hot oven. In a few minutes it will have risen, delicate brown. Slip on a platter, folding it in the middle.

Corn Omelet.—To 2 eggs, the yolks and whites of which have been beaten light and separately as usual, add the pulp from 2 ears of corn grated. Season with salt and pepper and add a little parsley if liked. Mix with 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Cook in a hot skillet in the usual way, fold, and variations may be played on this theme, just as with other omelets, using tomatoes, cheese, etc., if desired.

Hints for the Home. Canned fruits make excellent puddings in winter.

To keep sweet fresh, chop roughly and sprinkle with a little granulated sugar. Salt water, applied with a brush,

is the best method for cleaning willow ware.

Add a little ammonia to the water in which you wash silver and glass ware. It brightens both of them wonderfully.

Before baking apples make a small slit all the way round each with a knife. This will prevent their splitting when cooking.

When preparing rhubarb dip each stalk into boiling water. This will not injure it, and it will require less sugar in cooking.

To prevent blue from streaking clothes, mix one dessertspoonful of soda in the bluing water. Baking soda, of course.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a brush. Rinse in clear water.

To get onion juice, slice off the root end and proceed to put half of the onion as you would half a lemon in the juice extractor.

If the stains on a dirty mackintosh will not come off with brushing take a raw potato, cut it in two, and rub the soiled parts with it.

Washing fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water to set the color before washing in soda.

To remove paint and varnish stains from woodwork, apply Javelle water by means of a brush. Repeat if necessary and rub with a cloth.

When grease is spilt on the kitchen table or floor pour cold water on it at once to prevent it soaking into the wood. It will quickly harden and can be lifted with a knife.

To prevent the juice running out of a fruit pie make a roll of clean paper, hold it upright, and insert it through the crust. The steam then escapes, and the juice remains in the pie.

The flavor of an apple pie may be improved by sprinkling the fruit with lemon juice after it is filled into the crust. Then cover with tiny pieces of butter, and add sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon.

For white spots on furniture hold a hot stove lid over the spots and they will soon disappear. They can also be removed by applying spirits of camphor or ammonia.

Always scrub the way of the grain of the wood. Have plenty of clean warm water. Only scrub so far as the arm can reach at a time, then wash and dry that part. Change the water as soon as it is dirty. Do not use more water than is necessary to clean the boards. When scrubbed clean rub the boards with a dry cloth, and then dry with a dry cloth, rubbing the way of the grain. After scrubbing wash the brush immediately and hang up to dry, so as to harden the fibres.

When the floor is to be polished, first remove all the dirt and grease. Then take a clean cloth, dip it in the polish, and rub it on the floor in the direction of the grain. Do not use too much polish, and do not rub too hard. The floor should be allowed to dry before being polished again.

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ACROSS THE WHAT IS GOING ON THE Latest Happening

Condensed Michigan physics for the era Michigan state ed 128 conviction Off Coney Isle has been captured hours.

Mrs. Mary N.Y., aged 40, Four hundred hallways in daylight, J. H. Hyde, claims to have ocean liners. Detroit will citizens in future had must get

ton, Pa., was had of tomatoes Buffalo advert nurse for the and got no appli Chicago chemi the substance in them from the

Cyrus Fage, Miss. left \$20,000 to a town clock in By some fresh Struble, of Boua strawbe on a Somely put a piano just before From-Kare-Klial.

When Louis Pa. hit a establish and took twelve The year-old son of Salina, Kan., 5 1/2 inches of water Jan. Reynolds wing a New York

Visited his home in John Gunnington and uniform to the Cleveland station The son of a murdered by a 1011, asks to be 1011.

Kansas State lied 100,000 barrels July and August table of Misses Hill Beach, L.I., guests.

Kosica Jordan, Pa. will lose his sight, explosion in his Wm. Merrill, Newbury, Mass., in the Government is Two special cardinals, two of them Pa., State Hospital situation.

Frank J. Me, boy, just married 50 year Conn., wanted to live was real.

When The Sallie fire at 1011. Bro farmers repudiated their own auto.

A slight blis, E. Duffenbach, ed an abscess, amp and then death.

License fees of New York State