

THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."
By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Cont'd.)

He nodded, and pointed to the number which was going up. She flashed a sudden look upon him which more than compensated him for his defeat. At least he had earned her respect. That day, as a man who knew how to accept defeat gracefully, whilst most would have been too proud to do so, he stood on the edge of the crowd, whilst a great person went out to meet his chanced that he caught sight of Trent on the way, and, pausing for a moment, he held out his hand.

"Your horse made a magnificent fight for it, Mr. Trent," he said. "I'm fluke. Another time you may be the fortunate one!"

Trent answered him simply, but without awkwardness. Then his horse came in and he held out his hand to the crestfallen jockey, whilst with his left he patted Iris's head.

"Never mind, Dick," he said cheerfully, "you rode a fine race and the best horse won. Better luck next time."

Several people approached Trent, but he turned away at once to Ernestine.

"You will let me take you to Lady Tresham now," he said.

"You please," she answered quietly.

They left the paddock by the underground way. When they emerged upon the lawn the band was playing and crowds of people were strolling about under the trees.

"The boxes," Trent suggested, "must be very hot now!"

"I turned down a side walk away from the stand towards an empty seat under an elm-tree, and after a moment's scarcely perceptible hesitation, she followed his lead. He laughed softly to himself. If this was defeat, what in the world was better?"

"This is your first ascent, is it not?" she asked.

"My first?"

"And your first defeat?"

"I suppose it is," he admitted cheerfully. "I rather expected to win, too."

"You must be very disappointed, I am afraid."

"I have lost," he said thoughtfully, "a gold cup. I have gained—"

She half arose and shook out her skirts as though about to leave him. He stopped short and found another conclusion to his sentence.

"Experience!"

A faint smile parted her lips. She resumed her seat.

"I am glad to find you," she said, "so much of a philosopher. Now talk to me for a few minutes about what you have been doing in Africa."

He obeyed her, and very soon she forgot the well-dressed crowd of men rounded, the light hum of conversation, the band which was playing the fashionable air of the moment.

She saw instead the long line of men of many races, stripped to the waist and toiling under a tropical sun, and under a tropical sun, she saw the great brown water-jars passed down burning sun and shining beneath the burning sun and the places taken by others. She heard the shrill whistle of alarm, the beaten drum; she saw the spade exchanged for the rifle, and the long line of toilers disappear behind the natural earth which which their labors had created. She saw black forms rise steadily from the long rank grass, a flight of quivering spears, the hoarse cry of the natives rising in her ears, the drama of the man's great past rose up before her eyes, made a living and language. That he saw himself when it went for nothing; she saw him, perhaps more clearly than anything else, the central and dominating figure, a man of brains and nerve, with his life in his hands, faced with equal immovability a herculean task and the chances of death. She deep into her mind, the thought had sunk vividly by the presence of a man who, man himself, telling his own story, she sat in the sunlight with the music in her ears, listening to his abrupt and a few came to her, which blanched her cheeks and caught at her throat. The hand which held her dainty parasol of lace shook, and an indescribable thrill, though her veins. She could no more think of this man as a clothopper, a coarse non without manners or imagination. In many ways he fell short of all the usual standards by which the men of her class were judged, yet she suddenly realized that he possessed a touch of that quality which lifted him at once far over their heads. The man had genius. Without education or culture he had yet achieved greatness. By his side the men who were passing about the lawn became suddenly puppets. Form and style, manners and easy speech became significance stripped of their significance to her. The man at her side had none of these things, yet he was of a greater world. She felt her enmity towards him suddenly weakened. Only her pride now could help her. She called upon it fiercely. He was the man whom she had deliberately believed to be guilty of her father's death, the man whom she had set herself to outstrip, and who had banished firmly that dangerous kindness of manner into which she had been drifting.

And he, on his part, felt a glow of keen pleasure when he realized how the events of the day had gone in his favor. If not yet of her world, he knew now that his becoming one of his hereafter purely a matter of time. He looked up through the green leaves at the blue sky, bedappled with white fleecy clouds, and wondered whether he guessed that his appearance here, his ownership of Iris, the studios which with which he had placed himself in the hands of a Saville Row tailor was true outside came the ringing of a bell, the hoarse shouting of many voices in the ring, through the open door, the vision of fluttering waves in lace parasols and picture hats, little to a certain extent a whim with her, moments ago it had all seemed so distant, from the black patent shoes showing beneath the flourishes of the skirt, to the white hat with its clusters of roses. Her froward gown was as simple as the brains could make it, and she wore no ornaments, save a fine clasp to her waistband of dull

gold, quaintly fashioned, and the fine gold chain around her neck, from which hung her racing glasses. She was to him the very type of every-thing that was aristocratic. It might be, as she had told him, that she chose to work for her living, but he knew as though by inspiration that her people and connections were of that world to which he could never belong, save on sufferance. He meant to long to it, for her sake—to win her! He admitted the presumption, but then it would be presumption of any man to lift his eyes to her. He estimated her chances with common sense; he was not a man disposed to undervalue himself. He knew the power of his wealth and his advantage over the crowd of young men who were her equals by birth. For he had met her world, had inquired into their lives, listened to their jargon, and had come in a faint sort of way to understand them. It had been an encouragement to him. After all it was only serious work, he lived on the face with the great realities of existence which could make a man. In a dim way he realized that there were few in her own class likely to satisfy Ernestine. He even dared to tell himself that those things which he desired him chiefly unfit for her, the acquired vulgarities of his rougher life, were things which he could put away; that a time would come when he would take his place confidently in the world, and that the end would be success. And all the while from out of the blue sky Fate was forging a thunderbolt to launch against him!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"And now," she said, rising, "you really must take me to Lady Tresham. They will think that I am lost."

"Are you still at your rooms?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, only I'm having them spring-cleaned for a few days. I am staying at Tresham House."

"May I come and see you there?"

"The man's quiet pertinacity kindled a sort of indignation in her. The sudden weakness in her defences was unbearable."

"I think not," she answered shortly. "You don't know Lady Tresham, and they might not approve of your coming."

"Oh, Lady Tresham is all right," he answered. "I suppose I shall see you to-night if you are staying there. They have asked me to dinner."

She was taken aback and showed it. Again he had the advantage. He did not tell her that on his return he had found scores of invitations from people he had never heard of before.

"You are by way of going into society, then," she answered insolently.

"I don't think I've made any particular efforts," he answered.

"Money," she murmured, "is an everlasting force!"

"The people of your world," he answered, "with a flash of contempt, 'are the people who find it so.'"

She was silent then, and Trent was momentary tribulation. He was crossing the lawn now by her side, carrying himself well, with a new confidence in his air and bearing which she did not fail to take note of. The sun shined, the music, and the pleasant air of excitement were all in his veins. He was full of the strong joy of it, all came a dull, crashing blow. It was as though all his castles in the air had come tumbling about his ears, and the blue sky had turned to stony grey and the sweet waltz music had become a dirge. Always a keen watcher of men's faces, he had glanced for a second time at a gaunt, hollow man, who wore a loose check suit and a grey Homburg hat. The blood had turned to ice in Trent's veins and the ground had heaved beneath his feet. It was the one terrible glance which Fate had held against him, and she had played the card.

Considering the nature and suddenness of the blow which had fallen upon him, Trent's recovery was marvellous. The two men had come face to face upon the short turf, involuntarily each had come to a standstill. Ernestine looked from one to the other a little bewildered.

"I should like a word with you, Trent," Captain Francis said quietly.

Trent nodded.

"In five minutes," he said. "I will return here—on the other side of the bandstand, say."

Francis nodded and stood aside. Trent and Ernestine continued their progress towards the stand.

"Your friend," Ernestine remarked, "seemed to come upon you like a modern Harpocrates."

Trent, who did not understand the allusion, was for once discreet.

"He is a man with whom I had done a deal of business," he said. "I did not expect him to turn up here."

"In West Africa?" she asked quickly.

Trent smiled enigmatically.

"There are many foreign countries besides Africa," he said. "I've been in most of them. This is box No. 13 then. I shall see you this evening."

He did not make his way at once to the bandstand. Instead he entered the small refreshment room at the base of the building, and called for a glass of brandy. He drank it slowly, his eyes fixed upon the long row of bottles ranged upon the shelf opposite to him, he himself carried back upon a long wave of thoughts to a little West African station where the moist heat rose in fever mists and where an endless stream of men passed backward and forward to their tasks with wan, weary faces and slow-dragging limbs. What a cursed chance which had brought him once more face to face with the one weak spot in his life, the one chapter which, had he the power, he would most willingly seal for ever! From outside came the ringing of a bell, the hoarse shouting of many voices in the ring, through the open door, the vision of fluttering waves in lace parasols and picture hats, little to a certain extent a whim with her, moments ago it had all seemed so distant, from the black patent shoes showing beneath the flourishes of the skirt, to the white hat with its clusters of roses. Her froward gown was as simple as the brains could make it, and she wore no ornaments, save a fine clasp to her waistband of dull

sunlight, then he stepped on to the grass and made his way through the throng. The air was full of soft, gay music, and the skirts and flounces of the women brushed against him at every step. Laughter and excitement were the order of the day. Trent, with his suddenly pallid face and unseeing eyes, seemed a little out of place in such a scene of pleasure. Francis, who was smoking a cigar, looked up as he approached and made room for him upon the seat.

"I did not expect to see you in England just so soon, Captain Francis," Trent said.

"I did not expect," Francis answered, "ever to be in England again. I am told that my recovery was a miracle. I am also told that I owe my life to you!"

Trent shrugged his shoulders.

"I would have done as much for any of my people," he said, "and you don't owe me any thanks. To be frank with you, I hoped you'd die."

"You could easily have made sure of it," Francis answered.

"It wasn't my way," Trent answered shortly. "Now what do you want with me?"

Francis turned towards him with a curious mixture of expressions in his face.

"Look here," he said, "I want to believe in you. When I got back to my own country, I'm not over-anxious to do you a mischief. But you must tell me what you have done with Vill—Monty."

"Don't you know where he is?" Trent asked quickly.

"I? Certainly not! How should I know?"

"Perhaps not," Trent said, "but here's the truth. When I got back to my own country, I'm not over-anxious to do you a mischief. But you must tell me what you have done with Vill—Monty."

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NEW FRENCH CHIEF OF STAFF



GEN. EDOUARD DE CASTELNAUX.

whom Gen. Joffre has appointed his chief of staff. Three of the four sons of Gen. de Castelnaux at the front have been killed. The second son to fall was brought to his father's camp terribly wounded, and died three hours later. The general kissed his dead son and wish for. I swear that our armies will avenge you in avenging all French families."

The news of the death of the General's first son was brought to him while he was in conference with his officers. He read the statement, bowed his head a moment, as if said "Gentlemen, let continue." The third son, Lieut. Hugues de Castelnaux, was killed in October of this year.

ALLIES' PEACE TERMS. METALS USED FOR SHELLS.

Some Demands Suggested by British National Review. Only the Best of Material is Suitable for Them.

Among preliminaries to peace suggested by the "National Review" are the following:—To retire from all allied territories before any peace overtures be entertained. Belgium to be fully compensated for Germany for all losses she has sustained directly or indirectly through Germany's unprovoked attack. In addition to the amount of such losses, the sum of £500,000,000 to be paid by Germany to Belgium.

France to be compensated on the same scale as Belgium. Alsace-Lorraine to be restored to France and such other territory as may seem necessary for national security. Russia to be similarly compensated as Belgium and France, and to secure similar security against future aggression.

Serbia's claims to be formulated by the Serbian Government. Italy to obtain Trieste and the Trentino. Austria-Hungary to be dealt with as leniently as Russia's interests permit. Turkey to be leniently dealt with. No territory freed from German rule during the war in any part of the world to be returned to her.

The German navy to be surrendered to the allies and distributed pro rata among them. All German shipping in allied ports to be confiscated. Kiel Canal to be internationalized. Rigorous justice to be meted out to all German criminals and arch-criminals. General von Bissing to be publicly executed prior to any peace parleys. Military occupation of Berlin pending fulfilment of treaty.

KING PETER AND ENGLAND.

"That Country Has Done So Much for My People." In describing the Serbian people's retreat from Nish, Charles S. Jenkinson, who was engaged in the work of improving the sanitary conditions of the hospitals there, tells of a visit to King Peter:

"He sent for me because he desired to hear about the sanitary work in connection with the hospitals. He was in his bungalow at Topola, north-west of Kragujevac, a nice, unpretentious stone building on the side of a hill, under the shadow of a white marble church which he is erecting to leave to his people as a memorial. I was presented to the King in the garden, where he was walking. He was a short, slim, erect figure. He has a blond, curly, springy step and imperial, and keen blue eyes under shaggy brows.

"I was about to kiss his hand, but he gave me a hearty hand-shake instead, indicating that he did not desire any ceremony. We walked and talked for about twenty minutes in the most friendly fashion. He spoke in fluent French and expressed his great regret that he could not use the tongue of 'the country that had been so good to his own people.'"

"He mentioned that he met Queen Victoria in her younger days and climbed Mount Pilatus with her. Several times he repeated his gratitude towards England, our greatest friend." He mentioned that he suffers from rheumatism; certainly his movements did not betray it. When speaking of the war his voice had a sad note—"attacks on three sides, and the ravages of typhus"—but he was not gloomy; he seemed confident that things would be well in the end."

German Officers Killed.

In a private report which has come into the hands of the French, the number of German field artillery officers of all ranks who have been killed up to September 10 since the beginning of the war on the Western front is put as equal to the officer personnel of 240 batteries.

A NEW PROBLEM.

Sunken Tanks as Storehouses for Submarines.

The recent launching of submarines designed to permit a great crushing radius brought naval experts face to face with a new problem—a system of supply stations which would promote the submarine from the class of auxiliaries to that of battleships.

The battleship can carry supplies and coal or oil sufficient for many weeks and also has the advantage of the colliers and supply ships which are a part of every fleet.

But the submarine of the future will be designed to act alone, a solitary ranger in the course of commerce, quite able to escape should it meet with a superior enemy.

Supply boats with ammunition, oil, extra parts, etc., have been designed to accompany submarines, but it is pointed out that they, being visible, attract attention to the presence of the underwater fighters and are also very liable to seizure.

The latest plans call for submerged oil and supply tanks to be sunk in inlets, where they may be securely anchored safe from the ravages of a storm. It is claimed that these tanks may be sunk in the waters of an enemy in times of peace and that their contents will be as useful years later as if stored on land.

These tanks are constructed with large air chambers which are emptied when the container is sunk. In times of peace a submarine, desiring a fresh supply of fuel, anchors near the submerged tank and sends down a diver, who attaches an air hose to the empty tanks.

A half-hour's pumping of air into the tanks and the container rises to the surface and supplies are taken from it. If the tank contains only fuel and oil it is claimed the submarine can empty it without rising to view, simply by the use of a diver and a pump.

It is said that submarines have been driven from German ports in the North Sea to the Dardanelles without fresh supplies. If proper supply tanks were stationed in all the waters of the globe it is safe to assume that submarines could wage war on enemy commerce in any or all parts of the navigable earth.

A COSTLY PRODUCTION.

The Zeppelin As Employed in the War Costs \$200,000.

Few military instruments in the present war have come in for so much discussion as the Zeppelin airships, yet few people really know just what these formidable machines are like. In appearance the Zeppelin resembles a long, narrow pencil with 16 sides, its exact measurements being 400 feet long and 50 feet in diameter. If a Zeppelin were placed vertically next to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, it would prove to be over 100 feet taller than this historic building. The body of a Zeppelin is constructed of aluminum, and is so built on the girder principle that despite its extreme lightness it can withstand immense strain. Over this frame is stretched prepared rubberized silk is stretched. The interior of the Zeppelin envelope is not filled entirely with gas, as is the case with the balloon. It is divided up into 16 compartments, each of which contains its portion of hydrogen gas. These "balloons," as they are termed, look like 16 sacks lined up inside the sausage-shaped "parent" balloon envelope. By means of this constructional system the Zeppelin cannot be sunk unless half of its "balloons" are robbed of their gas. Also these sections prevent the body of the airship being forced out of shape through the wind resistance set up when the machine is forcing its way through the air at 50 miles an hour.

A Zeppelin is a costly production, and \$200,000 is required to build such a military weapon and equip it for destructive purposes. The expenses connected with these airships do not end here. Great sheds must be erected, and gas-producing plants laid down, so that the Zeppelin may have its daily feed of hydrogen.

MEASURING SPEED OF LIGHT.

Said to Be About 186,000 Miles a Second.

Blazing in the southeastern sky these evening stars are far more brilliant than any of the stars, and rivaling even the moon—is the planet Jupiter, largest of all the sun's family, of which the earth is a member. Jupiter has only just passed the point at which he is nearest the earth. He is now only about 400,000,000 miles away from us.

The most interesting thing about Jupiter is his moons, eight of them, four of which can be seen through a field glass. These four were the first discovery made by the telescope. Galileo seeing them first on Jan. 7, 1610. They revolve about Jupiter in one in four and one-quarter days, one in eight and one-half days, one in sixteen and one-half days, and one in forty and one-half days.

It was these moons that first taught men the speed of light. Soon after they were discovered astronomers began watching their eclipses, and before long they were able to fortell the exact hours at which the moons would disappear behind Jupiter and reappear on the other side. But it was noticed that as Jupiter got farther away from the earth the eclipses were always late, and as he came nearer the eclipses little by little got back to schedule time again. When Jupiter was farthest away the eclipses were about sixteen minutes behind time. In 1675 Roemer, a Dutch astronomer, accounted for this by saying that light, instead of being an instant flash, took an appreciable time to travel through space, and he calculated this speed to be about 186,000 miles a second.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing do it now.

ABOUT INTERESTING PEOPLE

Tod Sloan, the famous jockey, has been engaged in Red Cross work in France. His ambition is to have just one more ride on the English Turf.

Mme. Clara Butt, who has worked so hard for the soldiers, may be said to have enriched our nomenclature. She has a daughter called Joy, who had the honor, some time ago, of presenting a bouquet to Queen Mary at a concert arranged by the famous singer.

Lieutenant Marconi, who has been with the Italian troops at the front, thinks it premature to say the least, to discuss the possibility of ammunition being exploded by electric waves sent out by wireless instruments. The scientist is cautious enough to add that he doesn't say it is impossible.

The eloquent sermons of the Archbishop of Canterbury have been one of the features of wartime in England. Dr. Davidson's one recreation is chess, and people will remember his witty remark that he had a good deal to do with kings and queens, lived in two castles, and was both a knight and a bishop.

Sir J. Forbes Robertson, who in the last few years has earned a substantial fortune after a long period of moderate luck, may care to remember that he was once told by Miss Ellen Terry that he had better stick to his painting, and become an artist instead of an actor.

One of the most popular men at the Front is Prince Arthur of Connaught. He is liked because of his extreme absence of side. It is recalled that at Aldershot a lady journalist was once surprised to find him sitting on the edge of the counter of the regimental coffee-bar, whistling to himself as he gravely counted out the coppers in the till, and entered them in the account-book.

The Rev. C. F. Aked, who left Liverpool to become pastor to the millionaires' church in New York, and whose utterances on the war have lately been severely criticised, does not lack for courage. He commenced his career in New York by attacking millionaires, and when they stayed away denounced his flock for stinginess, the result being the arrival by post of many cheques.

To increase the share of women in local government is now the keenest interest of that most philanthropic of Society dames, the Duchess of Marlborough. Her Grace believes that if there were more women on the borough and county councils, invaluable assistance would be rendered to the country in regard to such problems as a pure milk supply, municipal lodging-houses for women, and the increase of playgrounds for children.

WHAT IS A DAY?

Some Parts of Norway It Lasts Two Months.

A day is generally supposed to be a period of twenty-four hours, but this is not necessarily so. The period of the sun's position above the horizon also constitutes a day.

The actual measure of time covered by a day as we know it is 23 hours, 56 minutes and 5 seconds.

In some parts of Norway the day lasts two whole months without interruption! Three and a half months constitutes the period of the longest day in Spitzbergen, while a half hour only registers two and a half hours! That is, judging the actual period of light, which would be the natural day.

Petrograd's longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At Hamour, the longest is seventeen, and the shortest seven.

London's longest day is, roughly, sixteen and a half, with the shortest about eight hours.

WORTHLESS DEVICES.

Medical Quacks Prosper as Result of the War.

The exploitation of a great variety of electrical devices for the treatment of diseases has attended the return to London of wounded soldiers from the front. Most of these are absolutely valueless and many have been sold fraudulently.

The Electrical Review, of London, editorially attacks the practice. The writer of the article declares that "while he holds no brief for the qualified medical man," he does hold a brief "against those who with the aid of newspaper advertisement and pseudo-scientific pretensions, are ready to take unfair advantage of the opportunity to fatten on the earnings of poor and rich alike." "We know something of the lengths to which these sharks can go, the profits that they make and the receptivity of the easily deluded mind, when we exhort a hope that the powers in authority will keep a careful watch over this matter."

Pays Tribute to Russians.

An enthusiastic tribute to the Russian soldier and his leaders is paid by Gen. Arz, the Hungarian military leader who for five months was Field Marshal Mackensen's chief lieutenant in the Russian campaign. Gen. Arz says: "The Russian military leadership is energetic, determined and up to date. The Russian infantry soldier is active, brave, determined and not afraid of death. Those stories which assert that their officers drive them into battle with machine guns are nursery tales. His individual merits are indisputable."

Thoughts of Love.

Kind thoughts and words are never wasted, and if we were regularly to set apart five minutes every morning for sending out thoughts of love and sympathy for all, I think it would, says a writer, often keep us from forgetting to do a kind act when the opportunity came.