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# CHAPTER VL-(Continued.)

I followed his directions to the po ed with glass, and found Miss Graham sitting there with an elderly woman who proved to be her sunt, Miss Corey,

She presented me, and the elder lady, after making a few comments on the awful night, withdrew, Still standing, I put my hand into my inner pocket and drew forth the box with the locket.

When I went back to the Ship this afternoon I found you had dropped the locket from your chain. Permit me to return it.

"Oh !" she said. "How good of you to bring it ! I discovered it was gone and was afraid I might not be able to find it after the storm. Thank you so much. Mr. Selden."

I felt singularly cold and haughty, and seemed to detect a certain reserve also in her manner. The air of the Penguin Club was not conducive to informality. I had intended to call her attention to the fact that the locket was open when I came upon it, but could not bring my self to do so in the face of the chill that seemed to have settled down upon us. "Won't you sit down and talk to me?"

she said, but I shook my head. "I must be getting back. The storm is

getting worse every minute. The wood road will soon be a swollen river."

There came a growl of thunder and a flash of livid lightning. Miss Graham moved a muscle. "I love "she said, "but I don't blame you scarcely storms," for wanting to get home as soon as you can. You must be soaked even in those

I looked at my rough attire, and then contrast.

"It's lucky I don't often come to the ub," I said. "They would probably club," I said. warn me from the premises as a soare crow of ill omen."

Rodney Islip came on to the porch, in evening dress, as though to emphasize my own incongruities.

"Will you dance, Barbara?" he said. "They're playing one of your favorite waltzes." Then he discovered me. "Helwaltzes." Then he discovered me. "Hel-lo, old chap !" said he. "How the deuce came you here? You don't mean to tell me you rode through the thick of this storm?

Petty resentment got the better of me I barely noticed him, and bowed to the girl.

"Don't let me keep you, Miss Graham My mission is over. Good night."

She held out her hand; I barely touch-ed it. I was at the door when Rodney "I say, old man, have you seen speks. the evening papers? Terrible times in France, more trouble on the market; let me get you the news." He was so full of the stock exchange bimself that he thought we must all be interested.

"No, I thank you," I answered, bluntly, and went out, scorning myself for my rudeness to this chap whose only fault lay in the fact that Miss Graham cared

followed blackness, and another crash of the sky's guns. I waited, my eyes trained on the spot,

and again came the flash, and now, out near the Shoal, I saw a long, black schooner, bare of canvas, pitching like mad in the moll of an angry sea. She

was not on the Shoal-she might be some distance off it-but she was tasting a very nasty equal. Darkness, another peal, more lightning, and now I saw that the long boat, shooting furlously land ward, was heading towards me, was making straight for the beach as fast as the waves and the carsmen could drive her. Another lifting of night, and I saw a tall man-he seemed strangely, uncannily tall -balf standing, half stooping in the stern sheets, the ends of a cape flying past him in the gals.

When I could see again the long boat was making ready for the dash into the The oarsmen-there were roaring surf. some twelve-were laboring to keep the bow straight on. The tall man was standing up to see where he should go, and I caught sight of his white and storm-dis-torted face. I could not more, I could not utter a cry ; I stood transfixed, scarce breathing, my body taut, waiting to see what would happen nast.

nds passed in the darkness, then Re finsh, and I saw that the boat had weathered the worst of the surf, and was grinding on the abore. Four of the men had leaped out and were hauling hard at the sides; the steersman, gaunt and black, still clutched the tiller, half crouching, and was shouting. Succeeding darkness gave ms a chance to wonder what manner of men were these making at the dainty white evening gown she for Alastair, deserting their ship on the wore, and laughed a little sharply at the coast, and landing where there was no const, and landing where there was no harbor, and only a shingle bench. Light

again, and I stood dumfounded, trans fixed, for I saw a little procession marching up the beach to the plnes east of me first the tall man in the long, black, flap ning cloak, then two men bearing a good sized box between them, and then two others, carrying what looked to me like shorels. Darkness, a terrible roar

of thunder, and I pinched myself to make sure that I was awake. I struck a match and held it behind my hand in order that no signal should be given. My watch told me the hour was half past one. I found that I was shiv-

ering from the cold, and slipped into my coat. At every flash of light I was back at the window, raking the beach with my I saw nothing but the grounded bont, with a number of men standing by, and far off the tossing hulk of the schoon-

I did not even dare step into the hall to call Charles, so afraid was I of losing something of this remarkable sight. Min utes passed. I kept my watch in my hand. Flash succeeded flash at greater but the scene was still intervals, 124 same : the boat evidently walting, the farther reaches of the beach empty.

Half an hour had gone when my pa tience was rewarded. The same proces sion appeared from the pines, minus only long boat plunging again through the left the house. As I walked up the beach breakers, and the crew struggling to keep her righted with their oars. I could see scene with the night of the storm, Whatever that night had brought to Alastair, men no novices at the dangerous work it was clear I was not to know much about it

had not seen the tormented schooner, the landing on the beach of the long boat, the march into the pines, and the final ple ture of that tall, gaunt figure gasing seaward. I could not believe that my imagination or my dreams could be so vivid as my remembrance of those scenes.

questioned Charles closely at break fast as to how he had passed the night. It seemed that he had slept stolidly through all the uproar. Even had he not he would probably have seen nothing, for his room was at the back of the house The storm continued, though with less sened violence. After breakfast I venwent first to the place where, as I remembered, the long boat had been beach-ed. The waves had done away with all ed. traces of the keel. Then I followed as nearly as I could the path which the strangers had taken to the pines; but the wind and rain had obliterated the footsteps, if there had ever been any there. I poked into the pines, only to be drenched by waterfalls for my pains. The mystery was as deep as ever when I finally desisted and went back to shelter.

After some thought, I determined to only too apt, taking the facts in conjunction with my mysterious ride to the club in the evening, to believe I had dreamed it all. What would a schooner's crew he doing on our lonely beach in the height of a midnight storm? A sensible man would naturally be inclined to doubt.

I settled down to work, and, shutting my mind both to the mystery and to Miss Graham, succeeded in getting a good deal done by night. The next day I passed in similar fashion, living in guiet comfort so long as the storm lasted.

The third day broke fair, and early in the morning I swept the sea and the beach with my binoculars. Never were son and land more peaceful; the tempest appeared to have cleared the atmosphere and brought it to a new screnity. My work accomplished, I set out for the little

river to the west of the cliff, to see how my cathoat had weathered the gale. found there was some bailing to be done, and then, called by a gentle breeze, I ran up sall and for an hour best up the chan nel The hot sun of noon sent me home and I sat down to my mid-day dinner. Charles had brought me papers and a note from the club. I ran through the papers first, to prove to myself how little cared for the note, but at last I broke Its seal.

"I am going to hold you to your invita-tion for supper in the Ship now that the storm is over. May we have it to-day about 67"

That was all, without even a signature.

I was in two minds as to what to do. could not disappoint her without seem ing more than churlish, without writing myself down once and for all as no gentleman, and yet the sight of her note could play at her game,

I visited the larder and decided on a these things"-I pointed out certain provisions-"in the wheelbarrow, and take them on to the Ship on the beach. You will also take the folding-table from my study, and two folding-chairs, and set table on the deck. I am going to take supper there with a lady at 6. can leave the level tes in a bottle. Have the supper ready at a quarter before the hour, and then leave. We will not require any service. "Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles, sedate

12. I frowned as though the whole proceeding bored me, and returned to my work.

I waited on the shore until Miss Gra-

Miss Graham was delighted, and

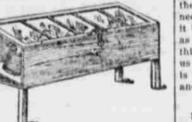
As half past 5 I dressed carefully and



A Good Strainer is Necessary. Dirt-carrying bacteria once in the milk has done its harm, and no number of strainers of any kind yet invented can take



wire screen on a strainer should be keep my secret to myself. Charles would replaced as soon as it becomes broken respectfully listen to my statement, but without further evidence he would be to clean the screen of a strainer is with a small, stiff brush. The best kind of a strainer is one with the screen on the sides, rather than on the bottom, for then there is no undue pressure, which sometimes forces small particles of dirt through the screen. The screener cannot be counted upon to make up for previous care-Scientists say lesandia in milking. that a poor strainer may even in-



SUNNING BOX FOR DAIRY UTENSILS.

crease the bacterial content of milk In using cheesecloth or thick linen for straining milk it should not only be bolled after use, but should then be wrapped in a paper and baked in the oven for thirty minutes and then kept wrapped up until time to use

The production of market eggs is probably the safest branch of the poultry business, and the amount of capital invested need not be very large. In the New England States, New York and New Jersey there are many commercial egg farms, keeping from 500 roused much of my sleeping resentment, to several thousand hens. The farm-If I went, I would at least show her that ers, too, in this section of the country keep large flocks for eggs for the Eastern markets, and all seem to be do enu. Then I startled Charles half out ing well and making money. What of his senses, though to his credit be it we need in the South is more egg said he never showed it. "You will pack farms. Lands are cheap, material for housing and labor cheap, and, again, it is not necessary in the South to We have build such expensive houses. every advantage in the Bouthland for producing eggs at a less cost than our You Northern brothers, and with quick and satisfactory railroad facilities to the Eastern markets the South should become the greatest poultry producing

section of the entire country Other branches of the poultry indus try may pay better than egg farming. but none are attended with so little worry and risk and are so certain of

| tances. But milk, vegetables and small fruits are better, as well as cheaper, if produced near the place of consumption ,and this line of agricul ture has from the exigen - of things become the industry of Eastern farm ars .- Field and Farm.

# Early Plowing Always Best.

Last summer we got a field of wheat stubble about half plowed when other work called us away. The remaining stubble was turned under early this spring, and the whole field planted to A and is ranker and better in overy

other way. There is a difference between sum mer and fall plowing, the difference being in favor of the summer plowing. Turning a green growth into the soll turning an equal growth under, but before doing it. Here on this farm we aim to do all the plowing possible the days are long and one does not need to hurry the teams. Not only is it better to get the work done as soon as possible for any crop to be sown this fall, but our experience proves to us that the earlier the better if corn is to be the next crop .- Farmer's Mail

Acidity and Butter Plavor. It has been a generally accepted of good butter necessitates the development of a certain amout of acid in

a desirable flavor and to improve the Reeping quality. Recent investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate, however, that butter made from Pasteurized sweet cream has better keeping qualities and remains free from objectionable flavors for a longer time than butter made from sour cream. If these facts

would be bought for butter making.

The form of Individual hoghouse shown in the illustration is 6 feet square on the ground and both doors



# FOREIGN-MADE CIGARETTES.

## We import Heavily Despite Our Large Domestic Production.

Though the United States is the greatest cigarette producing nation of the world, there are imported into this country every year more than \$3,000,-000 worth of foreign made cigarettes, some Turkish and some Egyptian. Turkey is a large tobacco producing country, yielding 50,000 tons of tobacco every year, and the Turks, It is well known, are a nation of smokers. The amount of tobacco raised in Egypt is inconsiderable, and yet Egyptian cigarettes are imported into this country in considerable amounts every year. The explanation of the matter is simple. It seems that the Greek tobacco crop last year was the largest Greece ever harvested-about 200,000, 000 pounds. A brand of Greek tobacco is used for Egyptian cigarottes.

Why, it is asked, Egyptian? The answer is that Egyptian eightettes are made by Greeks, because cigarette pacorn. The corn on last summer's plow- per is too expensive for Greece, where ing is now several inches tailer than it is a government monopoly. Thus that on the land plowed this spring. the business has gone over to Egypt. The most famous cigarette makers of Egypt are Greeks.

A very large business in cigarette making has been established in Alexandria, and it is in the hands of Greeks, who import their tobacco from seems to be very much better than their own country and in turn ship it to foreign countries. England and the waiting until it has matured and dried United States are the chief markets for Egyptian eigarettes, which are, in fact, Greek cigarettes, those bearing this summer. It may be not work but the title Turkish being imported from Turkey direct,

There has been a decided influx of oreigners who manufacture eigarettes, into this country, during the last few years. Americans are inclined to like the taste of the foreign brand better than the domestic product and the manufacture of them is heavy

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS. By Clarence L. Cullen.

### www.

The opproaching census will not state how many myriads of married ouples are living together just out of the force of habit.

Some women like to make their husbands go to church on Sunday morning just to show their neighbors that they can make 'em.

Women are such artistic dissemblers that a pair of them can walts together at a manless summer resort hotel and pretend that they enjoy It.

A woman just knows that a doctor must be a crackerjack in his profesaton if he has fine white teeth and beoyou-tifully kept finger nails.

What no man can understand How his wife can hide two suits of pajamas in his suit case so that he can't over find them without a search warrant and a writ of replevin.

The main reason why a woman does not like her husband's bachelor friends is that she knows that they know a heap of things about him that sha doesn't know and that they'll never tell her.

When a woman wants to make another woman feel worried about her new dress she says: "It's quite pretty -but do you think it's exactly your color " Or: "It fits real well er-in the back, doesn't it?"

You're in pretty had when your wife (without your ever knowing it) prage to her women cronies that she can make you do anything she wants simply by opening her tear ducts at the psychological moment.

and Breeze. theory among teachers of and writers on dairy subjects that the production

the cream, for two reasons, to develop

are established it might seem that in the years to come only sweet cream

A Hog Shelter.

are hinged so they will open and close readily; 12 foot boards make the side and roof. Use good soft pine flooring, as it is lighter and much easler to move when necessary than heavier lumber; four pieces 2x4 inch and 6 feet long are for sills; two places 2x4 inch and 6 feet long are for ridge and plate. The door in the roof can be opened when the sun shines. Sunshine is the best tonic known for litthe pigs in early spring, and the door



again .- Farm and Home. Commercial Egg Farm.

I stood in the shadow while they passed me, then I stole back to the glass-covered porch and looked in for a moment at the dancing. I watched Islip the boat was sharp at either end, and the lond Miss Graham on to the floor and float away with her, and I caught sight of besching. They were gone, going back of the locket hanging on its chain about to their schooner, and I feit that the her throat. She looked very fair in her spirit of mystery was lifting from Alaswhite gown, with her neck bare, and Lalip tair. looked very happy as he danced with her. I looked again at my own rough, un-This was no place for me. couth garm. Buddenly 1 hated the Penguin Club and stood upon the beach, gazing senward as all it contained, all its civilization, all its though to eatch the last of his mates. I clothes and dances. I would be off to my little hut in the dunes, with no one but Charles by, and he my very humble ser-WHIST.

Nero was ready, and I swong myself up and plunged off again into the night. Plushes of lightning showed me the depth of the water in the woods. I ploughed my way homeward, caring nothing what happened, riding as though a legion of devils pursued.

I paid no attention to Charles' fire and my eyes had seen. hot grog that he had ready. I flung off my sodden clothes and went to bed, finding my one entisfaction in the crashbomhard Alastair from the sky. It was cliffs now shadowed forth a mystery, a certainly the night for any inysterious yet, preposterous as the idea seemed, deed, I remember thinking as I fell asleep.

# CHAPTER VIL

I must have been asleep for some time stinctive movement made me jump out of hed and go to the front window which looks out upon the sen. The blackness of the pit, and only the roar of a waves against the cliff! Then while peered into the night came a flash lightning, revealing the beach and waves and the open ses with startli clearness. The scene was over in t clearness. time it takes to tell it, but I he, as something—a long ship's boat, our-bis finshing, half way between the light the Shifting Shoal and Alastair. The

Still I walted, and in time the scet lighted, and I may that the boat had left board. We beheld a supper table immacsomething; the tall, cloaked man still uistely set, and places for ino.

remember that even in that brief instant I felt there was something stran, about him, something fantastic, som thing out of keeping with the New En

land shore

Darkness shut in, the roar of thund and, the lightning passed; the out world only sent me the deep, dista booming of the sea upon the cliff, stumbled back to bed and pulled clothes about ms, full of wonder at wh

I lay there for a long time, thinki conjecturing what all this strange m ter meant. Somehow, my quiet beach h of the thunder that seemed to been transformed; the space between yet, prepasterons as the idea seemed, felt in some way that I had always pected a remarkable something to happe

my dreams in some way to come true, Alastair was no common place and w when a sudden sky-cracking crash of fit for some surprising history, thunder brought me wide awake. An in- In time I dropped asleep, to dream queer things.

CHAPTER VIII.

a fair r returns and steady tion for the time and money expended.

#### Milking.

Milking under quiet, favorable con ditions is quite important, for the following reasons plainly set forth by

ham sppeared, and crossed the path with John Burroughs, the eminent naturalher to the Ship. I pulled the short rope- list, in speaking of the supposed powladder over the side and helped her on er of cows to "hold-up" their milk. Says Mr. Burroughs: "Most farmers

and country people thing that the 'giving down' or 'holding up' the milk could not help releating a little when I by the cow is a voluntary act. In

fact, they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk, and that the cow releases or withholds it just as id she chooses. But the udder is a mante ufactory; it is filled with blood from sll which the milk is manufactured while ", you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system; when she is excited or in any way disturb ed, as by a stranger, or by taking away her calf, or any other cause, the ch process is arrested and the milk will of not flow. The whole process is as in-

voluntary as is digeation in man, and in disturbed or arrested in about the same way."-Missouri Dairyman. 181

#### Truck Patch and Orchard.

When one of our Western farmers goes down East he is impressed with 1y cream checks while the other felthe fact that the truck patch, the orchard, the poultry yard and the 182 dairy are relatively of vastly greater 32 importance than in the country where broad fields of grain, alfalfa, spuds and sugar beets are in fashion and big the bunches of beef cattle enliven the adlandscape. The great citles, some of them containing more people than the entire State of Colorado, must be fed from the farms. The products of the 00, West are mainly such as may be readily transported over long dis- them.

INDIVIDUAL HOGHOUSE.

is essential when the sow needs attention at pigging time as a means of entrance and, as is sometimes the case, a very hasty exit .-- Breeders' Gazotte.

Dairy Notes.

Butter methods are gradually gainng favor. Working to the best advantage

neans using brains. Keep one calf growing all the time, but don't feed it too much.

Cold and overfeeding will kill the oung ealf more guickly than anything else.

Don't try to keep a cow for milk and beef. She will disappoint you every time.

The man with a "dual purpose" dream usually wakes up to find that he is in the beef business. It's just about as hard to get a good

helfer out of a scrub as it is to make water run up hill. The creamery patron has his month-

low has the store bill.

Every hand separator is built to take care of a certain amount of milk. Don't feed it above capacity.

The ordinary man may be judged by the company he keeps, but the dairy farmer is judged by the cows he keeps.

The hest way to insure high prices for dairy products is to make them so good that the people can't help eating

When women themselves write about women's "mystery" and their "intuition" and their other fancied otherealnesses the effect is about as ridiculous as it would be if men word to brag of their bleeps and the autotine contour of their zonen.

### Caught Bending.

Professor Cube Root's class of genmetrical goniuses were receiving in structions. They were first laught that a circle was a thing like this-O. They then learned that a straight line was one without wabbles in it,

50 "Now, boys," said Professor Root, "can any of you describe to me what a half circle is like?"

Up shot half a dozen grasping hands.

"Well, Teddy," said Professor Root, let's hear your delnition of a half elrelo firat."

"Please, sir," answered Teddy. "It's a straight line caught bending."-London Express.

# As He Remembered It.

"Shadbolt, did you ever have a touch of anything like the appendicitis?"

"Once." Have you forgotten. Dingues, that when you were operated on for it you touched me for an even hundred?"-Chicago Tribune.

Women are great talkers, but most of their victories over men can be traced to tears or stulles

A woman isn't necessarily gifted because she has the gift of gab.