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THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Early for him, on the following morning he was aroused by a loud knocking at his front door. Now thoroughly sobered, he hurriedly dressed, stumbled down the rickety staircase, and opened the door, to find himself confronted by Miss Ada Lester.

Her face was flushed, and the angry light of Jasper Vermont had called up by his sneers at her vulgarity the previous evening still shone in her dark eyes.

"Where is the gal?" she asked abruptly.

"The gal?" he repeated, staring at her in stolid amazement.

"Yes—Jessica!" retorted Miss Lester, her jewels flashing in a chance ray of sunlight which had found its way through the dingy court. "Where is she?"

"She is not at home," said Mr. Wilfer. "She and Martha have gone out for the day to Greenwich. If you'd wrote a-sayin' you was join' to call I'd have made 'em stay till you came."

Miss Lester looked at him keenly. "If you don't believe me," said Wilfer, "go upstairs and look at her room."

Ada ran past him up the stairs, and quickly returned.

"It's locked," she said.

"Of course," she said, the lady-keeper, the keys "ere," sneered Johnna. "Look 'ere, 'ere's her hat and coat; there's one of 'er boots, so she must be comin' back afore long."

Miss Lester appeared convinced. She breathed more freely, as if a weight had been taken off her mind.

"Here," she said, putting some gold coins in his hand, "is something to make up for my troubling you. But I was real anxious to know if everything was right with the gal."

Wilfer—debauched and demoralized by drink—was disposed to look at the worst side of things; and from this point of view thought she meant the reverse of what she said.

"Would you be very much cut up," he said slyly, "if she wasn't able to trouble you any more, or answer awkward questions, miss?"

She turned on him with a fierceness that made him recoil.

"If anything happens to that gal," she shouted, "I'll turn the police on you. For, mind my words—I mean them—I shouldn't have cared yesterday very much, if I had learnt she was dead, but now I want her. Do you hear? I want her, and you take care she's alive and ready when I come for her."

Then, without vouchsafing any further information, she flounced away, leaving Mr. Wilfer staring blankly after her, and wishing for once that he had stayed his hand, instead of driving the girl into the miseries and dangers of the streets.

Little did Wilfer or Miss Lester imagine that Jessica had found safety and refuge in Adrian Leroy's chambers.

the world could have put before her. Poor Jessica, how sweet and yet how bitter had been the awakening in that gilded cabinet. How sweet to find herself there in reality, and not only in a dream no right there and that she must go!

That splendid golden room with all the wonderful undreamt-of things was not for her. She looked down at her wet, dirt-stained dress, at her worn, ragged shoes, at her cold, red hands, and shuddered. She had no right there. Should she take advantage of his goodness to remain and sully the beauty of his place—for to her it seemed little less—by her unworthy presence? No, woman-child as she was, she shrank from the thought; then caught up her hat and arose, resolute.

"He will think me ungrateful," she murmured with half-closed eyes. "He will think—no matter—he will forget me before half-an-hour. I will go back to Johann and chance the beating. This is no place for one like me."

With a little graceful gesture she bent over the mantel and pressed her lips to the spot where Adrian had retd his arm; then with noiseless steps she stole from the room.

The sun was breaking through the morning mist, but she shivered as its warm rays touched her, and with a weary sigh turned towards Soho.

It was all over, the little patch of fairy-light in the dreary darkness of her existence, and as she reminded her elf of this fact she shuddered again.

Looking back, she remembered but little beyond the days she had passed with Johann and his shrewish wife. This strange adventure had been the first ray of sunshine in her poor existence. No wonder that she was unhappy at parting with it.

Suddenly as she passed into Oxford Street she topped, struck with an idea that sent her blood flowing into her pale cheek, flushing it into living beauty. Her large eyes grew thoughtful and full of a strange light.

"Why should I go back to Johann," she murmured. "Can't I follow him—the kind gentleman? Can't I be his servant?"

The answer came quick enough from her inner consciousness. No, she must go back. Of what service could she be to such a man as Adrian? There was nothing for it but to return to Cracknell Court. So wearily, but still with that grace which Southern blood bestows, even though it runs in the veins of a gipsy, or such a street wail as Jessica, she walked on and reached Johann Wilfer's house.

Jessica knew that the man was not her father, but she knew little more than that. She had never asked him or Martha for any information about her parentage—indeed, had scarcely wished for any; it was enough for her that Johann gave her sufficient bread to keep life within her.

That gentleman was, at the moment

of her arrival, absent, engaged on business concerning the sale of the faded picture to Mr. Harker, and Martha was still away; so Jessica, pausing at the door of the living-room to a certain that it was empty, softly ascended the stairs leading to the garret which served as her special apartment.

It was as small and as squalid as all the other rooms in that crowded court; but it was different from them in one respect—it was clean.

A miserable chair—instead of the chequer kind, covered with a threadbare quilt; a chair with the back broken off; a washstand on three legs, and a triangular piece of silvered glass, the remains of a cheap mirror, composed the furniture.

This peculiarly-shaped piece of common glass reflected the girl's beautiful face in all manner of distorted forms. The quilt just kept her from perishing with the cold. But yet the mirror, the bed, and the room itself were precious to her, for they were her own. Beyond its sacred threshold Johann or Martha never passed. She had a key to it; and to enter now she unlocked the door.

After the luxury of Adrian's rooms the mean quality of her own apartment struck the girl more forcibly than usual, and sinking upon the bed, she covered her face with her hands and gave way to a flood of tears. But the weakness did not last long; and after a moment or two, with a sudden gesture, almost Italian in its intensity, she flung back her head and rose from her crouching position.

"I will not think of the beautiful place, I will not think of him," she told herself passionately. "But, oh! will he be sorry that I ran away, or will he laugh, and ask that proud servant to see that I haven't stolen anything?"

She shook her head mournfully at her own distorted reflection in the cracked mirror, then she sighed and went downstairs.

Johann had returned, wonderful to relate, still fairly sober; but this was probably due to the necessity of maintaining at least the appearance of sobriety in his transaction on behalf of the gang concerning the sale of the picture.

He was counting the coins on the table, some of them gold—for Jessica's quick eyes caught the shimmer of it—and he looked up half fiercely, half contemptuously as the girl entered.

"Well, where have you been? You're like a cat, or a policeman—never to be found when you're wanted. There was a fine lady came to see you this mornin'—a real swell, my girl." He laughed coarsely. "But, of course, you were out of the way. Where had you got to?"

"Anywhere, nowhere," replied Jessica, who did not fear him when he was sober, though she hated him always.

"Ah, that's the style! The swell lady ought to have heard you talk like that. She'd say I was bringing you up well. Come here and let's have a look at you."

Jessica did not move, but stared at him steadily.

"What! You won't come?" he said with a grin. "Well, there's something for your obstinacy, you little mule!"

He flung a half-crown across to her, and Jessica took it up, then looked him questioning in the face.

"You're thinking I'm mighty generous, eh? So I am, my girl—doubtless generous." He laughed mockingly.

"Well, what do you say if all the lot's for you, eh?"

"All for me!" repeated the girl stopping short in her task of making the mantelshelf neat; "all for me!"

"Yes, when you get it, little cat! All for you, indeed! Not it's for me; and I've a good mind to take the half-crown back. A fool and his money's soon parted; but he's more idiotic to part with other people's. I'm going out. I shall want some grub when I get back—arf a pound of steak, an' a pot of porter, an' don't forget the gin."

Kind you remember now, or I'll break every bone in your body." With which forcible admonition the man shuffled out.

After a few hours he returned, not blindly drunk, but spiteful, ill-tempered, and stupidly brutal.

About the same time on that day Adrian Leroy was making his way in the new car through the crowded thoroughfare of Oxford Street.

"Soho? Yes, sir. Cracknell Court, just turnin' on the left. I'll show yer, sir," piped the ragged urchin.

whose heartfelt interest Leroy had purchased, along with his quarry, by means of a shilling.

Cracknell Court was small, evil-smelling, and teeming with children. Bidding the chauffeur wait at the entrance to the court, Adrian, to whom dust, noises, and evil smells were things of absolute pain, entered one of the dens and asked for Mr. Wilfer.

"There he is," said another urchin; and Leroy turned to face that individual, who was leaning against an open door.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Johann Wilfer?" he asked courteously.

"You are," returned Wilfer, taking the begrimed pipe from his mouth, and staring with bloodshot eyes at the handsome, high-bred face before him.

"Can you tell me if a young girl named Jessica returned to you safely this mornin'?" Leroy inquired.

(To be continued.)

The Farm

Importance of Good Feeding.

To the man who looks after his live stock nothing is more remarkable than the cumulative effects of good feeding. All of the grand pedigree herds have been built up quite as much by foods as by selection, and yet a well-bred animal will thrive on the food which will scarcely maintain a common one.

The fact that an animal has never been poor from its birth transmits to its descendants a greater aptitude towards fattening. When that has been continued for several generations the results become very marked. In feeding cattle there is no one dietary that is superior to all others. In countries like England feeding is a different matter to what it is in this country, where animals have to forage very much for themselves. It is possible to get an animal fat on a dietary where carbohydrates predominate, and equally so where proteins are in excess.

Animals fed with a preponderance of albuminoids are firmer and weigh heavier in proportion to measurement than when fed largely on carbohydrates. The great art of feeding is to fetch up the albuminoids at the lowest cost, remembering always that the bulky farm foods—hay, straw and roots—are always deficient in albuminoids and are not economically fed alone.

There must be sufficient bulk to fill the animal, as well as the more concentrated food to furnish the highest nutrition. For this purpose any sound clean fodder will do, and wheat straw chaff is far better than inferior mouldy hay.

While good feeding is the only way to success, the particular foods used must always be decided upon by the individual, and their selection is one of those fine problems, the solving of which makes the business of the farmer so attractive, and on which depends a successful year or otherwise.

The root crop has done much for sheep, providing winter food, but there is a strong prejudice against roots for breeding ewes. This is not altogether warranted, for, under certain conditions where grass land is scarce, a very high percentage of lambs is obtained from ewes which are very largely maintained on roots, particularly on swedes. It is quite possible that the prejudice arises from want of a better system of management.

Naturally, a ewe cannot maintain herself, and develop her lamb on swedes alone. She should have plenty of dry food. It is very important where sheep are put almost entirely on roots that dry food should be given at once. It is not necessary to give very rich dry food early. Almost any dry food will do so long as the sheep will eat it, and it is helpful and not expensive.

As a rule, the more nitrogenous matter the food contains the better. In cold weather there should be no sparing of food, especially to sheep in exposed places. If the sheep are in good condition at lambing all the better, but good condition does not imply flabby fat. The ewes should be in hard muscular condition and the blood strong from nitrogenous food.

After the Day's Work.

During the rush of the harvest season, when long hours are spent in the field and the teamsters come in unusually tired at night, there is a strong temptation to hurry through the chores. Water and feed is considered by many to be all the attention the team requires. The horse that is not thoroughly cleaned to remove dirt and perspiration from the skin soon begins to show the effects of it. Lack of proper attention to the horse's comfort is responsible for more thin horses than is feeding too small an oat ration.

If a horse comes to the stable wet with sweat very little cleaning can be done with the comb and brush although the use of the curry comb aids in opening the pores of the skin. All harness marks should be sponged off and some horsemen go over the whole animal with a damp sponge to remove as much dirt as possible. It is not advisable to wash a horse at night although some drivers do so. Many stables are so hot during the summer months that a horse sweats if left in them at night, and under these circumstances cannot well stand the next day's heat. After being fed and cleaned the horse is fresher the next morning if turned on pasture at night throughout the summer. However, it is not always possible to do so, and when the stable is hot the next best thing to do is to tie the horse outside with some bedding under him. The hay can be fed in the open as well as in the stable. To keep up with the farm work the teams must be kept as efficient as possible and in condition to do a fully day's work.

For two or three months during the year flies torment the horses and make it more difficult for them to do their work. Some horses are protected against the pests, but others are left to fight these tormentors themselves. Fly-nets made of heavy cord or leather laces were commonly used at one time and afforded a degree of protection. A light cotton or hurlap sheet also serves the purpose of protecting the back and sides against flies, but is more heating than the netting. Some drivers rub a little fish oil around their horses' ears, neck legs and other parts where flies

persist in lodging, and claim that it proves effective in keeping off the flies. Not only are the horses benefited by some protection being afforded, but the driver has less trouble in handling them.—Farmer's Advocate.

Work the Colt.

Last spring I had three good horses and a two-year-old colt, and decided that the work of the old horse could be made easier with benefit to the colt. Early in the winter the colt was broken and used at light work. In the spring when doing my farm work I made a four-horse evenner from a piece of 2 x 4-inch elm, the end holes being five feet apart, the centre hole two feet from one end and three feet from the other.

The best team was given the short end of the evenner or three-fifths of the load. On the other end was put the colt, and the third horse, having two-fifths of the pull, but the colt's end of the doubletree was 22 inches long, against 11 inches for the other horse. This gave the colt four-thirtieths against eight-thirtieths for his mate, the other horses each pulling nine-thirtieths of the load.

As the colt became accustomed to the work the doubletrees were changed till he pulled about two-thirds as much as each of the others. This helped the other horses and was not harmful to the colt.—Wm. Hardy, in Farm and Home.

Salt For Sheep.

Let the flock clean up the rough places. They will eat right down to the roots of the weeds and exterminate them.

Be sure that the salt box in the sheep pasture is kept filled. The flock will not thrive if deprived of salt. Remember, that while you are feeding your flock you are feeding for quality and quantity of wool, as well as for the future lamb crop.

Flat turnips can be sown now and a crop raised for the sheep. Roots are essential for the successful handling of the flock.

A flock of uniform quality is a joy and inspiration as well as a sure profit.

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From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

Flour has advanced thirty cents a barrel in Fredericton.

Dog fish are a nuisance to the P.E.I. fishermen, as they destroy nets, devour bait, etc.

A stretch of road 50 miles in length, beginning at Summerside, has been opened for auto traffic in P.E.I.

A black fox skin sold recently in New York for a London firm brought the sum of \$1,000 to a P.E.I. man.

A valuable fox which escaped from a pen at Summerside, P.E.I., ran in front of a train and was decapitated.

At Bath, N.B., the first car of potatoes for the season was loaded last week. The price was about \$1.65 per barrel.

Between 800 and 900 farmers were in attendance at the field day held at the Experimental Farm in Fredericton last week.

Miss Graham, now in charge of the St. John City Hospital at Cape Breton, is likely to be the new matron of the civic hospital.

A well-dressed stranger, posing as an eye-specialist, obtained fraudulently several hundred dollars in North Sydney, then skipped out.

A new pumping station is to be erected at the Experimental Farm in Fredericton, to take the place of the station destroyed by fire in March, 1915.

A British warship will take to Bermuda a monument, just completed at Halifax, to the men of the West India Regiment who died at Bermuda of pneumonia.

Isaac Burke, formerly of Halifax, and lighthouse-keeper on Jacques Island, was drowned while making a heroic effort to save the lives of men in an overturned yacht.

Several hundred hogheads of small herring were brought into Eastport, N.B., last week, after the long-expected "run" reached St. John and other places along the Bay of Fundy.

PHONE GIRLS KNOW LATIN.

France Has Provided For Even This Emergency.

That the telephone operators of Paris are well versed in foreign languages is a thing which many visitors to this city have found occasion to discover, but a most striking proof of this versatility is told by a Swedish Catholic priest now visiting there.

The priest, who does not speak a word of French, was received at the station by a French colleague who did not know Swedish, but who was to be his guide, so the two priests arranged to carry on their conversation in Latin. The following morning the visitor, who lives at a hotel, was called up on the telephone by his colleague.

He had barely started speaking when he was interrupted by the operator at the exchange, who told him that because of the war he must not use a foreign language. The French priest explained the circumstances to her, and she assured him that matters might be arranged. In a moment the two priests heard a new young voice in the phone, addressing them in the most perfect Latin. What she said, translated into English, meant that although it was forbidden to use a foreign tongue, the operator should be very pleased if the two fathers would speak in Latin, and it would then be her duty to