

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes, you did—did you not? Ah! Don't tell me there was any mistake—the girl saw you herself! I ought to be with Gracie now, but you wouldn't come when I sent for you. She—I thought if I came for you, you wouldn't be so hard. You said not—oh, you could not—if you knew that perhaps her very life depended on you."

In speaking she had fallen on her knees; knelt in her entreaty. It hurt; he could not bear to see her—a woman—in this attitude of supplication to him. Almost roughly he raised her to her feet.

When erect, not seeing through her tear-streaming eyes, choked with her emotion she plucked at his coat sleeve. The action horrified him; recalled the night he had stood beside his mother's death-bed; the dying woman had plucked at the counterpane in just such a way.

Then she seized on and took his hand in her own burning hot shaking ones. Continued to plead, sobs breaking her utterance—

"It is a child; a little child dying! She wanted to see you so much! The doctor said we were to gratify her, and soothe her, perhaps get her to a sleep which will save her life. You will come back with me—oh, you will, will you not? She knows I have come to fetch you. She was so confident you would come! I—I have annoyed you, or done something to displease you, I know that, but I am all humility now, Mr. Masters; humble, oh, so humble!"

She slid to her knees again where he could stop her, continuing to plead—

"Humbly begging your pardon for whatever I have done. Praying you, for my little child's sake, to come back with me, please. . . . Please. . . . Please!"

For a second time he stooped and raised the sobbing woman; bodily picked her up. He was naturally a strong man, and the feeling filling him just then lent additional strength.

He was so much moved by the present that he lost sight of all he had heard, all he had seen in the past. Only knew that this woman, whom he loved with all his heart and soul, whose shoes he would have kissed, knelt to him.

"How dare you?"

His question was put fiercely, as that moment of lifting, he held her tightly to him. He repeated it—

"How dare you kneel to me? How dare you beg of me to do what the most inhuman wretch in the world would do?"

For a moment he left her side; inside that time had slipped into his overcoat and drawn a cap from his pocket.

"Finish that brandy."

There was that in his voice which commanded obedience; she never thought of disobedience.

"You will come?"

She put the question tremblingly; holding the glass to her lips with a shaking hand.

"At once."

A feeling of anger took possession of him; that she could put such a question; he continued—

"How can you ask?"

Her only answer was a soulful, grateful cry; a cry from her heart—

"Thank God!"

He was feeling himself considerably less of a hero than on the last occasion of their meeting. But this was not a time for thought; as he opened the door he said, almost gruffly—

"You can see your way!"

they walked. Thought to divert her mind from thoughts of the sick chamber they were coming to. But she wanted to think of it; there was happiness in the thought. Her companion's voice rang so cheerfully—it gave her hope. There seemed magic in it; power to dispel doubts and fears.

"What did you mean by a girl and a message you sent half-an-hour ago? My landlady went to bed about nine o'clock. There has not been a soul near the house since."

"A mistake evidently." She answered feebly. Was too fatigued to seek explanation. He was there, going home with her—that was enough.

"In some way, yes. But there was no mistake in your thinking me capable of such brutality as—"

He stopped. Recollected the words he had himself used to her in his anger at their last meeting. She was entitled to judge him so; was fully justified. The reflection was bitter as gall.

She had no suspicion why he paused. Had she known, her answer might have been different. As it was she said meekly—

"Please don't be angry with me."

It would have been impossible for her to choose words more likely to touch him in his present mood of self-reproach. She spoke too with such an appeal in her tremulous voice, that retention of his anger would have meant changing his whole nature.

He strode on. It was all she could do to keep up with him. His anxiety was to get where he might be of help. He forgot; he had had so little to do with women.

They reached the bungalow. Divested themselves of their outdoor garments in the hall. The house was so quiet, Death himself might have been in possession. It struck an unpleasant chill to her new comers.

Then he followed her to the sick room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gracie was sitting up in bed, propped up by the pillows. Masters gave a sigh of relief; they were not too late. Death might be knocking at the door, but had not yet been admitted.

The child looked expectantly at the door as her mother opened it. Her cheeks and eyes were bright with the fever in them. Then the expectant look mellowed into a smile. She had seen the man behind!

"I knew you would come, Prince Charlie!"

"Of course you did! Knew I should come when I knew you wanted me. I shouldn't have been much of a Prince Charlie if I hadn't, should I?"

Masters sat on the bed with his back against the headrail. Put his arm round the little one and smiled at her. She nestled up to him with a croon—a little grunting ejaculation of content—as he tucked the clothes closely round her. Did not seem to desire to talk, was just simply happy in having him there. He inquired—

"Comfy?"

"Awful!"

He was grieved to feel how she had fallen away. How, in a few days, she had grown so thin. For the mother's and child's sakes, he made no outward manifestation of his grief; expressed no surprise. He felt that his mission just then was to brighten, not to shed gloom. Spoke jestingly—

"Now that Prince Charlie is here, what have you to say to his royal highness? Nothing?"

"I dreamed a dream, Prince Charlie!"

"Oh!"

"Yes. That you were married to me; that you were my husband."

"Did you? Now that was something like a dream! What sort of husband did I make?"

"I don't know. You see the dream didn't last long enough."

"That was a bad job! Because if you had liked me in the dream, you might have married me later on."

"I thought that." She spoke quite gravely. "But you see I know I should like you as a husband."

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

"THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

"I see. I could put on my black dress, though. It's got some sticky stuff I spilt down the front."

"But I am afraid before this marriage takes place you will have to grow a little older."

"Of course!"

She essayed a laugh. The mother pricked up her ear; it was the first time the sound of laughter had come from those lips for many an hour; the child continued—

"You don't think I am so silly as to think I can be married in short frocks, do you? What an old goose you are! Of course, I mean when I am bigger and wear a train."

"I see. Do you think the black dress will grow too?"

"N—no. I forgot that—that's my fault. But you promised."

"Why certainly. I most cheerfully promise that I will marry you, if you ask me when you are a big girl."

"A real, real promise?"

"A most really, real, realistic of real promises. If you ask me when you are a big girl, to marry you, I promise you I will."

She sighed contentedly. Nestling to him, closed her eyelids as she said—

"People go away for honey-dews, don't they?"

He smiled. Gathered that she had confused names by reading the label on his tobacco packet. She had seen him fill his pouch, and clamored for the silver paper to make impressions of coins on. To her huge satisfaction had more than once induced him to pick up her coinage in the belief that they were real.

"Yes," he answered. "It is usual for married persons to go away. We must consider where we will spend our honeymoon. You have been to the Hippodrome, haven't you?"

Her eyes opened; sparkled at the recollection. The dustmen were banished for a moment as she answered—

"Twice! That's where I saw Cinderella!"

"That wouldn't be altogether a bad place for a honeymoon, would it? Then there's the Zoo—how about that?"

"Lovely! You are a very dear old Prince Charlie. I think if I couldn't marry you I wouldn't marry anybody. I am sorry for all the other little girls that can't marry you. You know lots of little girls, don't you?"

"Yes. But then you are my real sweetheart, you know."

"I'm glad 'Cos you can't marry more than one, can you? I hope the other little girls won't cry, all the same."

"I don't think they will. Some of them are bigger than you; have given up crying."

"Oh, big little girls cry! But they don't make a noise and they don't like you to see. I've seen mamma cry!"

Prince Charlie was silent; he too had seen the mother's tears. The child prattled on—

"We shall have to go all the way to Heaven when we are married, shan't we?"

He wondered what childish idea could prompt such a question; asked—

"What makes you think that, darling?"

"When we went to church last Sunday—no, it was the Sunday before; the man in the white dress said so."

"Did he?"

"Yes; he did really. I heard him quite plainly. He said 'marriage are made in heaven.' Is heaven very very beautiful, Prince Charlie?"

"Much more beautiful than we can ever think it is darling."

"All the good little girls go there, don't they?"

"Yes. Most certainly."

"When doctors come to people they are ill, aren't they? And they die sometimes when they are ill, don't they? . . . If I die now shall I go right straight to Heaven, Prince Charlie?"

The woman kneeling by the bedside turned her head. The trembling hand found her throat and helped to stifle the sob bursting there. Life and death were fighting for conquest. Contemplation of the battle is ever sad; sadder because the watchers can do nothing to turn the tide to victory. Time was a bitter yet the little one was speaking as if the Grim One's victory were assured.

(To be continued.)

POSSIBILITIES OF STEADINESS

Steadiness is a virtue, but it can be carried too far.

"Mrs. Madden," a gentleman once said to an old Irishman in his town, "Your neighbor, Herbert Bisbing, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?"

Mrs. Madden threw up her hands. "Steady, is it?" she said. "Sure, if he was any steadier he'd be dead."

CLEVER CHILDREN.

Hindu children are remarkable for their precocity. Many of them are skillful workmen at an age when European children are learning the alphabet. A boy of seven may be a skilful wood-carver, while some of the handsomest rugs are woven by children not yet in their teens.

GOALING SHIPS AT SEA

GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PROCESS.

Atlantic Liners are Enabled to Coal in a Very Short Space of Time.

In the old days, said a retired naval captain recently, the coaling process adopted by warships was not only hazardous both to the collier and the man-of-war, but a sad waste of time besides. For instance, a cruiser on her way to join the main fleet would perhaps run out of coal, and the captain would anchor, hail the collier, who would come alongside and also anchor, heavy tenders would be placed between the two vessels, and the coaling would begin. If there was a smooth sea then the operation might terminate without any serious damage to either vessel, but with a heavy swell and a strong tide running the ships would grind and pound each other until it was a wonder sometimes the side of the weaker vessel wasn't stove in.

The process was a slow one, too, for with the best intentions the men seldom succeeded in stowing away more than fifteen tons an hour, and in this way thirty hours would be spent in putting on board a matter of 450 tons. And this, mind you, could only be accomplished when Father Neptune was in his kindest mood.

I have known occasions when a man-of-war and her collier have been together for best part of a day, and at the end of that time the exchange of coal has been less than fifty tons. In times of war, of course, the question of coaling was a very serious one and was often the greatest hindrance to the mobility of a fleet, but things have changed since then, and a warship may now coal without even having to reduce her speed.

HOW IS IT MANAGED?

Well, as you probably know every man-of-war has its own collier, which accompanies her in all her trips, ever ready to supply the bituminous mineral as soon as she shall run short. Each warship is now fitted with a cable which enables her to tow, or be towed, by her collier, the general rule being that the bigger vessel supplies the motive power. As soon as the battleship expresses her desire for more coal a cableway is run from the mast of the collier to a jury mast rigged on the battleship. When the connection is made, a small engine on the collier is constantly at work keeping the cable from sagging, for, as you can understand, the distance between the vessels (usually about 400 feet) is constantly varying. When the cable has been fixed, the man-of-war continues her journey at a speed of about ten knots an hour, towing the collier, and thus assisting the small engine in keeping the cable taut.

At a given signal a coal bag containing about 2,000 pounds weight is hauled up to the 'traveller,' or cradle, and then drawn from the collier to the battleship by means of a wire hawser wound on a steam capstan. In order to assist the traveller on her way the cable is raised at the starting point so that

the bags slip along with the maximum amount of ease.

Of course, only one traveller is used, but this runs backwards and forwards at express speed, the bags being emptied and returned with marvellous celerity. To give you some idea of the rapidity with which the work is accomplished, I may say that by this method fifty tons an hour may be put on board, so that in forty hours the biggest battleship afloat may have coaled and at the same time proceeded on her way a distance of

SOME 500 MILES.

Recently a clever invention has been patented by a stevedore named Louis A. de Mayo, whereby Atlantic liners are enabled to coal in an incredibly short space of time. The ordinary rate of coaling with these vessels is about fifteen tons an hour, seven men being employed. By de Mayo's system, however, five men are able to handle 150 tons an hour. The frame and the machinery employed are made of malleable iron and steel, and a continuous belt runs over a wheel at the top. Specially shaped buckets, triangular in appearance, form the belt or chute. The pins on the belt travel in channel irons so as to keep rigid on one point. In the wheel at the top are notches which catch these pins and throw over the buckets.

If the slanting side of the bucket were long enough to project over the open chute that runs into the coal port of the ship it would catch and tear the machine to pieces. But the inventor utilizes gravity, and the force of the coal itself. Thus, the contents of bucket No. 2 assist in conveying the coal in No. 1 bucket into the open chute, while No. 3 assists No. 2, and so on.

The invention is a most ingenious one and should minimize considerably the present difficulty in coaling liners. I believe, however, the time will soon come when nothing but liquid fuel will be employed, and then we shall be able to say good-bye to bunkers and stokers, and solve for ever the perplexing questions regarding the speediest methods of 'coaling' our fleets.

FOREIGN DEVILS MISBEHAVE.

Violate Tombs, Deface and Steal China's Sacred Monuments.

The following letter, received by the secretary of the American Asiatic Association and published in the Journal of that body, indicates that the "foreign devils" in China occasionally conduct themselves in a manner to earn that title. The letter is signed by Frederick McCormick and is dated Peking, September 2, 1908. It reads:

Dear Sir: A great increase in vandalism has occurred in China since 1906, especially in North China. Some of the most celebrated and valuable monuments, sculptures, etc., are threatened with destruction. This can be said of the monoliths at the Ming Tombs to the north of Peking, where the statues in the famous avenue of stone images have been defaced and where depredations of images, carvings, etc., by visitors are increasing.

During 1907 a foreigner abroad, otherwise respected, financed an expedition to Sian-fu in the province of Shensi. The head of the expedition asserted afterward that his primary object had been to filch the Nestorian Tablet and float it away by the Wei and Yellow rivers. The enterprise failed owing to the presence of foreign residents at Sian-fu and the precautions of the Governor of Shensi, who removed the monument into the city of Sian-fu.

Recently one of the Government boards called the attention of the temple to foreign vandalism in the Temple of Heaven enclosure at Peking. Last year foreign trespassers committed outrages there which attracted the attention of the throne. About the same time the depredations of foreigners caused the temple Ta-Kao-tien in Peking to be closed to visitors.

The destruction of carvings around the base of the famous marble tope in the Yellow Temple begun before 1900. Other instances than the above might be cited if required.

At the present rate of progress there is danger that the monuments that are to be the chief attraction of China's future parks, museums and historic shrines will be effectually destroyed within a few years.

The improvement of railway connections with Europe during the last year has been the means of this rapid development of vandalism. The destruction at the Ming Tombs has occurred since the opening of the railway to Nan-kou, little more than a year ago. In a short time a railway will be opened to the Tomb of Confucius, where similar outrage will most certainly be committed if something is not done to prevent it.

The formation of a society which shall receive sufficient prominence to give it power to impress upon travellers and other visitors that vandalism in China has reached a state of aggravated grievance would be a means toward its arrest.

The amateur play cards, but the professional works them.

The Farm

TREATMENT OF LUMP JAW.

When the tumors are external and attached to soft parts only, they may be removed by a trained veterinarian and the animal recovers. But this course cannot be depended upon, for, unless the tumor is completely removed it will appear again. Good results have been obtained in the treatment of this disease by the use of iodide of potassium.

The iodide of potassium is given in doses of 1/2 to 2/3 drams once a day, dissolved in water and administered as a drench. The dose should vary somewhat according to the size of the animal and with the effects that are produced. If the dose is sufficiently large there appear signs of iodism in the course of a week or ten days. The skin becomes scurfy, there is a weeping from the eyes, catarrh of the nose and loss of appetite. When these symptoms appear the medicine may be suspended for a few days and afterward resumed in the same dose. Some animals do not improve under the iodide treatment, and these are usually the ones which do not show signs of iodism.

If there are no signs of improvement after the animals have been treated for four or five weeks, the medicine having been given in as large doses as appear desirable, it is an indication that the particular animal is not susceptible to the curative effects of the drug and the treatment may, therefore be abandoned.

It is not, however, advisable to administer iodide of potassium to milk cows, as it will considerably reduce the milk secretion or stop it altogether. Furthermore, a great part of the drug is excreted through the milk, and the milk is unfit for use. It should not be given to animals in advanced pregnancy, as there is danger of producing abortion. The best results are obtained by pushing the drug until you see its effect. The many tests to which this treatment has been subjected have proved, with few exceptions, its specific curative value. In addition to this, the tumor should be painted externally with tincture of iodine or Lugol's solution, or one of the solutions should be injected subcutaneously into the tumor.

As to the means of prevention of this disease, the limited knowledge of the ray fungus makes any method rather uncertain. It is known that the fungus gets into the tissues from the food and the disease is, therefore, not contagious. Healthy animals will not contract lumpy jaw from a diseased animal unless the fungus passes directly into some wound or abrasion of the healthy animal or drops on the food which is consumed by the healthy ones. Very little information is now at hand as to just what plants the fungus come from and it would be well for farmers, who are troubled with the disease, to make as many observations as possible along this line, as to the season of the year, the kind of food, the nature of the soil, etc. When this information is gained, then means can be taken to prevent the disease of lumpy jaw.

FARM NOTES.

He who sells butter at common prices, which is made from milk produced from common cows, fed the common way, will never rise to comfortable circumstances, but lead a hard life of toil all his days.

A miller knows just what he can get from a ton of wheat, so much bran, pollard, coarse flour and fine. A baker can tell you how many loaves of bread from a sack of flour, but somehow the farmer seems to content himself to remain in the most happy state of ignorance so far as technical knowledge is concerned, and matters that are quite essential to his well being in business.

Dairymen who cannot patronize creameries will find it to their advantage to secure customers in the nearest village or city, who will regularly consume all the butter they can make. If a first-class article is produced it is not difficult to get more consumers than needed. Aside from the advantage of obtaining retail prices, there is really a saving in delivering the butter over the system of selling it at the stores, for private customers, having once learned the quantity they will use for the week or fortnight, rarely take less and frequently order extra quantities for special occasions, if it can be obtained. There is no farmer, however distant from market, who should not go at least once in two weeks.

THE ALIEN IN FRANCE.

It is a mistake to think that England alone receives a large foreign population. In France there are one million and a half aliens, and, but for a registration fee of about 50 cents once paid, however long their stay, they have the full freedom of the country.