



A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
The outbreak of war sends Ronald Ewart, a young London barrister, to the Highlands to say good-bye to his fiancée, Myra McLeod. On the train he meets Hilderman, who calls himself an American and a stranger in those parts, but later Ewart finds that he has built a hut on a cliff above the falls opposite General McLeod's lodge. While fishing in the river Myra is suddenly blinded by a flash of green light. Gen. McLeod tells Ewart of a strange experience at the same place, known as Chemist's Rock. Hilderman is very curious as to the cause of Myra's blindness. The famous London oculist holds out no hope and Ewart, after taking Myra home, brings Dr. Garmek from Glasgow. The next morning the two men find footprints and keel-marks on the beach, and the name-plate from the dog's collar. Ewart telegraphs for his friend, Dennis Burnham. At Chemist's Rock, Garmek sees the green flash and Ewart, who is suffocated, while in the darkness where the two young men are developing snap-shots, Myra discovers that she can see in the red light. The oculist departs as Burnham arrives. Hilderman and his friend Fuller invite Ewart and Burnham to return from the station in the latter's boat.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"The trivial but necessary question of edible stores will detain us for a few moments," Fuller said. "But we shall be more comfortable here than wandering about among the herrings." So we made ourselves comfortable in deck-chairs in the stern, while the steward went ashore and made the all-important purchases. "You cruise a good deal, I suppose," was my first question. "Yes, a fair amount," our host replied. "I pretty well live on board, you know, although I have a small house further north, on Loch Duich, if you know where that is." Mr. Ewart was born up here, and knows it backwards," Hilderman informed him. And we chatted about the district and its fishing, until the steward returned, and we got under weigh. I should have liked to have seen the accommodation below, but the journey was a short one, and I had no opportunity to make the suggestion. Dennis was sitting in the rail, and there was a small bank of rope at his feet.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Burnham," said Fuller suddenly. "I didn't notice that rope was in your way." And he leaned over and tossed the rope away. As he did so some hard object fell with a clatter from the coil. "It's not interfering with me in the least," laughed Dennis, and looked down at a large, bone-handled clasp-knife which had dropped in front of him. He picked it up idly, and weighed it in his hand. "Useful sort of implement," he said. "Oh, these sailor-chaps like a big knife more than anything," said Hilderman; "and, of course, they need them strong. I daresay that has been used for anything, from primitive carpentry to cutting tobacco. The one knife always does for everything."

We continued our conversation while Dennis idly examined the knife, opening it and studying the blade absently. Presently Fuller, noticing his absorption, began to chaff him about it. "Well," he laughed, "have you completed a complete history of the knife and its owner? If you're ready to sit an examination on the subject I will constitute myself examiner, then we'll find who the knife belongs to, and corroborate or contradict your conclusions."

"It's a very ordinary knife to find on board a boat, I should think," said Dennis. "Oh come, Mr. Burnham," Hilderman joined in, "you mustn't wriggle out of it. Surely you can answer Mr. Fuller's questions."

"If Mr. Fuller will allow me to put one or two preliminary questions to him," Dennis replied, entering into the spirit of the fun, "I am ready to go into the witness-box and swear quite a number of fanciful things." "Come now, Fuller," chaffed Hilderman. "You must give him a run for his money, you know. He is risking his reputation at a moment's notice."

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breath away. I have a man on board with red hair, and when the boat came into the harbor he was working about here. I saw him leave his work to come ashore for us. I shouldn't be at all surprised to find that the knife belonged to him."

"Oh, well," Dennis laughed, "one shot right is not a bad average for a beginner, you know."

"No," said Hilderman, puffing a cloud of smoke, and dreamily following its ascent with his eyes, "not bad at all. Not bad at all."

And then, the joke of the clasp-knife being played out, we admired the scenery, and conversed of less speculative subjects till we arrived at Glasnabine.

We were pulled ashore by the man with the red hair, and when our host confronted him with the knife he promptly claimed it.

"I think you own, Mr. Burnham," laughed Fuller, and Dennis smiled in reply. We said alongside the landing-stage and stepped out, and Dennis's schoolmaster was about to slip the painter through a ring and make the boat fast. But evidently the ring was broken. The man came ashore, and Hilderman began to lead us up the path. But Dennis deliberately turned and watched the sailor. Hilderman and his companion strode ahead while I stood beside Dennis. The man with the red hair fished among a pile of wire rope, and picked out a small marine-spike. Then he lifted a large stone, held the marine-spike on the wooden plank of the landing-stage, and hammered it in with the stone.

Then he threw the painter round it, and made the boat secure in that way. "Yes," murmured Dennis quietly, as we turned to join the others. "I think I won."

For the man had held the stone in his left hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Further Mystery.

"Well," said Hilderman, as we caught them up, "what about lunch? After his journey I daresay Mr. Burnham has an appetite, not to mention his excursion into the realm of detective fiction."

"We lunched at Malaga," I explained, "with Mr. Garmek before we saw him off."

"Oh, did you?" he asked, with evident surprise. "I didn't see you at the hotel."

"We went to the Marine," I replied, "to save ourselves a climb up the hill."

"We had a snack at Malaga, too," the American continued, "intending to lunch here. Are you sure you couldn't manage something?"

"It would have to be a very light something," Dennis put in. "But I daresay we could manage that."

"Good!" said Hilderman. "Come along, then, and let's see what we can do."

We strolled into the drawing-room through the inevitable veranda, though Hilderman was the tenant of the furnished house he had contrived to impart a suggestion of his own personality to the room. The furniture was arranged in a delightfully lazy manner that almost lulled you.

The walls were hung with photographic enlargements of some of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood. I remembered what Myra had told me as to his being an enthusiastic photographer, so I asked him about them.

"Did you take these, Mr. Hilderman?"

"Yes," he answered. "These are just a few of the best. I have many others which I should like you to see some time. I always leave the enlarging to keep me alive during the winter months. These are a few odd ones I enlarged for decorative purposes."

"They are beautiful," I said enthusiastically, for they were real beauties, more like drawings in monochrome than photographs. "And you certainly seem to have got about the neighborhood since your arrival."

"Yes," he laughed, "I don't miss much when I get out with my camera. Most of these were taken during the first month of my stay here."

"These snow scenes from the Cuillins are simply gorgeous, and surely this is the King's Pool on the Garry?"

"Right first time," he admitted, evidently pleased to see his work admired. I thought of Garmek's suspicion that our American friend was engaged on detective work of some kind, and it struck me that with his camera and his obvious talent he had an excellent excuse for going almost anywhere, supposing he were called upon at any time to explain his presence in some outlandish spot.

"You must have kept yourself exceedingly busy," I remarked in conclusion.

(To be continued.)

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Wind and Weeds.
In Sumatra the length of time a widow must wear her weeds is determined by the wind. After her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is hoisted. While the flag remains untorn by the wind etiquette forbids that she should marry. But as soon as a rent appears, no matter how tiny, she can lay aside her weeds.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

"Just Wumman."

It is odd that two of the most appealing and renowned Scottish songs of lowly life—songs that anyone not informed to the contrary would surely guess to be true folk songs born of the people—were written by titled ladies.

Auld Robin Gray was written by Lady Anne Barnard, and Callie Herrin' by Lady Nairne. Both are admirable achievements of sympathetic imaginative art; yet the shrewd Laird of Dalziel was able to pick a flaw in Auld Robin Gray, as Lady Anne herself has appreciatively recorded. She was the oldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, and never a professional writer; and she tried hard to preserve her anonymity. But in the end the immense vogue of the song proved too much for her.

"I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not, or where I got it," she wrote in 1822. "However, I kept my counsel in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point just at hand. I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who in a tete-a-tete afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song try to change the words a wee bit and, instead of singing, "To make the croun a pund yon Jamie gae'd to sea," for a Scottish pound is but twenty pence, and Jamie was as such a gowk as to leave Jennie and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line," whispered he, "which tells me that sang was written by some lassie that didna ken the value of the Scot's money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinbro' would have kent it."

Lady Nairne made no such slip when she was moved to composition by the cry of the fishwives passing along George Street, Edinburgh, burdened with their creels of fish that weighed from one and a half to two hundred pounds and calling musically the traditional words, "Callie (fresh) herrin'! Callie herrin'! Wha'll buy my callie herrin'?"

She set the words of her song to an old familiar tune of Neil Gow, and they caught the public heart and fancy at once. There is no smallest false touch of ladyship to mar the unforgettable appeal of the fishwives' wives; Wha'll buy my callie herrin'?

Wha'll ye may ca' them vulgar farin'; Wives an' mither, mither, mither! Ca' them lives o' men!

"Aye," said a Scotch fishwife with whom a tourist came to fall into a conversation in which Lady Nairne was mentioned. "Aye, ma'am, she was a leddy, nae doot; but the hairt in her was juist wumman!"

With many children it is a whim that they will not touch milk, and often economical parents rejoice when the larger amount of whole milk or cream or butter goes to market because the children do not care for it.

But those who are informed as to the needs of growing boys and girls disguise the milk so that the boys and girls get enough each day while thinking they dislike it. In milk soups, gravies, custards, ice cream, puddings and bread the life-giving elements are introduced and the boys and girls eat them unknowingly. To be sure, fresh, sweet milk uncooked is better than milk heated, but by going at the thing gradually it is easier to inculcate a liking for milk and cream and butter.

Take mashed potatoes, for example. Fresh, sweet cream and butter can be beaten into the mashed potatoes without the long boiling that milk gets in gravy, and the effect is almost the same as if the butter were spread on bread and the cream used on cereal.

Whipped cream sweetened and mixed lightly with warm tapioca or served with berries is relished by children who will tell you that they do not like milk. By calling it pudding, sauce or salad dressing, the youngsters will eat cream and butter unobtrusively and get all the benefits therefrom.

Children must have butter, milk, eggs, cream and fruits to thrive and to gain in weight and height. The farmer is alarmed when the pig or the lamb or the colt does not thrive, and immediately changes the feed and tries to discover the cause, but few families ever think to weigh the children and change their diet when they lack vigor.

The common idea is to buy something in a bottle with which to dose them, when good food would accomplish the same or better results in less time and without injury to the stomach. A visit with the children to the family physician two or three times a year, and a heart to heart talk with him about the proper food would save many wrecked lives and many undertakers' bills. Be sure that your children are getting at least a quart of pure milk daily for each one, with butter thickly spread on good bread, and cream on cereals. Then you will see results just as you see results in feeding animals correctly.

If it pays to study the needs of animals, and it does, it pays much better to study the proper diet for your children.

Her Back Hair.
She sat directly in front of me, and as the lecture was not especially interesting, I found myself studying the characteristics revealed by the back hair of my neighbor in front.

To begin with, the hair was heavy for nature had been generous, but the close, clinging strands showed an over-oily condition, and when the rays of sunshine slanted across the loose mass, it was clearly dusty. So I decided that my neighbor in front was not particular about herself or she would not permit her crown of glory to be other than delightfully clean.

Then, the arrangement of her hair showed me several things. Part of the strands were twisted up without having been properly combed into a soft, smooth mass, and the hairpins were stuck in any old way to hold it up.

It was evident that it looked all right in the front and at the sides, but in the back it was a "night."

By this time I had lost all track of what the lecturer was saying and had decided that my neighbor in front was not only slack about her person, but careless and rather lazy. The reason I decided she was lazy was because her hair showed evidences of constant



Under-Nourished Children.

During a recent inspection of school children by a trained nurse in a small city some startling facts were brought out about poorly nourished children. Many families with two or three children had not a pint of milk for the daily allowance for the whole family, while butter was rarely seen on the tables.

These poor families aroused the sympathies of club and church ladies, who immediately took steps to supply the children with pure fresh milk daily, so that their poor little starved bodies might have a chance to develop to the standard of normal beings.

But among the poorly nourished youngsters were a number who had recently moved in from the country, and whose indigent parents had much to say that was unkind and impolite to the regard to the propriety of the nurse. But when they took the children to the family physician the verdict was the same. Under weight, poorly equipped to resist disease, under size and not normal physically because of lack of proper food. Then it came out that the children "hated" milk and would not touch butter. They ate greedily of meat, white bread and potatoes, but used little fruit and eggs. The parents trusting to time to bring them out all right had not attempted to force them to eat wholesome things; indeed, they hardly knew what children should eat. Yet the man could talk intelligently on balanced rations for pigs and sheep and horses, and his wife could raise chickens better than most of her neighbors, as she proudly informed folks. They knew how to feed for pork and lambs and eggs, but they did not know what was good for children.

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Revive This Old Custom.
It used to be the custom for one member of a family to seat himself by the fireplace on a cold winter's night, after the chores were done and the dishes washed, and read aloud to an interested and attentive audience. Many of the conditions which formerly encouraged the practice of reading aloud no longer exist, for in earlier days reading matter was scarce, the fireplace was the main source of heat, and the tallow candle or oil lamp furnished accommodation for but one person.

If we of to-day have gained much, we have also lost much; from this practice there are benefits to be derived as valuable to-day as they were fifty years ago. Among these benefits is the exchanging of ideas made possible by the whole family's consideration of the same subject. The voicing of various opinions led to conversation and argument and discouraged any one from becoming unreasonably set in his own ideas. The reading took the minds of the family away from the weather, neighborhood gossip or family troubles.

Homes where family singing is the practice have another source of endless pleasure at their own hearth, for the good old songs, gaily sung, are wholesome and cheering.

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THE FERTILE NORTH- LAND OF THE WEST

FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM U.S. BOUNDARY.

Present Developments Point to a Future of Great Prosperity in This Last West.

Agriculturalists were once firmly convinced that wheat would never be successfully raised north of the international boundary between Canada and the United States, and the Dominion has dispensed this belief by consistently carrying off the international honors for this crop for the past ten years. There would seem to be no northern limits to the wheat belt, and as far back as 1874, the prize winning wheat at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, came from Port Chelwayan, approximately 650 miles north of the international boundary, and at that time a region barely penetrated by explorers, having been raised there by Roderick Mackenzie, a brother of the great explorer of the same name. This success was followed up in 1893, when some of the prize wheat at the Chicago World's Fair was grown at the Shaftesbury Settlement, fifteen miles from Peace River Crossing, or approximately 500 miles north of the United States boundary.

These successes presaged the great productivity which the future hold for that fertile region to the north of Alberta, undefined, and known generally as the Peace River Country, stretching northward from a line drawn west from Edmonton upward to the Arctic Circle. This territory is just coming into its own and is clearly destined to evolve into one of the richest agricultural producing regions of the Canadian West. It has suffered from certain handicaps, and has had, to a great extent, to await for its development the great farming areas to the south of it. Now, however, the way seems clear to unrestricted development with an active transportation system giving it communication with the provincial capital. This region has experienced a most successful agricultural year, and has witnessed the introduction of numbers of new settlers of the type with substantial capital, whilst the individual prosperity of the farmers is indicated in the volume of raw material, lumber, etc., moving into that country along the railroad.

A \$15,000,000 Cereal Crop.
It has been estimated that in the Peace River, Grande Prairie and districts along the lines of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, the acreage sown to wheat was about 65,000 acres, to oats nearly 100,000 acres, and to barley about 25,000 acres. The value of the total crop is expected to run in value from ten to fifteen million dollars. The grain production this year was a substantial one, and in addition to the fine grain crops of cereals, others have achieved excellent growth. Tomatoes and cucumbers have grown to profusion, and cabbages four and a half feet wide are said to be not uncommon, and potatoes twenty inches long have been harvested.

The Grande Prairie and Peace River districts appear at a glance at the map to be so far north and in such proximity to the Arctic Circle, that the popular belief will persist that crops which are produced further south are impossible of production there. A few duly authenticated instances of crop production, gleaned from many, may best aid to eradicate this misconception.

Henry Robertson, a Grande Prairie pioneer, threshed this season nearly eighteen thousand bushels of wheat, making his twelfth consecutive bumper crop. His wheat yield per acre, during this period of farming, has never dropped below twenty-five bushels and has run as high as fifty.

Some Excellent Results.
A threshing machine operating in the region of Lake Saskatoon, Grande Prairie district, this year, maintained an average of thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre for seven days operations in the district. One field of Marquis wheat threshed sixty-seven bushels to the acre; a field of oats went one hundred and seven bushels to the acre; and a field of barley seventy-one bushels.

The Government Experimental Farm at Beaverlodge, which serves the Grande Prairie district, secured a yield of seventy-five bushels to the acre from Liberty Ottawa 480 hullless oats, the equivalent in most content to one hundred and seven bushels of ordinary oats. Winter wheat on the same farm returned thirty-eight bushels to the acre, and the spring variety as high as sixty bushels per acre. Excellent yields of clover seed were also secured.

There are merely a few instances of agricultural production in a territory five hundred miles and more north of the international boundary, and this is as yet a pioneer country attracting colonists to its available lands open for settlement. It is not difficult in the face of the facts to prophesy, for the vast territory, a future of unparalleled prosperity and vision in this Last West, one of the wealthiest areas of the Dominion.

Crayfish caught off the South African coast by a newly-designed schooner will be canned on board by special machinery.