

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

(Chapter XV. Cont.)

"All the same," Dennis muttered doubtfully, "we hurried down the stable passage, going to see what the Americans would do. Some wireless invention that could pick up a grown-up mountain in the middle of an innocent river is the twinkling of an eye."

"It is, indeed, old fellow," I agreed, "but don't let us worry about that. We'll get in and see Myra and the General, and then have a look round for the Pictures—the paper you were looking at."

"We found Myra sitting on the veranda and wondering what on earth had kept us, and if we had changed our minds and gone straight back south with Garnes."

"I'm most awfully sorry, darling," I apologized. "It's all my fault, of course. We went to Glasnabinnie, and since then I've been showing Dennis the river and generally forgetting my duties as deputy host."

"What did you go to the river for?" Myra asked suspiciously.

"Oh! Just to have a look round, you know, dear. It's a very nice river," I replied airily.

"Ronnie, dear, please," she said gently, "mying her hand on my arm and turning her veiled and shadowed face to mine, "please don't joke about it. I can't bear to think of you running risks there."

I looked at my beautiful, blind darling, and a pang shot through me. "Dear, dear, I'm not joking about it," I said.

"I know you weren't really, Ronnie. But, please, oh please, keep away from the river."

"Very well, dear," I promised, "I will, unless an urgent duty takes me there. We must solve this mystery somehow, and it may mean my going to the river. But I promise not to run any unnecessary risks."

"I'll keep an eye on him and see that he takes care of himself, Miss McLeod," said Dennis, coming to the rescue.

"Thank you, Mr. Burnham," the girl replied, "but you know it applies to you as well. You must look after yourself also."

"By the way, dear," I asked, changing the subject, "have you a copy of this week's Pictures?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered.

"Must it be the Pictures? I've just been looking at another illustrated paper."

"Looking at what?" I cried, jumping to my feet. "Darling, who's talking about running risks?"

"Oh, it's all right, dear," she assured me. "I got Mary to bring my dark-room lamp down to the den and just glanced at the pictures by the red light. But I won't do it again, if it alarms you, dear. All the same, I'm quite sure I could see by daylight."

"You promised Garnes you wouldn't till you heard from him, darling," I urged. "It might be very dangerous, so please don't for my sake."

"Very well, then," Myra sighed. "I'll try to be good. But I hope he'll write soon."

"Where do you think we could get a copy of the paper?" I asked shortly.

"If it's frightfully important, dear, you might get one in Glenelg, and, failing that, Doctor Whitehouse would lend you his. I know he takes it in. Why are you so keen about it?"

"We'll go into the den and tell you everything in a minute or two, dear," I promised. "Is there any objection to my sending Angus in to the doctor?"

"None whatever," Myra declared, "he can go now if you like."

So after I had despatched Angus into the village with strict instructions not to come back without a copy of the paper if he valued his life, we all adjourned to Myra's den, and my friend and I told her in detail everything that had happened. About an hour and a half later Angus returned with the paper. I took it from him with a hurried word of thanks and nervously turned over the pages.

"Ah! here's a page I didn't see," I exclaimed excitedly, but the only thing on the whole page was a photograph of a new dancer appearing in London. Without waiting for me to do so, Dennis leaned over me and turned the page over with a quick jerk of the wrist.

"Phew!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and Dennis gave a long, low whistle.

"Oh! what is it? Tell me!" pleaded Myra, anxiously.

"It's a photograph of our friend Fulker," I replied slowly, in a voice that shook with excitement. "And he's wearing a count dress, and underneath the photograph are the words 'Baron Hugo von Guernstein, Secretary of the Military Intelligence Department of the Imperial German General Staff.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

Discloses Certain Facts.

"There's no doubt about it," I remarked as soon as we had partially recovered from our surprise. "That's Fuller right enough."

"Oh! there's no doubt it's our man," said Dennis emphatically. "Even if we had not the evidence of the torn page to corroborate it, the likeness is perfect."

"Yes," I agreed, "but what do you think his name can be? I'm coming round to Garnes's wireless theory."

"Whatever it is, we've stumbled on something of real importance this time. We must find out what it is and show it up at once."

"I hope you'll take care," said Myra anxiously. "I shouldn't mind so much if I could be with you to help, but it's dreadful to sit here and know you are in danger and not be able to do anything at all."

"I'm very glad you can't, darling," I said heartily, as I threw my arm round her shoulders. "I don't want you to come rushing into these dangers, whatever they may be. In any way I am glad you are not able to

...with any possibility he made. (To be continued.)

When at his easel a great artist wrought.
A man, all stowed with years, his paintings brought.
And as at school a bright-faced lad will raise
His slate to catch his teacher's eye, and scan
How bow to read the verdict there, this man
Hoped so for one assuring word of praise.

But Beauty's servant felt he dare not lie.
Yet who could quench the light within the eye
Of him who, just to know the truth, elate,
Had brought some bits of twilight work to find
Their worth by canons of a master mind.
And for an answer did all breathless wait?

Awhile the stranger saw the shadows play
Across the artist's brow, then heard him say:
"You ask for truth; this work is little worth!"
The trembling man then showed a piece he had
Hid 'neath his cloak: "This, sir, was by a lad;
What think you of it? Is it, too, of earth?"

"Dear child of genius!" was the quick reply
"His room gives promise of a golden sky;
A soul speaks here, and, whose so'er
Unto this common crowd doth not belong,
His listening ear hath heard the speechless song,
His eyes hath seen unveiled Reality!"

Thereat, the man, with half-averted face,
"Tween these two sets can you no likeness trace?
This, too, is mine—I caught it long ago
In happy morning fields, all wet with dew."
The artist sighed as the sad form withdrew:
"What golden mornings into greyness go!"

—Alexander Louis Fraser.
(Rossetti, who was the artist referred to, told Warts the story suggesting the above. An authority calls it "one of the saddest stories in the annals of art.")

He Valued Company.

Two farmers met after church and had this conversation:
"I hear you've sold your pig?"
"Yes, sold him last Thursday."
"What'd ye get?"
"Thirteen dollars."
"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"
"Paid three dollars for the shote, house and five more for the feed."
"Didn't make much, did ye?"
"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

Trees Attract Birds.

An interesting and unexpected feature of tree planting in the Prairie Provinces is that in regard to birds. Since considerable planting has been done around Regina, the Provincial Game Guardian reports that several species of birds that have never been seen in that part of the country before have taken up their abode in Wascana Park and in the trees around the Parliament Buildings.

Miracles of Bird Flight

When you see a flock of birds on the wing it seems difficult to believe that once, millions of years ago, no creature had the power of flight.

It is believed that originally birds came from reptiles, which must have taken the form of small, lizard-like animals. They probably had a great power of leaping from branch to branch in the trees of the forests where they took refuge from their enemies.

As time advanced these reptiles became more agile in leaping, and the forelimbs, which would be held out sideways during each leap, would become more and more enlarged, while the covering scales would be transformed into some form of feather.

Longer and longer leaps would become possible as the animals discovered the secret of gliding, and then finally a beginning was made of an active use of the primitive wings.

The great strides made in the course of these countless years are to be seen in the wonderful flying achievements of present-day birds, which have been known to travel as fast as, if not faster than, aeroplanes.

Carrier-pigeons usually travel at from thirty to thirty-six miles an hour; crows from thirty-one to forty-five; small song-birds at twenty to thirty-seven; starting at thirty-eight to forty-nine; and ducks at forty-four to fifty-nine. A famous naturalist quotes the case of a flock of swifts flying at 6,000 ft. above Mosul, in Mesopotamia. In their ordinary pace they even out-distanced the observer's aeroplane when it was doing sixty-eight

Woman's Interests

No Guest Room.

With the high cost of material many of the newer houses contain just enough room for the members of the family, and when guests come there are many makeshifts to be made to accommodate all. If company over night is not a frequent happening then it is easy to manage, but where guests come often it takes careful planning on the part of the housewife to get through without trouble. Many a woman has wished for a house built of India rubber that she could stretch on occasions to fit her needs, and then let it fly back to place when the need was over for increased space, but until such a dwelling can be invented by some genius laboring for the good of womankind some other ideas will have to be carried out in the little house.

For about six months in the year a tent that can be set up on the lawn will make an ideal "annex" to any farm house, and since most of the country company comes in summer the sleeping problem is not so complex if the boys or the men folks or the girls or even the ladies of the family can be shifted to the temporary sleeping quarters. With the fly of the tent open and a netting over it to keep out insects, the tent is the ideal place to sleep, even when there are no guests.

The tent furnishings can be old and simple. Several old beds or cots simply spread up with old sheets and old quilts will supply every need. Our neighbors sleep in a tent all summer and one of them is a lady past seventy. Of course, an occasional storm drives them to the house, but that doesn't happen often, particularly after July. Even a little summer kitchen or clean woodhouse which has had many windows or openings added for a summer sleeping apartment is better than a stuffy upstairs room right under the eaves.

Then there is the screened porch that is even better than the tent. By using screens or hangings to separate the "apartments" the whole family can rest and enjoy the fresh air from spring to fall, leaving the inside rooms to the chance guests. If the porch is in front, cots should be used so they can be stacked away when the room is wanted for a sitting room; but if at the side or back they can be left in place all day, or old-fashioned bedsteads can be used. If each bed has an oil cloth cover an occasional storm will do no harm, or the porch can be fitted with windows that will close.

If there is no money for a tent or to build a porch with screens, there are still ways to manage. A couch that can be made into a bed in the living-room will answer, or cots can be carried in from the woodhouse and back out in the daytime. It is not an ideal way, but it will do until prosperity makes an addition to the house possible. If a cot must be used in winter it should be a three-quarters one fitted with a good mattress, as it is very easy to catch cold with only a little bedding folded under the sleeper and that liable to slip from under him in the night. Every piece of old bedding should be saved for the makeshift beds, as it is very hard on good things, particularly the pretty light comforts, to use them on narrow cot beds where they are bound to get on the floor. If there is a small cheap child's bed to be had, or even an old-fashioned cradle, keep it for small guests, as it can be carried in easily.

It takes forethought and extra bedding and good management to make a number of people comfortable by using the living rooms as bed rooms, but

Fillings and Frostings for Cakes.

Philadelphia filling:

 Use ordinary frosting and sprinkle the frosting with graded or crushed pineapple which has been thoroughly drained.

Orange marmalade filling:

 is made with one-half cupful of powdered sugar beaten with one-fourth of a cupful of orange marmalade, and sufficient water to make it spread well.

Quick filling No. 1:

 Beat one cupful of powdered sugar with milk, cream or butter, orange or lemon-juice (or any desired stewed fruit juice) until of the proper consistency to spread.

Marshmallow filling:

 Spread marshmallows on a pan and set in the oven for a moment to puff up. Beat the puffed marshmallows into boiled frosting and spread over the cake.

Coffee filling:

 requires one-half cupful of strong coffee boiled with one cupful of sugar until it "hairs." Beat until creamy, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and spread over the cake.

Cocoanut filling:

 Moisten one cupful of powdered sugar with cream or milk and beat until it is of proper consistency to spread. Spread on cake layers and sprinkle with freshly shredded cocoanut, or canned fresh cocoanut which has been well drained.

Quick filling No. 2:

 Beat up a glass of apple jelly, add ground stewed figs, spread on a sheet of hot sponge-cake and roll at once. Or, if preferred, the sponge-cake may be baked in a loaf and when cool cut into two, spreading the filling between the pieces.

Peach filling:

 is made with one cupful of peach pulp, one-half cupful sugar and one cupful of cream, whipped. Beat well, spread on layer cake and sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts. This makes a delicious filling which must be used while fresh.

Filbert filling:

 is made thus: Whip one cupful of cream and to this add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and four tablespoonfuls of chopped filberts. Spread on layer cakes containing chopped filberts and serve.

Walnut frosting:

 requires one cupful of sweet or sour cream, one cupful of sweet or sour cream, one cupful nut meats. Boil the cream and sugar until a little of the syrup dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Add the nuts and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until thick and creamy, taking care to spread the frosting before it "sets."

Maple frosting:

 is made with one-half cupful of maple syrup or sugar and one-half cupful of cream. Cook together until the mixture reaches the "hair" stage (that is, a small quantity dropping from a tilted spoon will spin a thread or hair), then pour slowly over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, beating all the time. Flavor with a half-teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until it reaches the right consistency to spread.

A Home-Made Ice Box.

Every farm home should have a good cellar or refrigerator but when not thus provided an ice box may be made at home with little expense. Take a packing case, a shoe box is best, and make a partition through the middle. Bore several holes through the partition. Make a hinged cover for each division, attach four legs, and the box is complete. Place the ice in one compartment and the food or liquid to be cooled in the other. If the ice is wrapped in a piece of burlap it will last much longer. By putting the ice box on the shady side of the house, it will be a very good substitute for a refrigerator.

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Breaking it Gently.

A well-dressed gentleman sat upon a bench in the park and leaned back to enjoy the refreshing air. Not far away a boy sat on the grass watching him intently. Presently the man spoke to the lad:

"Why aren't you off playing with the other boys?"

"Oh, I just want to know," he answered.

"But a chap your age ought to like to play with the other fellows."

"I am going to soon," continued the lad. "I just wanted to see you when you got up. They painted that bench you are sitting on this morning."

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A Few Exceptions.

There has never been any love-lost between Tommy and his teacher. Tommy thinks the teacher is a severe and occasionally unjust person, who has never known what it is to be young, while the teacher considers the little chap both stupid and mischievous.

"You are not attending to what I say, Thomas," said the teacher one day in the midst of an address to her class.

"Yes, teacher, I is," said Tommy with much earnestness.

"You should never say 'I is' corrected the teacher. 'I have told you that a hundred times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples at once."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, meekly. "I am a pronoun."

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