THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"We're certainly learning something," said Dennis, as he finished. "Obviously Garnesk is very suspicious of somebody, but it's not Hilderman. He writes as if he were pretty sure of himself. Probably he has proved his theory about Hilderman being a Governfent detective."

"I have a message for Mr. Ewart, sir," the messenger interrupted.

"You had better tell it me," Dennis suggested.

"I'd rather Miss McLeod asked me," McKenzie demurred. "Those were Mr. Garnesk's instructions. He said 'failing Mr. Ewart, insist on seeing Miss McLeod.' "

"Very well," laughed Myra. "I quite appreciate your point. May I know the message?"

"Mr. Ewart was to take no notice whatever of anything Mr. Garnesk said in his letter about Mr. Hilderman. He was on no account to trust Mr. Hilderman, but to be very careful not to let him see he was suspected. The gentlemen were always to wear their glasses whenever they were in sight of the hut above—Glas.—above Mr. Hilderman's house."

"Whew!" Dennis whistled. "But why didn't he——? Oh, I see. He was afraid the letter might fall into Hilderman's hands."

"I wonder where Ron can have got to?" Myra mused wistfully.

"We're very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken, Mr. McKenzie," said Dennis. "You've done very well indeed."

"Oh, Mr. Garnesk also said that Miss McLeod was to put on her glasses by the red light."

"Yes, that's important," Dennis agreed. "We'll go up to the house now, shall we, Miss McLeod?"

"Yes," said Myra, "and Mr. McKenzie must come and have a meal and a rest, as I'm sure he needs both after his journey. I'll send Angus to look after the boatman." So the three strolled up to the lodge.

"By the way," said Dennis, "of course it's all right, and you've carried out your instructions to the letter, but how can you be sure this is Miss McLeod, and how do you know I'm not Hilderman?"

"Mr. Garnesk described everybody I should be likely to meet," McKenzie replied, "including Mr. Hilderman and Mr. Fuller. I know you are Mr. Ewart's friend because you have a small white scar above your left eyebrow. So, being with you, and wearing a shade and an Indian bangle, I thought I was safe in concluding the lady was Miss McLeod."

"Garnesk doesn't seem to miss much!" Dennis laughed.

"He made me repeat his descriptions about twenty times," said McKenzie, "so I felt pretty sure of myself."

When they got up to the lodge, and the messenger's requirements had been administered to, Dennis unpacked the parcel. The spectacles proved to be something like motor goggles; they fitted closely over the nose and forehead, and entirely excluded all light except that which could be seen through the glass. The only curious thing about them was the glass itself. Instead of being white, or even blue, it was red, and the surface was scratched diagonally in minute parallel lines. Myra and Dennis hurried upstairs and lighted the lamp in the dark-room. When the girl came down again she declared that she could see beautifully. Everything was red, of course, but she could see quite distinctly.

"Have you any idea why these glasses are ruled in lines like this?" Dennis asked McKenzie.

"I couldn't say for certain, sir," the youth replied. "But I should think it was because Mr. Garnesk thought the glasses would be so near the eye as to be ineffective. In photography, for instance, you can't print either bromide or printing-out paper in a red light. But if you coat a red glass with emulsion and make an exposure on it, you can print the negative in the usual way. I don't know why it is."

"Perhaps there is no space for a ray to form," Myra suggested.

"You must tell Mr. Garnesk how deeply grateful we all are to him," said Dennis. "I'll give you a letter to take back to him. It has been a wonderfully quick bit of work!"

"I should think he has got some hundreds of the glasses finished by this time," said McKenzie, "and he has already asked for an estimate for fifty thousand of them."

"Whatever for?" Myra exclaimed.

"I couldn't say at all, but Mr. Garnesk probably has it all mapped out. He always knows what he's about."

A couple of hours later McKenzie left for Glenaig, with ample time to catch his boat, and the others sat down to lunch. Myra was delighted that she could see, even though everything was red. Just as they had finished lunch a telegram was delivered to Dennis. It was handed in at Mallaig, and it read: "Don't worry about me. May be away for a few days.—Ewart."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Dennis. "A wire from Ron. He's all right. 'Don't worry about me. May be away for a few days.' Sent from Mallaig. He may have got something he feels he must tell Garnesk about, and has gone to Glasgow."

"I expect that's it," Myra agreed. "I'm glad he's wired. I do hope he'll write from wherever he is to-night. Do you think I shall get a letter in the morning?"

"Certain to," Dennis vowed, laying the telegram on the mantelpiece. "He's sure to write, however busy he is."

Though Myra was disappointed that there was no personal message for her, she tried to believe that everything was all right. Dennis went on what he called coastguard duty, and watched the sea and shores with the untiring loyalty of a faithful dog. That night, after dinner, he went out to keep an eye on things, and left Myra with her father. She has told me since that she felt miserable that I had not wired to her, and went to fetch my telegram in order to get what comfort she could from my message to Dennis. She held the telegram under the light, and read it through. The words were: "May be away for a few days.—Ewart." She made out the faint pencil writing slowly through the red glass. She read it twice through, and then suddenly collapsed into an armchair in the horror of swift realization. "Ewart!" she whispered, "Ewart! He would never sign a telegram to Mr. Burnham in that way. If Ronnie didn't send that wire, who did?"

In a moment she jumped to her feet. She must act, and act quickly.

She ran into the den, and picked up the revolver and cartridges which Garnesk had sent, and which she had put carefully away until I should come and claim them. She loaded the revolver, and tucked it in the pocket of the Burberry coat which she slipped on in the hall. Then she tore down to the landing-stage, and made straight for Glasnabinnie in the Jenny Spinner. She had got about half a mile when Dennis, coming up to the top of the cliff on his self-imposed coastguard duties, saw her and recognized her through his binoculars.

He ran down to the landing-stage, putting on his red glasses as he went. His horror was complete when he found there was no craft of any kind about, not even a rowboat. Alas! I had idiotically allowed the dinghy to drift away. He ran along the shore, every now and then looking anxiously through his binoculars for any sign of any kind of boat that would get him over to Glasnabinnie in time to fulfil his promise of looking after "Ron's little girl."

Myra has since admitted—and how proud I was to hear her say it—that she forgot about everything and everybody except that I was in danger, and probably Hilderman knew something about it. Her one thought was to hold the pistol to his head and demand my safe return.

She came ashore a little beyond the house, having made a rather wide detour, so that she should not be seen. She knew the best way to the hut, and there was a light in it. She thought Hilderman would be there. She had passed well to seaward of the Fiona, and noticed that she was standing by with steam up. Myra climbed the hill to the hut with as much speed as she could.

Hilderman was standing below the door of the smoking-room talking to three men. She knew that she would have no chance, even with a revolver, against four men. She might hurt one of them, but she recognized, fortunately, that the others would overpower her.

Eventually Hilderman went into the hut, and two of the men stayed outside talking. The other went down the hill. It was in watching this man that Myra saw the sight that had astonished me, the continuous stream of lights down the bed of the burn. She waited, so she said it seemed, for hours and hours, before she could see a real chance of attacking Hilderman.

Indeed, neither she nor Dennis can give any very clear idea precisely how long it was that she waited there, but it must have been a considerable time. At last Hilderman was alone. Myra crept to the edge of the little plateau on which the hut stood, and then made a dash for the door. She thrust it open and stepped inside, pulling it to behind her. Hilderman sprang to his feet with an oath as he saw her.

"Heavens!" he cried. "You!"

Myra drew the revolver and presented it at him.

"Put up your hands, Mr. Hilderman," she said, with a calmness that astonished herself, "and tell me what you have done with Ronnie—Mr. Ewart."

"I must admit you've caught me, Miss McLeod!" Hilderman replied. "I can only assure you that your fiance is safe."

"Where is he?" Myra asked.

"He is quite close at hand," Hilderman assured her, "and quite safe. What do you want me to do?"

"You must set him free at once," said Myra quietly.

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall shoot you and anyone else who comes near me."

"Now look here, Miss McLeod," said Hilderman, "I may be prepared to come to terms with you. If you shot me and half a dozen others it would not help you to find Mr. Ewart. On the other hand, it would be awkward for us to have a lot of shooting going on, and I have no wish to harm Mr. Ewart. If I produce him, and allow you two to go away, are you prepared to swear to me that you will neither of you breathe a word of anything you may know to any living soul for forty-eight hours? I think I can trust you."

Myra thought it over quickly.

"Yes," she said, "if you will——"

But she never finished the sentence. At that moment someone caught her wrist in a grip of steel and wrenched the pistol from her.

"Come, come, Miss McLeod," said Fuiler, "This is very un-neighborly of you."

Myra looked round her in despair. There must be some way out of this. She cudgelled her brains to devise some means of getting the better of her captives. Fuller laid the pistol on the table and sat down.

"You need not be alarmed," he said. "We shall not hurt you. You will be left here, that is all. And we shall get safely away. After this we shall not be able to leave your precious lover with you, but Hilderman insists that he shall not be hurt, and we shall take him to Germany and treat him as a prisoner of war.

(To bec ontinued.)

As She Understood it.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—"Here, Bridget, see how dusty it is under the bed."

Bridget—"Yes'm."

"Haven't I impressed upon you that you must sweep under the beds?"

"Av course, ma'am, an' how could the dust get there if I hadn't swept it under?"

If we were only as generous in judging others as we are in judging ourselves, as tolerant of others' weaknesses as we are of our own, we should be very slow to anger. The habit of holding the good will, the kindly, sympathetic thought toward everybody would lift our minds above petty jealousy and meannesses; it would enrich and enlarge our whole nature. The daily habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like wishing everybody a God-speed, no matter if they are strangers, ennobles character and beautifies and enriches life.

WONDERFUL "SLOWING-DOWN" LAMP

A demonstration was given recently in Manchester, England, with a newly invented lamp which makes machinery running at the highest possible speed appear to run quite slowly so that every movement it makes can be easily seen. The secret of the lamp is that it does not give a continuous light but emits flashes of 1,000,000 of a second duration so that the effect on the eye is a series of photographic impressions. The lamp is operated in connection with a gear-box which causes the light to flicker so rapidly. The photograph shows the inventor, Mr. A. J. Elverson, watching the movements of a sewing-machine by means of his lamp.

SOLVE SECRET OF MYSTERIOUS FLUID

ELECTRICITY'S IDENTITY NEAR SCIENTISTS' GRASP.

Means for Converting Heat Directly Into Electricity Most Pressing Problem.

In recent experiments at the University of Chicago a temperature of more than 50,000 degrees—20,000 degrees higher than that of the hottest stars—was obtained by discharging a large quantity of electricity from a condenser through a very fine wire. By means of this enormous heat the metal tungsten was actually changed to helium—an unprecedented and most astonishing feat, seeming to prove that atoms of matter are not indestructible.

As at present conceived, an atom of matter is a tiny package containing a number of electrons. This number varies with different kinds of matter, but the substance composing the electrons is always the same. It is the substance out of which all things are made, and it fills all space, being nothing more or less than what we have been accustomed to call the "interstellar ether."

The sun, a gigantic source of emergy, transmits this energy to us through the medium of "waves" in the ether. When these waves strike the eye they irritate the retina and produce the effect which we call light. In other manifestations they produce effects which we term electrical. But the energy is all the same energy. It appears also in the form of heat, to warm the sea of air in which we dwell.

Ether is All-Pervading.

We have thus come to understand (first) that ether is the fundamental substance out of which all things in nature, from rocks to human beings, are made, and (second) that all of the so-called "void" of space is filled with this structureless material, whose vibrations carry to us the energy of the sun. Furthermore, we are now able to recognize this energy as electrical in its nature.

It governs weather on the earth. It controls our planet as an electric field, and therefore governs what we call magnetic phenomena. It produces on occasions the aurora borealis, which so disturbs the working of telegraphic instruments. All of this, and infinitely more, it accomplishes through the medium of the interstellar ether.

Now that we have come to know these things, we are for the first time in a position to enter a new and wonderful domain of discovery and invention. Radio, which utilizes etheric vibrations for sending messages over long distances, and even for the transmission of sound by the "wireless" phone, is but a beginning. We may yet find a means of employing them by which an artificial daylight can be produced for the illumination of houses. This is the field in which several investigators have already worked.

If that problem could be solved, we might be able to flood a dwelling with light by the mere turning of a switch or pushing of a button—a kind of light, that is to say, which would not be distributed from chandeliers or other fixtures, but which would, like daylight, fill the house with a general and diffused illumination. It might serve in the same way to illuminate large buildings, or conceivably for the lighting of a city at night.

On the Way to Solution.

We are now for the first time getting a notion of what electricity, the so-called "mysterious fluid," really is. If it were asked what discovery within the limits of the reasonably conceivable would at the present time be most useful to mankind, the reply might well be, a means for converting heat directly into electricity. This phase of the problem has long been one of deepest interest to experimenters, owing to the great waste in producing current.

That this is not an impossibility in physics is proved by the fact that when two different metals are soldered together, heat being applied to the point of joining, electricity is produced. That is to say, heat is converted directly into electricity without intervention of a steam engine. If a number of pairs of metals be taken, they will serve to compose a sort of battery, furnishing enough current for a small installation.

Here possibly is the germ of a practical solution of a tremendous problem. How can the same thing be done on a large scale at a reasonably low cost. A satisfactory answer to that question means a simple apparatus that may be installed in any dwelling, and which will furnish illumination, heat the house and do the cooking.

It seems not unreasonable to believe that the time is coming when an apparatus of the kind will be as much a matter of course in dwelling houses as a coal furnace is to-day. The domestic electric furnace will be installed in kitchen or cellar, and, through wires passing to every room, it will supply light and heat and run fans in response to the pushing of the proper buttons. The cost of the outfit and the expense of operating it (the consumption of fuel being small) will be so little that the humblest home and poorest family can afford to have its independent electric plant.

Let this problem of converting heat directly into electricity once be solved, and in manufacturing plants great engines and huge boilers will be replaced by electric furnaces that take up only small space, with a motor for each machine. Production of manufactured products will be vastly cheapened, and their cost to consumers correspondingly less. A single outfit of the kind will provide for all the needs of the biggest hotel, including lighting, heating, cooling, refrigeration and the operation of the laundry. And if this be practicable, why might it not be equally so for a trans-Atlantic steamship, which is a floating hotel, and which might be equipped for like purposes with an electric furnace in the hold—perhaps even furnishing its motive power?

Where Community Life Flourishes

There is one republic unknown to the outer world, which it ignores, for it is safe to assert that fewer than three thousand people in all the population of Europe are familiar with it, though this republic can count 500 years and more of history.

In this most ancient republic, the territory of which lies four thousand feet above the valley leading to it, no family has an inch more land than its neighbor and property remains to-day on its original basis. In it individuals are nothing and the folk as a mass are everything. All are equal, and though money is used for purposes in the outer world, barter and exchange form the basis of any commercial transactions. There being no inferiority of wealth there is no pride of purse, and the conditions of all being known there is no pretension, no ostentation. The Government is traditional and the qualifications of the head functionary are nothing more than years, memory and uprightness. There is no council and no court room. Seated before his door the head of the republic gives his decisions, founded on use and wont and tradition.

Andorre, a small country high up among the Pyrenees, with its thread of dependence on or connection with Spain, is well enough known, but the other and older, Goust, sheltered by France, remains to-day as centuries ago—familiar only to those in its immediate neighborhood.

Goust lies among the higher recesses of the French Pyrenees beyond the south end of the Ossau Valley. There the dizzy track to the republic begins and winds along the face of the precipices, through forests, rocky gorges and clouds up to the mountain top. There lies Goust—an oasis of green trees and bushes, gardens, fields and houses, among the bleak rocks. Amid a clump of trees stand its ten houses, inhabited by its population of fifty to sixty men, women and children, for seldom has the Goust Republic exceeded that number, and the sum of the houses has been the same through all tradition.

When the population increases and threatens to stint supplies, which are held in common, luxuries and necessaries alike, youngsters are equipped and sent to push their fortunes in the valley below. There, too, the young men find their wives, for Goust is strictly Catholic and observes the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. It has no priest or chapel, but the folk, except when winter snows shut them off, descend regularly to Laruns. Here they are baptized, married and buried. To this day their agriculture and implements, manners and much of their knowledge are of France of the sixteenth century.

Goust, escaping interference through its poverty and remoteness, grew up centuries ago into a self-ruling, self-supporting community. This tiny republic within a republic has kept a traditional independence peacefully in the midst of political changes which have convulsed Europe.

Woman's Interests

Play No Favorites Among the Children.

Most parents declare that they love one child just as much as the other, and that they have never made any difference in the treatment of their children, yet they can see that other parents have been most unfair and unkind to their offspring in the matter of family equality. The most glaring inequalities in their ideas of justice and rights for their own children often pass unnoticed, regardless of the turmoil and strife such inequalities call forth, and ignoring the fact that partiality is responsible for a large percentage of family quarrels.

In the ideal home each and every child is treated fairly throughout its life, but ideal homes are not always the rule. If parents would look back on their own childhood, remembering the bitter heartaches caused by partiality, they would make fewer mistakes in their own homes. Parents who desire peace and harmony now, and a binding tie between their children after the parents have passed from earth, should found their homes on the basis of equal rights for all and special privileges for none.

Some years ago it was customary for the whole family to pinch and save in order to educate the brightest son and send him forth on a professional career. "We ought to have one gentleman in the family," was the slogan of those who denied themselves comforts to lay by money for the one thought to be the most worthy of an education. Happily, that idea has about died out; and, in order to be fair and just, fathers and mothers who educate only one child give to the other children the amount of money which the college education represents. If one son chooses to become a doctor and another a farmer, the farmer lad should have the same amount, year by year, for his farming venture as is paid out for college expenses. Farming is just as much of a profession as is "doctoring," and intelligent people no longer believe that farming is a good occupation only for a person of low mentality.

A man who had had a hard struggle in youth, but found himself in comfortable circumstances later in life, married the second time. His first wife had died when the children of that union were still young, and he had sent his sturdy sons and daughters to homes of their own with scant equipment and very little education. He had a frank and fair talk with the woman he married as to the rights of his dead wife's children, and with her full knowledge and consent he made the children secure as to their property rights. In consequence, that step-mother was cordially received by the children, all of whom were anxious that their father should have a comfortable home. In time other children were born, but there was never any discord over the fact that these children could be educated and clothed in a style unknown to the older ones. The father, who desired to be fair and just to all, made it a point to share his prosperity with each and every child to the end of his days, and thus bound all together with the ties of equality and justice.

In the same neighborhood lived a couple who had in their early married life also had a hard struggle. Three children grew up, two of whom were of great assistance to their parents. By hard work and careful management the children paid off the debts and finally the family started on the road to prosperity. By that time another child had been born, and at once became the favorite of the parents who were now in middle life. While they were always most careful to say that they loved all their children the same, the most casual observer could tell that they were mistaken in their thoughts. Inequality of treatment caused bitter feeling, and the family circle was rent asunder; yet the parents always lamented that it was the fault of the older children.

Every neighborhood can furnish similar examples of family injustice, and young parents will do well to found their homes on justice and perfect equality. Be sure your sins of favoritism will find you out and bring discord to a home which you fondly hope will be an ideally happy one. Human nature is the same in all ages, and inequality will always call forth a protest, so the best way is to deal justly with all, and love all so sincerely that injustice will be forever impossible in your family circle.

New Method of Ridding Plants of Lice.

For many years the writer has kept from fifty to one hundred or more flowering plants of various kinds. It has always been a continual struggle to keep them free of the pesky little green and white lice that are forever attempting to devour them.

The Monarch Primrose, the Everblooming Palargoniums, the Fuchsias and the Asparagus Ferns are all attacked by one or the other, and sometimes both of these kinds of lice.

Many different kinds of sprays have been used with little or no effect. soap, hellibore, and even Paris gree in solution.

Having successfully used a preparation containing pyrethrum powder to destroy flies and mosquitoes, the writer conceived the idea of using it to destroy the plant lice previously mentioned.

Knowing that this preparation contained about seventy-five per cent. of pyrethrum powder which is sure death to any insect, she was fully assured of success before a trial was given.

The very first application of the powder practically killed them all. The pesky little things simply disappeared as if by magic. Of course, it has been necessary to repeat the treatment three or four times since as the powder does not destroy the eggs, but none of the other previous preparations accomplished this either. To obtain the best results it is necessary to blow the powder underneath the leaves and along the stems of the plants. This is readily accomplished, however, as the powder comes in a box purposely constructed and operates as a bellows to blow the powder wherever desired. It sure does the work—just try it.

Can You Tell?

When the English tongue we speak
Why "break" is not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few";
And the fashioner of verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose," and "dose," and "lose";
And of "goose," and also "choose."
Think of "comb," and "tomb," and "bomb";
"Doll," and "roll," and "home," and "some";
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood," and "food," and "good,"
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone," and "lone".
Is there any reason known?

How to Exercise.

For preserving health and prolonging life exercise is as indispensable as breathing, eating and sleeping. The right kind of exercise properly performed aerates the blood, strengthens and regulates the heart, quickens the circulation, promotes the excretion of the poisons formed in the body and gives tone to all the organs and tissues.

The most suitable form of exercise to take depends more or less upon environment, occupation and individual taste. The man or woman who is compelled to remain in the city is necessarily deprived of certain forms of exercise that are easy for a person living in the country, and the man who is at his desk the entire day usually cannot take the same kind of exercise as the man, equally hard working perhaps, who is able to alternate his hours of work and of relaxation. The form of exercise selected must be congenial; otherwise it will probably fail in its object.

Exercise should always be taken in the open air—if not out of doors, at least beside an open window. That is the first and most important condition. Moreover, the form of exercise should be such as to bring a large number of muscles into play at once and to move all the large joints, including the spine. It should not demand complicated movements that require much skill. A person who is compelled to exercise indoors can easily devise a schedule that will include swinging the arms in various directions; flexing and extending the elbows; bending forward, backward and sidewise with the hands on the hips, and raising first one leg and then the other; keeping the feet together and twisting the body to the right and to the felt; moving and twisting the head in every direction.

The best exercise possible is walking briskly and breathing fully and deeply, with head erect and arms swinging. The distance walked should be at least two miles a day—four or five would be better,— and if the walk (not stroll) can be taken with an agreeable companion so much the better, for the conversation will promote deeper breathing and relieve the monotony that some people find in solitary walking.

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The Wild Geese Sing.

The spring is in the North again.
The buds are breaking, green and white;
And marshes pooled with April rain
Are softly calling us to flight.

Above the hills we spread our sails.
The south wind echoes our refrain;
The willows wear their silver veils.
The spring is in the North again.

—Whitelaw Saunders.

Lien on the Pay.

She had received his gift of flowers with rapture.

"Oh, they are perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "And there's even a little dew on them still."

"Ery-yes," he stammered, "there's a little, but I intended to pay it on Saturday night."

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