SERIAL STORY

# The FLYING MERCURY

By

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"The Game and the Candle"

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped near her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to his disadvantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrange. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrange meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the Ffrench home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed.

Lestrange looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen.

"Have I no right?" was his question. "Is there no canceling of a claim, is there no subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?"

Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender.

"I will come to you, I will come! You know best what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, dear, I wanted to—"

He silenced her, all the light flashing back to his face.

"A promise; hush! Oh, I shall win tonight with that singing in my ears. I have more to say to you, but not now. I must see Bailey, somehow, before I go."

"He is at the house; let me send him here to you."

"If you come back with him."

They laughed together.

"I will— Do you know," her color deepened rosily, "they call you 'Darling;' I have never heard your own name."

"My name is David," Lestrange said quietly, and kissed her for farewell.

The earth danced under Emily's feet as she ran across the lawns, the sun glowed warm, the brook tinkled over the cascades in a very madness of mirth. At the head of the veranda steps she turned to look once more at the roof of the white pavilion among the locust trees.

"Uncle will like you when he knows you," she laughed in her heart. "Any one must like you."

The servant she met in the hall said that Mr. Bailey had gone out, and Mr. Ffrench, also, but separately, the former having taken the short route across toward the factory. That way Emily went in pursuit, intending to overtake him with her pony cart.

But upon reaching the stables, past which the path ran, she found Bailey himself engaged in an inspection of the limousine in company with the chauffeur.

"You'll have to look into her differential, Anderson," he was pronouncing, when the young girl came beside him.

"Come, please," she urged breathlessly.

"Come?" repeated Bailey, wheeling, with his slow, benevolent smile. "Sure, Miss Emily; where?"

She shook her head, not replying until they were safely outside; then:

"To Mr. Lestrange; he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you."

"To Lestrange!" he almost shouted, balking. "Lestrange here!"

"Yes. There is time; he says there is time. He is going back as soon as he sees you."

"But what's he doing here? What does he mean, by risking his neck without any practice."

"He came to see me," she whispered, and stood confessed.

"Gad!" said Bailey, quite reverently, after a moment of speechless stupefaction. "You, and him!"

He raised confiding eyes to him, trusting, trusted.

"It is a secret, but I wanted you to know because you like us both. Dick said you loved Mr. Lestrange."

"Yes," was the dazed answer.

"Well, there! But mind, he is [illegible]

[illegible] the park, carrying his hat in his hand.

A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion.

"Some one is there," she said. "Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out."

She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps farther brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen.

In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. Ffrench was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair; his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood Lestrange, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable.

"I told you then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least Ffrench enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so deserted that I would accept even you as a successor? Wrong; you are not missed. My nephew Richard takes your place, and is fit to take it. Go back to Europe and your low-born wife; there is no lack in my household."

The voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and Lestrange took the pause without movement or gesture.

"I am going, sir, and I shall never come back," he answered, never more quietly. "I can take a dismissal, yes. If ever I have wished peace or hoped for an accord that never existed between us, I go cured of such folly. But hear this much, since I am arraigned at your bar: I have never yet disgraced your name or mine unless by the boy's mischief which sent me from college. The money you speak of, I have never used; ask Bailey of it, if you will." He hesitated, and in the empty moment there came across the mile of June air the roaring noon whistle of the factory. Involuntarily he turned his head toward the call, but as instantly recovered himself from the self-betrayal. "There is another matter to be arranged, but there is no time now. Nor even in concluding it will I ever come here again, sir."

There was that in his bearing, in the dignified carefulness of courtesy with which he saluted the other before turning to go, that checked even Ethan Ffrench. But as Lestrange crossed the threshold of the little building, Emily ran from the thicket to meet him, her eyes a dark splendor in her white face, her hands outstretched.

"Not like this!" she panted. "Not without seeing me! Oh, I might have guessed—"

His vivid color and animation returned as he caught her to him, heedless of witnesses.

"You dare? My dear, my dear, not even a question? There is no one like you. Say, shall I take you now, or send Dick for you after the race?"

"Well, Then—But Come, He is Waiting."

Mr. Ffrench exclaimed some inarticulate words, but neither heard him.

"Send Dick," Emily answered, her eyes on the gray eyes above her. "Send Dick—I understand. I will come."

He kissed her once, then she drew back and he went down the terraces toward the gates. As Emily sank down on the bench by the pavilion door, Bailey brushed past her, running after the straight, lithe figure that went steadily on out of sight among the huge trees planted and tended by five generations of Ffrenches.

When the vistas of the park were empty, Emily slowly turned to face her uncle.

"You love David Ffrench?" he asked, his voice thin and harsh.

"Yes," she answered. She had no need to ask if Lestrange were meant.

"He is married to some woman of the music halls."

"No."

"How do you know? He has told you?"

She lifted to him the superby confident of her glance, although nervous tremors shook her in varying succession.

"If he had been married, he would not have made me care for him. He has asked me to be his wife."

They were equally strange to each other in these new relationships, and [illegible] when he came back later, to take his massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set.

"I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. Ffrench," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here—I'll tell you; he is Lestrange."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. Ffrench looked back at his partner, mute.

"He is Lestrange. He never meant you to know; he'd have left without your ever knowing, but for Miss Emily. I guess I don't need to remind you of what he's done; if it hadn't been for him we might have closed our doors some day. He understands the business as none of us back-number, old-fashioned ones do; he took hold and shook some life into it. We can make cars, but he can make people buy them. Advertising! Why, just that fool picture he drew on the back of a pad, one day, of a row of thermometers up to one hundred forty, with the sign 'Mercuries are at the top,' made more people notice."

Bailey cleared his throat. "He was always making people notice, and laughing while he did it. He's risked his neck on every course going, to bring our cars in first, he's lent his fame as a racing driver to help us along. And now everything is fixed the way we want, he's thrown out. What did he do it for? He thought he needed to square accounts with you, for being born, I suppose; so when he heard how things were going with us he came to me and offered his help. At least, that's what he said. I believe he came because he couldn't bear to see the old place go under."

There was a skein of blue silk swinging over the edge of the table. Mr. Ffrench picked it up and replaced it in Emily's work basket before replying.

"If this remarkable story is true," he began, accurately precise in accent.

"You don't need me to tell you it is," retorted Bailey. "You know what my new manager's been doing; why, you disliked him without seeing him, but you had to admit his good work. And I heard you talking about his allowance, Mr. Ffrench. He never touched it, not from the first; it piled up for six years. Last April, when we needed cash in a hurry, he drew it out and gave it to me to buy aluminum. When he left here first he drove a taxicab in New York city until he got into racing work and made Darling Lestrange famous all over the continent. I guess it went pretty hard for a while; if he'd been the things you called him, he'd have gone to the devil alone in New York. But he didn't."

An oriole darted in one arcade and out again with a musical whir of wings. The clink of glass and silver sounded from the house windows with a pleasant cheerliness and suggestion of comfort and plenty.

"He made good," Bailey concluded, thoughtfully. "But it sounded queer to me to hear you tell him you didn't want him around because Mr. Dick took his place. I know, and Miss Emily knows, that Dick Ffrench was no use on earth for any place until Mr. David took him in hand and made him fit to live. That's all, I guess, that I had to say; I'll get back to work." He turned, but paused to glance around. "It's going to be pretty dull at the factory for me. And between us we've sent Lestrange to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where Lestrange's name showed in heavy type lying on the floor between them.

The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dizzied by apprehension. But when Mr. Ffrench rose and passed out, she aroused to look up at him eagerly.

"Uncle," she faltered.

Disregarding or unseeing her outstretched hand, he went on and left her there alone. And then Emily dared rescue the newspaper.

"A substitute," she whispered. "A substitute," and laid her wet cheek against the pictured driver.

No one lunched at the Ffrench home that day; except the servants. Near three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Ffrench came back to the pavilion where Emily still sat.

"Go change your gown," he commanded, in his usual tone. "We will start now. I have sent for Bailey and ordered Anderson to bring the automobile."

"Start!" she wondered, bewildered.

He met her gaze with a stately repellence of comment.

"For the Beach. I understand this race lasts twenty-four hours. Have you any objection?"

Objection to being near David! Emily sprang to her feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Wholesale Burning of Books.**

The French should win Edmund Gosse's commendation for the wholesale manner in which they have destroyed books. They have even gone to the extent of coining a special word, "bibliolytie," to denote "la destruction volontaire des livres." The first Plate in the annals of bibliolytie is 1790, when church property was confiscated by the revolutionary government. During that year, in Paris alone, 968,129 volumes taken from monasteries and convents were burned, and the destruction "shook the world, the last of the feudal ties in unity of thought was broken." Gosse's book, "Sidelights on Some Books," [illegible]

# HOW THE HOUSEKEEPER CAN SELECT FRESH, SOUND AND SWEET CUTS OF MEAT

Prime Rib Roast.

The essentials of choice meat are evident in this prime rib roast. Note the full, well-rounded shape, the thickness of flesh, even covering of fat, small amount of bone, abundant marbling and firm condition. There are other cuts that are cheaper, some of which are just as nutritious, but none higher in quality.

By L. D. Haik,

University of Illinois.

To satisfy the average person, a steak, chop or roast must be palatable, nutritious and not too expensive. To most people, however, the obtaining of meat having those qualities seems to be largely a matter of luck. Although it is customary to blame bad luck to the butcher, much of it easily can be eliminated by learning the characteristics that go to make up palatability, nutritive value and economy in the different cuts.

Fresh, sound, sweet meat is, of course, the only kind to be considered. Such meat is almost odorless, but has a slight fleshy smell that is pleasant to the olfactory nerves of a normal person. A strong, stale, or tainted condition may usually be told by natural instinct.

Tenderness is the first requisite in the minds of most meat market patrons; so much so, that other essentials of good meat are usually sacrificed to secure it. For instance, veal is in constant demand, even at high prices, because of its tender nature, whereas mature beef is much more nutritious, has a decidedly richer flavor, loses less weight in cooking, and, furthermore, if properly cooked, may be made practically as tender. The indications of tenderness are fine, smooth grain or fiber, little connective tissue (the white, membranous substance between and about the fibers and muscles of meat), soft, porous bones and such consistency that the flesh may be penetrated with the finger or easily cut with a knife. Usually, too, meat that is well marbled or specked with fat is of the tender kind.

Flavor is a factor that varies in about inverse ratio to the natural tenderness of meat. Those who appreciate good meat for its own sake, and aside from artificial relishes supplied by the cook, prefer mature beef, to veal, select shoulder of lamb in preference to the saddle, and choose a choice round steak rather than tenderloin. "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," and all are familiar with the fact that meat from a shank soup bone has a higher flavor than loin steak. But, like tenderness, this is a matter that lies largely at the mercy of the cook.

Proper color and attractive appearance are other points that make meat palatable. Good beef, when first cut, is a rich, dark red, which changes to a pale or bright cherry when exposed to the air a short time. Veal varies from almost white to light red, and at its best is a pale pink. Mutton is dull brick red, and lamb cuts range from whitish to a grayish pink. Pork varies from nearly white in young pigs to a pale red or rose shade in older animals. The fat of all meat should be as nearly white as possible, free from clots or spots, and of a firm, clear consistency.

The proportions and distribution of fat and lean determine to a large extent the nutritive value of meat. An ample outer layer of fat and abundant "marbling" of fat throughout the lean are indications of a nutritious, tender and well-flavored steak. It is a common mistake to object to the so-called "waste fat" that choice meat must have, or to choose unfinished, lean cuts of beef or veal in order to avoid it. Fat is two and one-fourth times as nutritious as lean meat, and although a limited amount is sufficient for direct use, the remainder may be utilized to good advantage in other forms, like gravies and drippings, for which it is as good or better than butter. Some of those who insist on the leanest bacon would find the thicker, fatter grades equally palatable, and, though of just as high quality, obtainable at half the price. Juiciness is another important index of food value in meat, especially beef and mutton. The contrast between a rich, juicy roast and a dry stringy one is readily recognized.

As to comparative economy, the chief point is to select meat whose market price is commensurate with its food value. Generally speaking, the net food cost of different cuts is almost directly proportional to their market prices, because the relative prices are regulated chiefly by demand, and the demand for meat is based, in most cases, upon such points as the apparent tenderness, general appearance and ease of cooking, rather than the actual food value of the meat.

A general indication of the food value of a given cut is its proportion of edible meat to waste bone, rind, gristle and other inedible parts. This can only be determined accurately by weighing the different parts of each cut. A study of beef carcasses has been made along this line at the University of Illinois, including also the amounts of lean and fat and the chemical composition of the meat. The results are presented and discussed in a bulletin (No. 158) which may be obtained free by addressing the Director, Agricultural Experiment Station, Urbana, Ill.

**Soil Fertility is Vital.**

If he who makes two blades of grass grow" where only one grew before is a public benefactor, then he who reduces the fertility of the soil so that only one ear of corn grows where two have been grown before is a public curse. Agriculture is the fundamental support of the American nation, and soil fertility is the absolute support of agriculture. Without agriculture American is nothing.—C. G. Hopkins.

# HOW TO PASTEURIZE MILK IN THE HOME

By PROF. B. R. RICKARDS and H. N. PARKER,

University of Illinois.

All milk intended for babies should be pasteurized in the home. An ordinary double boiler that can be obtained at any hardware shop at small cost furnishes a satisfactory way of pasteurizing milk without the use of expensive apparatus. Proceed as follows:

1. Fill both parts of the double boiler with water. The depth of the inner compartment should be such that when the nursing bottles are placed therein the height of the water will be slightly above the height of the milk in the bottles.

2. Place the double boiler on the stove and put the nursing bottles containing the milk to be pasteurized in the water of the inner compartment. The tops of the bottles should be tightly stoppered with clean nonabsorbent cotton.

3. Place a dairy thermometer in the water. When the temperature of the water reaches 150 degrees Fahrenheit remove the double boiler to the rear of the stove and allow it to stand covered for 30 to 40 minutes.

4. The milk must then be chilled quickly. Set the bottles in a large dishpan or bread pan containing cold water. Single bottles can best be quickly chilled by holding the side of the bottles under the running water at such an angle that the milk is not spilled nor the cotton plug wet.

5. As soon as the milk is cold it should be set in the ice box near the ice until needed. A full day's supply may be pasteurized at one time in the manner described, but all pasteurized milk more than 24 hours old should be thrown away.

**Nasturtiums.**

Nasturtiums, both tall and dwarf, should be grown in warm, sunny places. They require a fairly moist situation. If very early effects are desired plants should be grown indoors, but for ordinary purposes the seeds are sown directly in their permanent place. The common horticultural varieties may be classed in two groups, the dwarf bedding varieties and the tall or climbing kinds. The dwarf varieties are very compact and form small dense bushes which are fairly hidden by bright blossoms. All shades of red and yellow may be obtained. The climbing varieties are luxurious climbers for verandas, and are useful for covering unsightly fences, banks and walls or to trail over rough, ugly ground.

**A Do-nothing Field.**

Three years ago a do-nothing field was seeded to orchard grass. Now it can be pastured two weeks before the neighbors have any grass and it is now a do-nothing field.

**Raising Poultry.**

Two very important points in raising poultry are to keep plenty of grit before your fowls and not to overfeed them.

JUST CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

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"He's just discovered his birthday's on de same day as Ad Wolgast's!"

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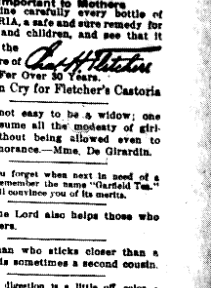

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