SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of

"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By

RAY WALTERS

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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 and 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 a 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.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"Well?" Dick at last queried.

"Have Mr. Bailey do nothing at all," was the deliberate reply. "There is an etiquette of subordination, I believe—this is Mr. Ffrench's factory. I've done my part and we'll think no more of the matter. I may be wrong. But I am more than grateful to Miss Ffrench."

"That's all you're going to do?"

"Yes. I wish you would not sit there."

"I'm tired; I won't fall in, and I want to think. We've been a lot together this spring, Lestrange; I don't like this business about the steering gear. Do you go down to the Beach tomorrow?"

"Tonight. Tomorrow I must put in practicing on the track. I would have been down today if there had not been so much to do here. Are you coming with me, or not until the evening of the start?"

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

"I don't want to come at all, thank you. I saw you race once."

"You had better get used to it," Lestrange quietly advised. "The day may come when there is no one to take your place. This factory will be yours and you will have to look after your own interests. I wish you would come down and represent the company at this race."

"I haven't the head for it."

"I do not agree with you."

Their eyes met in a long regard. Here, in the crowded room of workers, the ceaseless uproar shut in their conversation with a walled completeness of privacy.

"I'm not sure whether you know it, Lestrange, but you've got me all stirred up since I met you," the younger man confessed plaintively. "You're different from other fellows and you've made me different. I'd rather be around the factory than anywhere else I know, now. But honestly I like you too well to watch you race."

"I want you to come."

"I—"

One of the men with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through the narrow aisle. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, Lestrange sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and reeling from the recoil Lestrange was sent staggering against a flying wheel next in line.

The workman set down his burden with a recklessness endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. Lestrange!" he cried.

But Lestrange had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorched and bleeding bar where it had touched the glittering wheel, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety.

"You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"I? I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, Lestrange— Oh, your told me not to sit there!"

Lestrange glanced down at the surface wound, then quickly back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now, will you take my advice and come to the race with me, Ffrench?"

"Race! You'd race with that arm?"

"Yes. Are you coming with me?"

Shaken and tremulous, Dick passed a damp hand across his forehead.

"I think you're mad to stand talking here. Come to the office, for heaven's sake. And, I'd be ground up there, if you hadn't caught me," he looked toward the jaws sullenly shredding and reshredding a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" Lestrange flashed quickly. He flung back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear; that the change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out disqualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I couldn't help doing it—your arm—"

Lestrange impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on; I couldn't go back now. You've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you." He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared. Smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It isn't playing the game to trap you while you are upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff tomorrow."

But in spite of his professed haste, Lestrange stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the teeming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, Ffrench."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. Ffrench passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired.

The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into

"That Isn't Tight Enough, Doc."

the machinery and Lestrange has done up his arm pulling me out. That's all."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley or excuse.

Lestrange was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who couldn't keep out of their own machinery, the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance. An omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning:

"I hope you didn't annoy Miss Ffrench with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I didn't speak to her at all, only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too-indolent tone roused Dick's usually dormant observation. Startled, he scrutinized Lestrange.

"Is that why you bothered yourself with me?" he stammered. "Is that why—"

"Shut up!" warned Lestrange forcibly and inelegantly. "That isn't tight enough, Doc. You know I'm experienced at this sort of thing, and I'm going to use this arm."

But Dick was not to be silenced in his new enlightenment. When the surgeon momentarily turned away, he leaned nearer, his plump face grim.

"If I brace up, it won't be for Emily, but for you, Darling Lestrange," he whispered viciously. "She don't want me and I don't want her, that way. I've got over that. And, and—oh, confound it, I'm sorry, old man!"

"Shut up!" said Lestrange again.

But though Dick's very sympathy unconsciously showed the hopeless chasm between the racing driver and Miss Ffrench, the hurt did not cloud the cordial smile Lestrange sent to mitigate his command.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll spend practicing on the track, and tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And Lestrange starts crippled because I am a clumsy idiot. He laughs at me, but—he'd do that anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Emily. "He would do that anyhow." Her eyes were wide and terrified, the little hands she clasped in her lap were quite cold. "I wish, I wish he had never come to this place."

"Oh, you do!" Dick said oddly. "Maybe he will, too, before he gets through with us. We're a nasty lot, we Ffrenches; a lot of blue-blooded snobs without any red blood in us. Are you going to say good-by to me? I won't be home until it's over."

She looked at him, across the odorous dusk slowly silvering as the moon rose.

"You are going to be with him?"

Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes; I'm representing our company. Lestrange might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet, if every one except Lestrange did think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered gently. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

When he reached the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up, not race this time?"

He stared up at her white figure.

"No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below the throb of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily Ffrench hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: Lestrange himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespass, Miss Ffrench," he said, "but your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I couldn't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. Ffrench's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe voice cleared through her distress. Before the tranquil sanity of his regard, her painted terrors suddenly showed as the artificial canvas scenes of a stage, unreal, untrue.

"It was like you to come," she answered, with a shaking sigh that was half sob. "I was frightened, yes."

"There is no cause. A dozen other men take the same chance as Rupert and I; the driver who alternates with me, for instance. This is our life."

"Your arm—"

"Is well enough." He laughed a little. "You will see many a bandaged arm before the twenty-four hours are up; few of us finish without a scratch or strain or blister. This is a man's game, but it's not half so destructive as foot-ball. You wished me good luck for the Georgia race; will you repeat the honor before I go back to Ffrench?"

"I wish you," she said unsteadily, "every kind of success, now and always. You saved Dick today—of all else you have done for him and for me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some London Statistics.

In a volume of more than 600 pages the London County Council presents statistics of much interest. The metropolitan district, made up of the cities, towns and boroughs which comprise the real London, had a population of 7,252,963 in 1910, occupying an area of a little more than 692 square miles. Only 14.8 per cent. of the total number of inhabitants, or 670,110 persons, were entitled to vote in parliamentary elections, and of these 74.6 per cent. went to the polls in the election of December, 1910, a falling off from the 84.3 per cent. which voted in January of that year. In 1909 there were 116,559 births, a decline since 1881 from 34.3 to 24.2 a thousand of population. The death rate fell from 19.8 in 1900 to 14.7 a thousand. Phthisis and pneumonia were responsible for more than 13,000 deaths.

More Curious Than Comfortable.

The Mashukulumbui natives of northwestern Rhodesia have a most wonderful headdress, which is made up of cuttings of hair from other boys' heads mixed with mud and grease. Sometimes these topknots are studded with all sorts of curiosities, such as beads, bits of broken crockery, brass paper-fasteners (the latter generally stolen by the native messengers from the native commissioner's office), feathers, and so forth. The result forms one of the most curious coiffures in the world.

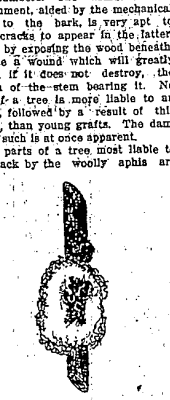
WOOLLY APHIDES CAUSE MUCH DAMAGE TO THE FRUIT TREES

Dreaded Insects Attack Tenderest and Youngest Bark, Hence Receiving Greatest Amount of Nourishing Sap—Kerosene Emulsion is Recommended as Efficient Remedy.

(By F. H. HILLMAN.)

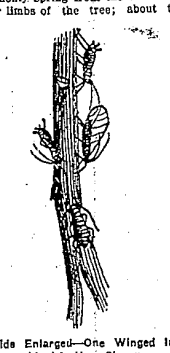
Woolly aphides are degraded insects closely allied to the plant lice so common to all plants. Their mouthparts are so constructed as to form a sharp pointed sucking beak. This is thrust through the tenderest bark and the tree's sap thus withdrawn. The very fragility of this sucking organ leads to the greatest damage to the infested tree, because it can be inserted only into or possibly partially through the outer bark; thus the nourishment is withdrawn from the stem immediately beneath the true bark, whose office is to furnish new wood on the one side and new bark on the other. This drain upon the tree's food supply and the consequent impoverishment of the growing tissue at the point of attack tends to interfere seriously with the proper development of the stem attacked. Especially is this true in a year when these pests are apt to appear in countless numbers. The withdrawal of nourishment, aided by the mechanical injury to the bark, is very apt to cause cracks to appear in the latter, which, by exposing the wood beneath, produce a wound which will greatly retard, if it does not destroy, the growth of the stem bearing it. No part of a tree is more liable to an attack, followed by a result of this nature, than young grafts. The damage to such is at once apparent.

The parts of a tree most liable to an attack by the woolly aphis are



A Colony of Aphides Clustered About the Side of a Twig.

those where the bark is youngest and tenderest and hence receiving the greatest amount of nourishing sap. The insects seek the sap and their frail beaks must needs have the tenderest bark to pierce that the desired nourishment may be reached. The required conditions are presented, as we may readily see, in recent injuries to the bark where new bark is forming, as for instance, scars where limbs have been removed, or cracks in the bark at any part of the tree; the young "sprouts" that so commonly spring from the trunk and older limbs of the tree; about the



Aphide Enlarged—One Winged Individual Is Here Shown.

bases of the younger twigs; sometimes about the body of such twigs; and, lastly, at the junction of the leaf stems with the twigs bearing them. Indeed, a tree which is badly affected will present examples of each of these cases.

A colony of these insects may be located by the mass of woolly material which usually surrounds and frequently covers them. This matter is secreted by glands in the body skin, and in developing becomes more or less fibrous. Finally it is blown

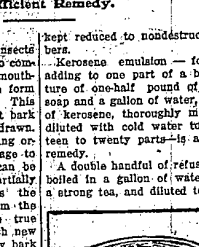
Young Fruit Ready for the Third Spraying.

away by the wind in masses of tangled fibres.

Nature makes provision for the destruction of great numbers of these aphides by providing in them a source of food supply for several different insects which thus become our friends. These natural agencies greatly reduce the number of these pests, but in dry seasons nature must be assisted if these insects are to be kept reduced to nondestructive numbers.

Kerosene emulsion — formed by adding to one part of a boiled mixture of one-half pound of common soap and a gallon of water, two parts of kerosene, thoroughly mixing, and diluted with cold water to form fifteen to twenty parts—is an efficient remedy.

A double handful of refuse tobacco, boiled in a gallon of water to form a strong tea, and diluted to form six



A Desirable Form of Kettle For Cooking Lime Sulphur.

or eight gallons, is a valuable and easily prepared remedy. Carbolic soap, such as sold in the shops for disinfecting purposes, dissolved and so diluted that a decided odor of carbolic acid still remains, is another effective remedy.

PICKED UP IN CHICKEN YARD

Several Little Hints That Will Prove of Much Assistance to Any One Keeping Poultry.

The average cockerel does not pay for his keep and he should be sent to the block as soon as he weighs four pounds unless he is to be kept for breeding.

Let a strange dog rush through the poultry yard and the excitement will affect the egg supply for that day.

While hens have no sentiment, there is no doubt they are extremely nervous at times—particularly during the breeding season—and should be so placed that they cannot be disturbed.

It does not matter so much about the breed as it does about the kind of treatment your hens receive.

Of course, if you are going in for poultry to sell on the market you must select the fowl that will produce the most meat, and if for eggs the breed that will produce more eggs than meat. Then it is "up to you" to get the most out of them, as the slang goes.

Once more, do not feed the young chicks a particle of anything for at least 36 hours after they are hatched. Early feeding means disease and death.

Do not wait a single day to order your wire and put your enclosures for the youngsters in good condition.

When a sick fowl is discovered, remove it at once. Maybe if you will attend to it then and there you can save it, whereas if allowed to wait too long, it may die.

Throw an extra lot of hay into the poultry yards. The chickens will scratch out every clover seed. There is no better way to make them work for their food.

Damp houses are the greatest promoters of disease among fowls.

It is a good plan to teach the young generation of chickens to roost on perches as soon as possible. For one thing, this will keep them out of reach of rats.

One of our poultry folk advises putting a pint of coal oil in each bucket of whitewash before going over the inside of the hen house. This for the special benefit of lice and mites.

COAL TAR FOR INSIDE OF SILO

Quite Generally Used for Painting Inside of Huge Receptacles, Especially of Staves.

Coal tar is quite generally used for painting the inside of silos, especially where they are made of staves. It not only acts as a preservative, but it is quite helpful in closing up the small cracks and excluding the air. It is usually applied while hot. The hotter the tar is the more it will penetrate. The usual practice is to heat the coal tar in a kettle. Care should be taken to keep it some distance from the building, as the tar, ignited, makes a dangerous fire. Hot coal tar gives off fumes that will ignite when exposed to a flame. Therefore, while applying the tar to the inside of silo one should, by all means, dispense with smoking.

A very good plan is to have a fire for heating the coal tar some distance from the building, and then apply it to the inside of the silo with a broom. This can be done while the silo is being filled.

Some make it a practice to paint the inside of the silo every year at filling time.

GHOSTS EVER BOTHER YOU?

If So, Southern Negro Folks Say These Simple Precautions Will Chase 'Em.

As a part of the folklore of the negro folks the superstitions of slavery days are of great interest. The following are some of the negro's beliefs about ghosts:

To feel a hot breath of air strike you at twilight signified the nearby presence of a ghost. Should you wish to avoid him, stop and turn your coat and trousers and hat wrong side out and the spirit cannot encounter you.

If, however, he is a pugnacious sprite and approaches despite the change, turn and address him thus: "In the name of the Lord, what do you want?" Whereupon he will tell you his business upon earth, then depart and never, never trouble you again. If, on the other hand, it is a prowling ghost who crawls under the house, bumps against the floor, makes strange sounds, and whispers in the midnight hours, you have only to put in a new floor and he will do so no more.

Some ghosts are obtrusive and will not only prowl about the house, but creep in through the crack of the door in the wee small hours of the night, and, once inside, expand to vast proportions. To spare yourself any disturbance in this way, sow mustard seed all about the doorstep just before going to bed, or place a sieve on the doorstep.

Before entering, the spirit will have to count all the holes in the sieve or all the mustard seeds, and by this time daylight will come and he will have to go. As the counting for one night will not do for another you are allways safe.—Southern Workman.

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Eight years ago I got eczema all over my hands. My fingers fairly bled and it itched until it almost drove me frantic. The eruption began with itching under the skin. It spread fast from between the fingers around the nails and all over the whole hands. I got a pair of rubber gloves in order to wash dishes. Then it spread all over the left side of my chest. A fine doctor treated the trouble two weeks, but did me no good. I cried night and day. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment but without much hope as I had gone so long. There was a marked change the second day, and so on until I was entirely cured. The Cuticura Soap we have always kept in our home, and we decided after that lesson that it is a cheap soap in price and the very best in quality. My husband will use no other soap in his shaving mug." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redonda Beach, Cal., Jan. 15, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

"Mug" Is Overworked Word.

The most overworked word in the Englishman's vocabulary of slang is "Mug." As a noun it may mean a face, a fool, or a student who prefers reading to sport. As a verb its meanings are still more varied. It may mean to study hard, or to strike in the face. It also means to rob or swindle, and among actors to grimace or make faces. To mug up is also, in theatrical parlance, to make up.

Finally, to mug one's self is to get drunk, the resulting condition being one of mugginess. There is more obvious sense in this last use of the word than in some of the others, for alehouses in the eighteenth century, were commonly known as mughouses. Mug is the English equivalent of the German Zug, which Mark Twain found to mean everything. A new sense of the verb "mug" in the American slang is to photograph a face.

For Forty Years a Hermit.

Isaac Sheath, who has just died in the workhouse at the age of seventy-eight, lived the life of a hermit for nearly forty years at Newport, Isle of Wight. He occupied a mud-hut which he erected on a piece of waste land in the village of Chale, but the hut became so dilapidated that the rural district council ordered its destruction. Sheath was greatly exasperated by the council's interference, and before he left for the workhouse he burned the hut to the ground. Mice and birds had grown so accustomed to the old man and his lonely ways that they used to come and feed from his hand.—London Mail.

The New Way.

"Going to your summer cottage this year?"

"No; we've decided to stay in the city."

"But I thought you were so fond of the country?"

"We used to be, but now we prefer to stay at home, where we can get fresh milk, eggs and butter every morning."

First Religious Book in America.

The first religious book published on the American continent was printed in the City of Mexico by order of the Roman Catholic bishop there. This was the first work of any kind from movable type issued in the new world and bears date 1645. In point of collaborators the most pretentious work published on this continent is "The Catholic Church in the United States," which has six thousand different co-authors, all but a dozen of whom are actively identified in some way with the American hierarchy.