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THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," ZELDA DAMERON," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Ah, to be sure! You were away Christmas eve, when those vandals broke in. Bates merely mentioned it in the last report I got from him in New York. That was all right. I assumed, of course, that you had gone off somewhere to get a little Christmas cheer; I don't care anything about it."

"But I had followed her—I went to Cincinnati to see her—don't you understand? She dared me to come—it was a trick, a part of the conspiracy to steal your property."

The old gentleman smiled. It was an old trick of his to grow calm as other people waxed angry.

"She dared you to come, did she! That is quite like Marian; but you didn't have to go, did you, Jack?"

"Of course not; of course I didn't have to go, but—"

I stammered, faltered and ceased. Memory threw open her portals with a challenge. I saw Marian on the stairway at the Armstrongs'; I heard her low, soft laughter; I felt the mockery of her voice and eyes; I knew again the exquisite delight of being near her. My heart told me well enough why I had followed her!

"Jack, I'm glad I'm not buried up there in that Vermont graveyard with nobody to exercise the right of guardianship over you. I've had my misgivings about you; I used to think you were a born tramp; and you disappointed me in turning your back on architecture,—the noblest of all professions; but this performance of yours really beats them all. Don't you know that a girl like Marian Devereux isn't likely to become the agent of any rascal? Do you really believe for a minute that she tempted you to follow her so you might forfeit your rights to my property?"

"But why was she trying to find those notes of his? Why did she come back from Cincinnati with his party? If you could answer me those things, maybe I'd admit that I'm a fool. Pickering, I imagine, is a pretty plausible fellow where women are concerned."

"For God's sake, Jack, don't speak of that girl as women! I put her in that will of mine just to pique your curiosity, knowing that if there was a penalty on your marrying her you would be wholly likely to do it,—for that's the way human beings are made. But you've mixed it all up now and insulted her in the grossest way possible for a fellow who is really a gentleman. And I don't want to lose you; I want you here with me! These rich Americans, who go to England to live, don't appreciate the beauty of their own country. This landscape is worthy of the best that man can do. And I didn't undertake to build a crazy house out here but one that should have some dignity and character. That passage around the chimney is an indulgence, Jack,—I'll admit it's a little bizarre,—you see that chimney isn't so big outside as it is in!"—and he laughed and rubbed his knees,—"and my bringing foreign laborers here was really to make it easier to get things done my way. Wait till you have seen the May-apples blossom and heard the robin sing in the summer twilight,—help me to finish the house,—then if you want to leave I'll bid you Godspeed."

The feeling in his tone, the display of sentiment so at variance with my old notion of him, touched me in spite of myself. There was a characteristic nobility and dignity in his plan; it was worthy of him. And I had never loved him as now, when he finished this appeal, and turned away to the window, gazing out upon the somber woodland.

"Mr. Donovan is ready to go, sir," announced Bates at the door, and we went into the library, where Larry and Stoddard were waiting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Shorter Vistas.

Larry had assembled his effects in the library, and to my surprise, Stoddard appeared with his own hand-bag.

"I'm going to see Donovan well on his way," said the clergyman.

"It's a pity our party must break up," exclaimed my grandfather. "My obligations to Mr. Donovan are very great—and to you, too, Stoddard. Jack's friends are mine hereafter, and when we get new doors for Glenarm House you shall honor me by accepting duplicate keys."

"Where's Bates?" asked Larry, and the man came in, respectfully, imperturbably as always, and began gathering up the bags.

"Stop—one moment! Mr. Glenarm," said Larry. "Before I go I want to congratulate you on the splendid courage of this man who has served you and your house with so much faithfulness and tact. And I want to tell you something else, that you probably would never learn from him—"

"Donovan!" There was a sharp cry in Bates' voice, and he sprang forward with his hands outstretched entreatingly. But Larry did not heed him.

"The moment I set eyes on this man I recognized him. It's not fair to you or to him that you should not know him for what he is. Let me introduce an old friend, Walter Creighton; he was a student at Dublin when I was there, a poor boy with nobody to help him; but I remember him as one of the best fellows in the world."

"For God's sake—no!" pleaded Bates. He was deeply moved and turned his face away from us.

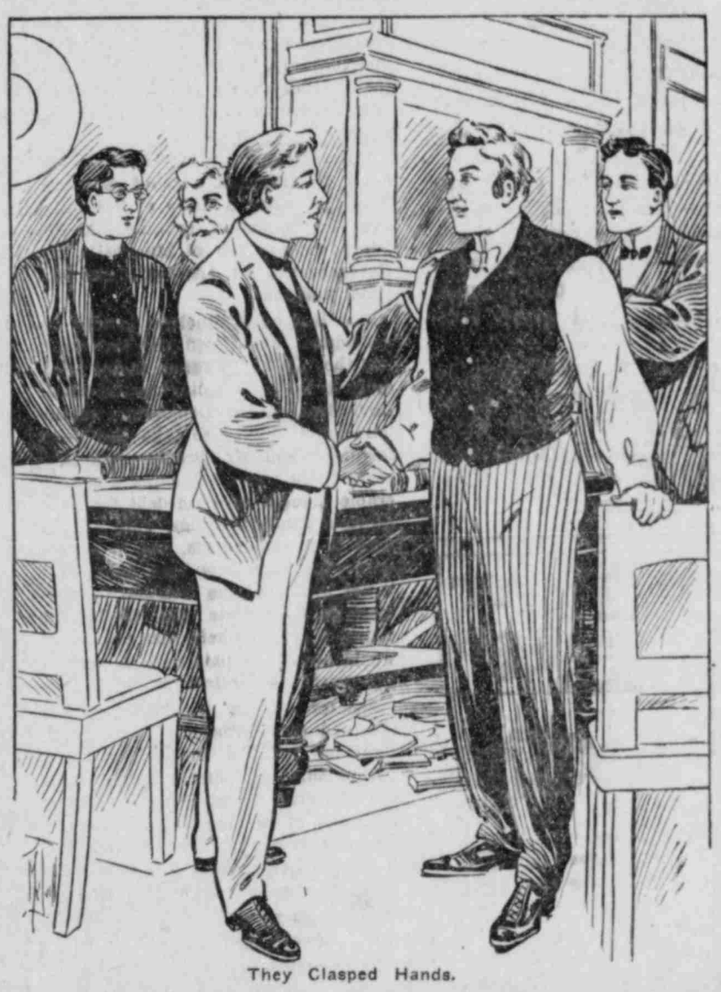
"But, like me," Larry went on, "he mixed in politics. One night in a riot at Dublin a constable was killed. No one knew who was guilty, but a youngster was suspected,—the son of one of the richest and best-known men in Ireland, who happened to get mixed in the row. To draw attention from the boy, Creighton let suspicion attach to his own name, and, to help the boy's case further, ran away. I had not heard from or of him until the night I came here and found him the defender of this house. By God; that was no servant's trick,—it was the act of a royal gentleman."

They clasped hands, and with a new light in his face, with a new manner, as though he resumed, as a familiar garment, an old disused personality, Bates stood transfigured in the twilight, a man and a gentleman. I think we were all drawn to him; I know that a sob clutched my throat and tears filled my eyes as I grasped his hand.

"But what in the devil did you do it for?" blurted my grandfather, excitedly twirling his glasses.

Bates (I still call him Bates,—he insists on it) laughed. For the first time he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood at his ease, one of us.

"Larry, you may remember that I showed a fondness for the stage in our university days. When I got to America I had little money and found it necessary to find employment without delay. I saw Mr. Glenarm's advertisement for a valet. Just as a lark I answered it to see what an American gentleman seeking a valet looked like. I fell in love with Mr. Glenarm at sight—"



They Clasped Hands.

"And I with you!" declared my grandfather. "I never believed your story at all,—you were too perfect in the part!"

"Well, I didn't greatly mind the valet business; it helped to hide my identity; and I did like the humor and whims of Mr. Glenarm. The housekeeping, after we came out here, wasn't so pleasant"—he looked at his hands ruefully—"but this joke of Mr. Glenarm's making a will and then going to Egypt to see what would happen,—that was too good to miss. And when the heir arrived I found new opportunities of practising amateur theatricals; and Pickering's efforts to enlist me in his scheme for finding the money and making me rich gave me still greater opportunities. There were times when I was strongly tempted to blurt the whole thing; I got tired of being suspected, and of playing ghost in the wall; and if Mr. Glenarm hadn't got here just as he did I should have stopped the fight and proclaimed the truth. I hope,"—he said, turning to me,—"you have no hard feelings, sir." And he threw into the "sir" just a touch of irony that made us all roar.

"I'm certainly glad I'm not dead," declared my grandfather, staring at Bates. "Life is more fun than I ever thought possible. Bless my soul!" he said, "if it isn't a shame that Bates can never cook another omelette for me!"

We sent Bates back with my grandfather from the boat-house, and Stoddard, Larry and I started across the ice; the light coating of snow made walking comparatively easy. We strode on silently, Stoddard leading. Their plan was to take an accommodation train at the first station beyond Annandale, leave it at a town 40 miles away, and then hurry east to an obscure place in the mountains of Maryland where a religious order maintained a house. There Stoddard promised Larry asylum and no questions asked.

As my two friends waved farewell to me from the rear platform of their train a mood of depression seized me; I had lost much that day, and what I had gained,—my restoration to the regard of the kind old man of my own blood, who had appealed for my companionship in terms hard to deny,—seemed trifling as I tramped back over the ice. Perhaps Pickering, after all, was the real gainer by the day's events.

I tramped on back toward the Glenarm shore, and leaving the lake, half-unconsciously struck into the wood beyond the dividing wall. The melted snow of mid-day was now crisp ice that rattled and broke under my tread. I came out into an open space beyond St. Agatha's, found the walk and turned toward home in the gathering night.

As I neared the main entrance to the school the door opened and a woman came out under the overhanging lamp. She carried a lantern, and turned with a hand outstretched to some one who followed her with careful steps.

"Ah, Marian," cried my grandfather, "it's ever the task of youth to light the way for age!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

And So the Light Led Me.

He had been to see Sister Theresa, and Marian was walking with him to the gate. I saw her quite plainly in the light that fell from the lamp overhead. A long cloak covered her, and a fur toque capped her graceful head. My grandfather and his guide were apparently in high spirits and their laughter smote harshly upon me. It seemed to shut me out,—to lift a barrier against me. The world lay there within the radius of that swaying light, and I hung aloof, hearing her voice and jealous of the very companionship and sympathy between them.

But the light led me. I remembered with bitterness that I had always followed her,—whether as Olivia, trailing in her girlish grace across the snow, or as the girl in gray, whom I had followed on that night journey at Christmas eve; and I followed now. The distrust, my shattered faith, my utter loneliness, could not weigh against the joy of hearing that laugh of hers breaking mellowly on the night.

I paused to allow the two figures to widen the distance between us as they traversed the path that curved away toward the chapel. I could still hear their voices, and see the lantern flash and disappear. I felt an impulse to turn back, or plunge into the woodland; but I was carried on uncontrollably. The light glimmered and her voice still floated back to me. It stole through the keen winter dark like a memory of spring; and so her voice and the light led me.

Then I heard an exclamation of dismay followed by laughter, in which my grandfather joined merrily.

"Oh, never mind; we're not afraid!" she exclaimed.

I had rounded the curve in the path where I should have seen the light; but the darkness was unbroken. There was silence for a moment, in which I drew quite near to them.

Then my grandfather's voice broke out cheerily.

"Now I must go back with you! A fine person you are to guide an old man! A foolish virgin, indeed, with no oil in her lamp!"

"Please do not! Of course I'm going to see you quite to your own door! I don't intend to put my hand to the lantern and then turn back!"

"This walk isn't what it should be," said my grandfather, "we'll have to make a better one in the spring."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Most men of prominence are highly esteemed by those who don't know them.

QUARTERLY REVIEW

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 29, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper

SCRIPTURE READING.—Psalm 100.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."—Psalm 103: 8.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Extent of the History.—Four books of the Bible. The portions of the land where these four narratives are located can be seen by the accompanying outline map.

Extent of Time.—Nearly 40 years from the spring of 1491 to the spring of 1451, according to the common chronology in our Bilbe margins. Many scholars think that the date is two or more centuries later.

Extent of Territory.—The Sinaitic peninsula, between the two arms of the Red Sea; from Egypt on the west to the Moabite mountains east of the Dead Sea; from the point of the peninsula on the south to the southern boundaries of Palestine on the north; together with the Gilead country east of the Jordan.

The Travel Club should trace on the map the movements of the Israelites from Egypt to the encampment by the Jordan opposite; noting the names of the places and the events which took place in them.

Perhaps in no way, says Peloubet's Notes, can this review be made more interesting and more effective than by treating the period as an ancient pilgrim's progress and placing the events we have studied beside the famous allegory of Bunyan, Egypt being the City of Destruction, and the encampment in Beulah Land on the borders of the river beyond which was the Celestial City, the Land of Promise. Cause your scholars to remember ever that the Celestial City does not mean merely a place at the end of life, but the heavenly character, heavenly life, and heavenly blessedness here and everywhere.

1. Escaping from Egypt, with religious rites, at the call of Moses, in view of the judgments of God, and feeling bitterly the degradation of slavery, is like Christian hasting from the City of Destruction with his fingers in his ears, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!"

2. Crossing the Red Sea against opposition, finding the way with difficulty, but helped by God's almighty power, is like beginning the Christian life.

3. The bitter Waters of Marah, the trials of the desert, early in their march to the land of promise, remind us of the Slough of Despond, in which Pliable exclaimed, "Is this the happiness ye have told me all this while of?"

4. The wells and palm trees of Elim show us the spring at the base of the Hill Difficulty, and the pleasant arbor about midway to the top of the hill "made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travelers."

5. The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire is represented by Evangelist and the Roll and the Shining Ones.

6. The Enemies, as Amalek and the Canaanites and the sons of Anak, are pictured by Apollyon with his fiery darts in the Valley of Humiliation.

7. The Manna has its counterpart in the Interpreter and the Roll, the teachings of Evangelist, and the supper in the Palace Beautiful, with its "feast of reason and flow of soul."

8. The Golden Calf and its worship is partly paralleled by Worldly Wiseman and others, who sought to turn the pilgrims to other sources of relief than the Cross of Christ and the Wicket Gate.

9. The frequent murmurings and complaints, the bitter doubts whether they would ever reach "the land flowing with milk and honey," remind us of Christian and Hopeful in the Castle of Giant Despair.

But as they found the Key of Promise and of hope, so all the things that tried the Israelites were a part of their necessary discipline. They should have made a heavenly ladder of their trials. "Jacob, wrestling all night with the strange power that maims him, clings and wrestles on, and will not let go wrestling until he has extorted a blessing from his hurter." "The hard lot, called poverty, ignorance, narrow conditions, accidents, is waiting to give us, after the struggle, temperance, diligence, fortitude, concentration."

10. The Tabernacle, with all its appointments, is symbolized by the Palace Beautiful, with its armor and supper and chamber of peace.

11. The truths taught by the Day of Atonement and the Brazen Serpent are well expressed by the burden on Christian's back falling off in the presence of the Cross, so he "gave three leaps of joy, and went on singing."

12. The report of the spies reminds us of the Delectable Mountains, whence the pilgrims caught glimpses of the Celestial City.

13. The Israelites' anger at Caleb and Joshua makes us think of the trial of Faithful in Vanity Fair.

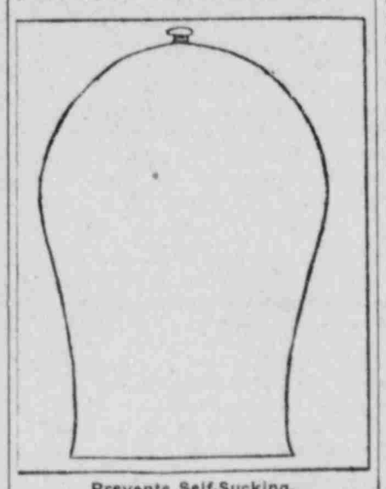
Agglootch, an Eskimo converted to Christianity, went all the way from the Aleutian islands to attend the national Christian Endeavor convention lately held in Seattle. He was full of zeal for his new faith; he calmly endured the hardships of travel, and did not flinch before the unwonted heat of the southern summer. But, says Youth's Companion, when he found that he must put on a frock coat and a silk hat for the reception of a distinguished visitor, he lost his nerve, and started for the land of the igloo and the unboiled shirt.

THE DAIRY

BITTING A SUCKING COW.

Wire Contrivance and How to Adjust It on Animal.

Use a wire about the size of telegraph wire. Have it long enough to go through mouth as a bit and to hook



Prevents Self-Sucking.

together behind the ears as a headstall. The bit will prevent her tongue from getting in suction shape, but, declares the correspondent of the Valley Farmer, she can eat and drink as usual.

SALTING BUTTER.

Even Distrubution of Moisture Essential to the Process.

The following thoughts were suggested to the writer by reading a report from the Iowa station:

No established rule for salting butter properly can be given. The butter maker will have to be governed entirely by local conditions.

The amount of salt to be incorporated in the butter depends directly on the amount of moisture the butter contains. Butter fat is not a salt dissolving substance. This can be done only by the moisture in the butter. The first thing, then, to get a uniform amount of dissolved salt in butter is to get a uniform amount of moisture.

The water should be evenly distributed through the mass of butter. If it is present in pockets or crevices in the butter when the salt is added, much salt will be lost in the form of brine, besides those particles of butter near the pockets will contain more salt than those farther away.

Best results are obtained by allowing the butter to drain well after washing and then apply the salt. In no case should salt be added till the butter has assumed a gathered condition.

When the butter is medium soft after being worked, it has been found that from three-fourths to an ounce of salt for each pound of butter is not far from the correct amount.

DAIRY DOINGS.

A separator is easily washed after the owner learns how to do it.

Denmark has about 1,300 creameries and they make annually about 100,000 tons of butter.

Every intelligent man can make dairying pay because intelligent methods always win.

The man that owns a separator can often sell sweet skimmilk to city people at a good price.

So far as is possible avoid metals about butter. The salt will cause rust and stain the butter.

Sunshine is a great enemy of bacteria. Place the milking utensils in the sun when not in use.

The feeding of grain or a highly nitrogenous food is always dangerous when carried to excess.

The green pasture is a healthy place for the cows, if no diseased animals are permitted to graze on it.

One extra good cow will produce better results at the end of the year than three or four poor ones.

Every time a dairy cow is abused or frightened her milk and butter machinery is thrown out of gear.

Fattening old cows for beef is not generally a very profitable operation and it becomes less so as corn goes higher in price.

The Mean Dog.

When the cows come down to the stables with their heels all slit up, their tails swinging wildly in the air and a dog tight to their starboard quarters, don't be surprised if you get scanty milk of a decidedly poor quality. The price is just what you ought to pay for allowing a mean dog in your yard, says Farm Journal. Good, intelligent dogs, or none, should be the motto.

Breaking the Calf to Drink.

It requires a sweet disposition as well as sweet milk to break the calf to eat from the bucket. One can make about as much success with the hand-fed calf on sour milk as on a sour disposition.

Cow's Milk.

Cow's milk will be consumed by nearly every living creature. However, it rarely can be made to take the place of water. Every form of life living upon it, from the infant to the calf, pig or colt, requires water in addition to milk.

MEANS SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

Knowledge in Dairying Is of the Most Vital Importance.

Knowledge is valuable in dairying to a very great extent, more so than in some other occupations of an agricultural nature. The effect of a single piece of information may make all the difference there is between success and failure in dairy operations. This is true in the matter of feeds, especially, for it is very easy for a man to go on feeding his cows a food that costs a great deal and yet that will produce less result than a food that costs less. We had an illustration of this during the long years when farmers raised and fed to their cows timothy hay rather than clover hay. Some even went into the markets and purchased timothy hay at a higher price by 50 per cent. than they would have had to pay for sweet, bright clover hay. This was due to ignorance of the feeding value of the two kinds of hay, the clover being worth more ton for ton than the timothy. Think of the vast sums of money that have been paid out alone on account of this one item.

What is true of the two kinds of hay is also true of the concentrated feeds. There is a certain prejudice in favor of a certain concentrated feed in each neighborhood and this is allowed to dictate the course to be followed rather than the choice of feeds after thorough investigation. Many of the mills are now turning out brans that are of little value for feeding purposes. This is true, too, of the kind of feed known as "shorts," which in some cases consist of bran ground over and over till they are fine. The man that will inform himself about the various kinds of concentrated feeds will be able to feed intelligently and that is a good way to save money.

The value of knowledge as to the capacity of cows is very great. The man that begins the study of his cows as to their capacities and the results they are giving will be able to turn off his poorest cows and get better ones in their places. Some of our dairymen and farmers would be able to make good profits out of their herds of cows if they would do this, while at the present time they are just about making expenses.

AGE TO BREED HEIFERS.

Time Varies with the Animal and the Purpose She Is to Serve.

Farmers differ as to the best time to breed heifers. It is probably true, as a whole, that most of our heifers are bred too young which undoubtedly decreases their size and efficiency. If we want all the size possible heifers should not be bred before they are 10 or 20 months old. If they are bred younger than this they will undoubtedly be somewhat stunted and will never attain the size they would have had if the gestation period had been delayed until later in life. Dairy heifers that are milked by hand can be bred earlier than the beef heifers for the reason that milking by hand is not so great a tax on the system as is the sucking of a vigorous calf. Then, too, dairy capacity should be developed as early as possible. To make the best kind of a beef cow a heifer should not be bred until she is 18 to 22 months old. Of course considerable depends upon the size of the heifer when bred which in turn depends on the way she has been raised. Some heifers are too small to breed until they are two years old because they have not been properly raised. Then again, says The Farmer, other heifers which have made the greatest possible gains in early life are suitable to breed before the average age. Breeding at an early age will of course tend to promote proficiency and it will also sometimes tend on the other hand to weaken the system so that disease is likely. Many cases of habitual abortion are due to the fact that the heifer was bred before her system was strong enough to sustain the strain of pregnancy. It can generally be taken as a safe rule that we should not breed heifers until they have the size of a normal 18-months-old heifer or until they show by their vigor and health that they are fit for the duties of maternity.

A COMFORTABLE MILK STOOL.

Seat Is Cushioned to Make Long Task Easier.

Make a box of inch boards 12x16 inches and 4 inches deep. Make legs three inches wide, nine inches long.

The Milking Stool.

Then take a piece of grain sacking, nail to three sides of stool and stuff with excelsior or something similar. In Wisconsin, where we milk three hours a day, writes the correspondent of the Missouri Valley Farmer, we find the need of cushions.

Winter Killing of Crops.

Crops rarely winter kill on soils which are well drained. It is the presence of a great deal of water that can not drain away that causes the crops to winter kill. Under drainage by means of tile is the only remedy.