

## A BROKEN HEART

I.

Luther Hornby, of the Old Curiosity Shop, was patching a Limoges enamel when he first noticed that strange pair of highly-respectable rustics at his window. He screwed his eyes at them, grunted, and resumed his patching. His audacity as a repairer of wounded things was almost boundless.

He looked up at them three times before he understood that they had got upon his nerves badly. The man was short, with a face like an enormous red pippin, and a venerable grey beaver hat above it. Old-fashioned farmer was indicated quite plainly on face and hat. He mouthed his great lips, and his eyes beamed as if he were about to burst into an explosion of laughter. The woman was worthy wife to such a face. Massive and tall, with a vast black bonnet, towards which she had pushed a voluminous wave of veil. Her face, however, showed intense concern, not gaiety. With a black-gloved finger she pointed and pointed at something. Luther could see her talking. And the more she talked the nearer her companion's convulsive jaws seemed to approach the impending guffaw—which yet forbore to come.

"Calvin John!" cried Luther, at length. "Leave what you're at, and go out to those folks in the street. Ask them if—"

But the folks themselves then entered the shop. The old lady led the way, in a buzz of excitement; the old gentleman followed, apparently in a fit of suppressed gloom.

"You'll excuse me," began the old lady, as if she were out of breath already, "but do you mean what you say on that ticket in the window? It's about mending broken hearts, sir. I know as well as my good man here that it don't do to hope for such a thing, but seeing it's printed in black and white like that, I've taken the liberty to inquire."

She drew forth a snowy handkerchief, and touched her eyes.

"I mend most things," said Luther drily. He didn't catch the words "hearts" exactly, the old lady's aspirates being weak.

The old gentleman cackled in the background.

"Be silent, I ask you, William!" exclaimed the old lady, with a severity that mocked her recent emotions.

"What is it you want?" Luther demanded. "If you've got it with you, let me have a look at it."

Again the cackling, from the midst of which a mirthful gasp of "This tops all!" reached Luther's ears.

Luther turned, frowning, to his son, Calvin John, who stood, pale and interesting, at the inner doorway. He had black hair and eyes and the expression of one with a secret trouble. But whatever his deficiencies, Calvin John was a good son to his father.

"My father is rather busy, madam," he said. "What may we have the pleasure of doing for you?"

The old lady scanned him as if she doubted him, in spite of his appearance.

"I don't think," she murmured—"no, I'm quite sure it isn't a matter for a young man like you. It's more for older folks to talk about. I don't wish to offend, but you haven't lived long enough in the world, my dear, to—"

Her note changed violently.

"William, for all gumption's sake, stop your jeering! I never saw anything like you! Really, if you can't behave in a proper way, do go outside and wait somewhere by yourself."

"Very well, missus," replied her husband. "I'll toddle back to the Hen and Chicks. You'll find me there. And you'll please to be patient with her, mister. Things are a bit wrong at home at Gadham, where we live. 'Tain't often us comes to town these days, and there's a mort of folks I'd like to see. Let her have her joke out peaceful, mister; that's what I'll ask of you. And I wish you good-bye; and you too, young gentleman."

"Are they mad, the pair of them?" growled the owner of the Old Curiosity Shop.

"I'll fetch her a chair, father," said Calvin John. "She's not well."

The old lady's sobs increased in energy. Luther sniffed and smiled, shuffled round to his Limoges crumple, and then turned again to discover his son patting the old lady's back, and gently urging her to sit down and compose herself.

"That'll do, my dear!" she said. And with the earlier eagerness again in her simple eyes, she told her tale.

II.

"It's my poor gell at home, sir," she began, addressing old Luther. "that I thought I'd look in and inquire a bit, when I made out those printed words in your window. I never was a one to believe in quacks myself, but we've tried all ways to cheer her up, and it's

not a bit o' good. Her heart's broke, she says, poor lovey; and truly, for all my man laughs it off as nonsense, I do fear it may be. She's not the gell she was since she spent six months here with Mrs. Armthwaite, reading and sewing with her as a companion."

Calvin John uttered a husky exclamation.

"Let her be! Let her be! grunted old Luther. "I'll listen to the poor, wandering thing. You go away to your work."

"No, father," said Calvin John. "Well, ma'am?"

He clasped his hands and gazed hungrily at the visitor.

"As I was saying," continued the old lady, "she's lost her appetite, and don't seem to take an interest in anything. The doctor says it's heart trouble of a kind that beats him altogether. But not one straight word on the subject can I get out of her, except that her heart's broke and nothing can mend it. So when me and my William—being in town to keep his sixty-fourth birthday—when we passed your window and I saw those very words, 'Broken hearts mended'—"

"Parts, not hearts!" corrected Luther roughly. "Couldn't you read what comes first? 'Menschenschau' pipes' repaired here? 'Broken parts mended' is the second line. God bless my soul, are you folks 'idiots out there in the country?'"

He scrambled to the window and withdrew a cardboard slip from its perch on the head of a Venetian lantern.

The next moment he struck an attitude.

"Look at that, now!" he cried, holding it up to his son. "It's that young scoundrel's doing, Calvin John! He's blacked out the pipe line and made the 'p' into an 'h'! I'll see his mother about it, sure as my name's Hornby!"

For the first time since the old lady's invasion, he smiled.

"I packed off my inn of a shop-boy this morning for playing tricks with the goods in the window," he explained to the old lady. "This is more of his work. I mend pipes, not hearts. Hearts are the Almighty's affair, not mine."

He chuckled this time, and then noticed his son's trembling and crimson condition. Moreover, Calvin John's eyes were fast upon the old lady in a spellbound stare.

"What's the matter with you, son?" he asked sharply.

The son started, and seemed about to reply, but addressed himself to the old lady instead.

"You are Mrs. Tress, then—her mother?" said Calvin John reverently.

"Yes, my dear, that is my name. But lor! What a wicked lad that of yours must 'a' been to do a thing like that! Deceiving honest folks with false hopes and all!"

She rose sighing.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Calvin John. He placed his hand upon her arm. "Father, this is the mother of the young lady I spoke about that day last June. Oh, Mrs. Tress, if you knew how delighted I am to see you! So Maude Ann has been at home all this while and not in London! She said she was going to London. Father, it's no use! I've tried to satisfy you, and give up all thoughts of marrying for years and years to come, but I can't, and I won't now, if she loves me like that!"

It was the old lady now who seemed spellbound.

"It's been worrying you a great deal lately, hasn't it?" said Luther gruffly.

"I've thought of scarcely anything else, father."

And then the old lady's spell ended.

"Well, I never did!" she cried, grasping Calvin John's arm. "I see the likeness now. She's got you among two or three on her dressing-table, poor child, with a tall hat on your head. You've an honest face, my dear. How could you play like that with my little gell's affections?"

"I didn't, Mrs. Tress. I was never more serious about anything. We used to meet in the park. I've been a shameful coward. I told her the simple truth. I loved her then, and I love her more than ever now. It was what my father said about my not being able to marry before I was thirty, if I lived so long, that made me break it all off. I couldn't let her waste her life on a mere chance. I pretended not to feel it very much, for her sake, Mrs. Tress. I want you to believe that. But now I'm going to Gadham this very hour!"

Old Luther had been looking hard at his son during this speech, and folded his arms. His eyes were twinkling, an unusual trait in him.

"Stay where you are, boy!" he said, when, flushed and handsome, Calvin John seemed about to rush away for his hat.

"This is a very queer coincidence, Mrs. Tress," he added. "They've been Tresses at Gadham since Henry the Eighth's time. Do you know, you're one of the oldest families in the district. And coming to me about a broken heart! Why, it's a capital joke! Is your daughter a good-tempered girl?"

"She's never given me a cross word since she fell out of the cod-lin' apple-tree nine years ago," said the old lady solemnly. "And that well educated and fond of books! But I can't take it all in yet. You are the young gentle-

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### CLEANING HELPS.

To remove blood stains from white cloth saturate with kerosene and after standing a little wash in warm water.

To Clean a Sponge.—By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a soiled sponge and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as sweet as when new.

To Clean Silk.—Pour boiling water over gum arabic in the bottom of a pan; be sure it is boiling. Let it thoroughly dissolve, and sponge the silk lightly with it. Press with hot iron.

To Clean Light Carpets.—Try block magnesia, rubbing it thoroughly in the carpet and then sweeping. This is a good way to clean bath rugs that are not washable, as they do not have to be wet.

When Pressing Clothes.—When pressing clothes if you wish a fine crease put seam to seam and dampen with a sponge. Lay a newspaper over and press with hot iron. The result is a fine crease with no lint or ruined towels.

To Clean Tan Shoes.—Two pieces of flannel and a small bottle of turpentine all that is required. Apply turpentine and rub well with other flannel. This removes all spots and stains, making shoes look nearly new, and is a tried and satisfactory recipe.

For the Busy Woman.—A bottle of alcohol on the dresser is a great saver of times as the spot on skirt or shirt waist that mars an otherwise neat appearance can be quickly removed by the use of alcohol without leaving a ring or a disagreeable odor. In the library it will remove spots from books and not harm the most delicate binding.

Care of Furs.—Before putting furs away for the summer sun and comb them at least twice, then go over them three times with a stiff tick brush, parting the hair at all creases or folds and brushing the pelt underneath. Wrap in clean newspaper—the ink is a moth preventive, then put them inside a large paper bag, paste up the opening, and lay in a box or trunk.

To Scrub a Carpet.—Shave and dissolve one bar of soap in a gallon of water. Two brushes are necessary, one about as soft as an ordinary clothes brush and the other quite stiff. When ready to scrub, dip soft brush in hot soapy solution and shake out all the liquid possible and scrub the spot briskly; after which take dry stiff brush and go over the spot to dry it. Do not take a larger spot or space than for scrubbing the floor. This amount will clean about eighty-eight yards of carpet and must be used as hot as possible. As soon as it cools and jellies it must be heated. Carpet must not be made wet.

An Easy Way to Wash Blankets.—Select a sunny day and only wash one pair a day. Cut one pound or nearly a bar of good laundry soap in small pieces and boil in two quarts of water until dissolved; add one-half pound of powdered borax. Fill a tub half full of water the same temperature as the outside air. Press blankets in the water and avoid rubbing. Soak two hours; rinse well in several waters until the water looks clear, then without wringing hang on the line. Do not stretch, but hang evenly, and although dripping wet will dry in three or four hours. Use stationary wash tubs or bath tub, it will save lifting them out when the water is changed. Blankets washed in this way will be as soft and clean as when new.

### STRAWBERRY DAINTIES.

Strawberry Omelet.—Four or five eggs, white and yolks beaten separately. About a half a cup of

man in the frockcoat and tall hat, my dear. And you meant well for her!"

Calvin John nodded and nodded.

"Mrs. Tress," said Luther, leaning across his counter, "my boy here's all right, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tress of Gadham can't have much wrong with her. Your husband said the Hen and Chicks, I think? I'll go and have a talk with him. I'll bring him back with me. And Calvin John, ask Mrs. Tress into the parlor, and keep an eye on the shop while you're with her."

He shuffled to the other side of the counter. There he held out his hand to the old lady, and smiled very pleasantly.

"We'll mend that broken heart between us, ma'am, or my name's not Luther Hornby," he said, pressing the old lady's hand hard.

Left alone with the happy Calvin John, the old lady extended both her hands and gazed at him with yearning, motherly eyes.

"So you are our little Maudie's sweetheart, my dear?" she whispered. "Well, do you know, I'm that glad!"

"And so am I, Mrs. Tress!" said Calvin John fervently.—London Answers.

milk and a little salt to yolks, then mix all together. Put a little butter in a frying pan and pour in half of eggs; bake till a nice-brown; put in a warm platter and put strawberries on. Will take about a pint of berries. Cook remainder of omelet and place over berries.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Put a liberal half cup of milk or water in mixing bowl. Melt piece of butter size of a walnut, and add to the milk. Then add one cup of flour in which put a pinch of salt and two teaspoons of baking powder. Stir thoroughly and spread into shape in baking pan with a spoon. Split cake when done and put crushed berries, well sugared, between layers and on top. This recipe will make fine biscuit.

Strawberries Canned Without Cooking.—Have your jars perfectly dry and take equal parts fresh berries and sugar, mix, and mash thoroughly. Take only a small quantity in a dish at a time that you may be sure every strawberry is washed. Put into the jars and seal immediately, inverting the jars a short time before putting away. The work is easily done and there is no heating. Berries canned in this way keep perfectly and retain their delicious flavor unimpaired.

Strawberry Preserves.—Select large, dark red berries.—Select a pint of berries take one scant pint of sugar and enough water to make a good, rich sirup. Make sirup in the evening and pour over the raw berries. Let stand till morning, then dip up two pints of the mixture at a time and boil until almost like jam, then lift out the berries one by one, place on plates and let stand in hot sun all day. In the evening put back in sirup and boil just a few minutes. Set aside to cool and can cold in the morning.

Strawberry Pudding.—Cream together one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, two cupfuls of fine, dry bread crumbs, and four cups of milk. Pour in a buttered pudding dish and bake, covered, until firm. Draw to the mouth of the oven, spread two cups of cleaned strawberries on top of the pudding; sprinkle over one cup of sugar, and cover with the whites of four eggs beaten light with a half cupful of powdered sugar. Set back in the oven and brown lightly. Eat perfectly cold with sugar and cream.

### TO DESTROY MOTHS.

Turpentine is best preventive for moths, saturate pieces of brown paper and place in boxes.

Persons troubled with carpet moths may get rid of them by scrubbing the floor with strong hot salt water before laying the carpet and sprinkling the carpet with salt when one sweeps it.

### POTATO RECIPES.

Hint for Baking.—When baking baked potatoes from the over wrap them in a towel and burst each one, as it makes them more meaty when the steam is out. They need not then be covered.

How to Have Dry Potatoes.—After draining the potatoes remove the cover and sprinkle well with salt; replace cover and shake briskly. Then remove cover and you will find the potatoes dry and meaty.

Cooking Old Potatoes.—If old potatoes turn black when cooked add a little vinegar to the water when you put them on to boil, and they will be nice and white when cooked.

### BOERS WILL HELP BRITAIN.

Gen. DeWet Says They Will Play a Prominent Part.

General De Wet, one of the big figures in the Boer army in the South African war, addressing a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, said that: "For years South Africa had been like a man trying to walk on one leg, while possessing two." Now, however, the English leg and the Dutch leg, animated by a common purpose, were marching together with a good prospect of reaching their destination.

It was not too much to say that in Great Britain's next great conflict South Africa would play a distinguished part in defence of the liberties she enjoyed under the Empire. The people, it was true, would speak a dual language for many years to come—the Dutch had a certain sentiment of attachment to the ancestral house of Holland—but to whatever racial descent the people belonged, they would, he felt sure, take a pride in being associated in the arduous work of the Empire.

The new South Africa would possess several excellently equipped parts, many thousands of miles of railway, and the bulk of its public debt would be reproductive. It would own the largest goldfields in the world, a practical monopoly of diamonds, unlimited coal supplies, and many undeveloped baser minerals. With these, and many other advantages, with a settled Government and a contented population, he had a robust faith that there would arise a greater South Africa destined to play a prominent part in the world's history.

## ESCAPES OF HIS MAJESTY

### ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION BY AN IMBECILE.

### Miraculous Escape While on Board H. M. S. Sultan—Near Death From Typhoid.

The King has had quite an alarming number of narrow escapes from death; so often has he been in dire peril that one begins to believe that our illustrious Sovereign bears a charmed existence.

Only one attempt of assassination has been made upon His Majesty, and that, luckily, proved unsuccessful. The dastardly assassin was a youth named Spido, whose half-imbecile mind had become imbued with the idea that he had been ordained to "set things right," as the times were "out of joint." The unfortunate young fellow had read much pernicious literature containing libels upon our Royal Family and upon the naval and military authorities. It was in the memorable year 1900, when England was at war with the Boers. The King, who was at that time Prince of Wales and heir to the throne, was passing through Brussels on his way to Denmark, and the fanatical Spido contrived, through the carelessness of the station authorities, to gain access to the platform. As the Royal train began to move out from the station the young assassin leapt on to the footboard and, drawing a revolver, levelled it at the head of the Prince of Wales, firing two shots in rapid succession. Both bullets miraculously missed the Prince, embedding themselves in the woodwork of the saloon. The cowardly shots were fired at so short a range that the escape of the Prince can only be regarded as miraculous.

### SAVED HIS LIFE BY A SECOND.

The King, while lunching aboard H. M. S. Sultan, was one day watching with much interest the proceedings of the sailors in connection with the trial of a new gun. After regarding the proceedings for some time the King casually stepped back a few paces. The very second that the King moved the windlass broke away, the handle revolving with tremendous rapidity in the exact spot where His Majesty had been standing. Sir Claude de Crespiigny, who witnessed the affair, says, "Had the King not moved away a second earlier he would certainly have been struck and killed by that murderous handle!"

### RECOVERY FROM TYPHOID.

No man ever had a narrower escape from death by typhoid than His Majesty, in the latter part of the year 1871. For days the Prince lay unconscious, stricken by the terrible disease, and Queen Victoria journeyed post-haste from Scotland to Sandringham to be present at what was feared would be her son's death-bed. The most skilful doctors could give no hope, and a cloud of awful uncertainty hung like a pall over the country. On the first day of December the Prince rallied, and the hopes of the nation brightened, only to be dashed to the ground by the news of a serious relapse, on which occasion hope was finally abandoned, the whole of the Royal Family being summoned to the bedside. To the astonishment of the eminent physicians the Prince still lingered on, and ultimately to the joy of the nation, he completely recovered.

### ESCAPE FROM AN ELEPHANT.

The serious illness of the King previous to his coronation will be remembered by all, and no one will ever forget the deep sympathy and anxiety that pervaded the whole empire.

As is well known, King Edward is an ardent sportsman. While tiger and elephant hunting in India His Majesty had many hairbreadth escapes. On one occasion the King was making his way through the thick undergrowth of a Ceylon jungle, when he was startled by a tremendous crashing of branches close at hand. Almost before he could cock his rifle an elephant burst through the dense trees and charged thunderously down upon the King. Instead of endeavoring to escape, our Sovereign coolly pointed his piece at the head of the monster and took deliberate aim. The shot struck the elephant, and although it did not immediately kill the animal, it caused the great creature to swerve aside within a few feet of His Majesty. Had it not been for that cool shot the King must have been mangled beyond recognition by those ponderous feet and deadly gleaming tusks!

### ON SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S YACHT.

On another occasion a large tiger sprang suddenly from a thicket on to the back of the elephant which the King was riding, and made frantic efforts to get at His Majesty. The cloth on which the howdah rested was completely torn away, the tiger thus slipping to the ground with the tattered cloth. Had the ferocious animal succeeded in get-

ting into that howdah there would have been very little left of our sporting King.

Perhaps the most recent escape of King Edward was on the occasion of his visit to Sir Thomas Lipton aboard one of the famous Shamrocks. The great steel mast suddenly snapped under the tremendous strain of the canvas, falling within a foot of His Majesty, who was strolling on deck at the time. It was perhaps the narrowest escape from instant death that our popular Monarch ever experienced.

—London Tit-Bits.

### EARTHQUAKES IN BRITAIN.

When Thousands Camped Out in Hyde Park, London.

In 1884 an earthquake took place, the most serious that has occurred in Great Britain for four centuries. It originated in the neighborhood of Colchester, and the disturbance made itself felt over a wide area. The results were of a very destructive character in Colchester and the immediate neighborhood. Several church spires were injured, and the total damage was estimated at \$100,000, for which a public subscription was raised, says London Tit-Bits.

A few years previously there were several severe shocks: felt in the Midlands and on the South Coast, which were attended, fortunately, with little damage. One of these earthquake shocks, which took place in 1863, extended from Milford Haven to Burton-on-Trent, and from the Mersey to Plymouth.

Eleven years earlier a shock was felt in Dublin which, curiously enough, extended in circle after circle until it embraced the whole of Gloucestershire.

Professor Milne, who is our greatest authority on earthquakes, says that out of 110 shocks recorded in England thirty-one originated in Wales, thirty-one along the South Coast of England, fourteen on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and five or six in Cumberland.

The most favored resort of earthquakes in Great Britain, however, appears to be the district of Comrie, in Perthshire, where in one winter no fewer than 140 earthquakes were experienced. Perhaps the most notable shock in this district was the one which occurred on August 13th, 1816, when earth tremors were felt all over the North of Scotland, causing the utmost terror and consternation. Women were seen in the streets, calling out that their children had been killed in their arms. The walls of many houses were rent from top to bottom, and one man declared that he was picked about in his bed for a full five minutes as he had never been thrown about at sea.

London has not altogether escaped the ravages of earthquakes. In February and March of 1760 Londoners were startled out of their wits by a terrific shock. The people were so alarmed that thousands spent the nights parading the streets in a state of frantic terror, and Hyde Park was crowded with campers-out, the more daring whiling away the hours by playing cards by candle-light.

### VALUE OF MUSIC.

Recommended as a Cure for Nervous Complaints.

What has not been attempted for the cure of nervous affections? An attempt has even been made to utilize music. In a report on the results obtained by this means, M. Tarchanoff, of St. Petersburg, asserts that music is of the greatest utility in medicine, and that by its use the nervous system may be tuned up like a musical instrument.

Neuropaths and epileptics principally are susceptible of experience a certain mollification from music, on condition that the remedy be employed with discernment, unless one wishes to see it produce a contrary effect to that for which it is employed.

And this cannot be considered as a denial of the therapeutic value of music, as certain people might be led to think, since, in fact, the very same thing might be said about opium.

According to M. Tarchanoff, the frequent failure of music as a curative must be due to its unseasonable employment. When a series of cases has afforded proofs that music is a most powerful regulator of men's character and the sentiments which dominate many sides of physical and physical life, the tolerance of its immoderate use is to be blamed in musicians, who may not afford examples of that perfect regulation of their emotions which should be expected.

From the general point of view, it may be said that the calming effect of music on patients is universally admitted, and numerous clinical experiments prove that in fact it has a particularly beneficial effect in certain cases of insomnia.

It may also calm pain, not by an analgesic effect acting upon the nervous centres, but by causing the patients to forget their sufferings.