HOUSEHOLD.

A MOCK DUCK.

While mock duck can not deceive any one by its name into the supposition that they are indulging in poultry or game, it is a dish that can afford to appear upon the family bill-of-fare far oftener than the genuine fowl.

Ask your butcher to cut from the round of beef, a little below the rump, a slice about two and one-half inches thick, and into one edge of this let him make an incision about twelve inches long and six inches deep, to serve as a pocket. Spread your steak out on the meat board, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and stuff the pocket with a dry dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned to taste with onion, celery, sage, or sweet marjoram. When this is in place, roll the steak up like a music roll, binding it firmly round and round with string or thin strips of muslin. Put into a broad bottomed, shallow kettle or dripping pan a little suet, and when this is tried out and smoking, brown your roll in it, turning it with a pancake turner or a broad-tined fork, so as not to pierce the fibre of the meat. As soon as well browned, but not scorched, pour over it one or two cups of boiling water cover closely and set back on the range, or in the oven, where it will simmer slowly and steam tender. It may be necessary to add a little more water from time to time. When ready to serve, remove carefully to a hot platter, thicken the gravy remaining in the kettle, season more if necessary, and pour around the meat. Serve with currant jelly and the usual concomitants of duck, and you will doubtless have frequent calls for this substantial and appetizing dish. As long, slow cooking is essential three or four hours should be allowed for its successful evolution from "flesh to fowl."

SOME TRIED RECIPES.

Buckwheat Cakes.—At night mix two cups of buckwheat, one cup graham flour and one level teaspoon salt. Dissolve one half yeast cake in a little warm water, add this, mixing one spoon of molasses, to the flour and then stir in warm water sufficient to make a thick batter. Cover and keep in a warm place. In the morning stir the batter down immediately, and if too thick add a little warm water. If you notice a sour odor, and the batter has risen too much, add a salt spoon of soda dissolved in a little water. Grease the griddle slightly with butter if you want them to brown nicely.

Amber Soup.—A large soup bone, two pounds, a chicken, a small slice of ham, an onion, two sprigs of parsley, half a carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery, three cloves, pepper, salt, a gallon of cold water, whites and shells of two eggs and caramel for coloring. Boil slowly for five hours beef, chicken and ham; add the vegetables and cloves to cook last hour, having first fried the onion in a little fat. Strain the soup into an earthen bowl and let remain over night. Next day remove cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settlings, and mix into it the beaten whites of the eggs with the shells. Boil quickly for half a minute, then pass through a jelly bag.

Wedding Fruit Cake.—Two pounds, raisins, stoned, two pounds currants, one pound of sliced citron, a few figs cut in small bits. Pour over this one goblet sherry and port wine and one half goblet brandy or whisky. Let stand over night, and in the morning pour off what liquor has not soaked into the fruit. Mix one pound butter creamed, one pound sugar, yolks of twelve beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls mace, one tablespoonful cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, one pound of browned flour and whites of eggs added alternately. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little water, add just before putting in the fruit. Mix with the hands. Bake slowly.

Oyster Salad.—Let 50 small oysters just come to a boil in their own liquor. Skim and strain. Season the oysters with three tablespoonsfuls of vinegar, one of oil, one half teaspoonful of salt, one eighth teaspoonful of peper, and place on ice for two hours. With a sharp knife cut up a pint of celery, using only the tender part, and when ready to serve, mix with the oysters, adding about one half pint of mayonnaise dressing. Arrange in a salad dish. Pour over another one half pint of dressing and garnish with white celery leaves.

Fig Cake.—One and one half cups sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, one and one half cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one half cup corn starch, whites of six eggs. Bake in two layers, and fill with fig filling. Chop one pound figs, add one half cup sugar and one cup water. Stew until soft and smooth. Spread between the layers, and ice the whole cake with boiled icing.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Boil a calf's liver and heart with a knuckle of veal for three or four hours, skimming well; then strain off. Chop the meat fine, and add to it a chopped onion, salt, pepper and ground cloves to taste, thickening, if necessary, with a little browned flour, cooking again in the liquor. Have the yolks of four or five hard boiled eggs cut up for the tureen, also, slices of lemon.

Potato Salad.—One quart of potatoes, boiled with skins on, one small white onion, two teaspoonfuls of olive oil, pepper and salt and a little parsley, one half cup of weak vinegar. After potatoes are cold cut up in small pieces. Chop the onion and parsley fine and mix all together.

BABIES IN WINTER.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, writes that the bed for the baby should have a hair mattress, cotton sheets, woolen blankets, and a little cheese-cloth comforter over all, taking care that the child is not covered too heavily in a warm room.

The only pillow suitable for a baby is one made of fine hair, and very thin, so as to raise the little head just above the body. Feather pillows are an abomination. They make the child's head too warm, causing perspiration, and predispose to colds, which lead to catarrh. A still greater abomination is the habit some nurses have of covering the child's head with a flannel shawl, as if the scalp was too delicate to endure the air of a sleeping-room. This makes the head perspire and if there is a constitutional tendency toward eczema, the baby's head will have a scurf.

In making a very young baby's night-gown, it is only necessary to consider the visible length of the child, because a little baby lies quite still, and has, besides, many little wraps about its feet; but, after a child is large enough to kick and crawl about in its crib, it has been considered proper to have night-drawers with stocking-shaped coverings for the feet. These are made quite long and loose, and seem, at first thought, very comfortable and very desirable.

But I must enter protest against these articles, because it seems to me they irritate sensitive parts of the body, clinging up close to the groin, and often causing chafing.

Then, too, if a child is ill, it is difficult to get at the axilla or the groin to use a thermometer; and an old-fashioned, loose-cut night-gown, made, as to the shoulders, in the ordinary fashion, and of a length that leaves it twelve inches greater than the length of the child, will admirably meet the needs of all cases.

In the bottom of the night-gown I would advise a hem, and in that hem a drawing string, which should be tied up after the child goes to bed. The feet are thus protected; and in case of emergency, such as putting on poultices on the chest or the abdomen, or taking temperature, the little body is easily reached and much work done without waking.

A TRYING HABIT.

There are few habits that are more common and at the same time more destructive to the general comfort of the family than that of being unpunctual at meal-times. Every housekeeper knows how trying is the experience of "keeping things hot" for the tardy members of the household. If the delinquent happens to be the father and husband, the rest of the family do not repair to the dining-room until his arrival. Often business has detained him at his office or place of business, and then he is the object of our sympathy. As much cannot be said of the thoughtless young person who lingers over book or needle-work for ten minutes after the other members of the household are assembled around the board, while the entrance of the tardy son or daughter, necessitates a check in the smoothly running machinery of "helping" and "passing."

When a guest is habitually unpunctual at meals her hostess has a right to consider that she is guilty of an inexcusable breach of etiquette. The housekeeper is conscious of the golden-brown omelet which is changing its souffielike qualities for a leathery toughness, and she remembers the light muffins growing heavy while her guest gives the last touches to her toilet. And the remedy for this delay is so simple! Rising ten minutes earlier in the morning, or returning from the round of calls a quarter of an hour sooner than one is accustomed to doing, would allow an abundance of time for the necessary toilet, and make things vastly pleasanter for the kind hostess.

BABY'S EARS.

Few mothers and fewer nurses notice when they lay a baby down whether the soft little ear is crumpled under or lying close back to the head, and they rarely take the trouble when they hold a baby to see that its ears are in a natural position, but with the head pressed against their bosom and the ear turned forward instead of back. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," applies with as much force to the physical as to the moral growth of a child.

HERE AND THERE.

Some Peculiar Things Which Have Happened in Various Parts of the World.

Red-haired people are less likely to become bald than those who possess hair of other hues.

Two pulleys, with wooden handles attached, are fastened to a window. By pulling one handle the window ascends; by pulling the other the window descends. This is a recent English invention, and the ladies highly commend it.

Topers in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic are shamed into reformation by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days for each offense. Respectability is no excuse for leniency, and it is not a rare sight to behold a man in a dress suit toiling in the company of ragged tramps.

Several society people in Washington started an "early to bed club." It existed about three weeks, when a minority of the members discovered that while they were in their couches at the healthful hour of nine, the majority were enjoying all the social fun, having a rattling fine time, but still going to bed early—early in the morning.

The biggest rats ever seen in Brussels have lately infested one of the fashionable streets there, the Rue Berckmons. Every house on the street has been made a runway for the rodents, and in some cases the residents have fled from their dwellings, seeking abodes elsewhere. The rats seem to laugh at the poisons and traps set to ensnare them.

One strange peculiarity about dynamite is that its force is always in the direction from which the greatest resistance is offered. When dynamite is on the ground the explosive force is downward; when it is placed on the side of a wall, its greatest force is against the wall; when placed under an object, its force is cheifly in an upward direction.

Fred Erickson was attending an engine in the Kansas City pumping station when his hand was caught in the driving wheel and his arm torn off. William Henderson tried to show how the accident happened, and his hand was caught in the same way, and his arm torn off. Both men were hurried to the hospital, side by side, in the same ambulance.

John Reinhoel, of San Francisco, tried to commit suicide by inhaling illuminating gas. A friend discovered his condition, and he was revived. The gas, however, caused the formation of a blood-clot in his heart, and after his restoration to consciousness the clot moved to an artery in his right leg. Gangrene ensued, and the limb had to be amputated.

Russia is not usually associated with newspaper progress, but it is a fact that the Vledomosti of St. Petersburg is one of the oldest newspapers in Europe for it can boast a continuous existence of 172 years. Just two centuries ago Peter the Great licensed one Ivan Andreivich Tessing to print at Amsterdam and import into Russia certain books, for the most part of an educational character.

A thirty-two pound turkey settled to the roof of the Norwalk Hotel, in Hartford, Conn. Henry Dahill crawled along the roof to capture it, and clutched the bird by the legs, when the turkey made a dash for liberty, and in the effort to fly, dragged Henry along the roof and off the edge, causing a fall which has laid him up with a broken arm.

Hot whisky was prescribed by a doctor for the wife of Morris Persky, of New York City. She was suffering from a cold. The husband was not familiar with the usual method of preparing hot whisky, so he put it on the stove to heat. Presently there was an explosion, and the ignited alcohol severely burned Persky's two-year-old child and set fire to the house.

A Cleveland lady, who was about to cross a crowded thoroughfare of that city, politely asked the assistance of a gentleman who stood beside her, and who carried a heavy cane. He politely assented, and she took his arm. After they had crossed the street she earnestly thanked him. "Madam," he said, "I fear you overvalue my protection, because I am blind."

The King of Siam has ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of his tour in Europe last year, and to perpetuate a record of his travels in foreign parts. Replicas of the medal have, by his directions, been presented to the Government of each country visited by him. The one sent to London by the Siamese Government has been recently placed in the national collection of medals in the British Museum.

On the Farm.

ORCHARD MANURING.

Grain growing is the simplest kind of farming. With corn, for instance, the object is generally to get the highest yield of grain possible; the farmer breaks up his land, fertilizes liberally, and keeps the soil constantly mellow and with a shallow earth mulch, up to well developed tassels. All tillage then stops, as the plant no longer draws on the soil for sustenance; in fact, growth of stalk or leaf must be checked and this is accomplished by abandoning the earth mulch and drying off the soil. At every stage of the work a definite object is in view, and the shortest means toward that object adds to the success of the operation.

In fruit culture precisely the same means are necessary to success, but the problem is a little more intricate though not at all difficult. Fruit is developed largely from fruit buds formed the preceding season; consequently, the orchardist is constantly working one season ahead of his crop. Orchards require a free supply of moisture up to midsummer, after which the supply should be checked in order to mature wood and favor development of healthy and abundant fruit buds for the next season's fruit. The fertilizer problem is a most important one. A well nourished orchard, like a well nourished man, is as nearly immune as possible. If an orchard has been bountifully fed the fruit buds will naturally show the benefit, but the gain may be more than lost by niggardly feeding the following year.

This is one of the evils of the tenant system of farming. A well nourished orchard will make liberal provision for fruiting one year ahead, but if the supply of plant food is cut off the following year, or materially reduced, these fruit buds will produce at the expense of the tree. Fruits are largely developed by reserve supplies of plant food, but this reserve supply must be maintained regularly; it is not unlike a bank deposit, which must be constantly replenished if drawn upon. Trees may continue to bear for many years with starvation treatment, but the orchard itself has received irreparable injury through vitiation — giving of its life for its product.

Orchards draw more heavily on the soil than is commonly supposed. A fair crop of apples, for example, demands each year about 60 pounds of nitrogen, 75 pounds of potash, and 20 pounds of phosphoric acid per acre. Fair crops of wheat or corn remove as much more nitrogen and phosphates but considerably less potash. In fact, potash is the important ingredient in fruit culture. It effects the transference of starchy matters and builds up the pulpy substance of fruit: also, is the essential agent in fixing both flavor and color.

Farmyard manures are unsafe on orchards, unless fortified with potash; because, the large relative quantity of highly available nitrogen is apt to promote the growth of wood beyond the ability of mineral fertilizers to properly mature. An excess of nitrogen also tends to produce leaf buds rather than fruit buds. The mineral fertilizers may be applied to orchards by simply broadcasting; in very rolling country, it is best to work in the soil if washing rains are common. Once incorporated with the soil there is little danger of loss through drainage.

A moderate application of fertilizer is 500 pounds per acre of a mixture containing nine per cent of available phosphoric acid and ten per cent of potash. If grass is grown, feed much more liberally. It is questionable practice to grow grass in orchards, but if it must be done, keep clipped, or pastured, close until the fruit set; after which, the free use of water by the grass may assist in maturing not only the fruit and new wood, but also forward the formation of fruit buds.

BEE-KEEPING.

Nerve is a most important factor in handling bees, and while they should be smoked into subjection whenever they need it, they never should be smoked to excess, or just simply for the fun of it. Accordingly, it is valuable instruction to the beginner to visit occasionally some expert bee-keeper, and see for himself how the more intricate things are done. Why? Because bees require so much looking after and handling. It is sometimes desirable to take combs of brood from strong colonies to build up weaker ones in the spring, and often to take combs of brood and adhering bees from strong ones for making artificial colonies. Then all the queen cells but one may have to be cut out to prevent after swarms, after the prime swarm has been secured; while again, queen cells may have to be removed from the combs of colonies that have swarmed, to supply queenless ones with queens when there are no laying queens to give them.

Bees should not be handled too much, however, neither should the number of the colonies be increased other than by natural swarming. Artificial swarming is work only for the professional. If the beginner attempts it, he is pretty sure to lose all, or nearly all, his bees, and consequently throw up the business sooner or later in disgust.

The best time to start in with bees is during the spring, not earlier than April and not later than May; and when the colonies are received, they should be placed at once on the identical spot where one expects to have them remain, for changing bees around to different locations on the premises never agrees with them, and frequently will ruin them.

Before going into bees, though, one should consider whether the conditions of his locality are adaptable to them. Some places afford good bee pasturage, while others do not. It is not strictly necessary that bees have pasturage very near by, but, all the same, they will do better when it is not too far away. A half mile is the best radius for them to work in, albeit they will often work at good advantage on anything within a mile and a half or two miles. If one is so situated that he must depend mainly on orchard trees and garden flowers for pasture, my advice is that he let bees alone.

BEET CULTIVATION.

Beets and mangels may be planted on the same land year after year more successfully than most farm crops. The tendency to reduce yields that is usually observed when a crop is grown on the same land for a series of years is largely offset by the effect of the thorough tillage that the beet crop requires. If this tillage is properly done, it constitutes the very best preparation for another crop. If no weeds were allowed to go to seed, the crop can be tilled cheaper next year than this. Of course the fertility must be maintained by the use of barn-manures or commercial fertilizers. If the former are used there is danger of introducing weed seeds that may make extra labor; if the latter, the organic matter in the soil will gradually decline, and it will sooner become necessary to grow a crop of clover or resort to green manuring to restore it.

Beets appreciate a deep soil. Deep ploughing and subsoiling in the fall with ordinary ploughing in the spring will be desirable fitting. Barn-manure may be applied at any time it is available; only do not plough it under deeply unless it has already lain on the surface for some time to leach into the soil.

PREPARATION FOR CLOVER.

Usually there is not much difficulty in securing a stand of clover, but owing to a diversity of soils, there are occasionally small areas upon which the young clover plants fail to grow, says a writer. To guard against this failure I have for several years hauled the manure direct from the horse stable and scattered it thinly over those places. Straw is used liberally for bedding, and during the winter enough manure is made to cover several acres. The soluble parts of the manure are washed into the surface soil where they are easily available for the young clover plant. The straw serves as a mulch, affording considerable protection should an early drouth follow. Clover haulm can be used the same way, thereby getting the benefit of any seed remaining in it. Whatever the method employed we cannot be too thorough in the preparation for the clover crop.

BICYCLE AS A MOTOR.

Four Points About Cycling Considered by Dr. Schrwald.

Few wheelmen are aware of the amount of power generated by them when on a spin, and what wondrous results could be obtained from it if it were possible to concentrate and apply it for practical purposes.

According to Dr. Sehrwald, of Germany, there are four points to be considered about cycling—the friction of the surface, its gradation, the natural speed of the wheel and the resistance of air. Thus, in making an attempt to compute the amount of power generated, the conditions of the road, the velocity of the wind and the weight of the wheel and its rider must be taken into chief consideration.

When the rider exerts himself to the full extent of his physical strength, as in twenty-four hour record making races, the amount of power produced is wonderful. It amounts to nearly three million pounds. In other words, it is equal to the force required to raise 291.52 hundred pound weights to an elevation of three feet in one day. "From a hygienic standpoint," says Dr. Schrwald, "the best recreation can be obtained by a cyclist from a speed that does not exceed ten miles an hour for a distance of about twenty-five miles daily."

La Grippe's Victims.

THE AFTER EFFECTS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DISEASE.

A Well Known Quebec Farmer Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years Before He Found Relief.

The epidemic of la grippe which has swept over Canada like a scourge this winter, has left thousands of weak and despairing sufferers in all parts of the land. Grippe is a treacherous disease. You think you are cured, yet the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are left in a weakened condition and fall an easy prey to its manifold complications. The blood is left impure and impoverished; the nerves shattered, and heart trouble and nervous prostration are too often the result.

The following statement made by Mr. Daniel Clossey, a well known farmer living near West Brome, Que., indicates the ravages made by the after effects of this scourge. Mr. Clossey says:—"Some five years ago I had an attack of la grippe. The earlier symptoms passed away, yet I continued to fail in health, and suffered intense pain in my head. I was subject to attacks of dizziness, and unless I would grasp something would fall. I gradually grew so weak as to be unable to do any work. My legs and feet were as cold as ice even in the summer months. If I attempted the least exertion my heart would beat violently. For three years I was in this helpless condition, and although during that time I was attended by three different doctors, their treatment produced not the slightest benefit. At this time I read the statement of one who had suffered from similar trouble, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. The result was simply marvellous. A dozen boxes did what three years of expensive medical treatment failed to accomplish—restored me to full health and vigor, and I am again able to do my work about the again able to do my work about the farm. I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I am glad to make this statement for the benefit it may bring to others."

After an attack of la grippe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can promptly restore you to health. They drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Always refuse imitations or substitutes.

HIS AGONY.

Harrity—How d'yze fale now?

McLubberty, with his hands clasped over his abdomen—Begorra! Oi am in sich pain thot Oi can't do jestice to ut unliss Oi can git someboody to hilp me ache! Thot's how Oi fale!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Australian mail now reaches London in 28 days. This beats Jules Verne's fancy of travelling the globe in eighty days.

Public Attention

Is at present being directed to Catarrhozone, and much interest has been aroused by its marvellous effect upon disease germs. Catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, and such maladies instantly disappear when this apparently mild pine-scented gas is inhaled. It penetrates wherever air can go. Messrs. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., have generously intimated that sample outfits of catarrhozone will be given our readers free, for a short time, if sent for immediately.

The Salvation Army waste collectors in London gather about 100 tons weekly. Most of this is paper.

Iowa Farms for sale, $2 per acre cash, balance in crops until paid. J. Melhall, Sioux City, Ia.

German and Belgian trade in Egypt is growing more rapidly than that of others countries.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State, aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A MORNING RAISE.

Did you get a raise this year?

Yes; the boss gave me that alarm clock.

I Was Completely Helpless With Rheumatism.

Could not move, the least bit of a jar would make me shout with pain. I was afraid I should be a cripple for life, as prescriptions did me no good. Finally I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which helped me much, and two bottles more put me on my feet so that I could walk without crutches. I was soon well enough to work on my farm." W. H. RHOADS, Windham, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all dealers. Price $1.

Strange Story of a Box.

I was sitting by my library fire one evening, smoking, when my manservant informed me that a large box had arrived. I suddenly remembered that it was my birthday, and that I had casually mentioned the fact to my friend Brindle.

Now Brindle was much addicted to the playing of practical jokes, this to me was a flaw in an otherwise delightful character, and perhaps on this occasion I might be the victim, so I told the man to help me carry it into the library and then he might go.

The box, which was a long and rather narrow one, was, I noticed, perforated in every direction. It was fastened with a padlock, in which I found the key.

I opened it and started back in amazement, for inside it lay one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my lot to see, and she was either asleep or dead.

She was dressed in a long, trailing robe of violet velvet—what a woman would, I think, describe as a "teagown;" the train of it made a sort of cushion for her head and over it strayed long strands of golden hair.

I fetched a mirror and held it to her lips; a faint cloud spread over it at once.

She was not dead then, but sleeping.

Yet—who sent her here? And why in such a plight?

I had no women folk to apply to in my dilemma; besides, one's women folk are apt to look askance at "strangers" of their own sex, especially if these are very beautiful.

I decided hurriedly to take my man Burns, who claimed descent from the poet, and a very excellent servant, who had been with me for years. And he appeared with such celerity that a suspicion crossed my mind—but no, surely he was above spying through key holes!

I pointed to the girl and asked him helplessly what I had better do.

"Do, sir? Why, send for the nearest doctor, and for a detective from Scotland Yard."

"Of course!" I cried. "Why didn't I think of that myself? Take a cab and do both errands—I will stay here in case she awakes."

He went off at once. He had hardly been gone ten minutes when the door bell rang. I opened it myself and admitted a tall, thin man, who announced that a policeman had asked him to call at my house, and that his name was Dr. Smith of M— street.

"A policeman—you mean my servant."

"No, I don't. I mean a policeman," he said testily. "Where is the patient? I am a busy man, sir, and can't afford to waste time."

Rather bewildered, I led the way to the library—and in a few words told him my story, and showed him the white figure lying so still and beautiful in these regal velvet robes.

He crossed the room to look closer.

"Good heavens!" he said. "It is Mlle. Sophie Seslagin, a Russian lady and a patient of my own. What can this mean?" He proceeded to investigate what would be the cause of her strange trance-like sleep.

"She has been drugged," he said. "I once studied in Russia, and there they use a curiously smelling herb, for such purposes, difficult to detect unless one is used to dealing with it."

"All that is very interesting—to you," I said impatiently. "But what am I to do?"

"I will send you a nurse at once," he said. "Have you a spare room? Good! The nurse is a sensible woman and will put the lady to bed and ask no questions except of a professional description.

"Now, you must excuse me; I am watching a very interesting case. I will call again in the morning; meanwhile I can do nothing. No drug known acts on a patient under the influence of the one I mentioned; she will wake naturally in about twelve hours' time." And with that the doctor hurried away.

The next person to arrive was the detective, his name was Holmes, to whom I repeated my story.

He listened attentively, looked at Mlle Seslagin, but made no remark worth relating, and presently went away, after giving me strict injunctions to allow no one access to my strange guest but the nurse and the doctor. I promised to attend to his warning and showed him out myself, to find on the doorstep a comfortable, motherly looking nurse, who produced Dr. Smith's card, and into whose capable hands I put the management of affairs generally with a sigh of relief, which sigh I repeated as the door of the "spare-room" was shut between me and the still sleeping stranger.

Only the long, coffin-like box was still in my study.

Suddenly I caught sight of a piece of paper which had been pinned to the lid inside.

On it was roughly sketched a ship, some waves, and a woman apparently drowning. What this could mean I could not guess.

I was still puzzling over it when the door bell rang again.

This time a man stood there—he had evidently just stepped out of a close carriage which waited near the curb, and he wore an ulster with a high collar which almost concealed his face.

"I have come," he said, "to retrieve a large box which was left here by mistake."

"Then you have come to the wrong man," I said, boldly. "That box and its contents are in my care."

As I spoke, to my surprise two policemen sprang out of the shadow of a neighboring archway, and seized the man before he had time to turn round.

"We were given a hint to keep an eye on this house, sir—by Mr. Holmes," one of them informed me shortly, before they marched off to the nearest "station" with their prisoner.

I retreated indoors and awaited developments. Evidently I was in for a night of it, I thought grimly.

And indeed, I had only taken half a dozen pulls at my pipe when a four-wheeler drove up. Inside were Mr. Holmes, the detective; two policemen, and my servant Burns, with handcuffs on.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

The detective came into the house and shut the door—the cab drove off—and I mechanically followed him into the library.

There, he turned and faced me.

"It means," he said, "shortly, this: that your man servant is a member of a dangerous secret society of anarchists. Mlle. Seslagin, who is very rich, had bribed one of the younger members to sell her some papers which contained a clear and concise account of how to set about placing bombs in Westminster Abbey before the coming royal marriage—in order to blow up the whole royal party.

"Once or twice lately Mlle. Seslagin's house has been broken into, not for purposes of theft, but to find the missing papers, which she had copied and sent to the police, but kept the originals to put the anarchists off the scent and help the authorities to catch them all together.

"Besides, she wanted to pretend she had not given information. She knew anarchists and their ways, and feared their vengeance. She little knew their skill. They contrived this very evening to enter her house, drug her wine, and, while all her servants were at supper, they put her into this box which they had got ready and carried her off.

"The orders were to deliver the box at No. 1 Mortimer street.

"By a curious coincidence there happen to be two Mortimer streets, and the box was brought to the wrong one.

"The plan was, had she been taken to the anarchist, who lives in the other, to cross-examine her on the subject of these papers, and then she was to be taken out to sea and drowned. Dead men—dead men—tell no tales."

I handed him the paper I had found.

"Yes—that is the formal order for her death. I know their cipher well."

"And—Burns?" I asked. "How was it, if he was 'in it,' that he offered—nay, went—to fetch the doctor and you?"

"He did neither. I send a policeman for the doctor, and came of my own accord. Mlle. Seslagin's house has been watched for the last week, for, unless she was in danger of her life I made up my mind to wait and catch the whole gang at No. 1 Mortimer street to-night. The driver's mistake has put me out rather in my calculations, for Burns had time to warn the other before I managed to 'nab' him. However, I hope for better luck another time. Meanwhile you have indirectly saved that poor lady's life."

As he finished speaking I was busy writing. I handed him a check.

"Thank you, sir; though really I am so pleased at to-night's work I almost feel like refusing this."

"Nonsense! I may need you again. Good night."

After that I was at last allowed to go to bed in peace.

I was a bachelor of long years' standing, and quite unaccustomed to such doings and goings on.

Still—though I can't say that the events of that night were exactly pleasant ones, I always, in after years, remembered it with something like gratitude, for that long, coffin-like box, which I thought held a practical joke, was the means of my making the acquaintance of the lady who afterward became my wife.

THIS SETTLES IT.

Mr. Charles Dean, on Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He was Asked if Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Kidney Disease, and Declared They Did After His Doctor and Other Medicines Had Failed.

London, Feb. 6.—The publication a few days ago, in the press of this, and other cities, of the statement that Mr. Charles Dean, of the City Hotel, had been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, of a disease that every other remedy he had used, failed to even relieve, created wide-spread comment and discussion.

The majority of the citizens agreed that the case was not a remarkable one for Dodd's Kidney Pills, which, they said, cure every case of Kidney Disease for which they are used.

Some few persons, however, doubted the accuracy of the report.

To settle the question, once for all, we interviewed Mr. Dean, and asked him if the press reports were true.

"Certainly they are true," said he "The only fault they have is that they are not strong enough.

"I used to suffer so much that I had to lie down to get relief. My doctor said my Kidneys were affected. He gave me medicine, but it didn't help me.

"One day I met Mr. M. L. Duffy, architect, who was cured of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. He advised me to try them, and I did so. When I had taken four doses I was relieved. One box made me a new man. I have taken three boxes, and am completely cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. They are worth their weight in gold."

This certainly settles the question. Nothing further can be said. Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney Disease—that is proved.

Those who require Dodd's Kidney Pills can get them at all drug stores for fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, or by sending the price to The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

RUINED BY A BATTLE.

Sweden was ruined by a single battle. It was the battle of Pultowa, in 1709. In this battle Peter the Great of Russia defeated Charles XII. of Sweden. Sweden, under the Great Gustavus, had risen to the position of a first-class European Power, while Russia was just emerging out of obscurity. Chirles XII., by his marvelous victories, seemed on the way to make Sweden one of the greatest of the Powers. The crushing blow that was dealt at Pultowa ruined Sweden. At the battle of Jena, in 1806, Napoleon crushed the Kingdom of Prussia. The battles of Sedowa and Sedan practically crushed France and Austria.

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