

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER VI.

As a weather prophet Masters proved more reliable than those who fill a like mission on the daily papers.

It rained heavily all the afternoon. His landlady when she brought in his tea remarked that it was pouring cats and dogs—the latter, presumably, of the Skye terrier breed.

A temporary clearance of the weather came about in the evening. Masters was glad; he went to Ivy Cottage. The bungalow-like building was curiously situated in its own square piece of grass land, fronting the sea. The back of the house looked on to the road leading to the railway station a little distance away. Admission to the cottage was gained by doors at back and front of it.

The house agent entrusted with the letting of the place had described it as possessed of advantages not to be passed over lightly. There was one—an unsurpassed convenience in the matter of not missing a train—that certainly was undeniable and evident.

So close was the back of the house to the railway that from the windows an approaching train could be seen in time enough to allow of easy walking to catch it. Masters walked up the gravel path to the front door. Touched the push of the bell. A trim maid-servant responded. He enquired—

"Miss Mivvins—is she within?"

The girl started. Hesitated as she looked at him closely—doubtfully—for a moment. Then opened a side door in the hall, requesting him to enter and be seated.

It was a charmingly arranged room to which he was thus introduced. Evidenced woman in every insignificant little detail; her gentle touch was visible in all things. He thought of the touch of one woman in particular.

Miss Mivvins' spirit seemed to have impressed itself in every fold of the curtains; in all the quiet harmony of coloring; in the inexpensive simplicity of the whole—as distinct from cheapness.

Expensive simplicity often stamps the quality of a room; it was not to be seen here. There was nothing cheap about the furnishing; nothing meretricious; nothing to catch the eye. Nothing of the enamel paint and varnish description; all in that apartment was plain and simply what it represented itself to be; its keynote, truth.

Masters was astonished, because he had had no idea that such signs of refinement existed in Wivernsea. But then he knew its lodging houses only, where the great god is Assinall and an uneasy chair the only attempt at comfort.

He sat some moments waiting. Whilst doing so he thought again of the curious way in which the maid had looked at him. Perhaps Miss Mivvins was in a less comfortable place than he had thought. He had judged by the freedom she enjoyed, that no possible harm could result from his visit to her. Was he wrong?

Perhaps that accounted for her hesitation when he had suggested calling with the books. What a fool he had been, not to think of that! Perhaps she would get into trouble by reason of his visit to her employer's house.

The more he thought of this the more uncomfortable he became. As a result of his deliberations determined that he would make his stay a short and formal one. There could surely be no harm accrue to her from that.

The rustle of a woman's dress warned him of her approach. Presently she entered. The moment his eyes rested on her he was amazed; she was dressed so perfectly. No scrap of color; no scintillation of a jewel.

He had a mere man's eye for woman's dress—sensible of the tout ensemble, not of detail—but he did not despise it. It seemed fitting to him that graceful women should be gracefully attired.

All harmony was grateful to his soul; it did not seem unnatural for Miss Mivvins to be gowned in accordance with her beauty. Still he experienced astonishment; grave astonishment, when she entered.

For the life of him he could not have defined the impression which took hold of him. But he knew that her gown was of some soft, rich, silken, costly texture. Reluctant upon that was the belief that her place must be an easier one than he had begun to think it.

The extension of her hand to him, once more with it in his own, he felt thrilled. That feeling and his previous resolve to hurry away did not blend well. The thrill remained; the resolve faded.

He produced the books he had promised to bring with him. On the fly-leaf of each he had written her name; beneath it had appended his signature. So many people bothered him for autograph copies of his books, that it was a pardonable vanity if he had begun to think there was something around his signature which enhanced the value of his works. So he had penned the words—With kindest regards, from the Author between her name and his own.

At sight of what he had written she laughed. At first, gently; a gentleness which passed into real hearty mirth. Then, catching sight of his face, the laugh died away as she looked at him. He could not have looked more hurt. His hyper-sensitive nature was suffering.

That laughter acted on Masters as if the ceiling had opened and a shower of cold water had fallen; his face showed it. To be the subject of mirth was a novelty to him. He was glad that, that was so. Felt that it was not a pleasant sensation to experience. That a very little of it went an extremely long way.

She flushed with annoyance at her own rudeness, with shame for having wounded the feelings of her visitor. He had not the faintest idea why she laughed, of course; want of knowledge so often leads to misunderstanding. She said hurriedly—

"I hope you do not—oh, how can I explain what I was laughing at? Mr. Masters, don't, pray don't—I beg of you—think I was rude—intended to be rude—or that I was laughing at anything even remotely connected with these books which, believe me, I shall always value, always prize."

That earnest humble little speech of hers did not sponge away the look from his face. In her eagerness to acquit herself she placed her hand on his arm—it was for the second time that day. It was a habit of hers when moved. Was quite an innocent gesture; but there was in his estimation, anyway—a distinct piquancy about its naturalness.

"Oh—Mr. Masters!"

She got as far as that. Then stood at a loss for words. She had spoken in such dead earnest tones that it would have been absurd to think her lying. Finding her tongue again, she continued—

"Pray, pray believe me! I was stupid, I know, but don't be so hard as to think me capable of insulting you. Don't! Please, don't!"

His forgiveness was hers that moment. The wonder remained—what she could have laughed at! But all else was forgotten. She had looked into his eyes; a pretty woman's trick; mostly always successful. When performed with such eyes as Miss Mivvins' failure was absolutely impossible.

"I don't think you rude. Don't think you insulting. I could not think any ill thing of you if I tried."

She had badly wanted to hear some just such thing. But there was that in the tone in which he spoke it that made her flush again. She drew in her breath; drew back a little.

"I am so glad!"

Miss Mivvins spoke impetuously—nervously. She to be nervous! And that, too, in speaking to such a boyish, ingenious individual as was Masters! It was quite too absurd! She continued—

"I—I should not like you to think badly of me."

She was obviously ill at ease—the obviousness was the worst part of it. She knew that herself; knew quite well. It was because he believed in her! Because he trusted her so implicitly; had an almost childlike faith in her.

With all the other men she had known, on whom she had exerted the power of her fascination, her woman's ways and wiles had seemed fair and fitting. They were but part of the game and understood by both sides of it. The men had been men of the world—her world—armed and armoured against her coquetry and charm.

with life was evidently a thing unknown to him, he was in earnest; always would be; that was his temperament. Honest himself, he believed her to be likewise.

"What a character! Of course it appealed to her—she would not have been a woman if it had not. He would face her woman's weapons—even her most innocent little deceptions—unsuspecting; unarmed. To shower on him the full force of her artillery would be grossly unfair.

She was constrained to throw off the conventionalities—such as the mantle of guilelessness—such as he wore himself. He made it impossible for her to act otherwise. But the experience was quite a new one to her; it was the novelty that made her nervous. To be trusted—implicitly—was delightfully disconcerting.

Her manner filled Masters with wonder. The key to the mysterious nervousness was not in his possession. Again there flitted across his mind the idea that it arose from his visit to her employer's house.

His resolution to stay but a little time occurred to him. It would be best to go. Yet he abhorred the idea of so speedily a parting; if only he could—He paused. Thought a moment. Risked it; said—tentatively—

"The rain has ceased. It is damp below but bright above." It was a pause. His reference to the weather seemed out of place. She did not know the difficulty he was experiencing in screwing his courage to the sticking place. He continued—

"I am walking to the end of the parade and back."

Having voiced as such, his talking works seemed to run down. He somehow hoped that she would suggest joining him in his walk. That his ignorance of women was of vast magnitude was evidenced by the nature of that hope.

He was very transparent—so much so that there was no difficulty in guessing his thoughts; she smiled. Ingenuousness was scarce the word for him! He should have known the impossibility of her offering to accompany him—how ever much she might desire to do so. As she did not speak he went even further, saying, with nervous awkwardness—

"It is a warm evening—will you walk with me?"

The smile left her face and her eyes opened wide. She was startled at the suddenness of his request. Still more at the nature of the man. Felt, too, that there was owing to him something for that unkind laugh of hers. Then there was the trend of her own thoughts. After a moment she tossed discretion to the winds; said—

"I shall be glad—if you wish it!"

The words spoken, she was amazed at their utterance. Her ready acquiescence pleased him. It voiced that honesty he thought so precious in her, which was so sadly lacking in other women. He suspected that another member of her sex would have raised scruples, merely that he might flatter himself that he had overcome them.

The absence of such coquetry in Miss Mivvins was refreshing—refreshing as the rays of the sun after electric light; so he liked her womanhood to other women's. He little knew what a whited sepulchre she felt herself to be. His admiration of what she did not possess positively hurt her.

Leaving the room for outdoor covering she presently returned with a long warm cloak and her hat. Had got them from the hall; came back with them over her arm. Having assented she lost no time.

He assisted her to put on her cloak—an expensive, fur-lined wrap. He could not but notice that, with trembling fingers—a nervousness born of his touch of her—he helped to button the garment down the front.

Microbes multiply in darkness; sunlight kills them. Her natural manner, open as day, crushed the germ of suspicion. They left the house and walked along the parade; in the direction of the seat at the end of it.

(To be Continued.)

ROMANCE OF AFRICAN MINES.

The proposed closing of the Dutoitspan diamond mine recalls one of the most romantic stories of the South African diamond fields. Less than forty years ago a man called De Beers was farming a few hundred barren acres of veldt near Dutoitspan. One day in 1871 one of his children, while playing, saw a flash of light from the mud-covered wall of the house, and, on examination, found that it came from a small, glass-like pebble embedded in the wall. He dug out the pebble with his penknife, and took it proudly to his father. The pebble proved to be a valuable diamond, the first fruits of the rich store of gems which lay hidden under the farmer's barren acres. Mr. De Beers sold his farm for \$30,000, the Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Kimberley mines revealed their treasures of gems; and within a few years \$250,000,000 would not have bought the farm which, before that lucky discovery, De Beers would gladly have sold for a few dollars an acre.

The Farm

EXAMINING A SICK ANIMAL.

First take the temperature of the animal by placing a fever thermometer into the rectum, allowing it to remain there from three to five minutes. The normal temperature of a cow is 101 degrees (Fahrenheit). The normal temperature of a horse is 100 degrees, sheep 101 degrees.

Second, take the pulse of the animal, which can be found at the angle of the lower jaw bone. The normal beats of a cow's pulse is from forty to fifty per minute and that of a horse from thirty-three to forty per minute.

Third, count the respiration of the animal, or number of times it breathes by watching the sides of the flanks, or by pressing the ear to the side. The normal respiration of the cow is from fifteen to twenty per minute and that of a horse is from twelve to fifteen per minute while resting. If the temperature pulse or respirations are found to be higher or faster than above described, you will know that the animal is ailing.—Dr. David Roberts.

THE SHEEP.

The sheep horse should be large and airy, with a good wide door cut in top and bottom halves. This enables you to keep one-half open at one time. For instance, on stormy days if you wish to keep the sheep in and the storm does not blow in, the top half can be left open. And at other times when you wish to leave the sheep so they can get in and out at will if the top half is shut, it prevents any other stock that might happen along, from getting in and hurting the sheep. Next, do not keep them fastened in the shed, except in stormy weather. Turnips, with good clover hay will be sufficient ration until the end of February. It need not always be clover hay. If, as sometimes happens, you have a piece of fine weedy hay it is just what sheep like. The ewe lambs that you are keeping over will need to be kept by themselves until the ewes are bred, and are better to be kept from the other flock all winter.

POINTERS ON PLOWING.

In low, flat land that has not been under-drained it is best to make the lands narrow, so that the furrows may be used for drainage purposes. Where this is necessary it is best to make a high back furrow, this will give the land the proper crowning slope which will drain off the water quickly. In plowing under manure, if spring grain is to be sown, do not turn it under too deeply, especially does this apply if the wheat is to be sown on the same field, as both crops will then be materially benefitted by the manure. The second plowing should be about two inches deeper than the first which will again turn the manure under, but nearer to the surface. In this manner there will be very little loss by drainage into the subsoil.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

If pigs are very young they should have no cornmeal, because the frame of the pig must be first grown before such fattening food as cornmeal is given.

What should be aimed at by all breeders in raising farm stock is a large frame well supplied with strong muscles, this can only be obtained by feeding on the right kind of food from the start. Fatty food should always be guarded against, as excessive flesh is quite burdensome to young animals, and not what they should have at all.

Hens sold in autumn do not fetch a large price, but against that must be put the extra food they eat during moulting and until they begin to lay again, and also the risk they run of dying during the critical process of renewing the feathers. Birds of two years or eighteen months are very good eating, and save nearly their own weight of butcher's meat. If fowls are kept beyond that age they grow tougher, and are also less productive as layers; they thus do not give the same return for the food they eat as younger birds would do.

The kind of food furnished to young animals during the earliest part of their existence has an important influence on their character and usefulness in after life. Nearly all breeds are just what their respective breeders make of them, and the profit derived from their culture is governed, to a great extent, by the way they are fed and managed when very young. Since so much of their future usefulness and value in after life depend upon their treatment when young, it would amply pay the breeder to give them a little extra attention at this time, and see that every want is supplied in the best possible manner.

SUITOR.—"You say your sister is only 18?" Tommy—"Sure! When I get a dollar to say a thing I say it."

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA

SUFFERERS LEFT WRITHING IN THE STREETS.

Morgues Filled to the Ceilings With Corpses—Visitors Search for Relatives.

To the happier inhabitants of lands where cholera is either unknown or kept well in hand, the orgies of death which that terrible epidemic is holding in some of the smaller Russian towns would be incredible, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent. There, thanks to the lack of organization and grossly unhealthy conditions, victims have been lying ill in the streets, neglected in the hospitals, and unburied in the cemeteries. I have had reports of mortuaries so overcrowded that the corpses are stacked up from floor to ceiling. Those coming to claim relatives who died of other diseases have been obliged, in some cases, to spend hours in the pestilential air till they could find the bodies for which they searched, and could pull them from amongst the cholera-stricken.

When the cholera was first declared in other provinces, a commission was appointed in Saint Petersburg by M. Rezcov, the president of the town. But the chairman, M. Oppenheimer, left for Carisbad before any arrangements were made to combat the epidemic, and practically nothing was done. There is no drainage in Saint Petersburg worthy of the name. All the sewage is thrown into the canals, which are never cleaned more than once a year, and send up a

MOST TERRIBLE STENCH

as soon as the ice thaws in the spring. The first victims of the epidemic were workmen, cab-drivers and porters, who drink the water out of these canals, which is poison at the best of times, let alone when cholera is about. Now, the police have put up placards at the street corners to forbid them, under a threat of paying \$5 penalty, to drink this water, and the magistracy has made arrangements for hot tea to be distributed gratis in all the principal streets. The sale of fruit has been strictly forbidden, and it, therefore, goes to other towns from the cholera-infected districts!

Considering these things, it is, therefore, not surprising to find that 300 and 400 cases occur daily, of which at least 50 per cent. prove fatal. Everybody who can afford to do so, has fled from the city. The dreaded disease has now found its way into the well-to-do houses and into the cadets' college. The hospital and town ambulances are quite unable to cope with the work, for people fall down ill who felt perfectly well a few minutes before. It is hard to believe that most of them are sent in cabs and public conveyances to the hospitals, but such is the case, and, what is more, these vehicles are not even cleaned afterward, to say nothing of being disinfected. As the police cabbies are often not paid for taking a sick man to the hospitals, because nobody has any time to bother about them, they whip up their horses and get away as soon as they see a man or woman lying on the pavement in contortions, and the victim is left alone till one of the sanitary inspectors or a policeman sees him. When taken to the hospital the patient cannot receive proper care because there are

NOT HALF ENOUGH DOCTORS,

and medical students, though offered good pay by the town, refuse to help. One doctor often has 400 patients to look after in a day. Nurses are almost unknown; there is nobody to give patients medicine or try their temperature, so that the result is a huge percentage of deaths. As one harassed, worked-to-death doctor said, "If they get well they do—and if they don't, it's not my fault, for I've only one pair of hands and legs." Patients suffering from other complaints have as bad a time of it as anybody—not only do they get no attention now, but many of them have been sent away because they must make room for cholera cases. Several large barracks are also full of them—but what is that when hundreds fall ill daily!

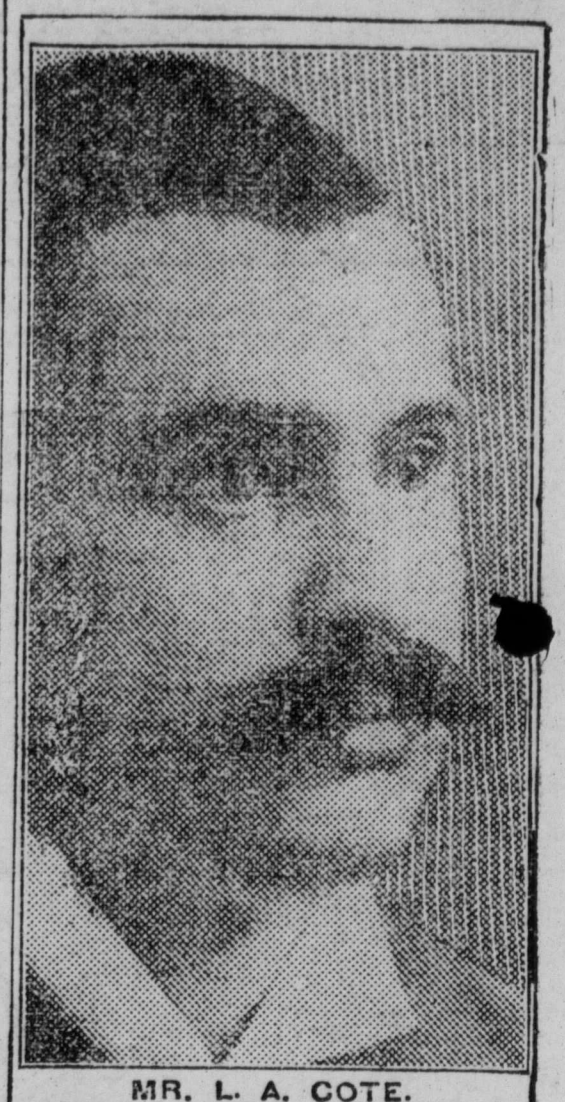
There is in St. Petersburg a hospital regulation to the effect that every patient who dies within twenty hours of admittance must be dissected. It is characteristic of Russian red tape that this regulation was adhered to for several days after the cholera broke out, so that the operating theatres were piled high with dead bodies which nobody had any time to dissect. At last it was impossible to dissect 400 corpses daily, and the regulation was abolished.

The victims are buried outside the town, so that the coffins must go by train. Thirty or forty trucks are filled with the coffins of those who have died a day or so before, and two or three passenger saloons are put on for the dead people's friends and relatives. Such a train started the other day by the Mikolajewski Railway.

CARRYING 150 COFFINS.

On arriving at the cemetery, it was found that 34 coffins, brought the

Mr. L. A. Cote, Assistant Manager Hotel Victoria, Quebec, Canada, writes a letter to the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co. below:



MR. L. A. COTE.
AFTER USING PE-RU-NA I AM COMPLETELY CURED

Mr. L. A. Cote, Assistant Manager Hotel Victoria, Quebec, Can., writes:

"I suffered with catarrh for about eight years, and have tried many physicians or specialists for this sickness, and never obtained any relief. It was only after using your Peruna medicine that I began to get better. I have used ten bottles up till now, and am glad to say that I am completely cured. I am glad to let the public know it. A good thing is never too dear."

We have on file many testimonials like the one given here. Probably no other physician in the world has received such a volume of enthusiastic letters of thanks as Dr. Hartman for Peruna.

day before, were still awaiting burial. Though the grave-diggers had worked hard till nightfall, it was impossible to bury all, and the rest were piled up for the night in the cemetery, the mourners waiting there till daylight, afraid that, if they went away, others would arrive in the morning and get their dead buried first. These scenes are repeated daily, and many wait for a couple of days before they see their dead relatives and friends buried. As all the coffins are alike, being painted with tar, and no inscriptions are put on them, very few people know which box really contains the remains of their dear ones. The result is that the most terrible scenes of despair and prostration occur whilst the waiting of women and children fill the air.

In the provinces, things are no better, and disinfection is almost unheard of in small towns. In one village called Karkki, in the government of Tver, 470 out of 500 died. It was decided to burn everything, corpses, houses and barns together. The police came and, giving the 30 survivors time to get away, threw firebrands into the place. This drastic measure seemed to be the only way of preventing the epidemic spreading all over the province.

LORD KITCHENER.

An Incident Which Shows the Character of the Man.

Lord Kitchener is one of Britain's greatest generals; but he is respected, rather than loved by those serving under him. Stern and reserved in his manner, he is, however, very just. Rank does not influence him. The bluest-blooded subaltern is treated as impartially as an ordinary Tommy.

During the South African campaign, a private of exemplary character reported himself as unfit for duty. The doctor, however, thought otherwise, and ordered the man back to work. Later on the soldier found himself growing much weaker, and spoke to the sergeant.

"Why not tell Lord Kitchener?" was the reply. "He's in his office."

This the soldier feared to do, but the sergeant went straight in and laid the case before Kitchener.

"Send the man here, and fetch Drs. A. and B.," commanded "K. of K.," without looking up from his work.

The two doctors examined the patient in the presence of his lordship, and pronounced him to be suffering from typhoid fever.

"Now send for Dr. C."

This was the doctor, who had practically accused the patient of malingering. He, too, examined the patient, and then said nervously:

"Sir, I fear I have made a mistake. This man is suffering from typhoid in an early stage."

"Remove him at once to the hospital," was Kitchener's reply. "And you, Dr. C., apply to the adjutant for your papers, and return to England at your earliest convenience."