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WARWICK CASTLE.

Lady Warwick Writes of the File and Its Earls.

The Countess of Warwick has just had published her historical work, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day."

As is often the case with books compiled and written by those who, while having no pretense to special literary acquirements, yet possess an absorbing interest in and knowledge of their subject, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls" is full of valuable material for the future historian, and contains many charming glimpses of the daily life led by our great nobility in times gone by.

Some most curious letters, pathetic, humorous and politically important, are scattered through the thousand pages, and here and there Lady Warwick indulges in amusing digressions concerning certain of her husband's ancestors and their often eventful lives.

She tells very prettily the romantic story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, and his wife, Phyllis, and in setting forth the famous adventures of Lady Godiva—who was, by the way, a connection of the Lord Warwick of her day—quotes the witty and little-known stanzas which appeared in the Etonian of 1870, and which are certainly the best ever written on the subject.

After dealing with the Saxon and Norman nobles who had the good fortune to own the first of the many castles built at Warwick, Lady Warwick divides the rest of her work into five sections, each describing exhaustively one of the great families, Beauchamps, Nevilles, Plantagenets, Dudleys, Riches and last, not least, Greivilles, whose life histories were interwoven with that of the historic pile.

It is amazing how many famous folk, from William the Conqueror to Lord Nelson, have had some sort of connection with Warwick Castle. Well and spiritedly told are the stories of the two famous women, Penelope Devereux and Mary Boyle, who both bore the proud title of Countess of Warwick.

Penelope deserves to take her place among the romantic heroines of the world, even if she did have but "an attenuated respect for the marriage tie" for she was the beloved "Stella" of Sir Philip Sidney, and, but for her worldly parents, would have been his wife. However, concerning this lady, her modern namesake is very severe, observing "that she is better forgotten than remembered."

"Lady Warwick is, however, scarcely kinder in her appreciation of the saintly Mary Rich, whose famous diary is one among the most curious of spiritual human documents in existence."

Scotch W. M. N.

The new volume of the Scotch census throws some light on the female portion of the population. In 1901 there were in Scotland 4,472,103 persons, of whom 2,173,755 were males, and 2,298,348 were females. Of this total, 1,982,812, or 44 per cent, were, however, 1,198,618 females over ten years of age who were returned as "unoccupied and non-productive," against 264,898 males.

There were no women engaged in the defence of the country, but many were employed in occupations usually reserved for men. Two only are described as "dealers in money," but one is described as a dock laborer, one is classed as a "coachman," two are classed as builders, one as a chimney sweeper, thirty-seven are engaged in cycle and motor manufacture, five rank as farm givers (managers), one is engaged in "omnibus service," one is a paper-hanger, another is a plasterer, and two are house agents.

Altogether 5,686 women are classed as employers, and 42,418 women are "working on their own account." In 1901 there were 7,200 females and 6,468 male lunatics over ten years of age in Scotland. Their former employments included: Medical profession, twenty-five females and twenty-six males; teaching, eighty-two females and fifty-four males; art, music and drama, twenty females and twenty-four males; and domestic service, 1,740 females and thirty-five males.

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KITCHEN HELPS.

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Kerosene oil and whitening mixed will remove iron rust. This combination will also clean tiles perfectly and will remove stains from porcelain baking dishes.

If in covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oilcloth cracking and make it wear three times as long.

Saucepans that have been badly burned can be remedied by boiling soda in them—a small teaspoonful of baking soda to the average "burn," with water enough to keep it from boiling dry. Boil ten or fifteen minutes.

Brass pans should be cleaned before use. Rub them with salt and vinegar; then rinse thoroughly with water and dry with a soft cloth. Thus you may be sure that the pans are free from verdigris, which is a strong poison.

Keep a pair of scissors on a nail in the kitchen and do not allow them to be taken to any part of the house, even if you have to resort to trying them there. They are often needed, and it is a waste of time to be obliged to run to some other room for another pair.

The Quality of Neatness.

Comparatively few men are distinguished for habits of neatness, yet none can forgive a lack of it in their wives. Yet neatness is one of the rarest of feminine qualities. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "bump of neatness" well developed.

Unless inherently fastidious during school days she is liable to drift into careless habits which she never outgrows. One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a mere to do she was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the untidy custom was never abandoned, for the simple reason that she herself did not notice anything unusual about it, and probably nobody else took the trouble to correct her. Without thinking anything about it, some girls, otherwise above reproach in their personal habits, leave bunches of combings on their dressing tables, while the combs themselves are permitted to retain for days at a time their harvest of dead hairs. This is one of the habits which, when carried into the matrimonial state, send young husbands back to their clubs.

The Woman Who Works.

Whose fault is it that the woman works? If it be a crime or a wrong, she is guiltless, for man's laws say she must not take her own life, and her only choice is between that of engaging in gainful occupation. The persistency with which men critics insist upon regarding the woman wage earner as an inexplicable problem is a discreditable reflection on their common sense. Since the worker is everywhere in evidence there is no difficulty in observing many varieties of her. The majority of women wage earners give every indication of being the victims of adverse circumstances, and only the crassest imagination could conceive that millions of women would voluntarily toil in mills and offices through summer's blistering heat, when trees and field flowers, woods and seas seductively beckon to holiday making, or that in the bitter weather of midwinter they would brave the terrors of blizzard for a less vital reason than to keep body and soul together.—Chicago News.

Flannels For Babies.

Considerable controversy rages at the present time around the question of flannel for babies. The majority of authorities upon the subject assert that this fabric should always be worn next the skin, while others say that some babies cannot bear flannel. With these latter I have learned by painful experience to agree, says a writer in Woman's Home Companion. Examine under a microscope the softest flannel ever made. The wool fiber looks like spears and fishhooks. Imagine the effect on a little baby's skin. Now, it is true that nothing protects from drafts and changes of temperature so well as flannel. It is also true that nothing available for babies is so soft to the touch as linen. Combine the two. Make the abdominal band with a linen lining and have both linen and flannel shirts if necessary.

A White Soup.

Harper's Bazar recommends for the soup course at a luncheon this white soup made from almond milk: Blanch a pound of Jordan almonds and ten bitter almonds and pound together in a mortar, moistening from time to time with milk until a pint has been used. Strain through a fine cheese cloth. Scald three cups of milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in the almond milk and continue stirring until it is hot, when serve at once with croutons. For these cut thin rounds of bread one inch in diameter, arrange on a baking sheet and sprinkle with fine sugar. Melt the sugar and glaze the croutons in a hot oven, repeating the process on the other side of the croutons.

Ironing Starched Things.

Skillful laundresses know that to iron a starched article when too dry results in breaking the threads of linen, which in a short time makes the frayed edge or the hole. They also know that hot water dampens the clothes more evenly than cold and makes the garment more quickly ready for the iron. A sprinkler, which is much better than the hand, can be bought at the house furnishing shops. It consists of a rubber bulb, with a rose sprinkler attached, just like those the florist uses for watering the plants in his window.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfield"

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"Nothing but a survey by an expert could answer that even approximately," said the lawyer, leaning back in his creaking chair. "If you had the right of way, a charter from the state and no big tunnels to make for long bridges to build, you might, I should say, construct the road alone—without locomotives and rolling stock generally—for a little matter of one hundred and fifty thousand. I don't know; I'm only guessing; but it wouldn't fall under that estimate."

"I didn't think it would," replied Alan, growing more enthusiastic. "Now then, if there was a railroad to my father's property, how much would his 20,000 acres be worth?"

Miller smiled again and began to figure on a scrap of paper with a pencil. "Oh, as for that," he said, "it would really be worth—standing uncultivated, including a world of tan bark—at least \$25 an acre—any clear half million for it all. Oh, I know it looks as plain as your nose on your face; things always do on paper. It looks big and it shines; so does a spider web in the sunshine to a fly; but you don't want to be a fly, my boy, and you don't want any spider webs on the brain anyway."

Alan stood up and walked to the door and back. Finally he shrugged his broad shoulders. "I don't care what you say," he declared, bringing his hand down firmly on Miller's desk. "It will pay, as sure as I'm alive. There's no getting around the facts. It will take a quarter of a million investment to market a half million dollar bunch of timber, with the land thrown



"I'm afraid some'n's happened to Pole," she faltered.

in and the traffic such a road would secure to help pay expenses. There are men in the world looking for such opportunities, and I'm going to give somebody a chance."

"You have not looked deep enough into it, my boy," mildly protested Miller. "You haven't figured on the enormous expense of running such a road and the dead loss of the investment after the lumber is moved out. You'd have a railroad property worth a quarter of a million on your hands. I can't make you see my position. I simply say to you that I wouldn't touch a deal like that with a ten foot pole."

Alan laughed good naturedly as he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I reckon you think I'm off," he said, "but sooner or later I'm going to put

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his thing through. Do you hear me? I'll put it through if it takes ten years to do it. I want to make the old man feel that he has not made such a fool of himself. I want to get even with the Thompson crowd and Perkins and everybody that is now poking fun at a helpless old man. I shall begin by raising money some way or other to pay taxes and hold on to every inch of the ground."

Miller's glance fell before the fierce fire of Alan's eyes, and for the first time his tone wavered.

"Well," he said, "you have the stuff in you that big speculators are made of, and I may simply be prejudiced against the scheme on account of your father's blind plunging and what some men would call overcautiousness on my part. I may be trying to prevent what you really ought to do, but I am advising you as a friend. I only know I would be more cautious. Of course you may try. You'd not lose in doing that; in fact, you'd gain experience. I should say that big dealers in lumber are the men you ought to see first. They know the values of such investments, and they are reaching out in all directions now. They have cleaned up the timber near the railroads."

CHAPTER XV.

MILLER accompanied Alan to the door. Old Trube stood in front of his office in his shirt sleeves, his battered silk hat on the back part of his head. He was fanning himself with a palm leaf fan and freely using his handkerchief on his brow. He bowed cordially to Alan and came toward him.

"I want to ask you," he began, "has Pole Baker any way of ruin?"

"Not that I know of," laughed Alan. "I don't know whether he's got a clear title to the shirt on his back. He owes everybody out our way. My father is supplying him on time now."

"That was my impression," said Trube. "He wanted me to defend him the other day, but he couldn't satisfy me about the fee, and I let him go. He first said he could give me a lien on a mule, but he finally admitted that it wasn't his."

"He's not in trouble, is he?" exclaimed Alan, suddenly recalling Mrs. Baker's uneasiness.

Trube looked at Miller, who stood leaning in the doorway, and laughed. "Well, I reckon he might call it that. That chap owned the town two days ago. He got blind, stavin' drunk an' wanted to whip us from one end of the place to the other. The marshals are afraid of 'im, for they know he'll shoot at the drop of a hat, an' the butt of it was stickin' out o' his hip pocket in plain sight. Was you there, Rayburn? Well, it was better 'n a circus. Day before yesterday that was a sort of street temperance lecturer in front of the Johnston House, speakin' on a dry goods box. He had a lot of gaudy pictures illustratin' the appearance of a drinkin' man's stomach an' liver compared to one in a healthy condition. He was a sort of a snide faker out fer what he could git dropped in a hat, an' Pole was sober enough to git on to his game. Pole stood thar with the rest, jest about able to stan' an' that was all. Finally, when the feller got warmed up an' got to screedin', Pole began to deny what he was sayin'. As fast as he'd make a statement Pole would flatly give it the lie. The feller on the box didn't know what a tough customer he had to handle or he'd 'a' gone slow. As it was, he p'inted a finger of scorn at Pole an' belt 'im up fer a example."

"Pole wasn't sober by a long shot, but you'd 'a' thought he was, fer he was as steady as a post. He kept grinnin', as cool as a cucumber, an' sayin': 'Now you know yore a-lyin, stranger—jest a-lyin' to get a few dimes draped in yore hat. You know nobody's stomach don't look like that durn chromo. You never seed inside of a drinkin' man, an' yore the biggest liar that ever walked the earth.' This made the crowd laugh at the little, dried up feller, an' he got as mad as old Nick. He began to tell Pole his liver was swelled from too much whiskey an' that he'd bet he was jest the sort to bet his wife. Most of us thought that 'd make Pole jump on 'im, but he seemed to enjoy naggin' the feller too much to spile it by a fight. A nigger boy had been carryin' round a bell an' a sign advertisin' Webb's auction sale, an' stopped to see the fun. Pole heard the tinkle of the bell an' 'tuck it an' begun to ring it in the lecturer's face. The harder the feller spoke the harder Pole rang. It was the biggest racket ever heard on a public square. Part of the crowd—the good, church folks—began to say it was a disgrace to the town to allow a stranger to be treated that a-way, sence thar was no law agin public speakin' in the streets. They was in fer callin' a halt, but all the rest—the drinkin' men (an' I frankly state I was one)—secretly hoped Pole would ring 'im down. When the pore devil finally won, I felt like yellin' hooray, fer I glory in the pluck even of a daredevil, if he's a north Georgian an' white. The lecturer had to stop without his collection, an' went off to the council chamber swearin' agin the town fer allowin' him to be treated that a-way. Thar wasn't anything fer the mayor to do but order Pole's arrest, but it took four men—two regulars an' two deputies—to accomplish it."

To Be Continued.

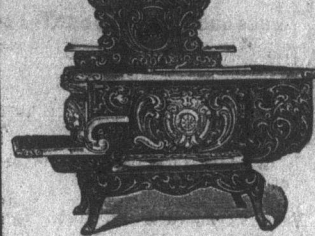
There is talk of nominating Hon. G. E. Foster for St. Antoine division of Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Kelly announces himself a Liberal candidate for the Commons in Winnipeg.

Senator Maury, former Minister of the Interior, has consented to take the formation of a new Spanish Cabinet.

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