The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.

Dartin, in possession of Dartigny fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxenter gives her the Dartigny locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartigny. Baxenter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartin's invitation to Adderbury Towers. On the hall table ready for the post, Baxenter notices an envelope in the same handwriting as the scrap of paper picked up in Mortimer Terrace. Haverton, unobserved, was watching Baxenter, and the two scoundrels are on their guard. They drug Baxenter, leaving him bound in a cellar. Two days later he makes his escape, enlists the services of Silas Berwick and starts for Paris.

CHAPTER XX.

At the Hotel d'Eclair.

M. Brieux stroked his pointed beard and looked through his pince-nez at Silas Berwick.

"Oh, yes, my friend, I was glad to get your telegram. I cannot forget how you, as you say, 'saved my bacon' over the Bonillet affair. I have ever since longed for the time when I could in some way repay the debt."

Berwick bowed.

"Yes," went on the police official, "your message came just in time; your man, or whom I think are they, arrived Friday morning—that is, yesterday. I am sorry to say that my man has let them slip him."

"Then they are lost again?" Berwick's voice showed a keen disappointment.

M. Brieux gave an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"I did not say that, m'sieu; it is but momentary. They put up at the little Hotel d'Eclair, over near the Luxembourg. Their luggage is still there and the proprietress says they will return. We will go there together now. She is a friend of mine."

M. Brieux took his hat from the peg behind the office door and with a little bow preceded his companions down the stairs to the boulevard. A white-haired cocher drew up at the curb and soon the three men were rattling across the Place de l'Opera and over the Seine to the Quartier Latin.

The city was looking at its best, and the brilliant sunshine had brought great crowds out to take their coffee or bock at the little tables outside the cafes. The chestnut trees still showed their gigantic white-spiked blossoms, and the gardens of the Luxembourg were gay with children.

The little Hotel d'Eclair was an unpretentious middle-class hotel, situated in one of the narrow streets which struggle up from the Boulevard St. Michel to the Montparnasse district. The window contained a few dishes of fruit and bottles of wine; behind these a green curtain hid the interior of the cafe from the passerby. Half a dozen little marble-topped tables were arranged on the pavement under a green-striped awning, and a waiter was engaged in laying cloths on these and setting out the cartes-du-jour. He looked up as the fiacre drew in to the curb, and bowed the visitors in.

They entered between the trees in big green tubs and were met by the proprietress, who, on recognizing M. Brieux, smiled her welcome. Like all Frenchwomen of her class, she was a creature of the emotions, and the visit of the distinguished policeman to her hotel evidently pleased her. There would be so much to talk of to her patrons who would soon be straggling in to take their dejeuner at the tables which showed their line of white-clothed emptiness to the back of the room between the lines of faded mirrors.

She required but little persuasion to tell all she knew of the movements of her guests. Monsieur was right—yes—they had arrived at ten o'clock; she remembered the time—yes—for was it not at that moment that Jules had broken the big soup-tureen?—ten francs it had cost at the new china shop in the Rue Richelieu.

Her guests? Ah—yes—their luggage had been delivered an hour later, and an hour after that they had left the hotel, using the door that led out into the little impasse. They had taken a bottle of wine—yes—at the table farthest from the door, but they had eaten nothing.

They had said they would return—no, monsieur, they had stated no time. Their luggage was in their room—would monsieur and his friends like to see it? And might she ask the gentlemen to take a glass of wine, just a petit verre?—no—then would they follow her?

The proprietress walked behind the counter, laden with its crockery and fruit, and selected a key from a board on which were rows of hooks containing other keys; then made her way up the dark and winding staircase to the second floor, unlocking and holding open the door for the three men to enter.

It was an ordinary room, such as one finds in hotels of this class all over Paris. A large mahogany red-curtained bed took up fully half of the polished floor, the other furniture consisting of a miniature washstand and a few chairs. A mirror, its gilt frame swathed in dingy muslin, hung on the wall opposite the door.

The window, which opened inward, looked out on to the corner, and between two houses a little glimpse of the green Luxembourg Gardens was visible.

That the late occupants did indeed intend to return was obvious, for a kit-bag and suitcase were standing in the corner by the bed. They were locked and very heavy. M. Brieux advised that they be left as they were; it would not do to tamper with them and arouse suspicion. He had put one of his assistants on to watch for the men's return—a reliable person, this time—who would also watch the door of the passage.

Madame Renier led them between the little tables to the door and bowed them out. It had been no trouble—no—she had only been too delighted to aid monsieur. The waiter—doubtless the Jules of the tureen incident—bowed also, and then M. Brieux and his companions entered the waiting fiacre and rattled away.

Baxenter and Berwick took rooms for themselves in a comfortable hotel in the Boulevard St. Michel, and during the day kept within doors. M. Brieux had promised to let them know at the earliest moment after the visitors to the Hotel d'Eclair returned. As night fell, however, and the lights of the cafes beneath them twinkled out invitingly, the restraint became irksome, and at 9 o'clock, leaving word where they were to be found, they went out on to the gaily lighted thoroughfare, and to supper at the Cafe d'Harcourt.

Perhaps there were few better places from which to watch the varied life of the Quartier than from this lively little cafe-restaurant, where the chairs and tables stand out on the boulevard, and extend round the corner and away up the Place de la Sorbonne. Before them, in a never-ending stream, the denizens of the district pass and repass—merry bands of bearded students off to their dinner at their own particular little brasserie, or on their way to the Bulier.

Their supper finished, Baxenter and Berwick sat out at a corner table enjoying the life around them and the cool air of the evening. From within the cafe the small orchestra was playing a popular waltz, and the melody reached them in little snatches, mixed with the clatter of crockery and the laughter of the diners. There was little traffic on the boulevard, save the gigantic double-decked steam-trams and taxis and fiacres bearing their patrons off to their pleasures. Beyond the railings opposite, the trees of the Gardens made a grey-green silhouette against the summer sky.

There were dark little openings over the way, too—tortuous, narrow, ill-lighted streets—and a few doors up one of these the men could see the corner windows of the Hotel d'Eclair, and they fell again to the eternal discussion on what it could be that had taken their quarry away from Paris so soon after their arrival—that was, presuming that they had left Paris.

That there was something further in the Dartigny inheritance than Robert was acquainted with was obvious. He did not think for one minute that the chest had contained enough valuables to warrant the almost Monte Cristo-like existence which Baptiste Dartin had led at Adderbury Towers.

Moreover, the man had been so reticent in speaking of his inheritance—in fact, the only time Robert remembered his mentioning it was that night at the Empire when he had presented the solicitor with the necklace, and then it was only to remark on its comparatively little value.

"What made them take that roundabout way of getting here, Berwick? They could have crossed quite safely by the ordinary route."

Silas Berwick looked up as Baxenter spoke.

"Maybe they're known on the ordinary routes and were afraid of leaving a trail. Again, there is another reason—that is, their luggage. No doubt Dartin knows a way through where searching is not so strict as the way we came; those bags were very heavy."

"But there are customs everywhere, surely?"

"Of course there are; but suppose one crosses to, say, Ghent or Terneuzen, it seems to me that one who knows the ropes could sneak into Paris—you'll remember that Brieux's man said they arrived without luggage at the station, and our friendly madame says it arrived after they did. You may be sure those bags passed no customs—"

The speaker broke off suddenly and gripped Robert's arm.

"Isn't that one of them—look, getting out of the fiacre?"

Robert gave one glance in the direction pointed out, and seized a file of Le Matin and held it up before his face while he spoke to Berwick. It was only a few words:

"Haverton, by all that's holy!"

The man had taken off his moustache and discarded the monocle which had seemed to be such an inseparable part of his personality. To Robert, who had known the suave manner of the man, his present unrest was all too apparent. His dusty attire, too, and his soiled linen, were as foreign to him as his manner.

Round the corner of the paper, held shieldwise before his face, Baxenter watched his prey. Berwick, to whom the man was a stranger, needed no concealment, but regarded him openly, though unconspicuously.

They expected every minute, at first, to see Dartin join the man under their observation, but Haverton did not seem to give one the impression that he expected anyone, but rather that he wished to take his refreshment unobserved. He had paid the cabman, and, after one glance at the crowds outside the cafe, had chosen one of the tables up the Place de la Sorbonne, the last one, where he took his seat and leant back in the angle of the glass screen, apparently a prey to the deepest dejection.

It was a position removed from observation and the lights, and had been evidently chosen for that reason. Eddie ordered a tall glass of beer, and, after drinking half of it at a draught, he now sat twirling the glass by its stem round and round in its little white saucer. Robert, as he watched him, remembered he had noticed the very same action at that last dinner party at Adderbury Towers.

It was already late when Haverton arrived, and the crowds that had come down from the Bulier were thinning. The boulevards were becoming less crowded and the tired waiters were yawning sleepily behind the great plate glass windows. Intermittent bursts of merriment came from belated parties at their cards, and Robert noticed that the members of the little orchestra were putting away their instruments.

Still the figure at the far table showed no signs of leaving. Still he sat there twirling the glass, his eyes fixed moodily before him. A waiter who had been hovering near approached him, ostentatiously polishing the marble top of the table next to him and tipping up the vacant chairs. A shadow fell across the table as part of the lights within the cafe were switched off.

It seemed to the watching men as though Haverton had been asleep. He started up and stared dazedly at the waiter, then stood up with a slight shiver. He took a coin from his waistcoat pocket and passed it to the man; then, not waiting for any change, he buttoned up his coat, and, without a glance at the few stragglers still at the tables, turned toward the boulevard.

A woman standing at the little passage between the chairs put out a hand as he passed, but he shook her off with an oath and hurried across the road. The men watched him as the narrow street which held the Hotel d'Eclair swallowed him up.

A moment later they were following him. Once over the road, they kept well in the shadow of the houses; but their caution was unnecessary, the man before them looking neither to right or left, but making straight for the Hotel d'Eclair, which was almost in darkness. After a little delay the door was opened and he entered.

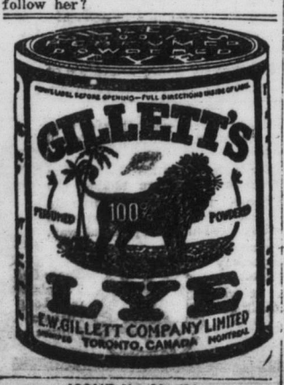
At the same moment a man emerged from the shadow of a doorway opposite and hurried to the corner. Here he spoke a word to another man, who went off toward the Seine at a run. The first man, whom Robert recognized as the assistant M. Brieux had put on watch, walked slowly back, and, tapping at the door of the hotel, was in his turn admitted.

Berwick paused and drew Baxenter, who showed a disposition to enter also, into the dark doorway which the watcher had vacated. From its depth they watched the windows of the room they had visited that morning. They saw the glass doors pulled open, and the figure of Eddie Haverton as he leant over the little balcony, then a light appeared, and the red curtains were half drawn.

On the ceiling they could see the gigantic shadow as the occupant of the room moved about, and noticed that it was thrown by a light that was at some low level—from a candle placed on the floor, perhaps, or a chair seat.

In about a quarter of an hour the light was extinguished, and Robert and his companion crossed the street and tapped softly on the door of the Hotel d'Eclair.

(To be continued.)



Tribute.

Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath,
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blooming land,
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

—Aline Kilmer.

A Coincidence.

"Jackie,' said the teacher, "can you tell me what a coincidence is?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Charlie. "We've got one in our house."

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Twins."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Bloom From Bulbs for Winter Days.

For a good many winters, in addition to the geraniums and other house plants which make up our window garden, we have had quite a variety of winter-blooming bulbs.

We get these ready in early fall, and then force them as we want them, from December to April. Our friends often wonder how we have so many flowers, and almost doubt our word when we tell them how easy it is to grow them. In fact, all the work can be done in a few hours in the fall, and then they can be used as wanted, the process being almost as simple as taking canned vegetables off the cellar shelves. Neither is it an expensive undertaking. It's surprising what a fine showing a few dozen bulbs will make.

The bulbs used indoors are the same that flower out of doors in early spring. Tulips, daffodils, narcissi, hyacinths, and crocuses are the favorites. However, not all varieties are adaptable for inside blooming. Your florist or seedsman will tell you the kind to plant.

In addition, we always grow some freesias and oxalises. These flower prettily in winter and are very little trouble, as they do not require any preliminary storing. The oxalis is especially attractive in a window hanging basket.

The first step after buying the bulbs is to get the proper receptacles for them. Ordinary flower pots will do, but bulb pans are much better. These are not expensive, and will last a good many years. They are like very shallow flower pots.

We have found another successful container to be a small wooden box about seven inches wide, fifteen inches long, and five inches deep. We made holders for these boxes out of wood and copper so that the boxes will just fit into them. These hold more bulbs than the flower pots or bulb pans, and they can be stored away in a small space. Drainage holes are bored in the bottom of each box. Two iron crosspieces hold the box off the bottom so that surplus water can drain off readily.

We prepare the soil for the bulbs by mixing the richest garden dirt about two parts to one, with well-rotted manure which has been rubbed through a coarse screen. This makes a light, spongy mixture but will not pack hard around the bulbs. The screenings from the dirt and manure are put in the bottom of the bulb pans to assist drainage. We fill the pots to within two inches of the top, and then plant the bulbs an inch or so apart, according to variety and size. It takes at least three bulbs to make a showing in a flower pot, and proportionately more for a bulb pan or a box. As a general rule, we only put one kind in a pot, although we sometimes mix them to get different color combinations. We fill in with soil, and pack it gently and firmly around the bulbs so the tops of the latter are just even with or slightly below the surface.

And now comes a very important point. And that is to label carefully each pot or box.

The great secret of getting bulbs to flower well is to get them to make a strong root growth before top growth begins. They should be kept in the coolest part of the cellar and covered with newspaper to shut out the light. When the bulb has a two-inch stem it may be brought upstairs. Keep in a dark corner a few days before putting it in the window.

It takes only a few weeks for the plants to come into bloom after they are taken out of the cellar. They should be kept fairly cool at first, or they will make a rapid, weak growth and have poor flowers.

In addition to the above, we often start bulbs of the Chinese sacred lily, both the white and the golden sorts, in a bowl with pebbles and water. These, of course, do not need to be stored away, but can be put right out to bloom.

Store the bulbs in paper bags hung up in the cellar during the summer.

Salads.

It is said that no one can make a good salad who does not love to cook. In any case, the woman betrays her skill in cookery by the quantity of salads which she serves.

Though no modern dinner is complete without a salad, only fruit and vegetable salads should ever appear on the dinner table. The reason is that the heavier salads are too hearty with a meat course. But for the lighter meals, where no meat appears, fish or meat salads will furnish what the lighter meal would otherwise lack. So meat and fish salads are desirable for luncheon or supper or high tea dishes.

If a French dressing is to be used, it is better to prepare it at the table, because such a salad must be eaten as soon as it is mixed. There should be just enough dressing so that none will be left in the bottom of the dish. One should guard against getting a salad too sour. With the exception of onion, garlic, and parsley, the ingredients of a salad are cut and not chopped. Lettuce must be dry, cold, and crisp. Tomatoes must be drained in a colander to avoid the superfluous fluid.

The different kinds of salads require several different kinds of dressings. Some of the most important of these follow:

Mayonnaise dressing—Into a cold bowl break two fresh eggs, add a pinch each of salt and paprika, and half a teaspoonful or more of mustard and mix thoroughly. Then add oil, at first, drop by drop. A clear spot forming upon the egg is the test of the right quantity. Use a silver spoon for mixing and beat constantly. If the mayonnaise should curdle, add a few drops of lemon juice. Later the oil may be put in faster. When a cupful of the oil has been used, and the dressing is stiff enough to cut with a knife, add the juice of half a lemon or more, according to taste. Cover with waxed paper and keep on ice till ready to serve.

French dressing—If desired, rub the inside of the salad bowl with a freshly cut clove of garlic. Rub in a pinch each of salt and paprika. Add three tablespoonfuls of best olive or other salad oil and stir until the salt is dissolved. Add a tablespoonful of cider vinegar and beat till no globules of oil are to be seen. This dressing may be varied indefinitely by the addition of different kinds of flavoring materials.

French dressing for fruit salads is made as above, except that lemon juice should be substituted for the vinegar and the paprika should be omitted. This French dressing for fruit salads also may be varied by the addition of different fruit juices or even of spices, like powdered cinnamon, nutmeg, or ginger, or chopped candied fruit.

Boiled dressing—One egg, one tablespoonful each of sugar and cornstarch, a piece of butter or butter substitute the size of an egg, one teaspoonful each of salt and mustard. Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt, mustard and butter together. Thoroughly beat the egg and add a third cup of water and with this mix the dry ingredients. Then while it cooks over boiling water, slowly add one-third cup of good vinegar and stir constantly, till it thickens. This dressing is good for eggs, meat, vegetables, etc. If sealed and kept in a cool place, it will keep indefinitely.

Sour cream dressing—Mix two or more tablespoonfuls of good vinegar with a cupful of good sour cream, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful each of mustard and salt and pepper to taste. This dressing is especially nice for potatoes or cabbage.

Cottage cheese salad—To one cup of cottage cheese use one-third cup of chopped nuts and soften with sweet cream. Mold into little balls and place on lettuce leaves on the salad plates. Sprinkle over them a dash of paprika. Or instead of the paprika, finely cut red sweet peppers, add Mayonnaise dressing and put dressing on each cheese ball.

Chicken salad—Chop cooked chicken and mix with chopped celery in the proportion of about one-third celery to two-thirds chicken. Then add one-fourth the whole quantity of chopped or broken nut-meats. Mix with Mayonnaise dressing. This recipe may be used with other meats.

Egg salad—Cut hard boiled eggs in halves and place on lettuce leaves. Put a spoonful of either Mayonnaise or cooked dressing on each and serve. Garnish with pickled beets cut in fancy shapes.

Pirates in 1921.

Are the days of Captain Kidd over? It seems not. Within the last few months five ships have mysteriously failed to complete their journeys, having apparently disappeared off Cape Hatteras, and the explanation is suggested that pirates are afloat in the Atlantic.

This may or may not be true, but there is further evidence to support the theory. The schooner Carroll Deering went ashore, a wreck, near Norfolk, Virginia, with not a soul on board. There was nothing to indicate what had happened to the crew, or what had caused the catastrophe.

Shortly after, a bottle was found containing a message apparently written by the master. He said that he and his crew had been taken prisoner and removed to another vessel.

The idea that pirates are afloat on the Atlantic sounds like the fulfilment of a boy's wildest dreams; but the war let loose some queer spirits, and the theory is not an impossible one.

No Eye for Color.

"A friend of mine," says a Britisher now in this country, "is a curate in a local suburban parish in England. Some little time back he went up to Oxford to take his master of arts degree, and the following sunday appeared in the pulpit resplendent in his new master of arts hood. A few nights later he was dining in the house of a prominent parishioner and was amazed to hear his hostess pleasantly remark:

" 'Mr. Blank, that new hood of yours doesn't suit you at all. I can't imagine why you, with your complexion, chose red of all colors in the world. A myrtle green or an old gold would have suited you much better and would have been far more effective. You men never know how to dress yourselves.' "

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Small Potatoes.

Bethel folks had no good word
To say for Hill-Farm William Hurd.
His boys had patches on their seats,
His shingles left his roofs in sheets;
Moll Pitcher off his haystacks fed;
Bill planted wheat, docks came instead.
His floors were up, his fences down;
'Twas even whispered through the town
His wife made pictures with a brush
Of robin, linnet, jay and thrush,
While half her hens were left to set,
And the rest laid eggs where none could get.
Bill's boys were snubbed at school; at church
Poor Mrs. Bill was left in the lurch
By decent women-folk who bake,
Sew and scrub and butter make.
In short, opinion was that Bill
Was small potatoes and few in a hill.

But Thomas thought his dad a god
And worshiped the very ground he trod,
For dad could whittle boats of Spain,
High galleons of the Pirate Main.
And Walter dreamed with deep delight
Of songs his father sang at night,
Songs of another land and age,
Of lace-frilled hero and velvet page.
Small John imagined heaven to be
Sitting forever on daddy's knee.
Should you have asked Bill's wife if she
Dreamt ever of new felicity
Her dusky eyes would have leaped to flame
And seared your folly into shame.

Years go by, and folks go by,
Yet no neighbor ever knows
That where Bill's hungry acres lie
Love's rose of Sharon richly blows.
And no one knows that Tom will ride
A quarter-deck upon the sea
And find a flame that will abide
While tales of heroes still shall be.
No one knows that Walter's song
Will bless with beauty where it rings.
Will sound the centuries along
And make his memory like a king's.
And John will keep the homestead sweet
With simple peace and prove again
That the good God's lovely loving feet
Walk still the ways of husbandmen.

—Robert P. Coffin.

Ploughing the Sea.

The sea is a vast place; even such a comparatively small portion of it as the North Sea is three times as big as Great Britain.

One would think that, however many fishing vessels were at work, they could only fish a portion of the North Sea in the course of a year.

An average trawl net—a kind of bag dragged across the bottom of the sea—is seventy-five feet in width. A trawler works, on an average, 280 days out of the 365, and she has her trawl down for thirteen hours out of the twenty-four. With her trawl down she travels at the rate of 2½ knots per hour.

Suposing that she does this, have you any idea of the amount of ground her trawl will scrape in the course of a year? It exceeds 200 square miles.

In the North Sea there are at work about fifteen hundred trawlers. The whole of the bed of the North Sea—that part of it, at least, which is fit for trawling—must be covered more than twice in the course of a twelve-month.

Small wonder, then, that fish are not so plentiful as once they were.

Hear, Hear!

Mr. Gasbag Jones stood on a soapbox at the corner of the street.

A huge crowd surged around him. Surely his heart should have been glad!

But he was dissatisfied.

He tried hard to be heard, but it was all in vain.

Every attempt he made to speak was interrupted by some member of the audience.

At last, stamping his foot in great anger, he bellowed at the top of his voice:

"Every time I open my mouth a silly fool speaks."

And the crowd agreed with him entirely.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Changing Color of Birds.

Scientists have found that the color of birds in three or four generations can be changed to white by keeping them in a white room with white surroundings and attended by persons wearing white.

300 MILE BREAKEY

The used car dealer who shows you how they run instead of talking about what they are like.

USED AUTOS
100 Actually in stock
Percy Breakey 402 YONGE ST. TORONTO
Mention this paper.

Shackleton's Ship Has Quaint Design.

Built for polar ice jams, Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship, the Quest, of 200 tons, aboard which he will sail on his fourth expedition to the Antarctic soon, survived her first peril recently, when she made her way up the Thames, under the low bridges, to Hay's dock, between London and the Tower bridges.

The small craft is attracting numerous visitors, says a London despatch, for in many respects she is the quaintest ever constructed. She is a stout little ship, built for tight corners and sudden emergencies, after a curious design which does not follow the latest ideas in shipbuilding, except those of Sir Ernest, and he has been in the Antarctic three times and ought to know. Nevertheless, she seems to ride clumsily in the Thames.

The Quest's re-enforced bridge is enclosed in glass, and what looks like a white flour barrel is fixed to her foremast as a lookout. But the most striking feature of the Quest that distinguishes her from her sister ships that were pioneers in the frozen seas is the space on her deck for an airplane, for Sir Ernest is taking with him an especially designed flying machine, which he will use to explore regions where his ship cannot go.

Sir Ernest is 48 years old, but he is ready for fresh ventures which hold none of the glittering prizes which lured him to earlier adventure. However, he plans to explore the inner secrets of the southern continent outside the Antarctic Circle in the interest of science. He plans to visit such remote islets as Gough, Marion, Bouvet and Heard, and hopes to make a landing on these mysterious fragments of an earlier world and to determine their physical relationship to the continental masses. He hopes to draw the veil from some 3,000 miles of Antarctic coast south of Africa which has defied naviators, with its blizzards and ice packs, since the early '30s of the last century, when John Biscoe caught a fleeting glimpse of it.

Sir Ernest is taking with him on this voyage an old companion on polar marches, Frank Will, and a seasoned crew. Two Boy Scouts will act as cabin boys. It promises to be the most adventurous voyage of his career.

The City Where Fiendishness Ruled.

The city which was the scene of one of the most fiendish acts that ever stained history's pages, Sivas, has taken its place in newspaper date lines. Recently it was announced that the Angora Government of the Turkish Nationalists has shifted its capital from Angora to Sivas. The victories of the Greeks made this move necessary, and the affairs of the Nationalists are now administered from this city of antiquity, which is more than 200 miles east of Angora, the railhead of the only line which penetrates Northern Asia Minor.

Sivas was sacked by Timur-the-Lame in 1400 and he caused 1,000 children to be trampled to death beneath the hoofs of his war horses, and then caused 4,000 of the Armenian defenders to be buried alive. At that time the city had a population of about 100,000, and even during the time Rome dominated the world it was a city of great importance and, known as Sebasteria, was the source of quantities of copper. Its deposits in this and coal, iron and other valuable minerals are extensive; and if Turkey ever rises to the dignity of a commercial power Sivas will be its Pennsylvania, Silesia or Ruhr. Its population now does not exceed 65,000, and its almost isolated position has greatly diminished its importance as a rug-making centre, for which it was once famous.

With the Help of Johanna.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Ruraldean, appearing at the door of her husband's study, "what absurd idea do you think that new gardener has in his head? I was asking him about planting the potatoes, and he declared that we could hardly expect to get a full crop without Johanna. I didn't think you would tolerate any Johanna about the place. And I left him there staring. That great, hulking man! I suppose he used to harness his wife and his cow together at the plough in Europe."

Mr. Ruraldean, with fire in his eye, went out to interview the gardener. "What is this Johanna you're telling Mrs. Ruraldean about?" he asked.

"Ol was only tellin' her there's nothin' can bate Johanna for gettin' a good crop off the land."

"I don't see the need of any Johanna. If you can't—"

"Well, of course, there's sheep manure, and there's phosphate, but for real results——"

"I'm not talking about sheep manure or phosphate. What I want to know is, how about this female—Johanna?"

"A woman indade! Sure, it's this here Johanna I'm tellin' ye about." And the gardener pulled from his pocket a seedsman's catalogue.

Mr. Ruraldean looked where the grimy finger of the hired man pointed and read: "Guano in hundred-pound bags."

Japan's Marine Third.

The Japanese mercantile marine now ranks third among the commercial fleets of the world.

Bobby Knew.

Mother (to small son)—"What would happen if you talked to your teacher as you talk to me?"

Small boy (promptly)—"I would be expended."