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CANADA

OUR HOME

HOME AND YOUTH

February

1898

50 CENTS

PER YEAR

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
MONTREAL, QUE.



"Samson met a lion, a-wandering about ;
He thrust his right hand down his throat, and turned him inside out."
—O'd Ballad.

DOUBT is naturally expressed about the truth of the old rhymester's statement ; but it is beyond doubt that Samson could have handled the lion exactly as stated had he previously undergone a course of diet on

BOVRIL.

No preparation of human food is so conducive to building up physical strength, and it is equally conducive to strength of brain. It will lighten the work of the worn and weakened stomach, renew the impaired digestion and start the party using it on the sure pathway to

Strength of Body

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And Perfect Health.



Home and Youth

*The guide said to me: "Listen!" And lo! he told me
Much that was wise, much that was new,
And not a little that savored of innocent merriment.*
—Norse Saga.

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 7

OBITER SCRIPTA.

The London Police have stopped women from hiring themselves out as peripatetic advertisement-bearers, after the "sandwich" fashion. Another industry closed against the gentler sex by the tyranny of man!

Another triumph for Pasteurism. A scientist of Cape Town, Africa, grinds down a number of diseased (and deceased) locusts into a powder—"brays them in a mortar," as Solomon puts it—makes an ointment thereof, and smears a few live locusts with it, afterwards letting them loose among the swarm. The disease is caught by contagion and the pests die off by the million. Inoculation, is like a good rule—it works both ways.

The verdict of the jury which held that Prince, the assassin of Terriss, was irresponsible when he committed the deed, is not altogether intelligible on the basis of reason and common sense. It is not easy to see how a man can know what he is doing—as Prince undoubtedly did when he committed the murder—and yet be held irresponsible. Prince was allowed to plead at his trial, and did plead, his plea being "not guilty." Would the jury be prepared to logically follow up their verdict by holding that Prince knew what

he was doing when he pleaded "not guilty," but that, according to the medical evidence, he could not be held responsible for the plea? The assassin has escaped the gallows, and the nation will have to keep him in clothing and food until he dies. Prince thanked the jury for their kindness, and no wonder. One is tempted to ask of that jury whether they believe that, though Prince knew what he was doing when he thanked them, he was, nevertheless, not responsible for the expression of his gratitude?

English Literature has sustained a great loss by the death of Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known by his pen-name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and other delightfully humorous stories. Mr. Dodgson was surpassed, as a writer of tales for young people, by, perhaps, only one man in all the range of literature, Hans Christian Andersen, though it must be admitted that the Brothers Grimm and our own Thackeray run him close for second place. There is a characteristic, however, of his stories in which they appear to me to surpass those of all the others, and that is, that their humor can be quite as thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the "child

liren of a larger growth" as by the occupants of the nursery. That humor is irresistible and inexhaustible, especially in the two books first mentioned. Of them it may justly be said that they are among the very few volumes produced, so far, in any country, that can be read and re-read with unabated pleasure. They have, indeed, a charm for the older people which is lost on children, namely, their vein of delicate but keen satire, a satire which is often quite as sharp as Swift's, but without the bitterness and malignity that marked—and marred—too much of what the witty Dean of St. Patrick's wrote. Mr. Dodgson's satire has in it more of the kindliness of Thackeray and Sheridan. He was an incisive satirist, but he never allowed his satire to mar his stories for those for whom they were originally written. He was a poet, a wit and a humorist of a very high order, but he was, above all things, the raconteur of the children, and, in that character, he achieved immortality.

Let us own up. The "forward" policy has not been a conspicuous success on the northwestern frontier of India. In fact it has, so far, been very like a failure, and a costly failure at that. The "hill tribes" everywhere—take the Scottish Highlanders and the Swiss, for examples—have invariably been found by the invader, "kittle cattle to shoe," and the more worthless—from the point of view of the agriculturist and the utilitarian—their country is, the more determined their defence of it usually is. At the present writing, the British army has gone into winter quarters at Barkai, some thirty miles W.S.W. of Peshawur, with the cheerful prospect before them of beginning all over again, in the spring, under a new commander and with large reinforcements, the work they spent the past season in attempting. Meantime the Afridis will occupy the time in pulling themselves together, smuggling more rifles and cartridges into their country, and practising shooting at white stones and other conspicuous marks on the line of march of

the invaders through the narrow mountain defiles, so as to be able to make "pot shots" with certainty. And Jingoism is compelled to acknowledge a palpable setback, with the dubious and humiliating satisfaction left to the shouters that, after all, "the game was not worth the candle," and that after a year's hard fighting, the British forces are in the case of the old farmer, at the rent dinner, who, after steadily imbibing his landlord's Chateau Lafitte for a reasonable time, complained that he seemed to "get no for'arder."

Everybody—Even those engaged in the manufacture, sale and consumption of spirituous and, possibly, also, of malt, liquors—will admit, more or less willingly, that the traffic therein is not, to any conspicuous extent, productive of benefit to the mass of humanity or promotive of the happiness or wellbeing of the individual. Some, and perhaps the majority, will concede that it is a potent factor in the production of poverty, wretchedness and crime, and that its restriction, if not its suppression, would result in a very appreciable increase in the sum total of the health, the wealth, and the happiness of the individual, the family, the community and the nation. The only question is as to the best, if not the speediest way to effect this much-to-be-desired consummation. The speediest way would seem, at the first blush, to be legislation, but that there are grave objections to, and serious defects in, the practical working of that method is unfortunately but too apparent. Whether the former can be obviated and the latter remedied has not yet been demonstrated, either theoretically or practically. That they may, some day, be is, unquestionably, something to be hoped for and to be worked for, but legislation, to be successful, must be reinforced by education and training—the great forces by which popular opinion is formed—for, without the endorsement and support of public opinion, all the laws possible of enactment and all the penalties possible to impose will avail nothing—the opinion of "the ablest advocate of prohibition in Halifax," to the contrary, notwithstanding. Conversion or repression, by persecution, the stake and the sword was never a conspicuous success, but, on the contrary, served, as a rule, to propagate what it was intended to destroy.



DAINTY DISHES FOR SLENDER INCOMES.

Baked Custards.—Line some deep patty tins or cups with short pastry. Simmer half a pint of milk with a little vanilla pod, or lemon peel, and sweeten to taste. Strain, and when cool pour on to a well-beaten egg. Fill the patty pans rather more than half full, decorate the top of each with strips of lemon peel, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

Yankee Buns.—Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of lard, two and a half ounces of sugar, one and a half ounces candied peel, two eggs, and three-quarters of an ounce of lemonkali. First rub the lard into the flour, and the dry ingredients, mix well. Beat the eggs, and add sufficient water to them to make all into a stiff paste. Bake on a greased tin in a quick oven.

Cornish Pasties are very savory, and may be made from any trimmings of raw beef left over from a steak or joint. The ingredients are short pastry, half a pound of raw beef cut into dice, ditto potato, with a quarter of a pound cooked chopped onion, with pepper and salt as flavoring. First mix the potato and beef together, and season highly with pepper and salt. Roll the pastry into oval pieces, put a little meat, etc., on each. Wet the edges, join on the top, and decorate with a fork prick, and bake in a moderate oven. I find these pasties are very much appreciated at a picnic.

Pearl Barley Cream Soup.—Simmer a pint of pearl barley slowly in stock, with an onion, carrot and seasoning for two hours. Remove the carrot, and stew the rest till reduced to a pulp, and rub it through a hair sieve, adding as much more stock, or water, as will dilute it to the thickness of good cream. Bring to the boil, and lift it off directly it actually boils, and stir into it the yolk of an egg beaten

in a little milk. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve. This soup may be varied with the addition of tomatoes cut in slices, and cooked lightly before being added to it.

Malt Bread.—Macerate half a pound of fresh ground pale malt in lukewarm water for twelve hours, and then strain through a canvas bag. Put ten pounds of flour into a pan with a small handful of salt, stir into this the infusion of malt, which in summer must be lukewarm, in winter rather warmer, but not hot enough to kill the yeast. Having mixed the infusion of malt and flour, add two ounces of yeast. Stir well together and knead into a stiff dough, then leave it to rise in a warm place, covered with a cloth. When ready make into loaves and bake in a good oven.

Fish Salad.—It is generally imagined that salmon is the only fish, except shell fish, that is good salad. This is a great mistake, for nearly all kinds of cold fish can be used in this way, and cold turbot or cod is especially good. Take the fish free from all skin and bone, and cut it into square pieces; arrange a salad prettily in a dish with the fish on the top, and over it pour a rich mayonnaise, or salad dressing. Garnish with slices of tomatoes hardboiled egg, and small pieces of pickled gherkins. A salad of this kind is very good, especially in the summer, and is very little trouble to make.

Stewed Shoulder of Mutton.—Bone a nice shoulder of foreign mutton, and lay it flat on a board. Flatten it with a knife, and lay a layer of veal stuffing over. Roll round and round, and bind into place with wide tape, and stew it slowly till tender in good stock, flavored with an onion stuck with cloves, and two or three long pepper. After about two hours careful stewing, or longer if it is a large joint, wipe it carefully brush over with well-beaten egg, scatter crumbs over and brown it nicely in the oven. Serve with a good gravy and dred currant jelly. This joint goes much further than an ordinary roast should.

HOME AND YOUTH.

der of mutton and is far more delicately flavored.

Apple Jelly.—At first sight this may appear out of season, but when it is known that this sweet is made with dried apples, it will be seen that it can be a perennial dish. Take a pound of apples, and soak them in cold water for twelve hours, then put them on to stew with sufficient water to cover them, and half a pound of white sugar. Flavor with either grated lemon rind, or a little cinnamon. When cooked there should be rather more than a pint of pulp, add to this half an ounce of gelatine powder, stir until dissolved, then color with a few drops of cochineal, and pour into a wetted mold to set. When cold, turn out, and pour custard round, and, if liked, stick the shape with split almonds.

Delicious sandwiches, and cheap ones, can be made by mincing fine raw beef-steak. Season only with pepper and salt. These are excellent for invalids.

SCRAPS IN THE KITCHEN MAY BE USED AS FOLLOWS:—

Scrapings of Sauce Tureens.—Add to the gravy stock-pot.

Oatmeal Porridge.—Add to the next making, or mix with flour, and make into scones.

Sour Milk should be saved and used for soda cakes, boiled suet puddings and biscuits.

Boiled Eggs may be boiled hard and used for salads, curried eggs, or chopped and added to minced meat of any kind.

Fat from Cold Joints, Trimmings of Cutslets, Steaks, etc.—Cut into small pieces, add water, and boil till the fat is extracted, strain and use for frying.

Beef Dripping.—Clarify by pouring a quantity of hot water over it. When cold, take off the fat, and scrape the under part clean. Repeat this process thrice, then melt the fat into a basin, and store for making pastry and cakes.

Cooked Vegetables.—Cauliflower or artichokes may be set in a pie-dish, covered with white sauce and grated cheese, and served hot as a savory. Spinach if carefully re-heated is as good as fresh-cooked. Any cold boiled vegetables warmed in rich brown gravy are useful for garnishing cutslets or hash.

Scotland has produced a great many men famous in ancient and modern times. Among the latest additions to the list of notables whose birthplace was in their "land of coies" is the name of Pontius Pilate,

who, it is claimed, was born in Perthshire during the Roman occupation of Great Britain.

It is somewhat bewildering and paradoxical but nevertheless true that blackberries are always red when they are green.

The cyanus has a body about half an inch long and rather broad in proportion, seven pairs of legs, five of which are furnished with sharp-hooked claws. The above is a brief description of a species of louse. A fine-tooth comb would scarcely avail to dislodge him. Fortunately they prefer to prey upon whales, and to such an extent are these monsters of the deep pestered with them that they sometimes completely cover the whale and when it is captured the outer skin is found to have been quite stripped off by these formidable parasites.

A peculiar species of fly is found in some warm parts of the Old World. Two stalks grow out from the back of its head and on the ends of these are the creature's eyes, which are thus removed at some distance from its body. In some cases these eye-stalks are as long as the fly's wings.

The little town of Haarlem, so well-known to every school boy as the home of the nameless little hero who saved his town from being flooded by sitting all night with his finger in a hole in the dyke, is also renowned as the birthplace in 1420 of Laurens Jauzoin Coster, the real inventor of the art of printing. He at first cut letters out of the bark of the beech tree and afterwards cast type of metal. It is claimed by the Dutch that Gutenberg, who is popularly believed to be the inventor, learned the art from one of Coster's apprentices, who, upon his master's death in 1439, fled to Mainz where he brought the hidden art to light.

I WOULDN'T be so headstrong
as to refuse advice
when offered in a friendly spirit
WOULD YOU

Not show better judgment by
investigating? If right, follow it. **IT WILL BE RIGHT**
if you are advised to use

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SHOULD BOYS SMOKE?

Editor, Home and Youth.

There are not, I think, many men of experience and culture who would seriously answer the question in the affirmative but that a woman should do so passes my comprehension. To inculcate habits of self-denial, attention to the laws of health, purity, economy, is the especial mission of her sex, and she steps wofully aside when deliberately advocating a practice which is so clearly at variance with these.

A man in advanced life, whose daily work involves an intense and exhausting mental strain may be readily excused if he finds in the moderate use of tobacco a counteracting influence; but if he is wise he will never seek to inaugurate the habit with his young sons, who have no excuse but that of a desire to follow the foolish example of companions. We may imagine such a father addressing his boy in such words as these:—

"I see that many young lads, and probably some of your own acquaintances, have acquired the habit of smoking. I did not smoke at your age, and I do not approve it in you. I will tell you why, and leave it to your good sense to judge if I am right. The responsibility that rests on me as a husband and father, and the strain of business cares are a heavy tax upon my mental powers, and I find that moderate smoking tends to help me over it, and to induce the rest that I need. You, on the contrary, require neither stimulant nor sedative beyond good food, fresh air, water and exercise. Your sleep is sound, your appetite unimpaired. But your heart and brain and all the delicate mechanism of your internal structure are yet in an undeveloped state. You are growing inwardly as well as outwardly, and if you acquire the habit of smoking now you will stunt your growth and set up who knows what manner of mischief.

Therefore, I advise you to abstain. By doing so you will gain my approval and esteem, and better still, you will strengthen your own character and set a good example to others of your age, to many of whom tobacco must be doubly injurious, for the obvious reason that the best is wholly beyond their means."

Contrast this advice with that of the father who says:—"Come and have your first smoke with me. It will make you dreadfully sick," etc. A friend of mine, an officer in the Royal Navy, told me he had his first and last smoke when a young midddy. "It made me very sick," he added, "and I never tried it again." This gentleman, now over eighty, is so fresh, cleanly, and healthy a specimen of old age that it is a pleasure to look at him. Neither pipe nor cigar pollutes the sweet air of his garden, and his house is redolent of the fragrance of his pet carnations. But I fear my gallant captain's case is exceptional; the burnt child too often, rushes back to the fire—and should be kept out of it.

MOTHER.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

The best means of ascertaining whether a child is thriving is to weigh it at regular intervals. If it increases steadily in weight it is getting on well. The infant should be weighed as soon as possible after birth, at which the average weight is seven pounds. For a few days after, the weight diminishes; but at the end of a week it is about the same as at birth. Afterwards the increase should be about five ounces weekly, and when five months old the little one should weigh double what it did at first.

Anything which interferes with the general health interferes with the increase in weight; thus an attack of diarrhoea, the cutting of a tooth, or any infantile disease



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may stop the increase for the time being. It is not possible to tell by size or appearance whether the weight is increasing; the baby must be put upon the scales, clothes can be afterwards weighed, and their weight deducted.

Chilblains in children are generally a sign of weakness in the general health, which should be promptly attended to. Woollen stockings and loose shoes should be worn, and children should not be allowed to put their feet before the fire. When the trouble threatens, friction with snow or cold water is useful, and afterwards zinc and calamine ointment gives relief. In the irritating stage if the surface is unbroken, it may be painted with iodine, or oil of peppermint, either pure or diluted, and the following is a most useful application:

Oil of cajuput and strong liquid ammonia, of each.... .2 drachms
Compound soap liniment... .3 ounces.

A sick child need seldom be awakened during a doctor's visit, and, when he is, he must first be spoken to gently, then slightly touched, then spoken to again, until he recognizes the familiar voice. On entering or leaving the room, care should be taken not to rouse him, as also in putting hot-water bottles to his feet, and giving necessary nourishment or medicine. When raising him, the nurse should carefully pass her arm under the pillow, then slowly and gently lift him with the head upon it; raising the head alone causes much discomfort, and sometimes harm. She must always avoid shaking or jarring the bedstead when attending the patient, as also when crossing the room; such things sometimes greatly annoy a sufferer.

Baby's Work.—Quite tiny babies can be allowed to tear up old newspapers into tiny bits and put them into a bag to make a cushion, a cover for which can be made by an elder sister. Spills for father can be made from railway time tables, or other books, which, as the leaves are all the same size, make neat ones. Pretty picture frames can be made by cutting pieces of cardboard to the required size, and sticking on them pieces of cork, grains of rice, or even shells. If shells are used, lime should be mixed with the gum, as they are too heavy to stick with gum alone. Animals and birds can be cut out in thin cardboard to make a menagerie, the shape being traced in pencil. If children are too small to amuse themselves with a paint-box, colored crayons can now be obtained set in cedar so as not to break, and these are not messy. For coloring pictures cut out of newspapers, these crayons are most useful.

Vaccination having proved itself so valuable as a preventative in cases of small-pox, it is becoming a dream of medical scientists to extend the same principle to other infectious diseases. Dr. Hugh Thompson, of Glasgow, has tried inoculation in the case of measles. He has taken the fresh watery matter from blisters on patients suffering from measles, and inoculated it in nine other cases.

He believes that four were rendered proof against the disease, and that in two the experiment failed. At the point of the insertion of the matter, slight measles-looking patches appeared in from one to two days, and lasted for three or four days. They were accompanied by slight symptoms of cold, such as appear in real measles.



A HOME-MADE TRINKET CASE.

A really charming little box can be made with a few feet of ordinary window glass, and a yard or two of any pretty inch wide ribbon. A useful size is one eight inches long, five wide, and two deep. It is best to get a glazier to cut the glass for you, and then all that remains for you to do is to bind the pieces round with ribbon, and sew them together to form a box with a lid.

To bind the glass fold the ribbon double, and put it round the glass, mitre the corners and put a few firm stitches to prevent its slipping. A little mattress made of silk, with one thickness of wadding fitted into the bottom of the box, makes it look very pretty. I have found these trinket cases sell rapidly and well at a bazaar.

Folding screen frames for photographs can be made by binding over several pieces of glass in the same manner, and joining them at the corners, putting little bows where they join. A band of ribbon must be put across the back of each frame to hold the photograph in its place.

A PRETTY LAMP SHADE.

The old idea of tissue paper has been that anything made from it was pretty but perishable, but the advent of crinkled paper has changed all this. Of course, it cannot be handled roughly, but given as good care as one ordinarily bestows on dainty silk, it will keep its freshness quite as long, and in many cases longer. Nor is it, as silk is, an expensive material to renew.

In these days when a great deal of light is required, which must not be too brilliant and glaring, shades are a necessity. The beauty of a handsome lamp is enhanced, and a plain lamp is adorned by an appropriate shade.

One made of pale green crinkled paper, ornamented with a cluster of snowballs is very pretty. One roll of paper is used.

Gather it closely with strong thread, about five inches from the edge, and stitch it to an inch wide ring of cardboard of a size to fit your frame, which can be of any shape you prefer.

Just as though you were working with silk, spread the fulness evenly round the ring, join the ends of the paper together, and fasten with a stitch here and there to the lower part of the frame, to keep in place. Then lay the top ruffle in even pleats to form a ruche.

The paper is so pliable that deft fingers can evolve any desired effect. The snowballs can be bought in any store. A cluster of those on one side, a spray of larkspur on another, a bunch of poppies on the next, and a bunch of lilac on the other side, give a most charming effect. Any colored paper may be chosen, but green looks best if flowers, and especially those in any variety, are to be mounted on it. Some people prefer lamp shades without artificial flowers, and in that case either one or two colors may be used.

EMBROIDERY ON HUCKABACK.

Huckaback, either bleached or unbleached, is an excellent material on which to embroider in either silk or colored-linen thread. It may be used for simple toilet sachets, or for elaborate cushions or table-covers with equal advantage, and its beauty depends on the quality of the materials used, and in the arrangement of color and the skill of the worker.

The first thing to do after cutting the huckaback to the required size, is to get a design and transfer it to the material. For this sort of work, a powdering of large marguerites would be pretty, or a spray of flowers would look well, worked solidly in satin stitch.

When this has been done, then the peculiar advantages of the huckaback are seen. It forms a firm foundation to work on, and one which by simply covering it

with darning may be made really handsome. The darning is all in one direction, and is most easily done, for the little raised bits in the huckaback show one where to take up the stitches, and with such a help, it is almost impossible not to do it easily and well. The silk used for the darning is of one shade only, and the effect, when finished, is of some rich silky material dotted with little specks of linen at regular intervals. After the background is darned, embroider the design, and the work is finished.

INFANT'S KNITTED BELT.

An immense amount of illness might easily be prevented, both in childhood and in later life, if only people would wear what are known as "cholera belts." Unless a cold affects either head or chest it is rarely a cold at all, and yet, I suppose a good half of our ailments are caused by chill in the lower part of the body. For young children warmth is specially necessary, and I think mothers generally would do well to provide their little folks with warm knitted belts. For an infant make one as follows:—Cast on 60 stitches on 4 needles, and knit round as if for a stocking. Knit 3 plain, 2 purl, until a depth of about 8 inches has been worked, then cast off all but 12 stitches. Knit backwards and forwards on these, narrowing at the beginning of each row till only one stitch is left. This makes a tab by which to pin the band in place.

A WIFE'S VOW.

Mrs. Louisa Williams, of San Leandro, California, crawls for a quarter of a mile on her bare knees over a stony road once a year in performance of a vow.

She has this year accomplished her strange pilgrimage for the seventeenth time.

Seventeen years ago Mrs. Williams prayed for the restoration of her husband's sight, and vowed that if her petition were granted she would walk on her bare knees every year from her house to the church as an act of thanksgiving.

Her husband regained his sight, and the woman has been mindful of her vow.

One of the most curious and ancient examples of the locksmith's art is attached to the door of the Temple church, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is a foot and a half long and, instead of being made for a lock, as are other keys, it has the distinction of having a lock made for it.

A MARVELLOUS CHOIR.

There is not a single woman's voice in the choir of St. Peter's in Rome, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music ever written are rendered there in such a manner that one might imagine Adelina Patti's high soprano to be leading.

There are sixty boys in the choir, and they are trained from the time they get control over their vocal chords. Some of the best singers are little boys of eight or nine years old. At the age of seventeen the boys leave the choir.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

The following incident, which happened after the battle of Mare-la-Tour, is related in a recently published book entitled "With the Royal Headquarters in 1870-71":—"On the spot occupied by us during the day they were many corpses scattered about, for the burial of which a few companies of engineers in the neighborhood were told off. Many of the members of headquarters, in the scalding heat felt the need of resting a little, while nothing was to be seen or heard, and stretched themselves on the ground. Among them was the Russian military attaché, Count Kutusov, who with his face to the ground, very soon fell into a profound sleep. While Brousart and I were speaking together, we observed a couple of pioneers approaching him, and after some consultation they agreed that the gentleman in the green foreign uniform must be a superior officer of the French Chasseurs. Deceived by the motionless attitude of the Count, and perhaps tickled by the smell of his new accoutrements of Russian leather, they looked at him for awhile and closed their observations with the words: 'He's dead; so here goes!' With that they set to digging out the earth from beneath the middle of his body. It is easy to imagine the astonishment of the men when they suddenly saw the dead man come to life again, and still more the faces of the Count when he became aware of the peculiar operation to which he was going to be subjected. We quickly interfered, and so the incident closed amidst general merriment."

HOW TO STAIN A FLOOR.

Wash the floor thoroughly with soft soap and very hot water to remove all grease. Put a small teaspoonful of crystals of permanganate of potash (to be got from the chemist) into a jar, and pour on it a pint of boiling water. Apply this to the clean dry boards with a large brush and it will turn them a rich, dark brown. When quite dry, go over it with a coat of mahogany varnish. There is no better or more effective plan for home use.



A day in bed seems to be a recipe for prolonging life and for restoring wasted energy, which only applies to those who are really ill. But there are many less sensible pieces of advice given than that which advises people occasionally to try absolute repose when they are fagged and weary, and when tonics are of little avail. Why this should be an excellent restorative is easy to discover. In bed there is absolute rest for the muscles, and, in a degree, for every other organ of the body; and rest itself is a great medicine. Besides, the rest in bed is perfect in its way, and differs materially from that we may get on a sofa or other forms of partial repose. If people took to bed sooner in cases of impending illness they would ward off many attacks; the difficulty with most people nowadays is to find time for rest. An old lady of ninety attributed her health and vitality to the fact that every week or so she spent a whole day in bed, even though she was perfectly able to enjoy life in the ordinary way.

A dinner pill is often useful to people with sluggish liver, dyspepsia, and discomfort after food. Here is a useful pill of this kind:—

Powdered rhubarb, $\frac{1}{2}$ a drachm; powdered Socotrine aloes, $\frac{1}{2}$ a drachm; Castile soap, 1 scruple; powdered calumba, 1 scruple.

Mix and divide into twenty pills. One pill to be taken an hour before dinner.

In the winter season, remember the necessity which exists for an increase in our fatty foods, and don't neglect the advice to take plenty of fat in cold weather. This is a natural law of diet, and its observance will result in saving us from much illness.

In old age remember that warmth and an even temperature are just as essential to the welfare of the aged as proper food. Many old persons die from bronchitis for example, induced by exposure to a temperature which, harmless to the young and middle-aged, acts severely on the lungs of the old. The bedroom of an old

person should be especially guarded against. In respect of the feeding of the aged, second childhood is like the first childhood: "little and often" is the motto, and old people should have their food given them in a state easy of digestion above all things.

Chapped hands and faces are annoying ailments. Recently a capital and safe remedy has been published. Here it is:

Compound tincture of benzoin . . . 10 minims
 Alcohol 2 drachms
 Rose water 30 minims
 Glycerine to make up 1 ounce
 Mix; apply to the chapped parts at night, after washing them with a super-fatted soap and warm water, and after drying them thoroughly.

Itching of the skin is a symptom of many diseases, while it also may depend on some purely local irritation. It is a troublesome affection, often becoming almost unbearable in certain cases. A safe remedy for ordinary itching is one made up as follows:

Borax 2 drachms
 Hydrochlorate of morphia . . . 5 grains
 Glycerine $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce
 Rose-water 4 ounces

Label: "For outward use only." Apply as a lotion to the parts as often as required.

Colds in the head are now prevalent. People often ask how these troublesome ailments may be prevented. Probably the only satisfactory way of warding off these ailments is to maintain a high standard of one's general health, and endeavor to avoid heated rooms and foul air, and to brace our lungs and throat up as much as possible by free ventilation and outdoor exercise. When a cold in the head seizes us, camphor is a good remedy. Try a camphor inhalation. A teaspoonful of powdered camphor is added to a jug of boiling water (or put into an inhaler), and the steam is inhaled through the nose for five or ten minutes at a time. This inhalation may be repeated every four or

five hours, but the patient must keep the house, and remain in an even temperature when so treating his or her case. A few drops of spirits of camphor taken on a piece of sugar are also recommended.

Bunions are a great source of annoyance to many persons. To cure them, keep the feet thoroughly clean, and put a little colodion round the bunions, so as to isolate it off from the skin. Then paint the part with tincture of iodine night and morning, and protect the bunion with wash leather or plaster. The boots must be roomy, and made on the principle of fitting the feet, a point not always attended to. The opposite practice of making the feet fit the boots is responsible for corns, bunions, and deformed feet at large.

Glycerine, used locally, plain, as an injection, or in the form of a suppository, is a capital remedy for constipation. A teaspoonful is usually sufficient. This is a remedy simple in itself, and which mothers especially, may bear in mind.

Boils often indicate a low state of health and they are frequent accompaniments of blood-poisoning in most of its forms. If a person suffers persistently from boils, without any special cause being discoverable for them, one of the best remedies is sulphide of lime. This may either be taken very handily in the form of tabloids (one being a dose), or it may be administered as follows:—

Sulphide of lime 24 grains
Sugar of milk $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce

Mix. Keep in a stoppered bottle, and label: "Five grains (or as much as will cover a sixpence) to be given in a little milk every few hours."

This is said to be a good cure for ear-ache. Roast a small onion until soft, dip it in sweet oil, and insert in the ear. When the pain is relieved, take out the onion and put raw cotton in.

A small flannel bag filled with hops and wrung out of boiling water is sometimes wonderful in its power to soothe a tooth-ache, a neuralgic headache, or sharp pain anywhere, and send the sufferer to sleep.

Many persons appear to labor under the delusion that it is necessary to avoid sunlight for fear of spoiling the complexion, when, as a matter of fact, the sun's rays are necessary to give it the delicate tinting of beauty and health.

Poultices.

Poultices are valuable aids, not so much on account of the material of which they are made, but because they retain the heat for a long time. There is a right and a

wrong way of making a poultice. Heat and moisture are the two requisites. Whatever be used, whether flaxseed, oatmeal, or wheat, it should be cooled well with water, and if it be soft, some thickening substance may be added. It should be spread on a piece of linen and not too thin. It may be from half an inch to an inch. Cheesecloth, muslin, or other substances hold a poultice better than linen, but the latter is smoother and more agreeable to the skin. The material should be laid out and the poultice spread over it in a thick layer, and then another layer of the linen or whatever is use, should cover the poultice, and the edges be folded over so that none of the flaxseed comes in contact with the skin. Two poultices should be made, so that one may be kept hot while the other is in use, for when a poultice begins to cool off it should be changed. As poultices have a certain amount of weight, they should never be laid on the chest or abdomen of a child, as they impede the breathing, and do more harm than good.

Heart Disease, Real and Imaginary.

The changes which go to make up heart disease take place slowly, and go on for years without making themselves known to the victims; and in not a few cases death occurs suddenly from such disease without its existence having been suspected. On the other hand, there are persons who think they have heart disease, when the construction of that organ is perfectly healthy. They complain of bad feelings in the cardiac regions, palpitation, irregular breathing, etc., and such symptoms would naturally suggest disease. In these cases the trouble is purely nervous in character; that is, the nerves which control the workings of the heart are somewhat deranged. And very generally this derangement is the result of dyspeptic trouble. Those who exhibit the signs described should turn their attention to the stomach, and try to overcome them by careful attention to diet. The quantity of food taken should be no greater than health and strength demands, and only substances easily digestible should be eaten. In some people, even with fairly strong digestive powers, tea and coffee cause palpitation of the heart, hence their use is forbidden. Tobacco also gives rise to the same symptom. Of course, this habit, and all others which tend to produce nerve weakness should be discontinued. Where trouble with the heart is purely functional, the remedy lies with the victim, and by wise restraint a cure is generally effected. In fact, medical treatment is rarely needed, except it be to tone up the system.—Family Doctor.

..Books and Bookmen.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S BOOK.

The Consolations of a Mourner.

The house of Joannes Waitz, of Darmstadt, has just published an elegant little volume of 100 pages bound in white vellum with a deep black border, and called "Trost in Leide; Lesefruchte einer Trauernden" ("Comfort in Sorrow; Fruits of a Mourner's Reading"), from the English by B. de B., the transparent pseudonym of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg.

The book, says the London Daily News, consists of a preface and forty-five chapters, and begins with a motto taken from W. Chatterton Dix:—

A little while our time of waiting lasts,
And then our work in this world is complete.

The preface is signed by a German clergyman, Herr G. Vogel, of Seeheim, who has been requested to explain that the thoughts and aphorisms in this book are translated by the authoress from the English; that they have been thought out and collected by one who mourns in hours of deepest grief.

"The Lord Hath Need of Him."

Princess Beatrice begins her first chapter thus:—Death has touched with his hand, and taken away a beloved one whom it was hard to give up, but you do not know a thousandth part of the reasons why this had to be. Where do they now abide who have been removed from our eyes? What are they doing? Was not the beloved one God's own from the beginning, and may we not think that the Lord had need of him? You have not given him up to nought, to the grave, not to a stranger, nor to one who does not love him, but to Jesus. Let that be enough, and let your sorrowing die away in sacred silence. "The Lord hath need of him." Whenever we stand helpless before inscrutable death, before a death which has taken a life that to us seemed indispensable, we do not enough remember that our only duties are not of the world. The Lord needs us in other spheres. Besides, our beloved ones may at that very moment be needed for some task for which the Lord has specially

fitted them. "The Lord hath need of them," and therefore they had to go.

Light in Darkness.

This is the illustrious sufferer's message: "Suffer and be silent"—that is the best thing, that is duty. If God encircle us with darkness, let us abide therein. In vain is it that we seek to illumine the darkness with candles. It must remain dark. Perhaps we may discover then new beauties in the stars. The author goes on to compare mental pain and physical, the headache and the heartache. Pain, she says, may be of a twofold kind—physical or mental, and Scripture tells us which is the most difficult to bear. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a broken spirit, who can bear?" In other words, heart and spirit can win the victory over physical torments.

Prayer in Paradise.

Do they pray in Paradise? Can we doubt it? asks the author. Does not reason alone suffice, even if we had no further proof? As long as the spirit dwelt in the flesh, it was quite taken up with prayer, and its power was its joy and support. It will pray again, when it is once reunited with the body in the new everlasting life. Shall it therefore only abstain during the state between death and the resurrection? If the soul lives on, it must surely be able to pray, and just as certain is it that it prays with a freedom, a joy, and love of which we here below, with our temptations, and the weaknesses of this frail body, which are so crushing to the soul, can have no knowledge.

Pain, the Purifier.

It is an old, old question that the Princess discusses in the purpose of pain. She has much to say upon the subject. Purpose there is, she is convinced, and a high and wise and beneficent purpose. Think, she says, of the dear ones who have crossed the dark river. Does all the grief here below not cast a shadow over their heavenly bliss and disturb their peace?

That is one of the mysteries we cannot unravel. It is strange that we should ask such a question, when we do not doubt that the angels see and hear everything.

and yet remain in undisturbed bliss. One might say, "But the angels do not love us, as our dear blessed ones do. It is possible, but we do not know. Turn your thoughts to the Saviour. Does not he love us? Is he not full of sympathy and tenderness for us? And yet he looks upon all the grief and all the misfortune without putting an end to it. He feels our suffering and yet He enjoys perfect peace. May it not be so with our dear ones? It may be that they see light where to us all is darkness, that they feel joy where we feel grief, and they smile where we weep.

The little book closes with the 45th chapter, which is very short, and after a quotation from St. Matthew, "And Jesus arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm." Only these words more are added, "Praise be to Thee, O Christ!"

According to the Publishers' Circular, 10,000 copies of the "Life of Tennyson" have been sold so far.

The Roxburghe Press have issued a new edition of Sir Frank Lockwood's lecture on "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick," which first appeared in July, 1894.

Lord Rosebery is said to be engaged on an important historical work. He has lately been a frequent visitor at the British Museum, where he has been making researches.

Mr. John Morley is the author of the next volume of Macmillan's "English Statesmen" series. The subject will be the inner history of Home Rule and the statesmen identified with the question.

Mr. Henley's essay on "Burns: His Life, Genius, and Achievement," which appeared in the concluding volume of "The Centenary Burns," will shortly be published in a separate form by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh.

M. Blowitz, the most famous of all foreign correspondents to English newspapers, has just entered upon his seventy-fourth year. He was by no means bred to journalism, and entered the path leading to the post of Paris correspondent of the Times by a mere chance.

Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne, of Punch fame, is now fifty-two. He was never taught drawing, and as a youth he betook himself to an engineering firm. The attention of Mark Lemon, however, was subsequently drawn to his sketches, and the result was that he made his first appearance under Mr. Punch's auspices in April, 1867.

A Boston publishing firm recently received a communication of interest from

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, with regard to the correct pronunciation of Hiawatha, which they furnished for publication. It runs thus: "Craigie House, Cambridge. Dear Sirs,—The pronunciation used by my father was 'He-a-wa-tha,' the accent on the first syllable being slighter than on the 'wa'; the 'a' sounded like 'a' in 'mar,' not 'war,' as sometimes used. I should be glad to have this impressed on the public.—Yours, sincerely, Alice M. Longfellow."

The Rev. Dr. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber," of the Inverness Courier), in a remissive contribution to that journal of a gathering of literary and other celebrities in the house of the late Dr. Carruthers, including Dr. Charles Mackay, Tom Taylor, Sam Bough, Professor Blackie and Sheriff Nicholson, relates that Macaulay having been mentioned, Dr. Carruthers, who had met him more than once, and who had supplied him with some notes for his "History," observed that he was a pleasant man to meet—an agreeable conversationalist. "Oh, yes," Charles Mackay replied, "agreeable enough when he had to get anything out of you. But he was monstrously jealous of his literary brethren, and, I may add, of his literary sisters also; and in his literary intercourse with them, often, with this patronising airs, a good deal of the sad. On one occasion he was so rude to Agnes Strickland that she had to tell him he was no gentleman."

"It is quite true," remarked the Dean of Angyl, continuing the subject, "that he could be rude. George Gilfillan told me that upon some subject with regard to which he had to differ from him, Macaulay wrote him a note so peremptory and as to be nothing less than insulting, was evidently meant to be so."

Captain's Courageous, a story of the Grand Banks, by Rudyard Kipling, New York, The Century Company. For sale by The William Drysdale Company, Montreal.

It may be a little late in the day to recommend this capital story to the readers of Home and Youth, but we gladly do it for the sake of inviting the attention of our boys to what is, in our judgment, by long odds the wholesomest boy's book that has been published in a long time. It is the picture, painted with strength and fidelity, as all Kipling's pictures are, of the making of a man—by the sharp but wholesome discipline and hardships of a fisherman's life on "The Banks"—out of the spoilt and mischievous son of a millionaire who was by foolish parental indulgence and the toadying of those with whom he came in contact in his world, fast developing

into a blackguard. The story is not, of course, merely a boy's book, but will well repay perusal by the oldsters as well. The same vigor and manliness—the milksofs of literature miscall the latter "brutal candor"—which characterize Kipling's poetry are in strong evidence in the story, but we submit that, in a long story, our author is not so strikingly successful—though still head and shoulders above the ruck of novelists—as he is in his short stories and in his ballads.

LEWIS CARROLL

Glimpses of a Curious Personality.

The late Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) was a clergyman in deacon's orders. The reason why he was never ordained a priest was said to be a slight hesitancy of speech which prevented his speaking in public. This, however, he in a measure overcame, and he not infrequently read the lessons and prayers at the college services in Oxford Cathedral. He had even occasionally been known to preach at the special services for the college servants, but it was very rarely that he mounted the pulpit. He was a creature of habit, and in term time was never absent from his own particular seat in St. Mary's for the university sermon, always staying to matins afterwards. During the last five-and-twenty years he had hardly ever been missed from his accustomed place.

Where His Rhymes Were Composed.

Mr. Dodgson's chambers in the Tom Quad were among the finest in Christ Church, and he was particularly proud of them. The ascetic-looking figure of the Christ Church don might often be met trudging steadily along the road several miles away from Oxford, for he had always been a great walker. Most of his rhymes were composed while he was out walking. Some time ago, when he was asked to do some elementary mathematical teaching in the absence of the regular tutor, he replied, "Certainly," adding, as an afterthought, "I must take a lot of long walks to recover my Euclid, which I haven't touched for twenty years."

Mr. Dodgson's "Pillow Problems."

The author of "Alice's Adventures" discovered a new resource for sleeplessness. Or, rather, he gave an old resource a new turning. No device for inducing sleep is more familiar than to count a flock of imaginary sheep going over a wall. The device of Mr. Dodgson was to set "pillow problems" to be "thought out during sleepless nights." These problems he em-

bodied in a book under the title "Curiosa Mathematica." This book he intended for "ordinary mathematicians, who perhaps have never tried this resource, when mental occupation was needed, and who will, I hope, feel encouraged—by seeing what can be done, after a little practice, by one of average mathematical powers—to try the experiment for themselves, and find in it as much advantage and comfort as I have done." This, if we are not mistaken, was one of Mr. Dodgson's last books.

"Alice in Wonderland."

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was originally written in MS. for the amusement of his girl friends at Oxford, and a fac-simile of it in that form was published many years afterwards. It first saw the light in 1865, and at once became a popular favorite. "So much clever and yet genuine fun," said one of the reviewers, anticipating the general verdict, "has never before been found within the compass of one volume." Edition followed edition, and by this time "Alice" must have appeared in some fifty editions. The first edition is now very scarce, and is much sought after by collectors—a distinction which it partly owes to Sir John Tenniel's graceful and amusing illustrations. Nor is the fame of "Alice" restricted to the English-speaking folk; for it has been translated both into German and into French. The sequel, "Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There," published in 1871, was equally successful, and it has run through as many editions as the original "Alice." Mr. Dodgson used to be fond of repeating the deliciously naive remark of a child-friend whom he asked, after an acquaintance of two or three days, if she had read "Alice" and the "Looking-Glass." "Oh, yes," she replied, readily. "I've read both of them. And I think 'Through the Looking-Glass' is more stupid than 'Alice's Adventures.' Don't you think so?" Next to the "Alice" volumes, Lewis Carroll made his principal hit with "The Hunting of the Snark; An Agony in Eight Fits." This appeared in 1876, and had to be reprinted several times in the same year. It was subsequently embodied in a larger volume called "Rhyme and Reason" (1883). Of his remaining books, "Sylvie and Bruno" (1889), with its "Conclusion" (1893), is the best known. "Alice" and "The Hunting of the Snark" have by this time become household words.

A Little Surprise for the Queen.

The success of "Alice" was never in doubt, and the story is current, though we cannot vouch for its authenticity, that the Queen herself, on reading it, was so much

delighted that she commanded the author to send his next work to Windsor. He did so, and Her Majesty was almost bewildered as Alice, on finding that it consisted of "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants!"

His Odd Ways.

A writer in the Daily Chronicle once asked Mr. Dodgson for some biographical facts and for a photograph. Unhappily, the reply was "in the negative, with a half-brick," as the humorist has said. Others, no doubt, have had similar disappointments. The friends who knew him best—those who did not desire an "imitated autograph," were content to know that he lived his extraordinary life by himself and largely for himself. One who has been the friend of all the world could scarcely be the enemy of a biographer. It is a fact, nevertheless, that he could be almost insolent to such inquirers; and as for the young ladies who sought his autograph, it afforded him much pleasure to contemplate the possibility of a reunion of them, at which a comparison of the signatures might be made.

An Essay in Etymology.

Mr. Dodgson was to the last, an uncommonly pleasing and popular man, whose conversation was often suggestive and always amusing. Despite the duties of his calling, which he discharged with scrupulous care, he had numerous acquaintances in the theatrical world of London, who respected his learning, humored his amiable eccentricities, and keenly appreciated his wit. The sayings attributed to him at Oxford would fill an entertaining volume of Carrolliana. Among other things, his "etymology of the bell" is still quoted with relish by scholars. There was a provisional belfry at Christ Church College, which was familiarly known to Oxonians of the time as "the meat safe." Mr. Dodgson, undertaking to explain this etymologically, split up the word belfry into two parts—the French word *bel*le and the German word *frei* (free.) Then he went to work as follows:—

Belle—beautiful—comely—meet (meat);

Frei—free—secure—safe.

Result:—"Meat-safe."

"As Thou Didst The Egyptian."

One of his best repartees was elicited by an Oxford student driving a tandem. This candidate for academical distinction had the social honor of driving the late Khedive of Egypt through the ancient city of Oxford, and the misfortune to have "spilled" His Highness. On the following day the youth, driving the same tandem, overtook Mr. Dodgson, who looked somewhat tired.

"May I give you a lift?" he asked, jauntily. To whom the humorist:—"Wilt thou slay me, as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?"

THE ABSENT-MINDED ELDER.

A colored exhorter, while holding a meeting in Georgia, says the Atlanta Constitution, solicited a special collection to defray the expenses of the meeting. "We'll pass roun' de hat," he said, "endurin' de singin' of de hymn on page No. 205—'On Jordan's Stormy Banks.'" And then he proceeded to "line out" the hymn, but so intent was he on the collection that he forgot whole lines of it, and supplied others, with the following result:—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
En cast a wishful eye
To Oanaan's fair en happy land—
(Don't let dat hat pass by!)"

"O de transportin', rapturous scene
Dat rises to my sight!
(Drap in dat nickel, Brudder Green!)
En rivers of delight!"

Could I but stand where Moses stood
En view de landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, or Death's cold flood
(We want ten dollars more.)"

TRY IT.

It Always Cures.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

Gentlemen.—Believe me that it is with pleasure that I add my testimony to that of those who have been cured by the use of your excellent remedy, Morin's Cresophates Wine.

I was attacked with bronchitis, which had made great progress, when I formed the resolution to try Morin's Wine, which you recommended as a specific against coughs, bronchitis, etc. I procured some through your agent, and after having taken two bottles, I ceased to cough, and an abundant expectoration was the result.

At the end of a fortnight I was almost cured, but I did not discontinue the use of your remedy until my bronchitis had definitely disappeared. Since that time which is now nearly five months ago, I have experienced no indisposition proceeding from my stomach. I thank you for the excellence of your remedy, and be assured that I will recommend it to all those who may be attacked by bronchitis.

I am, etc.

N. MacNeil, Merchant,
Sainte Pascal.

A GHOST STORY.

A short while ago, I was invited by a friend of mine to spend the week end at his house in the country. The house is not an ancient building, as it was only erected some twenty years ago; so that it cannot be said there are any legends connected with it. Nor, so far as my enquiries go, are there any supposed mysteries in the history of the family who reside there; but I am quite certain, from my personal experience, which I am about to relate, that there is a problem which will tax the skill of the scientist to solve or a believer in the supernatural to unravel.

On my arrival at the mansion, I was shown my bedroom, which was one of more than ordinary size. I noticed that it fronted to the east, was exceedingly comfortable in appearance, and the impression came upon me that I should enjoy a real night of repose. I was, however, disappointed, as the sequel will disclose.

After having arranged my little wardrobe, I proceeded to the drawing-room, when, after a short conversation I was, along with other two gentlemen, summoned to dinner, which I may say, I thoroughly enjoyed, as I had been out a great deal in the open air, and felt fit for a good meal. The host and I were old friends, and we had many things to talk over. We had as one of our companions at the table, the Rev. J. N., a distinguished preacher, who had spent much of his life in endeavoring to refute the teachings of Confucius. There was also County Alderman J. A., who is a great city magnate, a man of general knowledge. The host and I talked largely on our personal recollections, but at intervals I could hear the reverend gentleman speak with strong feeling against the vain philosophy of Confucius. Then I could hear the alderman condemning the French, who, he said, had been inflated with conceit ever since the days of the great Bonaparte. My good host and I, however, pursued more agreeable subjects, and as we had plenty to occupy our time during the dinner, we took no part in the questions introduced by our friends. Soon, however, the repast was ended, and we all retired to the library, where we smoked our cigars and drank our coffee, and had a general conversation on the topics of the day. At half past 11 o'clock I proceeded to my bedroom, where I found a bright fire burning which gave an

air of comfort to all round. I sat down before the fire, when, after warming my feet, I stood with my back to the fire and took particular notice of the articles in the room. There was a large wardrobe which occupied nearly one side of the room. On the top of it I saw an old image, something like a Chinese idol. On each side of it there was a large and ponderous candlestick of antique make, and in each there was a wax candle. I could not, for the life of me, understand these candles and the idol being placed so far out of reach. On the dressing table were two candlesticks containing candles, so the thought ran through my mind that I was well supplied with lights and had got a Chinese god to protect me, and that I ought to sleep well.

I quickly undressed. The wind was blowing a gale, and the rain was pelting my window, but nature without could not injure nature within, for I quickly fell into a sound sleep. How long it continued I cannot say, but I awoke under a strange influence. The fire had died out, and the winds were hushed. I felt some supernatural influence surrounding me, and at the moment thought if Mr. Stead had been there he would have solved the difficulty. There was a strong feeling as if some hard substance was pressing around me. I tried to rise, but seemed to be bound down and helpless. I was determined to find out what all this was about, so I made a supreme effort, and fortunately succeeded. I was just in the act of striking a match, when I discovered that this was quite unnecessary, for when I looked around, I found the two candles on the dressing table were lighted. Turning around I saw the strangest sight I had ever witnessed, and one I could not possibly comprehend. The only article on the bed was the mattress. The clothes had been all removed; where they had been placed I could not see; but on three chairs there were placed ghost-like the three pillows. When I looked at the top of the wardrobe, I saw that both candles were lighted, and the image was quite in an active condition.

This Chinese idol was actually alive, for it walked seven times between the two candles and then standing between the two, placed both hands above its head, then lifting one foot up, brought it quickly down, muttering what in the Chinese language meant:—"Open!" Then followed a marvellous sight: the door of the wardrobe opened and revealed to me many of the celebrated characters in history. The stories of the Arabian Nights flashed into my mind, and I began to think I must be the hero of another series

of tales. The first person, however, that attracted me was my host's wife, Mrs. S—. (I forgot to say she was not at home, but was having a delightful holiday in Germany). She came to me kindly and said: "I am so sorry that I could not be here to-night to entertain you, but you must know that under certain occult influences, which I cannot explain, I knew you were here. I, therefore, decided to give you a surprise visit, and as you have so frequently desired to be convinced of the existence of a spirit world, I was determined to prove by experience what I could not impress upon you by reason. Since I left home," said she, "I have studied hypnotism under the great Dr. Von Winckenberg; and I have been taught more about occult influences than almost any other person in Europe by Dr. Neckerman, who has sometimes kept me in the dark for seven days in succession!" Again she went on: "I pass on one side, but see what follows!"

I now began to feel great interest in the whole proceedings. After this conversation with a lady I had so long known, my courage began to revive and I said to myself: "I will see this out!" Then this happened: A procession started from the wardrobe, and what rather amused me was the natural way in which they all walked down to the carpet. First of all came an ancient man with a bald head resembling the image on the top of the wardrobe, speaking the Chinese language which I may say I have never studied and don't know; yet I understood every word. He said in a sarcastic style—"I perceive that you belong to that race of plunderers and barbarians, named English, who are determined not only to grab the whole earth but to destroy all other religions but their own. I am Confucius," said he with great emphasis and pride. "My religious system was founded on the highest philosophy the world has known. Your common childish Christianity will not endure, but will go down to—" But just as he was going to utter our doom, one of the candlesticks on the top of the wardrobe came down with a crash upon his bald pate and hit the exact spot called philosophy. Confucius gave a great and painful cry, suddenly put his hands upon his head, and rushed out crying: "The last and final blow!"

I had not time to think before Napoleon the Great next came forward dressed just as he appeared at the Battle of Waterloo. He looked on me with disdain. Said he: "I am Napoleon the Great and since Waterloo I have been planning and scheming how to have my revenge on perfidious Al-

bion. I am influencing the French Government to thwart your efforts in Egypt, and I will never rest until your countrymen are driven out of every —" Before, however, he could finish his imprecations, the second candlestick on the top of the wardrobe dropped. No, it was not a drop. It appeared to be flung at him by some unseen hand, but a glimpse of the face led me to conclude it was Sir H. Havelock-Allan—it hit his cocked hat, knocked it completely off, and such a ridiculous figure was presented that would have made even the "Old Guard" laugh if they could have seen him. Napoleon slunk away, feeling more disgraced than after his memorable defeat.

I was not, however, to rest yet; for by some means my host's wife suddenly put in an appearance again. Said she:—"I forgot to name it, but pray do not inform Edward of my visit, because, if you do, I shall never get back again, and he is irritable." Then she paused, and, turning around, she said:—"Before leaving for Germany, I will show you the pleasantest sight of all. You shall see the fairest woman on earth. I could not understand why Mrs. S— was going to introduce such a personage to a fellow like myself who had been so long married. I thought there must be some covert meaning, so I prepared for the great event. I remembered the fair Helen who was the cause of the siege of Troy. I thought about Mary Queen of Scots, but I got my satisfaction on turning towards the dressing table, for there the lovely woman was standing before the mirror gazing upon her own charms. I thought I had seen her before; the impression came upon me that she and I had known each other for years; then in a moment it flashed on my vision—it is my wife!"

I was just in the act of embracing her, when she threw both arms around, knocked down the two candles with a crash. Another came against my bedroom door and a voice exclaimed: "Are you in a trance? This is the fourth time I have knocked you up. Breakfast is ready!"

ALMOST A CHEF D'OEUVRE.

She read the cook book over,
Her purse she emptied quite,
To make a tempting viand
And have it look just right.

(With sprigs of vegetation
And bits of gliding gay,
And dainty ruffled paper,
She made a rare display.

It would have been perfection
A thing of joy complete,
If she had not forgotten
To put in things to eat.

—Washington Star.



CHAPTER I.

"Wilmot! I say, Wilmot! Let's stop where we are and wait till it's light. McAlvord's bound to hunt us up in the morning."

"Come ahead. I smell smoke. There must be some sort of humanity not far off."

"Well, in heaven's name, don't explore. There never was a blacker night. And now that we've escaped ornamenting the Oregon desert with our bones don't let's run the risk of tumbling off the mountain into a canyon."

"Come a little farther up. I hear a child's voice, and a moment ago I surely saw a light."

They pushed on up the steep trail, when suddenly a child appeared before them encircled with a wavering light. They were neither superstitious nor particularly reverent young men, but they drew rein in momentary awe. However, they soon discovered that the door of a rude hut, which seemed to cross their bridle path, had been opened by a very human little hand. A youth came and stood beside the child, and a young girl looked over its head, while an old woman came slowly forward from a seat by the great blazing fire.

They made inquiry for the settlement on McAlvord's ranch and found that it was miles away. Then the old woman asked them to "put up their beasts and stop for the night," and they were glad to accept.

In another minute the youth was leading the way, with a rickety lantern, to a shed for the horses, and shortly after the travelers were within the hut before a great crackling fire of fir logs.

"Yo' mus' be hungry," said the old woman. "Laurel, git summat fur 'em."

They were hungry. There was no denying the fact. They were sorry to make trouble, but they would be grateful for a bit of food.

"Tain't no trouble," said the grandmother in slow western speech, with slow emphasis of every word. Then she drew a fir wood table from against the wall and began to make ready for the meal.

Laurel hung a kettle over the fire, and when the water boiled she took a great stick in one hand and stirred it slowly while sifting through the fingers of the other something that shone in the firelight like dusky gold. The mixture sputtered and steamed and sent forth a most savory odor. The girl set the kettle beside the fire and hung another in its place. After a few moments she broke some eggs into this latter. Two or three swift errands back and forth for the lithe young figure, and the food was upon the table and the chairs were in place.

Then she turned and with shy cordiality said: "Won't yo' set by? It be all ready."

She had not spoken before, but there was a charm in her gentle voice which, by some divine magic, made the uncouth words sound like a new, sweet tongue.

Craymer, now that the danger of being lost was passed, inclined to look upon the scene as a farce enacted for their entertainment. He looked quizzically at Wilmot, who arose and thanked her courteously.

She laid her hand on the better chair. "This un is fur yo'," she said softly, and Wilmot accepted it simply.

Craymer's nature was not strong enough to understand the attitude of his companion. This was a scene of such bare poverty that he could see in Wilmot's manner nothing more than a continuation of the farce. So he waited in mock gravity, with neither open smile nor open sneer upon his lips.

The girl looked up in surprise. Then she made a little motion toward the other chair. "That thar is yourn," she said.

Craymer sat down after an elaborate bow, which brought an angry flash



"Thank yo', kindly," said the young hostess.

into the eyes of the other. Laurel went about and poured rich milk from a great brown pitcher into small brown bowls that had tiny blue and white stripes around them. Then she lifted with her slight hands the dish that was piled high with the steaming, golden maas and set it near to Wilmot.

"Ef yo'd jes' help yo'rsel's 'n be like's ef yo' was t' yo'r own home," she said, with a little appeal in her voice.

Craymer bent over his bowl and gave Wilmot a nag with his foot.

"Thank you," said the latter gravely, "We shall do so gladly." Then, as she stood silently by, he added: "Do not think that you must wait upon us. Maybe we'll not dare to eat all we want if some one looks at us." He smiled, and the shy eyes turned for an instant toward his face with a look that was not a smile, but something more rare, more like an inner irradiation. Though of the poorest, something within had kept her from descending to their bold, hard manner. The simple, unconscious grace with which she left her guests to their own will would have become a loftier station.

Craymer stared after her. Something in the turn of her head as the great wave of freelight fell upon it caught his attention.

"Fine model for a picture," he said, with an awakened interest.

Laurel felt the difference between these and the other visitors who came at long intervals to sit at their table. There was something new and strange in the look and manner of these men. Their words were unlike any they had heard, yet she understood the meaning. It was like new music to one who loves music, or like rare beauty to the eye of an artist. She kept the echo of it in her heart and thought of it late into the night.

The meal was nearly over when she came and stood beside Wilmot once more. "We ha'n't got s' much 's we'd orter hev fur yo'," she said in her clear voice that sounded as if some wild bird had taken to speaking words.

"We were two very hungry men," was the reply. "Nothing could be more delicious than this rich milk and the mush and the bread and butter."

"Thank yo', kindly," said the young hostess. She turned away without looking at him this time.

The child began a petulant whimper. She took it in her arms and soothed it to sleep. Then she carried it to a door at the end of the room. Wilmot started to open the door for her, but, noting the look on his companion's face, leaned back again in his chair. The next moment he mentally kicked himself for a coward.

While she was gone the grandmother cleared away the things and began a slow, unaccented monologue. The grandfather had gone to the settlement to do some trading and would not be back for another day. The youth and the child had lost their mother three years back, but their father had gone below—the usual manner in which Oregonians refer to San Francisco—and was doing fair. He wrote to them once a year and sent a box of things.

Laurel didn't belong to them. Her father died crossing the plains. The mother was most dead, so the train left her, with the baby and the wagon and other belongings, at the hut.

"But Laurel be growed inter a comfort t' me," added the grandmother, "an th' young uns take t' her mighty. We couldn't git 'long nchow 'bout Laurel."

"It doesn't seem safe for you," said Willmot, "to live here so far from any one else."

"Hugh! Yes," answered the old voice. "It be perfectly safe. We don't see no one fur moons t'gether. 'N thur beant no more trouble with Injins here'bouts. Onct in awhile one comes 'long, but we don't mind em. Th' gran'ther hid th' hut 'way up here out o' sight when him 'n me wus young folks. 'N nobody much don't know't we be here. The farm be th' leetle good spot o' groun jest out thar in th' desert. He lotted out t' build a big house down thar, but 'pears like we dunno how t' tear oursel's 'way from th' old place. I s'pose some folks ud think it be lonesomelike livin so by oursel's. But thar's th' beasts. They be a heap o' comp'ny."

The two men looked at each other. The wind moaned out a cry of terror, and the pleasant crackling of the fir wood in the huge fireplace turned to a ghastly sound. The young girl came into the room while the grandmother was speaking and paused just where the flickering light touched her slight figure.

"Some days," she said, with a little quiver in her voice—"some days I'm feared when thar beant no need to fear, 'n some days, ag'in, when thar be, seems like th' fear do all go. I shook at ev'ry noise I heer'n all day, 'n t'night I couldn' open my mouth when I seen you, I been that feared."

It was an eerie figure, young, slight and fair, standing in the wavering light and uttering those uncouth words in that tender, thrilling tone. Craymer shivered and drew near to the fire.

"Don't be afraid tonight," said Willmot. "We don't pretend to great bravery, but we'll do our best to take care of you and the grandmother and the child."

She did not answer, though she stood with hands locked before her until he had finished. She went to the youth, a sturdy fellow, who had fallen asleep on the skin covered lounge, and aroused him gently. Then she drew aside some curtains of skins and displayed a recess containing a bed and a tiny washstand.

"This be yo'r place," she said to the strangers. "It be all clean ag'in th' comp'ny's comin."

Then she slid a long wooden bar through iron loops to fasten the outer door, wound the clock and with swift

silence set the chairs at rights. Meanwhile the grandmother covered the embers with ashes. When all was done, they each said "Good night t' yo'" and disappeared.

The two men sat before the ash covered embers until the candle burned low. Then they rose silently and prepared for bed.

"It's the quietest place I was ever in," said Craymer. "I wish the wind would stop its wretched groans. We are in a witch's care, and we shall be boiled in a caldron at midnight by a spirit with sunny eyes and serious lips."

"It's an atmosphere of innocence and trust," said Willmot. "And we are nearer heaven than we may ever climb again."

CHAPTER II

The morning meal was over, and the travelers, ready to mount their horses, stood before the hut. The sky was a delicate tint, with soft, gauzelike spray across it. The gray expanse of the Oregon desert, reaching out for more than 800 miles, seemed like a dead and limitless sea. A tall white mountain, like a protecting angel, rose high in the upper distance.

Laurel stood a little at one side of the group. "Good mornin, pretty clouds," she said. "Good mornin, ole Mount Hood, sweet mornin to yo'!" And she kissed her hands. There was wild grandeur in her air and penetrating sweetness in her voice.

"She do that ev'ry mornin an ev'ry night," said the youth who stood ready to pilot the two down the hill path and into the direct trail. "Nobody can't be lonesome with Laurel a-talkin t' things 's ef they was a talkin too."

Willmot looked up at the tree above her. The leaves were yet imprisoned in long tinted rolls, standing out in all directions from the brown limbs. She seemed the spirit of the wood—so lithe and young. He almost felt that if she were to call to them the green leaves would burst their swaddling bands and reach down toward her.

Craymer, eager to be off, bade hurried adieus, and, piloted by the youth, started on.

Willmot looked in again at the simple room which had sheltered them, took note of the setting of each bit of rude furnishing—the skin curtains of the recess and the wild unknown flowers in a great brown box in the window. He

noted the hardy vine that clambered over the low doorway, looked about him at the great mountains shading off into misty hues, then with reverent thought he turned once more toward the girl.

He had never said much about divine care in connection with himself, but it seemed a thing not difficult to speak of in connection with her.

"Goodby," he said, touching the hand she held toward him. "God keep you." Then as she did not speak he asked very gently, "You know who God is?"



The youth had given them the right trail at the foot of the mountain.

"Yes," she said calmly. "Th' hunters swear about him. He be th' bad un."

The shock that came to Wilmot at this unimpassioned utterance was something that he tried afterward to define to himself. It was like a whirl that sets one dizzy and dumb. He gave a searching look into the innocent face turned with a peaceful expression toward the far mountain. The words were blasphemy, but if blasphemy must be in the heart before it can pass the lips then whatever she might say would be more

nearly like worship. She was not learned. He knew that she could not even read that axiom of Prudhon, "Evil is God," if it were placed before her. He was appalled by the unconscious ignorance. At the same time her innocent trust in the nature about her enchanted him.

"Goodby," she said at last, thinking that he waited for the word of parting. "Thar beant nuthin that'll come from any these t' hurt yo'." She gave a little wave of her hand. "Yo' be safe, an th' day'll be still till yo' git t' your place."

He turned and led his horse rapidly down the mountain side. A sudden shadow had fallen over everything.

"In the name of the pitying God!" he exclaimed after long tramping.

The more he thought the deeper he felt that it was cruel to leave her in such a wild place and in such ignorance. What did the future hold for her? He took off his hat and brushed back his heavy hair. A sense of oppression stifled him. He was ready to hate the day when he had been induced to come with an old friend to his western ranch and the hour when he went out with Craymer for a swift canter over the great spaces.

Yet this had not changed the matter. His coming did not call forth the hut nor the living souls within it. It was unreasonable that he should care so much. Still he strode along rebellious at a fate that could bring such fortune to the fair girl he had left, looking fondly at the clouds and the mountains and predicting no harm for him.

The grandmother would not be paid "fur keepin on 'em," and when the youth had given them the right trail at the foot of the mountain Wilmot slipped a goldpiece into his hand.

"I don't know what you'll do with it, I'm sure. But you can at least keep it to remember us by. I haven't anything else with me that will do for a gift. I wish you would take it that way."

"'Bleeged!" said the sturdy young fellow. His face expanded into a broad grin as he went up the hill, tossing the shining gold piece and catching it again as he went out of sight. The two men mounted their horses and rode silently on in the direction that had been pointed out to them.

CHAPTER III.

Some days had passed when Craymer

rode up to the rancheira late one evening with water color box, block and brushes.

"Your pony is somewhat fagged," said Wilmot as the Indian led it away. "Which way did you go today?"

"I'm not good at points of compass," was the evasive answer.

Just at that moment the water color pad slipped from his hands and fell under the full light from a swinging lamp on the veranda. Wilmot caught sight of the old hut with its picturesque surroundings.

"You have been there," he said severely, notwithstanding that he had thought over and over about going there himself. Indeed, the memory of that lonely place and its inhabitants had haunted him until there were times when he felt that he must make sure that it was true—that there was such a wild place, and that it held such gentle dwellers. He had not owned that he would assure himself that she was really safe; that the clouds and the great white mountain had kept watch over her by day and the desert had entrapped any foot that would do her harm by night.

"You have been there," he said again more severely.

Craymer threw himself into a hammock and waited to roll a cigarette with his delicate fingers before he answered, "Don't get excited."

Then he lighted the trifle and watched the smoke curl slowly from his pursed up lips.

"Yes, I went there shortly after our impromptu visit. Party call, you know. Devoirs to the young hostess. Don't look so severe. She doesn't care for me. She always asks about 'th' tall un' in a shy way—not in the least as she would ask you about me. She lives so among mighty mountains that a man who measures less than 6 feet 2 is beneath her notice. It would be cruel for you to go there, but it isn't so with me."

Wilmot felt his fingers tingle to lay hold of this careless speaker. "Then you've been there more than once," he affirmed, with added sternness.

Craymer nodded. "I came here to sketch the country and the people. And it's worth going farther to get such a wild young thing, to say nothing of the other members of the family. I couldn't do them justice in one nor in several visits."

Wilmot remembered how very little he had seen of Craymer since the night when they were sheltered at the hut. He had never cared for the company of this man and had been rather glad than otherwise when day after day had passed without his presence. But now a fiery rage arose within him. Craymer saw it, and being in a satanic humor just then went into the rancheira and presently came out with a handful of sketches.

"These may interest you," he said, with a sardonic smile. Then, whistling "The Little Maid of Arcaady," he spread out sketch after sketch done in a vivid way, with faultless drawing and clean handling.

"That's the grandfather—a fine old heathen, with dignity in the face and figure. And that is the grandmother. Here is the child, and here are some of the 'beasts,' as they call them. Gothic in style, you see, but picturesque, very. And here is the little rhododendron herself.

"By the way," he interpolated laughingly as he held the other sketches in his hand, "such deplorable ignorance! It seems that she's troubling her pretty head with new and strange thoughts. She asked me who God is; if he paints pictures, or whether he is a man like you. Hard on me, now, wasn't it?"

"And what did you tell her?" asked Wilmot.

"Pretended not to have heard and gave her a picture to look at. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Very queer," assented Wilmot.

Then Craymer laid out several sketches of the figure Wilmot remembered so well—the face with its tender, sedate mouth; the soft masses of straight, dark hair, parted above the low forehead, and the trustful eyes, with that little lift to the lower lid that comes to one who gazes over wide distances and that gave rare fascination to this face.

"Well," said Wilmot tentatively, turning from one to another. Then as the other did not speak, "What are you going to do with all these?" he asked in a dry tone.

"Work them up and sweep things at the next 'ex'; send two or three across the pond to my old market and make my fortune."

A long pause followed. Then Wilmot said, "Don't show them to any one else, but name any reasonable price and con-

sider them sold."

"Ah, so?" said Craymer, with a knowing nod. "I thought as much. Well, you shall have first refusal."

"And don't go there again," Wilmot added.

"So that you can have everything your own way when you go?"

"I have not been there since we came away together, and I am not going."

"Yet you spend hours gazing in that particular direction."

"You are impertinent. I asked you not to go there for the girl's own sake. There surely is material for sketches in some other direction."

"Oh, to be sure. Indians and sons of China. You've a lofty sense of honor though. Why, I've sold the portrait of my promised wife over and over again—sometimes as a Greek maiden, sometimes as an Italian singing girl and once I painted her head and shoulders as Love."

"That was between you two. But this simple grandmother, with her generous hospitality, and the girl whose faith in the clouds and the mountains makes a life of pitiable poverty into a poem! They cannot understand what you intend to do with these. They never heard of the academy or the salon. It is not fair."

Then, as if even the roof of the veranda made the air stifling, he arose suddenly and walked down the long path before the rancheira. In the clear night everything melted and softened into an all infolding charm.

"Why does he go there and what is it that makes me care to go? It is the same object, but we are drawn in different ways. 'What fools we mortals be.'"

The Oregon grape was in full bloom. The deep, glossy leaves rattled as he passed too near, and their sharp little edges scratched his hand. But the yellow blossoms sent a tender fragrance out from their clustered sprays that made him pause. He looked up and out. Rising above the trees at his right stretched the firm outline of the Cascade range, tall and forbidding with their great forests of somber firs. His eyes ran down the range until they rested upon the conelike summit on whose side nestled the hut. He looked on at the low lying clouds and at the great white mountain that held its stately head high above them, and as he looked he almost heard a tender, pulsing voice

call softly:

"Good evenin, pretty clouds. Good evenin, ole Mount Hood, sweet evenin to yo'."

CHAPTER IV.

Another week passed, and Wilmot grew furious as he missed his companion day after day. McAlvord noticed the all day absences of his guest and explained indulgently to the other that he supposed it was the way with artists, though he had always thought this particular artist was too fond of society to spend so much time alone.

"Still, there's fascination in these great distances and mighty hills."

The cattle king bared his fine head and looked out toward the Cascades, standing like immense cones, sometimes shoulder to shoulder, often entirely alone. "If I were to stay here long," he said, "and did not break into the repose of thought by winter months spent in the city, I would surely come to have many deities and to enthrone them all about me. As it is I always lift my hat to Mount Hood in the morning."

McAlvord went on to look after his men, while in his visitor's heart there rang out like the voice of a bird, "Good mornin, ole Mount Hood, sweet mornin to yo'!"

Then he grew angry with himself and became sure that it was not good for him to be here. He was growing morbid. His great American novel would never be written at this rate. It was not well to grant himself this respite. Shut up within the walls of a city and meeting other small entities he had conceived himself to be some one. He could work there, in a paltry way, and could think. Here he was lost. It was too vast.

With the beginning of May Mrs. McAlvord, the host's mother, would come. Miss McAlvord, Craymer's fiancée, and several of her intimate friends, with a maid or two, were to accompany her. The old rancheira was to be gay with young life, and the Chinese who had chief control began to make elaborate preparations in that slow oriental fashion which astonishes every American by the ease with which mountains of work can be accomplished with smiling unhaste and rather with the air of one at leisure than of one burdened with many cares.

The day before the coming of the ladies Craymer disappeared. His sketch-

ing tackle was dutifully strapped to the saddle, but when once his pony had climbed the bridle path and brushes and paints were on the ground all thoughts of work were over.

Perhaps he might not come again in a long time. The purling of the tiny



"I always lift my hat to Mount Hood," stream was in his ears. It went singing down its rocky way into the bottomless pool as merrily as if it had not been stranded on the wrong side of the range from that on which flowed its larger sister—the mighty Columbia.

He looked at the fair face which, without his consciousness, was growing a necessity to him. He lifted the long braids that fell below her waist and wound them like a crown about her head. He fastened them there with the polished ebony handles of his brushes.

Then he took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length to study the effect. Artistic pleasure at the result of his skill shone in his face. Presently something else awakened there—something which held the girl in thrall.

But she met it with steady eyes. The innocence of her own heart made her take on a dignity which conquered the man before her. He began to realize something of that which he had hardly thought worth the analysis.

"Laurel," he said suddenly, "you are a goddess. Great heaven, why cannot I have you always as I have you now? Society and conventionalities,

what bosh they are! Simplicity and austerity constitute manner. And you would win homage at the court of any queen."

He clasped the shoulders until they hurt. But she did not move. She only looked at him calmly, unbewildered.

"Yo' kin hev me," she said in her slow, tender tone that pulsed and trembled as she spoke. "Before yo' come—yo' 'n th' tall un—I b'longed t' th' clouds 'n the great mountain. S'e'i'ty? I dunno what that do mean."

There were gentleness, innocence and reserve in her nature. It shook the shal-lower one. Craymer lowered his head until the pure eyes could not look into his own. He was sitting a little below her upon the mossy hillside, and his face had been lifted as he spoke. Now she slid her arm about his neck and drew his head against her breast. She ran her fingers lightly through his hair. She touched his cheek with a slow, gentle motion. Then, bending her head, she pressed her lips upon his forehead with a slow, solemn kiss, as she might have kissed the child if it had been kneeling in prayer before her.

His lips had never touched her. Hers had never before touched him. He had sometimes reached out to caress her hands—they were so like to brown birds in their slow, fluttering motions. And he had smoothed the long braids of her hair as he had done today, but whenever he encountered the fierce, reproachful eyes of Wilmot after each of these later visits he had comforted himself that no harm had been done. She was the same untamed girl woman that they had found at the first, with her heart untouched by anything earthly—a devotee of the clouds and of the stately, snow wreathed mountain.

CHAPTER V.

The ladies arrived next day. McAlvord and his guests went to meet them upon long, swinging backboards of the primitive sort, with chains upon which to rest the feet and long, yielding straps for the back. These were voted by the merry party to be more delightful pleasure wagons than even the Irish jaunting car.

The days that followed were filled with laughter, with music, with break-neck cantering upon swift ponies and with evening promenades upon the long veranda of the old rancheira.

After a time Craymer became restless

and complained that he must do something beside sketching merry people in stylish clothing—however picturesque they might be “set.” He must get off for a whole day’s work. He would not plan another day’s pleasure until he had earned it with work.

Wilmot was not with the others when this complaint in its final strength was entered upon. He chanced, however, to come up in time to catch its impost. Craymer did not seem to notice his coming, but turned toward his betrothed, who looked at him kindly.

A half hour later the two men stood alone together.

“My reason for speaking,” said Wilmot, “is that I would warn you, Craymer. You are an attractive fellow and”—

“Thanks, awfully!”

“This is not play,” said the other fiercely. Then calming himself, “You are to be married soon?”

“Not until September.”

“Well, September is coming,” he insisted in a Nemesis tone. “In September then?”

“Yes, of course. Why do you ask?”

“For this reason: With that answer I want you to relinquish going where you intend to go tomorrow.”

“And by what right do you ask it? It’s about time that your volunteer espionage should cease. I shall do as I hanged please in this and every other matter.” He turned and walked away.

Wilmot by a strong effort smothered the indignation that stirred him and, following him, laid a hand upon his shoulder and said in gentle tone: “I beg your pardon. If you will wait a few days and give the subject a little serious thought, I will not trouble you again.”

Craymer said something which sounded like an assent. Wilmot accepted it and was turning away, when the other asked bluntly:

“Why don’t you go there yourself and take her out of those brutal surroundings? You haven’t been foolish enough to bind yourself to any one. There are ways of getting on with it. Some elderly aunt or maiden cousin could chaperone, and ’twould take blamed little worldly contact for her to outshine them all. I say,” he insisted with a sort of fury, “why don’t you do it?”

Wilmot ground his teeth. “You have done your best to make it impossible,” he answered.

An eruptive denial rose to Craymer’s lips, but for once he grew manly. “I understand you,” he said. “I haven’t been exactly square in this thing, but she was always asking about you and trying to get me to talk about you. I told you of it. If you’d gone, I would have staid away. But—I’m frank now. Believe me for once, never till that last day did one word pass my lips that need vex you. Then there was something in her look as I was planning to paint her that made me say that I wanted her with me always.”

Wilmot turned fiercely away. “Spare me,” he said, “a recital of one of your amours.”

But this time Craymer followed and laid a hand upon his shoulder. “Hear the rest of it,” he insisted. “Even then she said that she thought she was happy before I came—I ‘an th’ tall un’—and, as I live, I did not harm her. She leaned over and kissed my forehead as she might kiss the snow mountain if it were near enough. But there was something about her that awed me. It’s the something that’s drawing me now. She doesn’t care for me, though she thinks that she does. It is you for whom she cares. And because I was with you and you do not come to her she is trying to satisfy her beautiful, true, pure heart with me. Gods, but I am a fool!”

Then Wilmot spoke through his teeth. “This is the truth, and all of it?”

“All, as I am alive,” answered Craymer, looking directly into his face. Then he turned and went alone into the rancheira.

An evening breeze, like the beating of great wings, stirred the leaves. The Chinaman began to light the veranda lamps. Their tinted rays seemed quivering with deceit. As Wilmot strode out into the shadow he began to understand the old brutality that could insist upon a satisfaction whose medium was made of gunpowder or steel.

He had got but a little distance when his hand was seized by another hand, and he was dragged with all the strength of a youthful figure out beyond the skirting of shrubbery into the pale moonlight.

CHAPTER VI.

When Craymer left her, on the day before the ladies came to the rancheira, Laurel went with him to the edge of the little cleared spot from which she

could watch him all the way down the hill and into the trail that led through bunch grass across the arm of the great desert.

Few birds are found in this desolate region, but one was calling to its mate from a near tree and the cry throbbled passionately through all the air. She watched until he had waved a last adieu and ridden swiftly into the encircling shadows. Then she turned her eyes upward. The sky was cloudless save a few fleecy lines that stretched out toward her beloved mountain. She reached out her arms and a look of trust like a divine radiance came upon her face.

"Take keer o' him," she said. "Keep both on us—him 'n me."

She had not been prepared for this new experience. No girl friend had made her a confidant; no book had come in her way which gave the modern keen analysis of a maiden's heart when first it feels the emotion of love. If such a one had fallen into her hands, it would not have enlightened her. She could not read the simplest words. The few rude folk in her home had never coupled her name with that of any of the swarthy hunters who, at intervals of many weeks, had climbed the mountain path. How desolate she had been without knowing it!

The child came seeking her. It put up its arms and cried piteously. She clasped it to her heart and turned to ascend the path.

The next morning she said to her heart, "He beant comin today." But as the time came when she used to hear his step, she stole to the spot under the blasted pine whence she could see out over the level waste beyond.

"He beant thar," she said, but she smiled over at the mountain and up at the soft, bright sky.

The next morning it was the same, and the next, and so on for many days. Longing gains strength by delay. The days could not come fast enough. She looked eagerly across the lowlands, for her heart had gone that way, and her eyes must of necessity follow. But as yet no shadow touched her. She went about in her life of toil and privation while her heart was filled with a sacred quiet.

Once could not pity her even when knowing the untruth in the object of her thought. It was not possible. To trust as she did was to walk the borders

of limitless bliss. It could hardly occur to her to question. Every morning and every evening she smiled as she sent a greeting over to old Mount Hood and up toward the high, serene sky.

The weeks dragged by. A new, strange tremor possessed her heart. A pathetic, farreaching look went out from her eyes. The good night to the clouds and to the mountain began to lose its joyous ring.

One morning she went much earlier to the cleared space and waited longer. Even then the sigh that she gave was not for herself. Something was holding him; he could not come. It did not en-



She could watch him all the way down the hill.

ter her thought that he might not come even if the something had broken its grasp. Her nature was one of trust. All this waiting did not help her to learn one letter of doubt.

"He be sick," she asserted with sad conviction. "Th' long heat, it be allers bringin fevers." Then she stretched out her hands, and, though she did not know that bending the knee meant anything, she knelt. Her eyes covered themselves with a mist of tears and refused to see even her beloved mountain.

The next day passed without his coming. Her thoughts grew sadder. Her bright manner intermitted. In the late afternoon she called the youth to her.

"I be goin t' see him," she said.

He was filled with an undefined sense of terror and tried to dissuade her. She

only insisted the more strenuously that she must go. At last, grown prematurely old already, he grew prematurely wise because he saw that Laurel was in trouble. He went to the grandfather and wheedled him into letting them take the beasts and go for a long ride over the old desert trail.

They rode swiftly into the "scabby desert," with its alternations of clayey and sandy soil. On through the gray sagebrush and the greasewood—hypocrite of another and better shrub. The rocky hollows were dry and empty as if winter snows had never melted in them to serve as drink for thousands of cattle which the herder turns in winter upon the desert to crop the bunch grass that lives for a few short months.

The gray and diemal ride was in harmony with the thoughts of both. Laurel was impelled by a new feeling in which no thought of herself stirred, and which grew into a terrible certainty that some unknown evil encompassed her beloved, holding him in thrall.

When they reached McAlvord's fertile land, they rode more slowly until they came upon a stream. Here they dismounted, and the youth staid to water the beasts and to tether them behind a clump of bushes, where they could browse the juicy grass upon the borders of the stream.

Laurel went swiftly forward along the shaded drive. The sun was gone, but the afterglow spread its radiance over the earth. As she neared the ranchera the sound of happy voices greeted her. She stopped suddenly as if deterred from her purpose, bent her head and peered between the branches of a thick shrub.

So fair a vision of life had never before greeted her eyes, nor had it entered her happiest dreams. She caught her breath as she looked at the long veranda, gay with fringed hammocks and great lounging chairs and dainty willow rockers. Bright rugs were strewn over the floor. Baskets of flowers depended from the outer roof line. Long vines swung slowly in the evening air.

Human forms were the jewels in this enchanting scene—strong men and graceful women. Her swift glance found the one she sought. "Th' tall un" was not there to divert her attention.

She read with anxious eyes, but saw no line of care or illness upon the gay features she had learned so well. He

was the center of the group and leaned lazily back in a great armchair, looking up with a smile into the face of a girl who stood beside him and who wore a gown as soft and white as the one worn by the snow mountain.

He seemed to assent to something this one asked of him, for she went through a doorway, upon either side of which hung fleecy curtains, and returned with a strange something in her hand—something that she held out to him and that he took with another smile into her face and a few words which Laurel could not hear, they were so low.

The one she had come to see toyed carelessly with the strange instrument and, moving his fingers across it, drew forth a tender sound such as had never before been heard by the unseen listener. It was not like a bird's voice, nor a choir of birds. It was not like the sighing of the wind through the firs. It was better and sweeter, for it seemed the spirit of each blending and interchanging and softened until fitted to minister to that fair company.

He began to sing some words in an unknown tongue which thrilled her through and through. Something that, because of the look upon the face of that other girl, Laurel knew he was singing to her out of all that happy group.

And this was a girl young like herself, tall and slight, with proudly carried head, but fair instead of dark—heavenly fair, with hair that gleamed like "a bit o' wheatfield when th' sun be shinin'," poor Laurel said to herself.

She had never before seen any one with golden hair. That of the child was flaxen, but dun of color like the fog that sometimes lay dank and cold about the mountains in winter, while this was gloriously warm like the sunlight and strayed over the fair forehead in little waving lines.

There must be something to make a heart stand still at the first sight of a face crowned so shingly. One may love the dusky masses better, but he is sure to be arrested at sight of the other. If the English really received the compliment of which they are so proud when, in the slave market of ancient Rome, the good St. Gregory was so stirred at sight of a fair northman as to call him "not Angle, but an angel," then what must have thrilled the innocent

being whose heart was so in sympathy with all beauty, whether of earth or sky!

The looks and the dress of this girl were like those from another world than Laurel's—a world to which the heart out in the shadow must own that he, too, belonged. Herself was the alien one.

As she looked and as she listened to the tender music she began to understand.

The afterglow died suddenly. Tinted lights shone out from an inner fair scene. One by one the others went within, but those two remained. The music ceased. He laid the instrument upon the rug beside him and held out his hands.

The bright one arose and sat upon the broad arm of his chair and laid her arm about his neck. He lifted her other hand to his lips. His head was against her shoulder. His words were low, but Laurel's heart interpreted the tone. Her innocent soul was stung. A sense of cruelty shortened her breath. God be merciful to a young heart when it learns its first lesson in the untruth of life!

She sank upon her knees and with a faint cry would have fallen but that the youth caught her about the waist and dragged her along the turf beside the drive, so that their footsteps made no sound.

He untethered the horses and lifted Laurel upon her own. They were soon in the edge of the desert, where he drew freer breath. But when her beast paused, unheeded by her, to browse a bit of chemise wood he dismounted and pulled it hastily forward. Then he tied the two tethering ropes together and led the animal upon which the young girl sat in almost utter unconsciousness.

The desert solitude upon one hand and the deep, mysterious mountain solitude upon the other weighed upon his spirit. A coyote howled dismally in the distance. He jerked the tethering rope and urged his own beast into a swifter pace.

At last they reached the point where the trail turned toward the mountain. The scraggly cedars became ghostly figures and the red barked pines and tall firs seemed threatening spirits. Still he urged their way upward, looking back to see that the drooping, swaying figure did not fall.

When the cleared space was reached, Laurel aroused, gave a slow glance about her and slid to her feet in the very spot under the blasted pine tree

where she had watched the coming and going of her beloved. She sank upon the ground and turned her face toward the snow mountain with a hoarse half prayer.

The youth had grown to man's estate in brave sympathy and ready action. He cared for the beasts with gentle caresses because they had been so faithful and brought a blanket to cover the still form that lay beneath the lightning scarred tree.

He watched beside her all the night, his young heart fierce with anger against the one who had caused her such anguish. When the light of morn-



He watched beside her all the night.

ing streaked the sky, he took the cup from the spring and went into the pasture and milked it full of sweet, warm milk, which he brought to Laurel and pressed her to drink.

"It'll make you strong," he said, "so's the gran'thers—they mus'n' know."

After repeated urgings she drank the milk, and, looking at him, repeated, "They mus'n' know." Then she arose and went slowly like an old woman toward the hut.

The old folk grumbled because they had not returned earlier. Laurel, always silent at reproach, did not reply, while the youth was careful to appease them.

And the long, empty day dragged on.

CHAPTER VII.

Laurel went about like one in a trance. At night she sank into a heavy sleep that continued unbroken until morning, and from which she was with difficulty aroused, but she was not refreshed. Her

Her limbs seemed chained, her hands were heavy; she could hold nothing steadily. In the afternoon as she came in with a pitcher of water from the spring her hand shook so that a great splash went over the child's bare feet. The surprised shriek of the small voice startled her and the pitcher slipped from her hand and broke upon the floor at her feet.

"Ah, what be th' matter wid yo', Laurel?" said the grandmother, perceiving the distraught look upon the young face. "Go out o' door till yo' git a bit color. I'll red up th' house. Go on, chile."

Laurel turned slowly and went out. She stood a few moments in half unconscious indecision, then because the trail that led downward had grown too painful she began slowly to climb the mountainside. Anguish was beating her heart with whips of steel, and she had not been able to cry out. She must go where no one would hear and where, like a true child of nature, she could talk her grief aloud instead of giving it silent battle in her heart.

She toiled on steadily up the hill. The brown mat of earth under her feet and the trees as she went higher grew poor and mean. The latter were huddled together by poverty of soil. They were so silent, and they watched her so.

She turned to look back. The very clouds had gone out of the sky, and her beloved mountain, always so near, seemed far away. Everything was falling away from her, and the pitiless desert stretched beyond her sight.

She went on upward, and her thought began to take on distinct form. She remembered the coming of those two and the fear that had haunted her all through that day. She remembered their going that next morning and the words of "th' tall un" about God.

"Why didn' he come 'stid o' th' other un?" she wailed unconsciously. "He wouldn' 'a' done sech a way—he wouldn'."

For a long time she stood as one bewildered. Her thought had lost itself, and she swayed back and forth like one beside herself. Then thought took up its old thread of sorrow and went on. She remembered her surprise when the other one came alone after a few days and the gladness that grew as she saw him often climbing the steep and knew that he climbed it because she was there.

Afterward came the long, empty days that before the coming of those two had not been worth the naming, and since he came no more had grown to be worse than nameless—the long days when, as she looked for him, she saw only the dead desert stretched out, so old and withered and gray.

She remembered how she had gone to seek him, and the finding, and the blinding grief that had wrapped her round. Her heart could no longer hold its agony. She climbed swiftly, like a wild creature, toward the rocky summit. Something was pursuing her. She must escape.

On and on she sped until at last she reached the dry and barren peak and sank breathless and strengthless upon the rough surface. But she had not escaped from this evil thing. Dizzy and panting though she was, it still lay upon her heart. She opened her mouth and gave a prolonged cry. Again and again the piteous wail rang out until she grew hoarse and could no longer cry. But the evil would not be driven away. It clutched at her fiercely. All her thoughts grew cramped into one sad, mad thought that reached as high as the sky and that laid hold of the silence below.

This strain was too much for even her vigorous organism. A gurgle came in her throat, and a stream of warm blood rushed through her lips. She saw it with unstartled eyes. She was going to die, then, as the deer died that came panting into the mountain path with blood on its delicate lips. Everything faded from her sight. The light went out. Was it like this to the pretty deer?

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After a time the light came back. A little later she could lift her head and look about her. She was not dead, then, like the deer. It was not so well with her as that. Nothing was left to her but to go back into her old, poor life, older and poorer than ever since she knew that it was so. Nothing but to go on bearing the common fretting of the meager days without faltering. A thousand pitiful noes were wrung from her soul. Such silly demands as were made upon her! Such foolish, fitful, peevish words as her poor ears had often to hear! Her spirit shrank from the dreary outlook.

The dusk came on. The outline of trees and rocks grew sharper at the summit and became an indistinct mass

below. But she was not afraid. She had often shivered at imagined hearing of the bears' slow tread and the stealthy spring of the panther. But they had no terror for one in her mood. Death in any form would be easier tonight than the life which stretched so blankly beyond.

She must go back. They surely would be calling her. She arose and began the descent, but her knees were weak and her feet slipped. It was a difficult thing when one was strong and well, but since she had almost died how strengthless she was and how short her breath. She clutched at the branches as she went, and she who had hardly known fatigue must now rest often.

There was no danger of losing the way, for as she came into each clear spot she looked for the snow mountain and guided her steps as the mariner looks at his star and makes sure of his watery path.

"Laurel!" she heard. "Laurel!"

It was the youth. He was seeking her. She who had called gayly morning and evening to the clouds and to the mountain could hardly find voice to let him know where to find her.

He came at last, and when he took her hands they were so cold that they chilled him. Leaning upon his shoulder, she reached the hut and sank upon her bed and laid the whole night through without even trying to lift her head.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wilmot recognized the youth who had served as pilot to Craymer and himself on that memorable morning, though the face was prematurely anxious and the eyes were wide and intense.

"What be th' matter?" he cried. "Laurel hev waited an waited, but he doan' come. An she got so wile wid fear that he be sick that I comed here wid her one night. An she lef' me out thar wid th' beasts. An I got t' sleep. An when I comed to she hadn' come. So I lef' th' beasts an went an foun her lookin throo th' bushes at him an a girl settin wid her arm roun his neck. An she guv a leetle groanin cry an fell down. An I be feared they'd fin her. So I drug her 'way. She didn' wake up all th' way hum, but her eyes wus open. An she goes 'round so still—like a shos'. Come back wid me. She liked

yo' bes', but he's been an wftched her."

Wilmot's already depressed heart grew heavier. He sat down upon a rustic seat and drew the youth beside him and put one big arm around him. Grief makes strange comrades. The boyish heart leaned against the big, true hearted man and was comforted. All would



Wilmot promised.

be well now. So he sat and patiently waited. But as the other did not move after long waiting he touched the hand upon his shoulder.

"Belikes we'd better go," he said.

Then Wilmot's helplessness flashed over him. "My dear fellow," he answered, "my going will not help you. I'll telegraph for a doctor to visit your Laurel tomorrow."

But the youth wept over the hand he held and begged with his heart in every word until Wilmot promised.

It was the work of a few moments to go to his room and tumble the bed; to write a blind note to McAlvord and lay it on the breakfast table, and after that to get a pony from the long stables and set out with his face toward the mountain that had stood so constantly in the horizon of his thought.

They cantered through the near corner of pasture land across the upper arm of the desert and reached the mountain path. As they were about to ascend Wilmot sprang off his horse and called to the youth with an involuntary fierceness:

"Why should I go? I am no doctor.

I can do nothing for your Laurel. He may come here tomorrow. I am sure that he will come soon. I cannot go."

In an instant the youth was at his side. "Oh, but yo' won't be s' hard like 's t' go back now! Belikes yo' kin say somethin as'll comfort her. She's growed feared, like a wild bird. She talked t' me 'bout God sence yo' wus thar, an she said he was big an white like ole Mount Hood. He'd take keer o' me an th' gran'thers an th' chile, he would, 'cause yo' asked him to."

"Well, go on, though I'm neither doctor nor missionary. But you must put the ponies in the shed and let me stay outside until it is day. Then if she comes out"—

He did not know what he would have added. The other was satisfied and, fearing more objection, hastened on.

When the ponies were corralled, the youth brought a blanket for his companion and, wrapping himself in another, laid down at a little distance.

Wilmot did not try to analyze his emotions during the hours of that night. Sympathy for the bold young heart whose affection had sought him, raging indignation against the one who had disturbed the peace of these simple folk and a pity deep as his manly heart held sway in turn.

The eternal stars shone out overhead. They wooed his thoughts from the tangled maze below to the hand that could hold them on their silent and mighty course. It was the hand of One whose pity was like that of a father.

"Oh, Laurel, little flower!" he said. "Somehow, somewhere and at some time the wrongs of life will all be righted."

CHAPTER IX.

Morning came and touched everything with splendor. The weather beaten hut grew soft with purple shadowing. The leaves of the vine that clambered up the steep roof tumbled in the morning air. A great rhododendron tree, which Wilmot had not noticed before, had still a few blossoms upon it. They must have named her for the tree—rhododendron, laurel. How much prettier the shorter name was!

The door of the picturesque old hut opened and Laurel came slowly out. Sorrow had cut her as frost cuts a flower. She did not see Wilmot, but with uplifted eyes she said in a tender, bro-

ken voice, as one would do a habitual thing though the heart were not in the doing of it: "Good mornin, pretty clouds. Good mornin, ole Mount Hood, sweet mornin t' yo'." And she kissed her hands. Then, covering her eyes, she stood for a little with bowed head—not as one awaiting a blessing, but as one whose strength had become weakness.

Out over the desert the snow peak rose in high relief against the sky, like some glistening shrine belonging to another and a fairer world. Wilmot began to understand how, in this joyless, isolated life, her fine nature had given a spirit to these fairer objects and had entered into kinship with them.

She turned and saw him, but she did not start or tremble as he had feared. She only looked at him calmly with a slow lifting of the eyes and a protracted but not searching gaze. He did not approach or vex her with a greeting, but she came slowly toward him.

"Why didn' yo' come back 'stid o' th' other un?" she asked.

He uncovered his head and looked at her. What could he answer?

"Why didn' yo' come?" she repeated in the same slow monotone.

His heart grew heavy with tenderness and with something which had been growing there for many weeks.

"I have come now," he answered. "I am sorry that I did not come before. I staid away because I was not wise and did not know what it was best to do. But I am here now, and if you will let me I will bring my sister, a dear, brave girl, to see you, and she and I will take you away, and you shall be with us always—if you will."

She clasped her hands tightly together.

"I have come to say that to you," he said. "Forgive me for not having come before."

"It hurts t' stay here," she said. "Everything hurts." She turned away. He waited patiently. Presently she lifted her eyes again to his face. Something in his look melted her. She threw herself down upon the moss covered log at his feet and sobbed passionately.

"Th' clouds 'n th' mountains," she sobbed. "They kin never be th' same. I—I want t' go."

Then Wilmot went toward the door of the hut, and meeting the "gran'thers" told the whole story in simplest language and begged from them their

dearest treasure.

"We can't git 'long nohow 'thout Laurel," protested the grandfather.

But the heart of the grandmother understood and was touched. "She doan' b'long t' us," she said, "'n we hain't got no right t' set up ag'in it ef Laurel wants t' go."

Then followed a few necessary words of planning, after which Wilmot went back and lifted the slender form in his arms.

"Laurel, little flower, I am coming after you in a few more days. And you will go with me then?"

She leaned against him as one who had found shelter from a pitiless storm.

"Yo' didn' come before," she answered. "I thought yo' would come, but yo' didn'. 'N he come. 'N then I got s' bad hurt here," and she laid her hand upon her heart, "thet I can't git my breath. But yo' hev come. 'N I'll go with yo' anywhere. I'll stay with yo'. I'll wait fur yo' when yo' be'n gone jes' I be'n doin these thar days. 'Fore yo' come that fust time I be'n dead. It be'n empty livin'—'fore yo' come."

CHAPTER X.

Craymer kept his half promise to Wilmot for one day only. Early the next morning he asked the Chinaman for breakfast, and after eating hastily, as if afraid time might weaken his purpose, he mounted a pony and with the paltry excuse of brushes and paints set off upon the well known trail.

His thoughts were swayed by conflicting emotions. Among them was anger toward Wilmot, which he nursed as a sort of excuse for action. He was not a boy that he should be so taken to task. He meant to marry his betrothed at the appointed time. He had only a few more weeks in this wild place, and he had not made good use of the time to fill his portfolio. It became him, therefore, to be diligent.

He did not ask himself why thoughts of work always led him in one direction. To be sure, he had implied a promise to Wilmot that he would make no more pictures of her, but if Wilmot were to have all of those already sketched why should he not make a new one for himself—one with that stately turn of the throat like an affrighted deer—not for exhibition, but for his own studio walls?

He did not know how long he had ridden, but felt that he must be near the mountain. He looked up to find his gaze shut in by an impenetrable misty wall. Then he became conscious of the chill that was creeping over him, but he would soon be there, and perhaps they would have that blazing fire upon the great hearth lighted.

He had given the pony rein as he had always done before, but now he noticed with a sudden failure of heart that this was not the pony he had always ridden on these errands. Those Indians were fools, every one of them. He had lost the trail and was wandering he knew not whither.

Presently a fine, drizzling rain began. He remembered having heard McAlvord say that it had not rained at that season for more than 40 years. A rain at this time meant fevers and many ills, for it always lasted during many days.

The hours fled. Night came on. The mist became a rain which fell steadily. He pressed onward in the hope of striking the bridle path, but cold, exhausted and hungry he sank at last upon the ground beside his horse.

They lay until morning, gaining some little warmth from each other. Another day of toil shut in by those wet, gray walls. Another night of exhaustion. They plodded through the third day,



Swooned away.

growing each more hopeless and dispirited. The fourth morning he tried to urge the pony to arise, but after several attempts it stretched out its neck and would no longer struggle. He had to leave it. When this wretched rain was over, it would arise, no doubt, and find its own way back.

Hour after hour he toiled onward, shaken by chills, consumed at the same time by an inward fire and fever. But

the warm hut, with its blazing fire of great logs, was in the elusive distance. The impatience and strain made his brain reel. He sank upon the ground in heavy exhaustion. A dark object lay before him. He arose and tried to approach it cautiously, but, unable longer to guide his footsteps, he stumbled against it and fell. It moved slightly and gave a husky whinny.

He stretched out his hand. Could it be the pony he had left hours before! With one desperate effort of his swiftly ebbing strength he made conviction sure by finding the knot in the bridle rein which he had handled nervously during the dreadful hours of that first dreadful day.

Great heavens! He had gone in a circle. He was lost then, and the hut, with its blazing fire, might be miles away. The thought was almost death itself and made such darkness in his soul that he grew mad, and, giving a great cry, swooned away.

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The silent hours passed. They made themselves into night and into day and into night again. The unlocked for dawn was rising softly on slow wings when he aroused himself.

"It was a dream," he said. "Helen, my betrothed, I have come back to you. I am stained with the earthly life. I am

not worth your taking, but your innocenc will make me true. We will go away together, dear, and I will teach you to believe in me. Let us go. Where is your hand? It is growing dark. Why did I bring you out into this dreadful night?"

The words had hardly ceased, and it was not yet too late to save the ebbing life, when a tall man rode swiftly up. His lips grew white as he fired signal shots and looked through a glass out into the clear morning to see that a company of horsemen in the near distance had heard and were turning in the right direction.

He stuck his gun into the ground and fastened his handkerchief to it in order that the riders might not lose their way. Then he mounted his horse and rode away. At the foot of a tall mountain upon whose side clung a vine-enwreathed hut he paused and looked up through the morning splendor which crowned the radiant summits and touched the hidden places, up at the clouds and across at the serene, white mountain, and as he looked his heart grew still and there echoed a voice in his ears, and these were the words it said:

"I'll go with yo' anywhere. It be'n empty livin' fore yo' come. Goodby, pretty clouds! Goodby, ole Mount Hood, a sweet goodby t' yo'!"

THE END.



What an unsatisfactory creature the indecisive woman is, with her meandering mind and her haphazard tongue! How she tries our patience, and awakens our pity, and provokes our laughter! But, after all, she is not less perfect than that resolute, implacable sister who strives so hard to be determined and firm that she succeeds only in being obstinate. It is easy enough to shut your mouth hard and say, "This shall be done," or "I will do so and so." It is another form of strength to say, "You are probably right," "I was mistaken," "My attempt was unsuccessful." The colloquial phrase, "Make up your mind," has eaten into the hearts of some women till they keep their brains ready to snap shut like a trap, and believe it would be weak of them to even consider a question again. Somebody said once upon a time that "the ability to unmake your mind is a sure proof that you have one." Years ago women were more indecisive. The inclination was to be easy-going. Then the pendulum swung far in the opposite way, and now it seems to me that most of us are too aggressive, over-anxious to make ourselves heard, too much alert, too determined. I am quite sure that it would be a real good plan to take some trouble to teach ourselves to "unmake" our minds.

When women get it thoroughly into their heads that the beauty which is worth having comes from within, they will not worry so much over the shapes of their noses as over the state of their tempers or the condition of their livers. Not that I despise cold cream, or a whiff of perfume. Most women are fond of fussing with lotions and unguents, and so long as they are simple ones, it is a very desirable thing to encourage the fad for little bottles with nice-smelling contents and spices and perfumes are useful as antiseptics, you know.

Some of the best-hearted and most truly creditable people on earth go around with a breath that is most offensive, and some of the most carefully doctored and perfumed and altogether sweet and refreshing people physically have many a crook in their moral natures and many a blank in their mentality. The middle course is always best, and so, while not forgetting that a dainty person is one of a womanly woman's first claims to respect, you must not depend upon those little extras, but cultivate that best beauty which patience and charity and loving-kindness give to your lips and brow, and most of all to your mouth. You cannot be a selfish, vain woman and be good to look at. You cannot lie and look truthful, and if you let your temper rule you, be sure it is shouting of its victory from the wrinkles in your forehead and the lines around your mouth.

Does it ever occur to the women who are housekeepers, that we spend altogether too much time on the non-essential details, and, too, more than we need, on the essentials. Take, for example, the family in which one servant is kept. In the first place, a cheap, untrained servant is usually the dearest kind you can employ. What does she not break, or scratch, or burn, or waste? She must be taught everything, and often succeeds in learning nothing. There are exceptions, but they usually occur once in a housekeeper's day and generation; so, if you ever found such a one in the past, do not look for any such good luck in the future. Listening never strikes twice in the same place. Now, when a new servant comes, there are a great many things to tell her. Why not write them all down—meal hours, afternoon and evenings out, general rules about the work, and the plan of the housework. Each morning write a menu for the meals of that day and the breakfast of the next. Each Saturday morning write out the meals for the

remainder of that day and the whole of Sunday. Do your marketing early, and everything will run on oiled wheels over the day of rest.

In many homes the seventh day is not a day of rest. It is a day of feasting and a day of doubly hard work for the meal-getter. As a rule, most of us eat too much food every day, and about three times as much as we ought on Sundays. When a man who exercises himself all week, sits down without exercise on Sunday, it is bad enough, but when, added to that, he gorges himself with twice the quantity of food he takes on other days, he is on the high road to a very blue Monday, and it will be blue for all who are in his immediate vicinity.

And, then, about this same blue Monday it ought not to be blue. It is proverbially sunshiny, and every day is a good day until we deface and begrime it. I suppose it is heterodox to say Tuesday is the better wash-day, if washing is done by the one maid, but let us be heterodox. There are so many fag-ends of work left from Sunday, the house is so untidy and there is so much dust on the furniture and so little food in the larder, that Monday is surely intended as a straightening-up day.

Don't go on using up bright Mondays to make blue ones of, just because all our grandmothers considered Monday the only proper wash-day. Our grandmothers sat at their spinning-wheels, and our spinning-wheels have handle-bars and rubber tires, and we rush around on them in a way which would have taken the breath from the dear, dignified folks of long ago.

How is it, I wonder, that women are nearly always fond of household linen? It must surely be an inherited taste, and it is a refining and house-wifely liking, making us think of quantities of towels and fresh bed-linen, dainty table napery and crisply-laundered odds and ends in the way of covers and scarfs for tables and bureaus and stands. There is no saner field for decoration than the embellishing of household linen, either by the patient hem-stitch, the elaborate drawn pattern or the deftly-stitched initial. Your towels are four times prettier and you are much fonder of them if they bear the first letter of your name, worked by your own fingers. There has been so much painting of dust-pans and gilding of flat-irons that it is a relief to see our girls and women turning to linen embroidery or even the everlasting crochet and tatting.

Most young girls have an idea that they are different from all other girls who have lived. Some of them are, and the differ-

ence does not always consist in their being nicer, either. Now it may be a little difficult, but it is probably extremely good training to rid yourself of the supposition that you are nicer than the rest of the girls—and so, don't try to be different. We cannot all fulfil the same duties, but so we do our best at our own work, and so the others do their best at their work, the result is the same, when viewed from above.

I wonder how many women agree with me that a woman's neatness or untidiness in the morning, is a test of her true ladyhood. It is always somewhat of a disappointment if you find that some woman who dresses prettily in the evening, is a veritable fright when she is alone in the morning. Hurry is the cause sometimes but often it is only carelessness. Besties, if you took five minutes more to dress, you could pin on a bow and a neat collar and dress your hair becomingly instead of piling it into the ungainly knob which many women think will "do" for the mornings. There are women who forget to use their nail-cleaners in the morning and also their tooth-brushes. Sometimes it is only habit. Many women are content to do as their forbears did, and sometimes the circumstances and advantages of their ancestors are not equal to their own. And the children—do they come to breakfast with their hair in the twisted little braids which have tumbled over the pillow all night? Are they taught that to touch food with hands which are not freshly washed before each meal, is to invite germs of disease into their systems?

Curly papers at breakfast! Ugh! curl papers are dreadful at night, in the dark, but in the broad light of day, what a revelation they do make!

The woman who has a sense of order which does not enslave her is apt to have convenient places for her belongings, and she will know so well where everything is that she can, as the saying goes, "lay her hand on everything in the dark." Some women dote on bags, some on boxes, and others stow everything into baskets of which they can never have too many. I have always had a standing quarrel with the average bureau drawer, which is so deep and so long and so wide, that, by the time it is full, there are layers and layers of things and you cannot find what you go to seek. The difficulty may be partly gotten over by dividing the contents into property classed boxes—lace in one, ribbon in another, your travelling odds and ends in another and your summer gloves in still another box. In the

drawer into which you go every day, remove the lids from the boxes, and set them underneath. Then you will have a neat set of pigeon holes. Nothing gets mussed or tumbled, and you can see at a glance just where your collar and your lace frills, your belt, your spare hairpins and your ribbon bows are.

—

And now that the sales are over, the bargain-hunters may sit them down and wish they had the money represented by the pile of varied articles, some of which are worse than they looked, some of which will not be used until next year, and some of which will be used simply never. A bargain is a bargain, of course, and you must abide by it, even if you have the worst of it, which you generally have, unless some one else is robbed, and the last is just a little worse than the first.

Down in my heart I'm afraid that a "nose" for bargains is not a good possession for a real, good, womanly woman. It is a piece along the way to the condition of mind which takes pleasure in contemplating the getting of something for nothing.

—

When you have a particularly fat goose, wash it out with strong soap-suds, rinse with clear water over and over again, and you will be delighted to miss the rather coarse taste which spoils the good fowl for so many.

If a duck is rubbed inside with half a lemon, it will also be found improved in flavor.

For a light egg omelette take four eggs beaten separately, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt. Stir in the whites last, pour into a hot, greased frying-pan. Do not touch till it sets well, then put it in the oven to brown on top. Fold carefully and serve on a hot platter. This may be varied by stirring a half cup of grated cheese into the mixture, also by spreading minced parsley, or finely-chopped ham, chicken or beef over it just before it is folded.

Vary your five o'clock tea table fare by having fainty lettuce sandwiches, which consist of two slices of the thinnest buttered bread, with a layer of crisp lettuce between and a very little salad dressing.

Cream cheese makes delightful sandwiches, and so does chopped celery, mixed with chopped walnuts.

Remember that fruit is far more wholesome for dessert than pastry, and that nuts are nature's own sweetmeats. Children should never be allowed to eat pastry, and I have an idea that grown-ups ought not to take it either.

The soup kettle is an institution in many families, but there are still shiftless housewives who throw out scraps of roasts and the trimmings from the chops. Your stock if made carefully will yield you a variety of delicate soups, which variety you supply by vegetables, cereals, or any of the forms of soup decoration of which the chief are noodles and toasted bread. Tomatoes, peas, beans, corn, macaroni, a medley of carrots, onions, cabbage and turnips, or a plain puree of potato will vary your stock charmingly, and when it is used, you may run the gamut again, using milk for a base instead of stock. Salmon makes a delicious soup, especially if you brown an onion in butter before the milk is added, and a little water in which a couple of bay leaves have been boiled.

—

Auntie.—Give the wee girl a work basket fitted with a thimble, a pair of blunt scissors, a case of needles, and two or three spools of gay-colored thread.

Flossie.—You can clean a tea-cosy with gasoline. It will be far better than taking the silk off to wash it. It would never look as well after the laundering, and if you use the gasoline carefully it will make each particular puff look like new. The even sides, of course, you may wash and iron. In using the gasoline, you must be careful not to be near fire or a light.

A.J.T.—If I were you I should be married very quietly in a travelling gown. The sentiment attached to white gowns and veils and orange blossoms is very sweet, but you will be quite as dear a little bride in fashionable gray or brown, and a much nicer one, than if you spent more money than you could afford on a bridal outfit, particularly as you are going to live in the country, and so quietly that a white gown would be of little use after the wedding hour.

—

All questions will be cheerfully answered, and any mother who has a message for the girls, or any girl who has a message for the mother, will be gladly welcomed for a cosy corner letter-chat in this our own department.

MADGE MERTON.

—

A Frenchman is the inventor of a scheme whereby the wool on sheepskins can be converted into velvet. Until now the tanned sheepskins have been used only for rugs, carpets or the lining of clothing, the wool being left in its curled state. The inventor leaves the wool on the skin, but has a process of arranging the hairs so they do not mat.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

DAVE'S BACON AND THE BEAR.

Dave Buncombe was a free-hearted, good-natured fellow, and had for many years been employed as teamster in a tannery. He had to draw the bark from the woods to the tannery settlement, ten miles away. One day Dave was coming leisurely along with his load, which was drawn by two mules, and as he came to the foot of a small hill he stopped the animals to give them a little breathing time, and during the interval thought he would eat his dinner, so, reaching his basket, he began to eat. Hardly had he commenced, when a big bear, looking very comfortable and contented, came out of the woods only a couple of yards in front of the waggon. He slouched along indifferently on his way across the road, simply giving Dave an impudent look as he sat perched on his load of bark.

The bear evidently had no intention of stopping, but Dave, with his usual kind-heartedness, foolishly tossed Bruin a bit of fat bacon, saying, "Here, my boy, is a bite for you."

The bear stopped, picked up the bacon, evidently thinking Dave a good fellow, and ate it with every indication of enjoyment. The fact is he enjoyed the tasty morsel so much that he reconsidered his intention of going right on about his business, and, coming a little nearer the waggon, raised up on his haunches, and told Dave as plainly by his looks and bearing as though he said in words, that another little morsel would be acceptable.

Dave understood the bear, and tossed him another piece of bacon, which was more quickly devoured than the first piece, and still the bear remained posing as unabashed as possible, and plainly asking for more. But teamsters have very good appetites, and Dave was no exception, and he had no idea of stinting himself in his dinner to please this impudent beggar, so he ignored the pleadings of the bear—and attended to his own wants. The bear, seeing that he was neglected, snorted loudly two or three times, and then walked backwards and forwards several times opposite Dave, who was still unrelenting,

and gave no sign that he saw anything the bear was doing.

Presently, however, Mr. Bear changed his tactics. He began to growl savagely and show his teeth. Still Dave kept on eating, and refused to share any more of his meal with the importunate beast.

The taste of the bacon was still strong on Bruin's palate, and more he intended to have, or know the reason why, so he charged on the waggon, climbed up the bark at the end, and had his head and shoulders above the top of the load before Dave had any idea what the bear was doing.

"Durn yer pictur!" yelled Dave, "if ever I see'd the like! There's some folks and critters never satisfied."

With that he threw a piece of pork out in the road. The bear then dropped down and went back and got it. That he soon swallowed, and made another charge on the waggon, so Dave then threw another piece as far as ever he could. It then began to dawn on Dave that he had coaxed on a situation that had anything but a pleasant aspect, and he must think of some plan to change it.

He certainly could not sit there all day feeding bacon to the bear, even if his supply would stand the strain, and it was evident that the bear had worked himself up to such a point that if he didn't get "bacon" he would have "teamster."

There was no use in trying to get away from the bear with the mules hitched to that heavy load of bark, and it would never do for Dave to desert his mules and take to his heels.

The teamster saw only one way out of the dilemma, and that was to throw the entire contents of his dinner basket to the bear, and while he was engaged in devouring it, to unbind the mules, mount one, lead the other, and fly. Dave was about to carry out this scheme when an idea came to him. "O' course, it'll work to a turn. I'll let this b'ar eat my grub an' then I get even by eatin' him. Gee up thar!"

The mules started, the bear swallowed a morsel Dave had thrown him, and then followed the waggon, looking ugly, and in

earnest. Dave sat on the bark, facing the bear, his big dinner basket placed between his knees. When the bear came up to the waggon and threatened to climb on the load, Dave tossed out a piece of pork. This order of business was kept up until Dave found his supply of bacon was diminishing, and he was yet three miles from the first house on the road. Dave had plenty of bread and butter, and some boiled eggs, also some pie in his basket, so he thought he would change the bill of fare for the bear, and economize the pork.

He began by tossing bruinaa boiled egg, at which the bear sniffed, rolled it over with his paw and snarled, and came tearing after the waggon madder than a hornet.

"Biled eggs ain't the kind of wittles yer hahkering arter?" says Dave. "Try a little bread and butter, then."

Dave then threw a slice with all his might, as far off as possible.

It fortunately fell on the ground, butter side up. The bear licked the butter off the bread, and it seemed to suit him, but he didn't eat the bread.

As he came up to the waggon again, the teamster threw out another slice of bread. That, of course, fell butter side down. The bear sniffed it, came on again snorting madly. Dave tried him with more bread, but as every slice fell butter side down, the bear got into such a rage that the teamster was afraid to try him with bread again, and tossed him a piece of bacon to mollify him. The bear cooled down when he got this, and when he came on again after the waggon, Dave broke off a piece of pie and tried him with it, but that was most objectionable, and Dave quickly saw it wouldn't do to give him any more. But the piece of bacon remaining was not larger than the size of his hand, and he yet had a mile to go before the first house, where Dick Johnson, his friend, lived, who had a gun, and if the bacon could only be made to last, Dave's plan was to make a rush for the house, get the gun, and tumble bruin there and then. He dealt out the remaining bacon as sparingly as possible, but the bear got so impatient and aggressive that he had to increase the dose. Dave saw that it would be all he could do to make the bacon last until he reached Dick's house.

He was within half-a-mile of the house when he saw Dick in a field, not far from the road. "Hullo, Dick!" he shouted, "got a gun?" "No," Dick shouted back, "Sam's got it out arter rabbits." "Thunderation!" yelled Dave, "here's a pretty kettle o' fish. Got any pork?" "Yes, 'bout a pound." "Run in and get it, thar's a good chap, I'm a-coaxing this b'ar in somewhere

whar I can git him shot; but I'm run short of bacon. If I don't get some, or a gun, I'm afraid this will turn out an uncommonly onfurtunit coax for me. Run for your life and git your bacon."

Dick ran ahead as fast as he could go. Dave continued feeding his bacon to the bear. He held on to the last piece until the bear had climbed almost on top of his load, and then tossed it as far back in the road as he could. The bear dropped down and went after it. Before he came up to the waggon again Dave had reached Dick's house, and there he was with the pound of bacon. He threw it to Dave, "You run on to Sam Blinker's, Dick, get his gun, and lay for us as we come along; and don't you forget to finish this beggar, or else I'm done for. Dick set off as fast as his legs could carry him. Blinker's was two miles further on. Be as careful as he would with Oick's reinforcement of bacon, Dave had been forced to reduce it, so that he was within a quarter of a mile of Blinker's when he held the last piece in his hand. "Whar in thunder is that Dick?" he groaned, as the bear, impatient at the teamster's unwonted delay in throwing out the bacon, was again climbing up on the load of bark.

No sign of Dick anywhere could be seen. The bear was head and shoulders on top of the load of bark again. Dave tossed the last piece of bacon to him, and jumped from the waggon. Down the road he bore. The bear probably thought Dave was rushing away with the coveted bacon, he therefore ran after him. The teamster had a good start, but, unfortunately, he stumbled and fell. The bear was nearly on his heels before he could get up.

The chase was then a close one, with the bear gaining. Just as Dave felt it was all up with him, a gun went off so close to his head that it deafened him, and he didn't know if he was killed or not.

"He! ho!" someone shouted. Dave stopped and looked back. The bear lay flat on the road, kicking and howling. Dick scrambled out of the bushes at the side and sent another charge into bruin, and it stopped kicking. Dave then went back. "I laid for him," said Dick. When the mules came along with the bark waggon, Dick and Dave loaded the bear on the waggon. "I'll send ye half o' him," said Dave, "but look-a-here, Dick, take warning by me, never start to coax on a bear into somewheres for someone to shoot him, 'less yer's got something like a side or two of bacon with ye, it's too trying! The beggar has lost me nearly all my dinner, and pretty well scowd me to death. Good-day, Dick, and thanke ye."

E. LIVER.

SOMETHING FOR THE CYCLIST.

I have not as yet put the following to the test, but it seems very feasible:—"Dr. George Hardyman has discovered the following easy way to locate a small puncture in the tire of a bicycle. Instead of putting the inner tube of a pneumatic tire under water to find out the puncture, all that is necessary is to do as follows:—Take out the inner tube in the usual way from the outer cover, and, having made the hand wet with clean water, pass it over the tube, which is fairly inflated—it need not be tightly so. When you thus wet the punctured part there will be a distinct sensation felt by the hand when passing over it of a bubbling nature. The hand must be very wet, and no difficulty will be experienced."

At length the penny-in-the-slot principle has marked the world of wheels for its own, and when we draw up at our favorite hostelry our bike is to be held securely and delivered up to none but its lawful owner, by what is really an automatic stand and policeman rolled into one, for a penny a time. The automatic cycle rack is an American invention. The rack consists of two metal guides forming portions of the circumference of a circle, and the wheel is placed between them, and is held firmly by the closing together around the rim of two semi-circular rings. The working of the rack is very simple. The wheel is placed between the guides, and a penny put into the slot in a box attached to the rack. This unlocks the lid of the box, and on raising the lid the wheel is securely locked, whilst, at the same time, a key is released and taken possession of as evidence of ownership of the cycle. The key has a number stamped on it corresponding with the number painted on the rack. When the machine is required again the lid is lifted, the key replaced and turned, and the lid let down again. The falling of the lid unlocks the apparatus, and the bicycle is at once released.

THE GAME OF "POL."

One cold, rainy day three young people were loitering in my sitting room, writes a correspondent. I was trying to write, and their restlessness and inability to amuse themselves became rather annoying. I suggested various games, but they declared they were tired of games.

I happened to be looking in the dictionary for a word beginning with P-o-l, and noticed several interesting words on the page.

So I said, giving each one a sheet of foolscap paper and a pencil, "I will give a shilling to the person who writes the greatest number of words beginning with 'Pol,' spelling the words correctly, and giving the definition." The young people were between fourteen and sixteen years of age and good students. Of course, I did not allow them to look in the dictionary.

I went on with my writing for more than an hour, looking occasionally at the busy group, who now seemed perfectly happy. When we were called to dinner, I said:—"Give me the papers; I will look them over after dinner." They gave me the papers reluctantly, for they said there were so many words beginning with "Pol" that they were not through.

After dinner we looked the papers over, and found that the youngest girl had won the shilling, she being an enthusiastic student of zoology, and familiar with the word polyp, with its several terminations. From that day, the game of "Pol" has been a favorite in our family. It is no uncommon thing to find one of my young people diligently studying the dictionary. "Looking up words, because we are going to play 'Pol.'" They sometimes take different letters or syllables, but the name "Pol" seems to cling to the game.

I find the fame of my little game has spread, and the children all over the city are playing the game of "Pol." Several of the teachers have told me that they notice a marked improvement in spelling and word analysis since the introduction of "Pol."

THE COOK WHO DOESN'T LIKE PEAS.

The fun of this game depends on a fair proportion of the players not being acquainted with it, in which case they will be sure to lose small fortunes in forfeits before finding out the "catch."

The leader begins, addressing the player:—"I have a cook who doesn't like peas (p's). What will you give her for her dinner?" The person addressed, if acquainted with the secret, avoids the letter "p" in his answer, and, for example, says, "I will give her some bananas." The question is then asked of the second person, who, is unacquainted with the trick, is likely enough to offer something—which contains the letter "p"—e. g., potatoes, asparagus, pork, apple pie, pickles, spinach, etc. When this occurs, the offender is called upon to pay a forfeit, but the precise nature of his offence is not explained to him. He is simply told in answer to his expostulation that "the cook

HOME AND YOUTH.

ANSWERS—JANUARY, 1898.

1.—Prussia, Scotland, Manitoba, Great Britain, Peru, United States, Ecuador, England, Belgium, New Brunswick, Holland, Ontario, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Italy, Ireland.

2.—Train.

3.—The Restoration.

4.—Part—ridge

5.—Rap—idly (rapidly).

PUZZLES.

1.—Charade.

This one is hard to rip, dear me!
With two stitch it was sewn.
I noticed that young one two tree
Out there, how it has grown!

* * *

2.—Riddle.

Three O's, two N's and a T,
Within "Belonging to me."
'Tis fearfully tame, always the same,
What kind of a word may it be?

* * *

3.—Anagram.

The Governors-General I "enrol"
Of Canada. Upon the whole,
Not "shady men." Oft with "calm feet"
The "jads wend on." "To gab," they meet.
Some "hnger, old" in years, and one
Oft with "arch tact," has "fired fun."
While some sought "grails," What their
reward?

* * *

To "rend a bee." "I deem duns hard."
Conferred one "mora, D.C.L.O.K."
On him, one finds, "Ye slant;" but they
Are upright men, in turn they've been
Sent out to represent their Queen.

4.—Enigma.—Deletion.

When our grandmothers were girls,
Coal-scuttle bounnets hid their curls.
Now from a covering for the head,
Remove a part—so I've heard said—
And to reward you for your pains,
A coal scutble is what remains.

* * *

5.—Conundrum.

Name the king of dogs.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

"Oh, bye my baby-bunting, bye,"
The moon shines overhead,
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
The evening meal is spread.
And in the lamp-light's cheerful glow,
We wait for father dear,
He's coming home to us, you know,
'Ere long he will be here.

"Oh, father's gone a-hunting," sweet,
He works in shine or storm,
For food for all of us to eat,
And clothes to keep us warm.
At home we keep things neat and trim,
My baby, you and I;
And when we think it's all for him,
How fast our fingers fly!

"To get a little rabbit-skin,"
(It's cloak, and shoe, and hat)
"To wrap the baby-bunting in,"
O baby, think of that!
So laugh and crow in pure delight,
A welcoming of glee.
To father, when he comes to-night,
Comes home to you and me.

Lady, to tramp—"Are you a gardener?"
"Ain't had much experience." "Can't you
plant these flowers?" "I hate to risk
spoilin' 'em, ma'am." "Then what can
you do?" "Well, ma'am, if you'll give me
one o' your husband's cigars, I'll fit in the
greenhouse an' smoke out the insects that's
eatin' up the leaves of them rose bushes."

ALBERT'S

THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER



The Cheapest - -
The Most Used - -
The Best Artificial

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It gives largely increased crops for three or
four years from one application.
All great authorities are agreed on it.

WALLACE & FRASER,

Sales last year over 1,000,000 tons.
Pamphlet "Common Sense Manuring"
Sent free.

St. John, N.B., and Toronto, Ont.

THE OBSTINATE JUROR

AS TOLD BY THE JUDGE

BY HERBERT D. WARD



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"I, for one," said the young graduate sententiously, "think that the whole jury system is a relic of English barbarism, and the sooner we get rid of the jury in this country the better for it." He tipped his chair back against the pine boards and drew clouds enough out of his brier wood to obscure the most lucid argument.

It was a party of four, made up of a hydraulic engineer, a captain in the navy on a furlough, a graduate of Harvard going to study law in the fall, and an uncle of the young man, Judge Chambers, one of the justices of the superior court of Connecticut. The judge was the patriarch of the quartet, the owner of the camp and caught more fish than all of the rest of the men together.

He took off his glasses, and as he wiped them he scrutinized his nephew with fond contempt.

The hydraulic engineer spoke quickly and systematically, like the pumping of one of his own motors.

"I myself think the juryman is the most outraged free man I know of. While the criminal is receiving bouquets from silly women and feeding like a gamecock the poor juryman is deprived of wholesome air, of decent food, of exercise and always of sleep until a verdict is agreed upon. I would like to know what sort of verdict a man is going to give whose whole routine of life is changed and who is coerced by the lack of food or sleep."

"We don't think of putting the officers of a court martial under guard or in irons until they bring in a verdict," the captain observed with the unconscious intonation of superiority into

which the seaman always falls when in presence of the landlubber.

The judge took his cigar out of his mouth, and the rest turned to him with deference. The young man started to say irreverently, "Oh, you're prejudiced," but for once held his peace. The judge was not a talker, but when he opened his mouth his friends respected his well digested experience, if not his arbitrary opinion.

"The jury system," he said judicially, "is an abomination as practiced in England and in most of our states. We in Connecticut passed an act of legislature so that the juryman serves as the other officers of the court and goes from the jury room to his home as I do myself. To put a juryman, like a school-boy, on honor is to get the best results. I have known of but one case where a jury penned up assisted justice more than it would have done had it been free. But in this case justice was served in a blind, haphazard way at a terrible cost. It happened in my own circuit 20—let me see—it was 23 years ago, and a similar case might not happen again in the century."

Rain had now set in. It was chilly on that May evening, and the fire and the tale to come tempted the company to draw their chairs in a closer circle around the chimney, for a leaf from the judge's ponderous volume of experiences that covered 35 years of fighting at the bar and ruling on the bench was sure to need no further illustration to hold attention than his own genuine elocution.

The tale is paraphrased a little into continuity by one of its auditors and will not be given precisely in the fragmentary and conversational form of its original narrator.

Broadfields is one of the most picturesque, one of the oldest and one of the loveliest villages in Connecticut. It consists of two streets, each about a mile long, intersecting each other at right angles. A double row of elms planted in King Charles' time guards each avenue. The town reminds one of old Hadley, famous for its stately streets, its colonial homes and undisturbed peace.

On the 26th of May, 1872, Broadfields awoke out of an insensibility that had lasted for over 200 years. What politics, crops, war, marriage, debt or inheritance could not accomplish had now come to pass.

At 9 o'clock at night, or perhaps a little later, Mrs. Burns, the wife of the richest, the most crabbed and the most feared man in this ancient community, electrified her next door neighbors by a cry of "Murder!" Then Broadfields, lethargic as a stone hitching post, awoke to new and awful responsibilities.

The people of the town were all in their beds, and Mrs. Burns would have been had she not stepped out to the barn, 100 yards or so back of the house, to look for her husband. He had taken his lantern and had gone out there alone about an hour before to do some simple chores, and his wife, actuated possibly by some subtle influence like that with which detected crime is able to draw a crowd out of the bowels of the earth, felt anxious about him for the first time in her life. When she found Mr. Burns dead in his own blood, she ran to the front gate and uttered into the blackness of the unlighted streets her memorable cry.

It took Broadfields no little time to awake to the consciousness of a crime of such high degree, but at last a group of leading citizens stood about the widow in the anxious light of their swaying lanterns. These good people were as much perplexed about what to do as a white cat with a litter of black crows. It finally occurred to the minister that Deacon Luke Bassett, who had forgotten the fact himself, was town constable, and that, as the sole representative of the law, it was his duty to see if Mrs. Burns' story were true, and if so to apprehend the murderer.

By this time there was a throng of at least seven persons, and these the deacon authoritatively ordered into the yard. Mrs. Burns' sister, who was their household drudge, had in the meanwhile caught up a kitchen lamp and

conducted the bereaved woman into the front parlor, as befitted an extraordinary occasion. In the meanwhile the constable had impaneled an impromptu coroner's jury consisting of the minister, the doctor and the storekeeper. Then, trembling, the good deacon led these gentlemen into the barn where the deed had been committed.

"We want no mistakes here," said the constable slowly, with the air of a man treading the edge of a strange precipice and glancing with perturbed shrewdness about the barn.

"God forbid!" answered the minister devoutly. But the physician, who was growing gray in the narrow occupation of helping children into the world and the aged out of it, inspected the body eagerly. It was his first notable post mortem opportunity. Indeed there was no possible room for two theories as to how Mr. Burns had met his death. He lay crossways in front of the stalls where the cows were kept, between the rolling door and the empty hay wagon. His head was gashed with three clear cuts, any one of which ought to have produced instant death.

"It must have been a hatchet," said the doctor slowly. "The murderer stood right in front of him when he hit. See!" With an imperturbability which struck the other men as almost more than professional the doctor swung an imaginary weapon at the constable, and then, bending quickly, he pointed out a vertical gash across the forehead of the corpse. This cut seemed to penetrate the brain. "The man was if anything taller than he. Mr. Burns could not have possibly been conscious after such a blow."

"But he was!" The men were startled by this abrupt interjection. A soft voice, precise and measured as a metronome, gave the agitating contradiction.

Death always invests the chief mourner with an unassailable dignity, or, at least, it used to do so before the modern craze for arresting the nearest relative in default of a clew. Tall, slender, with head bent forward, a yellow silhouette against the black open door, and, for the moment, chastened of a little native or acquired shrewishness, the widow of the dead man compelled instant reverence. Weather beaten heads bowed instinctively before the embodiment of violent bereavement.

The minister made a delicate motion as if to cover with hay the body from

hand struck a hard object. He pulled it out. The men uttered exclamations of horror. Any woman might have fainted at the sight of the murderous weapon. But Mrs. Burns had New England nerves. She stolidly watched the constable take the hatchet, inspect it gingerly, and then hand it over to the doctor. The edge of the hatchet corresponded to the length of the gash, and dismembered gray hair on the blade matched that of the victim. So far, the circumstances of the crime were as plain as the barn floor. One could almost see the fatal blows fall.

"I don't think there is anything more here to do." The constable spoke slowly. "We can safely leave the body where it is and lock the barn for the night. Bring the hatchet along, doctor, and if you have no objections, Mrs. Burns, I will spend the night here with my wife, and we will ask you a few questions before we go to bed."

The minister took the widow's arm with tenderness and led her into the kitchen. Mrs. Burns then rehearsed the facts quietly.

"It was about 9 o'clock—just an hour ago;" she glanced at the moon faced clock. "Thomas went out about 8, to do some chores and lock up as usual. I thought I heard a cry, and being uneasy I ran out. I found him where he is now. His eyes were open, and I heard him say distinctly 'Williams.' He tried to speak further, but he passed away without another word. That was all. I did not see or hear a trace of any living soul."

"Let us see," said the clergyman, with what he considered to be judicial suavity. "Who is there you connect with the name of Williams?"

"Only George," answered the widow easily. The men exchanged grave glances. "Thomas didn't get on well with folks, you know. I remember he came to words with George Williams because he put potatoes into a damp place in the cellar. That was in March, and George left on the spot, saying that he never would work for us again. I shouldn't think that was enough"—

"Any one else by that name out of the town?" interrupted the constable compassionately.

The widow shook her head after some deliberate thought. Then the deacon's wife came in and carried her friend away to the shocked and desolated house.

everybody in Broadfields knew George Williams. He was a farmhand who had drifted into the town a year or two before, when the crops were heavy. Of him there was little known, except that he was a good worker, sagacious for his rights. He was evidently an Englishman, and he was as hard to deal with as most of the lower class of

his countrymen who seek their fortunes in America. People had expressed no wonder when he failed to "hitch horses" with old man Burns. The emancipated islander could ill brook authority as gruff as his own resentment. But there is a long step between surliness and murder, and the old orthodox churchgoers were slow to suspect the Englishman.

"George! Why, everybody knows George Williams!"

Besides, the dying man might easily have wandered in his mind. The professional detective might not remember this, but common sense and common charity must.

Broadfields gossiped quickly, but moved slowly. It was 8 next morning, after breakfast, when the impromptu jury met for the second time in the Burns mansion. The undertaker was already in imperious possession, while the premises resembled a miniature camp meeting. Teams were hitched here and there, and many people moved about languidly, talking under breath. The distant clang of a blacksmith's hammer sounded impiously. It was as if he who wielded it had desecrated the Sabbath.

"It can't be him," said the minister, with the easy disregard of grammar that comes from living among uneducated parishioners. "If he'd done it, he'd have run away. He's in my orchard now trimming trees. He's been there at work these last three days." He looked about him with benign triumph.

"Then I will go and get him," began the deacon constable.

"No," said the minister with gentle firmness; "I will go. It is a terrible blot on a man's character even to connect him with a crime like this. No one suspects him as yet."

The blacksmith seemed to be about the only person in the town undisturbed by the moral convulsion. He was a stalwart man, deliberate of action and cool of speech, a contrast to his fussy forge. He was, moreover, a freethinker, the

only one in the broad valley, and slightly feared as such, as plausible rationalists are apt to be by ignorant believers. He was a disciple of Emerson, the philosophic dread of the community. It was whispered that even the minister dared not cross swords with the only respectable man in town who belonged to no church. No one ever knew the man of the forge to accept an unproved statement as a fact. No one ever knew him to lose his temper. No one ever knew him to be otherwise than scrupulously honest. He seldom gossiped. He delighted in dry, intellectual disputes and in getting his opponents angry. His favorite topics of argument were the futility of religions and the exclusion of pauper emigrants. He was known to look upon George Williams with disfavor because he was not an American born citizen. It was William Worthely's habit never to let any one suspect that he was possessed of the information that others were eager to give him. Therefore he never had the detestable custom of interrupting tellers of stories just before the point was reached. This self possession gave him the reputation of being a good listener. It also gave him a real advantage in a conversation of which he was not slow to make use with native adroitness.

Therefore when, on the morning after the murder, the village gossip stopped eagerly before the door of his shop the blacksmith did not even raise his eyes from the shoe he was fitting with expert care.

"Thomas Burns"—began the gossip, halting for the expected inquiry.

"Well?" said Worthely dryly, willing to gratify his neighbor's eagerness to impart exclusive information.

"Haven't you heard?"

"What?"

"He was murdered last night. I guess they suspect George Williams. Here's the minister bringing him down the road. He looks scared enough."

The blacksmith dropped the horse's hoof easily from his leather apron and went to the wide door. By this time every one seemed to have divined the minister's mission. Looks of inquiry and of aversion were cast by eager and curious farmers upon the unhappy laborer. The blacksmith looked at the Englishman compassionately, and took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Don't be too cocksure," he said dryly. "It's a serious business," he con-

tinued loudly so as to be overheard by several others, "to accuse a man of murder."

The minister looked up at the speaker with a gratified nod. "Amen to that," he said solemnly. The two passed by. Others followed word of straggling. The blacksmith gazed after them intently, until they turned into Burns' yard. Then he bent over to the gray's off hind foot, as if nothing unusual had happened. But there had. His pipe was out.

Suspicious, sullen, frightened, defiant, George Williams glared from one to the other, as the minister, with a whispered word of encouragement, ushered the farmhand into the presence of the constable, the doctor and the storekeeper. The teacher of the town academy had been added that morning to the impromptu coroner's jury, and he sug-



The men uttered exclamations of horror, gestured that Williams should be immediately taken to the barn.

"I don't see why I should go. What have I got to do with it?" pleaded the unfortunate man.

The five turned pale and nudged each other nervously. That indefinable instinct which is the gift of great detectives and which incisively points out the guilty person with occult force possessed each bystander. This feeling increased when Williams hung back, pale and trembling, upon the pastor's encouraging arm. The good man now had serious doubts, but his Christianity forbade him to express them to the man's face.

When Williams was brought into the presence of the dead man, by all the recognized laws of circumstantial evidence he hopelessly incriminated himself before a question had been asked.

"I didn't do it!" he cried. "Why am I brought here? I am innocent. Before God, I am innocent."

"No one has questioned that yet," said the constable rather coolly. "We have proof that Mr. Burns saw you only a little while before his death, and we want you to explain the circumstances." This shrewd random shot, fired because of the prisoner's perturba-



The blacksmith looked at the Englishman compassionately.

tion, was a great success. Williams turned livid. He stammered like a man sentenced to a terrible doom.

"I—a—let me go—I will go." He started as if to force his way through the barrier of sturdy men. He was caught in a trap.

"Where were you last night between 8 and 9?"

The laborer shook his head vacantly. All sense had left his eyes. He was in a stupor of fear. His fate had entangled him. His mouth had dropped open.

"Do you recognize this hatchet?" the constable asked sharply.

"Why so severe?" whispered the clergyman to his deacon. "There is yet no proof against him."

"No," said Williams feebly. Suddenly he shrieked: "I am innocent! I will not be tortured!" Then he collapsed.

All the bulldog had gone out of him.

As the constable held the hatchet up before the prisoner's eyes three marks were noticed—finely crossed lines, cut into the end of the handle.

"Why, it is my hatchet!" exclaimed the parson in innocent surprise. "My little boy cut those marks with his jack-knife. How could the hatchet have got into Mr. Burns' barn?"

At these words Williams fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

It only needed the scantiest cross examination to bring the fact out that Williams had used the marked hatchet all the day before in the orchard. Then the woman with whom Williams boarded felt called upon to volunteer the information that her lodger had not come in until after 9 the night before.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said the constable with the gravity that the situation demanded, "that I had better hitch up and take him right over to the county jail. It is a pretty plain case. Will you go along, doctor?"

Low murmurs of approval followed these words.

"I don't see any mystery about it yet," said the graduate, filling his pipe for the third time, "and I don't see where your jury comes in either."

"It was my first important murder case," the judge resumed, ignoring the interruption (at this point I quote the old jurist exactly. He was evidently living his famous case over again), "and I remember well the charge I gave to the jury. I practically instructed them to retire and immediately to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree. It was a neat case of circumstantial evidence, and the defense did little more than throw itself upon the mercy of the court."

The jury was an average one. The foreman was a choleric, hatchet faced, sandy complexioned farmer who had served as foreman before and was impressed with the importance of his own views as well as of his own position. Perhaps William Worthley, the blacksmith, was the most intelligent as well as the most disinterested member of the jury. He followed the evidence with keen attention and listened to the charge with independent courtesy. I happened to notice as he marched out that his great jaws were firmly closed, while the faces of the rest of the jury were relaxed.

The jury filed out. The court took a few minutes' recess only, expecting to sentence the murderer in a few minutes. The spectators remained in their seats.

"Well," said the foreman easily, stroking his sharp chin, "hay is about ready to cut, and there's no use of our staying here any longer. There's no two ways of looking at it. I guess we can follow the judge. For the sake of formality we'll drop our ballots in the hat. We're unanimous—guilty, of course. I've got three miles to ride and have got to be home to supper."

The vote was hurriedly taken. Then all but one eagerly rose. Worthely alone remained seated, smoking his pipe stolidly and looking out of the window, while curious lines of amusement played around his eyes and mouth.

"By gracious!" cried the foreman, looking at the ballots in amazement and then eyeing one after the other of his fellows suspiciously. "Some one has put in 'not guilty,' and he has had the audacity to underscore 'not.' I should like to know who this gentleman is. We can't afford to waste time in fool's play here." Here he cast a bullying look upon the most insignificant member of the 12. But this person, in the consciousness of innocence, returned an unflinching glance.

"We must settle this right away!"—began the foreman.

"Have the gentlemen of the jury agreed?" The court officer put his head in at the door. "The court is waiting."

"No," answered the foreman with red face, "but we will. Now," he said, turning to his jurymen, "we will find out who votes 'not guilty,' and I promise you that we will make it hot for him. All for 'guilty,' hold up your hands. Opposed."

Every man in the room turned upon William Worthely. The blacksmith now dropped his hand nonchalantly and looked from one to the other with a cool glance. He seemed to be the only unfurried person present. The foreman, who had some bullying epithet ready upon his tongue, dropped his jaw without speech. Worthely was not a man to be blackguarded—he was too big; nor to be trifled with—he was too dignified; nor to be argued with—he was too logical. While the foreman was feared because he held much signed paper and many mortgages in his possession, Worthely was feared because of his self-reliant nature and fine physique.

"Fire away at me," he said, with aggravating good humor. "I don't think he's guilty, and I never shall. Who saw him do it? No one. So there's no direct evidence."

"But he can't account for himself," urged the foreman despairingly. "Do have a little reason."

"Reason?" replied the blacksmith bluntly. "I'll reason you until we've acquitted him. Here's my word for it." He brought his great fist down upon the table, smashing a leaf clean off. "I'll not budge a hairbreadth until that innocent man is set free. God is my witness—I mean what I say."

"And," cried the foreman vindictively, "we won't budge either. I've been foreman before, Mr. Blacksmith, and I know 11 men can bring one around, give them time."

"You'll have it fast enough," sneered Worthely.

"And I should like to know how you know he is innocent."

To taunt the one dissenting voice in the jury room is no new device. The horrors of that closed chamber can never be told.

And now followed hot question and cool answer. On one side stood 11 men, angry clear through, hurling confused argument and bitter taunts.

"Burns named him in his last breath."

"Aren't there any other men by the name of Williams in the world?" sarcastically.

"Your first name is William," grinned the foreman, with a thrust of the lean, red neck.

"So is yours," was the quick parry.

"But where was the prisoner?"

"I don't deny he might have seen Burns that evening, but that is no proof."

"How about the hatchet?"

"He might have easily dropped it and somebody else picked it up, and then used it."

"Nonsense!"

"Rot!"

"You're crazy."

"Let him alone, gentlemen; his head is tetched."

The foreman drew his side over to a corner for a whispered consultation. The thought of their homes, of their supper and of their crops made the jury desperate. To be balked in so simple a case was an unpardonable act. Who can

count the neighborhood enmities that have had their birth in the divided jury?

"We can't starve him out," said the foreman gloomily, "but we can worry him out. I'll see to it that he doesn't sleep a wink."

"Two of us can keep buzzing him at a time," suggested the little man.

"He'll never do no more work for me unless he gives in purty quick."

"Nor for me, neither."

After a few more whispers the campaign was organized. Then followed the fight.

There are few people who understand what a jury room contest is. It is sand-paper. It is mosquitoes. It is red pepper. It is vitriol. If there is only one man who stands out, he is tortured with an inquisition that is varied by 11 corrosive imaginations. Food has been known to be so doctored that it could not be eaten; water so fouled, that the honest unfortunate was maddened into surrender. A man has been known to be nagged for 36 hours without a let up until, fainting, almost out of his intelligence, he has denied his own righteousness lest he go insane.

The blacksmith must have had some inkling of what was before him, for his great jaws grew rigid as he folded his arms in stolid defiance. Indeed he seemed like a great bull at bay before a pack of snapping, snarling hounds. But the bull cannot gore all his tormentors before they worry him to his fate.

The court had adjourned in disgust, subject to the call of the sheriff. The little town was as excited over the unforeseen division as if a cyclone had called, but in the jury room determination sat upon every face.

William Worthely, who was used to plenty of air as well as of mighty exercise, opened the window in front of him. The room was hot and stifling with the odor of angry men and of tobacco. At a wink from the foreman a member jumped forward and shut the window. With a flash of anger the blacksmith started to remonstrate, but a quick look around showed him the futility of wasting his strength. He smiled a little in contempt and let it go. He refilled his pipe philosophically and searched for a match. He had used up his last one. Then it was discovered that there was not a match in the room—that is, no one had any to give him a light.

At 6 o'clock an officer, petulant as the rest, came to take the jury to the hotel for supper. In a trice he knew the reason of their detention. The blacksmith was naturally a hearty eater, but the hotel meal was not only unpalatable to him in his strained state; it was too scanty to afford him nourishment. He could but notice that the rest of his fellows had plenty and good enough food to eat. On the way out he tried to stop at the desk for matches, but the officer hurried them back to their room two by two, and this opportunity was lost.

There were exactly eight chairs in the room and a sofa that seated four. Worthely was one of the last couple nearest the officer, and when he got in the sofa was occupied. He sat down on his chair, and it gave way with him. He looked about for another chair and then sat down upon the floor. He did this with a sigh of satisfaction, for no one could take that away from him. Immediately two men took their places beside him and began asking him questions about the trial. With an empty stomach and nothing more than a dry smoke it was a comfort for him to argue. Then the rest followed and clustered like wasps about him.

"Are you better than the judge?"

"If George Williams didn't do it, who did?"

"We'll make you pay for it, by"—

"I'll bet he won't hold out long."

"Hold out?" cried Worthely? "I'll hold out until the last mother's son of you gives in." Then he shut his mouth and turned his head to the wall.

"You shan't sleep until you come around. We'll see how you like that." The foreman shook his fists in the dissembler's face. Then the blacksmith registered a mortal vow that if ever he got out he would leave a mark upon the foreman's red nose. But he answered nothing. He closed his eyes.

The state does not furnish beds for divided juries. They sleep on their chairs or on the floor, if at all. William Worthely had no sleep that night. He was consumed with thirst, but there was no water to be had—for him. All night long two men relieved each other, squad after squad, keeping the blacksmith awake. They talked to him, they nudged him when his eyes were closed during too long an interval, they devised a hundred petty and malicious schemes

of cruelty. Just such methods have been in vogue in jury rooms for hundreds of years. It is only one of our many relics of barbarism.

And now the blacksmith was at his forge, hammering his persecutors into horseshoes. And then the desperate longing that it seemed impossible to control for freedom and food and a smoke—for all the things that he had never rated before at their true worth—took possession of him. With one sweep of his brawny arm he would smash the whole jury and escape to his own home. Then he tightened his fingers into his coat and inwardly cursed his tormentors.

It was morning and then night of the third day. It had never occurred to the foreman of the jury to send word to the sheriff that the jury could not agree. He felt that this was the battle of his life, and all the tenacity that the ter-



He brought his great flat down.

rier exhibits with the muskrat came out in this insignificant farmer. The jury was utterly exhausted. Already men whispered here and there of capitulation, and if it had not been for the mortgages that the farmer held upon their homes they would have openly gone over to the blacksmith. The 11 men had hitherto snatched only such sleep as soldiers steal on picket duty or sailors on watch. They slept in impossible attitudes in chairs, on the floor, at all times of day or night. But William Worthely had not slept for over 70 hours. And now the fourth night was upon him.

"Come, come!" said a jurymen bit-terly. "You have eased your conscience. Now give up and we'll all call it square."

But the blacksmith shook his head without deigning an answer.

The obstinate juror had already arrived at the stage of the heretic who slept upon the rack. Wasted beyond imagination during these three days of modern inquisition, even his old neighbors would hardly have recognized the stalwart man of independence. He was not only tortured by lack of sleep, but by lack of proper nourishment, lack of water, lack of smoking, and also by a persistent mental irritation corresponding to the sting a man feels when he puts his arm into a beehive.

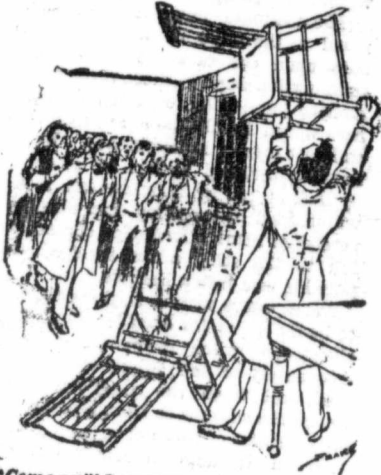
What worse torture is there than not to be let alone for even ten minutes on the stretch, when nerves crave sleep; desperately as the shipwrecked craves land, and when the digestive system causes the sufferer to be nauseated with the dizziness of famine?

When William Worthely lost consciousness for a few minutes, he got no rest. When he was aroused by his unfeeling mates, he would begin by being furious; then his anger would gradually dissipate itself in a mental haze and his mind would lose itself in a turmoil of rotation. His forge, his neighbors, his village, would revolve about him, first slowly, then with frightful acceleration, until one after another would fly off on a horrible tangent, like a comet into space. Then he would reach out his trembling hands to save his own forge, and before he could open his mouth and shriek he found himself pulled awake. Then he would clench his teeth and thank God he had not gone amuck in his sleep.

And now the fourth night was at hand, and the man so used to violent exercise, to the open air, to regular and unrestrained habits and a free life, found himself wondering, as in a dream, how much longer he could possibly endure. The evening seemed as if it would never darken into night. The moon was full, and revived the twilight, bringing out new shadows into a not less luminous tone. It was the kind of night when people sleep uneasily and look out of their windows often and marvel at the white brilliancy that always seems strange and fairylike, even to common minds.

Suddenly the room began to dance up

and down, then sideways, then to revolve in an ever widening circle. This time surely it really happened. The blacksmith stared at the phenomenon with surprised eyes. Then the distant



"Come on!" he yelled. "You can't murder me."

whistle of a locomotive impinged upon his brain. It re-echoed and reverberated until the hammering on a thousand anvils could not have drowned the noise. The blacksmith looked around to see how the rest of the jury were affected by the din, and as he looked he saw the foreman taking a knife out of his pocket and whispering to two or three others. Thereupon Worthely feigned sleep, but he saw them through closed lids as distinctly as before. On tiptoe they advanced—did they? Did they not? Why, he could not be mistaken. They advanced upon him. The moon, which unaccountably had returned to its place, shone full upon their murderous faces.

When they had tiptoed within a couple of yards of him, Worthely jumped to his feet, grasping the chair nearest to him, and stood at bay.

"Come on!" he yelled. "You can't murder me. I am too strong for that."

Snarling, and showing his teeth in his nightmare, he brandished his weapon at imaginary foes, at the hallucination of murder. The sleeping jurymen sprang to their feet. It was a murder that had brought the independent blacksmith to this pitiable condition. He was pouring out his life that another mur-

der might not be committed, this time under the cloak of the law. Somebody killed Burns—not George—who then? Rotating on this awful problem, what wonder the stalwart mind became confused? And now the climax of atrocity had come—so the blacksmith thought—and they were trying to murder the man whom they could not tease into submission. This discovery, made in the delusion of sleeplessness, was so real to Worthely that the horror of it completed his aberration. Not a man of them had touched him, but the dullest of them perceived that the obstinate man had believed himself attacked by his mates.

"Keep off!" Worthely shouted again. "What did you say, you contemptible, redheaded sneak, you?" shaking his fist at the foreman. "You saw George Williams do it? That's a lie. George Williams? Puh! He hasn't pluck enough to kill a calf. He wan't tall enough. I'll hold out till doomsday. You shan't hang an innocent man, and you can't hang the man who did it, for I'll wager peanuts against dollars he'll never tell."

By this time William Worthely was frothing at the mouth. Entranced to the spot, no one of the jury, as yet, had ventured to call assistance. Each feared to miss what might follow, as much as he feared to hound the riotous dreamer. They imperceptibly shouldered each other for protection, and cast quick glances of nameless apprehension. Had their curiosity conspired to send the blacksmith insane? They knew now that their 78 hours' inquisition had gone too far and they began to dread the consequences.

And now William Worthely faced the 11 jurymen. He began to answer imaginary questions and argument with fierce sarcasm and unassailable logic. His eyes glared at them and through them. He was quieter now, but his body, trembling, gave evidence of an explosion that could not be suppressed much longer. The room was locked, and even if the frightened men had craved assistance they could not have had it, except by calling out of the window.

"You're a nice lot of men, you are," began the insomniac scathingly. "Where's your imagination? Do you suppose George had the courage to hit anything with that hatchet but a tree? He might have sneaked up from behind. That's the sort of man he is, and you

know it. Burns was hit full from the front. It took a man who dared to face him and kill him. What? Of course he was there and went away. He probably came to get some back pay and dropped

his hatchet—perhaps he was scared. Perhaps he meant to threaten old man Burns, but he didn't even have the gumption to do that.

"Hadn't you ever thought of neighbors? Look me in the face. D—n you all! Couldn't you imagine a neighbor coming up about that time to settle a little business or an old bill with the old man? He never paid his debts till he had to. Look! I can see a neighbor going in the barn just as George left. He presents his bill, and Burns refuses to pay. They have hot words. Don't you hear them blackguard each other? 'You won't pay,' says the other, standing before him. 'Well, I'll make you.' Then the old man sneered at him. And with that—what does his foot strike? It is the hatchet George Williams dropped. Burns, now, he never notices it, but jeers again. Don't you see it all? I can.

"'You won't, eh?' cries the neighbor, grasping his debtor by the throat. Maybe he didn't mean murder, but that don't make any odds. It's all the same now. The two men close. 'You won't then?' says the neighbor.

"How do I know that George didn't kill old man Burns? Because I did it myself."

In the sober silence that followed the judge's last words a shuffle was heard at the door, and a tall, lean man walked in bearing an armful of logs. It was the old man familiarly known as Bill, the keeper of their host's camp, a quiet, white haired, harmless fellow. Some thought him a little "touched," but every one respected him. He was just a gentle, unassuming man with an air of latent strength and suffering about him that gave him a dignity of his own. Something in the significant way the judge looked at his servant attracted the attention of the rest.

"Godfrey! Uncle! So that's the man that killed Burns." The young collegian jumped up as the old man left the room. "I always thought there was something queer about him." The hydraulic engineer shook his head sagely at this impressive conclusion. But the captain said in an intense way:

"Go on, judge."

Judge Chambers could not help showing in his face the gratification that a raconteur feels when he has successfully evolved a climax.

He proceeded with no undue haste:

"Of course the new jury that was impaneled acquitted the said George Williams without leaving their seats. It took six men to hold the blacksmith that night before he was put in a strait-jacket and lodged in a padded cell. His confession cleared up the Burns mystery and the grand jury brought in a true bill against him, to be served when he should recover his sanity, if ever.

"In six months William Worthely was a model patient, quiet and trustworthy, and his case was to be considered in the next spring term. While he was pronounced sane enough about matters of the present moment he had forgotten absolutely everything about his life preceding his confession. Even the very elements of his trade had been lost to his mind and hands. He could now no more shoe a horse than he could write a novel. He had even forgotten his name, his neighbors and the village he lived in. He was a new man, just as if he had been born again in that asylum into a new world. You can't let a murderer loose upon the community, and you can't hang a man who doesn't remember his crime, even if he has confessed. It is a question if any man ought to be punished on his own confession uncorroborated by evidence. But that is another matter for another time. The problem was what to do with Worthely.

"Matters drifted, just as the snow did that heavy winter. Some wanted him tried, others wanted him shut up in the asylum for life, and a few wanted him out. At that time a railroad accident occurred near Hartford. A bridge gave way and a freight train went through. A tramp was brought to the hospital terribly hurt. When he was told that he could not possibly live more than a day or so, he sent for a Methodist minister and made a confession. Among other things he said he killed a man in a barn in Broadfield on an evening of the preceding June. He had crept into a pile of hay to sleep for the night. The farmer came out and had a discussion in the barn with somebody who had come in with him. This man had a hatchet in his hand, which he had stuck into the head of a stall. Their conversation was entirely friend-

ly, and they shook hands in parting, the man forgetting his hatchet. Somehow or other the farmer happened to stick a pitchfork into the heap by accident and the tramp jumped from his concealment. The farmer ordered him out and threatened him. The tramp was a taller, larger man and laughed his host to scorn. Thereupon the farmer reached for the hatchet. This was snatched from his hand and buried in his brain. The tramp, who had entered the town at dusk unobserved, sneaked out and left the same way."

"What on earth did Worthely confess, then, for?" interrupted the collegian eagerly.

"It often happens that a man confesses a crime in delirium. But if he hadn't confessed," continued the judge slowly, "the wrong man would have been hung."

"And if the blacksmith hadn't continued insane he would have been hung," said the hydraulic engineer.

"But what did Burns say 'Williams' for?" insisted the student. "That was enough to condemn the Englishman."

"He probably tried to say that Williams was innocent and died in the attempt. Dying statements are very uncertain keys with which to lock a man up," answered the justice gravely.

"Say, uncle, is that William Worthely?"

Judge Chambers regarded his nephew quizzically and smiled at the boy's curiosity.

"I think it's about time to turn in; don't you?" he said.

THE END.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MARK TWAIN.

As men and authors no two celebrities could be more unlike than Mark Twain and Sir Walter Scott. To-day we think of them together. They both made fortunes by their pens. They both lost all they had by taking a hand with partners in publishing. They both sat down in comparative poverty to re-make what they had lost by the pens that should have been sacred from the taint and worry of the trading ledger. In both cases the men faced their difficulties with heroic patience and industry. "More Tramps Abroad" is written for money. The author might have stayed at home and smoked his numerous pipes and been well-off ever afterwards on the grateful sub-

scriptions of a grateful public. The "New York Herald" actually opened the list. Mark Twain stopped it. He was none the less happy in the knowledge that a great public on both sides of the Atlantic sympathized with him; but he preferred to begin the life afresh and fight his own fight. He is doing it nobly and winning all along the line; more power to him; one is glad to learn that he is in fairly good health. He was in London recently. I am told that he has "aged." It is a common offence. I know several distinguished men who are equally guilty. With women this is a serious crime. That is why they adopt so many supposed "disguises" that are quite transparent to the sex they think they deceive. Women know each other and are adepts at guessing ages. Men are not half so blind as women think. Mark Twain's beard is grizzled and grey. I knew him when he only wore a little dark moustache, and his drawl was youthful. But he was something of the lion in his appearance now-a-days, with a suggestion of the portraits of Whitman and Longfellow and "the fierce eye of the Norseman." When he lectures in London he may look for a hearty welcome.—Joseph Hatton's "Cigarette Papers."

THE OLD VALENTINE.

Apollo was climbing the Eastern hills,
While I sat 'neath my cot's mossy eaves.
I heard the dull tone of perpetual rills
And the robins' wings rustling the leaves.

Near by, a window unfolding its bands,
To welcome the pure morning air,
Within its recesses my love's busy hands
Were preparing a spread of good cheer.

Seclosed I mused while each movement to
me
Was as sounds of sweet melody played,
But changing all sudden a charm seemed
to be
Wrapt in stillness profound and delayed.

A long time I listened, no sound could I
hear,
Then I ventured the cause to define;
When there as spell-bound, all alone and
sincere
She was reading the Old Valentine.

'Twas sent to her forty long years now or
more,
Round its page its love's garland en-
divined?
The magic of time so exquisitely wore—
Could her thoughts thus entranced, be
divined?

Springhill, N. S., W. E. HEFFERNAN.
February, 1898



ON CLEANING A KITCHEN.

The scrubbing of the kitchen, from the cleaning of paint, tables, dressers, etc., to the scrubbing of the floor, should have systematic and thorough attention if we would keep the kitchen clean and healthful in every part. Old flannel of all kinds should be kept for cleaning paint, and merino underwear is also excellent for this purpose; in fact, any cloth that is soft, absorbent, and that will not shed lint.

Tables which have been neglected may be bleached by spreading on them over night a layer of wood ashes, made into a paste with water; the next morning brush it off and scrub. The same paste may be laid on floors when spotted with grease.

In cleaning floors never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm, there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each time, because, being out of easy reach, one has no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the dry cloth rub it well beyond the space now being cleaned to the one last done.

After the tables are scrubbed attend to the sink. Put a lump of washing soda as large as an egg at least over the sink-hole, and pour a kettle of boiling water over it, using the sink-brush to send it into all the greasy parts.

After tables, dresser, sink, etc., have been cleaned, the paint should be attended to before scrubbing the floor. All finger marks on the woodwork and doors should receive attention, also the chairs if painted, the backs of them if caned, and the window sills and casings. The kitchen window sills require special attention every week; so many things are liable to be set on them that they are quickly soiled.

It may seem needless to state that floors should always be thoroughly swept before they are scrubbed, yet thoroughness in this respect is one of the great secrets of keeping the floor white and clean with but

Chopped Onions are a desirable and healthful addition to chickens' food.

A Poultice of Stale Bread, soaked in strong vinegar, applied on retiring, will relieve corns.

Sweet Oil will improve patent leather. Rub over the surface with a bit of cotton wool dipped in the oil, and then polish with a soft duster.

Brush dark dresses thoroughly with a clean hard brush dipped in blue water, and then hang them up to dry. This revives dark and black materials, and makes them look almost like new.

To purify the kitchen from unpleasant odors, burn vinegar, resin or sugar.

Corks may be made air and water-tight by keeping them for five minutes entirely immersed in oil.

To Clean Painted Woodwork.—Take two quarts of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of turpentine and one of skimmed milk, and only soap enough to make suds. This mixture will clean and give lustre.

Creaking Boots.—To cure the creaking of boots, take them to a shoemaker and get him to spring them on each side, and insert between the soles a teaspoonful of French chalk. This process will only cost a trifle, and will entirely cure the mischief.

On buying sheets, always buy sheets a few inches wider than is necessary to cover the beds, for when the middle of the sheet is becoming thin, it should be cut in two down the centre, the selvages seamed together, and the sides hemmed. The sheet will then be almost as good as new.

A Paste for Labels.—One of the best pastes for sticking labels on tin boxes, is made by mixing half-a-pound of flour with four ounces of white sugar. Boiling water should be used to mix it, as with ordinary paste. It is necessary to make the paste every day as required for use, for it turns sour very quickly.

A Metallic Hair Brush, or, indeed, any hair brush, may be cleaned by rubbing with flour. When quite clean, remove all traces of flour with a dry towel. This method preserves the varnish on the wood, and prevents the bristles from becoming soft.

Cleaning a Piano.—Specks and dirt may be removed by going over the surface with a damp cloth, then rub perfectly dry with a linen cloth, and go over the wood with a rag dipped in olive oil, after which polish it with a chamois leather or some pieces of old kid gloves.

For Starching Gingham and Calico, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hazel nut, in a pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time. To make a brilliant polish for shirts, etc., to a pint of starch add white wax, one half a drachm; spermaceti, one half a drachm. Use the iron as hot as possible.

Newspapers should be saved for kitchen use, to wipe the stove, to polish the teakettle, to wipe the flat irons (doubled), to place under a hot kettle or dish you wish to put on the table. Spread on the floor in front of the table, stove, etc., on baking-day, they save the floor, and can be burned up when finished with, taking the dust with them.

Egg stains.—When washing table linen, or any cloth stained with egg, avoid putting it in boiling water, which will set the stain till it will be almost permanent. Soak the cloth first in cold water, and the stain may be easily removed. The same rule applies to egg-cups, and any dishes stained with egg. If they are placed with the other china, into hot soda water, the stain hardens on the plate or glass, and it will require considerable patience to remove it; but it comes off easily in cold water.

Scraps of Soap should never be wasted. When they have become small, they should be carefully collected, and put away. If flannels are to be washed, the scraps should be taken out, cut in small pieces, and boiled to a jelly. This, diluted with warm rain-water, makes a beautiful lather for washing woollen goods, which are spoiled if soap is rubbed on to the fabric. Small pieces of toilet soap should be kept by themselves, and they can be melted up again with a small quantity of milk, then formed into cakes, and stood aside to dry till ready for use.

Care of Carpets.—After carpets are tacked down, they should be carefully swept, then gone over with a stiff scrubbing brush dipped in equal parts of ammonia and hot water. Spots caused by gums of any sort, varnish or wax, must be taken off by spirits or heat. It is well to clean these spots before laying the carpet. Fill a hot

water tin with boiling water. Place the waxy or gummy spot over this, sprinkle with magnesia, French chalk or dry sawdust, until just covered, then place a warm iron over the spot. The heat will soften the gum or wax, and the powdered substance will draw it out and absorb it, after which remove the hot water tin and iron, and apply alcohol or spirits of turpentine to finish the cleaning process.

Bleaching Linen.—It seems to be a generally accepted idea that mildew cannot be removed. But if you will follow out the directions given below, you will speedily get rid of all of it, and the linen will not be injured. Take equal parts of soft soap and warm water and let them boil. If the soap is very thick it may be necessary to use double the quantity of water. Wet the linen in this, putting it in when dry and taking it out as wet as possible, then put it out on a clean place in the sunlight and sprinkle salt thickly over it. Keep watch over it and as it becomes dry, sprinkle with a very fine watering-pot so as to keep it wet, but do not put on enough water to wash off the soap and salt. Let it remain thus for a day and night and the mildew will gradually disappear.

To stain floors in a simple manner, take one pint of methylated spirit, in it dissolve four ounces of shellac, then add as much brown amber as will give the tone required in two applications, this will give a walnut finish. Similarly, venetian red may be added for mahogany, and yellow ochre for pine. When dry, smooth down with fine glass paper. It may then be kept fresh by wiping over with a little linseed oil applied with a flannel. It also forms a capital basis for wax or French polish; or it may be still further improved by giving it two coats of the best oak varnish.

How to Use a Watch.—Wind up your watch every day at the same hour, avoid putting it on a marble slab, or near anything excessively cold; the sudden transition from heat to cold, contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. Indeed, the cold coagulates the oil, and the pivots and wheels working less freely, affect the regularity of the timekeeper. In laying aside your watch, be sure that it rests on its case. By suspending it, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which may considerably interfere with its going. If you keep your watch clean, you must be quite sure that the case fits firmly, and never put it in any pocket but one made of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton, calico, etc., give, by the constant friction, a certain quantity of fluff which enters most watches, even those with cases which shut firmly.



A TANGLED THREAD.

Sylvia was sitting alone in the drawing room. Her brother had gone to the station to meet the friend who was expected that evening. She wondered what he would be like. Jack had waxed quite eloquent over his charms, and as Jack was generally pretty reliable, Sylvia felt quite anxious to see this modern hero.

She was rather glad that Hilda was not at home. Hilda was her elder sister, and the beauty of the family; not that Sylvia was ugly, far from it, but then, Hilda was an acknowledged beauty, and so came in for all the admiration of strangers.

Suddenly the drawing room door opened. A maid entered, followed by a tall young man.

"Mr. Carr, miss," said the servant.

Sylvia rose hurriedly, and, for some unaccountable reason, brushed.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Jack's sister; he has gone to meet you. I suppose you missed one another at the station."

"Probably," the young man answered. "A Hansom was opposite my carriage as I jumped out at Paddington; as there was such a crush I got in at once with my bag, and—here I am."

After that the pair soon became friends, so much so that, when Jack Fenn returned from his unsuccessful quest, he was much surprised to find the two chatting away as if they had known each other for years.

Bernard Carr was pronounced a complete success. And as Sylvia fell asleep that night, an unspoken wish formed unconsciously in her brain: "I wish that Hilda was not coming back to-morrow." Which would seem to prove that Bernard Carr was an exceedingly attractive young man.

On the morrow, Hilda arrived, radiant with renewed health and beauty, inspired by the fresh breezes of the Highlands. Therefore it is a matter of no surprise

that Carr's eyes were continually seeking her face at dinner that night, a fact that Jack Fenn noted with satisfaction, for he was fond of his friend, and had for the time adopted the role of match-maker.

Bernard and Hilda would make a fine pair. And so the days passed on. Carr's visit was nearing an end, a fact responsible for many regrets on the part of the Fenn family generally, and secret heart-burning to Sylvia. Poor child; Love had had come to her unmasked, and, like the cruel god he always is, had apparently purposely ignored the fact that there could be two sides to the question.

Thus, as the hour of parting grew nearer, Hilda's radiance grew in proportion, in anticipating triumph. Sylvia seemed much the same; only the closest observer could have noticed the subtle change that had come over her.

On the day before Carr's departure Jack proposed an impromptu dance. The idea was voted admirable, and a few intimates available were bidden to the revel. "Now," thought Sylvia, "is the hour of Hilda's triumph."

Carr was an excellent dancer. Hilda's waltzing was perfect. Of course they led off the dance. Everyone's eyes dwelt admiringly upon them; so that perhaps Sylvia's trembling lips passed unnoticed.

Bernard claimed Sylvia for the third dance. She tried hard to be as gay as he was, but was, it is to be feared, only a poor actress, and half way through the dance Carr stopped.

"You are looking rather tired," he said gently; "shall we sit out the rest of the dance?"

Sylvia nodded. If only he had known how near the surface her tears were!

Ensconced in a cozy corner, the music of the ball-room a dim, melodious jingle in their ears, the pair sat silent for a while.

At last Bernard spoke.

"Have I done anything to offend you, Sylvia?"—they had by mutual consent

HOME, AND YOUTH.

dropped the Mr. and Miss of conventionality—he asked softly.

"No," answered the girl, her heart throbbing fiercely, despite her efforts; "how can you have?"

"You seem different to me, somehow. I—" He broke off with strange abruptness, and looked into her face.

What he read there must have given him courage.

"*Sylvia,*" he said, "I love you." But there was no need for him to say more, for *Sylvia's* eyes were raining tears—tears long pent up, so he just took her in his arms and kissed her, murmuring sweet, unintelligible nothings into her ear.

* * * * *

Of course, everyone was immensely surprised, none more than the worthy Jack. And it must be admitted that *Hilda* behaved very well. At first *Sylvia* felt sorry for her sister, but when certain stories reached her ears of a young doctor up in Scotland and another impending engagement in the family, she began to think that *Hilda* had not behaved so well after all. However, she never let *Bernard* know of the bitter suspicions that he himself had killed.

S. P.

The Duke of Wellington once said:—
The greatest compliment I have had paid in my life was once when our fellows got into a scrape in the north of Spain, and had been beaten back in some disorder. I rode up and rallied them, and led them back, and they recovered the lost ground. Just as I rode up, one of the men stepped out of the ranks and called out, "Here comes the man that knows how." This story is vouched for by the writer in the Cornhill.

KILLED BY JOYFUL NEWS.

One of the most sadly dramatic of all deaths caused by joyful intelligence, was that which occurred many years ago in a prison yard. The hour was eight o'clock, and a mournful procession moved out of the prison into the yard, where a scaffold was erected, on which one of that procession was to die.

Ashen white, the man listened calmly to the soothing words of the chaplain, and when the latter had ended his exhortation, he reiterated his innocence of the crime for which he was to suffer.

Everything was ready for the final act of the grim tragedy, when a telegram arrived, addressed to the governor, from the Home Office, ordering the man to be reprieved, as another had confessed to the crime. The governor, delighted with the message, hastened to convey it to the pinioned convict, but even as he did so, a convulsive sob shook the poor wretch's frame, and he fell down motionless.

The prison doctor bent over him for an instant, and then shook his head mournfully, indicating only too plainly that the unfortunate man had been killed by the very news which should have saved his life.

The "country dance" in which any number of couples can take part, the gentlemen being ranged on one side and the ladies on the other, as in the good old "Sir Roger de Coverly," is not, as its name would imply of rustic origin. The name is a corruption of the French *contre-danse* and the dance is of far older and more honorable lineage than the waltz, polka or mazurka to say nothing of the latest fad, the two-step.

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**FOOD FOR
INFANTS,
INVALIDS,
and the
AGED.**

The LANCET says—
"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."
The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says—
"Retained when all other foods are rejected.
It is invaluable."

GOLD MEDAL awarded Health Exhibition, London.

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Sold by
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everywhere.

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HOME AND YOUTH.

LOST ATLANTIS.

The legend of the lost Atlantis relates to an island or continent believed to have existed in part of what is now the Atlantic Ocean, opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea. Mr. A. S. Skidmore, of Wolverhampton, writes:—

The statement respecting Atlantis made by the ancient writers went to show that Atlantis was densely populated with a civilized and educated people, who carried on a considerable maritime trade. They were believed to have founded colonies on the shores of the Mediterranean and in other parts and to have been the authors of the civilizations of Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Mexico, Peru, etc. Even the Chinese were believed to have derived perhaps their origin, and certainly their arts and sciences, from the Atlanteans. Atlantis was rich in metals, and productive of grain and fruits, and abounded in hot springs, and the inhabitants were skilful in metal-working and the building arts. Some of their temples are described as having been covered inside with silver and gold. The region was intersected with canals and the shores were alive with docks and shipping.

The disappearance of Atlantis is attributed to a violent earth movement, causing its depression below the level of the ocean. There is much in the facts of geology to support this theory, for most of the earth's surface has at some time been under water.

The Azores Islands, in mid-Atlantic, which have been taken as the mountain tops of the submerged Atlantis, abound, as Atlantis is said to have done, in hot springs, and the varieties of building stone said to have been used by the Atlanteans are also found on those islands. The theory is strongly supported by the facts ascertained in the Atlantic surveys, for in the middle of the Atlantic bed there is an elevation or plateau having mountains on one side and a vast plain on the other, corresponding exactly with what is written concerning Atlantis.

Atlantis is believed to have been connected by ridges with the African and American continents, a circumstance which, if true, explains the close resemblance of the flora and fauna of the old world and the new.

Comparison of the human inhabitants of the old and new worlds indicated the identity of their origin, and many of the features of their civilizations were shared in common. The ancient architecture of Mexico and Peru bore an exact resemblance to that of Egypt, and in certain details to that of India and the ruins recently discovered in Mesopotamia. The pyra-

mids of Mexico and Peru were similar to those of Egypt, and were placed in the same position in regard to the cardinal points of the compass.

The only explanation of these resemblances lay in a common origin of principle and design.

CANINE CLAIRVOYANCE.

It is often that we hear asked the old question: "Can animals reason?" No one denies them intelligence, memory and certain qualities on the borderland between mind and instinct; but man has so long been accustomed, in his superior way, to draw a line of distinction between himself and the lower animals that he is unwilling to abandon the differentiation. A story of the late Mr. Terriss, the actor who was so cruelly murdered at the door of the Adelphi Theatre, is very singular as showing that, however inferior the reasoning faculties of animals may be, their perceptive faculties are sometimes extraordinary. The story told by Mr. Tom Terriss, a son of the murdered actor, relates to a pet dog belonging to his father—an intelligent fox-terrier called Dave, after Mr. Terriss's favorite part in "The Harbor Lights." The dog was lying comfortably asleep on Mrs. Terriss's lap in the drawing room of her residence, The Cottage, Bedford Park, on the night of the tragedy. At twenty minutes past seven (the exact moment when Mr. Terriss was slain) the dog suddenly leaped from Mrs. Terriss's lap and dashed in a frantic manner about the room, yelping, snapping, and showing all the indications of mingled rage and fear. Mrs. Terriss was much alarmed by the dog's unusual behavior, and cried out to her two sons, who were in the room, "What does he see? What does he see?" If Davie could speak, he would interest many in the relation of what he saw.

This story has called forth another of a similar nature. A correspondent of a London paper relates that on the night on which H.M.S. Captain went down with all hands, the inmates of the home of one of the young officers who perished in her were aroused from their slumbers in the middle of the night by the loud yelping, whining and rushing about of a pet dog belonging to the absent son of the house. The father of the officer got up, and tried in vain to quieten the creature, and so in the end he turned it out into the grounds. The dog immediately rushed, yelping and whining, down the carriage drive, and never returned or was again heard of. On the following morning the news was received of the disaster to the Captain.



A COMFORTABLE NIGHT-SHIRT

637—YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.
 Sizes—Medium and Large.

646—YOKE NIGHT SHIRT.

Sizes—12, 14 and 16 years.

Shirting, or twil'd muslin, Canton or outing flannel, and China silk are the materials generally employed for these garments,



YOKE NIGHT SHIRT.

No. 637—Sizes, Medium and Large.
 No. 646.—Sizes 12, 14 and 16 years.

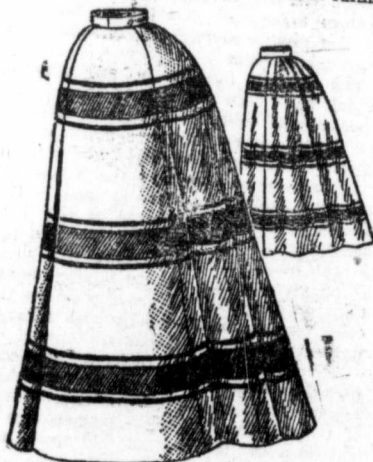
and the style of trimming depends on individual taste, but the favorite finish is plain feather-stitching, or machine stitching. It is cut with a yoke in the back, and plain sack shape in front, and finished at the neck with a turn-down collar.

THE NEW FITTED SKIRT.

1269—CLARENDON SKIRT

Sizes—Medium and Large

The new skirts are made to fit snugly over the hips, and with a close-fitting effect nearly to the knees. They do not measure over three yards at the hem, and flare rather sharply from below the knees. The fullness



No. 1269—CLARENDON SKIRT.

In the back is drawn into the narrowest possible space at the waist-line, that the smooth, tailor-like effect over the hips may not be lost. In the illustration the skirt is of brown cashmere, trimmed with bands of velvet. The favorite finish for the bottom is a facing of hair-cloth or crinoline, and a velveteen binding.

A COMFORTABLE SCHOOL FROCK.

1259—LAURINA JACKET WAIST.

Sizes for 12, 14 and 16 years.

A simple school frock, fitting trimly, yet comfortable, admitting perfect ease for all kinds of exercise. The lining is close-fitting, covered in the front with a loose blouse effect of silk or figure wool, with



No. 1259—LAURINA JACKET WAIST.

the back and side pieces faced up about three inches. Over this is worn an Eton Jacket with broad sailor collar. The loose fitting coat sleeves are of the same material as the Eton, and are sewed in the armhole of the jacket only; an admirable plan when gymnastic exercises are to be considered, and also for wearing with various blouse fronts.

SMALLEST MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

1248—DOTTIE FROCK.

Sizes for Six Months to One Year and Two Years.

A simple little Mother Hubbard, for a little child, suitable for any variety of

wool or cotton fabrics, and is made in the plainest and most comfortable way. Soft French flannel is used for this model. The full skirt is gauged on the short, pointed yoke. Velvet, baby ribbon and lace trim the sleeves, yoke, and pointed epaulets. The neck is edged with lace, and the rosettes are of baby ribbon. The skirt is finished with a deep hem and a feather stitched tuck. If wash goods is prepared, use nainsook; tuck the yoke and substitute embroidery for lace, omitting the ribbon altogether.

CHILD'S EMPIRE FROCK.

1277—DAUPHIN FROCK.

Sizes for 4 and 6 years.

This quaint little frock is cut slightly low in the neck, as well as sleeveless; however, an appropriate pattern is given, so that the



No. 1277—CHILD'S EMPIRE FROCK.

usefulness of so pretty a design may not be limited. It is cut quite full, both back and front, but is fitted under the arms. Silk passementerie, embroidery, or ribbon may be used to finish the neck and sleeves as well as for the bands which run from shoulder to hem, both on the front and back of frock. Where a high neck effect is desired a guimpe should be worn.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR BOYS OR GIRLS.

1278—VICTOR FROCK.

Sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

This simple little frock may be used for either little boys or girls. It is cut with a deep, square yoke, to which the skirt is



No. 1278—VICTOR FROCK.

fulled front and back. The skirt is confined loosely with a belt, for boys, and left to hang free when designed for little girls. The bottom of the yoke is finished with a band of some simple embroidery or flat trimming, and the collar and cuffs are feather-stitched. Cashmere, merino and flannel are all equally light-weight, durable materials for children's frocks, as well as a kinds of cotton fabrics.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

PLAID SILK WAISTS WITH BIAS EFFECT.

1227—SCOTIA WAIST.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 inches bust measure.

An extremely stylish way of using plaids



No. 1227—SCOTIA WAIST.

is to cut the material on the bias. The Scotia waist, in scarlet and green plaid, is the newest design to carry out this effect. The silk is laid in three deep folds over the bust, and drawn in a' the waist in fine plaits. The full frill below the belt is cut separate. The sleeves, which widen into a full draped puff at the shoulder, are finished with a narrow ripple on the outer seam. Frequently plaid waists made in this way are absolutely without trimming, but this is a matter of individual taste.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

A DAINY FROCK WITH MUSLIN GUIMPE.

1246—HYACINTHE FROCK.

Sizes for 4, 6 and 8 Years.

Wool frocks for little girls are frequently made to wear with muslin or silk guimpes. This is not only a pretty fashion, but a useful one, as a clean white guimpe lends an air of dainty freshness to a gown that



No. 1246—HYACINTHE FROCK.

has seen many a romp. Any soft wool or silk gods can be made in this design, using narrow velvet ribbon to trim and either silk or satin for the full vest. The sleeves are merely a puff of the material caught up at the shoulder. The guimpe can be made of lawn or cambric or, if preferred, silk or wool may be used. The full, round skirt reaches a trifle below the knees, and is finished with a deep hem.

A FASHIONABLE PLOUNCED PETTICOAT.

1236—WILMOTTE PETTICOAT.

Sizes—Medium and Large.

Petticoats with yokes are no longer designed exclusively for stout women. With

the present fashion of fitting the skirts snugly over the hips a yoke petticoat is almost a necessity. Our model is an excellent design for either a silk or cambric petticoat, trimmed with silk or lace ruffles for the silk ones, and embroidery or lace ruffles for the cambric ones. It is cut with a yoke, and all the fullness of the body of the skirt is drawn to the back of the yoke. This design is also suitable for moreen or mohair petticoats.

ONLY \$500 EACH.

Methodist Magazine: We apprehend much suffering, many disappointments, and not a few heart-breaking tragedies (as a result of the rush to the Yukon gold fields). Mr. Oglvie estimates that of the 100,000 persons who may go, 85,000 will be disappointed. His estimate of the gold product in 10 years is \$100,000,000. That divided among 200,000 people would be \$500 each, and it would cost them more than that to get it. We are afraid the re-action of this boom will be disastrous to Canada. While it lasts it may create a feverish excitement, but the bitter disappointment of thousands will make themselves curse the country whose staple industries of agriculture and forestry they rejected for the gold mining lottery, with its few splendid prizes and its many total blanks.

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For Making Butter,
For Making Cheese.

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Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use Odoroma. You want them preserved and any tendency to decay checked—Use Odoroma. You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—Use Odoroma. 'Tis the

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Entitling the holder to one DEMOREST PATTERN, if sent to the office of the Demorest Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., with three two-cent stamps, to help pay for handling, mailing, etc.

Be sure and give your name and full address, number of pattern wanted, and choose one of the sizes that is printed with each design.

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Number of } Street or P.O. }
 Pattern. } Box Number. }

Size } Town.....State.....
 Desired. }

Without this coupon your patterns would cost from twenty cents to fifty cents apiece.

YOUTHFUL FOLLY.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man said;

"And you turned your old Chancellor up; Yet you spoofed the old Concert, and romped in ahead

With your creditors, crochets, and Krupp."

"Well, Krupp," said the Kaiser, "I had to abandon;

For the rest, one had only to be Unselfish and modest, considerate and un-Assuming, like Abdul and Me."

"You are young," said the sage, "and perhaps that was why

You dashed off that wire to Oom Paul; But a squadron was hatched and got ready to fly,

And then you did nothing at all."

"When the Lion was napping," said William, "'twas festive

To tickle his tail with a squirt; But when he looked round and began to be restive—

Why, one of us might have got hurt."

"You are young," said the elder, "I beg to repeat:

Now those people who live by the Rhine— Did they smile when you solemnly rose to your feet

And told them your right was Divine?"

"Did they smile?" said the Great One, "come, ask me another;

The Fatherland's long been agreed That the Kaiser is Kaiser and Henry's his brother—

A simple and beautiful creed."

"Well, you're young enough, but Henry's still minor;

Yet you've sent him to What's-it-name-Chow:

That's Turkey, and Kruger, and Heaven, and Ohma;

What on earth will you play on us now?"

"You're old," he replied, "and doting at that,

And ought to be put on the shelf, You ask what an up-to-date Kaiser is at! Do you think he's a notion himself?"

LIFE.

Life is like the ocean,
Broad and deep;
Billows of emotion
O'er it sweep;
We must battle boldly
With the tide,
Lest it wad us coldly
Far and wide.

Life is bright or dreary
Where we dwell;
Though our feet are weary,
All is well;
Ever bravely pressing
On our way,
Fairest is the blessing
Day by day.

Life is like a jewel
In the rough;
Cut it, be not cruel,
Just enough;
Polish, till its glory,
Fool, divine,
Tells a noble story,
Even thine.

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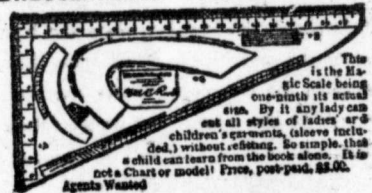
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The readers of Home and Youth cannot feel more regret than the manager does at the delay in the publication of the February number. The cause was one not to be foreseen or prevented, it being the confusion and "pi" incidental to a fire which broke out in the building where the type for Youth and Home is set. We take refuge in the old adage "Better late than never," for the present, and for the future adopt, and will endeavor to live up to, an improved version "Better never late," so that the March number may be expected close on the heels of the present one.

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