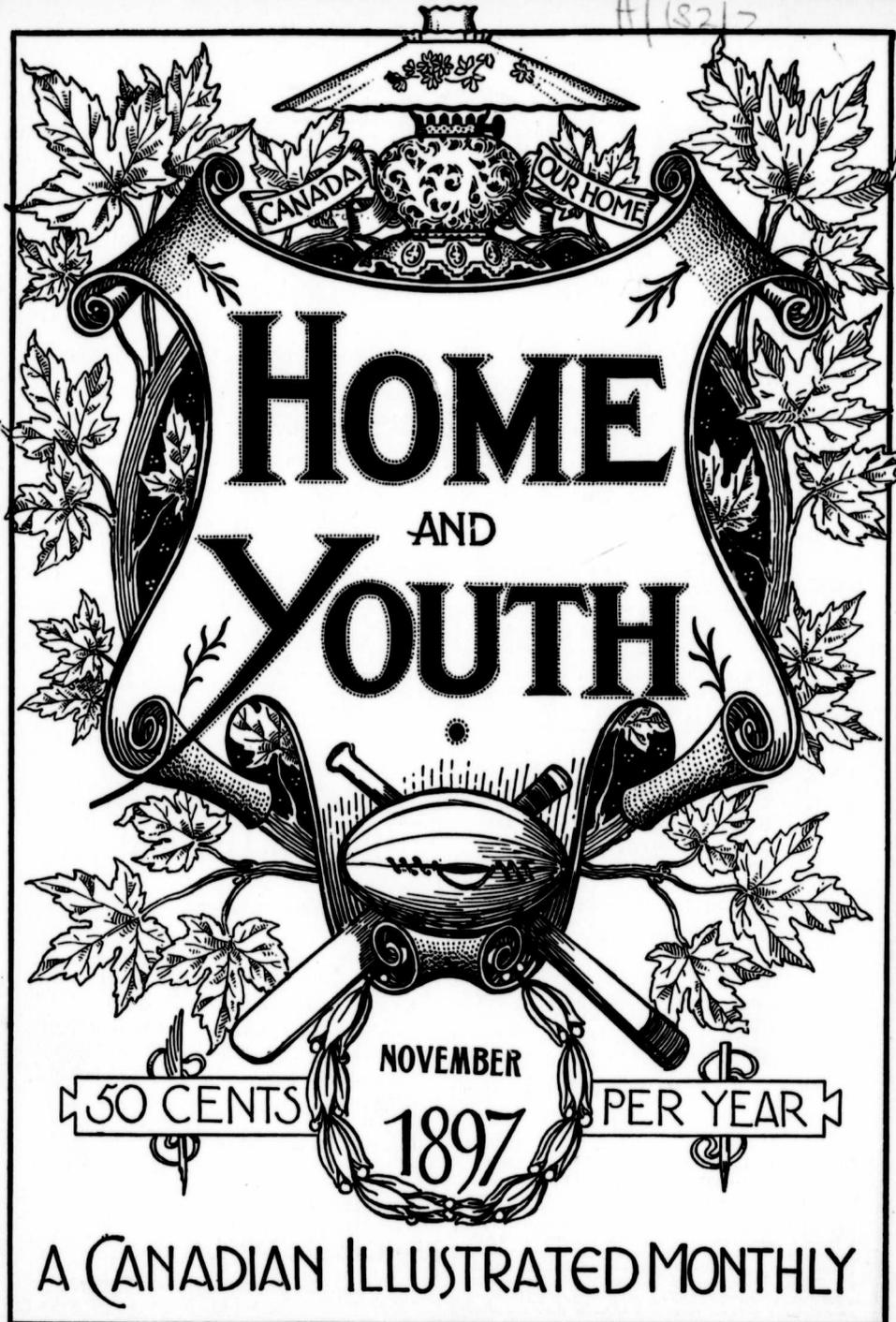


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HOME AND YOUTH

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THE POINT OF THE PEN

RECREATION IN THE HOME.

As the long winter evenings have come again, a few remarks may fittingly be made on the subject of home recreation. There is something agreeable at all times in the thought of pastimes, especially when linked with the precious word Home. The enjoyments which are there indulged in are usually more simple in nature, more innocent and domestic in character than any others.

Viewed from another standpoint, their influence is physically and morally healthful, refining, softening, cheering. They are calculated to develop the intellect, strengthening the powers of thought, quickening the wit, and facilitating expression.

They exercise an important influence also in producing happiness and harmony in the home circle. It may sometimes happen that differing views among the members of the family, on some point where all feel strongly, give rise to excited debate; words are spoken, expressions used and feelings called forth, which mar the perfect concord that should ever exist in that "kingdom of the heart"—Home. At such moments, or to avoid such occurrences, some sprightly jest or game,

pleasantly introduced, will bind all the members in one by the bond of a common enjoyment—occupy interest and please.

Each member has an influence in the circle of his own home, and it is his and her duty to exert it, that as a well known writer has quaintly expressed it, the other members may "want and wish your pleasant presence still."

Indoor amusements affect directly the mind more than the body, but the mind in turn reacts beneficially upon the body. The mind, after a prolonged strain, like a tightly-strung bow, should be unbent for a short time, and some light game, combining if possible, physical and mental amusement, will be of infinite service.

The importance of exercise is well understood by the people of Great Britain, and the number of hale and hearty men of advanced age to be seen in the British Parliament bears evidence to the resulting benefits of such a mode of life.

Depend upon it, the body will right itself at last! The great law of compensation runs through all life, and in these days of hurry the fact cannot be too strongly pressed home that no one

HOME AND YOUTH

can violate the duty of preserving bodily health for the sake of acquiring wealth or even for mental attainments, without finding—perhaps too late—his fatal error in so doing.

The hope that a chance word of ours may have some influence on mothers who wish for their sons a long and distinguished career of active usefulness, leads us to urge the necessity for greater regard for home recreations. Business men and those engaged in professional or political life would do well to consider that there is a time for family enjoyment and for pleasant pastimes which they should not neglect, if for no other reason that their valuable talents and services may be longer preserved to their country and the loved ones dependent upon them for protection and support.

Many kinds of family pastimes give scope to the inventive faculties and tend to the cultivation of taste and refinement of manners. All such pleasures have a good influence. A hearty laugh is often more useful than any medicine, and everything which creates innocent enjoyment has an important bearing upon the young.

We would therefore specially urge upon parents the encouragement of home amusements as the best means of promoting the moral and physical health of their children and keeping their hearts centered in the enjoyment of domestic life.

Jade is a very rare and valuable kind of flint or stone, found in the rivers of China, and held in great reverence by the Chinese, who law-giver, Confucius, called it the emblem of all virtues. It is so hard that it will chip steel.

LIGHTING FIRES.

Now winter is coming on this is the most important part of home work ; and the skilful kindling and re-kindling of fires makes much for comfort or discomfort. To lay a fire in such a way that a match applied will speedily light it up, and to have fires so laid in each room which may be wanted, is a great art, and worth study, for it is a matter of practice, not theory ; and of scrupulous attention to details, such as leaving air space below, having dry wood, and paper which burns clean and does not choke the fire with stuffy ash.

A series of investigation made by M. Eugene Mesnard indicates that light exerts a mechanical action that plays an important part in the emission of perfume by flowers. The intensity of the perfume of a flower, according to our authority, depends upon the equilibrium that is established every hour in the day between the pressure of the water in the cells, which tend to extend outward the perfumes contained in the plant skin, and the action of light, which opposes this effort.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent in the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things, than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's taste, instead of the cultivation of your own, the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with regard to others, each our own world.

SEA SCENES OF LONG AGO

The following description of an encounter with pirates in the old days before steamships displaced sailing vessels is interesting :

On a beautiful Sunday evening, after prayers had been said on board the *Hector*, a merchant vessel bound for Jamaica, the crew and passengers continued to lounge upon deck, in order apparently to enjoy the tranquility, if not the beauty of the scene, which harmonized remarkably well with the character of the day. We were now among the Lesser Antilles ; and both for this reason and the fact that slavers and pirates were then very numerous in the Caribbean Sea, we were obliged always to keep a sharp look-out, more especially at sundown. To take a minute survey of the horizon was the regular habit of the captain before the expiring of the short twilight, but on this occasion not a speck of any description whatever was visible. With the daylight the wind also died completely away ; but, in case of sudden squalls during the night, our studding and a great part of the other sails were clewed up, and all "made snug aloft," to use the technical phrase. It might be about two hours after sunset, but the greater portion of the passengers were still on deck, amused by the efforts of some of the crew to catch a number of those heavy, sluggish birds appropriately termed boobies, which had settled on different parts of the rigging, and were there snoozing without the slightest apprehension of danger. One of

the men had for this purpose crawled forward, almost to the extremity of the yard-arm, and was in the very act of putting his hand upon a slumbering captive, when we saw him suddenly look up, shade his eyes with his hand for a moment, then hear him exclaim in a loud voice : "A sail on the star-board-quarter !"

"Impossible !" responded the mate, whose watch it was.

"It's true, howsomever, sir," said the man, after another long and steady look ; "though I cannot guess what she is, unless the *Flying Dutchman* !" and he began to descend the rigging with evident symptoms of trepidation, leaving the booby in undisturbed enjoyment of his nap.

All now crowded to the side of the vessel ; and true it was, that in a few minutes we could perceive, between us and the sky, the tall spar of a vessel, which, by the night-glass, was made out to be a schooner. She was at about half a mile's distance from us, and by the way in which her royals were set, appeared to be standing right across our fore-foot. The circumstance seemed absolutely incredible. Scarcely one puff of wind had lifted our sails since long before sunset, and by the log it was seen that we could not have been advancing above half a mile an hour : yet there lay the strange vessel come whence or how she may. Not a whisper was heard amongst us. Our captain, standing in the waist, in order to bring the strange vessel more clearly

betwixt him and the sky, remained silent, gazing anxiously through his night-glass. At last he observed: "She is getting on another course, and must only have now made us out. But it is as well to be prepared—she looks suspicious. Let the guns be shotted, Mr. Clarke, and call up all hands to quarters. Bring her head up to the wind" (to the helmsman): "we'll soon see whether they really want to speak us or not."

These orders, which were not a little appalling to most of us passengers, seemed to diffuse the most qualified satisfaction amongst the crew. A cheerful and lively bustle prevailed fore and aft; for it must be remembered that merchantmen in those days were necessitated to be as well prepared for the battle as for the breeze. The ports were thrown open, and the carronades (then recently introduced, run out; and the men stood in expectation, or at least in evident hopes, of an approaching conflict. The suspicious-looking vessel, however, seemed to have no hostile purpose in view; she disappeared in the gloom of the night as mysteriously as she had approached us, and the respective tears and hopes of those on board the *Hector* were alike disappointed. But the captain appeared far from satisfied; he paced along the deck, silent and thoughtful; and although the men were ordered down to their hammocks, he himself remained on deck, and with five or six of the most vigilant of the crew, kept a continual look-out towards all points of the compass.

And the result proved the prudence of this watchfulness. In less than an hour, the cry was heard: "A sail on the larboard bow!" and all eyes were immediately directed to that quarter. It was at once made out that the vessel was a schooner, and from some peculiarity in her rigging, the captain pronounced her to be the same we had before seen. Strange to tell, she appeared to be bearing right down upon our quarter, although no alteration in the weather had occurred with us! Her royals, as before, seemed filled, and her course was altogether too direct and steady to allow us to suppose that she was worked by means of sweeps. But her hostile purpose could no longer be mistaken, and there was an immediate piping-up amongst the crew. Several of the passengers also magnanimously prepared to assist in defence of the vessel, and a suitable supply of muskets, cutlasses and ammunition was handed up from the hold. While this last operation was going on, the schooner had approached within a few cable-lengths of us, when she suddenly bore up. As she was within hailing distance, our captain bawled out through his trumpet, demanding to know her name, and where she was from. A confused and unintelligible jabbering, but which from the sound seemed to be in a barbarous Portuguese idiom, was the only response. A second and a third time she was hailed with the same result. While this colloquy was going on, by the dexterous management of her sails, she (to use the nautical phrase) walked round our stern, although no increase of wind was perceptible by our own canvas. As she again came round our starboard-quarter, our captain ordered one of the stern guns to be fired across her bows; but no notice was taken of the salute, and our mysterious visitant at length bore away from us, and was speedily

lost sight of. There was no doubt as to her being one of the noted piratical vessels which carried on this nefarious traffic between the Spanish main and those islands, chiefly Cuba and St. Domingo, where they had their haunts. They were built expressly for the purpose, with low hulls and immensely long spars, fitted to catch whatever current of wind might be prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which the less elevated sails of other vessels might fail to reach. Some of their hulls, I was also told, were so constructed that, by turning certain screws, the sea could be allowed to rush into their false keels or bottoms, by which their speed was accelerated in an amazing degree. All this to me appeared extraordinary at the time, but I afterwards had practical reasons for knowing the truth of the information.

As may be imagined, we continued on the alert during the night, but heard no more of the strange schooner. Dawn was fast approaching, when our attention was once more aroused by the flash, followed by the report, of a gun right ahead of us. From the loudness of the explosion, as well as the rapidity with which it followed the flash, it was easy to perceive that the vessel could be at no great distance, as well as that she must be a large man-of-war. After a few minutes' interval, another shot boomed along the deep, rapidly succeeded by several others of the same formidable loudness. At length these were replied to by other guns evidently of less calibre, and proceeding from a different quarter.

"They are at it!—they are at it!" now for the first time shouted our skipper, who had served his time, and held a lieutenant's commission in the

royal navy; "I'll stake my life, some of our cruisers have taken the pirate in tow! Will she do nothing?"—(to the man at the wheel, for we were still completely becalmed)—"What would I not give, were it but to have a view of them?"

"She minds the helm no more than if she were a brute beast!" responded the helmsman in a tone and key in happy sympathy with our captain's impatient query, while he kept rocking from foot to foot with the rapidity of a stop-watch mainspring.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed amongst the crew, most of whom were old man-of-war's men. After some time, the sound of the large guns entirely ceased, while that of the smaller ones incessantly continued—implying, as was natural to suppose, that the latter had silenced the others, and that the crew of the supposed pirate were following up their advantage. At this crisis, a deputation of about twenty of our crew came aft, and entreated the captain's permission to hoist out a couple of boats, and allow them to pull to the scene of action. But the skipper understood his duty too well to give way to the enthusiasm of his men, although evidently gratified at their disinterested courage.

Morning at length dawned, and the nature of the conflict became distinctly visible, as also that the island of St. Domingo was about two leagues to leeward of us. A British frigate lay about a mile ahead of us, with the national flag drooping from the mizen-peak, but without any other rag upon her spars. At about two miles' distance was the identical schooner that had alarmed us so much during the night, her long mainmast being entirely

bare excepting her royals, which, however, were now entirely useless, as not a breath of air lifted them. But long sweeps had been put in requisition, and were every moment increasing the distance betwixt her and her assailant. The latter, however, had got out the jolly-boat, which, with a couple of large swivels fixed on her bows, maintained a running-fight with the enemy, who might easily have destroyed her, had not the necessity of escape been so imminent. The shot of the gallant little boat's crew, although obliged to maintain a cautious distance, was evidently telling, as appeared by the shattered rigging of the schooner, which was making desperate exertions to get within influence of the land breeze.

There has seldom, if ever, been any situation so tantalizing as was that of all parties on this exciting occasion. The pursuers could gain nothing on the fugitives; the latter could make but the most inefficacious efforts at escape; and we, the onlookers, were compelled to witness what passed in still more provoking inactivity. Fortune at last seemed to declare in favor of the cause of humanity and justice. Cat's-paws, the forerunners of the trade-wind, began to creep in from the south-east, lifting the sails (which were now invitingly spread out) of the frigate and our own vessel, while the land-breeze proportionately retired; and shortly the former came on slowly and steadily, bearing us towards our prize—as we now regarded her. When this change of weather became perceptible to the crew of the schooner, a most extraordinary scene took place. In less time than I can take to describe the act, about half-a-dozen canoes, each capable of carrying not more than three persons,

were lowered down from the schooner, and all began to pull towards the shore, although in many different directions; the latter being an expedient to distract any attempt to pursue them.

“Saw ever mortal eyes anything to match that!” cried our captain, after a long pause of astonishment. “The cowardly villains, that would not stand one broadside for that trim piece of craft! But I am cheated if they have left her worth the trouble of boarding. Bear off from her—bear off from her!”—he continued to the helmsman; “there's mischief in her yet, I tell you.” And his words were fearfully verified almost as soon as spoken. First a thin blue smoke shot upwards from the hold of the schooner; next moment a fierce blood-red fire blazed through between every seam of her hull; the tall mast seemed absolutely to shoot up into the air like an arrow, and an explosion followed so tremendous—so more terribly loud than anything I had ever listened to, that it seemed as if the ribs of nature herself were rending asunder. Our ship reeled with the shock, and was for a few seconds obstructed in her course, in a manner which I can only liken to what takes place in getting over a coral reef. When the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the late schooner was to be seen, except a few shattered and blackened planks. But the destruction, unfortunately, did not stop here. It was evident that the explosion had taken place sooner than the pirates themselves had expected. Three of the canoes were swamped by the force of the concussion; and the same thing, if not far worse, had happened to the boat which carried the gallant little band of pursuers, who had incautiously

pulled hard for the schooner as soon as she had been abandoned, instigated at once by the love of fame and prize-money. Boats were instantly lowered, both from our ship and the war frigate, in order to save, if possible, the lives of the brave fellows; but the whole had probably been stunned, if not killed, by the explosion, and only two corpses out of the eight were found floating about. At this spectacle, as well as at the destruction of the prize, which was looked upon as a most unfair and unwarrantable proceeding, the fury of the men knew no bounds; and although few of them had arms, either offensive or defensive, the whole fleet of boats began to pull after the fugitives with a speed that threatened more accidents than had yet befallen. But the surviving canoes, which skimmed along the ocean like flying-fish, were too speedy for their pursuers; and the latter only succeeded in picking up three captives belonging to the canoes

which had sunk, including, as luck would have it, the commander of the late piratical vessel. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained from taking immediate vengeance on the persons of the captive wretches, but they were at length securely lodged on board the frigate, which, as well as ourselves (who were extremely glad of such a consort), stood away for Port-Royal with all sails set, where, on the second day thereafter, we arrived about noon, the frigate there coming to an anchor, while we beat up to Kingston. We afterwards learned that we had escaped the menaced attack of the pirates by their perceiving, through their night-glasses, the quantity of muskets and other small-arms handed up from our hold, as they bore down on us the second time, as before mentioned. In a few days after our arrival, the wretched captives were brought to trial, and hung at the yard-arm.



THE LOVE OF THE PRINCE OF GLOTTENBERG

BY.....
ANTHONY HOPE.....
AUTHOR OF
THE PRISONER OF
ZENDA. ECT. ECT.

It was in the spring of the year that Ludwig, prince of Glottenberg, came courting the Princess Osra, for his father had sought the most beautiful lady of a royal house in Europe and had found none to equal Osra. Therefore the prince came to Strelsau with a great retinue and was lodged in the White palace, which stood on the outskirts of the city where the public gardens now are, for the palace itself was sacked and burned by the people in the rising of 1848. Here Ludwig staid many days, coming every day to the king's palace to pay his respects to the king and queen and to make his court to the princess. King Kudolt had received him with the utmost friendship and was, for reasons of state then of great moment, but now of vanished interest, as eager for the match as was the king of Glottenberg himself, and he grew very impatient with his sister when she hesitated to accept Ludwig's hand, alleging that she felt for him no more than a kindly esteem, and, what was as much to the purpose, that he felt no more for her, for, although the prince possessed most courteous and winning manners and was very accomplished both in learning and in exercises, yet he was a grave and pensive young man, rather stately than jovial, and seemed in the princess' eyes (accustomed as they were to catch and check ardent glances) to perform his wooing more as a duty of his station than on the impulse of any passion. Finding in herself also no such sweet ashamed emotions as had before now crossed her heart on account of lesser men, she grew grave and troubled, and she said to the king:

"Prother, is this love? For I had as

lief he were away as here, and when he is here and kisses my hand as though it were a statue's hand, and—I feel as though it were. They say you know what love is. Is this love?"

"There are many forms of love," smiled the king. "This is such love as a prince and a princess may most properly feel."

"I do not call it love at all," said Osra with a pout.

When Prince Ludwig came next day to see her and told her with grave courtesy that his pleasure lay in doing her will, she broke out:

"I had rather it lay in watching my face," and then, ashamed, she turned away from him.

He seemed grieved and hurt at her words, and it was with a sigh that he said, "My life shall be given to giving you joy."

She turned round on him with flushed cheek and trembling lips.

"Yes, but I had rather it were spent in getting joy from me."

He cast down his eyes for a moment and then, taking her hand, kissed it, but she drew it away sharply, and so that afternoon they parted, he back to his palace, she to her chamber, where she sat asking again, "Is this love?" and crying, "He does not know love," and pausing now and again before her mirror to ask her pictured face why it would not unlock the door of love.

On another day she would be merry or feign merriment, rallying him on his somber air and formal compliments, professing that for her part she soon grew weary of such wooing and loved to be easy and merry, for thus she hoped to sting him, so that he would either disclose more warmth or forsake alto-

gether his pursuits. But he made many apologies, blaming nature that had made him grave, but assuring her of his deep affection and respect.

"Affection and respect!" murmured Osra, with a little toss of her head. "Oh, that I had not been born a princess!" And yet, though she did not love him, she thought him a very noble gentleman and trusted to his honor and sincerity in everything. Therefore when he still persisted and Rudolf and the queen urged her, telling her (the king mockingly, the queen with a touch of sadness) that she must not look to find in this world such love as romantic girls dreamed of, at last she yielded, and she told her brother that she would marry Prince Ludwig, yet for a little while she would not have the news proclaimed. So Rudolf went, alone and privately, to the White palace and said to Ludwig:

"Cousin, you have won the fairest lady in the world. Behold, her brother says it!"

Prince Ludwig bowed low, and taking the king's hand pressed it, thanking him for his help and approval and expressing himself as most grateful for the boon of the princess' favor.

"And will you not come with me and find her?" cried the king, with a merry look.

"I have urgent business now," answered Ludwig. "Beg the princess to forgive me. This afternoon I will crave the honor of waiting on her with my humble gratitude."

King Rudolf looked at him, a smile curling on his lips, and he said in one of his gusts of impatience:

"By heaven, is there another man in the world who would talk of gratitude and business and the afternoon when Osra of Strelsau sat waiting for him?"

"I mean no discourtesy," protested Ludwig, taking the king's arm and glancing at him with most friendly eyes. "Indeed, dear friend, I am rejoiced and honored. But this business of mine will not wait."

So the king, frowning and grumbling and laughing, went back alone and told the princess that the happy wooer was most grateful and would come after his business was transacted that afternoon. But Osra, having given her hand, would now admit no fault in the man she had chosen, and thanked the king for the message with great dig-

nity. Then the king came to her, and, sitting down by her, stroked her hair, saying softly:

"You have had many lovers, Sister Osra, and now comes a husband."

"Yes, now a husband," she murmured, catching swiftly at his hand, and her voice was half caught in a sudden sob.

"So goes the world—our world," said the king, knitting his brows and seeming to fall for a moment into a sad reverie.

"I am frightened," she whispered. "Should I be frightened if I loved him?"

"I have been told so," said the king, smiling again. "But the fear has a way of being mastered then." And he drew her to him and gave her a hearty brother's kiss, telling her to take heart. "You'll thaw the fellow out," said the king, "though I grant you he is icy enough," for the king himself had been by no means what he called an icy man.

But Osra was not satisfied and sought to assuage the pain of her heart by adorning herself most carefully for the prince's coming, hoping to fire him to love, for she thought that if he loved she might, although since he did not she could not. And surely he did not, or all the tales of love were false. Thus she came to receive him very magnificently arrayed. There was a flush on her cheek and an uncertain, expectant, fearful look in her eyes, and thus she stood before him as he fell on his knee and kissed her hand. Then he rose and declared his thanks and promised his devotion, but as he spoke the flush faded, and the light died from her eyes, and when at last he drew near to her and offered to kiss her cheek her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered him to touch it. He was content to touch it but once and seemed not to know how cold it was, and so, after more talk of his father's pleasure and his pride, he took his leave, promising to come again the next day. She ran to the window when the door was closed on him, and thence watched him mount his horse and ride away slowly, with his head bent and his eyes downcast, yet he was a noble gentleman, stately and handsome, kind and true. The tears came suddenly into her eyes and blurred her sight as she leaned watching from behind the hanging cur-

tains of the window. Though she dashed them angrily away, they came again and ran down her pale, cold cheeks, mourning the golden vision that seemed gone without fulfillment.

That evening there came a gentleman from the Prince of Glottenberg, carrying most humble excuses from his master, who, so he said, was prevented from waiting on the princess the next day by a very urgent affair that took him from Strelsau and would keep him absent from the city all day long, and the gentleman delivered to Osra a letter from the prince, full of graceful and profound apologies, and pleading an engagement that his honor would not let him break, for nothing short of that, said he, should have kept him from her side. There followed some lover's phrases, scantily worded and frigid in an assumed passion. But Osra smiled graciously and sent back a message, readily accepting all that the prince urged in excuse, and she told what had passed to the king with her head high in the air and a careless haughtiness, so that even the king did not rally her nor yet venture to comfort her, but urged her to spend the day in riding with the queen and him, for they were setting out for Zenda, where the king was to hunt in the forest, and she could ride some part of the way with them and return in the evening. And she, wishing that she had sent first to the prince to bid him not come, agreed to go with her brother. It was better far to go than to wait at home for a lover who would not come.

Thus the next morning they rode out, the king and queen with their retinue, the princess attended by one of her guard, named Christian Hantz, who was greatly attached to her and most jealous in praise and admiration of her. This fellow had taken on himself to be very angry with Prince Ludwig's coldness, but dared say nothing of it, yet, impelled by his anger, he had set himself to watch the prince very closely, and thus he had, as he conceived, discovered something that brought a twinkle into his eye and a triumphant smile to his lips as he rode behind the princess. Some 15 miles she accompanied him and her brother, and then, turning with Christian, took another road back to the city. Alone she rode, her mind full of sad thoughts, while Christian behind still wore his malicious smile.

But presently, although she had not commanded him, he quickened his pace and came up to her side, relying on the favor which she always showed him for excuse.

"Well, Christian," said she, "have you something to say to me?"

For answer he pointed to a small house that stood among the trees some way from the road, and he said:

"If I were Ludwig and not Christian, yet I would be here where Christian is and not there, where Ludwig is," and he pointed still at the house.

She faced round on him in anger at his daring to speak to her of the prince, but he was a bold fellow and would not be silenced now that he had begun to speak. He knew also that she would bear much from him. So he leaned over toward her, saying:

"By your bounty, madame, I have money, and he who has money can get knowledge. So I know that the prince is there. For £50 I gained a servant of his, and he told me."

"I do not know why you should spy on the prince," said Osra, "and I do not care to know where the prince is," and she touched her horse with the spur, and he cantered fast forward, leaving the little house behind. But Christian persisted, partly in a foolish grudge against any man who should win what was above his reach, partly in an honest anger that she, whom he worshiped, should be treated lightly by another, and he forced her to hear what he had learned from the gossip of the prince's groom, telling it to her in hints and half spoken sentences, yet so plainly that she could not miss the drift of it. She rode the faster toward Strelsau, at first answering nothing, but at last she turned upon him fiercely, saying that he told a lie, and that she knew it was a lie, since she knew where the prince was and what business had taken him away, and she commanded Christian to be silent and to speak neither to her nor to any one else of his false suspicions, and she bade him very harshly to fall back and ride behind her again, which he did, sullen, yet satisfied, for he knew that his arrow had gone home. On she rode, with her cheeks aflame and her heart beating, until she came to Strelsau, and having arrived at the palace ran to her own bedroom and flung herself on the bed.

Here for an hour she lay; then, it being about 6 o'clock, she sat up, pushing

her disordered hair back from her hot, aching brow, for an agony of humiliation came upon her and a fury of resentment against the prince, whose coldness seemed now to need no more explanation. Yet she could hardly believe what she had been told of him, for though she had not loved him she had accorded to him her full trust. Rising, she paced in pain about the room. She could not rest, and she cried out in longing that her brother were there to aid her and find out the truth for her. But he was away, and she had none to whom she could turn. So she strove to master her anger and endure her suspense till the next day, but they were too strong for her, and she cried: "I will go myself. I cannot sleep till I know. But I cannot go alone. Who will go with me?" And she knew of none, for she would not take Christian with her, and she shrank from speaking of the matter to any of the gentlemen of the court. And yet she must know. But at last she sprang up from the chair into which she had sunk despondently, exclaiming:

"He is a gentleman and my friend. He will go with me." And she sent hastily for the bishop of Modenstein, who was then in Strelsau, bidding him come dressed for riding and with a sword and the best horse in his stables. And the bishop came equipped as she bade him and in very great wonder. But when she told him what she wanted and what Christian had made known to her he grew grave, saying that they must wait and consult the king when he returned.

"I will not wait an hour," she cried. "I cannot wait an hour."

"Then I will ride and bring you word. You must not go," he urged.

"Nay, if I go alone I will go," said she. "Yes, I will go, and myself fling his falseness in his teeth."

Finding her thus resolved, the bishop knew that he could not turn her, so, leaving her to prepare herself, he sought Christian Hantz and charged him to bring three horses to the most private gate of the palace, that opened in a little bystreet. Here Christian waited for them with the horses, and they came presently, the bishop wearing a great slouched hat and swaggering like a roistering trooper, while Osra was closely veiled. The bishop again imposed secrecy on Christian, and then they both, being mounted, said to Osra, "If you will,

then, madame, come," and thus they rode secretly out of the city about 7 o'clock in the evening, the gate wardens opening the gate at sight of royal arms on Osra's ring, which she gave to the bishop in order that he might show it.

In silence they rode a long way, going at a great speed. Osra's face was set and rigid, for she felt now no shame at herself for going or any fear of what she might find, but the injury to her pride swallowed every other feeling, and at last she said in short, sharp



"Well, Christian," said she, "have you something to say to me?"

words to the bishop of Modenstein, having suddenly thrown the veil back from her face:

"He shall not live if it prove true."

The bishop shook his head. His profession was peace, yet his blood also was hot against the man who had put a slight on Princess Osra.

"The king must know of it," he said.

"The king! The king is not here tonight," said Osra, and she pricked her horse and set him at a gallop. The moon, breaking suddenly in brightness from behind a cloud, showed the bishop her face. Then she put out her hand and caught him by the arm, whispering, "Are you my friend?"

HOME AND YOUTH

"Yes, madame," said he. She knew well that he was her friend.

"Kill him for me, then! Kill him for me!"

"I cannot kill him," said the bishop. "I pray God it may prove untrue."

"You are not my friend if you will not kill him," said Osra, and she turned her face away and rode yet more quickly.

At last they came in sight of the little house that stood back from the road, and there was a light in one of the upper windows. The bishop heard a short gasp break from Osra's lips, and she pointed with her whip to the window. Now his own breath came quick and fast, and he prayed to God that he might remember his sacred character and his vows, and not be led into great and deadly sin at the bidding of that proud, litter face, and he clinched his left hand and struck his forehead with it.

Thus when they came to the gate of the avenue of trees that led to the house. Here, having dismounted and tied their horses to the gatepost they stood an instant, and Osra again veiled her face.

"Let me go alone, madame," he implored.

"Give me your sword, and I will go alone," she answered.

"Here, then, is the path," said the bishop, and he led the way by the moonlight that broke fitfully here and there through the trees.

"He swore that all his life should be mine," she whispered. "Yet I knew that he did not love me."

The bishop made her no answer. She looked for none and did not know through she spoke the bitterness of her heart in words that he could hear. He bowed his head and prayed again for her and for himself, for he had found his hand gripping the hilt of his sword. And thus, side by side now, they came to the door of the house and saw a gentleman standing in front of the door, still, but watchful. And Osra knew that he was the prince's chamberlain.

When the chamberlain saw them, he started violently and clapped a hand to his sword, but Osra flung her veil on the ground, and the bishop gripped his arm as with a vise. The chamberlain looked at Osra and at the bishop and half drew his sword.

"This matter is too great for you, sir," said the bishop. "It is a quarrel

of princes. Stand aside!" And before the chamberlain could make up his mind what to do Osra had passed by him, and the bishop had followed her.

Finding themselves in a narrow passage, they made out by the dim light of a lamp a flight of stairs that rose from the farthest end of it. The bishop tried to pass the princess, but she motioned him back and walked swiftly to the stairs. In silent speed they mounted till they had reached the top of the first stage, and facing them, eight or ten steps farther up, was a door. By the door stood a groom. This was the man who had treacherously told Christian of his master's doings, but when he saw suddenly what had come of his disloyal chattering the fellow went white as a ghost and came tottering in stealthy silence down the stairs, his finger on his lips. Neither of them spoke to him, nor he to them. They gave no thought to him. His only thought was to escape as soon as he might, so he passed them, and, going on, passed also the chamberlain, who stood dazed at the house door, and so disappeared, intent on saving the life he had justly forfeited. Thus the rogue vanished, and what became of him no one knew or cared. He showed his face no more at Glottenberg or Strelsau.

"Hark! There are voices," whispered Osra to the bishop, raising her hand above her head, as the two stood motionless.

The voices came from the door that faced them, the voice of a man and the voice of a woman. Osra's glance at her companion told him that she knew as well as he whose the man's voice was.

"It is true, then," she breathed from between her teeth. "My God, it is true!"

The woman's voice spoke now, but the words were not audible. Then came the prince's. "Forever, in life or death, apart or together, forever." But the woman's answer came no more in words, but in deep, low, passionate sobs that struck their ears like the distant cry of some brute creature in pain that it cannot understand. Yet Osra's face was stern and cold, and her lips curled scornfully when she saw the bishop's look of pity.

"Come, let us end it," said she, and with a firm step she began to mount the stairs that lay between them and the door.

Yet once again they paused outside the door, for it seemed as though the princess could not choose but listen to the passionate words of love that pierced her ears like knives, yet they were all sad, speaking of renunciation, not happiness. But at last she heard her own name; then with a sudden start she caught the bishop's hands, for she could not listen longer. And she staggered and reeled as she whispered to him: "The door, the door. Open the door."

The bishop, his right hand being across his body and resting on the hilt of his sword, laid his left upon the handle of the door and turned it. Then he flung the door wide open, and at that instant Osra sprang past him, her eyes gleaming like flames from her dead white face. And she stood rigid on the threshold of the room, with the bishop by her side.

In the middle of the room stood the Prince of Glottenberg, and, strained in close embrace, clinging to him, supported by his arms, with head buried in his breast, was a girl of slight and slender figure, graceful, though not tall, and her body was still shaken by continued struggling sobs. The prince held her there as though against the world, but raised his head and looked at the intruders with a grave, sad air. There was no shame on his face and hardly surprise. Presently he took one arm from about the lady, and, raising it, motioned to them to be still. Osra took one step forward toward where the pair stood. The bishop caught her sleeve, but she shook him off. The lady looked up into the prince's face. With a sudden, startled cry she clutched him closer and turned a terrified face over her shoulder. Then she moaned in great fear, and reeling full against the prince would have sunk to the ground if he had not upheld her, and her eyes closed and her lids drooped as she swooned away. But the princess smiled, and drawing herself up to her full height stood watching while Ludwig bore the lady to a couch and laid her there. Then when he came back and faced her she asked coldly and slowly:

"Who is this woman, sir? Or is she one of those that have no names?"

The prince sprang forward, a sudden anger in his eyes. He raised his hand as if he would have pressed it across her scornful mouth and kept back her bitter words. But she did not flinch, and, pointing at him with her finger,

she cried to the bishop in a ringing voice:

"Kill him, my lord, kill him!"

And the sword of the bishop of Mendenstein was half way out of the scabbard.

"I would to God, my lord," said the prince in low, sad tones, "that God



She stood rigid on the threshold of the room.

would suffer you to kill me and me to take death at your hands. But neither for you nor for me is the blow lawful. Let me speak to the princess."

The bishop still grasped his sword, for Osra's face and hand still commanded him. But at the instant of his hesitation, while the temptation was hot in him, there came from the couch where the lady lay a low moan of great pain. She flung her arms out and turned, groaning, again on her back, and her head lay limply over the side of the couch. The bishop's eyes met Ludwig's, and with a "God forgive me!" he let the sword slip back, and, springing across the room, fell on his knees beside the couch. He broke the gold chain round his neck and grasped the crucifix which it carried in one hand, while with the other he raised the lady's head, praying her to open her eyes, before

whose closed lids he held the sacred image, and he, who had come so near to great sin, now prayed softly but fervently for her life and God's pity on her, for the frailty her slight form showed could not withstand the shock of this trial.

"Who is she?" asked the princess.

But Ludwig's eyes had wandered back to the couch, and he answered only:

"My God, it will kill her!"

"I care not," said Osra. But then came another low moan. "I care not," said the princess again. "Ah, she is in great suffering." And her eyes followed the prince's.

There was silence, save for the lady's low moans and the whispered prayers of the bishop of Modenstein. But the lady opened her eyes, and in an instant, answering the summons, the prince was by her side, kneeling and holding her hand very tenderly, and he met a glance from the bishop across her prostrate body. The prince bowed his head, and one sob burst from him.

"Leave me alone with her for a little, sir," said the bishop, and the prince, obeying, rose and withdrew into the bay of the window, while Osra stood alone near the door by which she had entered.

A few minutes passed; then Osra saw the prince return to where the lady was and kneel again beside her, and she saw that the bishop was preparing to perform his most sacred and sublime office. The lady's eyes dwelt on him now in peace and restfulness, and held Prince Ludwig's hand in her small hand. But Osra would not kneel. She stood upright still, and cold as though she neither saw nor heard anything of what passed. She would not pity nor forgive the woman, even if, as they seemed to think, she lay dying. But she spoke once, asking in a harsh voice:

"Is there no physician in the house or near?"

"None, madame," said the prince.

The bishop began the office, and Osra stood, dimly hearing the words of comfort, peace and hope, dimly seeing the smile on the lady's face, for gradually her eyes clouded with tears. Now her ears seemed to hear nothing save the sad and piteous sobs that had shaken the girl as she hung about Ludwig's neck. But she strove to drive away her softer thoughts, fanning her fury when it burned low and telling herself again of the insult that she had suffered.

Thus she rested till the bishop had performed the office. But when he had finished it he rose from his knees and came to where Osra was.

"It was your duty," she said. "But it is none of mine."

"She will not live an hour," said he.

"For she had an affection of the heart, and this shock has killed her. Indeed, I think she was half dead for grief before we came."

"Who is she?" broke again from Osra's lips.

"Come and hear," and she followed him obediently, yet unwillingly, to the couch and looked down at the lady. The lady looked at her with wondering eyes, and then she smiled faintly, pressing the prince's hand and whispering:

"Yet she is so beautiful," and she seemed now wonderfully happy, so that they three all watched her and were envious, although they were to live and she to die.

"Now, God, pardon her sin," said the Princess Osra suddenly, and she fell on her knees beside the couch, crying, "Surely God has pardoned her."

"Sin she had none, save what clings even to the purest in this world," said the bishop. "For what she has said to me I know to be true."

Osra answered nothing, but gazed in questioning at the prince, and he, still holding the lady's hand, began to speak in a gentle voice:

"Do not ask her name, madame. But from the first hour that we knew the meaning of love we have loved one another. And had the issue rested in my hands I would have thrown to the winds all that kept me from her. I remember when first I met her—ah, my sweet, do you remember? And from that day to this in soul she has been mine and I hers in all my life. But more could not be. Madame, you have asked what love is. Here is love. Yet fate is stronger. Thus I came here to woo, and she, left alone, resolved to give herself to God."

"How comes she here then?" whispered Osra, and she laid one hand timidly on the couch, near the lady, yet so as not to touch even her garments.

"She came here," he began, but suddenly, to their amazement, the lady, who had seemed dead, with an effort raised herself on her elbow and spoke in a quick, eager whisper, as if she feared time and strength would fail.

"He is a great prince," she said. "He must be a great king. God means him for greatness. God forbid that I should be his ruin! Oh, what a sweet dream he painted! But praise be to the blessed saints that kept me strong! Yet at the last I was weak. I could not live without another sight of his face, and so—so I came. Next week I am—I was to take the veil, and I came here to see him once again. God pardon me for it. But I could not help it. Ah, madame, I know you, and I see now your beauty. Have you known love?"

"No," said Osra, and she moved her hand near to the lady's hand.

"And when he found me here he prayed me again to do what he asked, and I was half killed in denying it. But I prevailed, and we were even then parting when you came. Why, why did I come?" And for a moment her voice died away in a low, soft moan. But she made one more effort. Claspings Osra's hand in her delicate fingers, she whispered: "I am going. Be his wife."

"No, no, no," whispered Osra, her face now close to the lady's. "You must live—you must live and be happy." And then she kissed the lady's lips. The lady put out her arms and clasped them round Osra's neck, and again she whispered softly in Osra's ear. Neither Ludwig nor the bishop heard what she said, but they heard only what Osra sobbed. Presently the lady's arms relaxed a little in their hold, and Osra, having kissed her again, rose and signed to Ludwig to come nearer, while she, turning, gave her hand to the bishop, and he led her from the room, and, finding another room near, took her in there, where she sat silent and pale.

Thus half an hour passed. Then the bishop stole softly out and presently returned, saying:

"God has spared her the long, painful path and has taken her straight to his rest."

Osra heard him, half in a trance and as if she did not hear. She did not know whether he went nor what he did nor anything that passed, until, as it seemed after a long while, she looked up and saw Prince Ludwig standing before her. He was composed and calm, but it seemed as if half the life had gone out of his face. Osra rose slowly to her feet, supporting herself on an arm of the chair on which she had sat,

and when she had seen his face she suddenly threw herself on the floor at his feet, crying:

"Forgive me! Forgive me!"

"The guilt is mine," said he, "for I did not trust you and did by stealth what your nobility would have suffered openly. The guilt is mine." And he offered to raise her. But she rose unaided, asking with choking voice:

"Is she dead?"

"She is dead," said the prince, and Osra, hearing it, covered her face with her hands and blindly groped her way back to the chair, where she sat panting and exhausted.

"To her I have said farewell, and now, madame, to you. Yet do not think that I am a man without eyes for your beauty or a heart to know your worth. I seemed to you a fool and a churl. I grieved most bitterly, and I wronged you bitterly. My excuse for all is now known. For though you are more beautiful than she, yet true love is no wanderer. It gives a beauty that it does not find and weaves a chain no other charms can break. Madame, farewell."

She looked at him and saw the sad joy in his eyes, an exultation over what had been, that what was could not destroy, and she knew that the vision was still with him, though his love was dead. Suddenly he seemed to her a man she also might love and for whom she also, if need be, might gladly die. Yet not because she loved him, for she was asking still in wonder, "What is this love?"

"Madame, farewell," said he again, and, kneeling before her, he kissed her hand.

"I carry the body of my love," he went on, "back with me to my home, there to mourn for her, and I shall come no more to Strelsau."

Osra bent her eyes on his face as he knelt, and presently she said to him in a whisper that was low, for awe, not shame:

"You heard what she bade me do?"

"Yes, madame, I know her wish."

"And you would do it?" she asked.

"Madame, my struggle was fought before she died. But now you know that my love was not yours."

"That also I knew before, sir," and a slight bitter smile came on her face. But she grew grave again and sat there, seeming to be pondering, and Prince Ludwig waited on his knees. Then she suddenly leaned forward and said:

"If I loved, I would wait for you to love. Now, what is the love that I cannot feel?"

And then she sat again silent, but at last raised her eyes again to his, saying in a voice that even in the stillness of the room he hardly heard:

"Now, I do dearly love you, for I have seen your love and know that you can love, and I think that love must breed love, so that she who loves must in God's time be loved. Yet"— She paused here, and for a moment hid her face with her hand. "Yet I cannot," she went on. "Is it our Lord Christ who bids us take the lower place? I cannot take it."

The prince, though in that hour he could not think of love, was yet very much moved by her new tenderness and felt that what had passed rather drew them together than made any separation between them. And it seemed to him that the dead lady's blessing was on his suit, so he said:

"Madame, I would most faithfully serve you, and you would be the nearest and dearest to me of all living women."

She waited awhile; then she sighed heavily and looked in his face with an air of wistful longing, and she knit her brows as though she were puzzled. But at last, shaking her head, she said:

"It is not enough."

And with this she rose and took him by the hand, and they two went back together to where the bishop of Modenstein prayed beside the body of the lady.

Osra stood on one side of the body and stretched her hand out to the prince, who stood on the other.

"See," said she. "She must be between us." And having kissed the dead face once she left the prince there by the side of his love, and herself went out, and, turning her head, saw that the prince knelt again by the corpse of his love.

"He does not think of me," she said to the bishop.

"His thoughts are still with her, madame," he answered.

It was late night now, and they rode swiftly and silently along the road to Strelsau. And on all the way they spoke to one another only a few words, being both sunk deep in thought. But once Osra spoke, as they were already near to Strelsau. For she turned suddenly to the bishop, saying:

"My lord, what is it? Do you know it?"

"Yes, madame, I have known it," answered the bishop.

"Yet you are a churchman."

"True, madame," said he, and he smiled sadly.

She seemed to consider, fixing her eyes on his, but he turned his aside.

"Could you not make me understand?" she asked.

"Your lover when he comes will do that, madame," said he, and still he kept his eyes turned away. Yet presently a faint smile curved her lips, and she said:

"It may be you might feel it if you were not a churchman. But I do not. Many men have said they loved me, and I have felt something in my heart—but not this."

"It will come," said the bishop.

"Does it, then, come to every one?"

"To most," he answered.

"Heigho! Will it ever come to me?" she sighed.

And so they were at home. And Osra was for a long time very sorrowful for the fate of the lady whom the Prince of Glottenberg had loved, but since she saw Ludwig no more and the joy of youth conquered her sadness she ceased to mourn, and as she walked along she would wonder more and more what it might be, this great love that she did not feel.

"For none will tell me, not even the bishop of Modenstein," said she.

THE END.

MY PLAYMATES.

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool.
 Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool ;
 It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
 And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill ;
 So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know
 Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's hill ?
 And what become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill ?
 And what become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell,
 And of Roxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell ?
 They were the boys and girls who shared my youthful play.
 They do not answer to my call ? My playmates where are they ?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe,
 Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago ?
 I'd like to see the Newton Boys and Quincy Adams Brown,
 And Hepsy Hall and Ella Crowles, who spelled the whole school down !
 And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow and all,
 Who I am sure would answer could they only hear my call !

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again,
 And talk about the time we used to wish that we were men !
 And one, I shall not name her, could I see her gentle face
 And hear her girlish treble in this distant, lonely place !
 The flowers and hopes of springtime, they perished long ago,
 And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples have you seen those girls and boys,
 That but a little while ago made, O ! such pleasant noise ?
 O trees and hills and brooks and lanes and meadows, do you know
 Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago ?
 You see I'm old and weary, and I've travelled long and far ;
 I am looking for my playmates, I wonder where they are !

—Eugene Field.



A ZULU NURSERY TALE.

In far-away Zululand the children like to listen to stories just as they do in other lands, and the mothers, as other mothers do, tell them nursery tales. Here is one related in their own words :

They say, who are acquainted with old wives' tales, that there was formerly a great famine, and besides, there were not any cattle. A woman went to dig in the garden, and there came a bird which is called the Umvemve (Wagtail). The woman dug, and went home again. In the morning she went again to dig. The new ground which she had dug yesterday she could no longer see; she arrived at the place, and it was just like the grass. She said, "The ground I dug yesterday, where is it?" speaking to herself. She dug again the second time. As she was digging, there came the bird and sat on a tree in front of her, and said, "Tshiyo, tshiyo, tshiyo! That is the land of my father, which I have always refused to allow to be cultivated. You have acted in opposition to me. Little clods, turn back again! Little seeds, be scattered in all

directions! Little pick handle, snap to pieces! Little pick, fly off!"

The woman went to dig again, she came; a second time she could no longer see the ground she had dug the day before; it was now as it used to be, for the little clods had turned back.

Again she dug. The bird came and said, "Tshiyo, tshiyo, tshiyo! That is the land of my father, which I have always refused to allow to be cultivated. You have acted in opposition to me. Little clods, turn back again! Little seeds, be scattered in all directions! Little pick handle, snap to pieces! Little pick, fly off!"

And so it was in accordance with its saying; the little clods had turned back again, the little seeds were scattered in all directions, the little pick handle snapped to pieces, the little pick flew off.

The woman went home again to tell her husband. She said to him, "When I am digging there is a bird which comes and says to me, 'That is my father's land, which I have always refused to allow to be cultivated. You have acted in opposition to me. Little clods, turn back again! Little seeds, be scattered in all directions! Little pick handle, snap to pieces! Little pick, fly off!' And it is as it says."

In the morning the woman went to dig, first they having devised a plan, to wit, "When I am digging you shall come, husband, to see what the bird says." The husband followed, and sat near the woman, in concealment. As the woman was digging, the bird came again, and said the same as before. The husband heard it, and came from under the bush on the ground and raised himself and saw the speaking bird. He sprang at it and drove it

away; the bird fled and the man ran after it. The bird passed over the hill, the man passed over also. He drove it without ceasing. At length the bird was tired and the man caught it. The bird said, "Leave me alone, and I will make you some whey." The man said, "Just make it then, that I may see." The bird made it and strained the whey. It gurgled.

"Kla, puhlu." (These are onomatopoeic words to indicate the sounds occasioned respectively by taking off the stopper of the calabash for the purpose of pouring out the whey and that occasioned by pouring out the thick curd.)

The man drank. He also said, "Just make curds, too." It make a flopping noise, "Kla Puhlu." The man ate and was satisfied, for he had been a long time hungry, and said, rejoicing, that he had found a cow. He went home with it and put it in a pot in his hut, and luted it down, that his wife and children might not see it; that it might be for his own private titbit; for he had got it by himself.

The wife went to dig and the husband went to dig; both came back again; the husband returned when it was dark. They all lay down to sleep, but the man did not sleep. He went to the pot and uncovered it. The bird was sitting on top. He held it in his hand. He poured out the amasi (a properly prepared sour milk) into his vessel and again put the bird into the pot and luted it down. He ate the amasi alone, all the children and their mother being asleep.

In the morning the man went to cut poles, and his wife went to dig, and the children remained alone. But one of the children had seen his father eating the amasi alone, and said to the

other children, "I saw father; there was something which he was eating in the night, when we were all asleep. He took the cover off the pot. I saw him pour out amasi from it. I was silent, and said, 'There is something which will take him to a distance, and then we will eat amasi, for he begrudges us.'" Then they went to uncover the pot; they found the bird sitting on top of the amasi; they held it; they ate, they ate, they ate, they ate until they were satisfied. They covered it up again. The father said, "My children, what have you been eating to be so stuffed out?" They said, "We are not stuffed out with anything," deceiving him. In the night the father did the same again when they were lying down. But one of them told a plan that they should not sleep, but just see what their father would do. When they had all lain down the man did as before; he opened the pot and ate, and ate, and then closed it up again. But his children had seen him, and knew that he begrudged them food. They said, "The morning will come, and we will see if he will not go out."

In the morning the man departed. The children went and uncovered the pot; when they came the bird was sitting on the top; they took it out, and ate, and ate. The bird slipped from him who held it, and flew away with a whirl, and stopped at the doorway. One of the boys, Udemazane by name, said, "Udemane, see father's bird is going away then!" Udemane said, "Wait a bit, child of my father, I am in the act of filling my mouth." The bird quitted the doorway with a whirl, and stopped outside in the open space.

Udemazane said again, "Unde-

mane, see father's bird is going away then!" Udemane said, "Just wait a bit, child of my father, I am in the act of filling my mouth." The bird quitted the open space with a whir, and pitched on the fence. Udemazane said the same words again. The bird at length flew away and departed. That was the end.

The father returned. At night, when he thought he was going to get his tit-bit, he no longer saw the bird, and there was no longer much amasi left. He wondered, and called his children and asked, "What has been here at the pot?" The children said, "We don't know." But one said, "No, then, they are deceiving you, father. They have let go your bird, and it has gone away. And we have eaten the amasi also." He beat them very much, punishing them for the loss of his tit-bit, thinking he should now die of famine. So that was the end.

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH TAR MARBLES.

By C. S. N.

Almost all boys, at some period of their lives, devote their spare time to playing with marbles, and I certainly was not unlike other boys in this respect. My fondness for marbles began very early, and when I was about seven years old led me into a curious experience, which I am about to relate. A great rivalry for acquiring marbles had suddenly arisen at that time among the boys of the town, and to possess as many of the little round beauties as my oldest brother owned, soon became the desire of my heart and the height of my ambition.

I had already obtained a large number, when one day I overheard my

oldest brother telling one of his school-mates that he had made the important discovery that marbles could be formed from coal-tar, of which there was a large quantity on a certain street in a distant part of the town. He did not condescend to explain the process of manufacture, but he showed the marbles he had made—black, round and glossy. The sight inspired me with ardent desire to possess an unlimited quantity.

My brother told me just where the coveted treasure was to be found, and, in the afternoon, I started off, without confiding to any one my intention, to find the spot and lay in a supply of the raw material, which I could convert into marbles at my leisure. Delightful visions of bags filled with treasure, dancing through my brain, hastened the rate of my speed almost to a run, before I arrived at the goal of my hopes. It was a very hot July afternoon, and I was in a violent heat; but the sight of the heaps of coal-tar put all thoughts of anything unpleasant quite out of my head; it caused me to forget also that I had on a suit of new clothes, of which I had been cautioned by my mother to be extremely careful.

I need hardly remark that I was not very well acquainted with the substance I was handling, and my only idea of its qualities was, that it could be moulded into any shape I pleased. I was not aware that it has all the qualities of ordinary tar—melts with heat, and becomes the toughest, stickiest, most unmanageable of substances with which a small boy can come into contact.

I fell to work to collect what I wanted to carry home. I filled the pockets of my pantaloons and of my jacket, and lastly, when these were stuffed to their utmost capacity, I filled the crown of

my hat so full that it would hardly go on my head. The place was at some distance from my home, and I did not wish to have to return immediately for more.

With a heart filled with triumph, I started off toward home. By this time I began to realize that the weather was not cool. It had been a long walk, and I was pretty tired, but I was also in a great hurry to begin making marbles, so I walked as fast as I could. After a little time I began to be sensible of a disagreeable feeling of stickiness about my waist, and a slight trickling sensation in the region of the knees.

A cloud not bigger than a man's hand flitted across my horizon—perhaps coal-tar might melt?

I resolved to ascertain; and, like the famous old woman with her "yard of black pudding," I very soon found it was much easier to obtain what I wanted than to know what to do with it when I had it. A very slight inspection of my pockets satisfied me that coal-tar was capable of becoming liquid, and, if I needed further evidence, the sable rivulets that began to meander down the sides of my face gave ample corroboration of the fact. I tried to take off my hat, but it would not come.

I looked down at my new trousers with feelings of dismay. Ominous spots of a dismal hue were certainly growing larger. I tried to get the tar out of my pockets, but only succeeded in covering my hands with the black, unmanageable stuff, which at that moment I regarded as one of those inventions of the devil, to entrap little boys, of which I had often been warned, but to which I had given no heed. If it was a trap, I was certainly caught; there was no doubt of that. But I was

not without some pluck, and in my case, as in that of many another brave, my courage in facing the present calamity was aided by my fear of another still more to be dreaded.

That I should get a whipping for spoiling my new suit, if I could not manage to get the tar off, I was quite certain, and I had had no permission to go from home, and on the whole the outlook was not cheerful in that direction. Quite driven to desperation, I seated myself on the ground and tried to scrape off the black spots, which had now extended to formidable dimensions; while I could feel small streams coming down inside of the collar of my shirt, and causing rather singular suggestions of a rope around my neck. My labor was all in vain. I got a good deal off, but there seemed to be an inexhaustible quantity on. I gave it up in despair, and burst into uncontrollable sobs. The flow of tears thinned the lava-like fluid, and it now resembled ink, which covered my face like a veil; but in the extremity of my anguish a hope dawned upon me. I found that I could wipe off with my hand this thinner solution, and if water would do it, water was plenty, and I would wash it off. A cousin of mine lived not far off, and I knew that in the yard of her house there was a pump. Inspired by this idea, I set off at a run, and did not slacken my pace until I reached the spot. Here another difficulty met me. I could not reach the handle of the pump so as to get the benefit of the stream from its mouth, and it was only a complete shower-bath that would restore me to respectability. I set to work to find a rope, and fastened together quite a complicated piece of machinery, as I thought, by which I managed to pump

the ice-cold water upon my devoted head. The effect was not as immediate as I had hoped. But I had faith if a little was good, more must be better. Creak—creak—creak—went the pump-handle, which did more work that afternoon than in half a dozen days' washing.

Creak—creak—creak! But the tar only became harder and harder, until I was encased in sheet armor, like the famous Black Knight. Presently, my cousin Jenny, an especial friend of mine, hearing such continual pumping, and becoming anxious for the family supply of water, came to see what was the matter. Seeing a small figure curled up under the spout of the pump, drenched to the skin and black as Othello, she stooped down to investigate the phenomenon. Oh, what was my despair when she discovered who it was, and in what plight!

To say she laughed would be to give a feeble idea of the peals of laughter that succeeded each other as she stood and looked at me. She would try to control her merriment for a moment, only to break forth afresh, until she was obliged to sit down from sheer exhaustion. Every time she glanced at my woe-begone countenance, and drenched condition, she would go into fresh convulsions of fun. At last she recovered breath enough to inquire into my case, and to assure me she would do what she could for me; but she soon found, to my despair, that what she could do was not much to my relief. The clothes could not be got off, and certainly they could never be got clean. She did manage, with a strong pair of shears, to cut off the pockets in my breeches, and then, fearing my mother would be alarmed, she bade me

go home, and she would promise to secure me against a whipping.

I fancy she thought this last promise would be easily kept.

Somewhat comforted, I took up my line of march toward the paternal roof, but, as I went along, my heart began to sink again; visions of a rod, with which my not too saintly character had made me somewhat familiar, loomed up before me; but worse than all, the thought of my brother's ridicule made my sensitive spirit quail. I thought I would evade all for that night, however, by going quietly up the back stairs, going to bed, and "playing sick." Fortune favored me. I reached the bedroom without being seen; and, just as I was, with my hat on, for it could only have come off with my scalp, I got into bed, and covered myself entirely up with the bed-clothes. It was now dusk, and I felt for the moment quite safe. Presently my aunt came into the room to get something for which she was looking, and I could hear her give several inquiring sniffs, and as she went out I heard her say: "I certainly do smell tar; where can it come from?" An interval of peace followed, and then in came my mother. "Tar? Smell tar? Of course you do; it's strong enough in this room. Bring a light."

It was the sound of doom!

My mother soon came up close to the bed, and held the light so that it fell full upon me as she tried to turn down the bed-clothing. Probably, if it had not been for several previous scrapes in which I had been involved, she would have been much frightened; but as it was, the sight of her young blackamoor had much the same effect upon her as upon my cousin. Her exclamations

and shrieks of laughter brought every member of the household successively to the room, and as one after another came in, fresh zest seemed to be given to the merriment of which I was the unfortunate victim.

But every renewal of the fun was an added agony to me, for I clearly foresaw that it would be rehearsed by Jack and Tom to all the boys in the neighborhood. Beside this, I was not in a condition to be hilarious. Plastered with tar from head to foot; streaming with perspiration at every pore; my clothes drenched; my hair matted together, and my straw hat, soaked with water, fastened upon it, and falling limp and wet about my eyes; I was not rendered more comfortable by the fact that I could not move without taking pillow and bed-clothes with me, as, in my desperate desire to conceal myself from view, I had become enwrapped in the bed-clothing like a caterpillar in its chrysalis; and I was conscious of a dim fear that if I sat up, with the pillow stuck fast on the top of my hat, the

sight of me might produce fatal results upon the already exhausted family.

At last the point was reached where I thought patience ceased to be a virtue, and I rebelled against being any longer made a spectacle.

I declared if they would all go away but mother, I would tell her all about it. The crowd retired, commissioned to send up a crock of butter, a tub of hot water and a pair of shears. Maternal love is strong, but I doubt if it was often put to a severer test of its long-suffering than was that of my mother that night.

Suffice it to say that, after my clothes had been cut to ribbons, the sheets torn up, my head well-nigh shaved, and my whole person subjected first to an African bath of melted butter, and afterward to one of hot soap-suds, I had had my fill of bathing for one day, and was, shortly before midnight, pronounced to be tolerably clean.

P.S.—I never made any marbles of coal-tar.



MY LADY'S STRANGE GIRDLE

BY LUCY CLEVELAND.

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"What do you think is in it?" I asked the question again of my companion as we paced up and down the deck of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

We were plowing our way through the bay of Biscay. Our destination was Calcutta via the Suez canal. The first stop was Gibraltar, and the captain had assured us at luncheon that we should hear the bulldog menace of its sunset gun that night. The steamer was to stop at the rock 24 hours to coal. Thereupon the ladies had indulged in frantic hopes and plans of ascending the rock of Gibraltar on appropriate donkeys, and of seeing possibly a famous afternoon hour when the "thin red line" of England, made up of men who are varicously scarred from wars in the Sudan, Zululand, the Crimea and India, parade on the Alameda, regiments who name Bunker Hill and the New York Battery as two western objective points of contest.

The steamer's passengers were interesting, for each member of our company was abroad with a special intent, not the usual aimless loitering, as along Atlantic liners. Here were English officers destined for Egypt, fathers of families who were raising ostriches on farms in South Australia, traders from upper Egypt who had unloaded their wares in London and were now returning via Alexandria to Siout on the Nile; a silent German fellow, a professor, whom none of us could make out, but who was interesting, who wore a scientific frown and kept below three-quarters of the time; myself, six feet of George Washington's acres; tall and distinguished looking East Indians, who had been at Chicago's "White City" in the year of the great exhibition, and a sprinkling of Turks from whom the wiser among us fled, remembering the immortal flea.

"She's one of the prettiest women I ever saw," I said to my companion, an English military officer, as we turned for the twentieth time in our pace along the deck. "How did she register?"

"Lady Jemappea."

"Humph! A French name. But she's English—English coloring, complexion like a peach and the brilliant, high bred air of your great ladies. Traveling alone with a maid, is she not?"

"Yes, and joins the old man at Malta, they say."

"Indeed!" I laughed and lifted my eyebrows. "But her gowns are creations, her manners charming, her beauty very unusual. You've noticed that



We raised our hats.

belt she wears, no matter what the gown. She is a silent woman. I have started any number of topics from Nansen and the north pole to the Derby and the Roentgen rays. She smiles sweetly, but seems to avoid conversation."

"Silence in a woman is the great discovery awaiting the twentieth century." The officer smiled and relit his pipe. "I doubt if they'll get it."

"Come; that's unfair," I said, joining, however, in the laugh.

"Now, here's this woman you're talking of," the English officer resumed. "I've seen her often in animated confabs with the Turks."

"By Jove! I wonder if she avoids me

because I always inevitably keep my eyes on that strange girdle she wears. There's beginning to be a little breath about it on board. Everybody is talking about it. The captain thinks it's mysterious too. There is no fashion at present among the fair sex of knotting a belt or girdle around the waist. It must be 2½ yards long. I'm good at staccato measurements. The woman has a fashion of keeping her hand on it whether she's talking or walking. I've watched her at table. She twists the belt in her lap and is perpetually staring away from her plate at it. There's one portion of it, I've noticed, that won't twist. It is stiff and strong, an immovable outline. It's a queer outline. I can't tell you why, but it's queer. I don't like it. The other day the girdle came unfastened and fell to the deck as the woman steadied herself in the ship's lurch in that big blow off the Channel islands. Lady Jemappes was for the moment whiter than the foam tipped wave off there. I jumped forward and restored it to her. There's something inside it. I could feel that the moment it was in my hands. As I gave it to her ladyship she gave me a look which I can't forget. Perhaps it contains her will or titles to an estate or Bank of England notes or love letters. There is something inside it. I could feel that."

"Hold up, Dillons. You are getting as curious as a woman. But I'll find out the secret, I bet you. How much shall I put up on it?" The officer raised his fieldglass and swept the sea where the winter sun hung low for a glimpse of the dark lion couchant—impregnable Gibraltar.

"Look out, man; she'll hear you. There she comes!" Accompanied by her maid, who carried the wraps and rugs, steamer chair, etc., a beautiful woman came slowly forward with the graceful, high bred carriage of one long accustomed to contact with the world's best. We raised our hats, Caithness and I, and went forward to proffer our assistance.

"Thank you," a gentle, beautifully modulated voice answered, and my Lady Jemappes lifted upon us the gaze of the two great, deep blue eyes, blue as that sea of azure glory out there. "I will sit here for a little while. I hear that we shall sight Gibraltar in an hour."

"Does your ladyship purpose joining the excursionists up the rock?" I began to feel a throb around my heart as those

blue eyes dwelt upon me. Caithness had warned me yesterday that I was in for it.

"No, I think not," she answered quietly. "I have done that several times."

"Oh, ho!" I said to myself. "What does that mean?" And then aloud: "I wonder if the old lady with the wig will attempt it. I hear she is one of the most ardent in the plan."

We all laughed. Unconsciously again my eyes traveled toward that mysterious belt. It was gone.

A shudder went through the woman, whose eyes followed my own. A spot of color burned on her beautiful face, telegraphing to lip and eye her startled pulses. I saw her jaw tremble, and the hand that grasped now the arm of the steamer chair shook with some great emotion. She turned to her maid. One glance was enough. I was more than ever convinced that the belt was of some tremendous importance in the woman's destiny.

"You will bring me my girdle," she said, biting her under lip nervously and avoiding my eyes. The maid disappeared. "Just fancy," Lady Jemappes went on, toying with the heavy gold chain bracelet on her fair little wrist, "fancy coming on deck without one's accouterments."

Her eyes again met mine. Anxiety and terror strove in those beautiful eyes with the dawn of divine feeling. I held those eyes a moment. But the maid appeared up the companionway, in her hand the belt. The peeress could not speak.

It was a long girdle, made of some dress material stuff, I should say. I can't describe these things as a woman does, with all the adjectives two hands high. The belt was lined with pale blue velvet. It was about a quarter of an inch thick. She knotted it around her slim waist. But, as she had never done before, she took a small key from her pocket and fitted it into a little gold lock that clasped the belt together. And I heard the lock snap. She restored the key to her pocketbook. Then, with the old, graceful breeding and composure, she drew our attention to the sunset light on a distant sail at the entrance to the bay that rounds into Gibraltar.

"We shall spend Christmas on the Mediterranean, my lady," said Caithness, "and the captain has promised us an English plum pudding, etc., and a

dance afterward on deck if the weather be favorable. The band we're taking to Egypt is tolerably good. I have collected some dancing cards. May I have the honor of the first two waltzes, my lady? It is asking a great deal, but England is forever impudent as regards her own interests." He laughed and showed us the pretty dancing cards he had made, with Britannia, of course, lionized through the world (in black ink).

"That's my plan," said Caithness to me an hour later, when my lady had gone below. "As my arm encircles her gentle waist 'On the Beautiful Blue Danube,' I can tell from the feel of the belt (she'll be sure to wear it) what's in it, I bet."

"Better still, tap the maid."

"Doesn't know any more than we, I hear."

"Did you see the woman stop and speak to the Turkish chap for full ten minutes as she left us? I have never seen her so animated. Their eyes met more than once. And she glanced at her girdle."

"Tap the Turk."

"In vain. Wasn't it Carlyle who called him 'the unspeakable Turk?'"

Caithness laughed. "His silent chess play has got Europe in a fix. That's the reason I'm going to Egypt."

"There comes my lady again! Restless creature today, for some unexplained reason. I believe she retires below to read the love letters in that belt. There comes the silent German professor! Why do you suppose he's always in his state-room? He is seldom in the saloon. He registered 'Dr. Schmalenstopfer,'" I began.

"Hold up!" laughs Caithness. "The name would knock you down. But if you sneeze you'll get it. The captain's cabin boy says he has in his large state-room a huge apparatus"

"By Jove! I have it! Sure as you're born, it's a cathode ray photo apparatus."

"I wouldn't wonder," says Caithness, "but what is he after with X rays? Where is the man going? Do you know?"

"Yes; Alexandria first. I heard him say; later, Constantinople."

"Hello!" laughs Caithness again. "It would be a good joke to play the Crookes tubes on the sultan and get the shadow-graph of his inner meaning for Armenia and Crete. Don't laugh so. It will come to that—this stupendous discovery of

Roentgen's. We shall get the psychio man presently."

"God forbid! The divine right of privacy is no more then."

"No," laughs Caithness and turns to the professor. "We hear, doctor, that you are spending these hours when the most of us loiter and smoke and flirt on deck in the depths of scientific analyses. You are interested in the Roentgen rays?" goes on sly Caithness, offering a cigar.

"Yes, gentlemen," answered Schmalenstopfer, with strong foreign accent. "It is the marvelous already. I have seen the inside of many things."

Lady Jemappes' hand that was leaning on the rail as she stood and gazed out eagerly over the ocean closed tightly



"We shall have a good twenty-four hours in Gibraltar, my lady."

upon the long girdle. A sudden idea came to me. I would get that belt and subject it to the X rays. Get that belt? I laughed to myself. I might as well try to photograph the depth of the sea.

"You go to Egypt, doctor?" says Caithness again.

"Yes, gentlemen. Through English influence I have secured a fine post in the Egyptian army. I hope to accompany it on its projected campaign for the relief of Kassala. I have been much in Egypt and have had an audience with the khedive."

What induced me to lift my eyes upon the Lady Jemappes? Those beautiful eyes had sought my own with the beseeching, hungry, doglike pain of a wounded animal. And the man's soul

within me stormed upward for her beautiful sake alone. But Schmalenstopfer went on, adjusting his glasses:

"I have interested myself so much in this marvelous discovery of the vaterland that I have managed to bring my cathode ray photo apparatus with me into Egypt."

"I should like to see you play it on the dervishes," says Caithness.

We all laughed. Lady Jemappes did not speak. The restless, round spark of red was moving in her cheek.

But a great moment was approaching—the entrance to the strait of Gibraltar. The passengers were coming up on deck, and a commotion of questions and exclamations put a stop to X rays. The sea was a burnished amethystine violet, a palpitating shimmer and shade like the sheen on a pigeon's throat. The sky was a poem in its chromatic ascensions of sunset. The low, dark line off there nine miles beyond was the mysterious line of Africa's centuries of silence, the land of the great past and the greater possible. And suddenly from out the ocean, above the throb and obeisance of waters at its feet, rises and rises—a shadow is it, in gigantic gloom of death—the shadow that will fall upon him who menaces its might—the rock of ages, Britain's peaked cap that crowns her in the face of four continents whose shipping she surveys from her impregnable outpost—Gibraltar!

The word burst from every one's lips.

I could not speak, but a thrill of no mean pride surged through my soul as I felt myself a man of that nation who had climbed a mightier rock that is eyrie for the eagle, the rock of impregnable freedom, from whose gigantic shadow Britain has twice withdrawn with her lion, wiser, to her own zoo to restudy the habits of western eagles.

The dying sunset took all Gibraltar's citadel. The stern stone was suffused with crimson. The sails of the world's shipping at the entrance to the strait caught the pink dazzle of light. The glow burned upon the faces of the passengers. I turned and saw Lady Jemappes standing silent and alone, upon her face a throb of mingled sorrow and yearning, a womanhood on her lips that stirred all the man's pulses within me, but a something within her eyes that made my veins crawl. The sun's red took the strange girdle. A distinct but yet unintelligible hieroglyph was beginning to write itself on my brain.

Were those love letters in her belt? No. I believed it was her will and testament. She was vastly wealthy, one could see. Did I believe it was her will, etc.?

"We shall have a good 24 hours in Gibraltar, my lady," I said, drawing nearer the beautiful figure. "How do you propose spending it? If I might have the pleasure of showing you about a little"—

The woman turned very pale. It was a strange pallor seen under the flash of the sinking sun.

"I want to see the rock galleries and their guns," she said quickly, not raising her eyes. "There will be a grand salute given tomorrow, they tell me. The German emperor's yacht will be off Gibraltar."

"Oh, ho!" thought I. "What are the rock galleries to you, you mysterious witching womanhood? Do you contemplate suicide?"

But for the moment conversation and soliloquies shattered in the sunset, for the mouth of Gibraltar spoke.

Across to Africa the thunderous challenge rolled. The gun fire from the lion's throat bellowed its belief in one lady alone—Britannia. Its white breath swirled in clouds around the mount, an incense to Victoria by the grace of God, I suppose, or something else.

I turned to my beautiful lady. Jove! How those eyes took my breath! Those eyes were misted with tears.

Worse and worse. What did it mean? "The devil! I'll risk it," I said to myself. Then aloud, "Lord Jemappes is listening to Britain's gunfire at Malta, my lady."

Again that ghastly pallor creeping down and across her face. Was it psychic, or was it certain? The pallor was creeping on to the girdle, and—I'm no fool, you know—did that girdle move? I thought I would move away. And yet I was chained to the spot by her strange and overwhelming beauty.

"Yes, Lord Jemappes," she said. "How glorious that last rim flash of sun! There, it is gone! I am chilly. I think I must go below."

Well, I was left alone on deck, for what were all the other creatures worth, and I was no nearer the mystery of the girdle. "Yes, 'Lord Jemappes' might mean anything, 'Lord Jemappes' in his cups or his coffin. Confound it all, why did I take passage on this particular steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line?"

No, my lady did not commit suicide in the rock galleries of Gibraltar. Yes, we did have the salute. And again we were plowing our way through the Mediterranean. Night had shut down in a sudden fog one memorable night. I shall not soon forget that night. I couldn't sleep. The ship was rolling, and the old china in the pantry was promenading with cracked voice. I was restless and alert for every new sound that might intrude itself.

What was that?

I sprang from my bunk and listened. A low, rustling sound which I can only compare to the slow oozing out of some creature through a lush thicket growth. The sound formed again and faded, and again rustled forward.

To spring to the saloon was the first thought. But I could not move. I am a man every inch of me, but I could not budge. I believe I waited three good minutes.

"Hello, Caithness, is that you?" I called.

Only the silence answered and the heavy swash of water against the rolling of the ship.

I threw on my clothes and was in the saloon in a moment. Far along in the dim light the Lady Jemappes was standing at the door of her stateroom, dressed as we had left her at the late supper. Her glittering eyes held me through the dark. Her hands clasped the girdle. It was not around her waist.

"Is it to be a storm?" she said. "This must not go down." She held up to me the long, long belt. Her eyes glittered again.

"I think not, Lady Jemappes," I stammered as I reached her side. Ah, how beautiful she was! The flush was upon her cheek; her ripe lips were parted; her bosom heaved. "I think not, my lady. It is only a small blow."

"Thank you," she said and was gone. I heard her stateroom key turn in the lock.

I could not sleep the rest of the night. What was that noise which I had heard? Her step? But no one was moving save the watch before the compass on deck and the sea of china in the pantry. Again through the black I seemed to hear that strange rustle oozing out on the silence. The darkness was but framework for it. The night was its track. It ringed itself in a spiral of shaking color. The great night held its breath before the jewel dazzle of bad eyes.

I sprang, lest that cone of gathering power whose apex shot upward in a thin streaked tongue of flame should reach me. I sprang, and found it was a dream, and I went on deck and stamped out the dream along the cool caress of the early morning air, and saw it fade and trail away and thin and vanish in the great fresh leap of waters and the measureless brilliance of the blue.

Caithness and I agreed we would solve this mystery, however, or—the gods take us.

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The Christmas on the Mediterranean was a howling success. We sang "God Save the Queen," and I added from "The Star Spangled Banner" until I was hoarse. The captain decorated our plates with holly, from whose branches the old lady with the frisette plucked a piece "to adorn my hair" with a smile of the vintage of eighteen odd that almost upset the sobriety of everybody. The dance on deck went into the small hours. My Lady Jemappes had never looked so beautiful, I thought. She seemed to have forgotten her weird alarm of the dark night. She was all a witchery of blue gauzes and foamy laces. Around her waist, as Caithness had prophesied, the inevitable belt. It was not locked. Had she forgotten?

I withdrew into the shadow of the awning stretched above the deck and watched her. Caithness was claiming his waltzes, and she floated away on his arm. Her motions were graceful as a Greek. The belt slipped in long, supple symmetry, wreathing itself to her circling grace. Her brilliant gauzes seemed to breathe glances. Across the night and across its radiant dream on which the moonlight filled her strange eyes reached. As the whorl of the dance brought her near me I again noticed those eyes. They were dilating in power in the deepening waltz—whorls of melody which the band tossed off. They were rhythmic to the circling beat of music. The light within them arose in coils of ascending brilliance. I held my breath as the belt slipped by me, a thin smear of silver moonlight.

When I held her at last, my prisoner of music, and moved away with her breath upon my lips and the fragrance of the pomegranate blossoms gathered at Gibraltar upon her breast, it was only the woman, das ewig weibliche, and the dream of the night was now herself alone, and the great white rose

of moonlight along heaven, starring all earth with its petals and pulses of love.

"Heavens!" said Caithness to me about 3 o'clock a. m., as we paced the deck for a few minutes' pull at a pipe. The dance was over, nearly everybody gone below. The stars were paling, a pink streak of dawn was widening off there on the horizon line of water. "There's no more telling what's in that belt than in the train of a comet. As I waltzed with the beautiful creature I felt that there was something concealed between that blue velvet lining and the outer stuff. But what? The bones of her grandfather, whose perturbed spirit she will rest on the island of Malta? Ha, ha! What? Hello, there's the German professor! Do you know, he wasn't at the dance. Experimenting probably."

The professor drew nearer. Beneath his heavy eyebrows his eyes glowed like a spark.

"I have been able to do it," he said, a flash illuminating his fine features. "I have been at it all night. I have seen the interior of the captain's locked box. He allowed me to photograph it."

"Hal!" Caithness and I exclaimed in the same breath and looked at each other. But our eyes met in a start and an amazement the next moment, for as we turned to shake our congratulations in to the fellow's hand my foot knocked up against something in the half dark on the deck. It was my lady's strange girdle. A waltz had shaken it from her waist.

I believe in one moment my whole plan was formulated in my brain.

I picked up the girdle and gave Caithness an immense look. Neither of us spoke.

"I have an interesting thing here," I said coolly, knowing that the German professor who staid so much to himself had not heard the ship's buzz of talk about the belt. "Will you photograph its interior for me?"

"Why, certainly," he said courteously. "Come with me to my stateroom now, gentlemen. I think the tubes are in good working order."

We followed him down the companionway. He had a large stateroom aft, but his traveling paraphernalia was all tucked away to make room for the apparatus for Roentgen photography placed on a large table. He explained it to us with the hurried interest of the enthusiast. On a clamp support was the Crookes tube, of approximately spherical shape and the type originally

used by Professor Crookes to show the dependence upon the negative pole of radiant state phenomena. The excitation was furnished by an induction coil, the primary of which was excited by a five cell storage battery, and the secondary was taken as giving 200,000 volts potential, "corresponding roughly," says the professor, "to a spark length or distance between electrodes of two or three inches of air." Wires from the secondary were connected to the terminals of the Crookes tube, the negative wire to the upper electrode.

"Where is the sensitized plate?" I exclaimed, holding in my hand the girdle that in a magnetic manner bound me to the lovely woman. And yet there was something hard and knotty within it. "Love letters?" said my tormented brain.

"Contained in this ordinary plate holder," says the professor, answering my question. "I believe yet greater methods will be invented." (The world had not yet had news of Edison's developments.) "You will place the girdle on its slide of ebonite, gentlemen, under the Crookes tube. It will necessitate five to ten minutes' exposure. I shall develop the plate or image with eikonogen. The development will be slow. The image does not appear at all for a relatively long time and comes up slowly. We want to bring out all there is in the picture. But therein is the interest. The shadowgraph of the unknown, as it appears, is something so marvelous."

We waited. The bleak daylight was brightening through the porthole. Caithness said afterward there was a red spot working on my cheek like my lady's very own.

The tube was excited for some minutes. The professor removed the plate and darkened the porthole. I began to feel a queer tremor go all over me, and I'm not any more nervous than the short horns of a California steer.

The silence was very painful as the professor bent over the very slowly developing plate. The darkness was a weird one, with only that red eye of the lantern over there watching us. I thought of the black night and the spiral of shaking color and the movement again along the black. I thought of that low, red, awful eye of sunset watching us off Gibraltar, a drop as from some giant wound in heaven. I thought of the thick crimson smear of sea beneath it. And between it, among

it all, fluttered the red spark on my lady's cheek and the round red pomegranate blossoms breathing their warm love breath across the whorl of music, breathing it up to me as I held her in that rhythmic meter of souls—for there was



"It is coming, gentlemen"—

something our eyes said to each other once and forever, mighty as the married whorls of music which the band tossed off.

Afar eight bells struck. The jangle went along the silence. Four o'clock!

I felt all over me a sharp electric thrill crawl. Caithness was leaning over the professor and the plate on one side, I on the other. "It is coming, gentlemen"—

He stopped.

For a cry rang out from Caithness, who was bending intently over the plate, watching—a cry that I can hear now in northern India. God, it froze the blood in my veins! I looked at the German. He was as white as death. He pointed down to the plate, where the shadowgraph had shown up to vision—the interior of the girdle—the dread *Vipera cerastes*, the leprous asp of Africa!

In one moment my dream serpented again along the night. It twisted through the long desertness of sand till the whole earth, a narrowing track that

pressed me closer to the leprous oncoming, was a smear like the great crimson sea of sunset, dotted here and there with darker blotches of blood exuding from a woman's heart. And all the stars were out.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of!" I cried aloud. My voice echoed horribly through the room. And then there was a great silence through the dark stateroom. Caithness told me afterward that he saw two feet of my six feet of George Washington's acres shake.

For fully five minutes not one of us spoke a living word, but I tell you three heads and three white faces beat over that plate.

The snake was lying in torpor—as the shadowgraph revealed. It was about 3 feet in length, but 22 in utter loathsomeness. In its long curving drowsiness it looked like the long, oozing, reaching finger of death, from which you could upbuild the whole gaunt ringed and moving body of the dread shadow. The broad head, flattened down against the casing of the girdle, would lift at any impulse of serpentine volition. You felt it. I saw Caithness himself, officer in the glorious South Staffordshire as he is, start back a moment from that girdle and its infernal lining. The thin, lightning streak of tongue protruded. Above each eye of the snake arose a scaly spine or horn, whence its name, horned viper. The eyes were half closed, but watched you with a leer.

"Jove!" from Caithness. And then none of us spoke, but I tell you we bent over again and watched that girdle's double, and the leer of eye watched us.

I read it all now. The dumb, beseeching look in my lady's face like the cry of a wounded animal—to save her from the leprous leap of that calculating eye. And again that changing face of hers—the contemplating self murderer, was it not? The glassy look that begins to reflect the slippery precipices of the fall and clutch and fall again of a soul, while the banks of the abyss are dappled with its doom. And then the memory of the coils of ascending brilliance in those eyes of hers, rising in ringed beauty, deepening in power in the deepening power of the waltz whorls which the band tossed off. Was she slowly, surely and surely slipping into the snake charm of snake life? Resisting

today, bound to succumb tomorrow? Bah! How could I think it? For—memory of memories that sent a big manly heart throb to my very throat and made my temples beat like trip hammers, that one moment when her life breathed upon my arm, and we moved metrically on the pulse of music, when through the lotus moonlight our eyes arose to one another and spoke forever.

"Hello! What are you thinking about?" says Caithness, breaking into the silence. "Look out, man. You'll kick the lantern over."

"Also. Now, what to do, gentlemen?" demanded the professor, staring down at the shadowgraph of leer that stared up at him and stared at us all, though fixed upon one. "I fear it is very sad. I know the horned viper. I meet him in Africa. Also. He can live two years in a glass jar without to eat. He endures prolonged hunger. What to do, gentlemen?"

"What in earth does the woman want with it?" says Caithness. "The mystery thickens. To kill herself or somebody else?"

"Somebody else!" I sneered. And yet his words made me start.

"Well, the thing is what to do with it," says Caithness, tipping back in his chair. "It will be out on us if you don't take care. The lock, you know, is not secured at the aperture for breath."

"Drop him overboard just now," says the professor, preparing to take up the girdle. The leer looked at him. The professor moved quickly toward the porthole.

"Hold up," I cried, seizing his arm. "I'll chaperon that snake."

"Dillons, you are an immortal ass," shouted Caithness. "You'll repent this. For God's sake overboard with it into the immortal sea. Save the woman and save yourself."

"I have a purpose in keeping it," I said coolly. I caught again upon the plate the snakely, gargoylean leer. "Allow me, Herr Doktor." I reached over the professor's arm, and I took that girdle. Did it ooze just one hair's breadth forward? It required no very lively imagination to feel the leprous death spring, and the stream through the tubular canals of the infernal's fangs, and then the dazing, dizzy torment overtakes your manhood's life. But I moved toward the stateroom door.

"By heaven, hold up!" shouts Caithness, now gripping hold of the profes-

or's arm. "Doctor, it's the bravest thing I've seen done since Jimmie Fadden planked the union jack on Majuba hill in the teeth of Zulu arrows tipped with the poison of the puff adder. By heaven, Britain honors the brave! What the devil is your intention, Dillons? Let him go, doctor. I know Dillons' eye. He has a plan. But let's all shake hands on this one point, we'll stand by my Lady Jemappes and garner her tremendous secret through the thick and thin of it all. She's not to blame, I feel."

God bless a man! Give me a man, and not a woman, every big, grand inch of him, to stand by a woman!

"I'll be with you anon, Dillons," I heard Caithness call.

I tell you, it did not take me very



She stretched out to me her white, trembling hands.

long to reach my stateroom. I dared not trifle with that girdle, even though my plan of action was formulated in my own brain. Again the sharp, white electric thrill moved over me. Had the creature contained within that belt the power of emitting infernal magnetism? I would place it near the porthole. Remembering the habits of the African asp, that it could bury itself in sand, I would throw my heavy overcoat over it. "Don't disturb my clothes in that corner, George," I said to the steward appearing at the door. "I'm not feeling well today. I shall stay in my bunk. Have my meals sent in to me.

And—hold up there. Order me a sixpence of grog. Right away, mind."

So far my plan. I would fain illness, that I might watch my dread companion. I dared not appear on deck for fear of encountering the eyes of the Lady Jemappes. What would be her agony and terror, missing the belt? I knew that she would still linger on deck as the evening deepened, hoping for a sight of her horrible zone, in whose orbit her destiny lay. At evening I would—but that is anticipating.

Till I join my Revolutionary forefathers and warm up with them around the fires of their campaigns and conflicts, shall I ever forget the day I passed in stateroom 45? It was one good hour before I could make up my mind to take my eyes off that girdle or my pistol either. I covered it with my Emith & Wesson for two hours, hours of torment, while I again went over the details of my plan for the relief of a woman. My eye followed the curves the snake would take if it exuded from the belt. I knew that the asp slips or crawls along, sighting its victim, before it makes the final spring. Fifty—no, a thousand—times I saw that close, flattened head rise, and the leer, awakening to brilliant distension, charm me into death. I believe I must have nodded over then, for I slept.

I was awakened by the clash of steel. Where was I? The room was quite dark, save for one white band extending from the porthole window. A very silent band. And extending yet toward me.

I sprang.

"Great God in heaven, the snake!"—

There are moments of your life that are millennial. This side of the veil that fences in time from the eternities the breath of all the bloom inside there can crowd itself into one lily moment. And the livid, acrid breath, sweating from those old death sword disks that defend Eden, can blow into your face in one moment, too, a vapor damper than Dante. And yet you live.

I lived after that crawling, wet moment, when something brushed against my arm. Was it the ship's evening signal that had awakened me? No.

I sprang and stared into that white band unfolding before me. Unfolding, though, like scrolls of angels from heaven, not earth. My stateroom was in full moonlight. It must have been 8 o'clock, night, that struck. I had slept all day.

What was that which had touched my arm? I stared out into that white band of moonlight across my room. By George, there was something unearthly, but most divine, in the onflowing light, a message from heaven too full of white blessedness to close its doors quite upon the upreaching throats of poor, dark humanity. I kept staring out into that moonbeam and listening.

"Well, old fellow! Good for you!" Caithness' jolly voice rolled in. 'Pon my word, a voice has an atmosphere. "You've been at it all day, torporesque too. Where's the girdle?"

"Was it you who brushed my arm?" I said, going cautiously toward the porthole corner.

"No. I haven't been here before for an hour. Schmalenstopfer and I decided to let you go it. Yes, the infernal living is all right!"—

A sharp click, as of the cocking of a pistol, interrupted his words. The sweat broke upon my forehead. Ye gods be praised! An underlock that we had not noticed in the belt had jarred and shaken, too, with the tread of the glorious South Staffordshire across the room, and the creature within was for the time a prisoner. But Caithness and I gave one another one look, for we knew that the snake had moved inside that girdle.

"Are you going to be on picket duty much longer?" says Caithness. "Dil-lons, what are you up to? You haven't had a bite. The 'Jemappes' has never left her stateroom today. I've got to leave you and your charge, old fellow. I'm booked for poker with Cassner and his crowd. I hear we shall sight Malta in a couple of hours."

"I'll join you soon," I called back hastily, my plan working at my very soul. "Had never left her stateroom today!" Was she alive? I quickly got myself together, presentable, and taking the girdle under my overcoat, with a horrible qualm, I went on deck. The moonlight had gone before me, though, and lay, a white splendor, on water and sail. The crowd had not yet come up from dinner, and the promenade deck was deserted. No! Ha, way off toward the stern of the ship a lithe figure, graceful still in its sad abandonment of suffering, bent low in the black shadow of the swinging, flapping sail. It took me a second and a quarter to reach her side.

She heard my step and lifted upon

me a white face like the flower of a moonlit field whose guests are the ghosts of only yesterday. She read my eyes. She stretched out to me her white, trembling hands, but did not speak. And then—the long, marble silence and control shattered in the sweet, white moonbeam that had brought some one. Some one to her, her face bent upon her hands, and the angels and I only heard the dropping of a woman's tears.

A woman's heart was made to hide naught save the heart of her lover in her own and unsolder all his burdens in that heat.

"I think you will let me help you," I said, choking down a mighty, big gulp in my throat and getting misty around my eyes, confound it, with my 12 feet of shadow. "I have the girdle." I sat down beside her and told her all quickly. I lifted the coat beneath whose folds the hideous burden lay. But I held back her hand as she reached for that burden. Jove, I'd have chaperoned 20 snakes to have had the bliss of that one moment.

"You will give it to me," she said, reaching for the girdle.

"If you will tell me all. If you will give me your solemn oath that you will not"—She knew what I could not say. "The word of a lady is enough. I believe you."

And she told me all. Born in India, the daughter of a celebrated snake charmer whose beauty had subdued a Scotch nobleman tarrying in Bombay, the temperament of the mother and the strange power of the mother lived on in the daughter's veins. The father had died insolvent, having run through the fortunes of a vast estate. The daughter, for her own support, had realized, with a horrible start one day when there was no money and no food, that the snake unwinding like a ribbon of green grass among the opal flowers, wound again, and waited poised, reflecting the talisman of her will in his perilous eye. Then came the two years of wandering, weird life as the beautiful snake charmer. Holding herself aloof from humanity, in the proud isolation of spirit inherited from the Scotch father, the snake had become her companion, had saved her from the teeth of wild beasts in many a jungle day. "Why shouldn't he save me now?" she cried. "We shall sight Malta in an hour." "Malta," she told me of that. It was during the roving life in India that her beauty had won the great offer of the hand of the Lord Jemappes, old as her grandfather.

"Wickeder than my snakes," she cried. "They bite you out of life quickly. He would slowly squeeze out the best within me." She had married him. She was so tired then of the crowds and the toil, poor child, she had married him. They had wandered to Egypt, to Gibraltar—where not. The Lord Jemappes was stationed at Malta now. It was in Egypt she had finally secured the old friend "who shall some day free me. I have never loved," she cried. But our eyes met.

Right up above the mast the great round, white moon, with its face upon the lips of the sky, kissed that sky into a heaven. And the breath of that kiss we call moonlight here below.

And the soul at my side, that had awakened to the call of my own life, was held apart from me forever.

"Malta! Malta!" The word rolled along the deck and snapped the silences of the gaze of love. Do you know what it is when "never—forever" swings the door to on your soul? The passengers were thronging up the companionway to sight the farfamed island. Grandly its rocks arose out of the moonlit sea, and we began grandly to round into the harbor hedged with England's guns, the harbor where the Peninsular and Oriental steamers stop for five hours.

"I am all ready to go on shore," the voice at my side said with all its old proud firmness now. "It is probable the Lord Jemappes will be down to meet"—Her voice shook. "He is horrible to look upon, but he will never die." She laughed wildly then in such utter despair.

"You have given me your promise that you will not"—I glanced at the girdle, and my breath came quick and hard—"till you see me again in Malta."

"I have given you my promise," she said, her voice shaking.

We were standing in now quickly, and the great fortifications stood out against the moon.

"I don't understand it," said one of the passengers, approaching us, leveling his glass upon the shores white as day in the southern moonlight. "There is no national anniversary. Hark!"

A tremendous roll of drums shook from the shore. Fort St. Elmo on the Valetta point answered by the low boom of a terrible thunder. Fort Manoel over there and Fort Tigne on Dagut point responded, echoed far over there in Grand harbor, where the Mediterranean fleet rode at anchor. The batteries along the

sea answered to those on the hillside. On the roll of the terrible symphony the iron voice of the minute gun began.

"There is a man-of-war at the dock," I said, raising my glass.

"Listen!" cried Caithness, approaching us. "I feared so." The man's eyes that had laughed into the light of a thousand cannon misted.

We were within one minute of our pier. A few measured beats of the drum, and the grand strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul" broke in sublime volume, across whose peal and cry the roll of the muffled drums and the steady voice of the minute gun spoke. We could see now the cortege in slow movement toward the English man-of-war—a regiment of infantry, arms at a carry, bayonets unfixed; a battery of

artillery, the gun carriage with its solemn burden wrapped in the English flag.

My heart leaped to my throat. I saw the face of the Lady Jemappes.

"It is the funeral of General Jemappes," some one whispered, glancing nervously toward our group. "The body goes to England tonight."

I saw my lady's face, across whose whiteness the mingled emotions fled like the streaked clouds across the moon's kiss on the sky. Her hand reached way over the ship's side and flung with impetuous emotion her girdle away and away into the wave curves of sea. Our eyes met then and withdrew not from each other, for a new heaven and a new earth were unfolding to just one man and one woman.



PROMINENT YOUNG CANADIANS.

IV.

JOHNNIE M'ARTON.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the accompanying photo and particulars of Master Johnnie McArton, of Paisley, Ont., who on the 1st of July, 1897, rescued from drowning a Miss McKenzie, a young lady 25 years of age, residing at Paisley, who, while in bathing in company with several young ladies in the Saugeen river at that town, got beyond her depth and was caught by the undercurrent and carried into deep water. Being unable to swim, she had already gone twice under the water, when Master Johnnie, who happened to be in the vicinity, was attracted to the spot by the screams of the young lady's companions, and without hesitation plunged into the water. By diving he succeeded in seizing the young lady by the hair, after she had twice disappeared beneath the surface of the water, and swam to the shore, dragging her after him.

Soon after reaching the shore the friends of Miss McKenzie succeeded in bringing about her resuscitation.

Although only 11 years of age, Master McArton has the proud honor of having rescued three persons from drowning, the other two being boy companions.

In recognition of his bravery, J. C. Gibson, J.P., of Paisley, placed the mat-

ter before the Royal Canadian Humane Association, who have granted to Master McArton their medal for life-saving.

The subject of our sketch is the son of Dr. McArton, the well-known physician of Paisley, and cousin of Arthur Hans-ton, of Niagara Falls, a young lad who a couple of years ago saved a lady and child from going over the cataract in a boat.

A CLEVER LITTLE BUILDER.

What is more interesting than an examination, by means of a first-rate microscope, of a tiny atom, that inhabits almost every clear ditch—the MELICERTA? The smallest point that you could make with the finest steel pen would be too coarse and large to represent its natural dimensions; yet it inhabits a snug house of its own construction, which it has built up stone by stone, cementing each with perfect symmetry, and with all the skill of an

accomplished mason, as it proceeded. It collects the material for its mortar, and mixes it; it collects the material for its bricks, and moulds them; and this with a precision only equalled by the skill with which it lays them when they are made. As might be supposed, with such duties to perform, the little animal is furnished with an apparatus quite unique, a set of machinery, to which, if we searched through the whole range of beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, and then, by way of supplement,



MASTER JOHNNIE MCARTON.

examined the five hundred thousand species of insects to boot, we should find no parallel.

The whole apparatus is exquisitely beautiful. The head of the pellucid and colorless animal unfolds into a broad transparent disk, the edge of which is moulded into four round segments, not unlike the flower of the hearts' ease, supposing the fifth petal to be wanting. The entire margin of this flower-like disk is set with fine vibratile cilia, the current produced by which runs uniformly in one direction. Thus there is a strong and rapid set of water around the edge of the disk, following all its irregularities of outline, and carrying with it the floating particles of matter, which are drawn into the stream. At every circumvolution of this current, however, as its particles arrive in succession at one particular point, viz., the great depression between the two uppermost petals, a portion of these escape from the revolving direction, and pass off in a line along the summit of the face towards the front, till they merge in a curious little cup-shaped cavity, seated on what we may call the chin.

This tiny cup is the mold in which the bricks are made, one by one, as they are wanted for use. The hemispherical interior is ciliated, and hence the contents are maintained in rapid rotation. These contents are the atoms of sedimentary and similar matter, which have been gradually accumulated in the progress of the ciliary current; and these, by the rotation within the cup, and probably also with the aid of a viscid secretion elaborated for the purpose, form a globular pellet, which as soon as made is deposited, by a sudden inflexion of the animal, on the

edge of the tube or case, at the exact spot where it is wanted. The entire process of making and depositing a pellet occupies about three minutes.

No description, of course, can be equal to one good sight of the little creature actually at work—a most charming spectacle, and one which, from the commonness of the animal, and its ready performance of its functions under the microscope, is very easy to be obtained.

MR. BELLOWS.



Poor Mr. Bellows: "It's no use. I can't wear a hat! every time I take a step my hat blows off!"

Why should a farmer dislike gleaners?—Because they pull his ears and tread on his corn.

"Hungry Higgins?" said the kind lady. "Of course that is not your real name." "Nome," answered Mr. Higgins; "it's wot might be called a empty title."

Mrs. Yeast: "I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at night." Mrs. Puncheon: "Get him a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast: "That would take him out more than ever." Mrs. Puncheon: "Oh, no, it wouldn't. My husband got one the day before yesterday, and the doctor says he won't be out for a month."

TRACY WALKINGHAM'S PEEPING

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Three months elapsed, however, before the postman stopped at her door with the dreaded letter. How her heart sank when she saw him enter the shop?

"A letter for you, Mrs. Walkingham—one-and-twopence, if you please." Mary opened her till, and handed him the money.

"Poor thing!" thought the man, observing how her hand shook, and how pale she turned; "expects bad news, I suppose!"

Mary dropped the letter into her money-drawer, for there was a customer in the shop waiting to be served—and then came in another. When the second was gone, she took it out and looked at it, turned it about, and examined it, and kissed it, and then put it away again. She felt that she dared not open it till night, when all her business was over, and her shop closed, and she might pour out her tears without interruption. She could scarcely tell whether she most longed or feared to open it; and when at length the quiet hour came, and her father was in bed, and her baby asleep in its cradle beside her, and she sat down to read it, she looked at it, and pressed it to her bosom, and kissed it again and again before she broke the seal; and then when she had done so, the paper shook in her hand, and her eyes were obscured with tears, and the light seemed so dim that she could not at first decipher anything but "My darling Mary!" It was easy to read that, for he always called her his darling Mary—but what came next? "Joy! joy! dry your tears, for I know how fast they are falling, and be happy! I am not going abroad with the regiment, and I shall soon be a free man again. Major D'Arcy has met with a sad accident, and cannot go to a foreign station; and as he wishes me not to leave him, he is going to purchase my discharge," &c. &c.

Many a night had Mary lain awake from grief, but this night she could not sleep for joy. It was such a surprise, such an unlooked-for piece of good-fortune. It might

indeed be some time before she could see her husband, but he was free, and sooner or later they should be together. Everybody who came to the shop the next day wondered what had come over Mrs. Walkingham. She was not like the same woman.

It was about eight months after the arrival of the above welcome intelligence, on a bright winter's morning, Mary as usual up betimes, her shop all in order, her child washed and dressed, and herself as neat and clean "as a new pin," as her neighbor, Mrs. Crump the laundress, used to say of her—her heart as usual full of Tracy, and more than commonly full of anxiety about him, for the usual period for his writing was some time passed. She was beginning to be uneasy at his prolonged silence, and to fear he was ill. "No letter for me, Mr. Ewart?" she said as she stood on the step with her child in her arms watching for the postman.

"None to-day, Mrs. Walkingham; better luck next time!" answered the functionary as he trotted past. Mary, disappointed, was turning in, resolving that night to write and upbraid her husband for causing her so much uneasiness, when she heard the horn that announced the approach of the London coach, and she stopped to see it pass; for there were pleasant memories connected with that coach; it was the occasion of her first acquaintance with Tracy—so had the driver sounded his horn, which she, absorbed in her troubles, had not heard; so had he cracked his whip; so had the wheels rattled over the stones; and so had the idle children in the street ran hooting and hallooing after it; but not so had it dashed up to her door and stopped. It cannot be!—yes it is—Tracy himself, in a drab great-coat and crape round his hat, jumping down from behind! The guard throws him a large portmanteau, and a paper parcel containing a new gown for Mary, and a frock for the boy; and in a moment more they are in the little back parlour in each other's arms. Major D'Arcy was dead, and Tracy had returned to his wife to part no more—so we will shut the

door, and leave them to their happiness, while we take a peep at Mr. Jonas Aldridge, and inquire into his doings and sayings.

We left him writhing under the painful discovery that the rightful heir of the property he was enjoying, at least so far as his uncle's intentions were concerned, was not only in existence, but was actually the husband of Lane's daughter; and although he sometimes hoped the fatal paper had been destroyed, since he could in no other way account for its non-production, still the galling apprehension that it might some day find its way to light was ever a thorn in his pillow; and the natural consequence of this irritating annoyance was, that while he hated both Tracy and his wife, he kept a vigilant eye on their proceedings, and had a restless curiosity about all that concerned them. He would have been not only glad to eject them from the house they occupied, and even to drive them out of the town altogether, but he had a vague fear of openly meddling with them; so that the departure of the regiment, and its being subsequently ordered abroad, afforded him the highest satisfaction; in proportion to which was his vexation at Tracy's release, and ultimate return as a free man, all which particulars he extracted from Mr. Reynolds as regularly as the payment of the quarter's rent.

"And what does he mean to do now?" inquired Jonas.

"To settle here, I fancy," returned Mr. Reynolds. "They seem to be doing very well in the little shop; and I believe they have some thoughts of extending their business."

This was extremely unpleasant intelligence, and the more so, that it was not easy to discover any means of defeating these arrangements; for as Mr. Jonas justly observed, as he soliloquized on the subject, "In this cursed country there is no getting rid of such a fellow!"

CHAPTER VII.

In the town of which we speak there are along the shore several houses of public resort of a very low description, chiefly frequented by soldiers and sailors; and in war-times it was not at all an uncommon thing for the hosts of these dens to be secretly connected with the pressgangs and recruiting companies, both of whom, at a period when

men were so much needed for the public service, pursued their object after a somewhat unscrupulous fashion. Among the most notorious of these houses was one called the Britannia, kept by a man of the name of Gurney, who was reported to have furnished, by fair means or foul, a good many recruits to his majesty's army and navy. Now it occurred to Mr. Jonas Aldridge that Gurney might be useful to him in his present strait; nor did he find any unwillingness on the part of that worthy person to serve his purposes. "A troublesome sort of fellow this Walkingham is," said Mr. Jonas, "and I wouldn't mind giving twenty pounds if you could get him to enlist again." The twenty pounds was quite argument enough to satisfy Gurney of the propriety of so doing; but success in the undertaking proved much less easy than desirable. Tracy, who spent his evenings quietly at home with his wife, never drank, and never frequented the houses on the quay, disappointed all the schemes laid for entrapping him; and Mr. Jonas had nearly given up all the expectation of accomplishing his purpose, when a circumstance occurred that awakened new hopes. The house next to that inhabited by the young couple took fire in the night when everybody was asleep; the party-walls being thin, the flames soon extended to the adjoining ones; and the following morning saw poor Tracy and his wife and child homeless, and almost destitute, their best exertions having enabled them to save little more than their own lives and that of Mary's father, who was now bedridden. But for his infirm condition they might have saved more of their property; but not only was there much time necessarily consumed in removing him; but when Tracy rushed into his room, intending to carry him away in his arms, Lane would not allow him to lift him from his bed till he had first unlocked a large trunk with a key that was attached to a string hung round the sick man's neck.

"Never mind—never mind trying to save anything but your life! You'll be burnt, sir; indeed you will; there's not a moment to lose," cried Tracy eagerly.

But Lane would listen to nothing; the box must be opened, and one precious object secured. "Thrust your hand down to the bottom—the corner next the window—and you'll find a parcel in brown paper."

"I have it, sir—I have it!" cried Tracy; and lifting the invalid from his bed with the strong arm of vigorous youth, he threw him on his back, and bore him safely into the street.

"The parcel!" cried Lane; "where is it?" Tracy flung it to him, and rushed back into the house. But too late; the flames drove him forth immediately; and finding he could do nothing there, he proceeded to seek a shelter for his houseless family.

It was with no little satisfaction that Mr. Jonas Aldridge heard of this accident. These obnoxious individuals were dislodged now without any intervention of his, and the link was broken that so unpleasantly seemed to connect them with himself. Moreover, they were to all appearances ruined, and consequently helpless and defenceless. Now was the time to rout them out of the town if possible, and prevent them making another settlement in it; and now was the time that Gurney might be useful; for Tracy, being no longer a householder, was liable to be pressed, if he could not be induced to re-enlist.

In the meanwhile, all unconscious of the irritation and anxiety they were innocently inflicting on the wealthy Mr. Jonas Aldridge, Tracy and his wife were struggling hard to keep their heads above water in this sudden wreck of all their hopes and comforts. It is so hard to rise again after such a plunge; for the destruction of the poor is their poverty; and having nothing, they could undertake nothing, begin nothing. The only thing open seemed for Tracy to seek service, and for Mary to resume her needlework; but situations and custom are not found in a day, and they were all huddled together in a room, and wanting bread. The shock of the fire and removal had seriously affected Lane too, and it was evident that his sorrows and sufferings were fast drawing to a close. He was aware of it himself, and one day when Mary was out he called Tracy to his bedside, and asked him if Mr. Adams did not think he was dying.

"You have been very ill before, and recovered," said Tracy, unwilling to shock him with the sentence that the apothecary had pronounced against him.

"I see," said Lane; "my time has come; and I am not unwilling to go, for I am a sore burthen to you and Mary, now you're in trouble. I know you're very kind," he added,

seeing Tracy about to protest; "but it's high time I was underground. God knows—God knows I have had a sore struggle, and it's not over yet! To see you so poor, in want of everything, and to know that I could help you. I sometimes think there could be no great harm in it either. The Lord have mercy upon me! What am I saying?"

"You had better not talk any more, but try to sleep till Mary comes in," said Tracy, concluding his mind was beginning to wander.

"No, no," said Lane, "that won't do; I must say it now. You remember that parcel we saved from the fire?"

"Yes I do," answered Tracy, looking about. "Where is it? I've never seen it since."

"It's here!" said Lane, drawing it from under his pillow. "Look here," he added: "NOT TO BE OPENED TILL AFTER MY DEATH. You observe?"

"Certainly, sir."

"NOT TO BE OPENED TILL AFTER MY DEATH. But as soon as I am gone, take it to Mr. Jonas Aldridge; it belongs to him. There is a letter inside explaining everything; and I have asked him to be good to you and Mary for the sake of—for the sake of the hard, hard struggle I have had in poverty and sickness, when I saw her young cheek fading with want and work; and now again, when you are all suffering, and little Tracy too, with his thin pale face that used to be so round and rosy; but it will soon be over, thank God! You will be sure to deliver it into his own hands?"

"I give you my word I will, sir."

"Take it away then, and let me see it no more; but hide it from Mary, and tell her nothing about it."

"I will not, sir. And now you must try to rest."

"I feel more at peace now," said Lane: "and perhaps I may. Thank God the worst is over—dying is easy."

Mr. Adams was right in his prediction. In less than a week from the period of that solemn behest poor Lane was in his grave; and his last word, with a significant glance at Tracy, was—REMEMBER!

CHAPTER VIII.

Mary had loved her father tenderly—indeed there was a great deal in him to love: and he

was doubly endeared to her by the trials they had gone through together, and the cares and anxieties she had lavished on him. But there was no bitterness in the tears she shed ; she had never failed him in their hour of trial ; she had been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and he had expired peacefully in the arms of herself and her kind and beloved husband. It was on the evening of the day which had seen the remains of poor Maurice Lane deposited in the churchyard of St. Jude that Tracy, having placed the parcel in his bosom, and buttoned his coat over it, said to his wife—"Mary, I have occasion to go out on a little business ; keep up your spirits till I return ; I will not be away more than an hour ;" and leaning over her chair he kissed her cheek, and left the room. As he stepped from his own door into the street, he observed two men leaning against the rails of the adjoining house, and he heard one say to the other, "Yes, by jingo!" "At last!" returned the other ; whereupon they moved on, pursuing the same way he went himself, but keeping at some distance behind.

Tracy could not quite say that he owed no man anything, for the fire had incapacitated them from paying some small accounts which they would otherwise have been able to discharge, and he even owed a month's rent ; but this, considering the circumstances of the case, he did not expect would be claimed. Indeed, Mr. Reynolds, who was quite ignorant of Mr. Jonas's enmity, had hinted as much. He had therefore no apprehension of being pursued for debt, nor, till he recollected that there was a very active pressgang in the town, did it occur to him that the movements of these men could be connected with himself. It is true that, as a discharged soldier, he was not strictly liable, but he was aware that immunities of this sort were not always available at the moment of need ; and that, as these persons did not adhere very strictly to the terms of their warrant, once in their clutches, it was no easy matter to get out of them ; so he quickened his pace, and kept his eyes and ears on the alert.

His way lay along the shore, and shortly before he reached the *Britannia*, the two men suddenly advanced, and placed themselves one on each side of him. But for the suspicion we have named, Tracy would have either not observed their movements, or, if he had,

would have stopped and inquired what they wanted. As it was, he thought it much wiser to escape the seizure at first, should such be their intention, than trust to the justice of his cause afterwards ; so, without giving them time to lay hands upon him, he took to his heels and ran, whereupon they sounded a whistle, and as he reached Joe Gurney's door, he found his flight impeded by that worthy himself, who came out of it, and tried to trip him up. But Tracy was active, and making a leap, he eluded the stratagem. The man, however, seized him, which gave time to the two others to come up ; and there commenced a desperate struggle of three to one, in which, in spite of his strength and activity, Tracy would certainly have been worsted but for a very unexpected reinforcement which joined him from some of the neighboring houses, to whose inhabitants Gurney's proceedings had become to the last degree odious ; more especially to the women, among whom there was scarcely one who had not the cause of a brother, a son, or a lover to avenge. Armed with pokers, brooms, or whatever they could lay their hands on, these Amazons issued from their doors, and fell foul of Gurney, whom they singled from the rest as their own peculiar prey. In the confusion Tracy contrived to make his escape ; and without his hat, and his clothes almost torn off his back, he rushed in upon the astonished Mary in less than half an hour after he had left her.

His story was soon told, and there was nothing sufficiently uncommon in such an incident in those days to excite much surprise, except as regarded the circumstance of the men lying in wait for him. Tracy was not ignorant that malice and jealousy had occasionally furnished victims to the press system ; but they had no enemy they knew of, nor was there anyone, as far as they were aware, that had an interest in getting him out of the way. It was, however, an unpleasant and alarming occurrence, and he resolved on consulting a lawyer, in order to ascertain how he might protect himself from any repetition of the annoyance.

With this determination, the discussion between the husband and wife concluded for that night ; but the former had a private source of uneasiness, which on the whole distressed him much more than the seizure itself, and which he could not have the relief of

communicating to Mary—this was the loss of the parcel so sacredly committed to his care by his deceased father-in-law, and which he was on his way to deliver into the hands of Mr. Jonas Aldridge when he met with the interruption. It had either fallen or been torn from his bosom in the struggle, and considering the neighborhood and the sort of people that surrounded him, he could scarcely indulge the most remote hope of ever seeing it again. To what the papers contained Lane had furnished him no clue; but whether it was anything of intrinsic worth, or merely some article to which circumstances or association lent an arbitrary value, the impossibility of complying with the last and earnest request of Mary's father formed far the most painful feature in the accident of the evening; and while the wife lay awake, conjuring up images of she knew not what dangers and perils that threatened her husband, Tracy passed an equally sleepless night in vague conjectures as to what had become of the parcel, and in forming visionary schemes for its recovery.

In the morning he even determined to face Gurney in his den; for it was only at night that he felt himself in any danger from the nefarious proceedings of himself and his associates. But his inquiries brought him no satisfaction. The people who resided in the neighborhood of Gurney's house, many of whom had engaged in the broil, declared they knew nothing of the parcel; "but," said they, "if any of Gurney's people have it, you need never hope to see it again." Tracy thought so too; however, he paid a visit to their den of iniquity, and declared his determination to have them summoned before the magistrates, to answer for his illegal seizure; but as all who were present denied any knowledge of the affair, and as he could not have sworn to the two ruffians who had tracked him, he satisfied himself with this threat without proceeding further in the business.

Having been equally unsuccessful at the police-office, he determined, after waiting a few days in the hope of discovering some clue by which he might recover the parcel, to communicate the circumstances to Mr. Jonas Aldridge. He therefore took an early opportunity of presenting himself in West Street.

"Here's a man wishes to see you, sir," said the servant.

"Who is it? What does he want?" in-

quired Mr. Jonas, who, recumbent in his arm-chair, and his glass of port beside him, was leisurely perusing his newspaper after dinner. "Where is he?"

"He's in the passage, sir."

"Take care he's not a thief come to look after the greatcoats and hats."

"He looks very respectable, sir."

"Wants me to subscribe to something, I suppose. Go and ask him what's his business."

"He says he can't tell his business except to you, sir, because it's something very partickler," said the maid, returning into the room. "He says he's been one of your tenants; his name's Walkingham."

"Walkingham!" reiterated Mr. Jonas, dropping the newspaper, and starting erect out of his recumbent attitude. "Wants me! Business! What business can he possibly have with me? Say I'm engaged, and can't see him. No, stay! Yes; say I'm engaged, and can't see him."

"He wishes to know what time it will be convenient for you to see him, sir, as it's about something very partickler indeed," said the girl, again making her appearance.

Mr. Jonas reflected a minute or two; he feared this visit portended him no good. He had often wondered that Tracy had not claimed relationship with him, for he felt no doubt of his being his cousin; probably he was now come to do it; or had he somehow got hold of the fatal will? One or the other surely was the subject of his errand; and if I refuse to see him, he will go and tell his story to somebody else. "Let him come in. Stay! Take the lamp off the table, and put it at the other end of the room."

This done, Mr. Jonas having reseated himself in his arm-chair in such a position that he could conceal his features from his unwelcome visitor, bade the woman send him in.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, sir," said Tracy, "but I thought it my duty to come to you," speaking in such a modest tone of voice, that Mr. Jonas began to feel somewhat reassured, and ventured to ask with a careless air, "What was his business?"

"You have perhaps heard, sir, that Mr. Lane is dead?"

"I believe I did," said Mr. Jonas.

"Well, sir, shortly before his death he called me to his bedside and gave me a par-

cel, which he desired me to deliver to you as soon as he was laid in his grave."

"To me?" said Mr. Jonas, by way of filling up the pause, and concealing his agitation, for he immediately jumped to the conclusion that the will was really forthcoming now.

"Yes, sir, into your own hand, and accordingly the day he was buried I set out in the evening to bring it to you, but the pressgang got hold of me, and in the scuffle I lost it out of my bosom, where I had put it for safety, and though I have made every enquiry, I can hear nothing of it."

"What was it? What did the parcel contain?" inquired Mr. Jonas eagerly.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered Tracy. "It was sealed up in thick brown paper; but from the anxiety Mr. Lane expressed about its delivery, I am afraid it was something of value. He said he should never rest in his grave if you did not get it."

Mr. Jonas now seeing there was no immediate danger, found courage to ask a variety of questions with a view to further discoveries; but as Tracy had no clue to guide him with regard to the contents of the parcel except his own suspicions, which he did not feel himself called upon to communicate he declared himself unable to give any information. All he could say was, that "he thought the parcel felt as if there was a book in it.

"A book!" said Mr. Jonas. "What sized book?"

"Not a large book, sir, but rather thick; it might be a pocket-book."

"Very odd!" said Mr. Jonas who was really puzzled, for if the book contained the will, surely it was not to him that Lane would have committed it. However, as nothing more could be elicited on the subject, he dismissed Tracy, bidding him neglect nothing to recover the parcel, and inexpressibly vexed that his own stratagem to get rid of this "discomfortable cousin" had prevented his receiving the important bequest.

CHAPTER IX.

Whilst Tracy returned home, satisfied that he had fulfilled his duty as far as he was able, Mr. Jonas, having well considered the matter, resolved on obtaining an interview with Joe Gurney himself; "for," thought he, "if the parcel contained neither money, nor anything

that could be turned into money, he may possibly be able to get it for me."

"Well, sir, I remembers the night very well," said Joe. "They'd ha' been watching for that 'ere young chap, off and on, for near a fortnight, when they got him, as luck would have it, close to my door; but he raised such a noise that the neighbors came out, and he got away."

"But did you hear anything of the parcel?" inquired Mr. Jonas.

"Well, sir, I'm not sure whether I did or no," answered Gurney; but I think it was Tom Purcell as picked it up."

"Then you saw it?" said Mr. Jonas. "What did it contain? Where is it?"

"Well, I'm sure, sir, that is more than I can say," returned Gurney, who always spared himself the pain of telling more truth than he could avoid; "but Tom went away the next day to Lunnun."

"And did he take the parcel with him? Was there no address on it?"

"No, sir, not on the outside at least—there was something wrote, but it wasn't addressed to nobody."

Although Mr. Jonas was perfectly aware that Gurney knew more than he chose to tell, not wishing to quarrel with him, he was obliged to relinquish the interrogative system, and content himself with a promise that he would endeavor to discover the whereabouts of Tom Purcell, and do all he could to recover the lost article; and to a certain extent Gurney intended to fulfil the engagement. The fact of the matter was, that the parcel had been found by Tom Purcell, but not so exclusively as that he could secure the benefit of its contents to himself. They had been divided amongst those who put in their claim, the treasure consisting of a black pocket-book, containing £95 in bank-notes, and Lane's letter, sealed and addressed to Mr. Jonas Aldridge. The profits being distributed, the pocket-book and letter were added to the share of the finder, and these, it was possible, might be recovered; and with that view Gurney despatched a missive to their possessor. But persons who follow the profession of Tom Purcell have rarely any fixed address, and a considerable time elapsed ere an answer was received; and when it did come, it led to no result. The paper he had burned and the pocket-book he had thrown into a ditch. He

described the spot, and it was searched, but nothing of the sort was found. Here, therefore, ended the matter to all appearance, especially as Mr. Jonas succeeded in extracting from Gurney that there was nothing in the book but the letter and some money.

In the meanwhile, however, the pocket-book had strangely enough found its way back to Thomas street. A poor woman that carried fish about the town for sale, and with whom Mary not unfrequently dealt, brought it to her one day, damp, tattered and discoloured, and inquired if it did not belong to her husband.

"Not that I know of," said Mary.

"Because," said the woman, "he came to our house one morning last winter asking for a parcel. Now I know this pocket-book—at least I think it's the same—had been picked up by some of Gurney's folks the night afore, though it wasn't for me as lives next door to him to interfere in his matters. Hows'ever, my son's a hedger and ditcher, and when he came home last night he brought it: he says he found it in a field near by the Potteries."

"I do not think it is Tracy's," said Mary; "but if you will leave it, I'll ask him." And the article being in too dilapidated a condition to have any value, the woman told her she was welcome to it, and went away.

The consequence of this little event was, that when Tracy returned, Mary became a participator in the secret which had hitherto been withheld from her.

"I see it all," said she. "No doubt Mr. Aldridge gave it to my father to take care of the night he came here; and when he died, my poor father, knowing we were to have shared with him had he lived, felt tempted to keep it; but he was too honest to do so; and in all our distresses he never touched what was not our own; but this explains many things I could not understand."

And as the tears rose to her eyes at the recollection of the struggle she had witnessed, without comprehending it, betwixt want and integrity, she fell into a reverie, which prevented her observing that her child, a boy of about four years old, had taken possession of the pocket-book, and, seated on the floor, was pulling it to pieces.

"I'll tell you what, Mary," said Tracy, returning into the shop, which he had left for a

few minutes, "I'll take the book as it is to Mr. Jonas Aldridge. I'm sorry the money's lost; but we are not to blame for that, and I suppose he has plenty. Put it into a bit of clean paper, will you, and I'll set off at once."

"Oh, Tracy, Tracy," cried Mary, addressing her little boy, "what are you doing with that book? Give it to me, you naughty child! See, he has almost torn it in half!" Not a very difficult feat, for the leather was so rotten with damp that it scarcely held together.

"Look here, Tracy: here's a paper in it," said Mary as she took it from the child, and from the end of a secret pocket, which was unripped, she drew a folded sheet of long writing-paper.

"Dear me! Look here!" said she, as she unfolded and cast her eye over it. "'In the name of God, amen! I, Ephraim Aldridge, residing at No. 4 Wall street, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding'—Why, Tracy, it's a will, I declare! Only think! How odd! isn't it? 'Of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this, my last will and testament'—"

"I'll tell you what, Mary," said Tracy, attempting to take the paper from her, "I don't think we have any right to read it: give it me."

"Stay," said Mary; "stay. Oh, Tracy, do but listen to this: 'I give, devise, and bequeath all property, of what nature or kind soever, real, freehold, or personal, of which I shall die seized or possessed'—Think what a deal Mr. Jonas must have!"

"Mary, I'm surprised at you."

"'Of which I shall die seized or possessed, to my nephew'—"

"It's merely the draft of a will. Give it me, and let me go."

"'To my nephew, Tracy Walkingham, son of the late Tracy Walkingham, formerly a private, and subsequently a commissioned officer in his majesty's 96th Regiment of foot, and of my sister, Eleanor Aldridge, his wife.' Tracy, what can it mean? Can you be Mr. Ephraim Aldridge's nephew?"

"It's very strange," said Tracy. "I never heard my mother's maiden name; for both she and my father died in the West Indies when I was a child; but certainly, as I have often told you, my father was a private in the

96th Regiment, and afterwards got a commission."

It would be useless to dwell on the surprise of the young people, or to detail the measures that were taken to ascertain and prove, beyond a cavil, that Tracy was the right heir. There were relations yet alive who, when they heard that he was likely to turn out a rich man, were willing enough to identify him; and it was not till the solicitor he had employed was perfectly satisfied on this head that Mr. Jonas was waited on, with the astounding intelligence that a will had been discovered, made subsequent to the one by which he inherited. At the same time a letter was handed to him, which, sealed and addressed in Ephraim's hand, had been found in the same secret receptacle of the book as the larger paper.

The contents of that paper none ever knew but Jonas himself. It seemed to have been a

voice of reproach from the grave for the ill return he had made to the perhaps injudicious but well-meant generosity and indulgence of the old man. The lawyer related that when he opened it he turned deadly pale, and placing his hands before his face, sank into a chair quite overcome: let us hope his heart was touched.

However that may be, he had no reason to complain of the treatment he received from the hands of his successors, who, temperate in prosperity, as they had been patient in adversity, in consideration of the relationship and of the expectations in which he had been nurtured, made Jonas a present of a thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing him in any way of life he might select; while, carefully preserved in a leathern case, the old black pocket-book, to which they owed so much, is still extant in the family of Tracy Walkingham.



ABOUT COFFEE.

The early history of coffee is involved in considerable obscurity. According to a statement contained in a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the use of coffee was known at a period so remote as 875 A.D. In a treatise published in 1566 by an Arab sheikh, it is stated that a knowledge of coffee was first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia about the beginning of the 15th century by a learned and pious sheikh, Djemal-Eddin-Ebn-Abou-Alfagger. The knowledge of coffee spread but slowly outwards from Arabia Felix (Araby the Blest), and it was not till the middle of the 16th century that coffee houses were established in Constantinople. After the lapse of another hundred years coffee reached Great Britain, a coffee-house having been opened in 1652 in London by a Greek, Pasqua Rossie. The original establishment was in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

Coffee is spoken of as being used in France between 1640 and 1660, and thereafter it may be said that the use of coffee was an established custom in Europe. Coffee belongs to the medicinal, or auxiliary class of substances being solely valuable for its stimulating effect on the nervous and vascular system. It produces a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration which does not end in depression or collapse. It increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue, and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe muscular exertion. The value of its hot infusion under the rigours of Arctic cold has been demonstrated in the experience of all Arctic explorers, and it is scarcely less useful in tropical regions, where it beneficially stimulates the action of the skin.

Two pieces of glass, flexible as cardboard, firm as steel, overlaid with gorgeous colors—two portraits, one of Prince George of Wales and the Princess Caroline of Wales—are now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Restieaux, of Columbus, Ohio. The portraits were painted at the command of George III, to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Caroline to his son, Prince George. The work is described as wonderful. The glass may be bent back like a piece of board, yet immediately springs into place again.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

An important part of training even a very young child is to make it respect the rights of property in others; not use other people's things, or play with another child's toys, without asking permission, and carefully returning the borrowed thing with a word of thanks. To teach this by deed and word we must respect the child's rights to its own small possessions. We should not borrow books, toys, tools, without asking leave and a word of acknowledgement. And we should teach, too, that possession means responsibility. Let each child have his or her own cupboard, shelf or drawer. Let it be taught each night to see that all its little goods are collected and put away neatly, and if the possessions include birds or animals that all their wants and cleanliness are attended to. Careful attention to these points will do much to build up an honest and upright character.

"What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be posed, but a little girl held out her hand eagerly: "Please, it's what a hen lays her eggs on." Bewilderment followed, but the mite was justified by the lesson book, in which was written: "The hen lays two hundred eggs a year on an average."

The richest baby in the world is the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Czar and Czarina of Russia, and worth in her own right more money than that of the Vanderbilts and Astors together. This baby Princess was born November 3rd, 1895. Little Duchess Olga is a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, and is a bright youngster.

M. Cachot is a Frenchman who has solved the problem of utilizing the web of the spider by turning it into silk of a beautiful and fairly fineness. A delicate little machine containing a number of tiny bobbins is made to revolve continuously by light-running gear. The end of the web is caught while it is still attached to the spider, and the little machine is set in motion. The spider does not seem to mind having his web pulled off, and the movement is continued until the spider has completely surrendered its shining structure. It is then released, put aside and fed until it has recuperated its powers, and a fresh spider is attached to the gear. M. Cachot is advertising for spiders.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

TO CLEAN A STRAW HAT.—Dissolve a cent's worth of salts of lemon in a pint of hot water, and scrub the hat well with an old nail-brush in the solution; then wash it over with a little more, and last with plain water, and dry on a table quite flat.

Anyone can make hand-grenade fire-extinguishers at a very small cost. Any light quart bottle will serve to hold the solution, which is composed of one pound of common salt, and one half-pound of sal-ammoniac, dissolved in about two quarts of water.

CLEANING IVORY.—Wash ivory well in soap and water, with a small brush to clean the carvings, and place while wet in full sunshine. Wet for two or three days several times a day with soapy water, still keeping in the sun with a glass shade over. Then wash again, and the ivory will be beautifully white.

TO RENOVATE A SOILED BLACK DRESS.—Gather a double handful of ivy leaves and boil them in two gallons of soft water. Wash the dress in the warm water, soaping the greasy spots, and hang it out to dry without wringing. While still damp roll the dress smoothly in a cloth, and let it lie all night. Iron it next morning, and the dress will look almost equal to new.

TO PREVENT FEATHERS WORKING THROUGH PILLOWS.—A great many people are at a loss to know how to prevent feathers blowing about a bedroom; thus making a room always untidy. First, it is necessary to have a good firm ticking, and before placing the feathers in it, turn the wrong side out and lay it on a table. Take a piece of beeswax, slightly warmed. Rub the tick thoroughly with this so as to give the entire surface a coat of wax.

THE USEFULNESS OF EGGS.—Eggs are useful in the following applications:—A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister. A raw egg, taken immediately, will often carry down a fishbone that cannot be extracted. The white skin that lines the shell is a useful application to a boil.

White of an egg, beaten up with loaf sugar and a lemon, relieves hoarseness, a teaspoonful being taken every hour. An egg in the morning cup of coffee is a good tonic. A raw egg broken up in a glass of wine is beneficial for convalescents.

HOW TO WASH KITCHEN UTENSILS.—Use plenty of hot water and soda, and wash the saucepans and other metal utensils used in cooking both inside and out. It is useless trying to remove the grease without soda. A small twig hand-broom and a good-sized cloth for the purpose should be used. After being thoroughly cleansed, rinsed and wiped inside and outside, all black being removed, they should be allowed to stand for a few minutes on the closed stove or kitchener, or in front of an open range in order to get thoroughly dry before being put away. This will prevent all danger of rust.

FRUIT CELLARS.—Fruit cellars need careful oversight; for the late sorts to come to proper perfection, and to keep well, they must be in a temperature as low as may be without freezing; it must not be forgotten that fruit in ripening gives off heat, and this must be regulated by the admission of cold air from without. In ripening, a considerable amount of carbonic acid is given off, which would be of use in retarding the ripening, but very dangerous if allowed to accumulate in the cellar of a dwelling, hence ventilation by means of a chimney, or in some other manner, is a matter that must be attended to.

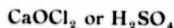
TO EBONIZE FLOORS.—Ebonizing for floors can be easily done, says the Plumber and Decorator, by boiling logwood chips in water—one pound of chips to one pound of water—till the liquid is well colored. Apply this to the floor evenly and carefully, giving a second application if the boards are closely textured. When this is quite dry, apply in a similar way a strong solution of sulphate of iron in water. A good chemical ink-like black will be the result, which, after sizing, may be varnished like any other stain, or preferably it may be polished with beeswax and turpentine. The

duller surface so given is better, artistically speaking, than the glaring, shining surface given by a varnish, at any rate, where a black stain is used.

CLEANSING BOTTLES.—Bottles, after being some time in use, are apt to acquire a crust or coating very difficult to remove by ordinary rinsing. The following are methods for removing such impurities: (1) Soak them in permanganate of potash; (2) rinse the bottles out with a solution of equal parts of muriatic acid and water; (3) chloride of lime and water in the proportion of one ounce of the lime to two pints of water, and allow the bottle to lie in the solution for three or four days; (4) strong sulphuric acid may be put into the bottles—this should remove the strongest crust. All these methods require great care. The chemical should in all cases be carefully rinsed out with clean water, and it should be borne in mind that all acids are extremely injurious to clothes, etc.

CHEMICAL SYMBOLS.

To those of our readers who are quite unacquainted with chemistry, even in its elementary first principles, the appearance of chemical symbols must be extremely puzzling and mysterious. To come across a series of letters like



in the middle of a sentence which is otherwise simple enough in itself, does not always convey any intelligent idea of the meaning which the writer intended, and hence the symbol is passed over for want of knowledge to translate it.

Now symbols are used in chemistry just as figures are used in arithmetical calculations. When in a sum of simple addition the numerals are employed to represent the amounts instead of the actual words, so in chemical calculations and research work symbols are required. Thus the amount twenty-four is more conveniently and briefly written for practical purposes as 24, and the addition of thirty-six to twenty-four is not written in words but in arithmetical signs or numerals

$$24 + 36 = 60.$$

Similarly, by a suitable combination of chemical symbols, certain characteristic changes may be adequately represented with respect to chemical substances.

The elements are usually represented by

letters, while compounds consisting of two or more elements in combination are denoted by symbols consisting of two or more letters placed in juxtaposition. Thus the element carbon is known by the single letter C; hydrogen by the letter H; iodine by the letter I. Elements in combination may give more complicated symbols. Thus hydrochloric acid H_2SO_4 , water H_2O , and so on.

The letters chosen to signify the elements are for the main part the first letter of the names, in many cases the Latin names; and when the names of several elements commence with the same letter a second letter in smaller type is added in order to distinguish them. In this way we get

Potassium K (kalium),
Sulphur S,
Boron B,
Barium Ba,
Calcium Ca,
Chlorine Cl,
Silver Ag (argentum),
Tin Sn (stannum),
Iron Fe (ferrum).

The number of elements at present known is about seventy, each of which has its distinctive symbol. Of these the majority are but rare elements, possessing only a scientific value, having little or no commercial use at present.

The chemical symbol has a far more useful and important meaning than the mere convenience attached to the brevity of a letter representing a substance. Thus in the case of hydrochloric acid, HCl, the symbol not only indicates the union of two elements (hydrogen H, and chlorine Cl) to give the compound HCl, but also expresses the quantities by weight of each element forming the compound. The letter H denotes that one atom of hydrogen, which represents the smallest weight entering into chemical combination (taken for convenience as unity 1), combines with one atom of chlorine Cl, the atomic weight of which is known to be 35.5. With CO_2 , the symbol for carbonic acid gas, the letters convey the information that one atom of carbon combines with two atoms of oxygen, and gives one atom of carbon di-oxide. With water, H_2O , the symbol represents the union of 2 atoms hydrogen with one atom of oxygen.

The symbols used to express chemical sub-

stances are not all of the simple nature described above, such as H, Cl, Ba, HCl, CO₂. As the substance itself becomes more complicated in its nature, so the symbol necessarily changes in order to accurately indicate the substance.

Sulphuric acid is symbolized by the letters H₂SO₄, which signify that the acid is a combination of hydrogen, sulphur and oxygen, the number of atoms in combination being 2, 1, 4 respectively.

In chemical nomenclature the use of the full stop in the middle of a symbol has some significance. Thus, with CaO·Cl₂, it indicates that the substance is a compound of lime (CaO) with chlorine (Cl), and not simply a combination of calcium, oxygen and chlorine. The former symbol, CaO·Cl₂, conveys the fact that the oxygen is in combination with calcium to form lime, whereas without the full stop no such information is given.

It is desirable to notice that in some symbols large figures occur. These have some significance, and must not be overlooked. One molecule of sodium carbonate is written Na₂CO₃. If it is necessary to show three molecules these are repeated by placing a large figure three on the left-hand side, 3 Na₂CO₃. Here the three molecules of carbonate of soda are formed from 6 atoms sodium, 3 atoms carbon, 9 atoms oxygen, each atom or number of atoms in the single molecule being multiplied by three. The insertion of a full stop in a formula of this kind also has its meaning. Thus 2KCl · PtCl₄ cannot be treated in the same way. Only the atoms between the large figure and the full stop are influenced by the figure. This formula might be written K₂Cl₂ · Pt Cl₄, but not K₂Cl₂ · Pt₂ Cl₈.

Another form of symbol frequently occurring in technical articles is written in the following manner: Al₂ (SO₄)₃ + 18 H₂O, which is the symbol for sulphate of alumina. In this case the atoms within the bracket are influenced by the small figure placed on the bottom right hand corner, the chemical constitution of the substance being indicated as in previous examples, by the extended form of the symbol.

The greatest value and use of symbols lies in the fact that by means of them chemical changes and reactions can be represented in graphical form, and calculations made from

them as to the quantities by weight of the various substance entering into the changes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

1. Cooper = coo-per.
2. Feathers = feat-hers.
3. Peril-peri.
4. Pathology, pathos = path-ology, path-os.
5. "The KING was very KIND."
"His WING on the WIND."
"Hear the drummer BANG the drum in BAND."

6. Flute, lute.

7. Forsake. f
 c o w
 c a r e s
 f o r s a k e
 w e a r y
 s k y
 e

8. A plaic-(place).

In 7 a PROMISE ought to read—an ANIMAL.

O WEAVER, wherefore such gloom?
You're taking WARPED views of life.

In spite of all shadows that LOOM,
Turn round, and BEAM smiles on your wife.

We ought not to eat when we are tired. So says the Hygienic Gazette. Some one has taken occasion to remark that this ought to be brought to the notice of the working men who labor from seven in the morning until six in the evening, the probabilities being that if they carried this idea out, it would be a great saving in the cost of provisions, as they would then confine their meals to breakfast, with the exception of Sundays.

At Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, is situated the famous golden pagoda of a Buddhist temple, the whole of the exterior of which is one mass of shimmering gold. This generous coating of the metal is the result of years and years of votive offerings to Buddha, for devotees from all parts of the world go to Rangoon and take packets of gold leaf, which they place on the pagoda. During the last century Tshewbyo-Yen, the King of Burmah, gave his (literal) weight in gold to the walls of the pagoda, an offering worth £9,000 sterling.

AN IMPOSSIBLE MAN.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

AUTHOR OF
"BESIDE THE BONNIE
BRIER BUSH" Etc

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CHAPTER I.

"We must have Trixy Marsden on the Thursday," for Mrs. Leslie was arranging two dinner parties. "She will be in her element that evening, but what are we to do with Mr. Marsden?"

"Isn't it rather the custom to invite a husband with his wife? He might even expect to be included," said John Leslie. "Do you know, I'm glad we came to Putney. Spring is lovely in the garden."

"Never mind spring just now," as Leslie threatened an exit to the lawn. "You might have some consideration for an afflicted hostess and give your mind to the Marsden problem."

"It was Marsden brought spring into my mind." And Leslie sat down with that expression of resignation on his face peculiar to husbands consulted on domestic affairs. "He was telling me this morning in the train that he had just finished a table of trees in the order of their budding, a sort of spring priority list. His love for statistics is amazing.

"He is getting to be known on the 9 train. The men keep their eyes on him and bolt into thirds to escape. He gave a morning on the influenza death rate lately, and that kind of thing spreads.

"But he's not a bad fellow for all that," concluded Leslie. "He's perfectly straight in business, and that is saying something. I rather enjoy half an hour with him."

"Very likely you do," said his wife with impatience, "because your mind has a squint and you get amusement out of odd people, but every one has not your taste for the tiresome. He is enough to devastate a dinner table. Do you remember that escapade of his last year?"

"You mean when he corrected you about the American passage and gave the sailings of the Atlantic liners since '80." And Leslie lay back to enjoy the past. "It seemed to me most instructive, and every one gave up conversation to listen."

"Because no one could do anything else with that voice booming through the room. I can still hear him, 'The Columbia, 6 days, 4 hours, 5 minutes.' Then I rose and delivered the table."

"It was only human to be a little nettled by his accuracy, but you ought not to have retreated so soon, for he gave the express trains of England a little later and hinted at the American lines. One might almost call such a memory genius."

"Which is often another name for idiocy. Some one was telling me yesterday that quiet, steady men rush out of the room at the sound of his voice and their wives have to tell all sorts of falsehoods."

"Trixy is one of my oldest and dearest friends, and it would be a shame to pass her over, but I will not have her husband on any account."

"Perhaps you are right as a hostess. It is a little hard for a frivolous circle to live up to Marsden, and I hear that he has got up the temperatures of the health resorts. It's a large subject and lends itself to detail."

"It will not be given in this house. What Trixy must endure with that man! He's simply possessed by a didactic devil and ought never to have married. Statistics don't amount to cruelty, I suppose, as a ground of divorce?"

"Hardly as yet. By and by incompatibility in politics or fiction will be admitted. But how do you know that Mrs.

Marsden does not appreciate her husband? You never can tell what a woman



"Perhaps you are right as a hostess." sees in a man. Perhaps this woman hungers for statistics as a make weight. She is very amusing, but a trifle shallow, don't you think?"

"She used to be the brightest and most charming girl in our set, and I have always believed that she was married to Mr. Marsden by her people. Trixy has £600 a year settled on her, and they were afraid of fortune hunters. Mothers are apt to feel that a girl is safe with a man of the Marsden type and that nothing more can be desired."

"Perhaps they are not far wrong. Marsden is not a romantic figure, and he is scarcely what you would call a brilliant raconteur, but he serves his wife like a slave, and he will never give her a sore heart."

"Do you think it nothing, John, that a woman with ideals should be tied to a bore all her days? What a contrast between her brother and her husband, for instance! Godfrey is decidedly one of the most charming men I ever met."

"He has a nice tenor voice, I grant, and his drawing room comedies are very amusing. Of course no one believes a word he says, and I think that he has never got a discharge from his last bankruptcy. But you can't expect perfection. Character seems to oscillate between dullness and dishonesty."

"Don't talk nonsense for the sake of alliteration, John. Trixy's brother was never intended for business. He ought to have been a writer, and I know he was asked to join the staff of *The Boom-eller*. Happy thought! I'll ask him to come with his sister instead of Mr. Marsden."

And this was the note:

MY DEAR TRIXY—We are making up a dinner party for the evening of June 2, at 8 o'clock, and we simply cannot go on without you and Mr. Marsden. Write instantly to say you accept. It is an age since I've seen you, and my husband is absolutely devoted to Mr. Marsden. He was telling me only a minute ago that one reason why he goes by the 9 train is to get the benefit of your husband's conversation. With much love, yours affectionately,

FLORENCE LESLIE.

P. S.—It does seem a shame that Mr. Marsden should have to waste an evening on a set of stupid people, and if he can't tear himself from his books, then you will take home a scolding to him from me.

P. S.—If Mr. Marsden will not condescend, bring Godfrey to take care of you and tell him that we shall expect some music.

CHAPTER II.

"Come to this corner, Trixy, and let us have a quiet talk before the men arrive from the dining room. I hope your husband is duly grateful to me for allowing him off this social ordeal. Except perhaps John I don't think there is a person here fit to discuss things with him."

"Oh, Mr. Marsden does not care one straw whether they know his subjects or not so long as people will listen to him, and I'm sure he was quite eager to come, but I wanted Godfrey to have a little pleasure. I'm so sorry for poor Godfrey." And Mrs. Marsden settled herself down to confidences. "You know he lost all his money two years ago through no fault of his own. It was simply the stupidity of his partner, who was quite a common man and could not carry out Godfrey's plans."

"My husband might have helped the firm through its difficulty, but he was quite obstinate and very unkind also. He spoke as if Godfrey had been careless and lazy, when the poor fellow really injured his health and had to go to Brighton for two months to recruit."

"Yes, I remember," put in Mrs. Leslie. "We happened to be at the Metro-pole one week end, and Godfrey looked utterly jaded."

"You have no idea how much he suffered, Florrie, and how beautifully he bore the trial. Why, had it not been for

me he would not have had money to pay his hotel bill, and that was a dreadful change for a man like him. He has always been very proud and much petted by people.

"The poor fellow has never been able to find a suitable post since, although he spends days in the city among his old friends, and I can see how it is telling on him. And—Florrie, I wouldn't mention it to any one except an old friend—Mr. Marsden has not made our house pleasant to poor Godfrey."

"You don't mean to say that he—reflects on his misfortunes."

"Doesn't he? It's simply disgusting what he will say at times. Only yesterday morning—this is absolutely between you and me; one must have some confidant—Godfrey made some remark in fun about the cut of Tom's coat. He will not go, you know, do what I like, to a proper tailor."

"Godfrey is certainly much better dressed," said Mrs. Leslie, "than either of our husbands."

"Perhaps it was that made Tom angry, but at any rate he said quite shortly, 'I can't afford to dress better,' and of course Godfrey knew what he meant. It was cruel in the circumstances, for many men spend far more on their clothes than Godfrey. He simply gives his mind to the matter and takes care of his things. He will spend any time selecting a color or getting a coat fitted."

"Is your brother quite—dependent on his friends, Trixy?"

"Yes, in the meantime, and that is the reason why we ought to be the more considerate. I wished to settle half my income on him, but it is only a third of what it used to be—something to do with investments has reduced it—and Mr. Marsden would not hear of such a thing. He allows Godfrey £100 a year, but that hardly keeps him in clothes and pocket money."

"Still, don't you think it's all Godfrey could expect?" And Mrs. Leslie was inclined for once to defend this abused man. "Few husbands would do as much for a brother-in-law."

"Oh, of course he does it for my sake, and he means to be kind. But, Florrie, Mr. Marsden is so careful and saving, always speaking as if we were poor and had to lay up for the future, while I know he has a large income and a sure business."

"Why, he would not leave that horrid street in Highbury, say what I could, and I owe it to Godfrey that we have come to Putney. When Tom went out to Alexandria, my brother simply took our present house and had it furnished in Mr. Marsden's name, and so when he came home from Alexandria we were established in the cottage."

"John is the best of husbands, but I dare not have changed our house in his absence." And Mrs. Leslie began to get new views on the situation. "Was Mr. Marsden not rather startled?"

"He was inclined to be angry with Godfrey, but I sent the boy off to Scarborough for a month, and he is never hasty to me, only tiresome—you can't imagine how tiresome."

"Is it the statistics?"

"Worse than that. He has begun the Reformation now and insists on reading from some stuffy old book every evening, Dumas' history, I think, till I wish there never had been such a thing and we were all Roman Catholics."

"Very likely he would have read about the popes, then, or the saints. My dear girl, you don't wish to have your mind improved. You ought to be proud of your husband. Most men sleep after dinner with an evening paper in their hands and are quite cross if they're awakened. But there they come, and we must have Godfrey's last song."

CHAPTER III.

"Nurse will rise at 4 and bring you a nice cup of tea. Are you sure you will not weary, being alone for two hours?" And Mrs. Marsden, in charming outdoor dress, blew eau de cologne about the room. "Don't you love scent?"

"Where are you going?" asked Marsden, following her with fond eyes. "You told me yesterday, but I forget. This illness has made me stupider than ever, I think. Wasn't it some charity?"

"It's the new society every one is so interested in, the Working Wives' Culture union. What is wanted is happy homes for the workingmen," quoting freely from an elegant woman orator, "and the women must be elevated, so the East End is to be divided into districts, and two young women will be allotted to each. Are you listening?"

"Yes, dear, but it rests me to lie with my eyes closed. Tell me all about your society. What are the young ladies to do?"

"Oh, they're to visit the wives in the afternoon and read books to them, solid books, you know, about wages—all



"No. I insist on your going to Lady Gloucester's."

kinds of things workmen like. Then in the evening the wives will be able to talk with their husbands on equal terms and the men will not want to go to the public houses. Isn't it a capital idea?"

A sad little smile touched Marsden's lips for an instant. "And where do you meet today? It's a long way for you to go to Whitechapel."

"Didn't I tell you? The Marchioness of Gloucester is giving a drawing room at her town house, and Lady Helen wrote an urgent note, insisting that I should come even though it were only for an hour, as her mother depended upon my advice so much."

"Of course I know that's just a way of putting it, but I have taken lots of trouble about founding the union, so I think it would hardly do for me to be absent. You're feeling much better, too, aren't you, today, Thomas?"

"Yes, much better. The pain has almost ceased. Perhaps it will be quite gone when you return. Can you spare just ten minutes to sit beside me? There is something I have been wanting to say, and perhaps this is my only chance. When I am well again, I may—be afraid."

Mrs. Marsden sat down, wondering, and her husband waited a minute.

"One understands many things that puzzled him before when he lies in quietness for weeks and takes an after look. Yes, I suspected it at times, but I was a coward and put the thought away. It seemed curious that no one came to spend an hour with me, as men do with friends, and I noticed that they

appeared to avoid me. I thought it was fancy, and that I had grown self-conscious.

"Everything is quite plain now, and I—am not hurt, dear, and I don't blame any person. That would be very wrong. People might have been far more impatient with me and might have made my life miserable.

"God gave me a dull mind and a slow tongue, it took me a long time to grasp anything, and no one cared about the subject that interested me. Beatrice, I wish now you had told me how I bored our friends. It would have been a kindness. But never mind that now. You did not like to give me pain.

"What troubles me most is that all these years you should have been tied to a very tiresome fellow." And Marsden made some poor attempt to smile. "Had I thought of what was before you I would never have asked you to marry me.

"Don't cry, dear! I did not wish to hurt you. I wanted to ask your pardon for all that martyrdom, and—to thank you for—being my wife, and there's something else.

"You see, when I get well and am not lying in bed maybe I could not tell you, so let me explain everything now, and then we need not speak about such things again.

"Perhaps you thought me too economical, but I was saving for a purpose. Your portion has not brought quite so much as it did, and I wished to make it up to you, and now you can have £600 a year, as before. If this illness had gone against me, you would have been quite comfortable—in money, I mean, dear.

"No. I insist on your going to Lady Gloucester's—the change will do you good—and I'll lie here digesting the Reformation, you know." And he smiled, better this time, quite creditably, in fact. "Will you give me a kiss just to keep till we meet again?"

When the nurse came down at 4 to take charge, she was horrified to find her patient alone and in the death agony, but conscious and able to speak.

"Don't ring—nor send for my wife. I sent—her away, knowing the end was near—made her go, in fact—against her will."

The nurse gave him brandy, and he became stronger for a minute.

"She has had a great deal to bear with me, and I—did not wish her to

see death. My manner has always been so wearisome—I hoped that—nobody would be here. You are very kind, nurse. No more, if you please.

"Would it trouble you—to hold my hand, nurse? It's a little lonely—I am not afraid—a wayfaring man—though a fool—not err therein"—

He was not near so tedious with his dying as he had been with his living. Very shortly afterward Thomas Marsden had done with statistics forever.

CHAPTER IV.

Three days later Leslie came home from the city with tidings on his face, and he told them to his wife when they were alone that night.

"Marsden's lawyer made an appointment after the funeral, and I had an hour with him. He has asked me to be a trustee with himself in Mrs. Marsden's settlement."

"I'm so glad! You must accept, for it will be such a comfort to poor Beatrice. But I thought Godfrey was her sole trustee."

"So he was," said Leslie grimly, "more's the pity, and he embezzled every penny of the funds—gambled them away in card playing and—other ways."

"Godfrey Harrison, Beatrice's brother?"

"Yes, her much admired, accomplished, ill used brother, the victim of her husband's stinginess."

"If that be true, then Godfrey is simply a"—

"You mean an unmitigated scoundrel. Quite so, Florence, and a number of other words we won't go over. I tell you," and Leslie sprang to his feet, "there is some use in swearing. If it had not been for one or two expressions that came to my memory suddenly today, I should have been ill. Curious to say, the lawyer seemed to enjoy them as much as myself, so it must be a bad case."

"But I don't understand—if Godfrey spent Trixy's money, how is there anything to manage? Did he pay it back?"

"No, he did not, and could not. He has not enough brains to earn 18 pence except by cheating, and if by chance he came into a fortune would grudge his sister a pound."

"Then"—

"Don't you begin to catch a glimpse of the facts? Why, Marsden toiled and scraped and in the end, so the doctors say, killed himself to replace the money, and he had just succeeded before his death."

"How good of him. But I don't see the necessity of all this secrecy on his part and all those stories about low interest that he told Trixy."

"There was no necessity. If it had been some of us, we would have let Mrs. Marsden know what kind of brother she had and ordered him out of the country on threat of the jail."

"It was Marsden's foolishness, let us call it, to spare his wife the disgrace of her idol and the loss of his company. So her husband was despised beside this precious rascal every day."

"Trixy will get a terrible shock when she is told. It would almost have been kinder to let her know the truth before he died."

"Mrs. Marsden is never to know," said Leslie. "That was his wish. She's just to be informed that new trustees have been appointed, and we are to take care that she does not waste her income on the fellow."

"People will send letters of condolence to Mrs. Marsden, but they will say at afternoon teas that it must be a great relief to her, and that it's quite beautiful to see her sorrow. In two years she will marry some well dressed fool, and they will live on Marsden's money." And Leslie's voice had an unusual bitterness.

"Did you ever hear of another case like this, John?"

"Never. When old Parchment described Marsden giving him the instructions, he stopped suddenly."

"Marsden," he said, 'was the biggest fool I ever came across in the course of 42 years' practice,' and he went over to the window."

"And you?"

"I went to the fireplace. We were both so disgusted with the man that we could not speak for five minutes."

After a short while Mrs. Leslie said, "It appears to me that this slow, uninteresting man, whom every one counted a bore, was—almost a hero."

"Or altogether," replied John Leslie.

THE END.

THE DINNER MAKERS

SWISS SANDWICH.

Grate some cheese very finely, shell and peel some dry walnuts and mix them together with just enough cream to moisten them. Season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Cut thin slices of bread and butter (brown bread if possible) and spread with the mixture.

CHOCOLATE ICING.

Melt two ounces of chocolate over steam, grating it first; add two tablespoonfuls of cream and one of water; stir well, and then stir in three tablespoonfuls of icing sugar. Boil from five to ten minutes. Spread it on the cake and put in a moderate oven to dry and set.

VEAL GRAVEY.

After the meat is roasted (if a large joint), have ready a quart of skim milk (cost 3 cts.), add this to the juice, put the meat tin into the oven again, add a little flour to thicken it, and nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Stir the whole once or twice until it is a brown color, when it is ready.

MARROW AS A FRUIT.

We grow the marrow, not to eat as a vegetable only, but to keep through the winter for puddings and pies and tarts. Cut up the marrow in very small pieces, mixing with it shop currants and sugar. (Some use lemon-peel instead of currants or with the currants.) If for pies or tarts stew for a quarter of an hour, as the marrow is best well cooked. It is a favorite pudding, especially among the children.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.

Put 4 lbs. of blackberries with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water into a preserving pan. Cook till soft, then strain through a hair sieve. Press well, measure the juice back into a pan. Add to each pint of juice $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of preserving sugar. Boil steadily for about three-quarters of an

hour, skim well while it is boiling. When boiled enough put into jars and cover tightly. If it does not "jell" well reboil with a little dissolved gelatine.

REAL SCOTCH SCONES.

Break all lumps in some fine flour, and rub in a teaspoonful of baking powder and 2 ozs. of butter. Whip two eggs to a froth slowly, adding one gill of unskimmed milk. With this work the flour into a stiff dough. Roll out, after dredging your pastry board, to three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut into rounds the size of a dessert plate, which cut again into four quarters. Prick over with a fork, and brush with a little raw egg. Bake in a quick oven, butter and serve hot. If they have gone cold heat them by placing in the oven under a basin. Some cooks put carbonate of soda and a pinch of tartaric acid instead of baking powder. This is a matter of taste.

LARDED SWEETBREADS.

When the sweetbreads come from the market, place them in cold water for half an hour, then remove fat and surplus skin. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add half a teaspoonful of salt, a slice of onion, half a bay leaf and a small stalk of celery, or half a saltspoonful of celery salt. Simmer gently for twenty minutes, then place in very cold water until cold. Cut some larding pork into very narrow strips and about two inches long, throw them into ice water until ready to use. When the sweetbreads are thoroughly chilled remove from the water and dry. Lard about an inch apart. Place in a granite baking pan, sprinkle lightly with pepper, place a few small pieces of pork in the pan and add a few spoonfuls of the liquor in which the sweetbreads were hoiled. Bake in a rather quick oven, about one-half hour, basting every ten minutes. When done, place on a platter, having ready some French or fresh

peas, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Arrange these around the sweetbreads and serve very hot.

A GOOD VERMICELLI PUDDING.

This is peculiarly good for invalids, elderly people or young children. The recipe comes from a skilled sick nurse, who makes it to coax the appetites of convalescents:—Lightly butter a pie dish. Boil $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk with two or three pieces of cinnamon in it; break up into it 1 oz. of vermicelli and simmer very gently until it is quite soft and clean looking, which will be in about a quarter of an hour. Remove the cinnamon. Take the yolk of an egg, beat it up well, and add it to the milk and vermicelli when this has cooled a little, and castor sugar to taste. Whisk the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and stir it gradually and lightly into the pudding. Bake it in a moderate oven until it is a light brown and puffs slightly. Grate a little nutmeg at the top and serve with or without jam; or you may add a little jam by putting a layer in your pie dish at first.

SWEDISH TIMBALES.

Beat one egg until light, add to it half a cup of milk and half a saltspoonful of salt, then add one cup of pastry flour (use a Dover egg beater for the entire process). Beat until smooth, add a scant tablespoonful of olive oil, stir until mixed, and let stand about an hour, stirring several times very gently to break any bubbles. Have a small kettle about two-thirds full of fat, heated to the temperature re-

quired for fritters. Place the timbale mould in the fat for five or ten minutes. When ready to fry have ready a flat pan lined with soft paper to receive the cases. About two-thirds fill a coffee cup with the batter, dip the hot mould into it, almost to top of mould, remove slowly and place in the hot fat until a delicate brown; lift from the fat, drain a moment and drop onto the paper lined pan. Fill with any creamed meat or fish.

QUINCE JELLY.

Quinces are unfortunately as uncommon as they are delicious; one added to an apple pie gives it an exquisite flavour. They are also extremely good made into jelly thus:—Peel, core, and slice as many quinces as you have to use, and put them in a preserving kettle with just enough water to cover them. The water should boil before the slices are put in. Boil gently until the quince is quite soft, and strain off all the juice. Measure it and add 1 lb. of crushed lump sugar to each pint. Boil this up and skim it carefully for nearly an hour, then try it by putting a little on a cold plate and seeing if it goes to jelly. If not add a little ready dissolved gelatine. Fill small pots and cover. The pulp put through a sieve, with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of preserving sugar to each pound of pulp, makes nice jam for children to be used up pretty quickly. Quinces are so delicious and fetch such a good price that it is a great wonder more people do not plant one or two quince trees in their gardens or orchards. The above recipe serves for apple jelly also.

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

TO AVOID CATCHING COLD.

Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed with a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. It has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin, and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden change of temperature. Sir Astley Cooper said: "The methods by which I have preserved my own health are—temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every morning with cold water, immediately after getting out of bed; a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without ever catching cold."

MEASURING DROPS IN MEDICINE.

Chamber's Edinburgh Journal contains the following in relation to measuring out drops in medical practice, scientific and household:

"But here comes a very remarkable question—are the drops the same size, whether they succeed each other rapidly or slowly? Most of us say yes, if all the other conditions remain the same; but our learned experimentalist says no, he arranged his apparatus (which he calls a stagometer or drop measurer) in such a way that he could make the drops of cocoonut oil fall from the little ivory ball at

intervals varying from one-third of a second of a second up to 12 seconds. He finds that the drops are twice as large and twice as heavy in the first instance as in the last; that is, when the drops succeed each other more rapidly, they are individually larger than when they fall more slowly, amounting actually to double when the difference is as great as that above stated. The Lady Bountiful and Mrs. Nurse need not be troubled with a scientific explanation of this fact—how it depends on the time which the gravitation of the drop has to overcome the adhesion between the oil and ivory ball; but they were very much concerned in knowing that when they administered medicine 'as the fore,' in so many drops per dose, the quantity will vary according to the interval of time between the drops. If they hurry, by dropping too much, they may administer 30 drops to baby instead of 20, and then—we draw a veil over the consequences. Even medical practitioners themselves are cautioned. 'A pharmacist who administers 100 drops of a liquid at the rate of three drops per second, may give half as much again as one who measures the succession at the rate of one drop in two seconds.' Another caution to the dispensers of drops. Look to the size of the neck and lips of the phial containing medicines; if the vessel is thick and rounded at the spot from

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which the drops are made to fall, rely upon it, that the drops themselves will be individually larger than when a thin lipped phial is used. Professor Guthrie has ascertained this, and he shows how it depends on the adhesion of liquids to solids, as well as upon the cohesion among the particles of liquids themselves.

THE HAIR AND SCALP.

Though medical writers, in the part of their several works that relates to the nursery, are explicit enough with regard to the general physical management of the children, it is remarkable that so little is said in regard to the course of treatment proper for the hair and scalp. Now, this reticence cannot be the result of indifference to the state of the hair, nor to the operation of physiology laws with which every medical student is familiar. We can assign no more satisfactory reason for the fact above stated than this: The popular impression that the scalp is exempt from the operation of those laws of cleanliness which everybody admits affect all the rest of the body surface, is entertained also by the learned; or else the latter believe that they have but a choice of evils—the least being to let the scalp alone, while the greater would be to keep that surface thoroughly clean at the expense of constant trouble to the hair. So that old bad custom of harsh combing and brushing, and the copious use of oil and grease, still constitute the practice of mothers and nurses, and with the permission and implied approbation of the family physician. How many of the cases of serious disease of the scalp, in infancy and childhood, are directly or indirectly, the result of this objectionable

treatment, it would be impossible to decide; but from the marvellous delicacy of the integuments of that tender age, and the susceptibility of the constitution, ere its habits have become fixed, and its processes part of a settled routine, we cannot but infer that diseases of the scalp must often have been produced in this manner, and that, in a vast number of other instances, the disorder must have been terribly aggravated by the same malign influences. Does any sensible person, once fully satisfied of the infinite delicacy of the cuticle on the head of a child, imagine that so tender a surface may, with impunity be daily raked and harrowed with fine toothed combs and stiff-bristled brushes, and also inflamed and irritated with violent frictions and stimulating applications? No, every touch, affecting so delicate a texture, should be soft and soothing; every application as mild as possible.

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CHILDREN'S FOOD.

To this fact the attention of parents and guardians should seriously be given, that by it they may learn to avoid the petty tyranny and folly of insisting on children eating food for which they manifest repugnance. It is too common to treat the child's repugnance as mere caprice—to condemn it as "stuff and nonsense," when he refuses to eat fat, or eggs, or certain vegetables, and "wholesome" puddings. Now, even a caprice in such matters should not be altogether slighted, especially when it takes the form of refusal, because caprice is probably nothing less than the expression of a particular and temporary state of his organism, which we should do wrong to disregard. And wherever a refusal is constant it indicates a positive unfitness in the food. Only gross ignorance of physiology, an ignorance unhappily too widely spread, can argue that because a certain article is wholesome to many, it must necessarily be wholesome to all. Each individual organism is specifically different from every other. However much it may resemble others, it necessarily in some points differs from them; and the amount of these differences is often considerable. If the same wave of air striking upon the tympanum of

two different men will produce sounds to the one which to the other are inappreciable—if the same wave of light will affect the vision of one man, as that of red color, while to the vision of another it is no light at all—how unreasonable it is to expect that the same substance will bear precisely the same relation to the alimentary canal of one man as to that of another.

The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

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THE VALUE OF COARSE FOODS

I first used *Herbageum* for my entire and working horses, and found it very beneficial. It picks up a horse rapidly that is run down or is off his feed.

I weaned a colt four months old, and as it was rather thin I commenced feeding it skim milk with *Herbageum*, and have had unusually good results with it. In less than two weeks a good growth was started, and from that on there was a steady gain in flesh. In the spring I fed sour whey with bran and *Herbageum*, and to day the colt is a very fine one for his age.

My next test was with fat cattle that were not doing well. They were getting straw once a day, and about every ten to twelve days they would get off their feed, and for a couple of days would refuse food. After I began with *Herbageum* they never refused their feed, and I was able to give straw twice daily, which was eaten clean. I find that straw and other coarse foods will be eaten clean in large quantities when *Herbageum* is fed, thus saving hay and grain.

After this, I decided to try it on my milk cows, and found it satisfactory. I had no

means of testing for improved quality, but as milk was paid for at the creamery by test, I found at the end of the season that I received between five and six cents per 100 lbs. more than a neighbor, whose cows appeared as good as mine, if not better, and I think that the gain in returns made the *Herbageum* profitable.

Your directions say to give a smaller feed ration when *Herbageum* is used, but my experience is that for working horses there should be no reduction in the regular ration, unless they have been over-fed and cannot assimilate the heavy feed. And with cattle there should be fed all they can assimilate, and with *Herbageum* more straw and coarse foods as well as hay and grain can be assimilated.

With a ration of grain and coarse food one tablespoonful of *Herbageum* daily is sufficient. When there is no grain only coarse feed given, a tablespoonful twice daily will be required to secure the best results.

D. A. McFARLANE,

Trout River, Huntingdon P. O., Que.
July 15th, 1896.

TRAINING THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The training of a sheep dog is a matter of importance to the shepherd. Begin training in the most cautious, natural way at two months old, or as soon as the puppy is able to follow you among the sheep. If he comes of good stock he will take naturally to sheep, as a duck does to water, and will be very quick to interpret your wish and ambitious to execute it. Your main trouble will be to restrain and teach him moderation. Like all puppy-kind, he will be impetuous and inclined to hurry and worry the sheep too much. Deal gently with him. Don't whip him or show your displeasure by dramatic tantrums, yells and threats.

If of the right sort the young dog will catch your meaning with a word, motion of the hand or head, and even the expression of your face. The young collie is intelligent, tractable, and impressionable to a wonderful degree, and anxious to please beyond any other animal. Common sense, patience, and moderation on the part of the shepherd will

BEYOND THEIR POWERS.**Work That Can Only Be Done By
Diamond Dyes.**

According to instructions issued by makers of crude and soap grease dyes they advise as follows, "Very large or heavy articles, such as tweed cloth, etc., should only be dyed by expert dyers."

It is really refreshing to occasionally find modesty and honesty going hand in hand as far as poor, weak dyes are concerned. Package dyes and other prepared dyes intended for home work that the ordinary housewife cannot use for dyeing a husband's overcoat or suit are not worth using for the coloring of the lightest fabrics or materials. Just think of it; tweeds and cloths and heavy goods must go to professional or expert dyers because they cannot be dyed with the common imitation or soap grease dyes!

When the Diamond Dyes are used for home dyeing, tweed and cloth overcoats and men's and boys' suits can be dyed easily and perfectly if the directions on the envelope are followed. Diamond Dyes have the necessary penetrating power to dye the very heaviest materials, and to do the work well. Any person, man or woman, can dye any material, light or heavy, perfectly with the Diamond Dyes.

Moral: Use Diamond Dyes for all home dyeing work; they are the most penetrating, strongest, purest, and give the best results.

soon make his charge a valuable shepherd dog.

Especially do not allow different persons to be mixed up in his training. Do that yourself, and the little fellow will soon come to understand you and your flock. Good blood in the puppy and good sense in his management are the main things to consider.

Miraculously Saved.**A Young Man Rescued
From Disease and Death****By Paine's Celery Compound.****A Poisoned System Completely
Renewed.**

The following case needs but few introductory remarks. Mr. M. D. Arthur, of Chelmsford, Ont., was in terrible agony from blood poisoning; his whole system was run down; he was weak, yes, very nigh unto death. The doctors were defeated in their efforts to get rid of the poison, and hope had almost fled.

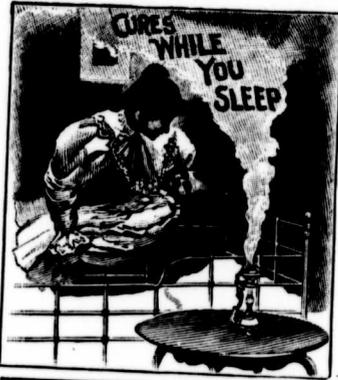
The young man's aunt providentially came to his aid at his most critical period, and urged the use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's cleanser and healer. The medicine was used and a glorious victory over death was the result.

Mr. Arthur, the cured man, writes as follows:

"With great pleasure I write about your wondrous medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, I was laid up with scars all over my face and neck, the result of blood poisoning. While in that condition I could not sleep at night, I had no appetite, and could not attend to my work. I tested the skill of all the doctors in the district and used their medicines, but was not benefited.

"I think I was miraculously saved at last. My aunt came here from Campbellford and brought with her some Paine's Celery Compound, which she was then using to advantage. She advised me to use the medicine, and I did so to please her. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to resume work again.

"I cannot say sufficient in praise of the great healing medicine. I would not be without it if I were obliged to pay ten dollars a bottle for it."



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WHAT THE HEART IS.

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

H. Shorey & Co., Montreal, give in one of their advertisements a very amusing description of the longest war on record. They say that: "The longest war on record is that waged between a boy and his clothes, and the result is generally in favor of the boy! He is a bundle of aggressive activity, is the boy. He sails in to knock out that new suit on sight. He kneels down anywhere and everywhere to work his knees through his pants, squirms all over whatever he sits on to wear out the seat; pokes his elbows through his sleeves, twists off his buttons, and does contortion acts to burst his seams. He usually succeeds all too well, and though his mother may declare she can't and won't buy him a new suit, his disreputable appearance soon forces her to do it, and another victim is furnished him to operate on. Energy and activity are hard to beat but passive resistance if strong enough can do it every time. H. Shorey & Company, of Montreal, guarantee all of their boy's clothing to be made of material that is thoroughly sponged and shrunk, to be sewn with the best of thread, and perfect in make in all respects. Feel in the pocket of any boy's suit you intend to buy and see that you find therein H. Shorey & Co.'s guarantee card, if so, buy that suit, and tell your boy to go ahead and enjoy himself.

MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1897.

TO THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION,
180 St. James St., Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—On behalf of the widow of the late J. F. C. Blondin, who was insured in your Company for \$3,000, I wish to express my thanks for the very prompt and satisfactory payment of the claim the papers for which were only in your hands a few days, when you might have taken advantage of the 60 days allowed for payment, which you did not do. I will certainly recommend your Association to all whom I may meet desiring insurance.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) JOS. F. BRUYERE, PIRE.
Vicar of St. Charles of Montreal.

TORONTO, May 4th, 1897.

The Colonial Mutual Life Association, Montreal, P. Q.

DEAR SIRS—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the prompt payment in full of Policy No. 317, on the life of my late brother by The Colonial Mutual Life Association, which policy has been assigned to me.

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(Signed,) JOHN A. CUMMINGS.

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THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man often succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability fail. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation, written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men equal in all other respects the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the best chance of making his way in the world.

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HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1897.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

Gilbert White tells us of an old hunting mare which ran on the common, and which, being taken ill, came down into the village, as it were, to implore the help of man, and died the following night in the streets. A writer relates of a hen which had hatched several broods of ducklings, that from experience she lost all the anxiety usually borne by these foster mothers by the indomitable perseverance with which the young palmipedes take to the water as soon as they are born, and quietly led them to the brink of the pond, calmly watching them as they floated on the surface, or dusting herself on the sunny bank

to wait unconcernedly their return. Duges saw a spider which had seized a bee by the back, and effectually prevented it from taking flight; but the legs being at liberty, it dragged the spider along, which presently suspended it by a thread from its web, leaving it to dangle in the air till it was dead, and then it was drawn up and devoured. An individual living in the square at St. Mark's, Venice, has been in the habit of scattering grain every day at two o'clock, previous to which hour the birds assemble in one place on the cathedral; and as the clock strikes they take wing and hover round his window in small circles, till he appears and distributes a few handfuls of food. This, at all events, indicates the faculty of noting time, and may be placed on a parallel with the story of the dog who went to church regularly every Sunday at the proper hour to meet his master. Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an orang outang which, having had some medicine administered in an egg, could never be induced to take one afterwards. Le Vailant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy but would not be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. A dog had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, and ever after fled wherever it accidentally smelt the drug, and was so susceptible that it was used in some physiological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion—a severe test of the dog's sense of smell and capability of profiting by experience. Strend, of Sprague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog having great antipathy to the sound of a violin, always sought to get the bow and conceal it. Plutarch tells of an artful mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream, and finding its load thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the expedient afterwards, and whenever it crossed a stream slipped souse into the water with its panniers, and to cure it of the trick the panniers were filled with sponge, under which, when fully saturated, it could hardly stagger.

CIRCULATION OF
HOME AND YOUTH
MAGAZINE

DOMINION OF CANADA: }
Province of Quebec. } In the Matter of Cir-
District of Montreal. } culation of Magazine
TO WIT } "Home and Youth."

I, WATSON GRIFFIN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the said Province, formerly publisher of the monthly magazine "Our Home," now known as "Home and Youth," having sold the said "Our Home" or "Home and Youth" to Mr. C. H. Mortimer, of Toronto, on the 25th of May, 1897,

DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE, That during the ten months preceding said sale one hundred thousand copies of the said "Our Home" were printed and circulated, that the smallest number of copies printed and circulated during any one month of that period was eight thousand copies, and that the largest number printed and circulated during any one month of that period was twelve thousand copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act," 1893.

Declared before me at the }
City of Montreal, in the Dis- }
trict of Montreal, this twenty-sixth day of June, A.D., }
1897. } WATSON GRIFFIN
R. A. DUNTON, } [L. S.]
Notary Public,
Commissioner, etc. }

What will we Do with Our Boys?

It is upon them the future of the Country Depends.



It is a well known saying that "the boy is father to the man" and really, the average boy has more of the man in him than most people give him credit for. Almost any boy can be made vicious by continually telling him he is the worst boy in town. Put the ordinary boy in a stylish, well made suit of clothes and make him think he amounts to something and he'll rise to the occasion and show the man in him. Put him in a shoddy, ill-fitting suit that will rip, ravel and bag at the knees and shrink to half its size at the first wetting and he'll be just about the style of chap to go well with such a suit.

There is no reason why any boy should wear poorly made clothes, because the very best clothing can now be had ready-made at marvelously low prices. Messrs. H. SHOREY & CO., of Montreal, have a reputation for Boys', Youths', Childrens' and Young Mens' ready-made clothing.

These goods are all sewn with linen thread, the cloth is thoroughly sponged and shrunk and the workmanship fully guaranteed. In the pocket of every garment of Shorey's clothing is a little ticket guaranteeing it. If you insist on seeing this ticket before buying you can be sure of getting Shorey's make, as they are the only House who venture to guarantee their workmanship in this manner.