

## THE WRONG WOMAN

I.

I am quite a young girl, and a lady-librarian by profession.

While travelling to various country houses, I have met with many strange adventures, though indexing dusty old libraries sounds dry as dust to the casual ear.

Being one of a large family, I revel in the relaxation of work, by which I escape "the trivial round, the common task," though often I pine for riches, ease, and chiffons.

One bright sunny morning I met an old friend of my father's—Mr. Jessop—who often recommends me to book-collecting friends.

"My dear," he said, "I've a little job for you, if you like to take it on."

My eyes glistened, for at the moment I was "out of work."

"I have mentioned you to a delightful old lady," he continued, "living in a beautiful country house. She is anxious to have her splendid library catalogued by a professional. I warn you she is eccentric, but in a very nice way—so good and kind to everybody, and especially fond of girls."

I thanked him heartily, declaring I loved eccentric people.

"Then I will ask her to write to you," he said.

Sure enough, a few days later I received a request to visit Stanley House. But the letter brought with it a sense of disappointment, for Mrs. Shepperton informed me she was going for a short tour abroad, so I should not see her.

"I have a very nice housekeeper," she wrote, "who will look after your comfort. I hope you will make yourself quite at home. The carriage shall meet you at the station."

On my arrival I was greeted by a pleasurable surprise. A lady in purple velvet, with a beautiful lace mantilla swathing in her white hair, came across the hall to greet me.

She had quaint side curls, and a benign expression. One or two exquisite jewels glittered in her laces.

"My dear," she said, drawing me to the fire, "I never expected to have the pleasure of seeing you, but I have had great trouble with my servants the last day or two. My housekeeper, upon whom I absolutely rely, has been called away to the bedside of a dying friend; and, owing to an unfortunate disagreement amongst the domestics, I find myself very short-handed. I have therefore put off my visit abroad until tomorrow, when my housekeeper returns. I felt it was not quite safe to leave this establishment with no one to keep order."

I tried to be very sympathetic, for the old lady attracted me.

She looked at me very admiringly, now and then dropping a compliment that sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

She told me I talked well, declaring it was a pity I had not seen more of the world. I said that I was one of a large family, and therefore unable to travel. She drew from me many of my hopes and aspirations.

"We will have our coffee," she said, "in the Venetian chamber. You are sure to lose your way at first in this house, it is so queerly built. There are strange passages in the walls, which would lend themselves very conveniently to burglars. They are well supplied with small doors in the panels of the rooms. See," she said, drawing a curtain aside as we entered the Venetian chamber, "here is a little door you would hardly observe, even were the curtain absent. The passage behind runs the whole length of the house. It is dark and dusty, and I should not advise you to enter on a voyage of discovery."

"It certainly looks very ghostly," I said, as we sat on a low sofa, comfortably sipping our coffee.

The old lady's eyes rested upon me benignly.

"I feel so happy to-night," she murmured. "You have made me realize how lonely my life is."

She took my hand and stroked it softly. I half expected to hear her purr. Then came one of the most startling moments of my life.

Mrs. Shepperton, whom that very day I had seen only for the first time, made an amazing proposition. She told me I reminded her very forcibly of a daughter she had lost long years ago. She expressed an intense desire for my company, and begged me to go abroad with her on the following morning.

"It won't be for very long," she declared soothingly. "And I will buy you some lovely Parisian clothes if your wardrobe is insufficient. I will write to your mother tomorrow, and explain what I have done. I am sure she could not possibly mind, especially as we were introduced by a mutual friend."

Somehow I still felt under a spell, and the delightful suggestion proved too tempting. I have always been impressionable and somewhat hot-headed, I fear. Assuring myself that my family could have no objection, I joyfully consented to accompany Mrs. Shepperton on her pleasure trip.

As we talked over the many delights of foreign travel, I suddenly started forward, grasping her elbow.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked.

"I saw a figure," I gasped, "hiding in that curtain opposite. I could have declared the form of a man stood behind the velvet. The outline of his shoulder showed quite distinctly."

Mrs. Shepperton started up, trembling.

"It must have been your fancy," she cried, begging me to look behind the curtain; but, of course, this was useless. Had anyone been there, he would have retired through the panel door into the long, dark passage beyond.

I tried to forget what I had seen, telling myself it was only imagination; but the memory haunted me as I went up to bed.

"Never mind," I thought. "Tomorrow you will be far away from this lonely building."

I dreamt of the pleasures of wealth, and of the many luxuries I was about to enjoy.

II.

The following morning Mrs. Shepperton appeared somewhat depressed at breakfast.

"I want you, if you will, my dear," she said, in her soft, cooing voice, "to do an errand for me on the way to the station. I shall drive in a closed carriage, but you must go round by the town in the victoria, which will be at the door in a few minutes. I need a little spare money for our travelling expenses. Please go to the bank and change this cheque for £100, which you must bring me in notes."

I took the cheque, and drove away cheerfully, glad to feel I could do her a service.

The drive was a very hilly one, and a little town nestled at the foot of a steep descent. As the carriage proceeded at a slow pace, a well-dressed man sprang forward, apparently from the hedges, and took off his hat to me.

I felt myself turning very red, for I hardly knew what to do, since he was a total stranger. Before I had time to think, he jumped into the carriage, and seated himself beside me. I nervously grasped the precious cheque close in my hand.

"What do you want?" I asked sternly, quivering with indignation at his impertinent action.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but I want that cheque for £100 which you are going to cash at the bank."

"You may want it," I said, convinced this was a case of highway robbery, "but you won't get it."

"Don't be alarmed," he answered, reading my thoughts. "After all, you are quite right not to give it up. I suppose you are unaware you are being made the victim of a very cruel trick? I saw you arrive yesterday, and judged by your looks you were not an accomplice, though the accomplices are many of the Mrs. Shepperton, you know. One has played her false, and a very large scheme is about to end in failure."

"The old lady who received you so affectionately last evening, and tempted you to accept her invitation of foreign travel, was, strange to relate, the housekeeper, who should have received you, according to Mrs. Shepperton's orders. This intriguing woman has effected a most startling disguise, not only annexing her mistress' clothes, but making her appearance absolutely similar. Having cleared the house of every honest servant, she had arranged to leave England under Mrs. Shepperton's name, taking with her a large quantity of jewelry and a plate of immense value."

"Should suspicion have fallen upon her, you were to have been the scapegoat. For that reason she sent you to change the cheque this morning, which, of course, has been forged, with many others lately paid. I was hiding in the house last night, and heard your conversation in the Venetian chamber. Had you gone away with her, it is terrible to think of the position in which you might have been placed."

As I listened to his words, my blood froze in my veins.

"How can I know whether you are telling me the truth?" I asked, still suspicious of the stranger.

"You cannot tell," he replied, "until you are given proofs. We are going to drive to the police station, where you will find the real Mrs. Shepperton, who has been recalled to the neighborhood, and warned of the intrigue."

I began to tremble violently, but still kept fast hold of the cheque, determined to give it to no one but the real Mrs. Shepperton herself.

"I don't wonder you believed in that evil woman," continued the stranger. "She has completely deceived her confiding old mistress. Presently, when we bring them face to face with each other, on the railway station, there will be little or no doubt left in Mrs. Shepperton's mind."

I could hardly bear the suspense till the carriage drew up in front of the police station, and I followed the tall man through the gateway.

In a little room I espied a pale, trembling figure. An old lady in costly array, with exquisite furs and dainty laces, eyed me curiously as I entered. For a moment I stared at her open-mouthed—the white side curls, the arched eyebrows, were all so like the Mrs. Shepperton with whom I had conversed not an hour ago.

Until I had arrived, she had still hoped there might be some mistake; but my amazement at seeing her proved the truth of the detective's story.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she asked. "Perhaps you have seen somebody like me?"

She placed her shaking hand on my arm, and I noticed a tear rolling down her withered cheek. I spread out the cheque on the table before her, and she peered at it curiously through her glasses. In a few words as possible I explained what had occurred.

"Then it is true," she gasped, in a broken voice. "And I would have trusted her with my life!"

She staggered to the door.

"We have to go to the railway station," she said. "It will be a very awful moment indeed."

I turned to the inspector pleadingly.

"May Mrs. Shepperton not return to Stanley House without seeing that wicked woman again?" I begged.

"Surely you and your men can arrest this impostor without giving this poor lady the pain of an encounter?"

She threw me a grateful glance as I made the suggestion.

"Of course, if Mrs. Shepperton prefers it," said the inspector, somewhat aggrieved that she should wish to forgo the excitement of catching the thief red-handed.

"I am very grateful to you," said the tremulous old voice, as, seizing her replete, we were drawn slowly back up the long, steep hill. "I feel you have had a great disappointment; but, remember, at the same time you have been mercifully delivered from very grave things."

I bowed my head at the solemn words. My heart was too full at that moment to speak.

A restful sensation came over me as we turned in at the old stone gateway. It was to be duty, not pleasure, and I began to think perhaps duty was the better after all.—London Answers.

## FINEST OF ROYAL SCEPTERS.

Description of King Edward's Priceless Jewels.

The Royal scepter of England, surmounted by the orb and cross, is one of the most splendid objects of the regalia and one of the most beautiful pieces of rocco jewelry now existing in the world. It was made for the coronation of Charles II. by Sir Robert Vyner, the royal goldsmith.

The scepter is of gold, two feet nine inches long, richly jeweled at either end and banded with enameled and jeweled bands. At the top is the orb and cross, surmounting a crown-like ornament. Originally a fleur-de-lis supported the orb and crown, but this has been altered since Sir R. Vyner's time.

The cross patee at the top is thickly incrustated with diamonds, the central one on either side being an exceptionally large stone. The cross rises upon the orb, which is one great faceted amethyst.

Round the orb is a jeweled band of diamonds and rubies; over it runs the band on which the cross rests, and it is supported by four upright bars set with magnificent emeralds and sapphires.

The orb and crown thus glittering with precious jewels rest upon the arches of the crown-like ornament already mentioned, and this is also studded with splendid rubies and sapphires and decorated with enameled ornaments. The shaft of the scepter is spiral above and vertically banded below, and round the shaft are rings of blue enamel set with diamonds.

The handle is a most exquisite piece of goldsmith's work of white enamel set with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, and the butt of the scepter is composed of a ball with a knob, the ball being banded at its junction with the handle with another wonderful ornament of enamel set with great rubies and emeralds.

## MISSIONARY'S SKULL.

The last Australian mail brings an interview with the Rev. A. E. Hunt, a New Guinea missionary, who had just arrived in Sydney, says the London Globe. He brought with him the skull of the late Rev. John Chalmers, who, it will be remembered, was killed and eaten by Papuan cannibals. From inquiries he made on the spot, Mr. Hunt thinks that Mr. Chalmers and his companion, the Rev. Mr. Oliver Tompkins, met their horrible fate through arriving at a village where, in consequence of the erection of some sacred building, a tribal cannibal feast was in contemplation. The despatch box of the veteran missionary was found to contain his diary, written up to the eve of the massacre, and his will.

## REFLEX FATIGUE.

Sidney—"I'm terribly tired of life."

Rodney—"You have never had to work."

Sidney—"I know; but I'm so delicately constituted that it exhausts my vitality to see other people work."

## HOW TO GET A WHEEL.

You should not be without a bicycle to-day. The cost of one is very easy. Write to Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited, 34 King St., West, and ask about June prices for "Cleveland," "Massey-Harris," "Brantford," and "Perfect" bicycles.

## IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

WHILE AWAITING THE DOCTOR'S COMING.

Geo. F. Shradly, the Celebrated Surgeon, Gives Some Valuable Hints.

In the case of an ordinary accident what is the most effective aid which can be rendered by an ordinary person with ordinary appliances?

The question cannot be too often repeated. The judgment of non-professional persons in such matters is likely to be unscientific, and popular advice is more or less misleading.

In the army and navy and on our railroads men are regularly educated to make the best in emergencies of the appliances at hand.

With our railroads and car lines and the machinery so plentiful everywhere, accidents of one sort or another are common. The most alarming cases to the laymen in such matters—certainly those which arouse most concern—are those causing a flow of blood. The sight of blood is of itself ghastly, and the flow, if profuse, is likely to cause death in a few minutes. Mishaps which cause loss of blood are more likely to occur than any other class of accident.

The general advice for such emergencies to stop the bleeding is familiar. There are two ways of checking the flow of blood—by direct pressure of finger or thumb on the open vein or artery or by means of a pad and a firm bandage over the entire wound. The treatment depends upon the location of the injury and its seriousness. In bandaging a limb the pressure should, of course, be applied at a point between the heart and the wound. The simplest plan is usually to place a snugly applied bandage between the points.

If the wound, for example, be in the hand, the constriction should be applied at the wrist or somewhere around the arm above the elbow. The philosophy of such treatment is very simple. The heart pumps the blood and the pressure merely shuts off the current.

A FAINING PERSON.

To restore a fainting person first lay the body in an easy position on the back and loosen all the clothing about the neck, chest and waist. Give him plenty of air and keep him as quiet as possible. The practice of dashing cold water in the face is an excellent one, as it tends to excite respiration. The same effect is sometimes produced by gently slapping the front of the chest, or by applying smelling salts to the nose. If more treatment is required the physician is the only person who can safely apply it.

A similar treatment should be followed in the case of one suffering from a fit. It is a mistake to chafe the hands of the unconscious victim. The custom of forcing salt down an epileptic's throat is a mistaken kindness. The best thing to do is to make him as easy and comfortable as possible and leave him to work out his fit alone. An epileptic, notwithstanding his apparent suffering, is always unconscious during the attack. The natural sleep which follows is the best possible restorative.

The best treatment for a dog bite is to control the circulation in the affected part. It is quite safe, for example, to suck the wound if it be done immediately. The more freely the wound bleeds, if there be any poison in it, the better. The Indians, when bitten by snakes, it will be remembered, plunge the affected part in running water to make it bleed as freely as possible.

The wound should be cauterized, but until this can be done by an expert hand it is well to make every effort to cleanse it.

The bite of a rattlesnake, which is the most venomous we are likely to receive in this latitude, should be treated in a similar way. First get rid of the poison if possible. It is well to place a ligature about the arm or leg, above the bite, until the latter can be cauterized.

## THE STINGS OF BEES.

hornets and similar insects are scarcely serious enough to call for more than passing attention. At worst the pain is likely to pass off in a few minutes. The old-fashioned plan of applying a poultice of mud to the wound is evidently based on the indications to exclude air and cool the part. A light wash of ammonia or soda will give almost immediate relief. The reason for this appears to be due to the fact that the cause of the pain and swelling is an acid injected by the insect when it bites. It is claimed by some authorities that this poison has the property of dissolving the blood in the wound and thus making it easier for the insect to imbibe it. By other scientific observers it is claimed that the poison paralyzes the coats of the smaller vessels and produces a local congestion favorable to a fuller meal than under ordinary conditions. In the case of the mosquito bite, which has been studied with much care of late, there is evidently a combination of these phenomena. In the case of a series of stings it is well, after local applications have been made, to give stimulants and keep the patient as quiet as possible until the shock has passed off.

An immense amount of whiskey has been consumed with the excuse of curing bites or stings. In the great majority of cases of snake bites in our northern latitudes the patients would get along quite as well, perhaps better, without the stimulant.

Whiskey, however, is excellent as a stimulant when the shock from the snake poison is overwhelming and attended with severe prostration. The bite of certain tropical snakes, for example, produces such a shock that death is likely to follow before the body regains its normal condition. It is well to bear in mind that generally a small dose of whiskey, at regular intervals, is more effective than large single doses.

## FOR HEAT PROSTRATION.

Heat exhaustion is a comparatively common accident which everyone should be able to deal with effectively. The first thing to do is, to get the victim of a sun-stroke out of the sun. The coolest and most quiet place should be selected. Next try to relieve the heat of the surface, which is very great in such victims. The perspiration is checked and the temperature is very high.

The patient should always lie on his back and in the most comfortable position possible. Cold water should be thrown on the head and chest, and, if possible, cracked ice placed on the head. A teaspoonful of whiskey should also be administered at intervals, care being taken not to give too much. There is nothing more that can be done with safety to the sufferer until the physician arrives. It must be borne in mind that a high degree of humidity is a leading contributory cause of sunstroke, and extra precautions should be taken against accidents under the circumstances. When a person who is either working in the sun or indoors becomes dizzy, faint, nauseated or suddenly feverish from lack of perspiration he should rest at once, have cool applications to the head and chest and be as free as possible from all nervous excitement. Often this simple and timely treatment may prevent a more serious seizure, as the latter may come quite suddenly and without further warning.

## A TIGER SHOW IN INDIA.

The Animal is Carried From Town to Town.

A sketch made on the streets of a town in the province of Bengal, India, shows a method somewhat unusual, even in that country, by which a tiger may be put on public exhibition. Instead of being confined in a zoo or menagerie, where the people are required to visit him and pay a regular price of admission, the tiger is carried around in the towns, where everybody can see him and pay or not, as they please. The native owner collects the small coin that people choose to pay, while his assistant attends to the team. This tiger was captured when a cub, and when he was half grown or more a strap of heavy leather was fastened around his neck and another around his flanks. For greater security these straps are connected by a lighter one—running along the animal's back. Firmly attached to the neck strap, or yoke, are two stout iron chains, fastened to the opposite ends of the platform-frame. Straps could not safely take the place of these front chains, for the tiger's sharp teeth would soon gnaw through the leather and set him at liberty. To the hinder strap, or belt, are fastened two straps, each firmly looped to the platform frame. Thus the powerful beast is firmly held captive, and at the same time is left sufficiently free in his motions to

## STAND OR CROUCH.

The platform is framed on two long stout bamboo poles, which serve also as shafts for the small Indian ox which drags the cart. An ox not thoroughly trained would be in mortal terror of his load. The platform is mounted on two rough, heavy cart wheels such as are used in India, and the outfit is complete.

We can imagine the timid curiosity with which the women, and especially the children in the streets of a town, or along the country road, would gaze at their strange visitor. They have heard may a story of the slaying of human beings by the dreaded "man-eater" of the jungle, and perhaps one of their own number has fallen a victim. The man-eater is usually an older tiger, whose strength is falling and whose teeth have partly lost their sharpness. Such a beast finds it easier to lurk in the vicinity of settlements and to pick up an occasional man, woman or child, than to run down wild cattle.

The largest, fiercest and most brightly colored tigers are found in the province of Bengal, near the mouth of the Ganges river, and not far from Calcutta. A full-grown Bengal tiger sometimes measures ten feet from nose to tip of tail. Such a monster makes no more account of springing upon a man than a cat does of seizing a mouse. He surpasses the lion in strength and ferocity, and has no rival among beasts of prey except the grizzly bear and the recently discovered giant bear of Alaska.

## PROOF OF A REAL LADY.

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily) "Your mother ain't no lady."

Little Miss Freckles: "Why ain't she?"

Little Miss Muggs: "I've seen her pouring hot water from the kettle into a big pan, and she had an apron on, too. She's no lady."

Little Miss Freckles: "I'd rather eat off dirt plates than wash 'em herself. S there!"