

## THE RETURN

Mrs. Carrington paced the length of the verandah and back again half a dozen times, sat down for a restless moment, then rose and began taking short turns up and down in front of the short flight of steps that led down to a widening path of gravel.

Every now and then she paused, with a hand on one of the polished railings, to peer anxiously—perhaps a trifle eagerly—through the thick-laced tree branches shadowing the lawn. Her hair, a heap of shredded copper, tumbled picturesquely over the smooth white forehead just relieving it of a sternness begotten by the deeply grave eyes beneath.

A half hour passed and the sound of a familiar footstep brought the blood in a rush of scarlet to the woman's face; in an instant it had receded leaving her almost as pale as the Le Marquis rose at her throat.

Etheridge fastened the gate carefully behind him and came rapidly up the walk flicking the flowers on either side with a nervous cane.

Mrs. Carrington extended both hands at once. "Tom!" she said, her voice subdued that he might not catch its trembling. "I'm half afraid," she continued clinging to him with cold, shaking fingers.

Etheridge stooped and touched her face lightly with his lips. "With me?" he asked.

The element of reproach in his questioned forced back her self-control.

"Of course not, dear. I was foolish, a trifle hysterical—that's all."

"We haven't any too much time. Nona," he reminded, pulling out his watch, and glancing apprehensively at the minute hand; "a half hour at the outside."

She whitened and caught her breath at his words, but collected herself immediately and left him for a moment, returned cloaked and hatted for the journey. "We'd better take this side street," she suggested as they left the house; "he usually comes the other way."

Dusk was falling rapidly, so that they were not likely to be recognized as they walked on with swift, nervous footsteps, past all the familiar landmarks, and down the wide clay road that led to where the team was waiting.

Few words were exchanged. Once Etheridge glanced furtively into the woman's eyes and averted profile, a shock running through him at its bitterness and pallor.

"Wait for me just a moment," she said with quivering lips. "I want to go—there for the last time, Tom!" Her eyes, strained with dry misery, looked toward the gleaming shafts pointing skyward in the distance.

Etheridge released her mechanically, turning away to hide a gathering frown.

Mrs. Carrington lifted her skirts in one hand and sped swiftly across the long, sun-rusted grass, through a small revolving gate, and on down to the tiny violet-bloomed grave, with its simple cross of white marble.

Within ten feet of the grave she paused, the sound of a man's voice and that of a woman breaking sharply on her ears. To the left was a wire bench, screened from observation by a dense clump of shrubbery. She sat down, out of breath, instinctively drawing the dark veil closer about her face.

"There's hardly any need of discussing it further," the man was saying in a low, determined tone. Mrs. Carrington's teeth sank into her lip until the blood started as she recognized, distinctly, her husband's voice. And the woman—who was she? A fierce pang shot through her—the bitterest she had ever known. After all, then, she had been right; he had not only ceased to care for her—but there was another woman.

In a moment they came into view and both sat down on one of the benches. Mrs. Carrington shrank closer behind the sheltering shrubbery, observing, with a sign of utterable relief, that the woman was her husband's sister, who had brought him up from knickerbockers. "However," she insisted, "you must admit, John, that she has given you precious little attention since the boy died."

The man lifted his hand, enjoining silence.

"Now, I never was much of a believer in divorces, myself," she kept on, "but it appears to me that's about the only thing left for you now."

Carrington looked up quickly, a challenge in his eyes. "What do you mean by that, Esther?" "Mean?" she retorted, scornfully; "is it possible, John Carrington, that you are such a fool as not to know the talk that your wife's been making around town with that Etheridge person?"

The man's face flushed a slow red under its mask of bronze, and the eyes he turned to her were terrible in their sternness.

"That will do," he said, in a concentrated voice. After a bit he went on more calmly, a little sadly: "May-be it's the truth that she doesn't care for me any longer; I don't blame her for that, though. No man or woman, either, can govern these things; but, in God's name, Esther, don't tell me that a woman

like Winona could deliberately put a stain on her dead baby's memory."

The other gave a little short, sneering laugh. "Very well," she responded curtly, "I've warned you, that's all. When she has succeeded in dragging your name through the mire you'll remember that your sister tried to open your eyes in time."

Carrington rose and moved away toward the grave. "Leave me now," he said coldly, "and never attempt to re-open the subject. Your advice is well meant. I don't doubt that; but you have made a very serious mistake in following me here with tales; and let me tell you this much, whatever my wife does or has done, she is the stainless mother of my dead boy. I have sworn to be her protector, and I intend to keep my oath. Good-bye, Esther," he finished quietly.

A minute passed—five, then ten, and the man still knelt by the violet-bloomed mound.

Mrs. Carrington roused herself as from a dream; a strange dizziness blinded her and made her limbs powerless to move. After what seemed an eternity, she rose, shaking almost beyond her control as she moved noiselessly through the deep grass and stood on the opposite side of the grave.

The man stood up at the sharp crackling of a twig, and two faint points of color sprang in his white cheeks.

"Nona."

For an instant she stood erect, then tottered and flung herself on his bosom.

"Jack!" she cried with a little broken sob, "Jack—take me—take me home—with you!"

### THE GREAT POTATO LAND.

Germany Leads the World in Its Production.

The annual crop of potatoes in Germany is colossal, and far exceeds that of any other country in the world. Last year, for example, the area under potatoes was 8,907,465 acres.

The yield in Germany was 1,593,621,076 bushels. A very large part of the great northern plain of Germany is covered with potato fields.

Last year Germany raised 28.27 bushels of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the empire.

The Germans export comparatively few potatoes, and they cannot begin to eat what they produce. They have ways, however, of disposing of their potatoes that have not yet been adopted to any large extent in other countries.

Almost seven-eighths of the alcohol produced in Germany is obtained from potatoes. Potato distilleries are found on many of the large farms, and Germany has stimulated the industry by removing the internal revenue tax on alcohol of inferior grades, which may be used for fuel, but not for human consumption.

The Germans are now utilizing far more alcohol for illumination and for driving automobiles and some other forms of machinery than any other nation. They have no great petroleum fields, and they are trying to reduce the imports of kerosene by substituting alcohol.

Their inventors and scientific men have been giving great attention to this problem for several years, and many new and successful lamps and engines have been introduced for the consumption of alcohol as fuel. Last year Germany produced 92,965,940 gallons of alcohol, and the production is increasing every year.

Many factories also use potatoes in the manufacture of starch, glucose and other products. Still, by far the greater part of the potatoes raised in Germany are consumed as food, about half by the people and the remainder by domestic animals.

### RESTAURANTS ON WHEELS.

The Berlin streets are about to be supplied with perambulating restaurants of the size of furniture vans, fitted up with small tables. The prices will vary from 8 cents to 12 cents for a hot dinner, consisting of soup, meat, vegetables. These perambulating restaurants are intended for shop assistants and young clerks, who are only given a brief period for the mid-day meal. When the lunch-time is over, coffee and cake will be supplied, and in the evening hot sausages and cutlets. Through the night and in the early morning, hot soups will be available.

Aunt Susan: "Did the story you were just readin' in the newspaper end happily, Joshua?" Uncle Joshua (approvingly): "Yes; the beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease, an' it tells the name and price of the pills that dore the trick."

"Now, then!" cried her father angrily. "How is it I catch you kissing my daughter?" "I think, sir," replied the truthful youth, "it was because we didn't hear you coming!"

We need scarcely state that the following incident took place in the Western States:—Prosecuting Attorney: "Your honor, that bull-pup of yours has chewed up the court Bible." Magistrate: "Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn the court for a week to hunt up a new Bible."

"So you have decided to get another physician?" "I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The idea of his prescribing linseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"

## LONDON'S LOST PEOPLE

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS ARE MISSING IN A YEAR.

Total of Close on Seventy Thousand for the Past Two Years.

It might be supposed from the sensation created by the mysterious disappearance of Miss Hickman, the lady doctor of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn road, that such occurrences are rare in London, says the London Express. This is very far from the fact, though it is seldom that a lady of Miss Hickman's professional rank and attainments is missing, to say nothing of the wholly unaccountable manner in which she vanished on an August afternoon. Probably it would be found impossible to name a profession or occupation from which one or more members have not recently been mysteriously lost in London.

Scotland Yard furnishes astounding statistics which show that 34,000 persons were lost in London last year, and much the same number in the preceding year, making a total of close on seventy thousand for the new century. These figures are creditable, but they are within the mark. They relate only to cases reported to the police, and it is well known that relatives very often shrink from seeking police intervention in the fear that such measures might still further alienate their missing friends. Account must also be taken of hundreds of private enquiry agencies in London that make the quest of lost persons a main branch of their business. These agencies grow in number every year, and are understood to be profitable concerns.

Retired detectives frequently take up this vocation as a means of increasing the income derived from their pensions. That ubiquitous institution, the Salvation Army, whose usefulness cannot be gainsaid, is another ally of Scotland Yard in tracking human derelicts and run-aways. There is an international investigation department in White chapel under the direction of Col. Sturgess, who has little to learn in THE ART OF DETECTION.

The officer in charge of the "We Miss You" section had no fewer than two thousand cases in hand one day recently. He pointed to a cabinet full of correspondence under this head and to a basketful of letters on his desk. His correspondence had got into arrears while his energies were monopolized by the search for the lady doctor. He mentioned that people usually came to the Army in their extremity as a last resource. That was an unfair handicap. Like every proficient detective agency, the Army prefers an untrodden track, while yet the quarry had not been startled.

As the fugitives from home and the unwittingly lost are of all classes, so their reasons for disappearing are many and varied. It seems a trifle paradoxical to say that one of the commonest motives is the absence of motive; but this is so.

Thousands of men, women, and children literally drift from their domestic moorings like beings in a dream. Questioned by their rescuers, they generally confess themselves unable to tell why they went away or why they did not return of their own accord. This sort of aimless wandering has become an unconscious habit especially among the poorer classes in the East End, where there is often little enough to stay at home for.

But experts agree that most disappearances are premeditated and ingeniously planned to elude detection. Many clues that reach the police are anonymously furnished by missing persons to throw them off their track. This is Scotland Yard's chief source of annoyance, as no clue can be despised until it has been found useless.

### MARRIED MEN

are eternally on the run. Ninety per cent. of those "reported missing" should be "reported deserters" from wives and families. In the words of a detective: "Instead of killing the fatted calf when these prodigals return like bad pennies, it would be much more sensible to half-kill the prodigal. It would appal respectable citizens if an estimate could be made of the number of women struggling in London to bring up their families whose husbands have vanished from their ken for years, hoping to be considered dead."

It is an axiom that London is the best hiding place in the world. Though this might be challenged, it is nevertheless obvious that the metropolis, by simple reason of its vastness, offers many facilities for concealment. The distance from Bow to Hammersmith and from Woolwich to Hornsey is not represented by more miles. There is plenty of proof that people migrate from one place to another, assume new names, and begin new lives, sometimes better lives. Men have been known to return to their wives by a short journey on the underground railway, who have been lost for from five to fifteen years.

Occasionally such reunions are happy and succeeded by domestic prosperity; but oftener the penitent parent is requested to return to his place of concealment. Children who have grown up in the interval do not readily forgive these missing fathers. Those who leave their homes in de-

spair or to escape a skeleton in the cupboard usually find their quietus in the river which flows accessible to the suicidal impulse. During each year the Thames gives up several hundreds of dead, many of whom go to their graves unidentified.

### YOUNG GIRLS

often take offence at the parental interference in their love affairs, and leave their homes for the "sweet revenge" of knowing that the home circle will be saddened.

It goes without saying that poverty drives many to despair and disappearance; but persons of position have been known to conceive a fierce disgust of their supposed advantages.

An heir to a Scottish earldom disappeared for years, and was found working as a common sailor before the mast. Some years ago all England seemed to have joined in the hue and cry after a clergyman who was wanted by his friends. He was discovered at last dressed in a drover's smock, and living up to it.

Sorely pressed creditors have been known ere now to have deposited articles of their own clothing by the seashore, and to have decamped to America or Australia, leaving this country in the earnest hope that their numerous creditors would think that they had been drowned.

In a well-known case a man left his coat, boots, and trousers at the edge of a cliff, and disappeared for a long time. His supposed widow obtained a sum of money on an insurance policy on the presumption of her husband's death; but that gentleman himself was some years after met walking in Fleet street by a clerk of the insurance office that had paid the money, and was given over to the police.

Hawthorne pictures a man leaving his wife and family and, in a disguise that was never penetrated, going to live in the next street, and seeing his household every day.

## MANY RIP VAN WINKLES

PERSONS SLEEP FOR MONTHS AND YEARS.

But Awakening Generally Means Death—Recent Case In Paris.

Rip Van Winkle, created in fiction, has rivals in reality, for scattered over the world to-day are men, women, and children who have been sleeping for months and even years, and who have defied all the efforts of the greatest savants of the age to awake them from their slumbers.

Perhaps the most recent instance of a lengthy sleep comes from Paris, where the victim died last May after a nap which had lasted two years. In the latter week of April, 1901, Marguerite Boyenval of Thesseles, near St. Quentin, was engaged in the kitchen of her home, ironing some handkerchiefs, when a girl friend ran in and jokingly exclaimed: "Fly Marguerite, the gendarmes are coming to arrest you!" With a cry the girl fell to the ground in a cataleptic sleep, from which she awoke on May 26 last.

### BAFFLES PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Cherlier, an eminent French physician, tried every means to awaken the girl, but without success, and at last, abandoning his efforts in that direction, turned his attention to the best means of nourishing and sustaining the patient until she should awake of her own accord. The method adopted was to bathe the sleeper night and morning in thin gruel and milk, ejecting a little of the same fluid into the throat by means of a reed; the liquid thus absorbed by the pores of the skin being found sufficient to keep the heart beating and sustain life.

When the girl fell asleep in 1901 she was pretty, fair in complexion, and about 19 years of age, but as the months rolled on the flesh wasted away, the eyes, over which the lids were closely drawn became sunk in, while all the facial bones could be counted. The skin turned as white as marble, and when the flesh was cut by one of the surgeons the blood, instead of being red and flowing easily, was white and of the consistency of glycerin.

### DEATH FOLLOWS AWAKENING.

Doctors went from all parts of the continent to visit the slumberer, but among them all there was not one who could succeed in arousing her. During the last week in May of this year the sleeper, who was closely watched during every moment of her long slumber, was seen to move her right arm, then her head, and at last, slowly opening her eyes the young girl—now in appearance an old, old woman—looked wonderingly round the room.

The physicians present spoke to her, but, though she apparently had a desire to reply, no words came from her mouth. For twenty minutes the heart continued to beat, and the doctors were in high hopes of saving her life, when, raising herself by some extraordinary and momentary effort, she uttered a few unintelligible words and fell back dead.

### CASE OF A RUSSIAN.

Men and women who have slept for periods of six months and longer seldom live after their awakening. An exception to this, however, is found in the case of a Russian of the name of Piatkowska, who is reported to have slept for seven months in his home in a small village some twenty miles from Moscow. Piatkowska, who had served ten

years in the mines, was a man of 40, strong and wiry, though he had always been subject to periodical fits of slumber which had lasted for two and three days at a stretch.

In 1893, according to a Russian writer, he fell asleep while working in the fields, and was there found by his wife. She had him carried to their cabin and laid on the trestle bed, so that he might have his sleep out in comfort as he had done on many previous occasions. The next day and for several days he still slumbered, and when a week had gone by his wife became alarmed.

She managed to secure the services of a local doctor whose practice was among the peasantry, but though he tried his best to awaken the sleeper all his efforts were futile. The doctor visited the patient for five months, when his duties called him to St. Petersburg, and he was obliged to relinquish the case.

### LONG WITHOUT FOOD.

Another physician, however, undertook to watch the man, and two more months passed. No effort was made to feed the sleeper, and he did not appear to have lost flesh to any great extent.

In the spring of 1894 the man, who had been lying on his back, was found to have turned over on his left side, his left arm being tucked under his head. The doctor was quickly sent for, and after examining the patient he injected a powerful hypodermic, which took instant effect. The man opened his eyes, stretched his arms above his head, yawned, and attempted to get out of bed.

But his limbs were weak as an infant's, and he would have fallen had not the doctor pushed him back. He was carefully fed and nursed, and in a fortnight was sufficiently recovered to go about his work.

### DEATH SLEEP IN NEW YORK.

A more recent case was that of Winifred Earle, living in Sixth avenue, New York, who fell asleep in December of last year, and, after slumbering for three days, was sent to Bellevue hospital to see if the physicians there could succeed in waking her. Everything, from electric batteries to saline injections, was tried, but without success.

The girl, who was only 16, continued to slumber peacefully for three weeks, when a slight movement of the eyelids was noticed. A strong light was held before her eyes, and a few moments later she awoke.

So weak had she become, however, that though every effort was made to save her she gradually sank, and after two days fell into that deeper slumber from which there is no awakening.

### STUDYING NIAGARA FALLS.

Getting Points for Electrical Installations in Africa.

Little has been said about the arrival in America of Sir Charles Metcalfe, consulting railroad engineer of the British South Africa Company, and J. F. Jones, manager and secretary of the company, who have come from England on a special mission.

The Cape to Cairo railroad is drawing nearer every day to Victoria Falls, the famous waterfalls in the Zambesi River. It is intended to utilize this water power to generate electricity for service in the coal mines only a few miles away and for other purposes.

The principal purpose of these gentlemen is to go to Niagara Falls to inquire into the methods of the transmission of power there and to collect information that may be useful in the effort to turn the immense energy of Victoria Falls to good account.

The meeting of the British Association in 1905 is to be held at Victoria Falls, and the South Africa Company intends to expend about \$35,000 to give the members a free trip and to entertain them comfortably at the falls. England's men of science will see there one of the wonders of the world.

The broad Zambesi suddenly seems to vanish into the bowels of the earth. Ages ago a wide crack was opened from bank to bank in the hard basaltic rock, and the great river suddenly disappears in the narrow, rocky chasm.

At the bottom of this deep rift in the rock the engulfed waters emerge through a narrow gullet on the left, which is thirty-six times narrower than the river above the falls. Any geologist would jump at the opportunity to study this remarkable freak of nature.

The effort is to be made to put in at least a part of the electricity plant before the British scientific men arrive on the ground.

Livingstone's prediction with regard to these falls and the surrounding region is coming true. He believed, when he discovered Victoria Falls, about forty-nine years ago, that the region thereabouts was marked for special development. He saw water power, coal, abundant vegetable products, cattle, intelligent, though barbarous, natives, and other elements of material progress. He said in one of his books that the world would utilize this region some day, and his prediction is coming true.

Sins that look like dwarfs after have gigantic children.

Social duties cannot be hidden in theological difficulties.

The heathen have no monopoly on vain repetitions.

You cannot have pure politics with impure people.