THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd)

The widow Piriac started slightly which did not escape the watchful eyes of Maxime but she replied without much embarrassment:

"The lady will not certainly come here, however great the interest she may feel in my poor child; but if she did I should beg to be excused from allowing her to see him."

"She will not come, but she has sent me."

"I was not aware that you knew her."

"I left her an hour ago, and she begged me to see Georget, to have a talk with him, and even to take him to walk."

"My dear sir, madame the countess is probably ignorant that the child does not know what he is saying—the shock he received has afflicted his brain—and the doctor has advised me not to let him go out."

"The countess, madame, foresaw the objections you would make, and to prove to you that she has charged me with combating them, placed this ring in my hands."

The ancestress of the groom turned pale and looked at M. Dorgeres in blank stupor. "What does she expect of me?" she asked.

"Madame Yalta is bent on learning the fate of a young man who disappeared a month ago, M. Robert de Carnoel, and she wishes me to make use of Georget in trying to find him."

"She forgets he has lost his memory."

"No, but she hopes that it will return to him; that some circumstance—some chance which I shall try to bring about if you will permit him to accompany me—will awaken recollections. For instance, if I carried him to my uncle's offices, who knows if he might not recall something."

Madame Piriac reflected deeply, and Maxime thought he saw a hesitation between the necessity for obedience to a command it was impossible to disregard and the fear of injuring her grandson.

"Is M. Dorgeres aware of Mme. Yalta's project?" she inquired at last.

"No," replied Maxime quickly, "and I shall not speak of it to him."

"Pardon me, sir, if I ask you one last question. Will you swear to me that whatever may be the result of your researches no harm shall come to Georget?"

"Madame," replied Maxime, in an accent that left no doubt of his sincerity, "I give you my word that Georget shall not be compromised in any way. I will add that I am not curious as to the circumstances that have led to your connexion with the countess. If it be a secret I shalt not try to penetrate it. I have but one purpose, to serve a woman who inspires me with the liveliest and most respectful sympathy. It matters nothing to me why she wishes to find M. de Carnoel. She wishes it, that is enough to make me desire to aid her with all my power.'

"Sir," said the ancestress, "pardon me for having hesitated before trusting you with what is dearest to me in the world. I no longer hesitate and will call Georget."

She had hardly pronounced the name when the child darted into the lodge, through a door concealed behind a tapestry curtain.

Maxime was inclined to suspect the cunning little urchin had heard the entire conversation and entered just at the right moment, but was soon undeceived. Georget opened his eyes wide and his face expressed such unfeigned astonishment it was impossible to suspect him of acting.

"M. Maxime!" he exclaimed joyously.

"Yes, little one, it is I," replied the young man, patting his cheek. "You didn't expect to see me today?"

"Ma foi! no, but I guess, all the same, why you came. The patron sent for me to pull my ears. I didn't go to the office yesterday."

Georget said this with the most comical air imaginable,—the air of a schoolboy who has been caught in mischief and is much more inclined to laugh than to apologize. His complexion was paler than formerly, his face and person thinner, but his eyes were as bright as ever, his mouth as laughing, and but for his arm, which he carried in a sling, it would not have been supposed he had had so narrow an escape from a dangerous accident.

"Don't be afraid for your ears, my boy. My uncle didn't send me here to scold you. He knows very well it is not your fault that you have been absent for a month."

"What! has it been a month?—true, I have been on my back since—since the great snow. But if it has been a month New Year has passed."

"Don't be afraid; you shall have your New Year's gifts,—everything you want, if Madame Piriac will let you."

"Good mamma, I declare the doctor has not forbidden me to have bon-bons."

"He has forbidden you to talk too much," said the ancestress so quickly that it struck Maxime she wished to prevent the child from mentioning this doctor who must be M. Villagos.

"Yes," continued Georget, "but he will let me go to walk. He said yesterday that I didn't take exercise enough, and must begin to use my arm."

"The out-door exercise would be of service to him," said Maxime, addressing Madame Piriac, "and since you agree to it, I am going out with my young friend."

"Not for long, I hope, sir."

"Oh, we will return before dark, and if Georget seems fatigued, we will take a carriage."

The ancestress acquiesced, thanks to the all powerful talisman.

They had hardly touched the street when the boy raised his head and sniffed the air like a young horse who has long been confined to the stable.

"It is good to be out-doors," he cried, "and not going to the office, for we are not going there, are we?"

"Never while we live," replied Maxime, gayly. "Did you think I came to make you do penance?"

"Good! If you knew how the time drags when I am shut up in four walls! Hold, M. Maxime, you wont tell this to good mamma, but sometimes when I get very tired, I spin away as far as the Madeline to play marbles—ten minutes in all, no more—but if M. Vignory had known it—"

"Bah! he would have said nothing; he is a good fellow."

"May be so, but he don't laugh much; with you, now, it's like M. Robert—I'm not afraid. You wouldn't have told the patron on me."

"Is it long since you saw M. Robert?" asked Maxime quickly.

"Well, no—that is—wait now. The last time I saw him was—ma foi! I can't think. All I remember is he passed by me to go to the office. I took off my cap, and he said good morning."

"That was a month ago—probably the day he went away, or the day before."

"He has gone away, then? That is queer. Where did he go?"

Maxime did not reply. He was thinking.

"Hold!" said Georget, suddenly, "here we are at the Boulevard Malesherbes, and the booths are up. It must be near New Year's."

"It has passed, my boy," said Maxime, shaking his head sadly. "You forget I came to buy your New Year's presents."

"Did you, really?"

"I told you so awhile ago. It seems your head is not quite steady yet."

"Oh, dear no; it's in a queer way—my head. I would like to tell you how it feels if I could."

"You can try."

"Well, you see, M. Maxime, at times it is all night in my brain; you might ask my name and I couldn't tell you, and then all of a sudden my ideas begin to dance the polka. It seems as if about thirty-six came knocking at the door and trying to come in at once. Then it is like being at the theatre when the curtain is raised. I see a crowd of things I didn't see before. This lasts awhile, then all is mixed up and then it all disappears. Try as I may, I can recall nothing. It seems as if I had been dreaming, but I couldn't tell what."

Maxime was moved as he listened to this recital. The boy's mind had been only partially eclipsed, and even his memory which had chiefly suffered would return at times to vanish almost instantly. He must profit by one of these momentary returns to question him, but how was it to be called forth? He could only trust to chance.

They were a few steps from Rue Jouffroy, and he would pass that way to see if the boy would recognize it.

"Have you been to the Rink on Rue Blanche since the evening I met you there?"

"The Rink! no, I never go there."

"Really I thought you spent many evenings there. You told me so yourself."

"If I did I was yarning; only it does seem to me I was there once. It is where they skate on rollers, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you remember that I came out with a lady, and that you followed me to the corner of the Avenue de Villiers and Rue Jouffroy? You know Rue Jouffroy well, do you not?"

"As my pocket. It is the first to the left."

"We are just at the place where you got me a hack and the rascals who ran after me were outwitted."

"Yes, they were three," murmured Georget. "I knew they meant to stop you when you had passed the street."

"How did you know it?"

"That I couldn't tell you. But I remember I made up my mind they shouldn't do you any harm."

"And the lady who was on my arm, do you remember her? A brunette with large dark eyes. She told me her name was Madame Sergent."

"Madame Sergent? don't know. Droll sort of name, though. Why not Madame Corporal?"

They were now at the corner of Rue Jouffroy, and Maxime was preparing for a stroke on the effect of which he calculated. He thought that if Georget had been even indirectly involved in the theft, he must have some knowledge of the woman of the Rink and her acolyte, the Carpathian bear. If he had known them he must have had access to the mysterious house which they occupied or pretended to occupy, and the sight of the house might awaken his sleeping memory.

"Do you pass this way often in going to the office?" he asked.

"That depends," replied Georget; "it is shorter by the Boulevard Malesherbes, but some days I take the longest route; then I go by the Avenue de Villiers, the Boulevard de Courcelles, the Parc Monceaux; I turn into the Avenue de Messine, where I sometimes find a party of boys to play with; then I file along Rue de Miromesnil or the Boulevard Haussman, and bring up at Rue de Suresnes."

"Then it was on some of these streets that your accident happened?"

"Perhaps."

"Should you recognize the place if I took you there?"

"I don't believe I should. Grandmamma says I was picked up on the Boulevard de Courcelles, lying across the rails of the tramway; I didn't put myself there you may be sure; it follows somebody else did."

"To have you crushed to death, my poor Georget. You have savage enemies, then?"

Just at this moment they arrived before the house that had sheltered the problematical Mme. Sergent.

"Parbleu!" said Maxime, as he stopped before it, "this is a pretty house; it would be a better lodging than my second floor Rue de Chateaudun. It appears to be for rent. The shutters are closed. Do you know whose house it is?"

Georget did not reply. He examined the house attentively, passing his hand over his forehead—the usual gesture when one tries to recover a fleeting idea.

"Ah—at last—I know it!" cried the boy. "No, no, it is not for rent—it is shut up, but that doesn't signify. Some one is there."

"Who?"

"Ladislas, parbleu! the red horseman—the man that trains horses."

"What horses?"

"The lady's horses."

"What is the lady's name?"

"I do not know any more."

Disappointed, Maxime resumed his questioning from another point.

"You knew this Ladislas, did you?"

"Oh, not much. I have seen him two or three times, and that was enough."

"Have you been in his house?"

"No, he shut the door in my face."

"But you had some business with him, as you came to see him?"

The boy reflected a moment.

"It is no use to ask me. My head is gone. It is night—you know."

(To be continued.)

FAST AND SLOW.

The Father—"I learn with sorrow, my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast."

The Son—"You shouldn't believe all your hear, dad. I'll introduce you to a man who will tell you another story."

The Father—"And who is he?"

The Son—"My tailor. He says I'm the slowest chap he's got on his books."

Playing the races and playing the fool are usually synonymous.

Mother—"Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you've been smoking! (Pause). Poor darling, do you feel very bad?" Bobby (who has been well brought up)—"Thank you, I'm dying."

Youngly—"Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a belle, and you give your name to a maid." Oldly—"Yes; and then you're taken in."

On the Farm

POULTRY KEEPING FOR BOYS.

The boy who is permitted to embark in the poultry business is benefited in many ways. Not only is his mind and time occupied, but he is given an outlet for the latent qualities that are in him. He at once becomes a factor in the world of industry and finance. He becomes interested in business methods and receives a schooling that will help to fit him for the duties of his later life. He studies the best methods of breeding and producing stock and by a system gets the most profit out of his investment. He learns to write business letters, keep books, drive bargains, and by correspondence and personal contact he learns the peculiarities, whims and idiosyncrasies of people generally. All this will prove valuable to him in later years, when he is perhaps engaged in some mercantile or manufacturing business, or even working for some one else.

When you start him out, give him full charge; have him understand that he is to keep a strict and accurate debit and credit account with his fowls, and further that the profits of the venture are to belong to him. It is a mistake to expect a boy to do the work while others take the profits, and it is no wonder that he soon loses interest in the enterprise under such conditions. He should be taught to conduct his business along business lines, keeping strict account of all receipts and expenditures, cost of production in detail, so that he can know at any time just how the business is paying. After he is once started give him to understand that it is up to him to keep it going, encourage him in every way, but teach him to be self-reliant and independent Advise him when necessary at times and help him in his correspondence, but do this simply as an adviser and not as a dictator. It only takes a few dollars to start a boy in the poultry business. Start him in a small way and let him expand as circumstances warrant.

TUBERCULOSIS IN CATTLE.

Tuberculosis or consumption in cattle is an infectious and communicable disease known by the formation in the glands and other parts of the body of small bunches called tubercles. It is from these tubercles that the disease receives its name, Tuberculosis. The germs of tuberculosis enter the body by way of the nostrils in the air breathed, or by way of the mouth or digestive tract in feed. As soon as the germs enter the body they begin to multiply, slowly but surely until the entire body of the animal becomes affected; such animals spread the disease to other animals stabled with them and calves or pigs consuming milk from a tuberculosis cow are liable to become affected as are human beings.

All germ diseases, and especially tuberculosis, are more liable to affect animals that are in a run-down condition, such as cows afflicted with infectious abortion or retained after birth, than those that are in a strong, healthy condition, for the reason that the animal that lacks vitality acts as a hot-bed for the germs of diseases to propagate and multiply, while the healthy, strong vigorous animal may ward off the disease to some extent.

Tuberculosis being largely a house or stable disease due to artificial life such as being housed or stabled, every possible precaution should be taken to prevent disease. One tuberculous cow in a close, foul, hot, badly ventilated stable is liable to infect all other cattle in the barn. To prevent and guard against disease, it is necessary to maintain absolute cleanliness. —Dr. David Roberts.

FARM NOTES.

The farmer stands at the head of the list of long livers. He generally has to toil hard, but his work is in the open air, and in an altogether healthy environment. Good digestion with him waits upon appetite, and he eats heartily of wholesome food, which nourishes his frame and makes good red blood. The dissipation and vices of cities are unknown to him, although he has his innocent pleasures, and, above all, he is a man with an object in life.

We think 100 bushels of unleached ashes enough for almost any crop, and certainly upon a light loam we would not use more, though cabbages, potatoes and grass would not be hurt by more, and the heavy application would last longer, but 100 bushels to the acre would show its affect for at least twelve years afterward.

If the farmer desires to know how to select good clover seed he should learn to know weed seed as soon as he looks at it. Then if his eyesight is not good enough to distinguish it when it is among the clover seed, let him spend from 50 cents upward for a good magnifying glass, and let him buy no clover and not much other seed until he has examined it, and found it reasonably clear of the weed seeds. It may be hard to find it perfectly pure, but there is no use in buying such seed as a sample sold in Vermont last year, which had 59.-310 weed seeds in a pound. The seeds of plantain, sorrel, pigweed, smartweed, curled dock and the foxtail grass were the most abundant in this lot, and each of them might pass for clover seed at first glance, but can be detected under a magnifying glass.

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THE PRINCESS VICTORIA

UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD.

Has Great Charm of Manner, Tact and Has a Very Kindly Disposition.

General society is less familiar with the personality of the Princess Victoria than with that of any other member of the royal family. The lighter side of court-life, its gayeties, pleasures and amusements have never appealed to the Princess, who if she had consulted her own inclinations would not have taken a very active part in the social activities of the court.

"Duty demanded her presence at court, however," says a writer in the Gentlewoman, "and she did cheerfully all that her high position demanded of her. During her girlhood she continued as far as possible to stay at Sandringham when the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were at Marlborough House.

"A rather amusing story is related of how the Princess once avoided a juvenile entertainment at Marlborough House, at which she with the Princess Royal and the Queen of Norway were to act as hostesses. When lunch was over the Princess disappeared. A prompt search was made for her, but was nowhere to be found. Then a messenger was despatched to Buckingham Palace to see if her Royal Highness had gone, as she often did, to have

A TALK WITH GRANDMA,

but no news was to be had of the royal truant at the palace.

"For some time real alarm prevailed, but it was allayed by the discovery of a letter addressed to 'Mother,' which the Princess had left in her blotter in the schoolroom. The letter explained that she had gone for the afternoon to the Duchess of Teck at White Lodge where she intended to stay until the next day, the excuse for this abrupt departure being that she 'hated parties.' The letter concluded with a hope that her mother would not be angry.

"As the Princess grew older (she was then only 14) she became more accustomed to and more tolerant of 'parties' and other social duties, but it is a matter of common knowledge that her own desire would have been to lead a life apart from the court with the few who are privileged to possess her friendship, and yet the Princess is extremely well liked.

"She inherits from both her father and mother great charm of manner, tact and a very kindly if reserved disposition. She is one of the most accomplished women in Europe, though her many gifts are probably known only to her intimate friends. She is a first rate linguist, a cultivated musician and is

EXTREMELY WELL READ.

"The Princess Victoria's dislike to ceremonial, shared in a great degree with the Prince of Wales, is well known, and when she can do so her Royal Highness delights to escape from the trammels of rigid etiquette. This was shown in a story told to me by a distinguished naval officer who accompanied the party on an informal royal visit to the City.

"The visit was planned by the Princess Victoria on the occasion of a visit to this country some years ago by the King of Greece. One afternoon in two hansom cabs the Queen, the King of Greece, the Princess Victoria and the naval officer in question drove from Buckingham Palace to a tea shop near the Bank of England, where they all had tea. Her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, was thickly veiled and none of the party was recognized, though the extent of the tip left on the marble topped table for the attendant when the party left must have caused her some glad surprise."

FIGURATIVELY.

Miss Gay—"I had an awful scare the other day while out for a walk with Will."

Miss Chic—"How?"

Miss Gay—"Why, we met the minister, and Will asked him to join us."

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