ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd)

"You had better send for your brother at once," he said. "I suppose he will be at the office?"

"Oh, no!" she said, trembling. "Frithiof is in England. But we will telegraph to him to come home."

"My poor child," said the old doctor, kindly, "if he is in England it would be of no possible use; he could not be in time."

"Oh! is there no hope?" she sobbed. "No hope at all?"

"Remember how much he is spared," said the doctor, gently. "He will not suffer. He will not suffer at all any more."

And so it proved; for while many went and came, and while the bad news of the bankruptcy caused Herr Gronvold to pace the room like one distracted, and while Sigrid and Swanhild kept their sad watch, Herr Falck lay in painless quiet, his face so calm that, had it not been for an occasional tremor passing through the paralyzed limbs, they would almost have thought he was already dead.

The hours passed on. At length little Swanhild, who had crouched down on the floor with her head in Sigrid's lap, became conscious of a sort of stir in the room. She looked up and saw that the doctor was bending over her father.

"It is over," he said, in a hushed voice as he stood up and glanced toward the two girls.

And Swanhild, who had never seen any one die, but had read in books of death struggles and death agonies, was filled with a great wonder.

"It was so quiet," she said afterward to her sister. "I never knew people died like that; I don't think I shall ever feel afraid about dying again. "But oh, Sigrid!" and the child broke into a passion of tears, "we have got to go on living all alone—all alone!"

Sigrid's breast heaved. "We three must love each other very much, darling," she said, folding her arms about Swanhild. "We must try and be everything to each other."

The words made her think of Frithiof, and with a sick longing for his presence she went down-stairs again to speak to her uncle, and to arrange as to how the news should be sent to England. Herr Gronvold had never quite appreciated his brother-in-law, and this had always made a barrier between him and his nephew and nieces. She found him in the sitting-room. He was still pale and agitated.

"What must we do about telling Frithiof, uncle?" she said.

"I have thought of that," said Herr Gronvold. "It is impossible that he could be back in time for the funeral. This is Tuesday afternoon, and he could not catch this week's steamer, which leaves Hull at nine o'clock to-night. The only thing is to telegraph the news to him, poor boy. His best chance now is to stay in England and try to find some opening there, for he has no chance here at all."

Sigrid caught her breath.

"You mean that he had better not even come back?"

"Indeed, I think England is the only hope for him," said Herr Gronvold. "He is absolutely penniless, and over here feeling will be so strong against the very name of Falck that he would never work his way up. I will gladly provide for you and Swanhild until he is able to make a home for you; but he must stay in England, there is no help for that."

She could not dispute the point any further; her uncle's words had shown her only too plainly the true meaning of the word "bankrupt." Why, the very chair she was sitting on was no longer her own! A chill passed over her as she glanced round the familiar room. In a sort of dreadful dream she sat watching her uncle as he wrote the message to Frithiof, hesitating long over the wording of the sad tidings, and ever and anon counting the words carefully with his pen. It would cost a good deal, that telegram to England. Sigrid knew that her uncle would pay for it, and the knowledge kept her lips sealed.

"There, poor fellow," said Herr Gronvold, "that will give him just the facts of the case; and you must write to him, Sigrid, and I, too, will write by the next mail."

"I am afraid he can not get a letter till Monday," said Sigrid.

"No, there is no help for that," said Herr Gronvold. "I shall do all that can be done with regard to the business; that he will know quite well, and his return later on would be a mere waste of time and money. He must seek work in London without delay, and I have told him so. Do you think this is clear?"

He handed her the message he had written, and she read it through, though each word was like a stab.

"Quite clear," she said, returning it to him.

"My dear," he said, kindly, "it has been a terrible day for you; you had better go to bed and rest. Leave everything to me. I promise you all shall be attended to."

"You are very kind," she said, yet with all the time a terrible craving for something more than this sort of kindness, for something which was perhaps beyond Herr Gronvold's power ot give.

"Would you like your aunt or one of your cousins to spend the night here?" he asked.

"No," she said; "I am better alone. They will come tomorrow. I —I will rest now."

"Very well. Good-bye, then, my dear. I will send off the telegram at once."

She heard the door close behind him with a sense of relief, yet before many minutes had passed, the dreadful quiet of the house seemed almost more than she could endure.

"Oh, Frithiof; Frithiof! why did you ever go to England?" she moaned.

And as she sat crouched together in one of the deep easy-chairs, it seemed to her that the physical faintness, the feeling that everything was sliding away from her, was but the shadow of the bitter reality. She was roused by the opening of the door. Her old nurse stole in.

"See here, Sigrid," said the old woman. "The pastor has come. You will see him in here?"

"I don't think I can," she said, wearily.

"He is in the dining-room talking to Swanhild," said the nurse; "you had better just see him a minute."

But still Sigrid did not stir. It was only when little Swanhild stole in, with her wistful, tear-stained face, that she even tried to rouse herself.

"Sigrid," said the child, "Herr Askevold has been out all day with some one who was dying; he is very tired and has had no dinner; he says if he may he will have supper with us."

Sigrid at once started to her feet, her mind was for the moment diverted from her own troubles, it was the thought of the dear old pastor tired and hungry, yet coming to them, nevertheless, which touched her heart. His few words of sympathy as he greeted her had been the first words of comfort which had reached her heart, and now, as he cut the bread and helped the fish, there was something in the very smallness and fineness of his consideration and care for them which filled her with far more gratitude than Herr Gronvold's offer of a home.

Afterward she took him to her father's room, her tears stealing down quietly as she looked once more on the calm, peaceful face, that would never again bear the look of strained anxiety which had of late grown so familiar to her.

And then Herr Askevold knelt by the bedside and prayed. She could never quite remember in after days what it was that he said, perhaps she never very clearly took in the actual words; but something, either in his tone or manner, brought to her the sense of a presence altogether above all the changes that had been or ever could be.

As they rose from their knees and the old pastor took her hand in his to wish her good-bye, he glanced a little anxiously into her eyes. But something he saw there comforted him.

"God bless you, my child," he said.

And again as they opened the front door to him and he stepped out into the dark wintery night, he looked back, and said:

"God comfort you."

Sigrid stood on the threshold, behind her the lighted hall, before her the starless gloom of her outer world, her arm was round little Swanhild, and as she bade him good-night, she smiled, one of those brave, patient smiles that are sadder than tears.

"The light behind her, and the dark before," said the old pastor to himself, as he walked home wearily enough. "It is like her life, poor child. And yet I am somehow not much afraid for her. It is for Frithiof I am afraid."

CHAPTER IX.

When Frithiof found that instead of addressing a stranger at Hyde Park Corner, he had actually spoken to Roy Boniface, his first feeling had been of mere blank astonishment.

"I wish I had seen you a minute or two sooner; my mother and my sister were in that carriage," said Roy, "and they would have liked to meet you. You must come and see us some day, or are you quite too busy to spare time for such an out-of-the-way place as Brixton?"

"Thank you. My plans are very uncertain," said Frithiof. "I shall probably only be over here for a few days."

"Have you come across the Morgans?" asked Roy, "or any of our other companions at Balholm?"

In his heart he felt sure that the young Norwegian's visit was connected with Blanche Morgan. Frithiof knew this, and the question was like a sword-thrust to him. But he had great self-control, and his voice was quite steady, though a little cold and monotonous in tone, as he replied:

"I have just been to call on the Morgans, and have only just learned that their business relations with our firm are at an end. The connection is of so many years' standing that I am afraid it will be a great blow to my father."

Roy began to see daylight, and perceived, what had first escaped his notice, that some great change had passed over his companion since they parted on the Sogne Fjord; very possibly the business relations might affect his hopes, and make the engagement no longer possible.

"That was bad news to greet you," he said with an uneasy consciousness that it was very difficult to know what to say. "Herr Falck would feel a change of that sort keenly, I should think. What induced them to make it?"

"Self-interest," said Frithiof, still in the same tone. "No doubt they came to spy out the land in the summer. As the head of the firm remarked to me just now, it is impossible to sentimentalize over old connections—business is business, and of course they are bound to look out for themselves — what happens to us is, naturally, no affair of theirs."

Roy would not have thought much of the sarcasm of this speech

GEN. PASCUAL OROZCO,

Of Mexico, the maker and unmaker of Presidents.

if it had not been spoken by any one else, but from the lips of such a fellow as Frithiof Falck, it startled him.

They were walking along Picadilly, each of them turning over in his mind how he could best get away from the other, yet with an uneasy feeling that they were in some way linked together by that summer holiday, and that if they parted now they would speedily regret it. Roy, with the increasing consciousness of his companion's trouble, only grew more perplexed and ill at ease.

"Do you know many people in London?" he asked, willing to shift his responsibility if possible.

"No," said Frithiof, "I do not know a soul."

"Then you will of course dine with me," he said, "since you have no other engagement."

And Frithiof thanked him and accepted the invitation.

The ice once broken, they got on rather better.

"What next," he said, as they found themselves once more in the street. "Since you go back soon we ought to make the most of the time. Shall we come to the Savoy? You must hear a Gilbert and Sullivan opera before you leave."

"I am not in the mood for it tonight" said Frithiof. "And it has just struck me that possibly my father may telegraph instructions to me—he would have got Morgan's telegram this morning. I will go back to the Arundel and see."

(To be continued.)

It is easy to appreciate the beauties of the simple life—if you are not obliged to live it.

One comfort about general morality is that no human being ever begins to lie before being able to talk.

NUDITY TUBERCULAR CURE

MANY CHILDREN SAVED BY NEW TREATMENT

Lie Without Clothes in Midwinter Sun in Mountains of Switzerland.

By exposing children without clothes to the sun's rays in midwinter at an altitude of 5,000 feet many remarkable cures of surgical tuberculosis have been obtained in the mountains at Leysin, Switzerland. It it a new method of treatment adopted by Dr. Rollier, and Gertrude Austin, formerly of the Children's Hospital, London, who made a trip to Leysin, describes in the Medical Record what has been accomplished.

She pictures the mountains on a cloudless January morning, covered with spotless, sparkling snow. Dr. Rollier gave her every opportunity to study his methods and patients. She says:

"My first visit to the children is an event that I am not likely to forget. It was with no little difficulty that I walked from my hotel down the steep winding road that leads to "Le Chalet," as every one in Leysin calls this diminutive hospital. The sun had not yet appeared above the mountain tops to soften the frozen snow, and progression was difficult, not to say dangerous. The clinic is a picturesque wooden construction,

A REGULAR SWISS CHALET,

faces due south, and stands in a small garden, which in summer time is no doubt green and gay with flowers, but which on this cold January morning was carpeted like everything else with pure white snow.

I had planned to arrive betimes, for I wished to see the exodus of the children from the wards to the galleries. But as I stood upon the doorstep waiting for admission the sun rose above the mountain tops, and already there were sounds of merry laughter in the frosty morning air. Happy voices were greeting the beneficent rays, whose healing powers even the little ones appear to understand. They love this sunshine, which gives them health and takes away their pain, and it is they themselves, when able to do so, who the moment the word is given push down the bedclothes and pull up and over their heads the night dress that is obligatory at other times.

When I was taken by the matron out onto the first gallery my surprise knew no bounds. Who would have supposed that such dark-skinned, healthy-looking, little bodies could be found in a hospital, and above all who would have expected to see tiny children on a winter's day in January basking in the sunshine as naked as when they were born, except for the quaint little calico hats which make such

A STRARTLING CONTRAST

with their brown skin. Most of them are in a recumbent position, some even lying face downwards, which does not seem to worry them at all; the more fortunate ones are able to sit up, roll about in bed, and have a good time while all are revelling in their warm sunbath.

A few are not yet fully exposed, it is true, for they are newcomers and have not completed the necessary training which endows them with this extraordinary power of endurance. The latter have still the pale, weary faces which sickness gives, and it is easy to see that their sojourn at Leysin has been but a short one.

The children—those who are well enough—have morning lessons, as the doctor believes mental occupation absolutely necessary. It is a privilege to take part in these, as it means convalescence has begun. At the head of the bed stands the teacher, as there it is impossible for the shadow of her body to interfere with the action of the sun's rays.

"I think I can safely say," the writer says, "that few people have seen classes of sick children doing their lessons perfectly naked in midwinter out of doors, all gay and happy and looking far stronger and healthier than many children who have no ailments whatever." The children played with toys strewn on their beds while they continued their studies. They enjoyed seeing a visitor, asked questions and listened to stories.

AN IMPORTANT ORDER.

A rural postmaster tells this story of one of the patrons of his office, a boy of thrifty, not to say penurious, stock. When the lad comes into the post-office, he will thrust his wizened face up close to the window and, in his slow, drawl, inquire most earnestly:

"Hev ye got any postal cards?"

"Yes," the postmaster replies.

"Haow much be they t'day?"

"A cent apiece."

Then the boy, screwing up his eyes in the intensity of his thought over the question he has to deside, always stops for a while to weigh the consequences. Finally, he will reply solemnly:

"Wal, I'll take one."

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8

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

BUTTERMILK CHEESE.

Buttermilk cheese is a new product obtained by curdling buttermilk with heat, draining the curd and adding salt. Large amounts of buttermilk are wasted every year at creameries. If this were made into buttermilk cheese, it would furnish a large supply of palatable food, equal in food value, pound for pound, to lean beefsteak. It can be sold profitably at half the price meat is.

To make buttermilk cheese the buttermilk is curdled by heating to 80 degrees, and left undisturbed for an hour. It is then heated to 130 degrees and after standing quiet for about an hour, the clear whey is drawn off the curd, and the latter is placed on a draining rack, which is covered with cheesecloth. Here it remains half a day or over night, until as dry as desired, when it is salted with 1½ pounds of salt per 100 pounds of curd, and is ready for use. Buttermilk cheese can be made from buttermilk, from cream which was pasteurized before ripening, or the buttermilk may be pasteurized during the process of cheesemaking, in either case insuring the absence of disease germs.

Packing and selling the cheese requires special attention since the public is not familiar with the product, and it must be thoroughly advertised to secure a market. It may be shipped in butter tubs and retailed in paper pails or other small packages. It will keep for a week or ten days at 50 to 60 degrees, but can be kept longer if stored at 32 degrees or lower. It may be sold for three to five cents a pound at the factory and retailed at seven to 12½ cents per pound, and prove a profitable product for both the creamery and the retailer. If high color is desired, it may be secured by adding cheese color, the same as used by Cheddar cheesemakers.

Where only a few pounds of buttermilk cheese are made at a time, as on a farm or for home use, the buttermilk can be heated in a pail or in a clean new wash boiler on the stove. After the second heating, i.e., to 130 degrees, if the curd has settled, the whey can be mostly poured off by tipping the pail, and the curd poured into a small cheesecloth bag to drain. If the curd is floating, it can be dipped off the surface of the whey with a dipper or large spoon and put in the bag to drain. A small wooden draining rack a foot square and five or six inches deep, with the bottom made of one-fourth of an inch mesh galvanized or tinned iron wire netting and covered with cheesecloth, is useful for draining small amounts of buttermilk cheese.

Buttermilk from rich cream, containing 50 per cent. or more fat, as well as buttermilk from cream which was pasteurized when very sour, is not suitable for making buttermilk cheese. The curd from such buttermilk is always so fine grained that it runs through the draining cloth and is lost.

A WHITEWASH THAT STICKS.

There are many brick and stone walls, as well as wooden outbuildings, fences and the like, about a suburban place which, lacking paint, detract much from the general appearance of the home. But paint is somewhat expensive and cannot be applied with too lavish a hand by the average citizen. There is, however, whitewash, which is easily made and applied, is inexpensive and which for most outdoor work will answer quite as well as oil paint. For chicken-houses, brick walls and the like it is excellent.

To make the whitewash, slake half a bushel of fresh lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. The lime should not, of course, be confined, but merely covered, as confined it possesses considerable explosive force. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together and let the mixture stand for seven days in a reasonably cool and shaded place. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle, and when it is being used put it on as hot as possible, using a painter's or an ordinary whitewash brush. Always use magnesian lime for whitewash.

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