ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd)

The Swedish minister received him very kindly, and listened to as much of his story as would bear telling with great patience. "It is a very hard case," he said. "The English firm perhaps consulted their own pockets in making this new arrangement, but to break off an old connection so suddenly, and as it chanced at such a trying moment, was hard lines. What sort of people are they, these Morgans? You have met them?"

"Oh, yes," said Frithiof, coloring. "One of the brothers was in Norway this summer, came to our house, dined with us, professed the greatest friendliness, while all the time he must have known what the firm were meditating."

"Doubtless came to see how the land lay," said the minister. "And what of the other brother?"

"I saw him yesterday" replied Frithiof. "He was very civil; told me the telegram had been sent off that morning about the affair, as it would not bear delay, and spoke very highly of my father. Words cost nothing, you see."

The consul noted the extreme bitterness of the tone, and looked searchingly into the face of his visitor. "Poor fellow!" he reflected; "he starts in life with a grievance, and there is nothing so bad for a man as that. A fine, handsome boy, too. If he stays eating his heart out in London he will go to the dogs in no time."

"See," he said, "these Morgans, though they may be keen business men, yet they are after all human. When they learn at what an unlucky time their telegram arrived, it is but natural that they should regret it. Their impulse will be to help you. I should advise you to go to them at once and talk the affair over with them. If they have any proper feeling they will offer you some sort of employment in this new Stavanger branch, or they might, perhaps, have some opening for you in their London house."

"I can not go to them," said Frithiof in a choked voice. "I would rather die first."

"I can understand," said the consul, "that you feel very bitter, and that you resent the way in which they have behaved. But still I think you should try to get over that. After all they knew nothing of your father's affairs; they did not intentionally kill him. That the two disasters followed so closely on each other was but an accident."

"Still I could never accept anything from them; it is out of the question," said Frithiof.

"Excuse me if I speak plainly," said the consul. "You are very young, and you know but little of the world. If you allow yourself to be governed by pride of this sort you can not hope to get on. Now turn it over in your mind, and if you do not feel that you can see these people, at any rate write to them."

"I can not explain it all to you, sir," said Frithiof. "But there are private reasons which make that altogether impossible."

The blood had mounted to his forehead, his lips had closed in a straight line; perhaps it was because they quivered that he compressed them so.

"A woman in the question," reflected the consul. "That complicates matters. All the more reason that he should leave London." Then, aloud, "If you feel unable to apply to them, I should recommend you strongly to try America. Every one flocks to London for work, but as a matter of fact London streets just now are not paved with gold; everything is at a standstill; go where you will you will hear that trade is bad, that employment is scarce, and that living is dear."

"If I could hear of any opening in America I would go at once," said Frithiof. "But at Bergen we have heard of late that it is no such easy thing even over there to meet with work. I will not pay the expenses of the voyage merely to be in my present state, and hundreds of miles further from home."

"What can you do?" asked the consul. "Is your English pretty good?"

"I can write and speak it easily. And, of course, German too. I understand book-keeping."

"Any taste for teaching?" asked the consul.

"None," said Frithiof, decidedly.

"Then the only thing that seems open to you is the work of a secretary, or a clerkship, or perhaps you could manage translating, but that is not easy work to get. Everything now is overcrowded, so dreadfully overcrowded. However, of course I shall bear you in mind, and you yourself will leave no stone unturned. Stay, I might give you a letter of introduction to Herr Sivertsen; he might possible find you temporary work. He is the author of that well-known book on Norway, you know. Do you know your way about yet?"

"Pretty well," said Frithiof.

"Then there is his address—Museum Street. You had better take an omnibus at the bank. Any of the Oxford Street ones will put you down at the corner, by Mudie's. Let me know how you get on; I shall be interested to hear."

Then, with a kindly shake of the hand Frithiof found himself dismissed; and somewhat cheered by the interview, he made his way to the address which had been given him.

Herr Sivertsen's rooms were of the gloomiest; they reeked of tobacco, they were ill lighted, and it seemed to Frithiof that the window could not have been opened for a week. An oblique view of Mudie's library was the only object of interest to be seen without, though, by craning one's neck, one could get just a glimpse of the traffic in Oxford Street. He waited for some minutes wondering to himself how a successful author could tolerate such a den, and trying to imagine from the room what sort of being was the inhabiter thereof. At length the door opened, and a gray-haired man of five-and-fifty, with a huge forehead and somewhat stern, square-jawed face, entered.

"I have read the consul's letter," he said, greeting Frithiof and motioning him to a chair. "You want what is very hard to get. Are you aware that thousands of men are seeking employment and are unable to meet with it?"

"I know it is hard," said Frithiof. "Still I have more chance here than in Norway, and anyhow I mean to get it."

"I am tired to death of young men coming to me and wanting help," he remarked, frankly. "You are an altogether degenerate race, you young men of this generation; in my opinion you don't know what work means. It's money that you want, not work."

"Yes," said Frithiof, dryly, "you are perfectly right. It is money that I want."

Frithiof rose.

"However worthless, we unlucky have to live," he said, coldly. "And as I can't pretend to be interested in 'culture,' I must waste no more time in discussion."

He bowed and made for the door.

"Stay," said Herr Sivertsen; "it will do no harm if you leave me your address."

"Thank you, but at present I have none to give," said Frithiof. "Good-morning."

He felt very angry and very sore-hearted as he made his way down Museum Street. To have met with such a rebuff from a fellow-countryman seemed to him hard, specially in this time of his trouble. He had not enough insight into character to understand the eccentric old author, and he forgot that Herr Sivertsen knew nothing of his circumstances. He was too abrupt, too independent, perhaps also too refined to push his way as an unknown foreigner in a huge metropolis. He was utterly unable to draw a picturesque description of the plight he was in, he could only rely on a sort of dogged perseverance, a fixed resolve that he must and would find work; and in spite of constant failures this never left him.

He tramped down to Vauxhall and began to search for lodgings, looked at some half-dozen sets, and finally lighted on a clean little house in a new looking street a few hundred yards from Vauxhall Station. There was a card up in the window advertising rooms to let. He rang the bell and was a little surprised to find the door opened to him by a middle-aged woman who was unmistakably a lady though her deeply lined face told of privation and care, possibly also of ill-temper. He asked the price of the rooms.

"A sitting-room and bedroom at fifteen shillings a week," was the reply.

"It is too much, and besides I only need one room," he said.

"I am afraid we can not divide them."

He looked disappointed. An idea seemed to strike the landlady.

"There is a little room at the top you might have," she said; "but it would not be very comfortable. It would be only five shillings a week, including attendance."

"Allow me to see it," said Frithiof.

He felt so tired and ill that if she had shown him a pig-sty he would probably have taken it merely for the sake of settling matters. As it was, the room, though bare and comfortless, was spotlessly clean, and, spite of her severe face, he rather took to his landlady.

"My things are at the Arundel Hotel," he explained. "I should want to come in at once. Does that suit you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, scanning him closely. "Can you give us any references?"

"You can, if you wish, refer to the Swedish Consul at 24 Great Winchester Street."

"Oh, you are a Swede," she said.

"No, I am a Norwegian, and have only been in London since yesterday."

The landlady seemed satisfied, and having paid his five shillings in advance Frithiof went off to secure his portmanteau, and by five o'clock was installed in his new home.

It was well that he had lost no time in leaving his hotel, for during the next two days he was unable to quit his bed, and could only console himself with the reflection that at any rate he had a cheap roof over his head and that his rent would not ruin him.

Perhaps the cold night air from the river had given him a chill on the previous night, or perhaps the strain of the excitement and suffering had been too much for him. At any rate he lay in feverish wretchedness, tossing through the long days and weary nights, a misery to himself and an anxiety to the people of the house.

He discovered that his first impression had been correct. Miss Turnour, the landlady, was well born; she and her two sisters—all of them now middle-aged women—were the daughters of a country gentleman, who had either wasted his substance in speculation or on the turf. He was long since dead, and had left behind him the fruits of his selfishness, three helpless women, with no particular aptitudes and brought up to no particular profession.

Miss Charlotte, the middle one of the three, who had more heart than the rest, tried to persuade him to see a doctor.

"No," he replied, "I shall be all right in a day or two. It is nothing but a feverish attack. I can't afford doctor's bills."

She looked at him a little compassionately, his poverty touched a chord in her own life.

"Perhaps the illness has come in order that you may have time to think," she said, timidly.

Frithiof was in no mood to respond to her well-meant efforts to convert him, and used to listen to her discourses about the last day with a stolid indifference which altogether baffled her.

CHAPTER XI.

By the Saturday morning he was almost himself again as far as physical strength was concerned, and his mind was healthy enough to turn resolutely away from these useless broodings over the past, and to ask with a certain amount of interest, "What is to be done next?"

When Miss Charlote came to inquire after her patient, she found to her surprise that he was up and dressed.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You are really well, then?"

"Quite well, thank you," he replied. "Have you a newspaper in the house that you would be so good as to lend me?"

"Certainly," said Miss Charlotte, her face lighting up, as she hastened out of the room, returning in a minute with the special organ of the religious party to which she belonged. "I think this might interest you," she began, timidly.

"I don't want to be interested," said Frithiof, dryly. "All I want is to look through the advertisements. A thousand thanks, but I see this paper is not quite what I need."

"Are you sure that you know what you really need?" she said, earnestly.

Had she not been such a genuine little woman, he would have spoken the dry retort, "Madame, I need money," which trembled on his lips.

"You see," he said, smiling a little, "if I do not find work I can not pay my rent, so I must lose no time in getting some situation."

(To be continued.)

A man isn't entitled to any credit for overcoming temptation that doesn't tempt.

FOOD FOR HOT WEATHER

If you are among those whose body needs nursing along, either on account of important work to be done or on account of waste of strength from past or present sickness, — Bovril should form an important part of your summer diet. Not only does it build and strengthen but it adds materially to your power to absorb the nutriment contained in ordinary food. Bovril is concentrated beef in its best form. A little spread on thin bread and butter sandwiches, or on hot buttered toast, is both appetizing and nutritious. A simple cup of Bovril makes an appetizing and strengthening bouillon. Send for our booklet which gives much useful information to any mother.

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UNEASINESS IN FRANCE.

Predicted That Another Revolution May Result.

The general uneasiness which the prevalence of socialism, the increase in the price of living, and the general political discontent in France had brought with them, encouraged the Bonapartists, who have been quiescent recently, to hold a monster meeting at the Salle Wagram, Paris, the other evening. The Marquis de Dion was the principal speaker. Five thousand people listened to him and applauded to the echo his plea for "a consular republic." The implication, of course, was that Prince Napoleon would be the Consul.

Although there is little likelihood of a monarchy, an empire, or even a consular republic in France in the immediate future, there is no doubt whatever that the French people are ripe for another revolution. Nobody is quite satisfied with the present form of government. Everybody feels, no matter what class he belongs to, that he is overtaxed and over-red-taped. There is a general feeling that the real rulers of the country (who are not merely the Government, but all the members of the two Chambers, and far too many of their friends) are much too expensive a luxury.

If General Boulanger were alive there might easily be a coup d'etat to-morrow. By turning out the congregations, the nominal rulers of France have set the many-headed in power, and they are harder masters than either the priests or even the nobles ever were. The bourgeois is a long-suffering animal, but he is beginning to kick against the pricks. The Socialist element has so swelled a head that its demands are rapidly becoming more than the bourgeoise will stand, and in France, when unrest has become as general as it is now becoming, a flare-up is inevitable.

A well-known politician said the other day that war of one kind or another must break out in France within the next five years. His meaning was that if war with another nation did not come to turn people's thoughts away from their home troubles, a civil war, with or without bloodshed, a revolution peaceable or otherwise, would be a necessity.

DETECTIVE DOYLE.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sat at a dinner on one of his visits to New York beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts. "My detective powers," he replied, "are at your service, madam."

"Well," said the lady, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus, there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary, and half a dozen tin plates."

"Ah," said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, "the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat."

AUSTRALIA'S CENSUS.

4,274,414 Persons Are Registered as Christians.

The recently undertaken census of the Commonwealth of Australia has led to the publication of some interesting details concerning the religious professions of the population. Out of a total of 4,274,414 persons registered as Christians the following are allotted respectively to the principal denominations: Church of England, 1,710,443; Methodist, 547,806; Presbyterian, 558,336; Congregational, 74,046; Baptist, 97,074; Protestant (undefined), 109,861; Roman Catholic, 921,425.

It should be noted that the total number of men in Australia is 2,313,035, exceeding the total of women, which is 2,141,970. There is little discrepancy between the numbers of women and men allotted to the various Christian denominations, but whereas 516 men registered themselves as atheists and 7,559 as of "no religion," while 55,766 objected to stating their religious beliefs, the corresponding figures for the female population are athesits, 63; no religion, 1,692; and 27,370 who would not state belief—a striking disparity.

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On the Farm

DON'T FOR THE MILKERS.

One—Don't put the can under the cow until her udder is clean.

Two—Don't begin to milk the cow with a wet tail until you have tied it.

Three—Don't tie it too short.

Four—Don't put your fingers in the milk. If you want to soften the teats milk a drop into the palm of your hand and rub them with this.

Five—Don't let your pail get too full when you are milking a young cow.

Six—Don't crack the seat of your stool on the cow's back if her tail goes in your eye.

Seven—Don't strap a heifer if you can help it. She is generally restive because the milking hurts her.

Eight—Don't fodder the cows until the milking is finished or you will have a lot of dust in the milk.

Nine—Don't talk while you are milking.

Ten—Don't on any account milk any curd, blood or rope into your milk can. If you find any slime inside the sieve find out where it comes from.

Eleven—Don't have your nails long.

Twelve—Don't half do the job unless you want to dry the cow.

IN THE CHICKEN YARD.

The average chicken does not pay for his keep and he should be sent to the block as soon as he weighs four pounds, unless he is to be kept for breeding.

Let a strange dog rush through the poultry yard and the excitement will affect the egg supply for that day.

When hens have no sentiment there is no doubt they are extremely nervous at times—particularly during the breeding season—and should be so placed that they cannot be disturbed.

It does not matter so much about the breed as it does about the kind of treatment your hens receive.

Of course, if you are going in for poultry to sell on the market you must select the fowl that will produce the most meat, and if for eggs the breed that will produce more eggs than meat. Then it is "up to you" to get the most out of them, as the slang does.

NOTES OF THE HOG LOT.

Sometimes a week's chill rains or cold weather will set the pigs back a month in their growth.

After all that may be said in favor of other pastures, clover stands at the head when it comes to the right thing for pigs.

A great many farmers do not realize that grass supplies a feed entirely different from corn and that it is a bad practice to change entirely and suddenly from one to the other.

When the pigs are taken out of the pasture this fall they should not be turned suddenly into the corn fields or fed all the new corn they can eat. Make the change gradually.

If a hog dies on the farm, no matter from what cause, take no chances, but remove the body a long distance from the feeding lots and burn it.

ORCHARD NOTES.

Many growers say that weeds are as valuable as fertilizer as clover and cow peas if they are turned under every year.

The grower who will sort his apples into two or more grades, packed well, will get more money for his fruit than the one who throws all kinds together in a barrel and places a layer of the best ones on top.

The city dealer profits by the laziness of the grower by grading and repacking his badly assorted fruit.

That corky old apple, the Ben Davis, still holds a high price in the city markets because its fine appearance deceives the ignorant buyer.

INVISIBLE INK SECRETS.

There are several ways in which two persons can correspond with each other unknown to even the people before whose eyes the very letter is held. Young ladies, for instance, may use new milk as ink. When dried this is invisible, but if coal dust or soot be scattered upon the paper the writing becomes legible. Diluted sulphuric acid, lemon juice, solutions of nitrate and chloride of cobalt or of chloride of copper write colorless, but on being heated the characters written with the first two become black or brown, and the latter green. And when the paper becomes cool and the writing disappears, leaving the paper blank again. Two good invisible inks are made by saltpetre dissolved in water, and equal parts of sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac dissolved in water.

A BENEDICT'S IDEA.

Mrs. Benham—"All the world loves a lover."

Benham—"Sure! A man can be popular any time if he is willing to make a fool of himself."

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—out where the light can fall on it—and see the brilliant, diamond-like sparkle the pure white color, of every grain.

That's the way to test any sugar — that's the way we hope you will test St. Lawrence Sugar

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