# ONLY A MONTH;

## OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd)

She brought him one of the daily papers, and with a little sigh of disappointment removed the religious "weekly," leaving Frithiof to his depressing study of the column headed "Situations vacant."

Alas! how short it was compared to the one dedicated to "Situations wanted."

"A correspondence clerk wanted," made him look hopefully at the lines which followed, but unluckily a knowledge of Portuguese was demanded as well as French and German; while the corn merchant who would receive a gentleman's son in an office of good position was prudent enough to add the words. "No one need apply who is unable to pay substantial premium."

Out of the whole list there were only two situations for which he could even inquire, and he soon found that for each of these there were hundreds of applicants.

Each week brought him, of course, letters from Norway, his uncle sent him letters of introduction to various London firms, but each letter brought him only fresh disappointment.

At first certain aspects of London life had startled Frithiof; but he speedily became accustomed to them; if he thought of them at all it was with indifference rather than disgust. One day, however, he passed with seeming abruptness into a new state of mind. Sick with disappointment after the failure of a rather promising scheme suggested to him by one of the men to whom his uncle had written, he walked through the crowded streets, too hopeless and wretched even to notice the direction he had taken, and with a miserable perception that his last good card was played, and that all hope of success was over.

To gain an honest living was apparently impossible, the world afforded him no facilities for that, but it afforded him countless opportunities of leading another sort of life. Why should he not take what he could get Life was miserable and worthless enough, but at least he might put an end to the hideous monotony of the search after work, at least he might plunge into a phase of life which would have at any rate the charm of novelty.

It was one of those autumn days when shadow and sun alternate quickly; a gleam of sunshine now flooded the street with brightness. It seemed to him that a gleam of light had also broken the dreariness of his life. If he sinned he would do so deliberately. He looked the two lives fairly in the face now, and in his heart he knew which attracted him most. The discovery startled him.

"Why not? why not?" urged the tempter. And the vague shrinking seemed to grow less; nothing in heaven or earth seemed real to him; he felt that nothing mattered a straw. As well that way as any other. Why not?

Still the thought of Sigrid held him in check, the remembrance of her clear blue eyes seemed to force him to go deeper down beneath the surface of the sullen anger and disappointment which were goading him on to an evil life. Was it after all quite true? Had he really tried everything?

Two or three times during his wanderings he had thought of Roy Boniface, and had wondered whether he should seek him out again; but in his trouble he had shrunk from going to comparative strangers, and, as far as business went, it was scarcely likely that Roy could help him.

Again came the horrible temptation again that sort of terror of his own nature. He turned once more to the picture of the Romsdalshorn; it seemed to be the one thing which could witness to him of truth and beauty and a life above the level of the beasts.

Very slowly and gradually he began to see things as they really were; he saw that if he yielded to his temptation he could never again face Sigrid with a clear conscience. He saw, too, that his only safeguard lay in something which would take him out of himself. "I will get work," he said, almost fiercely. "For Sigrid's sake, I'll have one more try."

But he felt, as thousands have felt before him, that he was handicapped in the struggle by his loneliness, and perhaps it was this consciousness more than any expectation of finding work which made him swallow his pride and turn his steps toward Brixton.

CHAPTER XII.

By the time he reached Brixton it was quite dusk. Roy had never actually given him his address; but he made inquiries at a shop in the neighborhood, was offered the loan of a directory, and having found what he needed was soon making his way up the well-swept carriage-drive which led to Rowan Tree House.

To his surprise the door was suddenly flung open as he approached, and a little boy in a velvet tunic came dancing out on to the steps to meet him.

"Roy, Roy!" shouted the little fellow merrily, "I've come to meet you!" Then speedily discovering his mistake he darted back into the door-way, hiding his face in Cecil's skirt.

She stood there with a little curly-headed child in her arms, and her soft gray eyes and the deep-blue baby eyes looked searchingly out into the semi-darkness. Frithiof thought the little group looked like a picture of the Holy Family. Somehow he no longer dreaded the inside of the house. For the first time for weeks he felt the sort of rest which is akin to happiness as Cecil recognized him, and came forward with a pretty eagerness of manner to greet him, too much astonished at his sudden appearance for any thought of shyness to intervene.

"We thought you must have gone back to Norway," she exclaimed. "I am so glad you have come to see us. The children thought it was Roy who opened the gate. He will be home directly. He will be so glad to see you."

"I should have called before," said Frithiof, "but my days have been very full, and then, too, I was not quite sure of your address."

He followed her into the brightly lighted hall, and with a sort of satisfaction shut out the damp November twilight.

"We have so often spoken of you and your sisters," said Cecil; "but when Roy called at the Arundel and found that you had left without giving any address, we thought you must have gone back to Bergen."

"Did he call on me again there?" said Frithiof. "I remember now he promised that he would come, I ought to have thought of it; but somehow all was confusion that night, and afterward I was too ill."

"It must have been terrible for you all alone among strangers in a foreign country," said Cecil, the ready tears starting to her eyes. "Come in and see my mother, she has often heard how good you all were to us in Norway."

She opened a door on the left of the entrance hall and took him into one of the prettiest rooms he had ever seen; the soft crimson carpet, the inlaid rosewood furniture, the book-shelves with their rows of well-bound books, all seemed to belong to to each other, and a delightfully home-like feeling came over him as he sat by the fire, answering Mrs. Boniface's friendly inquiries; he could almost have fancied himself once more in his father's study at Bergen—the room where so many of their long winter evenings had been passed.

Mrs. Boniface was one of those very natural, homely people whose commonplace remarks have a sort of flavor of their own, and Cecil had something of the same gift.

At last the front door opened and footsteps sounded in the hall, little Lance ran out to greet Mr. Boniface and Roy, and Frithiof felt a sudden shame as he remembered the purse-proud tradesman that foolish prejudice had conjured up in his brain—a being wholly unlike the kindly, pleasant-looking man who now shook hands with him, seeming in a moment to know who he was and all about him.

"And so you have been in London all this time!" exclaimed Roy. "Whereabouts are you staying?"

"Close to Vauxhall Station," replied Frithiof. "Two or three times I thought of looking you up, but there was always so much to do."

"You have found work here, then?"

"No, indeed; I wish I had. It seems to me one may starve in this place before finding anything to do."

"Gwen wishes to say good-night to you, Herr Falck," said Cecil, leading the little girl up to him; and the bitter look died out of Frithiof's face for a minute as he stooped to kiss the baby mouth that was temptingly offered to him.

"It will be hard if in all London we can not find you something," said Mr. Boniface. "What sort of work do you want?"

"I would do anything," said Frithiof. "Sweep a crossing if necessary."

They all laughed.

"Many people say that vaguely," said Mr. Boniface. "But when one comes to practical details they draw back. The mud and the broom look all very well in the distance, you see." Then as a bell was rung in the hall, "Let us have tea first, and afterward, if you will come into my study we will talk the matter over. We are old-fashioned people in this house and keep to the old custom of tea and supper. I don't know how you manage such things in Norway, but to my mind it seems that the middle of the day is the time for the square meal, as they say in America."

If the meal that awaited them in the dining-room was not "square," it was, at any rate, very tempting; from the fine damask table-cloth to the silver gypsy kettle—from the delicately arranged chrysanthemums to the Crown Derby cups and saucers—all bespoke good taste and the personal supervision of one who really cared for beauty and order. For the first time for weeks Frithiof felt hungry. No more was said of the unappetizing subject of the dearth of work, nor did they speak much of their Norwegian recollections, because they knew it would be a sore subject with him just now.

Meanwhile in the study a very matter-of-fact conversation was being held.

"What I want to find out," said Mr. Boniface, "is whether you are really in earnest in what you say about work. There are thousands of young men saying exactly the same thing, but when you take the trouble to go into their complaint you find that the real cry is not 'Give me work by which I can get an honest living!' but 'Give me work that does not clash with my tastes—work that I thoroughly like.'"

"I have no particular tastes," said Frithiof, coldly. "The sort of work is quite indifferent to me as long as it will bring in money."

"You are really willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work your way up? You are not above taking a step which would place you much lower in the social scale."

"A fellow living on the charity of a relation who grudges every farthing, as taking something away from his own children, is not likely to trouble much about the social scale," said Frithiof, bitterly.

"Very well. Then I will, at any rate, suggest my plan for you, and see what you think of it. If you care to accept it until something better turns up, I can give you a situation in my house of business. Your salary to begin with would be but small; the man who leaves me next Monday has had only five-and-twenty shillings a week, and I could not without unfair favoritism give you more at first. But every man has a chance of rising, and I am quite sure that you, with your advantages, would do so. You understand that, as I said, it is mere work that I am offering you. Doubtless standing behind a counter will not be very congenial work to one brought up as you have been; but you might do infinitely worse, and I can at least promise you that you will be treated as a man—not, as in many places you would find it, as a mere 'hand.'"

(To be continued.)


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A delicious summer drink is iced Bovril. Mix a spoonful in a cold split soda water. This is both cooling and strengthening. Cold bouillon served alone or with toast or crackers is an exquisite afternoon refreshment. Make a quantity of Bovril with boiling water in the usual manner and cool it in the ice box. Many hostesses are serving this bouillon which is always excellent.

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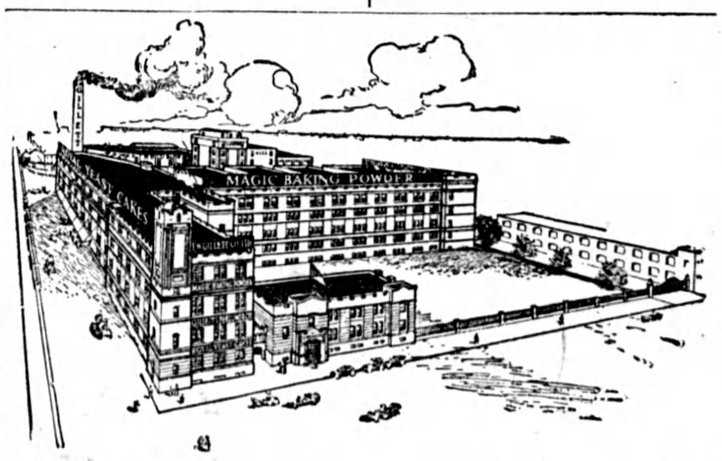


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### KNIFING A SHARK.

**Brave Deed of a British Sailor at Santa Lucia.**

Whether sharks really eat human beings or not, no one likes to be chased or to see a friend chased by one of them. And so, whether William Tozer actually saved his shipmate's life or not, he did a very brave thing, in a very neat and workmanlike manner.

When George Kirstell, teward of the British steamship Ramsay, fell overboard while the steamer was coaling at Santa Lucia, Captain Mallen and the officers and crew, most of whom were on deck, laughed heartily at the plight of the steward. Kirstell was in no particular danger, for he is a strong swimmer, but he was not in a pleasant humor, with the soaking his clothes were getting and the merriment of the crew at his expense.

A strong tide had swept him away from the steamer, but he was leisurely swimming back, when those on deck saw the fin of a shark coming through the water in his direction with alarming speed.

They shouted a warning, and the steward swam as he never had before, while Captain Mallen set about getting a life-boat over the side. But the captain and crew soon realized that before the boat could reach Kirstell the shark would overtake him.

They lowered away, but before the boat was in the water Kirstell's efforts had brought him almost beneath the overhang of the stern, and the shark was less than a dozen feet behind. The men who had not manned the life-boat turned aside in dread of seeing Kirstell dragged beneath the water, when William Tozer, the third officer, a big Englishman, sprang on to the rail and dived overboard. In one hand he clutched his big sailor's knife, its blade ready opened.

His body scarcely raised a ripple as it cut into the water, but an instant later there was a tremendous commotion where the shark had been coming on. Its tail lashed the water, and the big fin thrashed up and down. Then it disappeared amidst the reddening water, and a moment later Tozer rose to the surface, to catch a long breath and strike out easily for the steamer.

When he and Kirstell had been hauled aboard, the young third officer explained that he had merely performed a trick common to many of the natives of the south seas, where he has cruised for many years. He had timed his dive to come up beneath the shark, and had ripped him open with the big knife. There was some danger if you missed the shark the first time, he confessed.

### INTELLECTUAL PILLS.

**To Increase Man's Physical and Mental Vigor.**

It took a German scientist to invent the intellectual pill.

The basis of this is a drug called antikenotoxin, which has the quality of neutralizing the poisons which are said to be the cause of mental fatigue.

Dr. Weichardt, professor at the University of Erlangen, Germany, recently demonstrated that the muscles of animals suffering from physical or mental weariness secrete a certain poison, to which he gave the name kenotoxin. Then it was shown that antikenotoxin injected into a man increased his physical and mental vigor.

This led Prof. Lorentz to think of utilizing antikenotoxin to stimulate brain work. He considered that errors of calculation, for example, should be set down to fatigue.

He found that problems given to his class in mathematics at the beginning of the lesson were solved in five minutes by three students; in eight minutes by thirty-three; in ten minutes by sixteen. Other similar problems, given at the close of the lesson were solved in five minutes by one student; in eight minutes by twenty-seven; in ten minutes by twenty-three. Evidently, said the professor, it is mental fatigue that causes the slower work.

On a subsequent day Prof. Lorentz vaporized antikenotoxin in the class-room first before the close of the period and then set his pupils problems as before. The result was that they were solved in three minutes by three students; in four minutes by thirty-one, and in ten minutes by one. And the solutions contained fewer errors than usual.

This was the origin of Dr. Lorentz's intellectual pills. European physicians are still a bit sceptical, saying the pills must be subjected to more thorough tests.

### PANSIES GIVE A SURPRISE.

**Seed Must Have Lain Dormant More Than a Century.**

The Rev. Tertius Poole, Vicar of Culmstock, in Devon, England, tells a curious story of the results of ploughing in a grass lawn the year before last for the purpose of turning it into a rose garden. He says the lawn had not been disturbed for quite a hundred years. A parishioner who is 95 years of age says that his father used to mow it when he was a child. Since it has been ploughed in it has been covered with an amazing assortment of pansies of splendid quality.

"No seed," says the vicar, "has been sown nor have there been any pansies nearby. The only solution I can give is that the seed must have lain dormant in the soil for more than a century."

One of the pansies, it appears, is of an altogether unusual type, being like a gold and bronze butterfly.

Occasionally we meet a grown man who can eat almost as much as a small boy.

If young stock are reduced to starvation rations in a drought-stricken pasture they not only cease to grow but they suffer a let-down in condition from which they are very slow to recover.

**NO DANGER.**

Miss Antique—I hope, driver, you will not run away with me!

Cabby—Bless yer, no mum! I've got a wife and six young 'uns at home already.


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