ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd)

Possibly, when he first arrived in London, Frithiof might have scouted such a notion if it had been proposed to him, but now his first question was whether he was really qualified for the situation. Those hard words which had so often confronted him—"Experienced only"—flashed into his mind.

"I have had a good education," he said, "and, of course, understand book-keeping and so forth, but I have had no experience."

"I quite understand that," said Mr. Boniface. "But you would soon get into the way of things. My son would show you exactly what your work would be."

"Of course I would," said Roy. "Think it over, Flack, for at any rate it would keep you going for a time while you look round for a better opening."

"Yes, there is no need to make up your mind-to-night. Sleep upon it, and let me know how you decide to-morrow. If you think of accepting the situation, then come and see me in Regent Street between half past one and two o'clock. We close at two on Saturdays. And in any case, whether you accept or refuse this situation, I hope you will come and spend Saturday to Monday with us here."

"You are very good," said Frithiof, thinking to himself how unlike these people were to any others he had come across in London.

As Frithiof walked home to Vauxhall he felt more at rest than he had done for many days. They had not preached at him; they had merely given one of the best gifts that can be given in this world, the sight of one of those homes where the kingdom of heaven has begun—a home, that is, where "righteousness and peace and joy" are the rule, and whatever contradicts this reign of love the rare exception.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strict economy in gas was practised by the Miss Turnours, and Frithiof had to grope about for matches. "Attendance," too, did not apparently include drawing down the blind, or turning down the bed.

Looking honestly into his own mind he detected there something that urged him to snatch at this first chance of work, lest, with fresh failure and disappointment, the very desire for work should die within him, and he should sink into a state which his better nature abhorred. The clatter of tongues still ascended from below. He took off his boots, dropping first one and then the other with a resounding thud upon the floor, after the manner of men.

The next morning he went to the Swedish Embassy to ask advice once more.

"I am glad to see you," said the consul. "I was hoping you would look in again, for I met old Sivertsen the other day, and he was most anxious to have your address. He said you went off in a hurry, and never gave him time to finish what he was saying."

Frithiof smiled.

"He did nothing but inveigh against the rising generation, and I didn't care to waste the whole morning over that."

"You have too little diplomacy about you," said the consul. "You do not make the best of your own case. However, Sivertsen seems to have taken a fancy to you, and I advise you to go to him again; he will most likely offer you work. If I were you, I would make up my mind to take whatever honest work turns up, and throw pride to the winds. Leave your address here with me, and if I hear of anything I'll let you know."

Frithiof, somewhat unwillingly, made his way to Museum Street, and was ushered into the stuffy little den where Herr Sivertsen sat smoking and writing serenely. He bowed stiffly, but was startled to see the sudden change which came over the face of the old Norwegian at sight of him.

"So! You have come back, then!" he exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the hand, just as though they had parted the best of friends. "I am glad of it. Why didn't you tell me the real state of the case? Why didn't you tell me you were one of the victims of the accursed thirst for gold? Why didn't you tell me of the hardness and rapacity of the English firm? But you are all alike—all! Young men nowadays can't put a decent sentence together; they clip their words as close as if they were worth a mint of money. A worthless generation! Sit down, now, sit down, and tell me what you can do."

Frithiof, perceiving that what had first seemed like boorishness was really eccentricity, took the proffered chair, and tried to shake off the mantle of cold reserve which had of late fallen upon him.

"I could do translating," he replied. "English, German or Norwegian. I am willing to do copying; but there, I suppose, the type-writers would cut me out. Any way, I have four hours to spare in the evening, and I want them filled."

"You have found some sort of work then already?"

"Yes, I have got work which will bring me in twenty-five shillings a week, but it leaves me free from eight o'clock, and I want evening employment."

Herr Sivertsen gave a grunt which expressed encouragement and approval. He began shuffling about masses of foolscap and proofs which were strewn in wild confusion about the writing-table. "These are the revised proofs of Scanbury's new book; take this page and let me see how you can render it into Norwegian. Here are pen and paper. Sit down and try your hand."

Frithiof obeyed. Herr Sivertsen seemed satisfied with the result.

"Put the same page into German," he said.

Frithiof worked away in silence, and the old author paced to and fro with his pipe, giving a furtive glance now and then at the down-bent head with its fair, obstinate hair brushed erect in Norwegian fashion, and the fine Grecian profile upon which the dark look of trouble sat strangely. The consul's account of his young countryman's story had moved him greatly, and he was determined now to do what he could for him. He rang the bell and ordered the Norwegian maid-servant to bring lunch for two, adding an emphatic "Straix!" (immediately), which made Frithiof look up from his writing.

"You have finished?" asked Herr Sivertsen.

"Not quite. I can't get this last bit quite to my mind. I don't believe there is an equivalent in German for that expression."

"You are quite right. There isn't. I couldn't get anything for it myself. What have you put? Good! very good. It is an improvement on what I had thought of. The sentence runs better."

He took the paper from the table and mumbled through it in an approving tone.

"Good! you will do!" he said at the end. "Now while we lunch together we can discuss terms. Ha! what has she brought us? Something that pretends to be German sausage! Good heavens! The depravity of the age! This German sausage indeed! I must apologize to you for having it on the table, but servants are all alike now-a-days—all alike! Not one of them can understand how to do the marketing properly. A worthless generation!"

Frithiof began to be faintly amused by the old man, and as he walked away from Museum Street with a week's work under his arm he felt in better spirits that he had done for some time.

With not a little curiosity he sought out the Bonifaces' shop in Regent Street. The inner shop was consecrated to instruments of all kinds, and through this Frithiof was taken to Mr. Boniface's private room.

"Well," said the show-owner, greeting him kindly. "And have you made your decision?"

"Yes, sir, I have decided to accept the situation," said Frithiof.

"I forget whether I told you about the hours," said Mr. Boniface. "Half past eight in the morning till half past seven at night, an hour out of that for dinner, and half an hour for tea. You will have of course the usual bank holidays, and we also arrange that each of our men shall have a fortnight some time during the summer."

"You are very thoughtful for your hands," said Frithiof. "It is few, I should fancy, who would allow so much."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Boniface. "A good many, I fancy, try something of the sort, and I am quite sure that it invariably answers. It is not in human nature to go on forever at one thing—every one needs variety. Business becomes a tread-mill if you never get a thorough change, and I like my people to put their heart into the work. If you try to do that you will be of real value, and are bound to rise."

"Look," said Roy, showing him a neatly drawn-out plan of names and dates. "This is the holiday chart which we worked out this summer. It takes my father quite a long time to arrange it all and make each dovetail properly with the others."

They lingered for a few minutes talking over the details of the business, then Roy took Frithiof down into the shop again, and in the uninterrupted quiet of the Saturday afternoon showed him exactly what his future work would be.

"I am afraid all this must be very uncongenial to you," said Roy.

"Perhaps," said Frithiof. "But it will do as well as anything else. And indeed," he added, warmly, "one would put up with a great deal for the sake of being under such a man as Mr. Boniface."

"The real secret of the success of the business is that he personally looks after every detail," said Roy. "All the men he employs are fond of him; he expects them to do their best for him, and he does his best for them. I think you may really be happy enough here, though of course it is not at all the sort of life you were brought up to expect."

He began to know intuitively how things would strike Frithiof, and as they went down to Brixton he prepared him for what he shrewdly surmised would be the chief disagreeable in his business life.

"I don't think you heard," he began, "that there is another partner in our firm—a cousin of my father's—James Horner. I dare say you will not come across him very much, but he is fond of interfering now and then, and sometimes if my father is away he gets fussy and annoying. He is not at all popular in the shop, and I thought I would just warn you beforehand, though of course you are not exactly expecting a bed of roses."

When they reached Rowan Tree House they found a carriage waiting at the door.

"Talk of the angel and its wings appear," said Roy. "The Horners are calling here. What a nuisance!"

Frithiof felt inclined to echo this sentiment when he found himself in the pretty drawing-room once more and became conscious of the presence of an overdressed woman and a bumptious little man with mutton-chop whiskers and inquisitive eyes, whose air of patronage would have been comical had it not been galling to his Norwegian independence.

"The Bonifaces have no sense of what is fitting," she said afterward to her husband. "The idea of introducing one of the shopmen to me! I never go into Loveday's drawing-room without longing to leave behind me a book on etiquette."

"She's a well-meaning soul," said James Horner, condescendingly. "But countrified still, and unpolished. It's strange after so many years of London life."

"Not strange at all," retorted Mrs. Horner, snappishly. "She never tries to copy correct models, so how's it likely her manners should improve. I'm not at all partial to Cecil either. They'll never make a stylish girl of her with their ridiculous ideas about stays and all that. I'll be bound her waist's a good five-and-twenty inches."

(To be contnued.)

EAGLE ATTACKS DOG.

Bird Would Have Conquered If Farmer Had Not Taken Part.

From Shidzuoka comes a graphic account of a bloody combat between an eagle and a dog, says the Japan Advertiser. A few days ago, at about 8 a.m., while one Ano was engaged in farming at the foot of a hill called Awagatabe in a suburb of Shidzuoka, he saw his favorite dog scamper away in unusual excitement. The farmer, struck with curiosity, followed in the direction in which the dog ran and was amazed to see the animal jumping about and barking furiously in a thicket near the bottom of a large pine tree.

On closer scrutiny he found the dog was waging a savage battle with a large eagle nearly five feet in height. The bird would descend upon the dog and attack it with its powerful talons, while the dog would spring away alertly trying to bite its enemy. The exciting combat continued for some time, but at last threatened to end in the defeat of the dog.

The farmer fetched a hatchet and rushed to the succor of his pet, raining upon the eagle repeated blows. The dog, encouraged by this help, attacked its antagonist with redoubled vigor, and after a while the eagle fell to the ground quite exhausted and covered with blood. Ano took the captive home in triumph and has since been keeping it in his house.

The eagle proved to be of enormous size and is said to be attracting great curiosity among the villagers.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

The preparation of appetising and nourishing food is often a perplexing matter, but variety in food is essential and the troubles of the housewife have been greatly lessened by Bovril which is the most convenient form in which a complete food can be prepared. In a minute you can have comforting and nourishing bouillon or Bovril Tea. Bovril Sandwiches, thin bread and butter with Bovril spread lightly between, or hot buttered toast with a little Bovril are positive delicacies. Bovril is excellent for gravies and soups and a little used in reheating meat adds a choice piquancy and improves digestiiblity.

PREFERS THE COUNTRY.

As a writer of fiction, Mr. Max Pemberton enjoys great popularity both in England and on this continent. Thousands of schoolboys have revelled in "The Iron Pirate," Mr. Pemberton's first great success. Since then he has written over a score of novels which appeal to lovers of wholesome, exciting fiction.

Mr. Pemberton, who lives at Bury St. Edmunds, is of the opinion that creative work done in the country is decidedly better than that done in the town. Describing his methods, he states: "I do my work between eleven and one o'clock in the morning and five and seven in the evening. The two hours before dinner are the best in the day, but I generally get my ideas when I first awake in the morning. This is all very commonplace, but it is true. My experience tells me that you can do, in the country, a good day's work in

Mr. Max Pemberton.

three hours, whilst in London you do a bad day's work in seven. That is why I have cut myself free from telephones, and gone where the taxis are at rest."

CRUEL OLD PUNISHMENTS.

Offenders at Sea Had a Hard Time if They Were Found Out.

Old time punishment for offences at sea was most severe. The code of the time of Richard I. of England, drawn up for the government of his fleet on the crusades, provided "that whoso killed any person on shipboard should be tied with him that was slain and thrown into the sea. And if he killed him on land he should in like manner be tied with the partie slaine, and be buried with him in the earth."

In Elizabeth's time a thief was to be ducked three times, towed ashore at the stern of a boat and marooned with a loaf of bread and a can of beer. Mutiny was punishable by the culprit's being hanged by his heels "until his brains were beaten oute against the shyppe's side." The penalties imposed for sleeping on watch were progressive.

For the first offence the man was to be "headed" with a bucket of water, on the next occasion he was to be strung up by his wrists and to have two buckets of water poured into his sleeves, the third time he would be loaded with weights and bound to the mast and "for the fourthe time he was to be hanged to the boltsprite, with a can of beere, and a biscotte of breade, and a sharp knife, and so to hang and choose whether he would cutte himself down and fall into the sea or hange still and starve."

Among the rules issued by Raleigh for the governing of his South American expeditions in 1617 was that no man should be allowed to gamble for his arms or clothes, "on the pain of being disarmed and made swabber of the ship." A general punishment for blasphemy at this time was for the offender to be bound to the mainmast with an iron bit between his teeth, the alternative being a scraping of the tongue.

All sorts of odd and frequently hideous punishments are to be found described in old manuscripts. In 1775 a man found drunk aboard or ashore was taken care of until the following morning, when, in the presence of the ship's company, he was presented with a pint of salt water, which he had to drink.

The dreaded "cat" is probably the best known of these old naval punishments. Whipping was provided for at least as long ago as the fifteenth century, and in Drake's time the regular trouncing of the ship's boys by the boatswain on Monday morning was regarded as the only means of insuring a fair wind for the rest of the week.

SHE WAITED.

Clerk—"But you just bought this novel and paid for it."

Customer—"Yes."

Clerk—Then why do you wish to return it?"

Customer—"I read it while waiting for my change."

Refined to absolute purity—sealed tight and protected from any possible contamination—

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Extra Granulated Sugar

in this new 5-Pound Package is the cleanset, purest sugar you can buy. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar.

Ask your Grocer for it.

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On the Farm

SUMMER CARE OF PIGS.

Many farmers think that they cannot afford to feed the pigs liberally during the summer season. The pigs are allowed to shift for themselves in many instances and of course do not make much growth, but one may see a pretty good profit in feeding at the present high price of both feed and pork, writes Mr. A. J. Legg.

The hog will just about live on the pasture they can gather from the field and what grain is given them goes to growth and anyone who has tried it has found that only a moderate ration fed to the shoats on pasture will make a good growth throughout the season.

Early spring pigs of any good breed can be made to average a pound of gain a day by the time they are eight or ten months old, and a large part of this can be made on pasture.

The pig that is fed enough food to keep it growing rapidly from the start to finish is usually the most profitable porker.

In some section where there is sufficient waste crop to fatten the hogs it may be profitable to allow the shoats to shift for themselves.

However, usually the hogs that are allowed to shift for themselves and get fat on the waste are easy victims of cholera and swine plague.

If there is a fair profit in feeding hogs the business should be conducted in as careful and business-like way as the feeding of cattle and sheep.

DAIRY NOTES.

One way to save feed bills is to protect the cows from flies during the summer and the cold weather in the winter.

The length of the stall should be adjusted by the size of the cow, and always used by the same cow.

Excellence is always relative. Its relative degrees can only be gauged with accuracy when accurate records are kept.

Nothing ever came so near turning December into June for dairy cattle and sheep as the silo.

The silo lends itself admirably to efforts at intensive farming.

Breed for type, but strive to secure individuals that possess to a certainty the characteristics which you desire your favorite type of dairy cow to possess to perpetuate in your herd.

We should never be deluded into thinking that an animal with a pedigree entitling her to registration is more valuable than another simply on account of such registration.

Individual excellence is the only safe guide to be depended upon in selecting cows to build up a good herd.

The best cows are none too good when measured by their profits, but all of us cannot afford to go out and buy the best; hence we should try to do the best we can with those we have until we can secure better.

IN THE SHEEP FOLD.

One sign of an overfed sheep is the frequent stretching and spreading out of the legs. When these symptoms are observed give a bran mash and an ounce of linseed oil.

It is a mistake to send the buck lambs to market, as they are never desirable and bring down the average of the shipment.

When a buck lamb is about three months old it begins to develop coarseness and a disposition to fight.

A farmer from Maitland, Mo., writes: "Will dipping sheep affect the quality of the wool?" Perhaps not if the sheep is not clipped for two or three months afterwards, but why dip when the wool is long? This should always be done immediately after shearing.

POULTRY HINTS.

Hens suffer from overfeeding as much as starving.

Even a warm rain is bad for very young chicks, and arrangements should be made so they can get to shelter quickly when the showers come.

If many chicks are raised it is a good plan to keep a large kettle near the poultry-house in which the drinking vessels can be boiled at least once a week. A handful of common soda thrown in the water will help.

At the first sign of droopiness in a chick separate it from the rest of the flock and if it does not quickly recover use the axe and bury the body.

GOOD HORSE SENSE.

Never feed a horse when it is very warm.

You cannot begin to feed and train a colt too early.

Excessive sweating in a horse indicates weakness.

Drive a colt the first time with a fast walking horse.

Handling colts from the start obviates breaking and substitutes training.

OUTGROWN HIS CAR.

"So you've sold your automobile?"

"Yes. I've outgrown it."

"Outgrown it? Do you mean you've tired of it?"

"Not at all. I've simply grown too stout to crawl underneath it any more."

Take A Scoopful Of Each—Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrance" Sugar — its perfect crystals — its pure, white sparkle—its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that

Absolutely Best — St. Lawrence Sugar — Absolutely Pure

is one of the choicest sugars ever refined—with a standard of purity that few sugars can boast. Try it in your home.

Analysis shows, "St. Lawrence Granulated" to be "99 99/100 to 100% Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever"

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