ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd)

Frithiof breathed more freely when the Horners had left Rowan Tree House, and indeed every one seemed to feel that a weight had been removed, and a delightful sense of ease took possession of all.

"Cousin Georgina will wear ospreys to the bitter end, I prophesy," said Roy. "You'll never convince her that anything she likes is really hard on others."

"Of course, many people have worn them before they knew of the cruelty," said Cecil, "but afterward I can't think how they can."

"You see, people as a rule don't really care about pain at a distance," said Frithiof. "Torture thousands of these herons and egrets by a lingering death, and though people know it is so they won't care; but take one person within hearing of their cries, and that person will wonder how any human being can be such a barbarian as to wear these so-called ospreys."

"I suppose it is that we are so very slow to realize pain that we don't actually see."

"People don't really want to stop pain till it makes them personally uncomfortable," replied Frithiof.

"That sounds horribly selfish."

"Most things come round to selfishness when you trace them out."

"I'm going to make tea, Roy," said Mrs. Boniface, laying down her netting, "and you had better show Herr Falck his room. I hope you'll often come and spend Sunday with us," she added, with a kindly glance at the Norwegian.

In the evening they had music. Roy and Cecil both sung well; their voices were not at all out of the common, but no pains had been spared on their training, and Frithiof liked the comfortable informal way in which they sung one thing after another, treating him entirely as one of the family.

"And now it is your turn," said Cecil, after awhile. "Father, where is that Amati that somebody sent you on approval. Perhaps Herr Falck would try it."

"Oh, do you play the violin?" said Mr. Boniface; "that is capital. You'll find it in my study cupboard, Cecil; stay, here's the key."

Frithiof protested that he was utterly out of practice, that it was weeks since he had touched his violin, which had been left behind in Norway; but when he actually saw the Amati he couldn't resist it, and it ended in his playing to Cecil's accompaniment for the rest of the evening.

To Cecil the hours seemed to fly, and Mrs. Boniface, after a preliminary round of tidying up the room, came and stood by her, watching her bright face with motherly contentment.

"Prayer-time, darling," she said, as the sonata came to an end; "and since it's Saturday night we mustn't be late."

"Ten o'clock already?" she exclaimed; "I had no idea it was so late! What hymn will you have, father?"

"The Evening Hymn," said Mr. Boniface; and Frithiof wondering a little what was going to happen, obediently took the place asigned him, saw with some astonishment that four white-capped maid-servants had come into the drawing-room and were sitting near the piano, and that Mr. Boniface was turning over the leaves of a big Bible.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," read Mr. Boniface. And as he went on, the beautiful old poem with its tender reassuring cadences somehow touched Frithiof, so that when they stood up to sing "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," he did not cavil at each line as he would have done a little while before, but stood listening reverently, conscious of a vague desire for something in which he felt himself to be lacking.

"I wish I could be like these people," he thought to himself, kneeling for the first time for years.

And though he did not hear a word of the prayer, and could not honestly have joined in it if he had heard, his mind was full of a longing which he could not explain.

He owned as much to Cecil the next day when, after breakfast, they chanced to be alone together for a few minutes.

"Have you found any Norwegian service in London, or will you come with us?" she asked, unconsciously.

"Oh," he replied, "I gave up that sort of thing long ago, and while you are out I will get on with some translation I have in hand."

"I beg your pardon," she said, coloring crimson, "I had no idea, or I should not have asked."

But there was not the faintest shade of annoyance in Frithiof's face.

"The services bored me so," he explained.

"Oh," said Cecil, smiling as she recognized the boyishness of his remark; "I suppose every one goes through a stage of being bored. Roy used to hate Sunday when he was little; he used to have a Sunday pain which came on quite regularly when we were starting to chapel, so that he could stay at home."

"I know you will all think me a shocking sinner to stay at home translating this book," said Frithiof.

"No, we sha'n't," said Cecil, quietly. "If you thought it was right to go to church of course you would go. You look at things differently."

She found him pens and ink, tore a soiled sheet off the blotting-pad, drew up the blind so as to let in just enough sunshine, and then left him to his translating.

"What a strange girl she is," he thought to himself. "As frank and outspoken as a boy, and yet with all sorts of little tender touches about her. Sigrid would like her; they did take to one another at Balholm, I remember."

Then, with a bitter recollection of one who had eclipsed all others during that happy week on the Sogne Fjord, the hard look came back to his face, and taking up his pen he began to work doggedly at Herr Sivertsen's manuscript.

The next morning his new life began, he turned his back on the past, and deliberately made his downward step on the social ladder, which nevertheless meant an upward step on the ladder of honesty and success. Mr. Horner, who was the sort of man who would have patronized an archangel for the sake of showing off his own superior affability, unluckily chanced to be in the shop a good deal during that first week, and the new hand received a large share of his notice. Frithiof's native courtesy bore him up through a good deal, but at last his pride got the better of him, and he made it is perfectly apparent to the bumptuous little man that he desired to have as little to do with him as possible, that James Horner's bland patronage speedily changed to active dislike.

"What induced you to choose that Falck in Smith's place?" he said to Mr. Boniface, in a grumbling tone.

"He is a friend of Roy's," was the reply. "What is it that you dislike about him? He seems to me likely to prove very efficient."

"Oh, yes; he has his wits about him, perhaps rather too much so, but I can't stand the ridiculous airs the fellow gives himself. Order him to do anything, and he'll do it as haughtily as though he were master and I servant; and as for treating him in a friendly way it's impossible, he's as stand-offish as if he were a Croesus instead of a poor beggar without a penny to bless himself with."

"He is a very reserved fellow," said Mr. Boniface; "and you must remember that this work is probably distasteful to him. You see he has been accustomed to a very different position."

"Why, his father was nothing but a fish merchant who went bankrupt."

"But out in Norway merchants rank much more highly than with us. Besides, the Falcks are of a very old family."

"Well, really I never expected to hear such a Radical as you speak up for old family and all that nonsense," said James Horner. "But I see you are determined to befriend this fellow, so it's no good my saying anything against it. I hope you may find him all you expect. For my part I consider him a most unpromising young man; there's an aggressiveness about his face and bearing that I don't like at all. A dangerous headstrong sort of character, and not in the least fit for the position you have given him."

With which sweeping condemnation Mr. Horner left the room, and Roy, who had kept a politic silence throughout the scene, threw down his pen and went into a subdued fit of laughter.

"You should see them together, father, it's as good as a play," he exclaimed. "Falck puts on his grand air and is crushingly polite the moment Cousin James puts in an appearance, and that nettles him and he becomes more and more vulgar and fussy, and so they go poking each other up worse and worse every minute."

"It's very foolish of Falck," said Mr. Boniface. "If he means to get on in life, he will have to learn the art of rising above such paltry annoyances as airs of patronage and manners that jar on him."

Meanwhile, down below in the shop, Frithiof had forgotten his last encounter with James Horner, and as he set things in order for the Saturday afternoon closing, his thoughts were far away. The instant two o'clock sounded the hour of his release, he snatched up his hat and hurried away; his dreams of the past had taken so strong a hold upon him that he felt he must try for at least one more sight of the face that ha unted him so persistently.

Feeling as though some power outside himself were drawing him onward, he followed with scarcely a thought of the actual way, until he found himself within sight of the Lancaster Gate House. A striped red and white awning had been erected over the steps, he caught sight of it through the trees, and his heart seemed to stand still. Hastily crossing the wide road leading to the church, he gained a better view of the pavement in front of Mr. Morgan's house; dirty little street children with eager faces were clustered about the railings, and nurse-maids with perambulators flanked the red felt which made a path-way to the carriage standing before the door. He turned sick and giddy.

"Fine doings there, sir," remarked the crossing-sweeper. "They say the bride's an heiress and a beauty too. Well! well! it's an unequal world!"

"Got a copper about you, sir?" he asked.

Frithiof, just because the old man made that remark about an unequal world, dropped a sixpence into the outstretched palm.

"God bless you, sir!" said the crossing-sweeper.

Like one in a nightmare, he reached the church door. The organ was crashing out a jubilant march; there was a sort of subdued hum of eager anticipation from the crowd of spectators.

"Are you a friend of the bride, sir?" asked an official.

"No," he said, icily.

"Then the side aisle, if you plase, sir. The middle aisle is reserved for friends only."

He quietly took the place assigned him and waited. It did not seem real to him, the crowded church, the whispering people; all that seemed real was the horrible sense of expectation.

An icy numbness crept over him, a most appalling feeling of isolation. "This is like dying," he thought to himself. And then, because the congregation stood up, he too dragged himself to his feet. The march had changed to a hymn. White-robed choristers walked slowly up the middle aisle; their words reached him distinctly—

"Still in the pure espousal,
Of Christian man and maid."

Then suddenly he caught sight of the face which had more than once been pressed to his, of the eyes which had lured him on so cruelly. It was only for a moment. She passed by with her attendant bridemaids, and black darkness seemed to fall upon him, though he stood there outwardly calm, and just like an indifferent spectator.

Yet through all the whispering and the subdued noise of the great congregation he could hear Blanche's clear voice. "I will always trust you," she had said to him on Munkeggen. Now he heard her answer "I will" to another question.

After that, prayers and hymns seemed all mixed up in a wild confusion. Now and then, between the heads of the crowd, he caught a vision of a slim, white-robed figure, and presently Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was struck up, and he knew that she would pass down the aisle once more. Would her face be turned in his direction? Yes; for a little child scattered flowers before her, and she glanced round at it with a happy, satisfied smile. As for Frithiof, he just stood there passively, and no one watching him could have known of the fierce anguish that wrung his heart.

(To be continued.)

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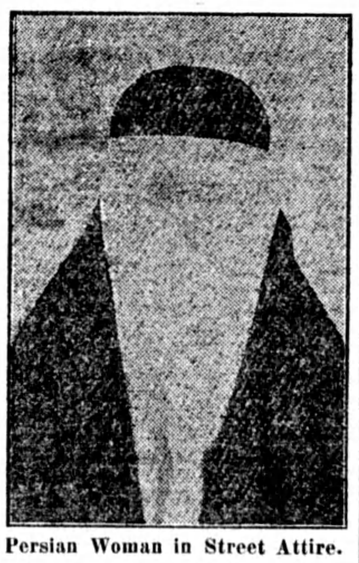
Much of the pleasures of life is lost in the worry of preparing meals. Bovril in the hands of a resourceful woman solves the problem. Bovril stirred simply into hot water and flavored to taste makes an excellent bouillon. Meats reheated have their original flavor restored and enhanced by a little Bovril. Bovril Sandwiches are in constant demand by old and young, especially by children. Bovril Tea—hot or cold—can be served at any time with crackers, and as a last thing at night to induce sound sleep, hot Bovril is unequalled.



Persian Woman in Street Attire.

Her face is shrouded in a veil, relieved only by an inset piece of network that allows the wearer to see where she is going.

A GENEROUS FOE.

A very unusual kind of sportsmanship was shown by the Maori chief who was taken prisoner by the British after a hot engagement. His captors were talking to the man, and one of them asked him why he had not captured the British provision and ammunition trains a few days before, when he had the chance.

The chief gave a loud, scornful laugh.

"You fool!" he cried. "If we had stolen your food and powder, how could you have fought us?"

A pint of water weighs twenty ounces.

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Heat and Light and Power for Nothing.

Has the sunshine really been harnessed at last? Can its life-giving properties definitely be utilized for supplying motor power. It would really appear as though they could. At any rate, a Frenchman, M. Charles Winter, has just achieved a most remarkable result.

By means of a special battery and a particular chemical solution, this modern wizard has undoubtedly succeeded in storing electricity which gives a small current. The battery consists of two thin platinum plates, one of which dips into a solution of perchloride of iron, the other being in contact with a mercury salt. When placed in the sunlight a chemical change takes place in the contents of the battery and charges it with electricity!

When the current is used up it leaves the battery in its original condition again, and it is ready for the life-giving sunshine once more.

It is difficult to realize at once what a tremendous change even in domestic economy alone such a sunshine storage-battery would bring about.

First and foremost every house would surely have its own electric light. And most houses would probably be electrically heated as well, for heating would then cost much less than coal. And cooking would almost certainly be accomplished by electricity.

A thrifty housewife would be able to put out her storage batteries in the daytime, and the house would practically run itself in the evening.

If there was any doubt about the supply running a bit short towards morning, the batteries could be put out at three o'clock on a summer's morning and you could have your cup of tea at seven o'clock, your warm bath, and your breakfast later without the slightest difficulty, and all at a comparatively small cost. The only trouble would be foggy weather.

As regards the cost, it would mean practically only the initial one of purchasing the batteries. For practical and commercial purposes it would be impossible to use platinum for everyday use owing to its expense. But it is the idea and the definite achievement which count.

Now that the storage of electricity by sunlight has actually been achieved there is nothing to stop the further development. A commencement in a revolutionary discovery has been made.

With a battery of 500 large cells placed on the roof during the day, it would be possible to store enough electricity, through the agency of sunlight, to keep six lamps going at night. This has already been proved.

There is no reason at all, when a substitute for platinum has been found, why the practical storage of electricity by sunlight should not be developed at a rapid rate.

If the progress were maintained at the same rate as in other discoveries, it would not be long before sunshine stored the batteries of motor cars, heated and lighted houses and streets, and generally kept the modern world going.

It would not be absolutely necessary that there should be sunshine, either, the whole time. Ordinary daylight will achieve the same result.

MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN.

The Russian Royal special train is the heaviest and most luxurious in Europe. When it was constructed it was devised to stand a charge of dynamite, and it cannot be taken fast over most of the European lines, because their metals are too light. The train contains a small chapel, with an icon of peculiar sanctity, a library, bath-rooms, drawing-rooms, dining-room, and bed-rooms. The servants' quarters are at the rear, and consist simply of an ordinary van-like carriage arranged with sleeping-bunks, as if on board ship. The train is so made that it can be changed to fit the Russian or the mid-European gauge.

In Tasmania an area exceeding 20,000 acres is under cultivation for the growing of apples; last season the yield was considerably in excess of a million bushels.

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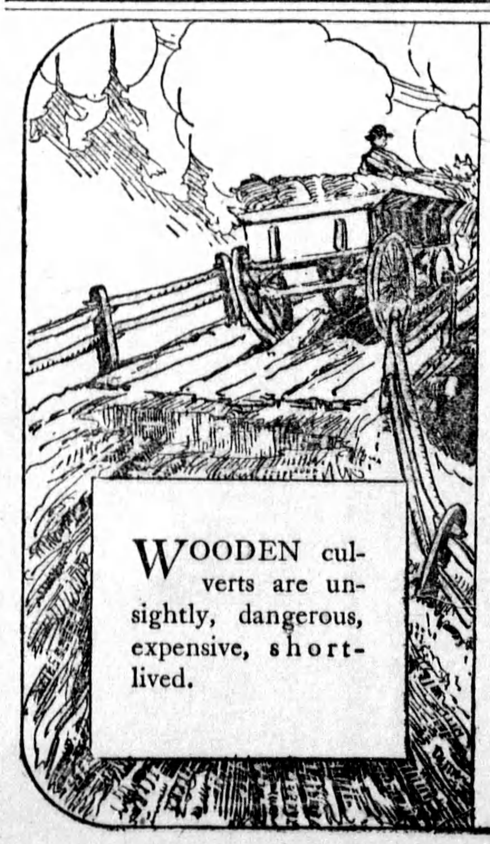

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Which kind of a culvert does your waggon cross?

DOES the road *you* use pass over rickety, dangerous wooden culverts, that are constantly in need of repairs and often washed away entirely? Or is it carried safely across the low places by modern, everlasting culverts? Build your

CULVERTS OF CONCRETE

which not only cannot be washed away, but actually grow stronger with age and use.

Every farmer owes it to himself to insist that the money he pays for road-taxes be spent to the best advantage. As a ratepayer, he is entitled to the best roads that can be made with that money. When culverts are washed out, and the road rendered impassable, he not only suffers inconvenience but may also be caused financial loss by inability to get necessary supplies in time for spring planting. And at best, with wooden culverts, part of the money that should be used to make better roads must be spent every year for repairs.

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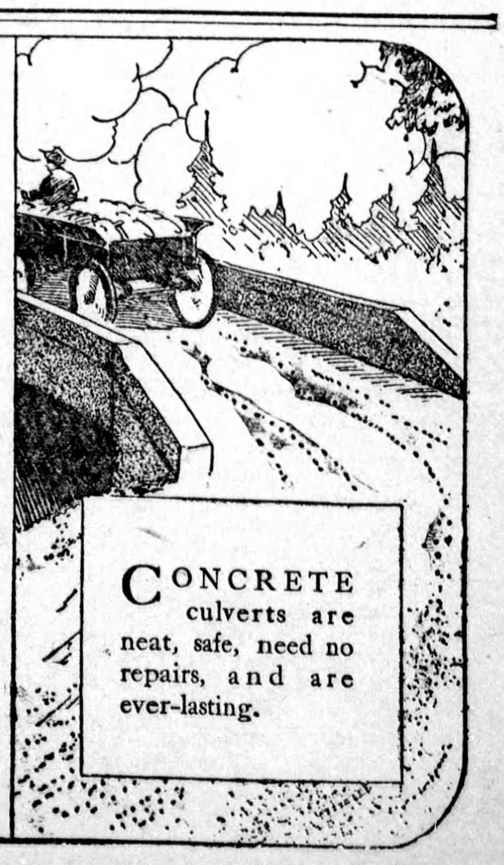

CONCRETE culverts are neat, safe, need no repairs, and are ever-lasting.