ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd)

"I feel sorry for him," she added. "He always bows very politely when I meet him, and he is remarkably good-looking, though with a disagreeable expression."

"When one is hungry one seldom looks agreeable," said Miss Charlotte. "I wish I had noticed him before."

"Suppose," she said, timidly, "suppose I were to take him a little of the stewed beef we shall have for supper."

"Send it up by the girl," said Miss Turnour, "she is still in the kitchen. Don't take it yourself; it would be awkward for both of you."

So Miss Charlotte meekly obeyed, and sent up by the shabby servant girl a most savory little supper. Unluckily the girl was a pert cockney, and her loud, abrupt knock at the door in itself irritated Frithiof.

"Come in," he said, in a surly tone.

"Look here," said the girl, "here's something to put you in a better temper. Missus's compliments, and she begs you'll accept it," and she thrust the tray at him with a derisive grin.

"Have the goodness to take that down again," said Frithiof, in a fit of unreasoning anger. "I'll not be treated like your mistress's pet dog."

Something in his manner cowed the girl. She beat a hasty retreat, and was planning how she could manage to eat the despised supper herself, when at the foot of the stairs she met Miss Charlotte, and her project was nipped in the bud.

"It ain't no use, miss, 'e won't touch it," she explained; "'e was as angry as could be, and says 'e, 'Take it away! I'll not be treated like your mistress's pet dog,' says 'e. So, bein' frightened, I ran down-stairs agen."

Miss Charlotte looked troubled, and later on, when as usual she took up the jug of hot water, she felt nervous and uncomfortable, and her knock was more timid than ever. However, she had scarcely set down the jug on the floor when there came sounds of hasty footsteps in the room, and Frithiof flung open the door.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You meant to be kind, I'm sure, but the girl was rude, and I lost my temper. I ask your forgiveness."

"I am so sorry the girl was rude," Miss Charlotte said. "I wish I had brought it myself. You see, it was in this way: we all thought you looking so poorly, and we were having the beef for supper, and we thought perhaps you might fancy some, and—and—"

"It was very good of you," he said, touched by the kindness. "I regret what I said, but you must make allowance for a bad-tempered man with a splitting headache."

"Is that the reason you tie it up?" asked Miss Charlotte.

"It keeps it cooler," he said, "and I can get through more work."

She glanced at the table, and saw that it was covered with papers and books.

"Are you wise to do so much work after being busy all day?" she said. "It seems to me that you are not looking well."

"It is nothing but headache," he said. "And the work is the only pleasure I have in the world."

"I was afraid from your looks that you had a hard life," she said, hesitatingly.

"It is not hard outwardly. As far as work goes it is easy enough, but there is a deal of monotony about it."

And as he glanced out at the sunny street and heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the road, a wild longing used to seize him for the freedom and variety of his life in Norway, and the old fierce rebellion against his fate woke once more in his heart, and made him ready to fly into a rage on the smallest provocation.

One day he was sent for to Mr. Boniface's private room; he was quite well aware that his manner, even to Roy himself, whom he liked, had been disagreeable in the extreme, and the thought crossed his mind that he was going to receive notice to leave.

Mr. Boniface was sitting at his writing-table, the sunlight fell on his quiet, refined face, lighted up his white hair and trim beard, and made his kindly gray eyes brighter than ever. "I wanted a few words with you, Falck," he said. "Sit down. It seems to me that you have not been looking well lately, and I thought perhaps you had better take your holiday at once instead of the third week in August. I have spoken to Darnell, and he would be willing to give you his turn and take the later time. What do you think?"

"You are very good, sir," said Frithiof, "but I shall do very well with the August holiday, and, as a matter of fact, it will only mean that I shall do more translating."

"Would you not do well to go home Come, think of it, I would give you three weeks if you want to go to Bergen."

"Thank you," he said, with an effort; "but I can not go back to Norway."

"Now, tell me candidly, is it the question of expense that hinders you?" said Mr. Boniface. "Because if it is merely that, I would gladly lend you the money. You must remember that you have had a great deal to bear lately, and I think you ought to give yourself a good rest."

"Thank you," replied Frithiof, "but it is not exactly the expense. I have money enough in hand to pay for my passage, but I have made up my mind not to go back till I can clear off the last of the debts of—of our firm," he concluded, with a slight quiver in his voice.

"It is a noble resolution," said Mr. Boniface, "and I would not for a moment discourage you. Still you must remember that it is a great undertaking, and that without good health you can never hope for success. I don't think you get enough exercise. Now, why don't you join our cricket club?"

"I don't play," said Frithiof. "In Norway we are not great at those games, or indeed at any kind of exercise for the mere sake of exercise. That is an idea that one only finds among Englishmen."

"Possibly; but living in our climate, you would do well to follow our habits. Come, let me persuade you to join the club. You look to me as if you needed greater variety."

"I will think about it for next year; but just now I have work for Herr Sivertsen on hand which I can't put aside," said Frithiof.

"Well, then, things must go on as they are for the present," said Mr. Boniface; "but at least you can bring your translating down to Rowan Tree House, and spend your holiday with us."

"You are very kind," said Frithiof. "I shall be only too delighted."

And the interview seemed somehow to have done him good, for during the next few days he was less irritable, and found his work in consequence less irksome.

CHAPTER XVI.

But the change for the better did not last long, for Frithiof was without the motive which "makes drudgery divine." And there was no deyning that the work he had to do was real drudgery.

About the middle of July the Bonifaces went down to Devonshire for their usual summer holiday, and Frithiof found that, as Roy had predicted, Mr. Horner made himself most disagreeable, and never lost a chance of interfering. A miserable-looking dog unluckily made its way into the shop one morning and disturbed Mr. Horner in his sanctum.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, bearing down upon Frithiof. "Can you not keep stray curs off the premises? Just now too, with hydrophobia raging!" And he drove and kicked the dog to the door.

Now there is one thing which no Norseman can tolerate for a moment, and that is any sort of cruelty to animals. Frithiof, in his fury, did not measure his words, or speak as the employed to the employer, and from that time Mr. Horner's hatred of him increased tenfold.

He was sitting at his desk one morning adding up a column which had been twice interrupted, and which had three times come to a different result, when once again the swing-door was pushed open and a shadow falling across his account-book warned him that the customer had come to the song counter.

The customer was evidently an Italian. He was young and strikingly handsome. Beside him was a bright-eyed boy who looked up curiously at the Norseman, as though wondering how on such a sunny day any one could wear such a clouded face.

Now Frithiof was quite in the humor to dislike any one, more especially a man who was young, handsome, well dressed, and prosperous looking; but some subtle influence crept over him the instant he heard the Italian's voice, his hard eyes softened a little, and without being able to explain it he felt a strong desire to help this man in fiinding the song which he had come to inquire about, knowing only the words and the air, not the name of the composer. Frithiof, who would ordinarily have been inclined to grumble at the trouble which the search involved, now threw himself into it heart and soul, and was as pleased as his customer when after some little time he chanced to find the song.

"A thousand thanks," said the Italian, warmly. "I am delighted to get hold of this; it is for a friend who has long wanted to hear it again, but who was only able to write down the first part of the air."

And he compared with the printed song the little bit of manuscript which he had shown to Frithiof. "Now, was it only a happy fluke that made you think of Knight's name?"

"I know another of his songs, and thought this bore a sort of likeness to it," said Frithiof.

"You know much more of English music than I do, most likely," said the Italian, "yet surely you, too, are a foreigner."

"Yes," replied Frithiof; "I am Norwegian. I have only been here for nine months, but to try and learn a little about the music is the only interesting part of this work."

The stranger's sympathetic insight showed him much of the weariness, and discontent, and Heimweh which lay beneath these words.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I suppose both work and country seem flat and dull after your life among the fjords and mountains. I know well enough the depression of one's first year in a new climate. But courage! the worst will pass. I have grown to love this England which once I detested."

"It is the airlessness of London which depresses one," said poor Frithiof, rolling up the song.

"Yes, it is certainly very oppressive to-day," said the Italian; "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble in hunting up this song for me. We may as well take it with us, Gigi, as we are going home."

(To be continued.)

SOAP FOR THE LETTUCE.

Mrs. Newlywed—"Good gracious, Clotilda! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? And your master ready for his luncheon! Here, give it to me! Where's the soap?"

DEAFNESS PREVENTABLE.

Doctor Urges Treatment of Symptoms in Children.

Dr. MacLeod Yearsley, recently at the British Health Conference, contributed a valuable paper on "The Prevention of Deafness in Children," in which he stated that most of the cases of deafness which occurred after birth were preventable. He ennumerated the common causes of deafness in adults which were traceable to neglect of the same in their childhood, and urged that if the early symptoms of defective hearing were checked there would be far fewer cases of deafness among adults. This is knowledge that cannot be too widely diffused, seeing that deafness is said to be very prevalent just now among schoolboys.

It is said that there are people who have money and do not know how to enjoy it.

On the Farm

ECONOMY IN BUILDING.

Does every farmer realize that a square building can be built cheaper than one in the shape of an oblong, although the floor space is the same? To understand this, observe a particular example, writes Mr. L. Edie.

In a square building that measures 40x40 feet, there will be 1,600 square feet of floor space, the distance around the building will be 160 feet, or there will be sides to the equivalent of 160 feet wide.

But if, as is often the case, the buildings were made 100x16 feet, this distance around the building or the total width of the four sides would be 232 feet, while the floor space would be 1,600 square feet.

Although these two buildings will have the same floor space, yet the man will have to pay for building 72 feet more of sides in the oblong building. There will be a similar waste in the construction of the roof of the oblong barn.

Supposing that 1,000 square feet of lumber would need to be bought, the lumber alone would cost about $30 at least. When the extra labor used in the building, the cost of repairs and the interest on this sum are considered, anyone can understand that it is an expense to be avoided.

Probably this matter is of the most importance in the construction of poultry houses and dairy buildings; although even in such buildings the form cannot always be made square, yet the arrangement can be made in such a way that there will be no needless waste.

In arranging fields the same points should be observed. In two ten-acre fields, one 40x40 rods, the other 80x20 rods, the former will require 1,600 rods of fence, the latter 2,000 rods. This extra 40 rods of fence would cost about $10 and the annual repairs about $2.

This may seem a simple matter and yet a litle forethought in this way would save many farmers no small amount of money.

WATERING COWS.

Inasmuch as it has been proved by actual experiment that the average cow will drink 1,600 pounds of water a month, great care should be exercised to provide her with water. That is true enough, but there are two other points that need to be also included.

One—This water should be pure. Impure water is just as hurtful to the health and vigor of a cow as it is to a human being. It produces disease just the same. It reduces the amount of milk the cow would naturally give.

Two—The water should be easy of access for the cow, both in the pasture and the barnyard. With a large herd of cows, say 30 to 50, it is a good plan to have two or three watering tanks in the yard, where the cows are watered out of doors. It is worth while also to have a man remain in the yard while they are drinking, to drive the master cows away from the tanks as soon as they have drunk their fill. In turning cows out to drink, it is a good plan to first turn out the underlings and the most timid ones, giving them plenty of time to get what water they want undisturbed. Lots of money can be lost with a herd of cows by being indifferent or careless on this water question.

ECONOMICAL FEEDING.

It is not always the heaviest feeders who get the best result. Every animal requires certain nutrients, that enable it to perform its best work. If these nutrients are not supplied in the proper proportion, it means that the animal must consume and adjust larger amounts of some of the elements that it can use, in order to get enough of the others. Economical feeding requires that nutrients be supplied to animals in the proportion needed. As a rule, farm feeds are lacking in protein. If one is feeding cornstalks or wild hay, the farm grains will supply enough protein to meet the animals' needs for best work. This is especially true of dairy cows and young stock. When this form of roughage must be fed, some such feed as bran, middlings or oilmeal must form a reasonable proportion of the grain ration, in order that the protein supply may be maintained.

FACT AND FANCY.

It was the eve of their wedding-day, and he was bidding her good-night.

"To-morrow, my darling," he whispered softly in her ear, "we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom—pilgrims of life together. Hand in hand will we journey down life' rugged road. We shall need to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint or fall by the wayside before the journey is ended. Will we not, darling?"

"I—I—— Oh, yes; to be sure!" she replied. "Only I am really worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang a bit nice when I tried it on to-day. What were you saying, dear?"

THE LIKING FOR JEWELLERY

ORNAMENTS, FOUND IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

The Tricks of Trade to Take Advantage of Inexperienced Buyers.

The love of jewellery is very deeply rooted in human nature. It is, perhaps, difficult to decide whether it is its ornamental side or its symbolical character which has usually made the more direct appeal. Nowadays it is generally frankly worn for its beauty, except such things as medals and orders, civic chains and Masonic and ecclesiastical jewels.

In former times, however, a very large proportion of personal ornaments had also the element of meaning. Sometimes they were charms to ward off ill luck, or amulets endowed with magic powers. Often they were insignia of rank, or had a religious significance. But whether they were worn simply as ornaments or as possessed of mystic powers, in almost every age some of the best decorative art of the day has been lavished on them. Often when household furniture and other things that we now deem necessities of existence had sunk to a very low standard, says the London Chronicle, the jewellery and metal work were still of the most exquisite character.

MacIver Percival has written a fascinating volume which he dedicated to minor collectors, those who love old things, but can not afford to pay large prices for them. The field is a wide one wherein we may search, he tells us.

CURIOUS FINDS.

Sometimes a find is made among the oddments of a provincial jeweller, put aside to be broken up for the gold which they contain. A pawnbroker's in Edinburgh has yielded a very fine Flemish pendant; and in a London West End shop a charming eighteenth century buckle has been bought for a few shillings.

Even of more splendid things the collector must not despair (though being over-sanguine may lead him into the toils of the forger), and he should keep his eyes open, and know all he can of all sides of his subject, so as to be ready for any chance that may come his way. Was not the "Tara" brooch, now the pride of the Dublin Museum, offered to a metal dealer for eighteen pence—and refused?

The Romans had an enthusiasm for precious stones amounting almost to madness. Many instances of this love of gorgeousness occur in Roman history. Servilia, the mother of Brutus, received as a gift from Julius Caesar a pearl valued at £50,000. Cleopatra's earrings alone were valued at £161,000. Lolli Paulina, the wife of the Emperor Caligula, adorned herself for an ordinary betrothal feast with emeralds and pearls worth nearly £350,000. This extraordinary extravagance is noted again and again, and we find that nearly a quarter of a million was given for a single piece of jewellery.

AN ANCIENT ORNAMENT.

The ring, Mr. Percival points out, is not only one of the most ancient of personal ornaments but also at various times it has been endowed with all kinds of mystical and emblematic qualities. It has been associated with religion, with law, with love, with death; in one form or another, in fact, it seems to be bound up with most of the fases of life.

During the Middle Ages, rings were made in a very high bezel, the sides often ornamented with fine filigree work and enamels, and a small stone set in the top. During the seventeenth century faceted stones of mixed colors were very much used for ornamentation, and with the eighteenth the diamond began its reign and has been the ring stone ever since.

Of artificial stones, practically all are soft and can be scratched with a file except some of the scientific gems; they are, in fact, glass, variously colored. Old glass pastes that have seen much wear are often scratched and dimmed, and if they do not show any trace of this even at the angles, an examination with a magnifier often shows little bubbles and lines, which prove they have been melted. These are quite different from the flaws in real stones, which show the crystalline character of the gem.

TO DISCOVER FRAUDS.

One way of distinguishing them is to hold them to the lips (they must not be warmed by having been worn); the real stones feel cold, while the paste feels soft and warm. Doublets are more deceitful than paste and harder to detect, especially with colored stones. If a pale stone has a rich colored glass case it not only makes a large stone out of a small one, but improves the color immensely. This, however, may be easily detected by applying a test for hardness underneath.

An even more sophisticated form has been invented which has a thin layer of stone cemented to the base as well. These triplets, as they are called, are very likely to betray the unwary. Suspected stones should be removed from their settings and soaked in hot water or chloroform, which dissolves the cement and the whole thing falls to pieces.