ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd)

She glanced at Frithiof and saw quite plainly that he shrunk from the idea, and that it would go hard with his proud nature to accept such an offer. She glanced at Sigrid, and saw that the sister was ready to sacrifice anything for the sake of getting the little girl to England. Then, having as much tact as kindness, she rose to go.

"You will talk it over between you and let me know your decision," she said, pleasantly. "Consult Mr. and Mrs. Boniface, and let me know in a day or two. Why should you not come in to afternoon tea with me to-morrow, for I shall be at home for once, and can show you my canaries? Cecil will bring you. She and I are old friends."

When she was gone Sigrid returned to the room with dancing eyes.

"Is she not delightful," she cried. "For myself, Frithiof, I can't hesitate for a moment. The work will be easy, and she will be thoroughly kind."

"She has a bad temper," said Frithiof.

"How do you know?"

"Because no sweet-tempered woman ever had such a straight, thin-lipped mouth."

"I think you are very horrid to pick holes in her when she has been so kind to us. For myself I must accept. But how about Swanhild?"

"I hate the thought for either of you," said Frithiof, moodily.

"Now, Frithiof, don't go and be a goose about it," said Sigrid, caressingly. "If we are ever to have a nice cozy little home together we must certainly work at something, and we are not likely to get lighter, or more congenial, or better paid work than this. Come, dear, you have got, as Lance would say, to 'grin and bear it.'"

"In any case, we must give Swanhild herself a voice in the matter," he said at length. "Accept the offer if you like, provisionally, and let us write to her and tell her about it."

"Very well, we will write a joint letter and give her all sorts of guardianly advice. But, all the same, you know as well as I do that Swanhild will not hesitate for a moment. She is dying to come to England, and she is never so happy as when she is dancing."

When Roy came home that evening the matter was practically decided. Frithiof and Sigrid had had a long talk in the library with Mr. and Mrs. Boniface, and by and by in the garden, Sigrid told him gleefully what she called the "good news."

"I can afford to laugh now at my aluminum pencils and the embroidery patterns, and the poodle-shaving," she said, gayly. "Was it not lucky that we happened to go to Mrs. Horner's party and that everything happened just as it did?"

"Do you really like the prospect?" asked Roy.

"Indeed I do. I haven't felt so happy for months. For now we need never again be parted from Frithiof. It will be the best thing in the world for him to have a comfortable little home; and I shall take good care that he doesn't work too hard. Mr. Boniface has been so good. He says that Frithiof can have some extra work to do if he likes; he can attend some of your concerts, and arrange the platform between the pieces; and this will add nicely to his salary. And then, too, when he heard that I had quite decided on accepting Madame Lechertier's offer, he proposed something else for us too."

"What was that?" said poor Roy.

"Why he thinks that he might get us engagements to play at children's parties or small dances. Frithiof's violin-playing is quite good enough, he says. And don't you ever think it would be much better for him than poring so long over that hateful work of Herr Sivertsen's?"

Roy was obliged to assent.

"Frithiof is rather down in the depths about it," said Sigrid. "And I do hope you will cheer him up. If you had known what it was to live in dependence on relations for so long, you would understand how happy I am to-night. I, too, shall be able to help in paying off the debts!"

"Is her life also to be given up to that desperate attempt?" thought Roy, despondently.

CHAPTER XXI.

During the next few days Sigrid was absorbed in deep calculations. She found that, exclusive of Swanhild's small earnings, which would be absorbed by her education and the few extras that might be needed, their actual yearly income would be about £150. Frithiof's work for Herr Siversten, and whatever they might earn by evening engagements could be laid aside toward the fund for paying off the debts, and she thought that they might perhaps manage to live on the rest. Mrs. Boniface seemed rather aghast at the notion, and said she thought it impossible.

"I don't suppose that we shall spend as little on food as Frithiof did when he was alone," said Sigrid, "for he nearly starved himself; and I don't mean to allow him to try that again. I see that the great difficulty will be rent, for that seems so high in London. We were talking about it this morning, and Frithiof had a bright idea. He says there are some very cheap flats—workmen's model lodgings—that might perhaps do for us; only of course we must make sure that they are quite healthy before we take Swanhild there."

"Clean and healthy they are pretty sure to be," said Mrs. Boniface, "but I fancy they have strict rules which might be rather irksome to you. Still, we can go and make inquiries. After all, you would in some ways be better off than in ordinary lodgings, where you are at the mercy of the landlady."

So that afternoon they went to an office where they could get information as to model dwellings, and found that four rooms could be obtained in some of them at the rate of seven and sixpence a week.

To outward view the model dwellings were certainly not attractive. The great high houses with their uniform ugly color, the endless rows of windows, all precisely alike, the asphalt court-yard in the center, though tidy and clean, had a desolate look.

"At present we have no rooms to let, sir," was the answer of the superintendent to Frithiof's inquiry. "I think, though, we are almost certain to have a set vacant before long."

"Could we see over them?" they asked.

"Well, the set that will most likely be vacant belongs to a north-country family, and I dare say they would let you look in. There is one of the children. Here, Jessie, ask your mother if she would mind just showing her rooms, will you?"

The child, glancing curiously at the visitors, led the way up flight after flight of clean stone stairs. A pleasant-looking woman came forward and asked them to step in.

"You'll excuse the place being a bit untidy," she said. "My man has just got fresh work, and he has but now told me we shall have to be flitting in a week's time. We are going to Compton Buildings in the Goswell Road."

"I wonder," said Sigrid, "if we took them, whether I could pay one of the neighbors to do my share of sweeping and scrubbing the stairs, and whether I could get them to scrub out these rooms once a week. You see, I don't think I could manage the scrubbing very well."

"Oh, miss, there would be no difficulty in that," said the woman. "There's many that would be thankful to earn a little that way, and the same with laundry work."

"Do you know, I begin to like this great court-yard," she said to Cecil. "At first it looked to me dreary, but now it looks to me like a great, orderly human hive; there is something about it that makes one feel industrious."

"We will settle down here, then," said Frithiof, smiling; "and you shall be queen bee."

"You think it would not hurt Swanhild?" asked Sigrid, turning to Mrs. Boniface. "The place seems to me beautifully airy."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Boniface, "I think in many ways the place is most comfortable, and certainly you could not do better, unless you gave a very much higher rent."

As for Sigrid, she was now in her element. A true woman, she delighted in the thought of having rooms of her own to furnish and arrange.

"Beds are ruinously dear," she said, after making elaborate calculations. "We must have three really comfortable ones since we mean to work hard all day, and they must certainly be new; the three of them with all their belongings will not leave very much out of twelve pounds, I fear. But then as to chairs and tables they might well be second-hand, and we won't go in for a single luxury; it will look rather bare, but then there will be less trouble about cleaning and dusting."

"You will become such a domestic character that we shan't know you," said Frithiof, laughing. "What do you think we can possibly furnish the rooms on?"

"Wait a moment, and I'll add up my list," she said, cheerfully. "I never knew before how many things there were in a house that one can't do well without. Now that must surely be all. No, I have forgotten brushes and brooms and such things. Now, then, for the adding up. You check me, Cecil, for fear I make it too little—this is a terrible moment."

"Twenty-eight pounds!" exclaimed both girls in a breath.

"You can surely never do it on that?" said Cecil.

"It seems a great deal to me," said Sigrid; "still I have more than that over from uncle's fifty-pound check, even after Doctor Morris is paid. No, on the whole, I think we need not worry, but may spend as much as that with a clear conscience. The thing I am anxious about is my weekly bill. Look here, we must somehow manage to live on £145 a year, that will leave five pounds in case of illness or any great need. For charity it leaves nothing, but we can't give while we are in debt. Two pounds, fifteen shillings a week for three of us! Why, poor people live on far less."

"With a clever manager it will be possible," Frithiof said, "and you are no novice, Sigrid, but have been keeping house for the last eleven years."

"After a fashion," she replied, "but old Gro really managed things. However, I know that I shall really enjoy trying my hand at anything so novel, and you will have to come and see me very often, Cecil, to prevent my turning into a regular housekeeping drudge."

At length the day came when they were to leave Rowan Tree House. They each tried to say something suitable to Mr. and Mrs. Boniface, but not very successfully, for Sigrid broke down and cried, and Frithiof felt that to put very deep gratitude into words is a task which might well baffle the readiest speaker.

"And when you want change or rest," said Mrs. Boniface, shaking his hand warmly. "you have only got to lock up your rooms and come down here to us. There will always be a welcome ready for the three of you. Don't forget that."

"Let it be your second home," said Mr. Boniface.

Cecil, who was the one to feel most, said least. She merely shook hands with him, made some trifling remark about the time of Swanhild's train, and wished him good-bye; then, with a sore heart, watched the brother and sister as they stepped into the carriage and drove away.

(To be continued.)

AIRSHIP IN BRITISH ARMY MANOEUVRES ABOUT TO ALIGHT AT KNEESWORTH

JERUSALEM WILL BE MODERN

Electricity, Tramways, and Water Works Soon Complete.

A Syrian journal gives some interesting details of the industrial development of Jerusalem, which, according to the paper, will before long be one of the most up-to-date and comfortable towns in the near east.

A large number of companies, financed by European capital, have, it is stated, recently been applying for concessions with a view to organizing the public services on a modern basis.

An English company which is erecting a large power station will soon supply electric current all over the city. Even the sacred hill will before long be lighted with electricity.

A complete new system of tramways is under construction by a French company, while a German concern is laying mains for a house to house water supply.

To complete the international character of the modernization of Jerusalem, a series of fire stations with more fire engines and ladders is being instituted under Austrian management.

On the Farm

HAY RACK.

A practical and cheap hay rack may be made very simply.

The bed frame is fifteen feet long, the rear end is three feet six inches wide, and the front one foot eight inches wide. Being narrow in front permits of the wagon being turned in a smaller place.

There is a bolster made on the frame. When the rack is to be used on the wagon, remove the bolster from the wagon and let the one made on the frame take its place.

The side rails are made of 2½ by six-inch stuff The cross-pieces are two by six inches and six feet sin-inches long. The two boards that form the bows that protect the wheels are made of one by eight-inch elm, or some wood that is tough and will not break in bending.

The frame is put together with three eight-inch bolts, assorted lengths to suit the different thicknesses of material.

The knees that support the front cross-piece are one foot tall, without the tenons; these are six inches on the lower end and three on the upper. If well put together out of good materials, and painted, and well taken care of, this frame will last for 30 years.

WATCH THE HORSE'S TEETH.

If your horse shows difficulty in eating or loses flesh without apparent cause, it is time to examine the teeth. Very often elongated teeth prevent a horse from properly masticating its food, thereby rendering it impossible to obtain much benefit from it.

Ulcerated teeth also are a source of great trouble and prevent a horse from eating well. Sometimes broken teeth cut the sides of the horse's mouth and form painful sores which, of course, interfere with mastication.

It is a good plan to examine the teeth of all horses two or three times a year, and in case of broken or elongated teeth, treat them with a file. If the teeth of a valuable animal are badly affected it should be treated by a veterinary surgeon.

ORCHARD SUGGESTIONS.

Midsummer pruning heals quickly and is being practised extensively by good orchardists.

Better ship fruit a little green than overripe because it deteriorates quickly after being packed and placed in hot cars and warehouses.

If you have a poor seedling pear or apple tree it may be entirely made over by top grafting.

Peach trees make kood stock for plum grafting, as they usually have large vigorous roots.

It costs but a trifle for stock for marketing fruit packages and if they are stenciled with your name, or the name of your farm, they will prove of a great benefit, provided the fruit is of the best quality.

THE DAIRY.

The separator should never be allowed in the barn or near it.

A half dozen window sash glazed will make a rust-proof box in which the dairy vessels can be sunned and kept absolutely clean.

An enterprising farmer living near a town of 5,000 or more can sell every pound of his butter at full retail prices, or little above, the year round.

For several years we have bought farm butter from the same farmer at two cents above retail market price every month in the year and glad to get it.

Never attempt to keep summer butter for early fall prices, because it will not keep.—W. D.

FARM NOTES.

Turn the scrub bull into bologna and fill his place with a sire that will add dollars to the value of the herd through his progeny.

Eggs that cost 25 cents per dozen will brink $7 or $8 when hatched and sold as broilers.

Cattle on farms do not need horns. Dehorn your young calves.

Can you tell just how much it costs to feed a cow a year?

Ever see the man who works like a bee every place but at home?

A storage place for eggs should be free from any bad odors.

Sour slops have no place on the well regulated farm.

Dipping hogs is cheaper than feeding lice.

Cheap meat can be made only from young pigs.

MONEY IN BRITISH BANKS.

Unclaimed Deposits Are Used for Various Purposes.

Two hundred millions of dollars of unclaimed money in the coffers of British banks—derelict gold which nobody owns, and which the banks are naturally pleased to take care of! Gold more than sufficient to pave every square foot of Cheapside with sovereigns, says London Tit-Bits.

The sum total may be exaggerated. But make a liberal deduction and you still have many millions to which no rightful owners make a claim. There is no bank in the whole length of Great Britain (or elsewhere) which has not its lists of these bank balances that may be said to go a-begging. Some are for trivial sums, scarcely worth the trouble of pocketing; some are for amounts running into thousands.

Some years ago it was found that the Bank of England alone had nearly 11,000 of these dormant accounts. Forty of them had more than $50,000 apiece to their credit; one balance was written in six figures, $907,990. The total at the bottom of the long list was $39,284,-875. This amount was very largely made up of unclaimed dividends on government stock.

Scottish banks have, it is said, $45,000,00 of this overlooked gold. English banks at least double this sum.

It seems inconceivable that so much money, for all of which there must have been owners at some time or other, should be thus lost to sight. A score or more of simple causes account for the seeming impossibility. A man may, for private or business reasons, have accounts with more banks than one. He dies, his executors know nothing of any but his usual banks; the balances at the others remain unclaimed.

He may die abroad or disappear, leaving no clew to his banking affairs; he may even forget that such and such an account is not closed. In these and many similar ways—mostly the result of carelessness—money is left in the hands of bankers to swell the dormant funds.

For seven years the bankers keep the accounts open, prepared to pay over the balance to any one who can prove a title to it. This term expired, they regard the forgotten gold as their own. Five million dollars of such ownerless money went to build London's splendid law courts. The city, it is said, has more than one magnificent bank building reared from the same handy material. The Bank of England, one learns, provides pensions for clerks' widows out of such a fund.

No matter how much other people may run down the theatre the billposter always sticks up for it.

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EATING POOR MAN'S DINNER.

English Newspaper Men Try It and Find It Very Good.

A party of London (England) newspaper men recently met at the rooms of the Society of Medical Officers of Health to eat a poor man's dinner. It was, of course, such a dinner as no poor man ever eats, but that is because he does not know how to lay his money out so as to get the best and most feeding stuffs, neither does his wife know how to cook them properly when bought. These things they could learn from the secretary of the society, a barrister and an enthusiast on dietetics.

It was interesting to learn what can be done by judicious buying at the open air markets of London, where the food is probably cheaper and of better quality than in any other capital. They started with some tasty soup made from parts of fish usually thrown away as useless by thriftless cooks, each helping costing about a fourth of a cent to make. The foreigners in Soho are well aware of these economies. Then there were admirable cent apiece herrings, haddock and three meat courses, any one of which would have made a good meal. There was roast mutton from Australia—9 cents a pound in the open air market; flank of Australian beef—a part commonly ignored by English housewives, but good to eat all the same; steak and kidney pie, costing about 6 cents a portion; and jugged hare made from colonial hare, bought at 50 cents for nine pounds and tasting as good as the Norfolk variety.

The lemon pudding was so alluring that most of the newspaper men came again for more. The dessert was West Indian limes (five for a cent), pears (4 cents a pound), and so on.

The meal cost much less than the tinned meat and fruit so much patronized by the poor, and was far more nourishing.

ARMY SERVICE FOR GIRLS.

Prof. Witzel of Dusseldorf advocates compulsory military service for German girls. An army of nurses should, in his opinion, follow each army of male combatants not only to care for the wounded, but to attend to everything connected with food and clothing. Every healthy German girl, says the professor, should look on training for this object as a patriotic duty, and the knowledge acquired will be useful in the home if it is not utilized on the battlefield.

Chimneys were first erected in Britain in 1200.

On Pat's arrival in New York his Yankee friend began to boast of the heat and said it was so hot that it burnt the wings off the flies. Pat replied: "Oh, that's nothing to the heat in Ireland. Why, they have to feed the hens on ice cream to keep them from laying boiled eggs."

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Compare it with any other sugar—compare its pure, white sparkle—its even grain—its matchless sweetness.

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