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ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd)

"Sigrid and Swanhild have been away with Madame Lechertier, have they not?" asked Cecil after a silence.

"Yes, they went to Hastings for a fortnight. We shut up the rooms, and I went down to Herr Sivertsen, who was staying near Warlingham, a charming little place in the Surrey hills."

"Sigrid told me you were with him, but I fancied she meant in London."

"No; once a year he tears himself from his dingy den in Museum Street, and goes down to this place. We were out-of-doors most of the day, and in the evening worked for four or five hours at a translation of Darwin which he is very anxious to get finished. Hallo! what is wrong?"

He might well ask, for the horse was kicking and plunging violently. Shouts and oaths echoed through the murky darkness. Then they would just make out the outline of another horse at right angles with their own. He was almost upon them, struggling frantically, and the shaft of the cab belonging to him would have struck Cecil violently in the face had not Frithiof seized it and wrenched it away with all his force. Then suddenly the horse was dragged backward, their hansom shivered, reeled, and finally fell on its side.

Cecil's heart beat fast, she turned deathly white, and just felt in the horrible moment of falling a sense of relief, when Frithiof threw his arm around her and held her fast; then for an interval realized nothing at all, so stunning was the violence with which they came to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" asked Frithiof, anxiously.

"No," replied Cecil, gasping for breath. "Only shaken. How are we to get out?"

He lifted her away from him and managed with some difficulty to scramble up. Then, before she had time to think of the peril, he had taken her in his arms and, rashly perhaps, but very dexterously, carried her out of danger.

"Won't you put me down? I am too heavy for you," she said. But, even as she spoke, she felt him shake with laughter at the idea.

"I could carry you for miles now that we are safely out of the wreck," he said. "Here is a curbstone, and—yes, by good luck, the steps of a house. Now, shall we ring up the people and ask them to shelter you while I just lend a hand with the cab?"

"No, no, it is so late, I will wait here. Take care you don't get hurt."

He disappeared into the fog and she understood him well enough to know that he would keenly enjoy the difficulty of getting matters straight again.

"I think accidents agree with you," she said, laughingly, when by and by he came back to her, seeming unusually cheerful.

"I can't help laughing now to think of the ridiculous way in which both cabs went down and both horses stood up," he said. "It is wonderful that more damage was not done. We all seem to have escaped with bruises, and nothing is broken except the shafts."

"Let us walk home now," said Cecil. "Does any one know whereabouts we are?"

"The driver says it is Battersea Bridge Road, some way from Rowan Tree House, you see; but if you would not be too tired it would certainly be better not to stay for another cab."

So they set off, and with much difficulty at length groped their way to Brixton, not getting home till long after midnight. At the door, Frithiof said good-bye, and for the first time since the accident Cecil remembered his trouble.

"You must not go back without resting and having something to eat," she said, pleadingly.

"You are very kind," he replied, "but I can not come in."

"But I shall be so unhappy about you if you go all that long way back without food, come in, if only to please me."

Something in her tone touched him, and at that moment the door was opened by Mr. Boniface himself.

"Why, Cecil," he cried. "We have been quite anxious about you."

"Frithiof saw me home because of the fog," she explained. "And our hansom was overturned at Battersea, so we have had to walk from there. Please ask Frithiof to come in, father, we are so dreadfully cold and hungry; yet he will insist on going straight home."

"It's not to be thought of," said Mr. Boniface. "Come in, come in, I never saw such a fog."

So once more Frithiof found himself in the familiar house which always seemed so home-like to him, and for the first time since his disgrace he shook hands with Mrs. Boniface.

"I am sure we are very grateful to you," said Mrs. Boniface, when she had heard all about the adventure, and his rescue of Cecil. "I can't think what Cecil would have done without you. As for Roy, finding it so foggy and having a bad headache, he came home early and is now gone to bed. But come in and get warm by the fire. I don't know why we are all standing in the hall."

She led the way into the drawing-room, and Cecil gave a cry of astonishment, for, standing on the hearth-rug was a little figure in a red dressing-gown, looking very much like a wooden Noah in a toy ark.

"Why, Lance," she cried, "you up at this time of night!"

The little fellow flew to meet her and clung round her neck.

"Had you not better stay here for the night" said Mrs. Boniface, presently. "I can't bear to think of your having that long walk through the fog."

"You are very kind," he said, "but Sigrid would be frightened if I didn't turn up," and kissing Lance, he set him down on the hearth-rug and rose to go. Cecil's thanks and warm hand-clasp lingered with him pleasantly, and he set out on his walk home all the better for his visit to the Rowan Tree House.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Had it not been for the fog his long walk might have made him sleepy, but the necessity of keeping every faculty on the alert and of sharply watching every crossing and every landmark made that out of the question. So he tramped along pretty cheerfully, rather enjoying the novelty of the thing, but making as much haste as he could on account of Sigrid. He had just reached the outer door of the model lodgings and was about to unlock it with the key which was always furnished to those whose work detained them beyond the hour of closing, when he was startled by something that sounded like a sob by him. He paused and listened; it came again.

"Who is there?" he said, straining his eyes to pierce the thick curtain of fog that hung before him.

The figure of a woman approached him.

"Oh, sir," she said. "Have you the key and can you let me in?"

"Yes, I have a key. Do you live here?"

"No, sir, but I'm sister to Mrs. Hallifield. Perhaps you know Hallifield, the tram-conductor. I came to see him to-night because he was taken so ill, but I got hindered setting out again and didn't allow time to get back to Macdougal's. I'm in his shop, and the rule of his boarding-houses is that the door is closed at eleven and mayn't be opened any more, and when I got there, sir, being hindered with the fog, it was five minutes past."

"And they wouldn't let you in?" asked Frithiof. "What an abominable thing—the man ought to be ashamed of himself for having such a rule! Come in; why, you must be half frozen! I know your sister quite well."

"I can never thank you enough," said the poor girl. "I thought I should have had to stay out all night! There's a light, I see, in the window; my brother-in-law is worse, I expect."

"What is wrong with him?" asked Frithiof.

"Oh, he's been failing this long time," said the girl; "it's the long hours of the trams he's dying of. There's never any rest for them, you see, sir; winter and summer, Sunday and week-day they have to drudge on. He's a kind husband and a good father too, and he will go on working for the sake of keeping the home together, but it's little of the home he sees when he has to be away from it sixteen hours every day. They say they're going to give more holidays and shorter hours, but there's a long time spent in talking of things, it seems to me, and in the meanwhile John's dying."

Frithiof remembered how Sigrid had mentioned this very thing to him in the summer when he had told her of his disgrace.

"Perhaps they will want the doctor fetched. I will come with you to the door, and you shall just see," he said.

And the girl, thanking him, knocked at her sister's door, spoke to some one inside, and returning, asked him to come in. To his surprise he found Sigrid in the little kitchen; she was walking to and fro with the baby, a sturdy little fellow of a year old.

"You are back at last," she said, "I was getting quite anxious about you. Mr. Hallifield was taken so much worse to-day, and hearing the baby crying, I came in to help."

"How about the doctor? Do they want him fetched?"

"No; he came here about ten o'clock, and he says there is nothing to be done; it is only a question of hours now."

At this moment the poor wife came into the kitchen; she was still quite young, and the dumb anguish in her face brought the tears to Sigrid's eyes.

"What, Clara!" she exclaimed, perceiving her sister, "you back again!"

"I was too late," said the girl, "and they had locked me out. But it's no matter now that the gentleman has let me in here. Is John worse again?"

"He'll not last long," said the wife, "and he be that set on getting in here to the fire, for he's mortal cold. But I doubt if he's strength to walk so far."

"Frithiof, you could help him in," said Sigrid.

"Will you, sir? I'll thank you kindly if you will," said Mrs. Hallifield, leading the way to the bedroom.

Frithiof followed her, and glancing toward the bed could hardly control the awful surprise which seized him as for the first time he saw a man upon whom the shadow of death had already fallen.

"The Norwegian gentleman is here, and will help you into the kitchen, John," said the wife, beginning to swathe him in blankets.

"Thank you, sir," said the man, gratefully. "It's just a fancy I've got to die in there by the fire, though I doubt I'll never get warm any more."

Frithiof carried him in gently and set him down in a cushioned chair drawn close to the fire.

"It's a nice little place!" he said. "I wish I could think you would keep it together, Bessie, but with the four children you'll have a hard struggle to live."

For the first time she broke down and hid her face in her apron. But Sigrid, who was rocking the baby on the other side of the hearth, bent forward and spoke to him soothingly.

"Don't you trouble about that part of it," she said. "We will be her friends. Though we are poor, yet there are many ways in which we can help her, and I know a lady who will never let her want."

He thanked her with a gratitude that was pathetic.

"I'm in a burial club," he said, after a pause, "she'll have no expenses that way; they'll bury me very handsome, which 'll be a satisfaction to her, poor girl. I've often thought of it when I saw a well-to-do-looking funeral pass alongside the tram, but I never thought it would come as soon as this. I'm only going in thirty-five, which isn't no great age for a man."

"The work has been too much for you," said Frithiof.

"Yes, sir, it's the truth you speak, and there's many another in the same boat along with me. It's a cruel hard life. But then, you see, I was making my four-and-six a day, and if I gave up I knew it meant starvation for the wife and the children; there is thousands out of work, and that makes a man think twice before giving in—spite of the long hours."

He had been talking eagerly, and for the time his strength had returned to him, but now his head dropped forward, and his hands clutched convulsively at the blankets.

With a great cry the poor wife started forward and flung her arms round him.

"He's going!" she sobbed. "He's going! John—oh, John!"

"Nine per cent. on their money!" thought Frithiof. "My God! they could but see this!"

(To be continued.)

The Opposite.

"My dear, the coal is all out."

"Then the coal's very different from me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm all in."

J. OGDEN ARMOUR.

J. Ogden Armour, who now is worth approximately $350,000,000, did not begin as a poor man. He was rich when he started, but he helped to make the Armours one of the greatest of American estates.

Philip Danforth Armour, founder of the great Chicago packing house, had not intended that J. Ogden, his youngest son, should assume executive control of the vast business that has ramifications in all parts of the world. The logical successor to the founder was Philip Danforth, Jr., but his death in 1900 changed the plans of the elder.

J. Ogden Armour was born in Milwaukee forty-nine years ago. Since he has taken charge of the business he is known as "the head and shoulders of the beef trust." He went to the Public schools until prepared for college, and then entered Yale, where he did not remain to be graduated.

After an extensive European tour he returned to Chicago. The second day after his arrival his father invited him to visit the stock yards. From that time he has worked steadily.

His first job was that of office-boy, but he was soon promoted to a clerkship at $10 a week. Under

Mr. J. Ogden Armour.

so exacting a taskmaster as his father, the struggle to the top was a long and wearying one, but when it was over J. Ogden Armour had acquired a first-class business education.

Philip D. Armour, the elder, did not long survive his favorite son, and upon his death J. Ogden was placed in full charge of a gigantic plant. From the first he showed a remarkable business faculty and judgment in affairs in excess of his years.

Once at the head of the packing institution there was never again a question about his financial stability. He gains especial recognition through the fact that he worked hard for years, despite the advantage offered him through the wealth of his father. It was not entirely through the lift his father gave him that J. Ogden Armour has become one of the leading financiers of America, and one of the nineteen richest men in the world.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey is skilled as a pianist. It is probable that those who had to listen to him gladly welcomed the war.

See that the trade mark is on every glove.

Whenever you see a well gloved hand think of

PERRIN GLOVES

On the Farm

Sour Whey Bad for Pigs.

We once visited a farmer who had about 75 pigs of various ages. The youngest were about two months old and they ran in age up to about six months.

The farmer who lived near a town of about 5,000 bought slop from the hotel and in addition fed a great deal of whey, which he obtained from a neighboring cheese factory. He also fed some skim milk and a little grain. He complained that many of his pigs suffered from what he believed to be rheumatism and many of them, particularly of the younger ones, were limping around stiff in their joints and a few quite lame.

A sniff at the barrels containing the whey and slop disclosed the cause of the trouble. Sour whey will cause stiffness in pigs and this man's whey was about as sour as fermentation could make it. It had that queer sharp pungent odor, almost strong enough to knock a man down and it was swarming with bacteria, some of the stuff actually foaming, where the barrels were exposed to the sun.

The slop barrels were equally as bad. The farmer admitted that he never cleaned them out, but added slop to them from day to day as it came from town. Some of them smelled to heaven. The troughs in which the pigs were fed were equally as bad. They contained decomposition material of all kinds and the slop had been spilled over the sides on the floor and even into the dirt forming a putrid mass.

The pigs were allowed to run into a pasture, but were always fed in this filthy hole. We suggested to the farmer that he give the place a thorough cleaning up, scald his whey barrels and keep on hand only as much as could be fed in its natural state and before it became sour.

As to the slops, while we do not much favor this sort of feed for pigs, still if it is fed while fresh and before decomposition sets in it is all right, but we do not relish pork made from sour and filthy slops, which have stood for days, because they contain very little food value and much material that is not fit even for hogs.

Calves on Skim Milk.

There has grown up a necessity for the application of economic methods in beef production. Though feeders may be produced from cows with calves at the side on large areas of cheap grazing land, it is doubtful whether this method can successfully be employed on the average farm operated under an intensive system.

In this case more revenue must be secured from a cow during the year than that produced in the feeder steer or heifer receiving the entire product of the mother rearing it.

It is true that pedigreed animals, especially of the beef classes, reared for sale for breeding or for show purposes can be profitably suckled by their dams because of the higher price they bring. The rearing of cheap feeders by the pail method has become an important question with the beef producers.

Dairymen, of necessity, have long practised rearing calves on skim milk supplemented by grain, hay, silage, etc., and some have even dispensed with pure milk feeding in quite a large measure.

As a general thing the pail-fed calf suffers from neglect and want of sufficient feed of the proper character, but there is no secret to success in rearing calves on skim milk and supplementary feed when it is combined with judicious management.

Little Helps on the Farm.

It is not bad practice to treat the wheat seed to a liquid spraying of one pound of formaldehyde in 40 gallons of water. It will prevent the smut damage.

There is one big advantage in sowing the winter wheat late, and that is, you stand a good chance to escape the Hessian fly, which does so much damage to the wheat fields.

Plow the garden this fall and see how it goes to be able to work the soil which, in the early spring, had this fall plowing.

Don't forget that the hogs can be overfed. Overfeeding the porkers is an easy matter and the excess of feed leads to diseases of the blood, liver and bowels.

Using the tank heater need not be wholly an act of mercy on the part of the dairyman—it, too, has its commercial side.

The fall calf, colt and pig will see rough weather, and now is a good time to make preparations for their protection and the getting them through to their best advantage.

The original cost of the machinery found on the scrap heap of many of our farms would set a young couple up in business in very comfortable shape.

Many a man who howls for justice would probably try to sneak up an alley if he saw it coming.

Boys and Girls

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It used to be that there was little choice. Macadam for the country and smaller cities was the only material used. Then, twenty years ago concrete was introduced. And for these twenty years *concrete has been proving itself.*

It is now acknowledged to be one of the best known materials for roads or for street pavements—to be as far superior to ordinary macadam as macadam is superior to sand.

Estimating the Cost.

It is not the first cost of a road that determines it's real cost; nor is it the first six months of service that determines whether it's a good road or a poor one.

The only sure way to find out what a road has cost, is to add to the first cost all that is spent for repairs in fifteen or twenty years.

Now, that's where concrete roads win every argument—their first cost is practically their only cost; they require little or no upkeep cost. Concrete, instead of needing repair, actually becomes stronger with age.

How You Can Help.

You can help your community to come to a wise decision the next time the question of roads comes up. *Your* influence will be a factor in providing yourself and your neighbors with thoroughly satisfactory highways.

We wish to convince *you* first—we know that when you are "backed up" with facts which we will gladly furnish you, you will be able to convince your neighbors.

Make it *your* business to get these facts. We have a special department which will not only give you the facts, but will also supply valuable assistance to any community desiring to build concrete roads.

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