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BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd)

Whether Sigrid at all guessed at the state of affairs and arranged accordingly, or whether it was a mere chance, it so happened that for the greater part of that day as they traveled through the beautiful Romsdal, Frithiof and Cecil were together.

They dined merrily on salmon, wild strawberries, and cream, and then a walk was proposed. Cecil, however, excused herself, saying that she had letters to write home, and so it chanced that Frithiof and Sigrid had what did not often fall to their lot in those days, the chance of a quiet talk.

"What is wrong with you, dear old boy?" she said; for since they had left Horgheim she could not but notice that he had grown grave and absorbed.

"Nothing," he said, with rather a forced laugh.

"Let us rest here in the shade," she said, settling herself comfortably under a silver birch. "Roy and Swanhild walk at such a pace that I think we will let them have the first view of the Mongefos."

He threw himself down on the grass beside her, and for a time there was silence.

"You did not sleep last night," she said, presently.

"How do you know that?" he said, his color rising a little.

"Oh, I know it by your forehead. You were worrying over something. Come, confess."

"I want to ask you a question," he said. "Do you think a man has any business to offer to a woman a love which is not his first passion?"

"At one time I thought not," said Sigrid. "But as I grew older and understood things more it seemed to me different."

"And if I were to tell Cecil that I loved her, do you think she would at any rate listen to me?"

"I am not going to say 'yes' or 'no' to that question," said Sigrid, suddenly bending forward and giving him a kiss—a salute almost unknown between a Norwegian brother and sister. "But I will say instead 'Go and try.'"

"You think then—"

She sprung to her feet.

"I don't think at all," she said, laughingly. "Good-bye. I am going to meet the others at the Mongefos, and you—you are going back to Horgheim. Adjo."

Presently he got up and began to retrace his steps along the valley.

CHAPTER XL.

The afternoon was not so clear as the morning had been, yet it had a beauty of its own which appealed to Frithiof very strongly. Suddenly he perceived a little further along the road a slim figure leaning against the fence, the folds of a blue dress, the gleam of light-brown hair under a sealskin traveling-cap. His heart began to beat fast, he strode on more quickly, and Cecil, hearing footsteps, looked up.

"I had finished my letter and thought I would come out to explore a little," she said, as he joined her. "You have come back?"

"Yes," he said. "I have come back to you, Cecil. Do you remember what you said years ago about men who worked hard to make their fortune and then retired and were miserable because they had nothing to do?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I remember it very well, and have often seen instances of it."

"I am like that now," he continued. "My work seems over, and I stand at the threshold of a new life. It was you who saved me from ruin in my old life—will you be my helper now?"

"Do you think I really could help?" she said, wistfully.

"I do not know," he said gravely. "It depends on whether you could love me—whether you will let me speak of my love for you."

"There must never be any secrets between us," she said, speaking quite simply and directly. "I have loved you ever since you first came to us—years ago."

It was nothing to Frithiof that they were standing at the side of the king's highway—he had lost all sense of time and place—the world only contained for him the woman who loved him—the woman who let him clasp her in his strong arms—let him press her sweet face to his.

"With you I shall have courage to begin life afresh," he said, after a time. "To have the right to love you—to be always with you—that will be everything to me."

And then, as he thought of her true-hearted confession, he tried to understand a little better the unseen ordering of his life, and he loved to think that those weary years had been wasted neither on him nor on Cecil herself.

"I shall have a postscript to add to my letter," said Cecil, presently. "What a very feminine one it will be! We say, you know, in England, that a woman's postscript is the most important part of her letter."

"Will your father and mother ever spare you to me?" said Frithiof.

"They will certainly welcome you as their son," she replied.

"And Mr. and Mrs. Horner?" suggested Frithiof, mischievously.

"Never mind," she said, "they have always disapproved of me as much as they have of you; they will perhaps say that it is, after all, a highly suitable arrangement!"

"I wonder whether Swanhild will say the same?" said Frithiof, with a smile; "here she comes, hurrying home alone. Will you wait by the river and let me just tell her my good news?"

"Why are you all alone?" he said.

"Oh, there is no fun," said Swanhild. "When Roy and Sigrid are out on a holiday they are just like lovers, so I came back to you."

"What will you say when I tell you that I am betrothed?" he said teasingly.

"You are only making fun of me," she protested.

"On the contrary, I am stating the most serious of facts. Come, I want your congratulations."

"But who are you betrothed to?" asked Swanhild, bewildered. "Can it be to Madale? And, oh, dear, what a horrid time to choose for it—you will be just no good at all. I really do think you might have waited till the end of the tour."

"It might possibly have been managed if you had spoken sooner," said Frithiof, with mock gravity, "but you come too late—the deed is done."

"Well, I shall have Cecil to talk to, so after all it doesn't much matter," said Swanhild, graciously.

"But, unfortunately, she also has become betrothed," said Frithiof.

Swanhild caught his hand in hers.

"You don't mean—" she began.

"Oh, yes," said Frithiof, "but I do mean it very much indeed. Come," and he hurried her down the grassy slope to the river. "I shall tell Cecil every word you have been saying." Then, as she rose to meet them, he said, with a laugh. "This selfish child thinks we might have put it off till the end of the tour for her special benefit."

"No, no," cried Swanhild, flying toward Cecil with outstretched arms. "I never knew it was to you he was betrothed—and you could never be that horrid, moony kind who are always sitting alone together in corners. Ah, well, there is clearly nothing for me but, as they say in Italy, to stay home and nurse the cat. It will be really very convenient. We shall not lose Frithiof at all; he will only have to move across to Rowan Tree House."

And ultimately that was how matters arranged themselves, so that the house which had sheltered Frithiof in his time of trouble became his home in this time of his prosperity.

As Swanhild had prophesied, they were by no means selfish lovers, and, far from spoiling the tour, their happiness did much to add to its success.

* * * * *

"Cecil," said Frithiof, looking again into her sweet, grave eyes "who would have thought that the Linnaea gathered all those years ago should prove the first link in the chain that was to bind us together forever?"

"It was strange," she replied, with a smile, as she gathered one of the long trails growing close by and looked at the lovely little white bells with their pink veins.

He took it from her, and began to twine it in her hair.

"I didn't expect to find it here," he said, "and brought a fine plant of it from Nord fjord. We must take it home with us that you may have some for your bridal wreath."

She made a little exclamation of doubt.

"Why, Frithiof? How long do you think it will go on flowering?"

"For another month," he said, taking her glowing face between his hands and stooping to kiss her.

"Only a month!" she faltered.

"Surely that will be long enough to read the bans?" he said with a smile. "And you really ought not to keep the Linnaea waiting a day longer."

THE END.

MOVED HOUSE IN PARTS.

Large Three-Storey Dwelling So Transported a Mile.

One of the most singular ideas ever involved in the moving of houses was recently put into practice in West Somerville, Mass., when a large three-storey dwelling was cut in two and moved from an eminence ten feet above the street level and set up a mile distant from its former resting place. It was found impossible to move the house in its entirety. The cut was made squarely through the centre, and as the house was built in a very symmetrical manner each half was an exact counterpart of the other.

After bracing the house, first one section and then another was moved to the new location with jackscrews and rollers. On bringing the two re-united divorced portions together they dovetailed in such a perfect fit that it was impossible to discern the separating cut. As each of the sections was 35 by 20 feet at the base and almost 40 feet in height, they were apt to topple over during the process of moving. This was prevented by tearing down the chimneys and foundations and loading the first floor of each section to a considerable depth with brick. The brick acted as ballast and the sections were moved without any damage.

LEAD ABSORBED BY TEETH.

Extracted Teeth of One Workman Contained Quantity of Lead.

A tendency of the teeth and gums to absorb lead has been observed by Victor Hinze, a German dentist, among the workers in an accumulator factory.

The teeth all had much tartar, and that scraped from the teeth of one man affected with anaemia and other symptoms of poisoning was found by analysis to contain about one-half of one per cent. of metallic lead.

Extracting the seventeen teeth still retained by this man, the metallic lead in the crowns was shown to be 0.0038 per cent. and 0.033 per cent. in the roots—sufficient to give continuous lead intoxication.

The tartar was removed from the teeth of the other workers and this was followed by marked improvement in the condition of gums and general health.

Shiloh 25¢

"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

"Has the price of sirloin stead advanced since yesterday?" "No, ma'am." "Dear me! How do you account for that?" "This happens to be the day for the advancement of porterhouse."

"Tommy," said his brother, "you are a regular little glutton! How can you eat so much?" "Don't know; it's just good luck," replied the youngster.

"Was the bracelet Tom gave his sister-in-law on her birthday set with precious stones?" "Yes; precious few stones."

Johnson—"I say, Jimson, didn't you once say you would share your last shilling with me?" Jimson—"Yes, so I did; but I haven't come to it yet."

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NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

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TRELAWNEY'S TICKLE.

As an illustration of the kindness of his nature and willingness to help a friend, Sir Henry Lucy, in "More Passages by the Way," tells a story of Lord Charles Beresford which had a somewhat amusing sequel. An old acquaintance, retired from the navy, called upon him one day and said that he had invented a new sauce which would make a fortune for them both. Lord Charles, however, declined to enter the sauce trade, but said "if a specimen of the product were sent to him he would taste it, and if it were found agreeable would write the inventor a letter of approval. The sauce duly arrived, and was not bad. Lord Charles wrote a letter of moderate tone, stating that he had tried the sauce and found it very good.

"The inventor had hit upon what he regarded as rather a striking

Lord Charles Beresford.

title, and proceeded to advertise it. Presently 'Trelawnay's Tickle' appeared prominently in the advertisement sheets of the papers, accompanied by the following note, purporting to be addressed to the proprietor: 'Sir, I have tried your sauce, and find it excels all others with which I am acquainted. I may say that a spoonful of Trelawnay's Tickle made my stomach laugh. Yours faithfully, Charles Beresford.'"

"Did you punish your son for throwing a lump of coal at Willie Smiggs?" asked the careful mother. "I did," replied the busy father. "I don't care so much for the Smiggs boy, but I can't have anybody in this family throwing coal around like that."

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy--Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.--So Mistakes are Impossible.

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The disagreeable taste of raw Cod Liver Oil is entirely absent, and the Compound is decidedly pleasant to take. In 50c. and $1.00 bottles, at your Druggist's. 306

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ALBANIA LIKE SCOTLAND.

Blood Feud and Blood Brotherships Among the Institutions.

Albania, whose future is now in question, has been compared to the highlands of Scotland in the Sixteenth century, when all the clans were in constant feud with one another. "Many a time," says Foster Fraser, "I have thought of similarities between Albania and Scotland. There are parts of the country reminiscent of the highlands. The passionate love of country is characteristic of both peoples. The alertness of the Scotch highlander to resent insult is only equalled by the quickness of the Albanian to shoot any one who may disagree with him. The quilted petticoat of the Albanian is similar to the highlander's kilt. And if you hear the wail of Albanian music in the hills you can without much stretch of imagination fancy you are listening to the skirl of the bagpipes."

The blood feud is the best known of Albanian institutions, but there are fraternities as well in which blood also figures. Two young Albanians will take a vow to stand by each other through life, and the relation established is so sacred that the children of the two may not marry. Among the Mirdites young men who take this vow first receive the communion together and then drink wine with which a few drops of the blood of both have been mingled.

Two such vowed friends, the story goes, once discovered that they were in love with the same woman, a Turk. Their solution of the difficulty was peaceful—from their own point of view. For they drove their daggers together into her heart.

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This great tonic is for all live stock—to make cows give more milk—to keep the working horses in prime condition—to fatten pigs and keep the "winter" pigs strong and vigorous.

We guarantee that it will make your colts, calves, pigs, shoats and lambs grow rapidly, and keep them healthy and thriving all the time.

Tell us the number of head of stock you own and we will send you a copy of our $3,000 Stock Book—Free.

Here's another farmer who finds it pays to feed International Stock Food:—

"Rockport, West Co., N.B., Jan. 13, 1913.

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a cement of the highest possible quality, which insures the success of their concrete work.

The secret of concrete's popularity in Canada lies in the fact that while we have been advertising the use of concrete, we have also been producing, by scientific methods, a cement so uniformly high in quality that the concrete made with it gives the complete satisfaction our advertisements promised.

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