The Green Seal

By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK

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CHAPTER XXIX. (Cont'd.)

The instant Lois and I were alone together she became the victim of an unaccountable agitation. It was manifested by a shyness and confusion that heightened her color and magnified the sheer loveliness of her until I, watching her eagerly. longingly, thrilled in every nerve and fibre of my being.

Her suddenly awakened timidity impelled her to the performance of some unaccountable, purposeless acts: as, for example, flashing at me an inscrutable, glowing glance half-veiled by her long lashes, and moving toward the door, as if she were about to depart herself, but coming back instead and placing her chair in its proper place on the opposite side of my table-desk. Then she started toward the door again.

I stood up and called to her softly. "Lois!"

She sent an arch look back at me across her shoulder, which was at once an invitation and a dare; but she did not pause until her hand was upon the knob.

"Where are you going?" I asked, and when she did not answer: "You know you really do not intend going at all—anywhere. Lois, come and sit down—here—please." I pointed to her chair.

She came slowly and paused with the desk between us.

"You have no right to call me that," she said in a low, constrained voice, not meeting my look.

"Oh, haven't I!" I retorted. "My beautiful dear, your last defence has been swept away. You see how frgile it was—a rope of sand. It frightened me like the very dickens, though, while you were in earnest."

Still he eyes were downcast, but her bosom was rising in a turbulent fashion, and the slender gloved hands were playing aimlessly, tremulously, with the papers on my desk.

"I am Miss Marian Sylvester," she said in a weak voice, "of—of—of that Lung place in Tibet."

"Nonsense!" said I. "You can no longer dismay me, you dear, glorious girl. You shall be Lois to me—Lois Fox—all the days of my life."

Some loose typewritten sheets—some that she herself had prepared only the day bfore—went suddenly sliding from beneath her fingers to the floor.

"Look how you are mussing up the Davies bill of exceptions!" I exclaimed inanely.

Our eyes met, and she laughed—a low, rich, throaty laugh that was the most beautiful music in the world. Her lovely countenance was transfigured. After a long pause she whispered:

"I shall always—I hope—be Lois to you."

My desk has been described as a wide one; but by resting our hands upon it—somewhere about the center—with mine enclosing hers, and by leaning toward each other, we discovered that we could kiss across its top without the least discomfort.

EPILOGUE.

If, in the minds of those who have followed the fortunes of the diamond thus far, has been kindled a curiosity respecting its ultimate fate, I believe I am warranted in going beyond the logical end of my story to gratify a pardonable wish to learn more about it. Besides, the circumstances surrounding its passing out of our lives are not altogether without interest in themselves.

Before James Strang started on his return to Johore Bahru, we agreed among ourselves—Strang, Lois and I—to entrust the stone to Johannes Aartsen, he to dispose of it for the best price obtainable.

In our deliberations, however, we were confronted by a perplexity that gave us any amount of trouble and mental worry. By the early agreement among my father, James Strang, Major Hector Sylvester and Lao Wing Fu, the last-named was entitled to a quarter interest in whatever sum might be realized from a sale, and how to get to him, and at the same time leave ourselves free from possible future complications, if he should be of a mind to question our act or demand an accounting, was a difficulty we were unable satisfactorily to get rid of. But the matter was settled for us in a quite surprising fashion. We expected the disposal of such a gem would require months if not years of preliminary exploiting and negotiating; for, as Aartsen had pointed out, not many persons could buy such a remarkable diamond out of hand. In a way, we imagined the various royalties of Europe would have to be interested, that cupidly and princely mind of the richest Eastern potentates—swarthy rajahs, sultans, shahs and pashahs with a passion for jewels—until they were set to bidding against each other, and the gem thus be made to fetch somewhere near its true worth.

Scarcely, however, had Aartsen let it be known in the proper quarters that such a diamond was on the market, that he effected a sale at a price that exceeded our fondest expectations.

Who got it?

Here is the answer, as nearly as I can supply one.

Several half-hearted, tentative offers were elicited which were not seriously considered, and we had settled back to the anticipated long period of waiting, when there came another offer that definitely removed all other competitors from the field.

One day the expert rushed into my office in a high state of excitement. He threw down upon my desk a bundle of parchment plastered over with strange, fantastic seals which I recognized at Chinese. It proved to be a document couched in flowery, stilted English and it bore the signature of Lao Wing Fufi president of the Republic's Privy Council!

The document—nothing less formal will accurately describe it—is too long to be quoted. The gist of its message was, that because of certain attributes of a religious nature immanent in the diamond, established by centuries of observance, there was only one place in the whole world where it rightly belonged; that the writer has been empowered to recover it and to pay a sum that would warrant those holding the stone in effecting as speedy a transfer as possible. The writer next pointed out his personal interest in the diamond, and wound up by making an offer that took away my breath. A draft for $500 was enclosed as evidence of good faith.

I made a quick calculation on a sheet of paper. After deducting Lao Wing Fu's one-quarter share and Aartsen's commission, the sale would realize exactly $34,500 each for Strang Lois and myself, which sums were ultimately placed to our accounts.

Wherever in that land of mystery the high-priests of Tao-fu hold forth, there, doubtless, is enshrined one of the world's most magnificent diamonds.

THE END.

A record for the port of St. John was established one day recently when 18 steamers were in the harbor.

Why those Pains?

Here is a testimonial unsolicited

"If I had my will it would be advertised on every street corner. The man or woman that has rheumatism and fails to keep and use **Sloan's Liniment** is like a drowning man refusing a rope."—*A. J. Van Dyke, Lakewood, N. J.*

Sloan's Liniment

REMORSE.

I killed a squirrel. The little chap
Had ventured forth from his winter nap
To nibble a twig and taste the sap.

I flung a stone as he chattered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and it hit him square.

A little quiver,—a little cry,
Then on the ground I saw him lie,
I did not think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I could see
He never would frisk for you and me
Any more on a branch of the tall fir tree.

Never more in his tree top flight,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Scattering us cheer in his wild delight.

I dreamt that night of his death-dimmed eye,
Of the sun-warmed world he had bid good-bye,
And in my dream I heaved a sigh.

And I think, and think every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The sweet little life I took away.

Adapted—E.T.S.

SARAJEVO MURDER A GODSEND.

Dr. Liebknecht Speaks Out in German Parliament.

The Cologne Gazette gives the following account of the turbulent scene which occurred in the German Reichstag recently while Dr. Karl Liebknecht, Socialist, denounced the demoralizing effects of the war:

"Dr. Liebknecht, discussing the educational budget, said: "Education to-day serves to strengthen militarism and capitalism. You act as if you wish to throw open to the people the road to education, but that is only because capitalism requires soldiers. The teaching of history is systematically distorted for the purpose of introducing certain political convictions into the schools, and also hatred against England. The militarizing of schools converts them into training stables for war. You educate your children to be war machines. With regard to war, their ideals seem to be embodied in poisoned gas bombs.

"'In the schools it should be taught not only that the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo was an incident which should inspire horror, but it should also be taught that there were wide circles in Germany and Austria in which this murder was regarded as a veritable Godsend.'

"At these words, a wild uproar arose in the House, the president vigorously ringing his bell. Dr. Liebknecht shouted: 'It is the truth; it is the whole truth.' The president thereupon called him to order and the majority of the members left the Chamber.

"Dr. Liebknecht went on: 'Just as in the thirty years' war, so the present war has a demoralizing and baneful effect on education. As long as our educational ideal centres in a death struggle, the liberation of the working classes cannot come.' The president for the second time called the speaker to order, but he continued: 'The workers themselves must tackle the job of education. The troops must not fight merely in the trenches; they ought to lower their arms and direct them against the common enemy.'

"The president again rang his bell. Liebknecht tried to continue, but the president kept on ringing and said, addressing the members, 'I beg that all those present who still wish to hear Dr. Liebknecht will stand up.' As only Socialists stood up Liebknecht was forbidden to speak further, the majority present loudly applauding this decision. Liebknecht, however, continued in his efforts to speak, but could not make himself heard owing to the terrific commotion. As he was leaving the rostrum there were loud shouts of 'Out with him.'"

Might Have Been Worse.

The elderly Miss Charitee settled down among the rural inhabitants, and soon made herself conspicuous by the kindly interest she manifested in their welfare. A few days ago she met Mrs Flanagan, whose right eye was as black as it was possible for a human fist to make it. Sympathetic to a degree, the lady expressed the hope that her unfortunate friend would soon be able to see things in a much better light. "After all, Mrs. Flanagan," she went on, "your trouble might have been worse." "Shure, your right," answered the woman, philosophically. "I might be like yourself, miss, with no husband at all."

That'll Do.

A man was walking along the street and he saw a house afire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam your house in on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said, sweetly.

"Well," replied the man, hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

MANY FAMOUS MEN WERE "FOOLS"

HERE ARE A FEW INTERESTING EXAMPLES.

Men of Brilliant Attainments Were Dullards in Private Life.

A genius very often is far from impressive in private life. Many famous men—apart from their works—have been hard to distinguish from fools.

La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; and Buffon, the naturalist, were all exceedingly dull in conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so boring that a friend once said, after an interview:

"I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

Schubert, the great composer, was in character extremely modest and retiring; hence, to some extent, his failure to obtain any permanent appointment by which he might have been delivered from his sadly precarious mode of existence. His friend, Lacher, describes him as "looking like a cabman"!

Schumann's Sad End.

Then, again, the famous musician, Schumann, was subject to most curious delusions, and devoted himself largely to the art of spiritualism. One of his delusions was that the spirits of Schubert and Mendelssohn visited him. Once he even jumped up during the night to note down a theme given him, as he imagined, by Schubert. Finally, he became insane, and spent the last two years of his life in a private asylum.

The conversation of Socrates, the ancient philosopher, turned generally upon the subject of carpenters and weavers and shoemakers.

Samuel Johnson inherited from his father "a vile melancholy," a terrible tendency to depression and despair, which never wholly ceased to dominate him. He also was prone to superstition, and had himself "touched" for the "king's evil," being afflicted with scrofula. All through life he was of indolent habits, but never learned how to control his temper.

"He has the character," we read, "of being a very haughty, ill-natured gentleman; and that he has such a way of distorting his face—which, though, he can't help—the gentlemen think it may affect some young lads."

His manner was rough and savage; he was slovenly in dress, and made strange gesticulations.

Failed As a Student.

In the year 1818 Lord Macaulay, essayist and historian, went into residence at Trinity College, but he signally failed to distinguish himself as a student. Yet he twice won the Chancellor's medal for English verse.

Another interesting example of a "famous fool" is seen in Leigh Hunt, poet and essayist, and friend of Byron and Coleridge. His life was one of ceaseless activity, and as ceaseless embarrassment, for he "never knew his multiplication table"!

Washington Irving, the American writer, was a great dunce also. His brothers were sent to college, but Washington showed no inclination to study, being "a dreamer and a saunterer."

Charles Lamb was prevented from entering a university because of his unsurmountable stammer. His shyness and impediment of speech proved to be a great drawback to him in life.

As to Corneille, the great dramatist of France, he was completely lost in Society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote a witty couplet, implying that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another.

His Majesty's Comment.

Wit, on paper, seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, "which while it sparkles, dies"; for Charles II., the wittiest of monarchs, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty King found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book.

In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked, and never smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation, not a word of eloquence ever passing his lips.

Addison, whose works have long been considered models of English style, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger formal and embarrassing silence.

Milton was unsociable, and even irritable when much pressed by the talk of others.—London Answers.

Man may fall in a dozen different lines of activity, and then succeed brilliantly in a phase wherein he was unconscious of any ability.

A pessimist says that the surest way to avoid trouble, escape hardships and dodge calamities is to die young.

Sussie had left the toys about the kitchen. Mother—"Sussie, if you leave these things about the kitchen again I'll box your ears and throw them in the ashpit."

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Cleanliness at Milking Time.

Twice each day dairymen draw from their cows a finished product, a food ready for use, or capable of being further manufactured into other valuable food products. No article of human diet is more susceptible to undesirable changes, due to the delicate nature of the milk itself and to conditions naturally surrounding its production and handling. Milk is readily affected by bacteria, found on the body of the cow and on hay, bedding or dust-laden atmosphere falling into the freshly-drawn milk. The extent of this source of contamination depends on the care cows receive, the carelessness of the milker and the utensils used. Unless the udder is diseased, it is claimed that there will be few bacteria in the milk when first drawn, but it is subject to contamination from the moment it is drawn until removed from the stable to a place that is free from odors or dirt. The aim of the dairyman should be to reduce the sources of contamination to a minimum. This may be done with a degree of success through a little extra exertion. If the side of the cow and the udder are wiped with a damp cloth just previous to milking, the danger of bacteria getting into the milk from this source is lessened. In some stables the chores are not planned so that the stable will be free from dust at milking time, but just previous to milking, or while the milking is being done, the feeder puts straw or hay down from the barn and proceeds to feed the cows, thus filling the air with dust and making it impossible to keep the milk clean. By a little planning of the work, the stable can be kept practically free from dust for a short time morning and evening. After the milk is removed from the stable, feeds which cause a dust or strong odor may be fed. In stables where certified milk is produced every effort is made to keep the cows' bodies clean and the air free from dust while the milk is being drawn. There is danger of bacteria lodging and growing in cracks or crevices of pails or cans that are difficult to wash. The pail with an open seam may be the cause of serious trouble. Few milkers take the time to put on a special coat and apron for milking, but apart from being more sanitary, they protect the everyday clothes from becoming spotted with milk.

Besides bacteria, there are taints and odors which affect the quality of milk and its products. These odors are absorbed by the milk after it is drawn from the cow. If milk is exposed to any strong odor, or foul air, resulting from lack of ventilation in the stable at milking time, these odors will be taken up quite rapidly. Or, if milk is being cooled by use of an aerator, it is liable to absorb any strong odor from the atmosphere. These "off" flavors are strongest when the milk is warm and are less pronounced as milk becomes older, especially if subjected to some form of aeration in a fresh, clean atmosphere.

Taints and bacteria affect all milk, more or less, and every dairyman should endeavor to lessen the sources of contamination, by taking extra care at milking time and in cooling the milk properly after it is removed from the stable. The market demands a high-class product, whether in the form of milk, cheese or butter. The man selling milk direct to customers in a town or city is obliged to keep the milk up to the standard in order to retain customers. The man supplying milk to a cheese factory or cream to a creamery is not affected directly, but indirectly he suffers sooner or later if poor quality milk or cream is delivered. The cheese maker cannot make first-class cheese from second-grade milk, and the quantity of milk to make a pound of cheese is increased. Likewise with the creameryman—it requires good milk to produce good cream, and the proper care must be taken of the cream if the highest-priced butter is to be made. There is need for a uniform method of caring for milk and cream in order that a uniform product may be manufactured that will compete favorably with the products of other countries on any market. The solution begins with taking every precaution at milking time.—Farmer's Advocate.

Care of the Colt's Feet.

The care of a horse's feet should commence when he is a colt, that is, before he is weaned. Untrimmed hoofs usually grow long and uneven, and a crooked foot, or worse, a crooked leg is the result. Failure to regulate the length and bearing of the foot may make a straight leg crooked or a crooked leg worse, while intelligent care during the growing period can gradually improve a leg that is crooked at birth. When picking up a colt's foot, teach him to stand on three legs, and not depend on the one holding up his foot for the fourth point of support. The handling of a colt's feet begins with the near front foot. Tie a rope around the postern, grasp the rope close to the foot, push gently against the shoulder, and quickly lift the foot. The lifting of the foot must be simultaneous with the weight shifting to the other feet. Gentle the foot and leg and let it down. Repeat several times and then trim and level the hoof.

To raise a hind foot, put on a rope as on the front foot and draw the foot forward. To put a rope on the hind foot of a wild horse, tie up a front foot, have the assistant hold his hand over the eye on the same side as the foot to be lifted, or take the headstall in one hand, the tail in the other, and whirl the horse until he becomes dizzy. While in this condition he may be handled with safety. Lift the foot forward two or three times and gentle it. As soon as the horse gives in, carry the foot backward into a shoeing position and trim the hoof.

To handle the feet of a horse that will not stand still, or that kicks, a halter twitch is a great aid. This twitch is easily applied and needs only the ordinary halter and tie rope. Pass the rope over the horse's head just behind the ears; raise the upper lip and put the rope across the gums above the teeth; run the rope through the loop made by passing the rope over the horse's head. The rope should be tight from the halter ring, over the head, under the lip, and through the loop. A few good pulls on this rope should make the horse stand quietly.

Saving the Trees.

The cementing of holes in trees is now quite common. On old estates, where trees have been showing holes in their trunks for years, they are now being cemented, both to add to the stability of the trunks and to arrest further decay. Huge trees with holes in their trunks large enough for a man to stand upright in are now filled with cement, the cement being painted the color of the bark.

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS

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