KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXIX.

The following day a perfect tempest of wind and rain prevailed, so that Kate found it impossible to go over to Silverstone, and had to content herself with sending a stable lad to enquire after King Olaf's condition. The answer brought back was not encouraging, being to the effect that the horse showed no improvement, persistently refused to feed, and was growing weaker and weaker in spite of all endeavors to maintain his strength. Next morning, fortunately the sun shone out brightly, and although the severity of the gale had been such as to uproot large trees, whose branches lay about in all directions, the wind had subsided, and the air after the storm felt fresh and pleasant. Kate determined she would bring poor King Olaf something nice, something that would really tempt him to eat, so directly after breakfast she went to the lawn in front of the house, and with a pair of scissors snipped all the sweetest, greenest grass she could find, which she put into a basket, and carried over to Silverstone in triumph. But when she got there she was shocked by the terrible change for the worse which had taken place in King Olaf's appearance. The horse hung his head listlessly, as if the slender neck was quite unequal to bearing its weight aloft; his small ears felt cold as ice to the touch; his eyes—those beautiful blue eyes, which used to be so bright and full of life—were covered with a glazy film; his coat looked dull and staring; his breathing came and went in quick, flurried, feeble gasps, and already the pink flesh lining his mouth had turned a dark and unnatural color.

"Oh, Stirrup!" cried Kate, while the hot tears coursed freely down her cheeks, "what shall I do? He is dying, dying as plainly as can be. Nothing on this earth will save him now, and I am so, so wretched."

Tears were also trickling down old Stirrup's own rugged weatherbeaten cheeks, for in his heart he knew she only spoke the truth, and it was impossible to contradict the statement. He tried to reply, but broke down hopelessly.

"King Olaf, my darling, my own beautiful and courageous darling!" sobbed Kate, who, alone with Stirrup, was not ashamed to give full utterance to her grief; :'I do, not even dare beg you to forgive me my worse than folly, for if it had not been for me, this w—would never have happened—I ought never to have asked you to jump such a place. It was m—m—madness, downright cruelty on my part. I see it now—that it is too—too l—late. And yet," with a fresh burst of sorrow, "I shall live on, very likely for years, and years, and years, and ne—ne—never see you again, or talk to you—or—or love you., Oh, King Olaf, I cannot hear it! I wish I was going to die too and we might lie under the ground together. We have been such good friends, and understood each other's ways so well—and then—to think—that it is I, I—your mistress—who have killed you! If I had only known—if I could put things back again as they were—I would willingly lose my right hand. But th—things never c—can be put back again, and you—you are dying. Oh, what a brute I feel, to be sure!"

Her self-condemnation quite overcame old Stirrup, who forgot his own grief for the time while trying to comfort her.

"Don't 'ee take on so, now don't 'ee, Miss Kate, dear!" he said in much agitation, with a kindly but somewhat clumsy attempt at consolation. "It be terr'ble to hear you a-blaming of yourself for what, after all, is a accident, and might 'ave 'appened to the most cautious of riders. Cheer up, there's a dear young lady, and try and remember there be as good fish left in the sea has ever come out of it."

"Stirrup!" was the indignant reply, as she turned a pair of flashing eyes full upon him. "I wonder how you can talk to me in such a way—you, who ought to know by this time how dearly I love King Olaf. Do you really suppose, now, for one second, that I shall ever forget him? that I should ever either find or allow another to fill his place in my affections? No; the ocean may be vast, and its inmates plentiful, but such a treasure as King Olaf is only met with once in a lifetime. I shall never meet with his like again, and even if I did he could never be to me as King Olaf has been."

Poor old Stirrup! He had wished to comfort her in some small degree, and now her words seemed to rebuke his want of heart, as if her love put his to shame, and her constancy scoffed at his. He forgot that at twenty-two misfortunes seemed more cruel, harder to bear, and more unendurable than they do at sixty-five, and that age, in spite of many drawbacks, acquires at least an increased capacity of suffering with patience.

"If 'ee would only eat 'is victuals!" faltered Stirrup, blubbering like a baby. His words inspired Kate with feverish hope.

"Ah!" she cried, "I was nearly forgetting. King Olaf, my beauty!" lifting the basket from the ground; "see, dear old man, I have brought you some grass, some newly-cut grass! You will like that, surely, for it is fresh from the field. I picked it myself only this very morning!" And she held him out the most enticing looking bit she could find. King Olaf turned his weary eyes upon the dainty morsel. It smelt so sweet and so nice that it recalled the bygone days when he used to play by the side of his dam and sniff at such grass as this in youthful disdain. He took the slender green blades in his mouth, and with an effort contrived to swallow a few. The last food that should pass his lips he would take from the hand of her he knew and loved so well. Kate felt encouraged to empty the contents of the basket into the manger, but alas! King Olaf's fleeting appetite was already appeased; the grass had apparently lost all charm; he turned it over fancifully, and then dropped his heavy head as heretofore. It seemed to Kate as if she were bidding her gallant favorite a last farewell, and she could not tear herself away from his side. She stayed over an hour, talking to the horse, rubbing his poor cold ears, and lavishing endearing epithets upon him. At last, however, she was forced to depart.

"Good-bye, King Olaf," she said sadly. "Good-bye, I will come to see you again to-morrow."

To-morrow! Even as she uttered the word she felt it to be a mockery, felt that there might never exist one for him; that he might not live to see the rising sun streak the morning horizon with gleams of growing light, to hear the sweet note of the cuckoo in the distant coppice, the bay of the hounds, the rustle of the falling leaves, or free fresh air playing on his forehead. Her heart felt sore within her. It ached at the prospect of losing this dearly loved friend and tried companion. And if souls be denied dumb animals, may it not safely be asserted that their affinity to human beings is great, that their instincts and affections are identical, prompted by the same desires, the same longings, the same passions? Now as Kate lingered at the door, feeling curiously reluctant to shut him out from her eyes, King Olaf, as if conscious this would be good-bye for ever, turned in his box, and with feeble faltering steps, essayed to totter towards her. She gave him one passionate kiss, lifted his beautiful muzzle to her lips, then hurried away, overcome with despairing grief and regret, feeling this loss to be almost heavier than she could bear.

* * * * * *

The clock had struck ten. Mary Whitbread was sitting in an armchair by the drawing-room fire, placidly knitting a pair of socks, while Kate was playing one of Beethoven's mournful minor symphonies on the piano. The notes, under her pliant touch, sent forth a plaintive music, which rose and fell in irregular cadence, sounding almost like the wail of a human voice. Presently she shut the lid of the instrument with a bang, and began pacing restlessly up and down the room.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-night," she said. "I don't feel as if I could settle to anything."

"You're fretting about poor King Olaf, Kate, and no wonder!" replied Mary sympathetically. "You've been making that piano cry for the last half-hour, but you really ought to be going to bed. It's high time for both of us to retire."

"What's the use of going to bed when you can't sleep?" sighed Kate. "I know nothing more horrible than lying awake hour after hour, tormented by thoughts you can't get rid of. You go, Mary, and I'll come by-and-by."

"By-and-by, Kate? How long does that mean?"

"Only a few minutes. I promise not to be long."

Mary folded up her knitting, stuck the needles carefully into her ball of wool, gave Kate a kiss, and departed. The latter drew up the blind, pressed her burning forehead against the cool window-sill, and looked out on the still night. Everything seemed so quiet and peaceful, everything except herself, and she was filled with a bitter and rebellious sorrow, impossible to conquer. Was it true that animals had no future life? Would she never meet King Olaf again? Would his beautiful body simply lie under the earth for ever? She shuddered at the thought. It was so utterly repugnant to her youthful spirit. At that moment she envied the Red Indian, who, when the shades of death were gathering round him, looked forward to an indefinite existence in a happy hunting-ground, with his favorite war-horse by his side. Her meditations were suddenly brought to an abrupt conclusion by the unusual sound of footsteps crunching the gravel outside. A swift and certain instinct told her King Olaf's end had come. She flew to open the hall-door, and hear Stirrup's account of the horse's last moments.

"Stirrup!" she cried in a tremulous voice, "are you there?"

"It is not Stirrup, it is I." And then, by the flickering light, she saw Colonel Clinker standing before her in riding apparel.

"I hope I have not frightened you," he said, as she gave a little start of surprise. "Stirrup could not get away quite so soon. I must apologize for disturbing you at this hour of the night, but after dinner I took it into my head to ride over to Silverstone and bring you the latest news."

"And you," she said, overcome by this last proof of his kindness, "have been out hunting all day long, and must be very tired."

"Tired? I am never tired; but I want to tell you about"— He hesitated, hardly knowing, now it had come to the point, how to convey the sad intelligence. But she knew it already, realized fully what had happened, and for what purpose he was there.

"I know," she said drearily. "He is dead, and I have been his murderer."

There was a hopeless, cold tone in her voice that touched him to the quick.

"Why should you accuse yourself so harshly? It is not right. No one can prevent accidents happening. You might just as well blame me for having broken down poor Snowflake. These things can't be helped, much as we may grieve at them when they occur."

"But then Snowflake is alive; he did not die. That makes all the difference."

"Do you think so? For my part I would sooner a quick, even though painful death, than a life of lingering misery. King Olaf died this evening at eight o'clock. He passed away without a struggle quietly and peacefully. Stirrup said he grew gradually weaker, until his legs could no longer support the weight of his body; then he lay gently down on the straw, stretched himself out full length, and when Stirrup went to look at him he thought at first the horse had gone to sleep."

"A long, long sleep," she murmured, "with never an awakening."

Then all at once the flood-gates of her sorrow broke loose, and she burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

Jack Clinker had braved a good many dangers in his day, but the sight of a woman's tears he never could stand.

"Hush!" he said tenderly. "Do not cry so. I cannot bear to see you suffer. Try and think that it is well with King Olaf, and that his physical pains are at an end. He was a noble fellow, but he met his death honorably, like some brave soldier in the field of battle. You should not grieve too much. In a few years' time he might have grown old and decrepit, and to outlive affection and regret is infinitely worse than death."

"I know, I know," she said, hastily drying her eyes. "I try and tell myself the same things, but I can't reason or theorize at present. It may be horribly selfish, but I can only think of my loss and my grief."

"Not selfish, but loving and true as a woman should be," he answered reverently. "I have brought you these." Then after a pause, "See," he said, "they are King Olaf's hoofs. I thought you would like to have them."

She did not even look at them. She could not trust herself to do so. It was so dreadful to know that never again in this life would those four trusty, willing feet carry her over hill and dale, or bound across the breezy pastures.

"O!" she cried wildly, "what shall I do without him!"

"Kate," he said, with soft persuasion, "listen to me. It is difficult for the new ever to replace the old, but Opal is a good mare; none better was ever foaled. Will you take her instead of King Olaf—take her as a free gift from me, and in course of time learn to value her as she deserves?"

"What! Rob you of your dearest possession, of the animal you declared you never would part with, not even if you went abroad?"

"I would not do so lightly, but in giving her to you I know she will find a mistress worthy of her."

"And what should you think of me if I accepted such a sacrifice?"

"I should think you were conferring a very great favor, and that, so far as I am concerned, there was no sacrifice whatever. Giving to a person one lo—I mean, whom one likes," hastily correcting the expression, "is exactly the same thing as giving to one's self."

The clear, dark-blue sky, lit up by hundreds and thousands of radiant stars, spread like a vast canopy over their heads; the big, soft moon shone down upon them, turning all the fields into silver, while the trees stood out in delicate silhouette against the transparent clouds, and the frosty night-air kissed their brows as they stood together under the red-brick porch. The heart of the man beat fast. He longed so to comfort her, to take her in his arms and speak of a love which would endeavor to soften every grief, to chase away dull care. Perhaps he was not altogether like most of his sex, for a naturally chivalric instinct forbade his taking any mean advantage of her distress, or profiting by it to urge his own suit, but rather prompted him to postpone telling his love to some later day, when she might better listen to the tale, and when it could cause no fresh agitation or renewed grief. Her heart, too, was stirred to its very depths, stirred by King Olaf's death, but still more by his generous offer. Our opportunities come, but, alack! we fail to recognize them, and they pass away. Had he only spoken then she surely would have yielded, would have confessed that his love was returned, that she cared for him more than for anyone in this world. But the golden moment slipped by, and once more with a powerful effort he controlled any expression of his feelings. She stood nervously plucking at the broad, shining ivy-leaves growing up the porch, pulling them to pieces beneath the hasty twitching of her trembling fingers. A crisis in her life had come, and she at last realized the fact.

"How good you are to me!" she said after a silence, during which on either side "thought had leapt out to wed itself with thought." "You will not even let me thank you."

For one moment he allowed his eyes to rest on the sweet, downcast face, with its soft contour and dark long lashes; then with a passionate longing he seized and wrung her hand.

"I would do anything in the world for you," he said with a hoarse whisper. "There is nothing in this wide world that you can ask of me that I would not try and do for your sake."

Without another word, or giving her time to make any reply, he turned swiftly away, and vanished down the winding drive.

She stood, with parted lips and glistening eyes listening, listening until the last sound of his footsteps had ceased. She looked at the moon, and the stars, and the still night like a living statue. But the first bitterness of King Olaf's grief was softened; his sympathy had blunted the keen edge of it, and rendered her more patient in endurance. The little threepenny piece hung in its accustomed place. She looked at it and smiled, as if it were indeed some talisman of good! Then when she reached her room she knelt down on her knees and prayed as she had not prayed since her childhood—an innocent, girlish prayer, full of trust and thankfulness.

A great calm had suddenly come upon her, while all the time those few sweet words rang in her ears—

"I would do anything for you; there is nothing in this wide world I would not try and do for your sake."

She believed in him at last. He had conquered her doubts, overcome her scepticism. And in that belief, though King Olaf lay stiff and stark upon the yellow straw in Farmer Hammond's stable, she felt happier than she had done for years. So great, truly, is that power which men call love, and which already was exercising a softening and beneficial influence upon a nature rendered hard and callous by circumstances, but which in itself was womanly, compassionate and sensitive, fitted to make the man of its choice truly happy.

(To be continued.)

A DIFFERENT KIND.

Johnny—What does conscience mean?

Teacher—It is something inside of you that tells you when you have done wrong.

Johnny—Ma said I didn't have no conscience. But I knew I had. Only when I felt that way the other day, doctor said it was green apples.

Patient—Doctor, I'll give you a thousand if you'll get me well without operating. Doctor—No! I would lose more money in the long run, because this would establish a precedent.

Couldn't Rise From a Chair

On Account of Dreadful Pains in the Kidneys and Back—A Complete Cure by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In its course through the body the blood not only supplies nourishment to the various organs, but also gathers up the poisonous waste matter.

When the liver and kidneys fail to filter these poisons from the blood there are pains and aches and diseases of the most painful and fatal kind.

Because they restore the strength and activity to the kidneys and liver Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome such troubles and purify the blood in a wonderfully short time.

Mr. L. W. Dennis, Welland, Ont., writes:—"It gives me pleasure to testify in behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

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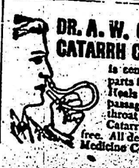

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

OLD TIME BUTTER-MAKING.

While modern butter-makers are pluming themselves on the advances made in their business through the invention of appliances that render results more exact and also save a great deal of labor, the idea that the butter now made is better than a half century ago I believe to be wrong, writes an Old-timer. Perhaps the percentage of good butter is larger to-day than then; but the best then was as good as the best now. In fact, I believe in some respects it was better. The creamery, with its modern fittings, and using sweet cream with a starter, which takes the place of the ripening process, turns out a nice mild-flavored butter, which, however, will not keep but a short time under ordinary conditions and should be used within ten days if cold storage is not available. This is a butter that is popular now, and where ice and proper storage are available it is all right.

But the old-time butter-maker, we mean those who understood the business, working under very different and more difficult conditions, solved problems "the modern butter-maker does not have to contend with, and did it successfully. There was neither ice nor cold storage to help them, and the cream separator, the rotary churn and the butter-worker were unknown. But the product had a richer flavor, to our mind, it was free from coloring matter, the grain was firm, it contained little moisture, as compared with a good deal of the choice butter we see on sale, and its keeping qualities were good enough to have the June product retain its flavor until January without cold storage.

The old-time butter-maker generally had a cool cellar, with stone walls and two or four small open windows supplied with a current of air. Here the milk was set in open pans on shelves, and a curtain of mosquito netting protected the milk from any dust that might be in the air. As a rule, however, neither dust nor flies seemed to be present in such a cellar, and the milk kept sweet for thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Quite frequently, however, it only stood twelve hours, as the skimmed milk was wanted for use in the family, and it was in nice shape by that time with some of the cream still in it. The cream was kept in a large crock, and as each addition was made the whole was well stirred with a long-handled tin dipper. When the cream had thoroughly ripened—generally three to four days—depending upon the weather, it was turned into a dash churn, and the boys in the household, if there were any (there generally were) had an opportunity to develop their muscle. When the butter appeared to be in condition to work, some cool spring or well water was thrown against the sides of the churn to wash down the butter milk and grains of butter, the buttermilk was drawn off, the amount of salt deemed sufficient was sprinkled over it, and the butter taken out and placed in a wooden butter bowl for working. The working was done with a wooden paddle or ladle. After the buttermilk had been well worked out, care being taken not to use the ladle too much, so as to injure the grain, the butter was left in the bowl and placed in the cellar, and left for five or six hours. The salt having got well absorbed by that time, the butter was again worked, and then packed away in a crock, which was always kept in the cellar. There is nothing in the way the butter was made out of the common, and the result depended mostly on the skill and judgment of the butter-maker, but the thoroughly ripened cream and the common-sense way in which the butter was handled gave a high grade to the product and it kept its flavor a long time. It was the kind of butter that was necessary at that time, and we think it would find admirers even now, when "present use" creamery has the boards.

POULTRY SUGGESTIONS.

Keep the chicks growing. Keep disease away if possible. A case of gapes, even though not fatal, stunts the sufferer past entire recovery. Take two chicks of the same age, give them the same care in other ways, and the diseased one will lose ground that may not be gained in the whole season.

Numerous are the remedies for gapes. Some say incubator hatched chicks are immune from the disease. This is a mistake. Put them on ground occupied last year or two, or even three years ago, by gaping chicks and they will contract the disease. The worms live in the soil from year to year. The safe plan is to give them a new yard.

The plan is essential in applying any of the popular remedies; kerosene, turpentine and camphor. So long as they occupy the same ground doctoring only relieves, but does not effect a cure.

Keep the drinking fountain filled and in the shade. If you have no fountain, make one. Take a clay spot and an old bowl that is no longer presentable on the dining table, and invert in a saucer. The chicks can drink freely without getting their feathers wet or to any great extent spoiling the water for later comers.

When chicks are allowed free range they get much that must be supplied to those confined. In a stony country they will find their own grit. If it must be supplied, save the broken crockery and pound it up for them, covering first with a paper to protect the eyes.

Clean the hens' house out often in summer. The produce will be timely applied in garden or orchard. After the potatoes are well alive up dig a shallow trench between the rows for celery, putting then manure into the bottom and thoroughly hoeing in into the soil. This supplies the needed fertilizer, and when the soil is simply banked up against the celery—a great saving of labor.

Allow the young turkeys free range, and do not attempt to raise them if you cannot give this freedom. The roving instinct of their native parent is too strong to be easily eradicated. They thrive best in field and meadow where grasshoppers abound; and in seasons when this insect becomes a pest their value to the farmer is two-fold.

When two or more flocks are in danger of becoming mixed through ramblings, use bands of stout cloth to identify one's own property. Of course this applies only where the owners are honest. England, easily removed, are a protection against him who wants and will have "his number," right or wrong.

WORKING BUTTER.

The object of working butter, says C. P. Goderich, is to get the salt evenly distributed and to expel a portion of the brine. When it is worked but once the butter-maker thinks he has worked the butter enough and packs it immediately. There is at that time no way to tell whether or not the salt has been evenly distributed. A few hours afterwards he draws out some of the butter with a trier, or cuts it with a ladle, and finds it mottled, which will seriously affect the selling price. He knows the cause is undue salting, the portion salted having changed to a deeper yellow, while the unsalted portions have remained of a lighter color. With the next churning he is determined to remedy this, and be sure to work enough. The chances are that this time it will be worked too much so the grain is injured and the butter has a greasy appearance. But after much practice and the exercise of judgment errors can be avoided to a great extent, and a fairly uniform and even product produced.

In the opinion of the writer it is better to work butter twice than only once. The first time it should be worked just enough to remove the salt. Then for four or six hours it should be left on the worker, or in some other place, where the temperature is from 60 to 65 degrees, so that the butter will harden to the right condition as to firmness to work well. This will give it time for the salt to dissolve, and so time for it to change the color of the butter that it comes in contact with. Then it should be worked just enough to obliterate the streaks and not enough to expel the salt water, for the moisture in the butter contributes to its keeping qualities. If it is worked out, thus making a dry butter containing from 85 to 86 per cent. of butter fat. Such butter will be firmer, better and more satisfactory to the consumer than if it is worked but once. Immediately after the butter is worked it should be packed in neat, clean receptacles or put up in such form as it is to be sold by the market to which it is sent. If tubs are to be used, ash or spruce is to be preferred, and they should be well soaked before packing the butter. If other wooden receptacles are used, they should be lined with parchment paper. This will prevent the butter tasting of the wood.

PEDLAR TO MILLIONAIRE.

Every Christmas He Remembers an Old-Time Friend.

One of Philadelphia's most successful business men, who is now making millions of dollars every year, began life as a vender of fancy goods and minor household utensils in Montgomery county, over which he tramped season after season. In those days he once came in the evening to a farmhouse where he was overtaken by a long and severe shower, he was compelled to seek shelter. The farmer hospitably offered him bed and a supper, but refused to take payment. The millionaire-to-be objected to this arrangement, saying that he desired to recompense his host, but the latter refused to take a cent of his money.

The next morning, however, the guest took a characteristic revenge. Getting up in the early dawn before even that household was astir he quietly slipped out of the house and resumed his journey. But before he had left he had placed on the breakfast table a package of seeds from his pack for the children of the farmer's family.

And ever since then at every Christmas time, another package has appeared at the farmhouse. Each year it has been filled with finer and more costly gifts, and as the children of the earlier days have grown up into manhood and womanhood the character of the gifts has changed, while the spirit of the giver has ever remained the same.

"What is your favorite study?" "I don't know," answered the boy with grubby hands. "Can't you decide?" "No. It's like trying to guess whether I'd have a sprained ankle or a stomach ache."

"See here!" exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake." "I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," replied the neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog!"

Punctilious—"Don't you know you could get at least a dollar for a day's work?" "Mister," answered Meandering Mike, "I couldn't take de chance. De work I'd do in a day wouldn't be worth fifty cents, an' I ain't going to invite no prosecution fur false pretences."

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND

ALIENS WHO HAVE DONE HER A GOOD TURN.

Men and Women Who Have Added Lustre to the Nation.

One has only to think a moment when name after name of distinguished aliens (using the word in its most honorable sense) comes to the memory. To mention only a few—Disraeli and Goschen in politics, Jessel in the law, Max Muller in the world of letters; Herkomer in art, Rothschild in finance and so on almost without end, each name being one to hold in honor as that of a man who has added lustre to our nation, says London Tits.

To one after another come four of our most distinguished noble families (or Baring) who, a hundred years ago, left Germany to start in business in a small way as a cloth manufacturer in Devonshire. From plain, [illegible] honorable and observing, John [illegible] have sprung the noble family of Cromer, Ashburton, Northbrook and Revelstoke, of whom Earl [illegible] the maker of Egypt, is [illegible] representative. The first Lord Ashburton [illegible] minister of the Crown, [illegible] Ambassador to the United States, and the present Lord Northbrook has been Viceroy of India and a Cabinet Minister.

THE [illegible] CHILDS.

whose ancestor [illegible] all honors under the [illegible] Red Shield in the Jews' quarter of Frankfort, are as great in [illegible] as in science; Lord [illegible] who has been Governor of Bombay and Crown Minister, was born [illegible] from another [illegible] Keppel, the [illegible] of Albemarle springs. Lord [illegible] as the son of a French [illegible] of a Rosebery is Rantzau. In fact, [illegible] nobles who [illegible] would make a very large hole indeed in the peerage [illegible] among other men of title [illegible] into the same category [illegible] Ernest Cassel, merchant and [illegible] banker Mr Reuben Sassoon, [illegible] the son of a Colonel [illegible] whom King Edward delighted to honor; Sir Marcus [illegible] the Lord Mayor; Sir David [illegible] famous in science; Sir [illegible] Montagu, and many others.

AMONG FAMOUS ARTISTS

of foreign extraction we have Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who was born a little [illegible] and is very proud of it [illegible] Poynter, who [illegible] Solomon, A. R. A., and [illegible] of all, Sir E. A. Abbey, [illegible] was cradled under the [illegible] Strand.

Two of the [illegible] lawyers England has given [illegible] are really alien [illegible] Cohen, who, after filling some of the highest offices in America, was [illegible] to the Engl[illegible] Bar at the [illegible] within a few [illegible] enjoying the most lucrative [illegible] in England and Sir [illegible] perhaps the most erudite [illegible] poor old over a Cor[illegible] while to-day Mr. R[illegible] issues well to [illegible] able records of [illegible]

Our literature [illegible] led to many a man[illegible] Lord Beaconsfield, Disraeli and [illegible] son were both men [illegible] well have dispensed [illegible] Friedrich Max Muller was [illegible] the latest philologist we have [illegible] and for nearly half a [illegible] scattered one learned [illegible] the name of Zola [illegible] conjure with. [illegible] two clever brothers Israels [illegible] sons of a German who [illegible] England in 1818, found the [illegible] Mr. William Le Queux [illegible] is son of a French [illegible] of Chateauroux. Indeed M[illegible] half Italian; and with [illegible] others, we may [illegible] Rudolph Lehmann, of Punch, and Max Beerbohm.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

there is a very large [illegible] of foreign blood. [illegible] born at Stockholm [illegible] band, who is still [illegible] burg. Mme Patti [illegible] in Spain; Nilsson [illegible] is a Swede; and [illegible] Spanish lady for [illegible] who is at heart [illegible] lishman, came to [illegible] Sir Charles Hallé [illegible] phalia, and [illegible] better known to [illegible] Neruda, came [illegible] Brunn just twenty [illegible] husband; while [illegible] well known to all [illegible] the Crystal Palace [illegible] birth.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree [illegible] Mr. Julius Beer [illegible] while, to give but [illegible] ties, Viscount Cowdray [illegible] son of a German [illegible] don with nothing [illegible] bition to help him [illegible] more ago, and fortune.

SPOILT THE [illegible]

A young man who [illegible] been admitted to the [illegible] partnership with [illegible] to the office one day [illegible] nounced that he had [illegible] matter that had been [illegible] for a long time.

"Settled it!" exclaimed [illegible] "settled that case! [illegible] ported our family on the [illegible] last ten years!"

Young Bachelor—"Shall I [illegible] smile upon me now. I [illegible] her once." Old Bachelor—"Well, my boy, that was a great risk. Never try to kiss a girl. Do it!"

RUSSIA'S RED SEA

PROJECTS BACK OF FLEET'S ACTION.

Enterprise Promoted by Uncles—Britain's Course in Malacca Case.

In the Grand Ducal palaces of Russian aff[illegible] first causes in Russian aff[illegible] their birth is very little con[illegible] certainly no penitence, [illegible] charge of having nearly set the world on fire says a St. P[illegible] letter. A fine scheme of pr[illegible] on the high seas, whose exe[illegible] volved the breaking of a fe[illegible] may have been frustrated b[illegible] but it was more stimulating [illegible] it lasted than the legitimate [illegible] performances on land. [illegible] cry out that it is piracy and [illegible] the Grand Dukes and their [illegible] can answer with truth th[illegible] have never suspected themselves [illegible] been accused by others, [illegible] brass kopek for the rights [illegible] gers.

They seized other people's [illegible] Manchuria, why should they [illegible] other people's ships in the [illegible] Disgust at the prosaic stand[illegible] conduct which the Western [illegible] are trying to force on them [illegible] strongest sensation over the [illegible] business.

They have directed Count [illegible] dorff and other eminent [illegible] sons in their employment [illegible] out reasons in justification [illegible] ploits of the volunteer fl[illegible] Grand Dukes themselves ha[illegible] roughly grasped the ancient [illegible] fined principle of interna[illegible] that highway robbery is no[illegible] tified if you are able to [illegible] the things you have posse[illegible] self of. It is to them a [illegible] regret that they have [illegible] to keep hold of a good [illegible]

THE STEAMER MALACCA

and Count Lamsdorff is [illegible] declaration on the general [illegible]

It should be a political [illegible] of the first international [illegible] and as such it will be a [illegible] a weariness to the [illegible] Grand Dukes. Their [illegible] indicated at the outset [illegible] because they are the [illegible] persons here. The Department [illegible] State, which in most [illegible] takes the lead in directing [illegible] affairs, is in Russia merely [illegible] for the afterthought of the [illegible] uncles.

At the very outset of the [illegible] tic struggle over the [illegible] searching and [illegible] teer fleet, this same [illegible] State made play with [illegible] ities which may be [illegible] to mark its proceedings [illegible] the negotiations. The demand [illegible] the release of the Malacca [illegible] the full meaning of the [illegible] timatum.

The Russian Foreign [illegible] to argue the matter, but [illegible] Ambassador replied that [illegible] change of notes was admissible [illegible] asked for the immediate [illegible] the ship, the alternative [illegible] by force for its release. [illegible] was:

"All right, we will [illegible] accept the British Government's [illegible] surance that the contraband [illegible] goes in the cargo are [illegible] fleet at Hong Kong and [illegible] Japanese."

The Ambassador then [illegible] shall we get delivery of the [illegible] He was told that a [illegible] been sent to Port Said, [illegible] terranean end of the Suez [illegible] Labee he learned that the [illegible] had sailed from that port [illegible] telegram arrived.

It is obvious that the [illegible] of her prize crew knew his [illegible] tion when he started, and [illegible] Ambassador asked where [illegible] was being taken. He was [illegible]

"TO A RUSSIAN PORT."

At once the Foreign Office [illegible] that that was not [illegible] that the Malacca must not [illegible] into a Russian port as Russian [illegible]

Thereupon he was told: [illegible] not exactly a Russian port [illegible] international port, "Suda, [illegible] Crete." Twelve hours [illegible] this was altered, without [illegible] planation, to Algiers, the [illegible] port of France's Mediterranean [illegible] ony.

The thing to note about [illegible] that there was no communication [illegible] this time with the Malacca [illegible] was on the high seas. The [illegible] ernment knew from the first [illegible] destination was, but they [illegible] open the question with [illegible] prevarication.

In the desire to have done [illegible] treaties that prevent Russia [illegible] taking a fleet from the Black [illegible] through the Dardanelles to [illegible] terranean, all classes of people [illegible] with one voice. It is the [illegible] arising from the war on which [illegible] newspaper has written freely [illegible] inion without fear of the [illegible] for patriots, progressives, [illegible] ists, even the numberless [illegible] critics of the Government who [illegible] vance is that they have been [illegible] ed into Russia against their [illegible] unite in calling those treaties [illegible] that holds Russia from the [illegible] terranean.

Working in mines in the [illegible] Kingdom last year were 871,[illegible] sons. Of these the [illegible] 842,066 worked in the coal [illegible] of which there are 3,419, [illegible] mines, which number 673, [illegible] 29,823 persons. Probably [illegible] come as a surprise to the [illegible] that coal mining gives work [illegible] persons to every one person [illegible] in other mines.

"Ethel is very ambitious. [illegible] think she will ever make a [illegible] herself?" "No, but she'll [illegible] succeed in getting some fool [illegible] to give her his.

Browne—"But why do you [illegible] to lend him a dollar as a [illegible] favor to you? Are you under [illegible] to him?" Towne—"No, [illegible] you don't he'll come to me."