"AUGUSTA SAYS"

CHAPTER I.

It was a remarkably awkward thing for me, a quiet and sober old bachelor (somewhere about sixty, not to be too precise), to find myself suddenly in charge—apparently permanent charge—of two charming young ladies, both beauties, one an heiress, and the other of the modern and progressive variety. At first it was the thought of the upset of all my little habits that obtruded itself on my masculine, and therefore naturally selfish, mind. But Winnifred soon betrayed a truly feminine and lovable and coaxing way of making a perfect idol of each one of my little habits, considering them even more than the head-waiter at the club ever does, and I yielded gracefully to her attitude. It is women of Winifred's type that make men selfish in little things; but in the long-run I fancy they have the best of it. After my anxiety regarding my ways and habits was allayed, it was the awful moral responsibility that gripped my imagination. But very soon I was made to feel that Augusta had taken the awful moral responsibility entirely on herself. Augusta is the sort of woman that makes a man selfish in big things. She is rigidly critical of his daily conduct; but I suspect that in the long-run that kind of woman has the worst of it. These reflections, however, are only incidental to the main gist of what I am about to relate, which is the story of the wild doings at Ardstronach; for which wild doings, I am sorry to say, every one of the actors now holds that I, and I alone, was and am answerable. In vain do I plead that I am a gentle bachelor of sixty—there or thereabouts, not to be too particular; they say that I have a humorous face, and was cut out for the comic stage. Young people have little or no reverence now-a-days. Even that graceless scamp, my nephew, Tom M'Nab, alleges that he remembers his father once dropping a hint that I had been a very wild lad in my teens. Well, well, what I did at Ardstronach I did for the best as it turned out. I know I enjoyed the whole play while the fun lasted; but, as to my being answerable had it not been for these two young women suddenly dropping down on me from the skies, would I ever have left the calm routine of my club existence to take part in any mad doings whatsoever?

First came my niece Winifred Murray. What could I say? When her flighty step-mother married again there was certainly no home for the poor child in India; I was her uncle and her godfather and her guardian, and to whom else should she be sent? I went myself to meet her at Marseilles, remembering the little lass I had seen off four years before—swollen eyelids, and a wisp of very fair hair tied with a black ribbon. When she stepped off the gangway I received my first shock.

"Why, bless my soul, you are grown-up!" I exclaimed.

She flung herself on me and kissed me, and I was so taken aback that I gripped her shoulders with a hold like a vice, and, holding her off from me, stretched my neck to its utmost—I am not a very tall man. All this was instinctive, and not actuated by repugnance.

She raised two tearful and appealing blue eyes to my face.

"Did you not expect me to kiss you, Uncle Ben?" she cried.

"Well, my dear, you see," I began breathlessly, relaxing my hold, "it is a long time since any woman——"

"I suppose mamma was the last?" she remarked demurely.

I dismissed the subject with a nod. "You are very like my poor sister," I told her when we were seated opposite one another in the train.

"So father said when I first went out; and that, I think, was why my step-mother disliked me."

Through a cloud of diaphanous veiling she looked at me with eyes like trustful summer stars; and her baby-mouth was soft and pink as a rose, and the wisp of very fair hair had spread out into a halo of glory. She did not look sensible; but she was eminently lovable.

"You are prettier than your mother ever was," I felt bound to add.

"Father said mother was the prettier," she answered simply.

"Well, you were not even prepossessing when you went out," I reminded her. "You have changed surprisingly."

"Four years added to sixteen makes twenty, Uncle Ben!" she laughed. "But you are not in the least changed. I always remembered you, and how your iron-gray hair stood up stubby all over your head, and how you were clean-shaved, and had such a merry twinkle in your eyes, and such a humorous twist to your mouth, and that you were hardly taller than me, and that you wore such big ties, and said such wicked things, and I was sure I should be happy with you, Uncle Ben!"

Well, I can't say it was altogether a complimentary description.

Still, that's me—I can't describe myself better. I felt my hair and tie as she spoke. Certainly the former did "stand stubby" all over my head, and the latter was tied in a rather large bow under my chin.

"I hope that you will be happy with me, Winnie," I told her gravely; "but I had entirely forgotten that you were grown-up, and I had thought of engaging a governess, and taking you to live in the depths of the country."

"At Ardstronach!" she cried, and then she flung herself on me again; and this time I submitted. It is wonderful how soon one becomes used to ways of that kind.

It appeared that she remembered Ardstronach, where she had spent her holidays often; that, indeed, many a time out in India, when the sun was hot and the step-mother was cold, she had thought about it. It had been her mother's early home. Ah! my heart turned to her then—it endeared the little thing to me more even than did the likeness in her to my poor dead sister—to find my niece was a M'Nab at heart. It is no doubt a ridiculous sentiment in an old bachelor, but I love my family traditions, doubtful enough though some of them be; and especially do I love that old barrack of a place Ardstronach. I know every sweep of the moors—know them when they are purple and honey-scented, and when they are green under the clear spring sky, and when they are white with snows; and I know every bend of our burn that foams down the hillside, and every silver birch and Scotch fir and stunted oak in our glen; and at the opening of the glen there stands Ardstronach, the homestead for over four hundred years of our branch of the M'Nabs, its white-haired turrets reflected in the silver loch.

"I divide my time between Ardstronach and my club in town, for it grows lonesome when I am all alone there. But as often as I can I have young Tom M'Nab, my nephew and heir, to stay with me. Tom feels about the place just as I do, and I look upon him as my son. And we are good friends, though he is a foot taller than I, and forty years younger—well, let us say thirty-five, to leave it more indefinite—for are we not both M'Nabs? Most of the people for miles round bear our name, and their forebears served our forebears; and as we trudge along with our guns and our dogs to heel, I remember that Tom will have it after me, and his children. All this passed through my mind as Winnie spoke with such right feeling about Ardstronach. So then and there I evolved a great idea, and, like a fool, I must needs blurt it out.

"If you are very good, Winnie, you shall marry Tom M'Nab!"

Suddenly, with the swiftness that a squall comes over the head of Ben Streaough, there she was in tears, as if her heart would break!

"You won't force me to marry someone I hate, against my will?" she sobbed.

"Bless me, child! what century do you suppose we are living in?"

"I—I don't know! I never knew any history; but she said you would make me. And I am sure—sure he will be—horrid!"

"Who told you I would make you? I only thought of the thing this very moment."

And then it all came out. It was that flighty baggage of a step-mother, with a tongue as long as my arm. And I had flattered myself that the very obvious idea had originated with me! Where it is a question of marriage, a woman is sure to have the first word as well as the last. Mrs. Murray had known all about Ardstronach, and that I had one nephew, a M'Nab, who was heir, and that he had no money of his own; and she had known too, it seems, that a good deal of what I have dies with me, and that therefore it was desirable for Tom to marry a wife with shekels if he was to keep up Ardstronach and its traditions.

"You go home and marry the M'Nab cousin," she had told Winnie. Fancy the impropriety of suggesting the idea so abruptly to a sensitive girl! And she had tried to poison Winnie's mind against me by suggesting—Winnie, with her natural naivete and child-like trust, repeated it all to me—that I had welcomed her to my home just for the purpose, and that Tom and I were both calculating on her fortune!

"And I meant to ask him to take the fortune and you to keep me!" Winnie sobbed.

I was at a loss to know what to do, so I beat a sort of rhythmic tatoo on her shoulder, as I have seen women doing to infants, and crooned—we were quite alone—"Diddums, wasums, then! where's the puff-puff going?"

She raised her head and laughed at that, just as the sun breaks out over Ben Streaough.

"Then you won't force me to do anything I don't like?" she asked.

"No—but you will like Tom—everybody does," I replied, with great diplomacy.

"And you will let me do everything I do like?" she went on.

"Certainly," I assured her, thinking the request referred to the same thing from the opposite direction, so to speak.

"Then may I have the governess?"

"The governess?"

"Yes. You said a governess, said Augusta is a governess, and I'd like her."

"Bless my soul! Well, you shall have her, then," I promised lightly. It seemed innocent enough, but it is when a woman seems most innocent in her desires that a man should be on his guard.

And so that was how the other one came—the one of the modern and progressive variety.

Augusta—it transpired her other name was Arkwright—was a governess in a school where Winnie had received what she called her education. Being very traditional in my notions, I at once pictured Miss Arkwright as a staid young woman wearing spectacles, a good deal Winnie's senior, and with decided opinions on grammar and settled views on geography, and given to expressing them in precise tones. I was wrong in every particular, except, indeed, with regard to the decided opinions and the settled views; but they bore no reference to grammar and geography.

(To be Continued.)

TO CATCH A BURGLAR.

A Well-Known Detective Tells How it May be Done.

"There are only ten persons in a thousand who, when they hear strange noises in their houses, do not immediately strike a light to find out the cause," said a well-known detective. "This is the most absolute piece of folly a sane person can commit; and yet it only seems natural. But let me tell you that when you hear any noise that indicates the presence in your house of a person who has no business there, first take the precaution to put out your light. Then if you want to search, do so in the dark.

"Of course, you know the house better than any stranger, and the chances are that if you keep quiet the intruder will expose himself either by showing a light or stumbling over something. Then you have the advantage of knowing his position without his knowing yours.

"There is many a murdered man in his grave to-day who would have been alive had this advice been followed. What can be more preposterous than the idea of a man in his right mind (knowing that if a burglar is in his house and is discovered he will take desperate means) actually offering himself as a target by appearing with a light in his hand, which does no more good than to betray his presence, as it is only natural that he cannot see three feet beyond its rays?

"Take the records of murders committed where only burglary was intended, and you will find that three-quarters of them are due to the folly of searching for the burglar with a light."

IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

PRESENT DAY POLITICS AS THE PEASANTS KNOW IT.

Delegation Demand an Explanation of the Action of the Delegate to the Duma.

The particular district of which I am writing is about the size of an English county, say forty miles by thirty. In 1905, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent, I passed through it in order to see how the leaders of the liberation movement were getting into touch with the peasants. At that time we were all told that the peasants were the great bottom factor of the situation, but that they were indifferent to politics. No wonder, if one remembers by what close restrictions they were separated from all other classes of the population. But even then the new leaven was at work, and at a meeting of all classes held in the small district town the peasants had frankly expressed all the suspicions which they entertained against the reformers and had received a frank answer, with which they expressed themselves satisfied. One of the questioners, I was told, was then so enthusiastic over the programme of reform that he was working heart and soul to spread his new convictions among his comrades. I therefore drove out some fifteen miles to a little village where he and his friends were holding a meeting

EXCLUSIVELY FOR PEASANTS.

The good people adopted after a brief but drastic discussion the claims for freedom of conscience, speech, meeting and association and for a national assembly; they also demanded an eight hour day for their brethren, the factory workers, who are chiefly drawn from their own class, and an amnesty for all political prisoners who had suffered for the righteous cause of the people. In the forefront of their demands they put the claim for a genuine system of public instruction, and they asked for the abolition of all special laws which created a civil distinction between themselves and other classes; but refused to adopt a demand that the war, then going on, should be stopped, because that would be interfering with imperial policy and would not be a proper step for self-respecting Russians when their Government was getting the worst of it in an arduous and difficult war.

How well one remembers the crooked village street, the groups of eager disputants, the lamp held out of the peasant court house, and the men going up one after another to sign the demands. And in a sort of committee meeting of the most intelligent what excellently practical things were said; as, for instance, when one maintained that soldiers were human beings like anyone else, and that if they were quartered on you the best thing was to spread them a good table and make them feel at home; or again when another, who was ridiculing the priests who preached patience, said: "They promise us a good dinner in the next world, but we would like to stand up and take a Fite at the sideboard now." Meanwhile the best of these men were

ALL FOR MODERATION,

and the meeting ended with a conference in the house of a neighboring land owner, a man who has one of the greatest names in the traditions of Russian liberalism.

Two weeks ago we again reached the little market town, so pretty as its domes and towers rise up in the distance, so sordid as one drives over its absurd cobbles and past its attempts at shops. In the market place loitered many specimens of that floating population of street loafers which has been the chief recruiting ground for the famous reactionary Black Gangs; but we were soon well away plunging through miry roads and taking sudden steep turns over hill and dale to avoid the gaps that open in the ground at this time of year. Soon we were passing through S——, the village which threatened to kill the local member for the Duma last year, because, though a peasant, he was not a Social Democrat, but a Liberal. Many sullen faces are at the windows; the few men in the grassy village street only raise their hands to their caps as they see ours go up, and even then their salute suggests a kind of armed neutrality. It is a bad village, this; it is not poverty that makes it so, for the broad, bare plain gives plenty of room, and not long ago the villagers, assisted by the wages which many of them had earned in St. Petersburg, were able to add to their common property, but the late school-master was a peculiarly ignorant and brutal Social Democrat, and of the 200 males, nearly all of whom have worked in the capital, only some fifteen are men of sound sense, and four or five fly the red flag at almost every village meeting.

We turn sharply and make for a distant wood in which rise the pleasant gables and roofs of our destination. It is the large country house of another great Liberal; for few districts are more rich in the tradition of reform than this one. Mr. V—— has not only suffered again and again for his zeal in the cause of political reform; he has done much to transform the whole neighborhood by his work for the social welfare of the peasants.

No hospitality is more complete or less self-conscious than that of a Russian country house. In a few minutes we almost feel as if we had spent the whole year with our old friends. We play at tennis or at Russian games, and soon a number of barelegged peasant boys are being initiated into the

MYSTERIES OF FOOTBALL.

The elders of our party are not too reserved to join in the game, and all is going as merrily as the traditional marriage bell, when suddenly many steps are heard on the drive. Up through the trees comes a little phalanx of some fifty peasants, short, sturdy and mostly bearded, with sticks in their hands and loud rollicking cries on their lips. There is still the same attitude of armed neutrality; these are come to ask one of our party, who is a member of the sacred Duma, why no law has been passed to divide up the land equally. None of the gentlemen or ladies show the slightest sign of fear; our host nonchalantly arranges a number of wicker chairs on the balcony and we all sit down in groups around "the deputy."

This gentleman is a fine young man of six feet or more, who has spent the best part of his life roughing it as a peasant's doctor, but he has in him some of the best blood in Russia. He stands up to his audience splendidly, meeting the noisy interruptions with easy and incisive rejoinders. He is a Liberal, and in the little history which he gives us of the work of both the first two Dumas he several times points the moral that if little legislaitve work has been done it is because so many try to use the Duma as a mere tribune to air their various utopias and that if the bureaucracy is still in power it is because the country has not given a steady and organized support to the reformers in St. Petersburg. Twice he has to stop to give time to the interrupters to exhaust themselves; and throughout a stupid looking, bearded peasant waves about a red handkerchief which he has hoisted at the end of his stick. Some demand an armed rising; but the Deputy tells them that they have not got the army on their side, to which they can find no answer.

At last the meeting breaks up into vigorous conversations, which group themselves around the different gentlemen; the Deputy, by whose side I kept throughout, never lost his temper and argued with a breath of sympathy which is almost

PECULIAR TO RUSSIA;

but his stubborn audience was not convinced, and as the main body moved off down the drive in sullen silence one stayed behind to threaten one of the servants with whom it appeared he had already exchanged shots on a dark night.

During the next four days we heard much of the troubles of the neighboring land owners. One had had to garrison his garden and had twice refused to come out and talk to imposing numbers of peasants who had come to forbid him to cut down his own wood. Another had had to look on while robbers came and cut timber all around his house. A third had twice exchanged shots with bands of peasants; but as he came from the scene of the reform meeting, which I have described at the beginning of this article, I was glad to hear that the better of the peasants there had remained true to their colors, and that there, as at S——, the peasants who cried out loudest for revolution were just those who might enter the pay of the reactionary Black Gangs.

We had just been practising the typical country dance, peculiar to Russia, when suddenly a cry of alarm called us to the drive. Some 400 yards away in a beautiful glen by the steep river banks stood a large and handsome annex; it seemed to be going up to the skies in one solid flame, but as we drew nearer we could see at what points kerosene had been applied. We had hardly time to search the gardens when up the drive galloped men on horseback, with the local fire engine, come, as they told us with a barely concealed sneer, "to save their reputations." On the fire engine floated a red flag with the words "Land and Liberty" embroidered on it. The whole village of S—— seemed to have turned out, and detachments from other villages had joined them. Some feigned a ludicrously energetic attempt to put out the fire; but most stood around, crying, "Ha, how well it's burning!" suggesting that the master had set fire to it himself. It was a wild midnight scene of fierce revelry—at once a "protest" of the utopians and a fitting end to the Easter holidays.

With a firmest indifference, which was sadder than any outburst of anger, the house party lay on the grass and watched their property burn away. The peasants scowled and sneered and made half insulting remarks, but for present their "vengeance" ended here and as they were well aware that most of us were heavily armed they contented themselves with plundering the flaming ruins.

FAMOUS MINE PETERING OUT.

Mount Morgan in Australia Changing From Gold to Copper.

For years the Mount Morgan Mining Company of Australia has been paying a monthly dividend of $145,000 on its stock. The shareholders have thus far received nearly $25,000,000 in dividends. A great change has come to pass, however, and it will interest all who have known Mount Morgan as the most wonderful gold mine in the world.

Prof. J. W. Gregory, who occupies the chair of geology in the University of Glasgow, has just issued his book on Australia, which is partly the result of his extended studies in that continent for several years. He says that the gold of Mount Morgan has been decreasing in quantity and that the mountain is rapidly changing into a low grade copper proposition. The company is preparing now to extract the copper values, for it is believed that the history of Mount Morgan as a great producer is practically closed.

Mount Morgan is in the southeastern part of Queensland. It is a curious fact that long ago the poor herder named Gordon who owned it and sold it for a pittance told the purchasers that he had observed curious green and blue stains all over the mountain and he would not be surprised if it contained copper.

His surmise has proved true at last, but the experienced prospectors who found gold there did not tell Gordon of the indications that fairly startled them and he gladly accepted their offer of $5 an acre for the land. Gordon died in poverty, but he lived long enough to know the value of the prize that had slipped through his hands.

The Morgan brothers, who purchased the mountain, let four other men into the enterprise and five years later each of the six men was a millionaire. The stock has remained in comparatively few hands and the mine has made a fortune for every one concerned in it. The army of miners working the mine has usually numbered about 1,200.

The richest gold deposits were found at the top of the mountain and until the top had been quarried away the dividends amounted to more than $500,000 a month. The ore decreased considerably in the value of its gold, but later it remained for years almost uniform in richness and it was thought likely that the entire mountain would be worth digging away.

Recently, however, as the level of operations has been lowered, less gold has been extracted and now the gold has largely disappeared and copper has come into view. With copper supplanting the precious metal Mount Morgan will no longer be known as one of the richest spots on the globe.

BANK-NOTES FOR THE BLIND.

Under the will of John Stock, a master painter in one of Queen Elizabeth's dockyards, 182 blind persons, from all parts of the kingdom, have just visited the Painter Stainers' Company's Hall in London, where they have each received a £10 note. Stock left £60,000 to relieve such blind persons, over the age of sixty, who had not been in receipt of Poor Law relief, who had been resident in their present parish over three years, and had not an assured income of more than £10 per annum.

The wiser a man is the more certain it is that he prefers fishing to politics.

No man would ever get into heaven if St. Peter demanded recommendations from his neighbors.

The Home

SOME NEW DAINTIES.

Potato Puffs.—Use one pint cold mashed potatoes, one cup flour, one level teaspoonful baking powder, and two eggs beaten well. Mix well; mould in long, narrow rolls like lady fingers, flour and fry in hot lard.

Easily Made Brown Bread.—Half pint sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, half-cup sugar, two and a half cups graham flour; mix well and bake in two round tins. Small coffee cans are good for this purpose.

Pickled Cherries.—Pit cherries; place them in a crock; cover with raw vinegar and let stand for twenty-four hours. Then drain in a colander and when well drained cover with as much sugar as cherries will dissolve. Place in fruit jar. This will keep like preserved fruit. It is excellent served with fish.

Fried Carrots.—Cut carrots into long, narrow strips. These may be cut lengthwise again. Boil in salt water, to which a little sugar has been added. The sugar brings out the flavor which salt water alone often kills. Drain. Have ready a frying pan with hot lard or drippings. Put carrots in and fry until a nice brown.

Barbecue of Veal.—Take one pound of veal, one pound of lean pork, one pound of beef, one teaspoon lemon juice, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, twelve crackers rolled fine. Salt and pepper to taste. Chop meat medium fine (mixed all together, with one cup water and milk, half and half) into a loaf and bake one hour and a half. Baste often.

Chicken and Rice.—Cut up a chicken, wash, drain, and sprinkle with salt. Put a big tablespoonful of butter into a large iron pot and put in the chicken. Brown on both sides; then add a cup of water. When that has cooked add water until the chicken is tender. Then cover it with water and add a cup of rice that has been previously soaked. Cook all together very slowly for half an hour.

Strawberry Shortcake. — Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, and milk to make a soft dough. Bake in two layers, one on top of the other, with butter between. When cool slit open with a knife and cover with berries sprinkled with powdered sugar. Put the other layer of crust on top and cover with berries.

Save Pineapple Cores.—When preparing pineapple, save the waste pieces, rind and core. Add one cup sugar, two cups water, and the rind of one-quarter orange; boil until syrupy (about half an hour); strain through a vegetable press. Use for syrup on hot biscuits, for flavoring, pour over oranges and bananas cut up together, or put a spoonful in a glassful of "boughten" grape juice when you cannot get home-made.

Deviled Eggs.—Boil eggs hard, remove the shell from same, and by cutting eggs in half you can remove the yolk from the white. Mix yolk with a little olive oil until soft, then season with a little mustard, salt and pepper. Then with a spoon return the above to white of egg, and by pressing the halves together they will become as firm as before. The above is a fine way to prepare eggs for parties or picnics.

Lemon Cheese Cake.—Use two cups sugar, three-quarters cup sweet milk; whites of six eggs; three cups flour, three teaspoons baking-powder. Sauce for lemon cheese cake; Grated rind and juice of two lemons, yolks of three eggs, half-cup butter, one cup sugar; mix all together and place on stove and cook til' thick as sponge, stirring all the time. Then use like jelly between cakes.

Sandwiches for One Cent. — For twenty-five sandwiches boil one pound veal steak until tender, run through meat grinder or chop, add enough mayonnaise dressing or any kind of good dressing to make it spread well; spread thinly on cream bread just as if making any kind of a sandwich. Add a small lettuce leaf and you have a delicious sandwich which tastes exactly like white meat of chicken sandwich. The actual cost is much less than one cent each.

English Fruit Pudding.—Invert cup without handle in centre of deep pudding dish; fill dish around cup with any kind of stewed or canned fruit. Sugar to taste. Mix batter, using one coffee cup of flour, pinch of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon baking-powder; mix thin, moisten with milk. Pour this batter over fruit, allowing bottom of cup to protrude. Bake in quick oven fifteen minutes. Cut crust and lift edge of the cup, which will contain the juice. Serve hot with its own juice.

JAM AND JELLY.

Rhubarb and strawberries are ushering in the jam and jelly season, and as there may still be a few housekeepers left sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer home-made preserves, as being not only more toothsome and wholesome, but also less expensive, than the first-class products of the shop, the following table of quantities is submitted for their guidance. The table is one by which a very notable German house-mother has for years been regulating her preserving, and which she has passed on to one of her young friends, when the latter started in on her housekeeping career:

Rhubarb and sugar, pound for pound, one-eighth pint of water to the pound; strawberries and sugar, pound for pound, no water; raspberries and sugar, pound for pound, no water; red currants and sugar, pound for pound, no water; black currants and sugar, pound for pound, one-eighth pint of water; cherries and sugar, pound for pound (when stoned), no water; blackberries and sugar, three-quarters pound sugar to pound of fruit, one-quarter pint currant juice to pound; gooseberries and sugar, pound to pound, one-quarter pint water to pound; apricots and sugar, pound to pound (when stoned), no water; green gages and sugar, three-quarters pound to pound of fruit (before stoning), no water; plums and sugar, pound to pound, no water; grapes (unripe) and sugar, three-quarters of a pound to pound, no water; tomatoes and sugar, pound for pound, one-eighth pint water to pound; apples and quinces and sugar, three-quarters of a pound to one pound, to each pound of fruit just enough water to cover bottom of saucepan.

This same German authority on jams and jellies always keeps on her pantry shelves a row of what she calls "harlequin jelly"—three kinds of jelly put up in the same jar in strata or layers. These jars, or rather glasses, for the "harlequin" is put up in "schooners" or specially imported weissbeer glass holding a generous quart, are religiously set aside for sending to invalid or light-housekeeping friends. The harlequin jelly is made as follows:

When doing up her strawberries or currants, Frau Schmitz fills each big glass one-third full, ties it up with oiled paper to exclude the air, and sets it aside to await the next preserving day. When crab-apple, grape, or quince jelly is in order she carefully adds to each glass another third of a jelly of well contrasting color, ties the glass up and sets it away as before. Apple or quince jelly usually fills up the other third; and then the glass is full, sealed with paraffin and ready to be sent away or put upon the shelf. The different jellies should—and with Mrs. Schmitz they do—keep entirely separate, and the three different colored layers in the clear white glass really look very pretty; the more carefully selected the shades of the jellies, and the clearer the latter, the better the effect. Currant (red), apple (light yellow), and grape (rich purple) go well together. Mrs. Schmitz's handsomest combination was raspberry, apple and quince jellies.

As a gift for a convalescent and for elderly and delicate semi-invalids, nothing could be daintier, prettier nor altogether more appreciated than such a variegated glass of jelly.

TO KILL MOTHS.

Contrary to the general belief, camphor, naphthalene, and tobacco will not kill clothes moths. They act merely as repellants; where they are used the moths will not deposit eggs. If the eggs are already laid or if the young have hatched substances of this nature will have no effect.

In May or June the moths appear and lay their eggs, which soon hatch into the destructive grubs that feed on feathers, wool, fur, and other things of an animal texture. The campaign against the moths must start early in the spring if immunity for the rest of the year is to be enjoyed.

The easiest way to rid clothes of moths is to give them a thorough brushing once a week and then expose them to air and sunshine. Where they are to be packed away, fumigation with carbon bisulphide is the surest method. The garments are put in a tight trunk with moth marbles. Then a saucer is placed upon the top of the pile with four or five tablespoonfuls of liquid carbon bisulphide in it, easily obtained at all druggists. The lid is closed and the trunk left undisturbed until the clothes are wanted.

The bisulphide evaporates, and being heavier than air settles through the garments. It is deadly to insect life and will destroy it in all stages. No odor will remain in the clothes after airing them a few moments, so that they can be used as soon as they are taken out. The moth marbles prevent other females from crawling in to lay their eggs.

A simple way, but not so sure, is after brushing the goods to pack them in ordinary paper boxes or flour bags, pasting a strip of paper over the cracks in order to keep out the moths. For closets, cracks, carpets, furniture, or carriage furnishings a thorough sprinkling of benzine or gasoline will clear out the pests.

CENTRAL AFRICA'S FIRST ROAD.

A Scotchman's Gift, It Has Done Much to Develop the Region.

James Stevenson, a wealthy Scotchman, gave $25,000 to build a road between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa about twenty-five years ago. He was convinced that nothing would help more to develop Africa than good highways.

It took two years to build the road and it was well built. Its length is 21[illegible] miles. Apart from its great usefulness the white men there have always said that it has been a powerful civilizing agency.

It has helped to accustom the natives of that densely peopled region to work for the whites, and to use calico and other European articles. The work of construction was the first instance on a large scale of the utilization of native labor in Central Africa. Many trained laborers now live along the road and are engaged in transport service between the two great lakes.

This highway is known as the Stevenson road. Mr. Chrapkowski, an official in the German service, who recently travelled over the road has written an interesting account of it.

He says that though nothing has been done to maintain the road built twenty-five years ago, it is still, with the single exception of the road between Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, the best highway in Central Africa. As nothing has been done to maintain the road it is now covered with grass, but travellers say this is really an advantage as the vegetation has helped to keep the road from washing, and it is also better for the feet of the carriers who dislike to walk on those stretches where there is no grass, for it is hard as stone and hurts their feet.

The usefulness of the road is proved by the fact that porters carrying sixty pounds on their backs make an average of twenty miles a day while the usual journey is only ten miles. The road passes entirely through British territory and the Government has erected a station every twenty miles where caravans may spend the night.

There is provision at each station to put all the freight under cover, comfortable brick and concrete houses afford excellent conditions for a good night's rest and there are cook houses where the meals of the caravans are prepared. One of the neighboring chiefs is held responsible for the cleanliness and good order of each station. He receives a monthly salary of a few shillings from the Government and a few yards of calico from each caravan passing over the route.

The road was intended and is well adapted for the use of wagons, but unfortunately the South African oxen that were brought into the country did not thrive there and the experiment of using them was given up. As long as oxen were used large wagons loaded with 6,000 pounds of freight and drawn by sixteen oxen made an average of fourteen miles a day from one lake to the other.

When the oxen proved a failure, small cars hauled by the natives and carrying about 1,000 pounds of freight were introduced, but it was finally decided that transport on the backs of [illegible] from five to seven shillings a month was cheaper, and now vehicles are seldom seen on the road.

YES, INDEED.

Daughter—"Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?"

Papa—"An acquittal, I should think."

The King has a collection of 170 curious walking-sticks. One is made from one of the piles of old London Bridge.

While you may not be able to lead a man to water, you seldom have to ask him twice to face the bartender.

The Farm

FEEDING CALVES BY HAND.

Calves fattened [illegible]

DAIRY NOTES.

[illegible]

IT DIDN'T WORK.

Weakleigh—"A man is never too old to learn. I think I'll study astronomy."

Mrs. Weakleigh—"Job, you'll have to find a better excuse than that for staying out nights!"

Genius is often only having sense enough not to go with the majority.

HINTS ON POTA[illegible]

Special Investigation [illegible] Department of [illegible]

The Ontario Department of Agriculture is making an investigation into the potato industry of the Province [illegible]

THE MAIL SUBSIDIES.

Amount Paid Out During [illegible] Year Totalled $1,128,8[illegible]

[illegible]

CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Trade Between Two Countries [illegible] Developed.

[illegible]

MARK TWAIN AT OXFORD.

Receives Degree, Along With M[illegible] tinguished Men.

[illegible]

VICTIMS OF [illegible]

Six Months' Re[illegible] in Ge[illegible]

A despatch from Berlin [illegible]

CAUSES OF MISHAP GIVEN.

In 1,024 cases the cause [illegible] was determined, and in [illegible] these too rapid running [illegible] gave the alarm signal was given as [illegible] cause. In other cases 220 were [illegible] by unskilful steering, 26 through [illegible] gard of stop signals, 53 through fa[illegible]ure of brakes, 174 through lack of [illegible]